

From Rev. Maurice L. Kain '06

France, May 18, 1918.

France is remarkably colorful at this present springtime. The skylark wakes one in the morning. Blooming lilac hedges, surround him. Fertile fields lie beyond. But the more or less distant boom of guns, and the homing flight of flocks of airplanes tell one that farther beyond is - red war, red but glorious; or rather, glorious because red.

I have had, and am having, most varied experiences here. I have seen a little of both fronts and been through shell-fire and gas. I have hiked scores of kilometers with tired comrades of tired soldiers; ridden in first-class carriages and also those marked "Hommes 40, Cheveaux 8"; slept in sumptuous rooms of chateaux and in the straw of barns; and it has all had its glorious side.

One's respect, admiration and love for the average American soldier has, in this atmosphere, to grow and grow every day. The average soldier is really wonderful - in patience, in endurance, in enthusiasm, in optimism, in heroism, - in everything that is fine. And the longer you know him the more you appreciate him. Even his religion has a quality that is sui generis. Last Sunday I attended mass in the village church here. The service was most impressive. The priest was the oldest celebrant I have ever seen - eight-seventy years old - but of wonderful voice. But even more impressive was the great crowd of American officers and men who devoutly thronged the building.

Enough for this time. I am tired after a day's hard work, and must say "good-night."

France, June 26.

I am kept desperately busy, from eight in the morning until nine at night, every day in the week, without ever an hour off. If anyone had told me seven months ago that I could keep up the pace for six solid months, I would have denied the possibility. But I have done so, and feel none the worse for it.

I had the pleasure of spending several weeks recently in the company of Mr. Irvin Cobb. He was a continuous circus. Of course, you know that he is

far from handsome and no one knows it better than he does. One day two little French girls ran out on the road as we passed and kissed him. Cobb at once recommended them for the Croix de Guerre. At one village, our landlady, one morning after Mr. Cobb had left the table, said to me - "Ah! M. Cobb sa figure est bonne camoufluee!" And it is, really!

What I have thanked my Maker for, over here, more than anything else, is a sense of humor. It has certainly been "saving" - any number of times.

I had the pleasure of dining to-day with a recently decorated colonel of artillery - a very remarkable man. He was decorated for having saved the day during a recent battle. I will tell you the story. It seemed that it was almost imperative for our men to retreat. All the other officers counselled such a course, except this particular colonel. "Gentlemen," he said, "how long have we before our position must be given up?" "Three minutes," they answered him. "Then," said he, "in those three minutes I will show you how I can shave and wash my face in a teaspoonful of cold water." And he did, and by his apparent sang froid caused them to forget all about their idea of retreating.

It is growing dark and I must close.

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Fighting Mosquitoes

From Capt. Jesse B. Leslie '13

Camp McClellan, Ala., January 4, 1918.

I suppose with so many Rutgers men in this camp you know all about its general character, and to attempt to describe it to you would be but to waste paper, which in these days of conservation would not be condoned. I do want to say, though, that we have a fine body of men here, and if their conduct is a fair example of the morale in general of the U. S. Army (and I fully believe it is), I feel sorry for the Huns when once this old machine starts moving in their direction.

I am doing the same kind of work here that I have been engaged in since graduation, namely, plotting and planning the ultimate destruction of the pestiferous insect with the penetrating proboscis. The only difference is that down here the warfare is aimed toward the elimination of disease rather than toward the improvement of economic conditions. Fully 75 percent of the mosquitoes I have found breeding in this place have been Anopheles, and the second day I was in camp a big Stegomyia (yellow fever) bird lit on my hand and buzzed his contempt and met his death declaring we could never encompass the defeat of his compatriots. Be that as it may, we are making a strenuous attempt. While the snow and ice are still on the ground, we are cutting ditches, filling in holes, cleaning up old streams, and devising inspection maps and planning oil stations, so that when the first larva thrusts its periscope to the top it may return to its submerged comrades and report "Danger". The camp proper covers about 4,000 acres, and including the rifle and artillery ranges, which must also be protected, gives me an area of some 10,000 acres to be responsible for. Plenty, wouldn't you say?

It may be that my work will never take me out of this country, and "The Battle of Camp McClellan" may be the only one I am ever called on to fight. I

don't know. I am ready to go over if needed, or stay here if my superiors so
decree. In either case I'll wear the Rutgers smile and keep up the Rutgers pep.

From Captain Jesse B. Leslie '13

Camp Merritt, N. J., December 10, 1918.

How was the news of the armistice received at this camp, you ask? When I received official confirmation of the signing I formed my detach and told them. There was no wild joy manifested, simply a relieved look. Then one of my cherry-hued ventured this query- "But, Captain, am the quarantine lifted?" After all, there is no accounting for the vagaries of the American doughboy!

There is a fresh-dug grave in Camp Merritt now. The headstone reads: "Died November 11, 1918. All Hope of Going Over. Dedicated by the Permanent Staff." So perhaps said vagaries are not limited to the enlisted men.

The war may be over, but you'd guess it if you asked any of the Ethiopian members of the Detach San. Scorps. We now have a new job; we are no longer chasing "skeeters," for we have another foe just as small and even more annoying. Before, our object was to keep ourselves in good health and comfort and fit to fight; now we are still emphasizing the first two points and have changed the last phrase to "fit to go home." If you spoke in plain English you would call our plant a "delousing plant," but military parlance, adhering to the precepts of far-famed military courtesy, forbids the term and terms it a "Sanitary Process Plant," or for convenience S. P. C., which I have translated (unofficially) into "Society Prevention Pediculosis." We have ten large steam sterilizers in which we cook the clothes, and when all ten get going at once blowing off boiler and jacket and vacuum you could almost imagine you were on the western front. And hot! Being short-handed, we are working a twelve-

hour shift; by the time those men have fired, and operated a boiler for twelve long, solid hours, they've earned their night's rest, to say nothing of their \$1.00. You'll never hear of this detach when the history of the world is written, but since I've been here I've coined my own definition of morale. "Morale is that which keeps a man who has longed to get over for months, smiling at his work, as he does the many necessary and oftentimes dirty and disagreeable jobs that someone must do before the boys can come home," and "Morale is that which keeps a man facing squarely to the front when someone with a knowing shrug notes the silver service strips on his arm." As an example of morale, I invite you to drop in on the S. P. C. firing squad at four a. m. some morning. I'll guarantee one hundred per cent smiles.

From Private Harold W. Letts '18

France, Oct. 5, 1918

The letter from the War Service Bureau of the College written August 23rd reached me on Sept. 26th, and in truth greatly appreciated it. It reached me in a much needed period, the period which found me in the thick and thin of it; right in the lines. Being in the Medical branch during a quiet spell I found time to read your letters on the 26th.

I was up most of the night of the 26th and busy on the next day right up to 3:15 in the afternoon when one of Bill's shells wouldn't get out of my way, but instead bursted a foot or so above my head, a piece of the shrapnel wounded me in the humurous of the right arm; the explosion and force of the shell whirled me about just 30 ft. and I picked myself up and beat it for our dressing station, as we were operating a dressing station very close by. As I entered the dressing room, my Captain saw the first man of our company to be wounded. I had my arm dressed and got into one of our ambulances and

went to the nearest hospital there I learned the first real woman, an American Red Cross Nurse. I stayed in that hospital over night and was evacuated to this hospital. I was to be evacuated from here to an American base and rest hospital (camp) but as they are short of help here, I am assisting in the dressing room of this hospital, my arm is doing very well, and I am indeed a lucky one. Ducking shells is more than a job; but now I want to get all I can out of my rest and get back and help other fellows as I have been doing. Yes the true Rutgers men have been sacrificed in this big job, but we must keep on and keep Old Glory floating high in the breeze, for she's the flag of flags.

I know College has opened for another year and was glad to learn of such good prospects for the entering class. There is no doubt but that the Army Training Corps has a good deal to do with it. Needless to say Rutgers will be proud of that

in but short time to come. I was also glad to learn of the deep interest taken in the College for Women.

I must bring this to a close as the writing position is not a comfortable one for a wounded arm. Again assuring you of my appreciation, and hoping to hear more from dear Old Rutgers, also hoping you will excuse paper and pencil, as facilities are not the best in a hospital.

Hoping for a fine college year, I'll say au-revoir.

From Corp. Wm. F. McCloskey '15

France, Sept. 23, 1919

My dear Mr. Silvers:-

I have intended to write to you time and again but something has always arisen so that it was put off. A fellow moves about so much over here that it is not always the easiest thing in the world to write a letter. At present I am about five miles from any habitation and though there is a . M. C. A. about three kilos away there is no paper to be obtained. I happened to have an abundance of envelopes and I found a fellow who had plenty of paper but no envelopes so we negotiated a trade and all was well again.

I hurry to write this letter as I appreciate the letters of the War Service Bureau and wish to acknowledge that fact. I also received the Alumni Quarterly and it proved very interesting reading to me. I met Lt. Chas. Reed ('16) a while ago Sunday and we talked things over in general and about Rutgers boys in service. I also met "Dud" Watson ('15) in a French village in which we were billeted.

I have traveled a goodly portion of France since my arrival overseas, and am at present located behind the lines awaiting the call to the front. It is in territory recently captured from the Germans and I have had an opportunity of exploring it. The trench system was indeed wonderful and some of the dugouts were works of art with electric lights, five bunks and with cafe's, bowling alleys and all the conveniences of home attached. In fact it was a small German village complete to the slightest detail. The Germans left in a hurry and their belongings were scattered all over the place.

The last letter received by me was dated July 30 and numbered XXV. That is because our mail is very irregular caused probably by the fact that we move about so much not staying very long in any one place. They have

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proved very interesting too and I hope the good work will keep up.

With best wishes for its success, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Corp. Wm. F. McCloskey '15

Co. A. 307 M. G.

American E. F.

OLD VEDA E

VEDA BOND

7 7
From Lieutenant Frank M. Meyerend '18

Fort Sill, Okla., Oct. 22, 1918

If you will excuse the pencil, I will write that oft put off letter.

One of the first letters that I have received since reaching here was your letter. How I would like to take a look around old Rutgers just now. I don't suppose I would know the place at that.

We had a glorious trip out here from Jackson. You would be surprised how welcome men in uniform are the further west we got. We spent 24 hours in Oklahoma City and let me tell you that is certainly a fast town. It has about 200,000 population and is modern in every respect.

We came out from there Sat. morning. It took about five hours from there to Fort Sill. This is a regular old army post and although it is greatly enlarged it still has its old appearance. It is a regular school too. Very similar to a college or university. At present all classes are held outside. We have

a ten weeks course comprising both old and new phases of artillery work. We work eight and one half hours every day in classes and have our studying besides so you see we don't have much extra time.

There are fully as many officers as men here and what seems most peculiar rank has but little significance. The highest officer in our class is a Colonel although some classes have Brigadier Generals. Imagine these in classes instructed by 2nd Lieutenants. Most of these older officers are old Cavalry Officers who have been transferred to artillery.

We expect to finish here Dec. 27th, when I may be able to get to N. B. for a day or two. It all depends on where I go from here.

It certainly must seem peculiar not to have any football or chapel or fraternities. Take those away and it must take away the old College spirit. It cannot seem much like old Rutgers anymore.

This was certainly has made tremendous changes in everything. It seems

almost impossible. I just feel as if I wanted to get into it more and help to bring this war to a successful finish so we can have normal times again.

It certainly is fine that Rutgers is playing such a big part in the war. Rutgers men always have and always will sacrifice themselves willingly. That is the Rutgers Spirit. But, what a shame that so many of our best men must be sacrificed to check the "German Spirit".

Well I guess I have written most of all the news I know even if it has been in a rambling sort of fashion.

Hoping that you will excuse my haste.

From Private Frank S. Morris '18

France, March 12, 1918.

Your very interesting letter of February 13 reached here safely, and I am proud to think that Rutgers is taking such a great interest in her men. It is a great pleasure to get a glimpse of the old scenes and to know that there are links still connecting us with past experience.

Unfortunately, I have not come across any Rutgers men yet and my chances look rather slim unless I happen to meet some of them in Paris when I get leave.

I shall certainly take advantage of the opportunity to reach some of the boys by your offer to forward letters. Was almost impossible to keep in touch with them or to keep track of addresses, so your kindness is thoroughly appreciated.

We are looking forward for Fritz's onslaught - rather eagerly, I might say, for we are certainly ready for him; and our hope is to be able to hold him until the Yanks can get over in sufficient numbers to turn the tide.

My address is still No. 2073389, 42nd Canadian B. E. F., France, and I shall certainly be glad to get the news again.

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From Private Frank S. Morris '18

France, Oct. 4, 1918

My dear Mr. Silvers:-

You must think I am becoming as ardent a correspondent as some infatuated lover--not quite but nearly so. Every one of your interesting letters deserves an acknowledgement; and although it would smother you with correspondence it would at least show that we appreciate the valuable time you spend on the welfare of the boys. Everyone of the Rutgers fellows I hear from in France mentions the "War Service Bureau" letters and the pleasure derived and all intend to stay at the 'Union' in Paris when their long-expected leave arrives. Mine, I expect is coming through quite soon so I may have the pleasure before most of the boys from "Queens."

Along with the letter, I am sending you a program of the Canadian Corps Sports, held every year, which, if not classed as a Souvenir,

may prove interesting. Like the Yanks, the Canadians are great on any kind of sport and through the Y.M.C.A. they are able to indulge in almost every sport they are accustomed to at home, except of course, skating, tobogganning and the best of the winter sports.

Thanking you again and hoping your letters continue.

Sincerely,

From Sergeant Garwood R. Ottinger '19

Bordeaux, January 13, 1919.

I can really give you only some slight idea of the spontaneous outburst of joy and unparalleled rejoicing which took place in Bordeaux on that memorable eleventh day of November, 1918, and in every city, town, village, or any other place in France where two or more people were gathered. Bordeaux has a war population of about three hundred and fifty thousand, and I believe that to the last man, woman and child, that three hundred and fifty thousand were on the streets within two hours of the receipt of the news that the armistice had been signed. Some were on crutches; some could not even walk, but rolling chairs were provided for them, and there were plenty of volunteers to push them around. And those in the rolling chairs, wounded poilus mostly, were always placed at the head of the processions, and for them the crowds along the sidewalks and standing on balconies, roofs, and at upper windows, always gave the longest and heartiest cheers and bursts of applause.

And talk about parades! It took me back to the old days on the campus. Three or four, with flags and drums, or tin pans, would start marching down the street. Almost before they had gone ten paces they had a host of followers and were leading a procession of singing, cheering, dancing, rejoicing poilus, Yanks, children, girls, women, or whoever happened to be along the way. And the processions wound in and out and around each other, got lost and hopelessly mixed up, but who cared? Everybody was happy, and all were comrades and friends, so it didn't matter much to the French mademoiselle whether it was sweetheart, Tommy, Yank, or a member of the Senegalese E. F., who had his arm around her waist. Around the parks and open squares the crowds were more dense and slow moving than at a world's series game or an inauguration, but nobody cared. Everyone had all the time in the world, and besides they had been waiting for over four years for this occasion, so why hurry the celebration of it? Why not enjoy it to the full?

And they did, without doubt. The eleventh being Monday, these daily and nightly

celebrations were continued all the week, and did not end until the following Sunday, when Belgian Day was celebrated by a parade, the decorating of graves and monuments, and a band concert at the "Y". And during that week there was surely one grand and glorious feeling in the air all the time. Do you remember that passage in "Vision of War," a speech so often and so eloquently delivered in Professor Barbour's class, "Tears and kisses! Kisses and tears!" etc.? Well, there were not many tears in evidence at that time, but beaucoup kisses. One American told me he had kissed every girl in Bordeaux but two on Monday night, and the next night he found them and completed the job.

And speaking of Americans,- it may be noted here that Bordeaux is one of the most completely Americanized towns in France. Here, in one of the University of Bordeaux buildings, is located the Headquarters of Base Section No. 2 of the American Expeditionary Forces, and the American docks here are among the largest in France, supplying miles and miles of warehouses located in his vicinity. So you can imagine that the Yanks have a big part in whatever is going on in Bordeaux. Walk down the Alee de Tourny any day, and you will pass almost as many men clad in the old. O. D. as you will civilans. And the "English Spoken" sign is by no means a rarity in the shop windows. Even where they do not pretend to possess a knowledge of the English language, they have been dealing with the Yanks so long that you have no difficulty at all in making your wants known. Truly, an American soldier may well feel as much at home here in Bordeaux as he would in any city (except the old home town) in the States. C'est la guerre.

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From Lieutenant William N. Packard '18

France, March 17, 1918.

I guess I had best drop you a line while things are quiet. First, I am at the front and have been here for quite some time. Things generally happen in bunches, as it were. One morning I was awakened by the gas alarm, and upon opening my eyes discovered many queer creatures moving around in the fog and resembling members of the Klu-Klux-Klan. You see, aided by the fog, we were nearly gassed. At about ten o'clock I was out behind a battery position when suddenly I heard the familiar whizz which tells of the approach of a shell and, after deciding it was coming my way, I literally dove for the nearest shell hole. It burst about 100 feet away and, being about a 155, showered everything within 200 yards with splinters. As I was in a hole, they passed safely over me. That evening they shelled the deserted village in which I have my room, so we all had to go underground.

For the last hour or so there have been five or six French and two Germans flying above, and at intervals of about two minutes they are dropping big shells just short of this place, the splinters of which light all around.

However, life is quite pleasant and nowhere near as bad as it sounds, except that this is Sunday and the Boche shelled this sector about five or six a. m., and the Colonel dragged me around to all the batteries with him to see how everything was.

We have a combined French and American officers' mess and live like kings. Meat, potatoes, fresh vegetables, butter and eggs, chocolate, toast, wine, and also all the American rations, beans, beef, etc.

Yesterday I took a swim in a river, and it certainly was cold, as we had ice that night before. We have already been longer than usual at the front, so I suppose I'll be in a rest area when you get this.

Thanks for your letters; they certainly keep one in touch. I have received

them quite regularly and while here they have come on Sundays.

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IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP DIX

By the Editor of the Quarterly.*

It was Sunday, and there must have been at least four thousand visitors. Long lines of khaki-clad men awaited us as we poured from the train, straight-standing, eager-eyed, clear-skinned men, who watched us expectantly. There were no long faces, no tear-filled eyes; it reminded me very much of a group of schoolboys on visiting day, when mothers and sisters stream across the campus, laden with "goodies."

Mothers and sisters there were aplenty, and sweethearts, too; hundreds of them, dressed in their Sunday finery, and lugging boxes and satchels. It was very much like a big picnic to some suddenly popular summer resort; the yellow sand stretching as far as the eye could reach, the newly-erected buildings, the shifting crowds, the lunch boxes. That was my first impression; it wasn't war or even preparation for war. Grim tragedy was lacking; the picnic spirit was every where prevalent.

I watched the men closely. They seemed pathetically young for the work before them, mere boys upon whose shoulders will rest in no small measure the future of the nation, and of the world, perhaps. They were all dressed, of course, in the regulation khaki; and yet they were different. Every class of society was represented; here was a boy with the fine features and slender fingers of the aristocrat, there was a man obviously of the laboring class. But there was no distinction; they were all soldiers in a common cause. Side by side they stood, the one waiting to greet the pompous lady in blue satin, the other eager for the sight of the work-bowed woman in last year's faded black suit. That was the second impression; the absence of affectation and pose. If this war brings us nothing else, it has already made real to a certain extent the idealist's dream of democracy, and it is a splendid thing for us all.

The camp itself is too big to describe in detail. Line after line of low, unpainted buildings; a noticeable absence of trees; yellow dirt, resembling sand,

which covered one's shoes with dry dust. That is Camp Dix.

We had dinner at the Hostess House, which is serving a definite purpose, and a worthy one. It provides a place where a soldier may take his mother, or wife, or "best girl," with the assurance that she will be treated courteously and made to feel at home. The dinner, which cost seventy-five cents, was a good one; chicken, rice, mashed potatoes, fruit salad, and ice cream. The dining room was separated from the lounging room by wooden railing; we could see gray-haired women and golden-haired girls waiting for the arrival of the inevitable figure in khaki. In one corner a girl in a blue dress, with an engagement ring on her finger, was seated on a davenport with a youthful second lieutenant. People passed them and smiled, but they were oblivious of all except themselves. In another corner a man in a frock coat was idly fingering the keys of a piano. Suddenly he began to play Wagner's "Song to an Evening Star," and the room became quiet.

After dinner we visited the barracks of one of the companies of the Training School for Officers. Several of our Rutgers boys were housed in the building; the interior was very new, and rather barren, but clean and neat. Soldier-like, is perhaps the best description. Double-decked cots were ranged along the sides; in the center stood two long tables. One of our Rutgers men, whose morning duty it was to sweep out the hall, had forgotten to move the laundry boxes, and his bunkie had been forced to do it for him.

"Gee, whiz!" the bunkie complained. "Do you think I got that job permanent?"

But there was no rancor in the way he spoke; only good-natured raillery. I found out later that the speaker was a seasoned campaigner; a man without family connections, who has remained with the army because he wants some place to call home. His face was bronzed, his eye clear, and his smile infectious. He didn't know the difference between an adverb and an adjective, but he was every inch a man. It will do our Rutgers boys good to be in contact with him.

In the afternoon we visited the trenches; long lines of carefully-dug ditches, higher than a man's head, zigzagging back and forth in a system too complicated for the civilian to follow. Out in front were shell holes, dug with a spade; and stretches of tangled barbed-wire. In the rear were dugouts, thirty or forty feet deep, dark, and smelling of damp earth. It seemed more like war then. One could imagine the boom of cannon, the whistling of shells, the whirr of air-planes, and even the cries of the wounded. The grim reality of war seemed very near. But the boys in khaki did not realize it. They are living in the present. And perhaps it is better so.

Looking back over that visit to Camp Dix, I find that one impression stands out among all others. It is the picnic spirit of the whole encampment: no boisterous hilarity, no foolish playing of jokes, no pathetic attempts to be joyful where no joy is to be found; but a whole-souled, whole-hearted, healthy enjoyment of things as they are. Our boys are going to war with a smile on their lips and a song in their hearts. That is the spirit of our National Army - and it is, too, the spirit which means victory. For all the propaganda in existence cannot weaken the morale of an army of smiling men.

* Reprinted from the Rutgers Alumni Quarterly,
July 1918.

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From Walworth P. Pattison

Feb. 10, 1919.

Haven't heard from the service bureau for quite a time so suffice its all off. It was surely a great thing tho and we all appreciated it. Your letter of December 3rd just arrived, you see how regular mail is over here, think I've written you since armistice was signed but I'm not sure so I'll tell you about the celebration as you asked.

We of course felt that it was sure to come, Peace I mean, on the 9th, but waited till we actually heard of the signing about one o'clock of the 11th. We were flying all morning but when the news came thru in the afternoon we all declared a holiday and I think every man, both officers and men, went down town.

Tours is a town of about 70,000, and we have about 4 000 men at this field and everyone of that 74,000 was on the streets that night I think. Everything in the line of work was stopped in the city and flags of all the allies were everywhere. The French are a queer lot, for their ideas of a celebration seems simply to get as much wine aboard as possible. About eight o'clock on the evening of the 11th two French bands and one American gathered in the big square

and very soon started up the Rue National with every Frenchman and American following after. The band did nobly but it wasn't much of a match for the gang that followed it and as a result all you could here was one grand noise. We pe-raded for about half and hour and then all of us that could got into the square around the Hotel De Ville, which was all lit up, and listened to a speech by the Major and then sang national anthems of all the allies. Its surprising how many French know the "Star Spangled Banner"; tho they aren't so strong on "God Save the King", of course very few of the croud knew the words to the other anthems but everybody seemed to know the tune - we made a great noise. By the time that was over it was after 10 o'clock and we all filed into the Cafe's which stayed open all night. There there was more singing and by 12 o'clock things were pretty wild and nobody thought of paying for drinks nor using glasses. The Bottles just mad the ramals. Oh! it was a wild night all right. I left about two o'clock and things were still going strong and most the Cafes' were pretty well stripped.

That was the French celebration and the next night the Americans put on a celebration

in their style. You have heard of the Very Lights that are used in observation work from the air. Well, every pilot and observer went to town with a Very Light pistol in his basket and a Nusette bag full of rockets. Then we struck a little store where they had fire-crackers and bought everything they had, so between the Very Lights and the other explosives we managed to keep the old Ville pretty well lit up all evening. We had a lot of real old snake dancers and all the college stuff and the Frenchmen joined us and we had a real celebration. Of course there was plenty of Courroy and such things and all together I think we put on a better celebration than the French did tho we didn't get so drunk.

I'm rotten at discribing anyway and such a thing is impossible to discribe. The one remembrance of it is just beaucouf noise and beaucouf drinks.

Charley Reed dropped in here about a week ago and Harry Blue was here in October. Rpy Richardson was Naval Attache at Tours for a while and I saw Sherm Conklin in Paris just before he got it. Aside from that I dont' remember seeing any other Rutgers men. I expect to sail for the States about the 1st of March so I'll drop in on you pretty soon.

Sincerely,

From Gustav Patz '17

War Prison Barracks, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., Dec. 8, 1918.

For some unaccountable reason there were no demonstrations either in Chattanooga or at this place when the alleged signing of the armistice was announced in the newspapers on the morning of November 8. But this event primed the populace hereabout for the possibilities of a real celebration when the armistice should become an established fact. The Chattanooga Times, the local newspaper, announced through its columns that it would start the noise within one minute after it had received the news over the wire. For this purpose some bombs were placed on the roof of the newspaper building and everything was ready for the big event.

It was on the morning of November 11, about 1.15, when I was awakened by the sound of repeated detonations. It didn't take me a second to guess that the Times had lived up to its promise to start the big noise, and that a glorious peace was at last in sight. Chattanooga is about nine miles distant from here, but out at Oglethorpe we could hear everything as if we had been actually in town. The bombs of the Times gave the signal for a pandemonium of whistles, sirens, bells, and all other noise-making devices ever contrived by the hand of man. And this "racket" was audible until early nine o'clock the same morning, in spite of the distance.

At the various training camps there was high jinx. Everybody woke up, and rushed out in all states of dress and undress; parades were organized, effigies of Kaiser Will strung up and buried, and goodness knows what not else. A friend of mine who is connected with the motor unit at Camp Greenleaf said there was so much going on at once, that it was just like a good old-fashioned roughhouse. Everybody was supremely happy; sleep was out of the question. Without an exception, the men were relieved from duty for half a day, band concerts were given, the Y's put on all kinds of amusements, including boxing matches, rough-and-tumble games- anything that would give the men the opportunity to work off steam. And it was all a howling success.

At the war prison barracks, the News was received quietly both by guards and prisoners. There were no demonstrations of any kind- in a place like ours discipline had to be maintained.

From Lieutenant John R. Perry '19

November 12, 1918.

Although I enlisted as a private, I have seen no fighting except as an officer, being assigned to the 17th Field Artillery as soon as the course at Saumur, France, was finished. I landed with my outfit just in time to get in on a great offensive and, being in the second Division, I have been in offensives ever since until yesterday until a. m., when- wonder of wonders- every gun on the western front ceased its roar. We can scarcely get accustomed to the quietness which reigns and to the fact that we do not have to tote gas masks everywhere we go, or camouflage everything, or move mostly by night. Last night we brazenly had a fire burning in the open with absolutely no apprehension, although only the night before Fritz was dropping great G. I. cans about the battery position. To be honest, it was a trifle warm for a while, but we survived with only two men slightly hurt. We are now in a part of France where we can scarcely believe from the appearance of the land that a huge army has passed through in retreat, with a still larger and better one in pursuit. We are all happy that things are concluded at this period, just before the setting in of the cold weather. We shall be still happier when we once more set foot upon the soil of the, to us, the dearest nation in existence.

From Dr. Fred H. Pierson '95

Marseilles, France, September 30, 1918.

It is mighty good to get the War Service bulletins from old Rutgers, even though I've been a long while telling you so. Even the old grads like to know what the boys are doing and how matters are going on the Raritan. I came over last February for service in the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross, but when the first Boche drive on March 21 began, was glad to respond to the call for help in relieving the refugee situation incident to the evacuation of Armenians.

A month at the front furnished opportunity for establishing a large hospital, which I made over from a Normal School offered me by the Prefect of the Department of the Oise. After the refugee situation was cleared up, we converted it into a military hospital and turned it over to the French.

Since then have been engaged in my proper sphere of medical work, among the children here in Marseilles. We have a sixty-bed hospital nearly completed, for the treatment of children up to three years of age; also four dispensaries in different parts of the city.

This place has truly been called the melting-pot of Europe, and now is the melting-pot of the world. I believe it contains the greatest variety of perfectly original smells to be found anywhere.

Nevertheless, the climate is good, and for two sous you can ride on the tram car for an hour, along the shore of the Mediterranean - truly a joy to behold.

12
Big men of the mountains
~~Work With the Y. M. C. A.~~

From Rev. Sherman G. Pitt '88

Camp Lee, Va., February, 1918.

I am down here again to-day with the sons of Anak, the big men of the mountains.

This is called the purest Anglo-Saxon regiment in the whole army. Some of them use the old forms of English of Shakespeare's time. For instance, they say "holpen" for "helped." The regiment is fifteen per cent illiterate. There were some when they came that had never ridden in the cars, never had seen a trolley, never heard a band play, nor seen a moving picture. One of them came in and saw the French, English, and American flags hanging on the walls, and he asked one of the secretaries; "Say, which one of these is ours?" Someone had written a letter for one of them the other day and he came to the desk for a stamp. When he got it he looked at the letter and then at the stamp and then asked; "Say, you all put that thing on, won't you?"

They make magnificent soldiers. They are obedient and willing. There is a picture of a group of them that I am going to get in which they are all from 6 ft. 3 in. to 6 ft. 6 in. tall.

I asked a fellow the other day what the boys would do if the Y. M. C. A. buildings were not here, and he said; "We would go home." It looks to me as though Uncle Sam could thank the Y. M. C. A. for largely solving the deserter problem.

18-
From Capt. J. Kingsley Powell '17

June 2, 1917.

"I am sitting here in the guard house and while that may sound very suspicious I am really enjoying myself to the extent⁺ that I do not have to shoulder a gun and walk about the company quarters. Am sergeant to the guard for to-day and to-morrow, and my only function is to supervise and watch. So far we have all been working steadily and show up well in general comparison. Our course in college could not have fitted us better for this work or the work ahead.

"There are twenty-five hundred of the finest men here that I could ever wish to know, and all are working hard. Being with these southern men is an education in itself, and we feel ourselves mighty fortunate. I have been sergeant in command of a platoon for two weeks, and a corporal for another. Next week I am right guide of the company, and as we parade in Washington before the President and the Confederate veterans, we are all very expectant.

"The officers here are splendid and are getting mighty fine support from all the men. We are housed in wooden barracks and have very good food. The Rutgers men here get together occasionally and talk things over. Our general standing and reputation is of the highest, and we are doing all in our power to be worthy of it and further it."

From Captain J. Kingsley Powell '17

France,

June 9, 1918.

I know that by this time you have heard from some of my postals, that I have arrived. Surely did send enough, but you know I am not much at letter writing, and made up for all letters I owed on leaving. Got off from Camp in a hurry when the word came to "pull out," and surely have been hustling day and night since, with a big time yet ahead. I wish I could tell you all I would like to, but censorship regulations are very strict, and if I seem vague, pardon it, and know that we have a big session coming when I get back and will tell you all the details then.

We were very lucky in having a fine steamer, and a big one, and the trip was wonderful. Commander of ship told me it was the smoothest voyage and most wonderful weather he had ever seen, and he was an old hand.

Third and fourth days out quite a few were sea-sick, and I was one, but soon passed, and then keen enjoyment. Wish I could tell you all about the number of ships, but you know.

Not an incident to trouble us either. Was Adjutant of the ship, so had my hands full. Our whole regiment were all on board and a few casuals, 3557 in all. Our entrance into France was great, and some of the most ancient buildings, wharves, quays, scenes, trees, farmhouses, and all give you the idea of age, all old, old. Been here since the world began feeling.

We came right to our rest camp, where we are now, and will be here a short time, before moving on.

Am sitting here in my tent, or Hots Tent, writing on my improvised table-desk, have three smooth planks, mounted on rough legs and cross ties as a fine scene of action. But all going fine. Have a good force of clerks and orderlies, and while they are calling for reports, lists and general "fatigue" details about every minute, I manage to keep ahead of them. We are all in tents, or

"under canvas" as we call it, and very comfortable. My personal tent is in a pretty good spot, under a big tree, and next to Colonel Perry's. He surely is a wonder, and takes everything easy, but does keep things going. These big round khaki tents, set here in a sort of valley side, surrounded by old walls and trees, and men all busy around cleaning up and washing after the trip, is quite a different sight from what I have known.

Very little water here and we are doing all our own cooking, that is, the companies are on field stoves.

9.00 A.M. Monday, 6-10-18.

Was interrupted last evening from finishing this, by suddenly going to town for the Colonel. If this letter sounds like a misfit of disjoints, the fact that I have not been able to write more than one or two lines without interruption may explain it. Between men and officers coming in for details, I have been quite busy. New developments are crowding in by the second and our baggage and freight is being slowly sorted and loaded.

Going in town was quite a trip, some queer sights. Had to go down to the wharf where our stuff was, and get some mislaid stuff, then bought a few things, had supper, a regular meal for a change, and hunted up Jack Martin at the Hospital. Surely was great to see him and we spent quite an enjoyable evening together, is coming out here this A.M. if possible. Pardon this dust and scrawling as it is quite windy and dusty, and bustle around here, but am going to finish this letter this A.M. if all else has to go to hang.

I wish I could tell you all our surroundings and actual details.

Saw a lot of German prisoners in town yesterday, and quite a sight. World seems to be the same over here, but old and mossy and quaint. Just like any stories of ancient stuff you may read about, all stone buildings and courts, queer dress, soldiers of all nations, and sailors.

We are liable to move on any minute, but are washing and clearing up while here.

Gibraltar, December 15, 1918.

You asked in your last letter if we would write and tell you about what happened in the place we were when the armistice was signed, so I am taking up your suggestion.

In accordance with our schedule, we left Gibraltar on the fifth of November, with a convoy of transports and food ships for England. Rumor had it that this would be our last trip to England, and hoping for the best but little expecting it, we sailed out and encountered a heavy sea, which is very common in this section.

For four days along the coast of Spain and Portugal we tossed and rolled, then the seas became somewhat calmer. Such a voyage is bound to make the crew more or less depressed, and this time was no exception.

Early in the morning of the eleventh we had news by press that the armistice was to be signed at eleven a. m. So accustomed to rumors, we little believed this to be true, but shortly after eleven we received the news and all the crew let forth a loud roar. Depression was laid aside and enthusiasm reigned from bow to stern. The ship could roll all it wished now, but no one could be downhearted after that.

The next night orders were received to proceed with full running lights for Plymouth, and for the first time since we entered the war lights were seen on the seas. What a difference it made, not having to grope one's way around in the darkness.

We passed quite a few vessels on the way in, and informed those who had not heard the news and exchanged congratulations with those that had.

Everywhere was a sort of unbelief, as if men could not quite realize that the war was over and we had defeated the Hun.

From Private John T. Quigley '20

American E. F., September 14, 1918.

I have been here in France for a couple of months now, but previous to that had been in training for so long a time in America; I had decided that part in this world was just staying home. For the first few weeks in France we were billeted in the vicinity of Portiers, a city about 200 miles south of Paris. While there we had a lot of fun trying to learn the lingo. Time and again when in town we would combine forces and form whole sentences in order to ask for something. The answer would come back in good English, usually better than ours, or they would politely tell us that they could understand our American better than our French.

When we arrived at Portiers, after thirty hours on those side-door Pullmans, it seemed that we had come in unexpectedly. Marching to our billets in the dead of night, we halted for a rest, and an English woman living near the place of our camp site described her impressions to one of our fellows who made her acquaintance some days later. She awakened, hearing a distant, slow, tramp, tramp, tramp. It came nearer and nearer, and she didn't know what to make of it. It was too slow for the French. It was about the time that the Germans were trying to reach Paris, and, being a woman, her first thought was "The Hun." Although she thought it hardly possible, still they might have broken through. Then when they arrived directly in front of her house came the order, "Battery, halt!" with the noise of rifles coming to the order. She was greatly relieved, for she decided that they must be Englishmen. Someone dropped a steel helmet on the hard road, making a loud clatter, and directly after, "'Smatter, Pete, drop your watch!" She decided then that they couldn't be English but must be Americans. This same woman said that in at least two respects the American soldiers differed from others. First, she said, they excelled all others in their respect for all women; and secondly, the Americans were always laughing and happy.

Awaiting Commission

From Franklin M. Ritchie '15

18
Aviation
First Cadet Squadron,

Ellington Field, Houston, Texas,

July 30, 1918.

Your War Service Bureau letters have been a mighty pleasant link with the old college on the Raritan; and if they are as much appreciated by all who get them, they are surely doing a big work.

You will notice that I have changed my address. Also 1st Lieut. C. H. Luster¹⁷, a Rutgers freshman when I was a lordly Junior, is my squadron commander. Thus are the mighty fallen. Lieut. C. J. Colville '14 is also here.

I have finished my course here and am now awaiting the arrival of my commission to hitch on my "Bevo" bars of gold, - or brass, or whatever they are. If I don't die of heat first, I may soon be on my way "over there."

I have bombed every available spot on the Texas prairies hereabouts, have done night bombing and raiding, and have done so much "dummy" work that I am getting quite anxious to drop some T.N.T. "pills" where they will do the most good in Berlin.

The letters from Rutgers men published in the Quarterly make very interesting reading and testify to the spirit of the old college.

The news that Jimmie Scarr and Sherman Conklin had made the big sacrifice was a good deal of a blow. It should send the rest of us forward, however, with even firmer determination to exact payment of the Hun, not out of revenge, but to make sure that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain.

Down here just at present it is a case of work when you have to and ~~dodge the~~ ^{dodge the} heat the rest of the time. I'll never kick about the heat again if I ever get North.

This is no lack of recreation. There are two Y.M.C.A. huts and a Hostess House, and both Houston and Galveston ^{are} within easy reach. Swimming and dancing are the popular forms of recreation for the officers and cadets, and there is plenty of opportunity for each.

Ellington Field is the first bombing field in the country and the course here

is a very comprehensive one. We have a number of French and British fliers ~~here~~ to give us the benefit of their experience at the front.

Bombing pilots come here from all the other fields, so unless all the Rutgers fliers are going to be pursuit aces, I hope to meet some of them ~~here~~. There is a pursuit school not far from here at Lake Charles, La.

I hope to get back to New Brunswick before going across. Hope the college will be as strong as ever despite the sending of men to the colors.

~~Thanking you again for the letters,~~

13
At a Southern Camp

From Lieut. George B. Roesch '16

Officers' Training Camp, Camp McClellan, Ala., February 10th, 1918.

Glad to get news of the college through your service letters. It must be funny not to have to bolt for chapel.^x That was the great institution and it seems tough that it had to be passed up, even for a short time. Believe me, we were mighty glad when we got our letters and read that we had beaten Yale in basketball. We often have little "talk-fests" of the old days at college, and every time one of those letters come we have quite a get-together over it. I would like^k to know how the debating team makes out. From looking over the names, we have good material this year, as usual. Gee, that football shhedule looks mighty good! Only hope the team is up to Sandy's usual strandard. Oh, boy! ~~We~~ sure do get homesick when we read over such things and realize that we can't get back to see them.

Now about Camp McClellan. It is about seven miles out of town, located right among the Alabama "hills." Some hills - steep as walls and mighty hard on the "wind" when we climb them, which we often have to do. There are troops here from New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Washington, Deleware. It's a large camp; as near as I can learn, about six miles by nine, set in about the levellest spot in the state. Of course, a fellow gets mighty tired of seeing nothing but mess shacks, company streets of tents, etc., so we naturally go to town. There isn't much of interest in the town and I hardly dare to write in detail, for the authorities have "hawled us out" several times.

However, this officers' training school is great. It is run under conditions approaching the ideal, which means that it is run mighty well. We work hard all day, doing all kinds of things, and then in the evening we have to study two and a half or three hours. We generally hit town on Saturday afternoons and Sunday; and we make up for lost time, too; eating our fill, going to see real live human girls, shows of the nth type, etc. The girls down here, of course, don't appeal

to us as much as those at home, but they surely do treat us white. We often get out to dinner or tea, or a party. There are 30,000 soldiers here, and so the town of 18,000 can't well be demonstrative in acts of kindness to us all; but most of us manage to get our share. It's a quaint, queer town.

It has been rumored that the division is to move, but I think it is nothing more than a rumor. If we were to move North (for the school goes with the division), I know there will be many a happy fellow in this crowd. I know that we fellows from college would be wild with joy; for we all look forward to the days when we can go and come as we please, or at least come back to New Brunswick and visit Rutgers. Won't there be a big time at college when this old war ends and we all come back for one grand big reunion! It's a great thought. Here's hoping it comes true soon.

x During the winter of 1918, chapel services were suspended because of the fuel shortage.

A Remarkable Experience

Probably the most remarkable experience undergone by a Rutgers man in the war with Germany is that of Lieutenant Theodore Rosen, of the class of 1916, who is at present in the Walter Reed Memorial Hospital, Washington, D. C., with his right arm gone, the top of his left thumb shot away, a machine gun bullet through his right cheek, another through his left wrist, and twenty-four body and head wounds from an exploding hand grenade. The lieutenant is totally deaf in his left ear and has only partial sight of his left eye. Surgeons at the hospital say, however, that the sight of the eye will be restored. The machine gun bullet through his cheek tore away four teeth, which have been replaced by a removable bridge.

The medical and surgical men at the hospital do not understand how the young officer survived his wounds. That he lives, it is conceded, is due to the extraordinary ability of the German surgeon at the prison hospital at Longwy, who operated upon him immediately after he was captured. All who have examined the amputated arm agree that it is a masterpiece of surgery.

But Lieutenant Rosen's fate in the hands of the Germans was rendered hard despite the kindness and skill of the surgeons at Longwy, for the German soldiers and orderlies robbed him of 800 francs, a gold watch and chain and all of his clothing. When the armistice became effective, he was delivered to the Americans wrapped in a blanket. Every stitch of his clothing had been stolen.

Lieutenant Rosen suffered his wounds on a volunteer mission. In fact, his position on the staff of the 315th Infantry would have enabled him to pass through the war unscathed, barring, of course, the possibility of shell fire. But disdain the comparative safety of regimental headquarters, he volunteered to locate a machine gun nest; persevered when Col. Alden C. Knowles was reluctant to let him go, and finally had his way. He took an orderly with him, and the latter came back unscathed with a brief account of the lieutenant's wounding and capture.

This is what happened on November 4, northeast of the Meuse: A hidden machine

gun nest was holding up the regimental advance and was playing wickedly on the exposed portions of the line. Colonel Knowles called for volunteers to locate the well-camouflaged position, and Rosen, with his orderly, volunteered.

They worked their way with patience and care toward the German lines, the lieutenant in the lead. Creeping and crawling, they finally gained a position where the enemy line was not more than fifteen feet away. But, instead of locating the machine gun nest, they had walked into a trap, for the hidden guns suddenly began to rattle and the first blast found the lieutenant directly in the path of bullets. The orderly, more fortunate, ducked into a shell hole and finally managed to worm his way to safety.

Two of the bullets had struck the lieutenant, one through the right arm, rendering it useless; the other through the left cheek, filling his mouth with blood. He flung himself into a shell hole, transferred his gun from his useless right to his unskilled left hand and blazed away - a pitiful automatic against a whole nest of machine guns. That unequal combat continued as long as there were bullets in the chamber of the automatic. As he exhausted the last clip, Rosen was vaguely aware of a hand grenade arching into the shell hole. He flung up his left arm as a protection to his face, and then the grenade exploded. Rosen recovered consciousness on the operating table at Longwy, and such was his vitality that he pulled through with sufficient strength to even exchange words in German with his captors and observe that the treatment by the surgeons was as careful and considerate as that given their own wounded men.

He remained at Longwy from November 4 until the day after armistice, when his captors decided to convey him to the American forces. When he asked for his clothing none could be found. They with his money and his watch were gone and he never saw them again.

So the young lieutenant, with an arm gone and wounds all over his head and body, came back to his countrymen.

He was removed to Base Hospital No. 2 at Toul, and from there to several

other American hospitals, finally being placed on the hospital ship, Mercy, which delivered him in New York some weeks ago. From New York he was sent to the Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, where he has been ever since. He expects to study law at the University of Pennsylvania next year.

6 E From Sgt. George M. Sangster, Jr., 11

gmd

February 17, 1919.

Dear Sir:-

For several months past I have received the bulletins of the War Service Bureau and have found them a source of information as well as pleasure. In the meantime I have been very much remiss in not doing my duty and writing to you as to my whereabouts and experiences. Here goes:

Attempted to enter the Second Officer's Training Camp at Plattsburg and after having passed all requirements had to go to the hospital three days before my departure and have a section of my upper jaw removed. This automatically threw me out. Tried the Third Camp via Rutgers College but was over age. Entered the National Army February 27, 1919 and was assigned to Company F, 305th Infantry, 77th Division, Camp Upton.

Troubles began when we left camp for overseas on April 15th at 2:30 A.M. Forty-five minutes en route our train met with an accident and seven cars went over a ten foot embankment while traveling over thirty miles an hour. In my company three men were killed and thirty-five seriously wounded. Two of the dead were in the same seat with me. Luck was kind and I escaped with a skinned knuckle. On the ocean we were attacked by a submarine but she was destroyed by a depth bomb from one of the destroyers convoying us. We landed in Liverpool April 28, hit Dover that evening and landed in Calais the following afternoon. For six weeks we were attached to the 39th. British Division. We then spent six weeks in the Luneville and Baccarat sectors in Lorraine and were then shipped to the Chateau-Thierry front.

We went into action on the Vesle River and did about thirty-eight days there. We were dug in on a railroad bank with the river behind us and the Germans at the top of the hill in the town of Bazoches near Fismes. Plenty of action took place here but my company was fortunate in having only one man killed.

On September 12th. I was recalled to Paris to the "Stars and Stripes" the official newspaper of the A.E.F. having been a newspaper man in civil life I was attached to the paper and after fighting the battle of Paris for five weeks was sent out as official representative to the Fourth Army Corps. Since then I have been living on the top of the world. Am under orders to main office at Paris but

do practically as I please. Stand no formations and go where my fancy takes me. Have a car in which I go galumphing around the country and all in all enjoy life. At present I am with the Army of Occupation in Germany. Am stationed at Cochem on the Moselle (Justly famous for the wine of that name) and am about twenty-five miles from Coblenz. Life is very pleasant here and my only source of agitation is when in hell do we sail for home. All the poetical stuff I read about army life may appeal to some but not to me and I long for the time when I will be able to be a human being again and not a soldier, more to be pitied than censured.

I recently received a card from you asking me to register at the American University Union at Paris. While I would like to oblige in this respect I do not care to have my name appear in connection with an organization for which I have but little use as is the case with the American University Union. Theoretically enlisted men may be welcome but the practical application of the fact works out far differently. There is a distinct chill in the atmosphere whenever I entered the portals. Possibly I am super-sensitive, I do not think so. You can't be in the army. My views on the above organization are held by several of my friends all of whom are college men and all of whom are gentlemen and have seen action, I met one man at the Union who was not ashamed to be seen speaking to his social inferior. I refer to Lt. Kenneth Franklin Rutgers 1910. Perhaps the less said the better but this is merely a statement of fact. When the next war comes along it might be a good idea to have two clubs of this kind- one for the enlisted men.

Well I am afraid that I have taken up considerable time and will close, Trusting that I may continue to receive the very interesting bulleting from which I have already derived much pleasure, hoping the College may meet with all kinds of success and with best personal wishes for your own welfare, I am,

Sincerely,

George M. Sangster, Jr.,

Rutgers 1911

Amusement for the Men

4 E
From Charles K. Savage, '13,

Camp Dix, N.J. June 8, 1918

For some time I have been intending to write you and tell you something of the work being done in Camp Dix, but until now my time has been so completely taken up that letter writing was out of the question. At present I am temporarily on the sick list, as my vaccination and typhoid shots have laid me up.

There are nine Y.M.C.A. huts in camp; a new one ^{has been} just finished at the Re-mount Station and one commenced at the Base Hospital, making eleven all told, but the last two are not officially numbered yet. Besides these branches, there is the Headquarters or Administration Building, and the big "Y" Auditorium. Each hut has four to six men on the staff, according to location and needs. I am at number nine, the embarkation point, and likewise the best hut in the camp, most homelike and most attractively decorated. At present we are attempting to decorate the side rafters with college pennants bearing the names of towns; and although we have started "pennant drives" in various places, the result has not been great enough to supply the need, so now less than half of the large auditorium in number nine is decorated with pennants. Can you suggest some way whereby we can obtain pennants, banners or flags in sufficient quantities to complete our work?

~~Lieutenant Jonker, a graduate of New Brunswick Theological Seminary and for some time in "Y" work at Camp Pike, was with us before he sailed with the division. He was attached to one of the units supplied by this hut and left some time ago for active service.~~

No 9 is running a canteen, selling cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, candies, and ice cream, and doing a rushing business, but the canteen business requires additional time and makes the work much harder.

Am sorry that I was unable to get back for Commencement as I *had* planned, but the camp was closed owing to a troop movement and the additional work necessitated my staying. Boxing is the favorite sport in this section, due no doubt to the lack of time for other games, and it is a common occurrence to see four or five bouts in progress at one time. Some of them are dandies, too.

About a month ago we had a "Gala Evening" at our hut, consisting of eleven three-round boxing bouts, two wrestling matches, and a game of "No Man's Land". The latter proved to be the biggest laugh ever put on; and to give any sort of description is impossible, so I will just give you the rules of the game and let you figure for yourself. It comes under the heading "Rough and Tumble Games."

The equipment consists of a table two feet high and from four to six feet square, and some boxing gloves. Six men are on a side. The opponents stand at equal distances from the table and on opposite sides of it, facing away from the table. At the signal they run to the table and fight for two minutes. The team with the most number of men on the table at the end of the time wins. The men may strike, pull or push. It has a battle royal beaten to a finish and is by far the roughest and at the same time the most fun of any of the many games played by the soldiers.

From Lieutenant S. Phillips Savage '16

September 22, 1918.

Had quite a harrowing experience a couple of days ago. Went up and made a visit to the old trenches evacuated by the Boche last week. There were four of us in the party, three officers and the chauffeur, and we were scouting around in the trenches and dugouts. I went into one dugout, and the chauffeur and one of the lieutenants went into the next one. I was just coming out of mine when there was a big explosion and something hit my gun which was hanging on my right hip. I looked in the direction of the dugout the other two had gone into and saw the chauffeur doubled upon the ground in front of it, and the lieutenant in the doorway, also on the ground.

The other lieutenant and I rushed over and found them both dead. They were killed by a hand grenade, which the chauffeur had evidently picked up. His right hand was blown off and there was a large hole in his side. The lieutenant had five pieces in his body.

After finding them, I looked at my gun and found that it was out of commission, injured by the fragment which had hit me. If I had been unarmed I would have probably been laid up now with a nice wound in my hip.

Needless to say, no more souvenir hunting for me.

From Lieutenant S. Phillips Savage '19

France, December 22, 1918.

Received your letter and was awfully glad to hear that everything is going along so nicely at college.

We expected our group to be broken up shortly, but have just received the news that we are to remain intact. That means we will stay in this part of the world until June or July. Of course, there is a small chance of getting home before, but it looks very slim now.

Have just come back from another three days' pass. While in Paris saw President Wilson. He certainly did get a wonderful reception. It seems to me that everybody in France must have been in Paris those two or three days.

Traffic was a standstill during the afternoons and evenings. It was impossible for cars and taxis to get through the main boulevard because of the crowds. The French girls were kissing all the American soldiers in sight. They also ran away with all the American overseas caps they could get for souvenirs. Most of the Americans, both officers and men, went around bareheaded all of the time.

France in winter is awful. It rains six days in every seven. Mud is ankle deep. Operations are tied up. The principal occupations are playing poker and shooting crap. Anything to pass away the time. Every two months two of us go on a three days' leave. Then we spend all the money we have been able to save. I have just come back from leave, so will have to be careful for about a couple of months before I can go again.

From Volney D. Schlick '03

England, October 18, 1918

It is a great pleasure to me to be able to do a humble service for the American Expeditionary Forces as a Y. M. C. A. Secretary. My original intention was when I enlisted in the Y. M. C. A. Service to go to France as Canteen, or Educational Secretary, but upon reaching London I found the greeds of Y. M. V. A. huts so great that I consented to stay m Britain for a while to build Y. M. C. A. huts heree.

I have been here six weeks, and was stationed for a while in the Southern part of England but am now building huts in Scotland.

Thus far I have been working m Aviation Camps.. It is a great opportunity for me to see England And Scotland and get acquainted with the people as well as a great pleasure to serve the boys who are very much interested in the hut building and are anxious to have them finished.

The work is all done by the boys who are detailed for the purpose and they all seem to enjoy it as well as any would, they have to do it in camp for they know it is for their special benefit and comfort.

This Y. M. C. A. Work is a great experience and a source of much valuable information to me. The trip across the ocean was worth a years pay and I was very fortunate in taking and then the trip about London, through the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abby, etc. was also a source of much information.

I can not say that I am altogether favorably impressed with the Country although it seems to be very productive, nor with the people they are too slow and about a hundred years behind the times, yet I have met many good people here and they are not altogether to blame for this slowness. I believe after the war is over Britain will have a great economic revolution that will do her people good.

1.

A.P.O. 773 France,

23 September 1918.

War Service Bureau, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N.J.

My dear Mr. Silvers:-

Your letter of 30 July was very welcome indeed and to show my appreciation I am going to write a letter- the hardest job I know- particularly as I have little of interest to tell.

I attended the Army School of the Line over here- a school for field officers- upon my arrival. It gave me a chance to live in an ancient old Roman walled city where I enjoyed the course and the life very much.

When I rejoined my regiment I found that my division had had hard luck and since then I have had a busy time with my battalion doing a lot of hard work to which no glory was

attached.

It has been very interesting but we all want the front line works and I am pleased to say that by the time this reaches you I shall be up front again.

At Southampton I ran into Caesar Blunt- a major now in the Artillery- a good one as nearly as I could judge from his men whom I also saw. It was a great pleasure to see him again after all these years particularly as we both happen to be and had a good deal in common.

We couldn't help laughing a bit to think that two classical students of old Rutgers- who never took drill in college, should be getting away with battalions. It must have been the fine work we did with Professor Bevier and Kirk that fitted us. Both of them, I think remember me.

We crossed the channel on the same boat- a night we'll both remember- not because of seasickness either, for that is a trouble which so far as I have been able to judge the army is free from. I parted from Caesar in Le Havre and hope we'll meet again here as well as at Rutgers.

While at Devens I had the pleasure of seeing Bobbie Searle which took me back even beyond Rutgers days. He was looking well and seemed to be taking kindly to army life.

You might be interested in a man named Weigel from New Brunswick who attended the Third Officers Training Camp in which I happened to be Assistant Senior Instructor. His uncle, General Weigel, used to come around looking for him but he dodged him because he didn't want any help in getting his commission. He was a good soldier and will make a good officer and we liked his spirit. He won his commission on his merits and well deserved it. His uncle,

incidentally is a mighty fine general. He's over here now somewhere- "Billy Weigel" as he's spoken of.

This is a very long letter for me,, It will at least help your loyalty list- altho I wish to go on record that loyalty to Rutgers is always there in all Rutgers men even thro the letters be far and far between.

Sincerely yours,

Oliver J. Schoonmaker, 1906.

18
Regulars and Recruits

From First Lieutenant Herbert C. Segur '16

Gettysburg, Pa.
August 1917.

There are six Infantry regiments here, the 4th, 7th, 58th, 59th, 60th, and 61st. The first two had been on the border for about five years and came up here last spring. They were then divided into their three battalions and a new regiment formed from each battalion; the two from the 4th became the 58th and 59th, ~~and~~ the 3rd remaining ^{that} the 4th. What I mean is the battalions form^{ed} the nucleus of the new regiments, the ranks being filled with recruits. The personnel varies from the typical lean, brown, soldierly regular army man to Swedes, Poles, "Wops," etc., who can't speak a word of English and look about as much like soldiers as - well, as a Freshman Rutgers Cadet.

We are practically at war strength, i. e., our war strength of 150 men to a company, ~~but~~ haven't started to organize to the newly authorized strength of 250.

There are 16 organizations in a regiment; twelve letter companies, A, B, C, etc., Machine Gun Company, Supply Company, Headquarters Company, and Medical Unit, making the total enlisted personnel 2005 men.

We are rather shy on equipment, haversacks, gun slings, etc., which has so far prevented any over-night practice marches. Also we are in tents, which, believe me, is no joke this weather. Had to break the ice on my wash water a couple of mornings right in my tent. It's all right as long as you keep moving and don't try to sit still. ~~in them~~ Personally, I am very comfortable. Have a board floor, electric light, table, etc., and a tent all to myself. Mess with Colonel, Adjutant, and two doctors, all fine men; and we get dandy food. Making arrangements now, though, for a regimental mess, where all the officers will eat together.

Reveille is at 6.15 a. m. Morning is devoted to drill and afternoon to lectures and instruction. Men are off at four.

The different regiments frequently give dances, which are usually pretty nice,

and officers have a standing invitation at the York Country Club. Was over there Labor Day evening and had a dandy time.

The country around here is fine. We are right in the midst of the battlefield, our regiment being located in the line of Pickett's charge up Cemetery Hill. Being in the Supply Company, I am mounted and have a pretty good horse at my disposal. Ride about every day and have been all over the battlefield.

It takes ~~about~~ ^{or so} an hour to "see Gettysburg." The town has about 7,000 people, so we are not subjected to much temptation. Harrisburg is about two hours' ride by train, of which there is about one a day.

Haven't the least idea how long we will be here. We certainly are in no condition to go to France, and, personally, I believe we'll be here until spring. Don't much relish the idea of winter in these tents, but it's surprising how a little of this life will enable you to adapt yourself to anything.

The experienced regulars are a fine set of men. Ignorant and rough, of course, but the finest soldiers in the world. The contrast between them and the recruits is great, and it all goes to show what the army will do for a man. By spring I believe we'll have a finely trained body of men. The spirit is splendid. All seem to be anxious to get across and I feel sure that we'll be able to show that the American soldier can't be beat.