

From Lieutenant Reimer Shearman '17

France, September 22, 1918.

Well, now for news. We were in a part of the Marne drive, the last stages of it, and we sure had a bad time. We went in and relieved the -- Division and held where we were for about twelve days; then finally an order came in to advance. I had my guns in a wonderful position; we could see everything that went on for hours. I took my sergeant and bodyguard, and we climbed up into the top of a ruined building where we could see everything very nicely, as well as control the guns easily. We saw our advance start, get to the river, over the river, start up the hill, and then over the hill; but no one stirred in the town. It turned out that there were no Boches there. Then followed a few very uncomfortable days, with shelling all the time and rain for three days straight, I was soaked through, and with mud up almost over our shoe tops. Time dragged on; we were tired and worn out, and there were rumors of our division being relieved.

In the meantime I had two very dear officers friends killed,-- one was sniped, shot right through the heart, and the other by machine-gun fire on the advance. You see, when we are in, we don't wear any insignia, so it is hard to tell whether you are an officer or not; but my friend who was sniped had all his insignia on, and I suppose the sniper saw them, and it was a cinch.

Still days dragged by; then we were finally relieved, and we came out in anticipation of a rest. But we were hustled onto large motor lorries at 11 o'clock one night and rode till about 12 the next day without anything to eat and in a heavy rainstorm. We landed in a small town and stayed there till the following day, when we started off on a hike. We hiked and hiked, and covered 26 kilos. We all were surely tired, believe me, and well - here we are back in the lines. But it's very different from where we were last; one of our headquarters is in the most picturesque little place you ever saw, on the reverse slope of a large mountain where it is almost impossible to shell; here they have shell-proof dug-outs, very comfortable. Some have running water and electric lights; there is a small theatre, piano, shower baths, everything for comfort. Can you imagine

anything like that in the front line? I couldn't believe it myself until I went up and saw. Well, anyway, here we are, and hope to stay for a while. We had so much rain the last two weeks that we were wet most of the time - especially our feet. Can you imagine, I went for 37 days without taking off my clothes, except my leggings and shoes; our transport at present has been lost, strayed, or stolen, so our bedding-rolls, with our clothes, are "somewhere in France." But we don't care.

We had two doctors to-day, and they had a few funny stories to tell. One was about two stretcher bearers who were carrying in a man who was supposed to be shell-shocked. Just as they were nearing the first aid station, a shell landed pretty close to them. The stretcher bearers beat it for cover, and the supposed shell-shocked man got up and ran just as fast as he could leg it for the first aid. I could tell you some very, very funny stories that happen every day; also some very sad ones. I had a corporal who was camouflaging his gun when it ran away, and about 18 of the 24 bullets went through the calf of his leg. He fell, someone yelled "First Aid," and I went over to see what was the matter. I felt of his leg, and my fingers actually disappeared in the hole. Well, we fixed him up, and naturally he was groaning and "cussing" quite a bit. Then he looked at me and said: "You must think I haven't any nerve, Lieut. - but gee! it hurts!" Can you imagine anything like that - with a hole as big as your fist in your leg?

We were in support one time when a fellow came along where I happened to be sleeping. He saw my feet - that was all - so he gave me a kick and said, "Hey, guy! fix me up, will you? I've been wounded." I jumped up from a very nice little sleep, and when he saw I was an officer he begged my pardon and started off. I made him wait and fixed his arm up, two holes in his muscle - one where the bullet went in and one where it went out. It was the same day I received my commission as a First, and as I happened to be going past the First Aid Station I took him along and dropped him at the station. I stood talking with Dr. B-- , and we overheard the following:

First Aid Orderly: "Hou'd you get it!"

Wounded Fellow: "It was while we were attacking at ----- . I had an automatic rifle, and a Hobbe machine gunner let loose and got me here."

First Aid Orderly: "Did you get the Boche?"

Wounded Fellow: "Well, if I didn't, he'll get pneumonia from the wind of bullets I let loose at him."

There are hundreds of such stories. For instance, that fellow wasn't a bit worried about his wound, for I asked him did it hurt. He said, "Hell; no! (pardon) but think of the bath and the new clothes I'm going to get when I get

back to the hospital." These stories, and lots of others, are true stories, that I actually had something to do with.

From Captain Richard A. Smith '12

Somewhere in France, August 29, 1918.

Back of the lines in rest billets, and you cannot know the relief it is to be able to go to bed without thinking and wondering whether you and your billet are going to be open and ready for business in the morning. We had a hard trick in last time. The Boche smashed our lines and then came over, but went back. For two hours we went through a terrific bombardment of all kinds and sizes of shells. The boys stood it wonderfully; so well, that they threw them back in their assault. But the fight - I never saw such hell before.

I never imagined it either. I knew it would be bad, I knew it was awful, but it's impossible to describe it to you adequately. We did our part, and the commanding general of our division complimented the company on our action.

The crash came at daybreak, and for forty minutes I, in my dugout, in and out, dodging the blame things while I sent up rockets, waited for the attack I knew would come, and for which I rallied my men and placed them as well as I could. The beggars came with their devilish contrivances, their liquid fire, their smoke bombs, their grenades; but we met them fair, and through the dust and smoke; but we didn't get a good crack at them. The barrage, you see, lifted and went back while they stormed the trenches; then they left in nine or ten minutes, and the barrage came back again. I can't describe the scene. I can't tell you of the confusion - the curses - the bayonet thrusts in the narrow trenches - the crack of the automatic pistol; it was real stuff, and my boys were wonderful, splendid.

I'm so proud of them I've recommended two of them for the Medal of Honor. One, a chap from Rahway, with his right hand shattered, had a tourniquet placed on it and went over the top with hand grenades after the retreating Hun. Another, a boy just eighteen, with his eye blown out, bandaged it himself, and I found him at his automatic, half the pan shot away, at the Germans. You in the States are proud of the boys you are sending over, I know, and rightly, too; but these two boys (and there are lots of others) are just a sample of what we are doing here

in the trenches. Oh! for a shot at them like Chateau Thierry! For a real man-to-man fight. We'll pay them back for that raid, we'll pay for those we lost; for in a little cemetery back of the lines lie the bodies - with German and French together - and I sometimes think that's as it should be, for in death all are alike. But for what different causes they are dying - for what different purposes in view!

A glance at the ruined places in France and the little children maimed by shots unseen from the sky, gives one a will to do and a disregard of death if only the cause he has at heart triumphs.

What a wonderful little place this is! I am billeted in a beautiful little place shut off from the hell of the fight. One is amazed as he looks out on the peace and quietness of the sunset., that at some few miles from here men are dying.

The peace and quietness here is perfect, the sun low in the west is streaming in my window, and as I look I wonder what the future has for me. I see across a beautiful mile of pasture and cultivated fields, woods green and dark; the flowers in the garden outside the chateau I am billeted in are a perfect mixture of color. The blood-red poppy, however, predominates both in the cultivated (neglected now) gardens and in the fields, and it's everywhere, giving the wheat fields a reddish tinge and making the grass a reddish green. Across the meadow is a canal, clean and cool looking, lined with shrubs, and the water sparkling with crystals through the openings; a road, white like all the roads of France, winds here and there, now sending up a cloud of dust from the passing of a French or American wagon train with supplies for the front; and it's all so quiet, so peaceful, that war seems far away.

to Gt
Russia

From W. Rudolf F. Stier, '12

Siberia,

February 6th, 1919.

Father just wrote me telling how kind you had been in helping him to get my Christmas greetings to the fellows of '12. Things changed quite a bit since October 25th when I wrote that letter. Well my intentions were good, anyway.

That armistice surely did surprise us out here, we never dreamed it would come so soon. I tell you, our boys do clean things up when they start. The bunch over here is a fine bunch but they would like to do something too. Intervention without "vention" is kind of hard on the nerves. And now that the boys from France are returning, this bunch would like to get back ^{also} too.

I forgot, I did not tell you I'm "with the colors" too. When the A. E. F. landed here they were minus Y. M. C. A. men, so those who might be available around the Orient were "drafted". I'm trying to muster up interest in educational work. We have mostly California and Chicago men here, and no supplies, so we can't imitate the great colleges of the East. Someday we may show something for our effort.

Well I'm glad that 1912 and Rutgers (for I haven't met any Rutgers men) have at least one man in this "over there" where it is nowhere near over. I'm glad it isn't, in a way, for I'm getting a taste of what the other fellows have had in France. I can now sympathize with them and I shall be glad when it is over. Little hope out here for some time to come.

I almost said there were two Rutgers people here, for my brave little wife is here too. She happens to be 600 miles nearer Berlin than ³ me, however, heading off that stream of refugees that is pouring into Siberia. The American Red Cross had to get workers and get them quickly, ~~and~~ so they recruited from the Orient, and Mrs. Stier was the first called for that difficult work in Russia's interior. I need not say that she knows Rutgers and is a "Rutgers Man" in the Heart of Siberia.

I guess ~~we are~~ all well. The cold agrees with us. It is a stimulating climate. We have a few handicaps such as no decent places to sleep in and a bath once a month, but that is the least of it; if we could keep the cooties away without getting gray worrying over them we'd be happy. Russia is truly in the dark, bleeding, dirty, and I doubt if we can help much unless we too use a strong arm. We are waiting patiently for the Police of the League of Nations to be sworn in.

With best wishes to all and many thanks for helping my father send my greetings around, I am,

Sincerely,

W. Rudolph F. Stier.

Studying Food Conditions

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From Major John P. Street '89

Camp Sevier, S. C., January 1918.

I do not believe you have any idea how we Rutgers men who are in the service appreciate the words of cheer that come to us from time to time from our Alma Mater. I appreciate your news letters very highly and think it is only fair to tell you something about my army work.

I have charge of one of six parties sent out by Surgeon-General Gorgas to study the food conditions in the various camps. We study the quality of the food, the quantity served, advise as to methods of preparation, and strive to correct the extravagant waste that is apparent on all sides. In each camp we select four messes, where we study the actual amount of food eaten and the amount wasted during a period of one week. We also inspect as many messes as we can and have conferences in which we point out faults and suggest improvements. Last night I gave two lectures to groups of 250 and 175 officers, and tonight in a Y.M.C.A. hut I talked to about 400 more. So you see, the life is rather strenuous.

So far I have visited Camp Wadsworth, Camp Greene, and Camp Sevier, and from here I go to Camp Jackson, and Camp Hancock. Before long I think all of our parties will be on the other side, an experience we anticipate with the greatest interest, for then we shall feel that we are actually in the big game.

In spite of the fact that all my experience thus far has been in the "Sunny South", I have suffered intensely from the cold. I have lived either in barracks without heat, or as now in a tent, with a Sibley stove which works if you watch it all the time. Living in a poorly-heated tent with the thermometer not far from zero and with several inches of snow on the ground is not the happiest of experiences. Still, it might be worse.

There is little joy or relaxation in these camps. The men are being worked very hard and they certainly need it. Close order drill, regimental drill, trench work, bayonet drill, gas mask drill, etc., give the men a strenuous day, and when night comes they are a pretty tired lot. In one camp we visited, each company

in turn was given twenty-four hours' trench duty, regardless of the weather. Part of the time the thermometer was down to 10 degrees and the ground was covered with snow. We spent one night in the trenches with one company and I don't believe the Western Front is much worse, except for the shells and shrapnel; and even they would not be unwelcome, for they give some variety to the performance.

In my rounds I have run across few Rutgers men. There must have been some around, but I don't know the men of the last ten years very well and would not know them if I saw them. One pleasant exception was Col. Joe Castner '91, of the 38th Infantry. I called on him at his quarters, and as I had not seen him in twenty-six years, we had a good talk about our days at the dear old college. Castner is making good, and I have heard from many sources that he is one of the most efficient officers in the army.

From Major John P. Street '89

English Hospitality

Southampton, England,

August 22, 1918.

I have received two of your letters since my arrival here on June 21st, and they were indeed welcome.

My trip over was really very delightful except for the annoyance, and attendant anxiety, of wearing constantly a life belt, which we had to wear at all times except when we slept. We came over alone and without escort, but expected to have destroyers pick us up off the Irish coast. For some reason they missed us and we had a rather anxious twelve hours as we steamed around in circles waiting for them. We were probably in the most dangerous spot in the Atlantic -- it was where the *Justitia* was sunk a few weeks later-- and I can assure you that it was with a feeling of great relief that we welcomed four American destroyers at 8 o'clock that night. In the morning four British destroyers replaced these, and with this escort and two hydroplanes over us, our procession to our harbor was quite a triumphal one.

I spent a week in London, but since then I have been going from camp to camp in what is known as the Winchester area, trying to better the feeding conditions for our troops. The problem has been a hard one because of shortage of personnel and material, but I can now see progress and conditions are reasonably satisfactory. I expect to be here a couple weeks longer when I will take up similar work in France.

If there is one fact that impresses us it is the gladness of the British to see us. Our welcome has been a very cordial one, from all classes of English society. The Anglo-American 4th of July celebration was ^{an indication} a ~~relation~~ of the change of feeling between the two countries. I attended a service in Winchester Cathedral that day, where the whole congregation sang or tried to sing the Star Spangled Banner. Men, women and children carried American flags; and in London, King George pitched the first ball in a game of baseball.

The English country houses are wide open to Americans and I have been

fortunate enough to be invited to the week-ends in homes in this beautiful New Forest country. One of these was the former home of Lord Palmerston, a modest estate of 7,000 acres; another was that of Sir William Mather, a very distinguished engineer, and he showed us with great pride a very fine autograph of George Washington, which he counted among his treasures.

This camp is the small end of the funnel through which most of our troops pass to France. Consequently, we have a constantly changing population. Thousands of troops march away from here nearly every day and by the next morning their places are more than taken by new ones. Last week I had the pleasure of seeing several hundred wounded Huns, among them a General. We have had Serbians and Italian^{ians} here, as well as British troops back from Mesopotamia, so you can see our population is quite cosmopolitan. Our boys are making a fine impression ^{here,} ~~here,~~ to say nothing of the impression they are making in the Western front, and the people at home need not have the slightest fear but that the account they render will be a good one.

With ~~best~~ regards and hopes for a continuance of the Rutgers letters,

PEACE IN PARIS

Major John P. Street '89

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Bordeaux, Jan. 14, 1919.

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On November 7 I was in Paris and, in the late afternoon after having spent an hour or so at Notre-Dame Cathedral and having crossed the Seine by the Pont d'Arcade, as I walked along the Rue de Rivoli, I was struck by the changed attitude of the people in the street. There was an air of excitement, partly suppressed but here and there articulate, with cries of "Finie la guerre" or "La guerre est finie"; and news girls were surrounded by crowds eager to buy the one page journals, where in bold letters appeared the welcome news (only a rumor then) that the armistice was un fait accompli. This was the day when you good people at home had your premature celebration, but it was not ^{so} premature as you have been led to believe. I have been told on good authority that the United Press was correct and that the armistice was actually signed at the time its accounts stated, but that the discovery of German treachery forced the annulment of the earlier terms. I am told that originally it was arranged for all hostilities to cease twenty-four hours after the signing of the papers; but it was discovered that Germany had laid such extensive plans for further treacherous destruction of men and property, that it was necessary to make more stringent terms and, as you know, in the final arrangement an interval of only six hours was provided for.

I spent the next few days in Dijon. On the afternoon of the 10th crowds around the bulletin boards read the welcome news that the Kaiser had abdicated, and we all felt that something of crucial importance was about to occur. On the morning of the 11th on the way to the railroad station to buy my ticket for Paris, I learned the wonderful news. Hostilities ceased! The war over! We were going home! And yet personally I could hardly believe it. And as I read the terms of the armistice I became more skeptical than ever, for I could not believe that the Huns had ever agreed to such sweeping and humiliating terms. But the French believed it. Their faces showed their real feelings. ~~Sometimes~~ More often tears, no wild shouting, but always

the appearance of awakening from a horrible nightmare to a reality of happiness and relief they scarcely could credit.

I left Dijon at one in the afternoon and all along the way to Paris at even the smallest stations there were happy crowds with flags, singing and dancing. As night approached, lights appeared in houses and there were even attempts at more elaborate illuminations--quite a contrast to the Stygian darkness of the week before. It was by the sheerest luck that I was to find myself in Paris on the night of all nights, and ~~all~~ ^{throughout} the six hour ride there I could scarcely restrain my impatience in the anticipation of the scenes I knew I was about to witness. At last, at 7 P. M., my train drew in at the Gare de Lyon and the celebration was on.

Hardly taking time to eat my dinner, I got a taxi and hastened to the Folies-Berjeres, which I assumed, and quite correctly, would be a center of interest, at least during the early hours of the evening. Already the streets were packed with people and it was only by making detour after detour that we were able to reach the theater. Getting seats was out of the question, of course, and we had to content ourselves with admission to the promenoir. The show was an English revue, ~~zing~~ but little attention was paid to it or to what took place on the stage except when the soldiers took possession of it. The theater was a mass of humanity of most diverse makeup. Of course, soldiers predominated, chiefly French, American, Australian, English, and Canadian, with a very few Belgians and Italians. All sorts of war workers, male and female, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., K. of C., were there, and some of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. girls had the times of their lives. There were also all shades of Parisian society, from the politician, business man and bon vivant to the bourgeois shopkeeper, the MIGNONETTE, and her more flagrant sister, the fille de joie. It was a strange admixture, the respectable, the half-respectable, and the frankly disreputable. As already intimated, the show life itself had pretty hard

sledding. Three times the Australians took possession of the stage and the ^{action} ~~show~~ came to a full stop, but after Shirley Kellogg's statement that she loved

them all but wouldn't they "please let the show go on", the soldiers left the stage and a more or less complete performance was given. All the national songs were sung by the company, and the audience joined in with a vim. The Marseillaise, (that most stirring of all national anthems), the Madelon, the Brabanconne, and the Star Spangled Banner were sung amid wild waving of flags and inpromptu parades up and down the aisles and around the foyers. I do not remember that "God Save the King" was sung at all; in fact, the English were not greatly in evidence during the celebration, as for some reason or other the English are not very popular among the allies. The Belgians, too, were conspicuous by their absence, probably because so few of them are stationed in or near Paris.

The Promenoir was the place of real interest. At probably a hundred tables, groups of soldiers of the various nationalities sat either by themselves or in the company of more or less beautiful ladies of the demi monde. There was drinking, of course, much of it, but relatively little drunkenness, a feature of the whole celebration which greatly impressed me. In the promenade around these tables streamed a throng of officers, enlisted men, and women, good and bad. There was cheering and singing and much osculation. Kissing seems to be a peculiarly French method of showing ones happiness. The officer, especially the American officer, who was unknissed that night was the exception. Even an old gray beard like myself was twice a victim. In both cases the girls doing the kissing were pretty, and, I hope, virtuous. In the middle of the Promenoir was a fountain, and several over enthusiastic soldiers enjoyed themselves by

~~splashing in it.~~
~~making temporary basins of themselves.~~ An old grand piano was another point of attack, and on it an English officer and an American doughboy did a wild clog-dance for at least ~~a~~ half an hour, and in some mysterious way the piano lived through the ordeal. A placard announced that at 11 o'clock a dance would be held in the hall, but when that hour arrived the crowd was so dense that the management had to give it up and we were all turned out into the Rue Clichy.

The armistice had come so suddenly that Paris was not ready for it; and in consequence the street lights still wore their coat of blue paint, and the Metro still ceased to run at the rural hour of eleven. When I found myself in the street outside the Folies I realized I was about two miles from my hotel, that the Metro was not running, that a taxi was unprocurable, and that I had not the slightest idea how to reach my hotel. ~~With~~ my limited supply of French it was a hazardous adventure to find my way home; but my companion, a captain, and I started out resolved to follow the crowd, and whether or not we reached our hotel that night, well- n'importe.

The walk home was most interesting. Everywhere crowds of people, young and old, orderly but happy, and bubbling over with animal spirits. At nearly every street corner there was an impromptu dance. If there was a musical instrument, so much the better; if not, the singing of the crowd supplied the necessary rhythm. Old men and women spun around in the peculiar slow French waltz and the younger people danced with a little more abandon. At the Opera, the Place de la Concorde, the Place Vendome, and the Place de Bastille, huge crowds had assembled, all singing the Marseillaise, and dancing and kissing. There was none of the boisterousness of the American crowd, no "rough stuff", and none of the hideous, ear-bursting noises which Americans think necessary to

demonstrate their high spirits. With all the singing and dancing, there was an air of solemnity to the celebration that was most striking. France had been "bled white," Paris for four years had grown accustomed to the alerte which signalled a Gotha raid, lights had been dimmed, shutters closed, thousands and thousands mourned the loss of loved ones; and now relief had come, the war was over, and again they could live like human beings and not as hunted animals. The celebration was an outpouring of the French soul, pent up for four long, weary, heart-breaking years. Every one was happy and made no effort to conceal his feelings, and apparently every one did the thing that first came into his mind, and it was all right. No one complained. The war was over. As we stood on one corner watching a happy group dance by, a middle-aged Frenchman grasped me and my companion by the hand and said, "We love you Americans! Won't you please kiss my wife?" How could we refuse? And once more the bond of friendship between France and the United States was sealed. Speaking of this kissing business, it was not entirely a punishment when the donor was a pretty French girl, or even a more mature matron; but when a poilu tried to kiss me, the kissing was fini for me, as well as the war.

All this time apparently we were not getting much closer to our hotel. So we accosted a likely looking Frenchman for information. He must have been very stupid, for I know our French was excellent, but at any rate we could get nothing from him. While we talked to him, a young woman, apparently overhearing us, approached us and said: "Pardon, sirs, I live near your hotel and will show you the way, if you like." We did not know what sort of an adventure we were in for, whether we were putting ourselves in the hands of a siren who might lead us Heaven knows where; but

being lost, we decided to chance it, and thereby had a most charming adventure.

It appeared that our little guide, who I should say was about twenty-eight years old, was chaperoning three other girls, each of whom had a French soldier for a companion. With the captain and myself on either arm she started the procession, and our three pairs of amorous French trailed on behind. At intervals she would turn around and correct them for "keesing" too much; but, her duty performed, like a wise little chaperone she continued to march at the head of the procession. She knew a few English words and the Captain and I taught her others, and as we chatted away before we knew it we were at the Place de la Bastille and not very far from our hotel. Our party gradually broke up, and finally only our guide and ourselves were left when we reached her home. With most ceremonious leave takings, we thanked her for her kindness and parted from her convinced that she was "as straight as a string" and altogether a most charming little Parisienne.

The next day the celebration was even more striking. The first stupefaction caused by the good news had entirely worn away and Paris was ready to enjoy herself to the full. A general holiday was declared, school children, more mature students, from the Quartier Latin, midinettes, ouvrie^{rs} and their families, and, of course, the soldiers of all nations, thronged the boulevards. The greatest crowds were at the Opera, and the Place de la Concorde, and the Place de l' Etoile. At the Concorde, where are grouped the statues commemorating the cities of France, that of Strasbourg was no longer covered with emblems of mourning, but with flags and flowers, and happy crowds

danced around the monument trying to show their joy in welcoming Alsace and Lorraine back to the French sisterhood. At the Concorde also the Government for some time had been collecting war trophies captured from the Germans. Hundreds of guns, large and small, ~~mitrailleuses~~ tanks, Gothas, a Zeppelin, and thousands of German helmets had been assembled there. These proved easy prey for the crowds, and singing bands of students dragged the smaller guns away one by one, generally with a French girl astride, ~~down the Boulevards~~ followed by singing crowds of soldiers and civilians. The German helmets mysteriously disappeared (possibly American ~~dumme~~ bags could reveal the secret) and hardly a shred was left of the German airships.

~~Camions~~ rolled by filled with soldiers, chiefly Americans, and, of course, girls. Any unfortunate taxi driver who ventured near immediately found his vehicle commandeered, and its wheezy one cylinder had to work as never before. Groups of soldiers and girls formed rings about any unwary officer, (and these were chiefly Americans) and the only way of release was a general kissing bee. This scene was repeated thousands of times all over the city. On the steps of the Opera a large crowd had assembled and sang the various songs, chiefly the Marseillaise and the Maderlar, and then another group would take possession and repeat the program. One ambitious American officer tried to lead the crowd in the Star Spangled Banner. He got along famously for the first two lines, but after that, sad to relate, it was mostly la, la, la. Even this war has not taught us yet the words of our national anthem.

I left Paris at ~~3~~ ^{three} that afternoon, en route for Le Havre. All along the line miniature celebrations were going on,

and at Rouen the station was filled with a noisy throng. I reached Le Havre ^{at} ~~at 10 P.M.~~ ^{10 P.M.}, just in time to take part in still another celebration. There the British and Belgians were more in evidence, and the celebration was much rougher and more boisterous than in Paris.

I realize the above is a very inadequate description of what one Frenchman told me was the greatest celebration Paris had ever seen. To me the most impressive feature was its spontaneity and its sincerity. Everything was done by impulse without any thought ^{of} how it would look, how it would sound, or what any one would say. Paris was free from its long nightmare. The war was finished, Nothing else mattered.

~~John Phillips Street,~~
~~Major, Sanitary Corps,~~

EDA BOND

From
Sergeant Alfred W. Thomas '14

Somewhere in France
October 7, 1918

Your letter (#25) of August 23rd, 1918,,reached me two weeks ago, just a few hours before my outfit started up for the front line. It is the first one of the letters that has gotten to me, but I hope from now on I will get them regularly.

Since I have been in France I have not been able to get into touch with any Rutgers men, so cannot give you any news except about myself. I am glad to say that I am in the 8th Brigade of the 4th Division, which has already been cited twice by Commanding Officer at General Headquarters. My Company, (Co A- 12 M. G. Bn) was in back of the actions for which the citations were given. We Machine Gun men are very proud of our branch of the service we are in.

Just now we are still in the front line expecting to be relieved any day.

The shelling has been pretty heavy here for the last few days but most of us have become such good "Ducker" that we manage to get by somehow or other, although I often wonder how we do. I had a close call several days ago, a big H. E. (high explosive) landed less than 18ft. from where I was lying with two Lieutenants, aside from the fact that I was a bit deaf for an hour or so it did no damage to speak of.

The envelope I am writing this in is one that I got out of a Boche Dug-out.

Here's hoping I will hear from dear Olf Rutgers regularly.

From Private Wayne H. Thompson '98

France, September 30, 1918.

As you know, I came over here for Y. M. C. A. work on March 30 last and have been here as a result something over six months now; in fact, am quite a veteran.

I was sent by the "Y" to the central part of France in a district known to the Americans as the S. O. S., and have been with the same troops ever since. It is astonishing, the activity of the Yanks over here; and the particular contingent I have been with, a company of engineers, has been doing one of the greatest pieces of engineering in France. It is a long railroad embankment and bridge across the Loire river and is of the greatest importance in shortening the time of travel to the front, as well as saving such commotion in traffic. The job is about done and the company will move in a few days now for more work in an important section. We hope it will be to the front and that we will get into the scrap, but from the way things look now it will be over before we can take a fighting part.

I might state that in August I resigned my place with the "Y" and am now simply Private Wayne H. Thompson, Company F, 23rd Engineers, American Ex. Force. But I still look after the "Y" interests with this particular company, and as a result am a pretty busy man.

I wish I could write you a long letter, telling all about the things I see and know here, but I can't do so at present; but perhaps in the near future I can send you a good letter. Of one thing I am certain; no man able to take part in this war should stay out of it, if it is possible for him to get into the service.

When one sees the things I have seen; hospitals crowded, great Red Cross trains constantly passing, refugees pouring over all France, and the sacrifice France has made, not only for herself, but for all the world, a man can only feel proud that he is able to serve in the smallest capacity; and I am as proud to to be a buck private as I would be to be a major general. Thank God, we have them on the run, licked badly now; and apparently it will be only a short time till they surrender unconditionally. And then we will have a better, more pleasant world to live in, and the sacrifices will not have been made in vain. I thank God I am able to have a part, a very small part, in helping to make life worth while.

2 E+ Private
From J. Harold Thomson 18

The Trip Across (2)
December 5th, 1919.

Now that I am living a life of ease in an American Military Base Hospital, with the emphasis on "Military Base", I have time to take a thinking look back over the last six or seven months of my life. These have been so filled with strange, unusual, exciting, extraordinary events that it is still hard for me to collect my thoughts or concentrate on any one particular event or experience. It has been a whirlwind of experiences, of impressions, of hardships, of long roads, of strict discipline, of obedience to others, of mud, rain and darkness, of bursting shells, popping machine guns, and humming planes, of "digin," of corned "willy" and hard tack, of new thinking, new ideas, new friends, new beliefs, and confidence in man and God, - a whirlwind of anxious and joyous anticipations, of overwhelming realizations until the final victory came, bringing with it the greatest joy and satisfaction that one can feel - the joy and peace that comes to one, who has served in a great and righteous cause, and has fought a good fight.

In spite of the grumblings and external appearances and expressions of discontent, there is down in the bottom of every dough boy's heart a good bit of joy and pride for having been at the front and over the top.

The very first day in the army we got the habit of kicking and we have been kicking ever since; and even now that the war is over and we are at "ease" in a hospital with good prospects of a speedy return home, we still kick at one thing or another. It's a habit; we all have it and have been doing it so long that it has become sort of mechanical and really doesn't amount to a row of pins. But I am going to cease kicking for a little while and try to tell you a little more about some of the things that I went through and saw since coming over.

There seems to be a sort of haze or blur over it all, but there are a few dates, a few experiences and places, that I do remember much more distinctly than others. I suppose as the years go by, I will ~~recall~~ ^{have} recall from time to time little incidents that ~~had~~ happened here and there - incidents that I now fail to recall.

~~just now.~~

Everything is all so recent to me now, ^{but} ~~well~~, there is one date that I shall never forget, ~~maybe you won't either.~~ Perhaps I will forget the exact date, but I will never forget the impressions and the thoughts that I had on May 19, 1918. It was on this day, a beautiful Sunday, that we, the Lightning Division, bade farewell to good old Camp Dix, good old New York City, and the good old U. S. A. From the moment we tramped up the big gang-plank, our overseas service in the A. E. F. began. How did we feel about going? Well, we were glad through and through, although we did a lot of sober thinking on that day. We were tired of camp life, of our daily monotonous drill on that hot dusty parade ground; we had longed for a change, ~~we thought~~ anything would be better than that everlasting "squad right, squad left" and the harsh old whistle of an equally harsh top sergeant.

This old "top" was an old bear, or better an old bull; we hated him, cursed him, feared him, and, worst of all, we obeyed him. If we didn't he would "ride" us, give us "K.P." for a week, coal pile on Saturday afternoon, or mule stable on Sunday. We had a great idea. We argued that that big bully would calm down and pull in his horns when we got on the other side of the pond, where there would be other things to occupy his attention and to fight.

We also heard that ^{when} ~~when~~ we went, he would remain at Camp Dix. So we longed more than ever for the day of our departure; the day when we could leave Camp Dix and the "top" behind. And then, too, we were glad to go over because of more patriotic and somewhat sentimental reasons. We would no longer be just mere boy scouts in training three thousand ^{miles} ~~miles~~ from the real thing. We would really be in it, we would be in ~~real~~ active service for our country; we would be doing some real serving, some real work, and would have real pride in ourselves.

Just the thought that we, ~~yes we~~, the 78th, the Lightning Division, had been chosen to be sent over to France made us stand straighter, drill better, and

endure more cheerfully the "terrible hardships" (!) of dreary old and forlorn Camp Dix. And how proud we were of ourselves as we marched past the General's stand in that last great review of our division on the parade grounds a few days before leaving! The thought that was in everyone's mind was voiced by a "buddy" of mine when he exclaimed, while looking over that endless procession of solid khaki: "Oh, boy, won't the Huns run when we get there?" *They will never last long when they see all of us."

We were pretty vain, all right, and we thought we were it, as we sped along on the train past thousands of waving and cheering civilians, just as there was in each of us a bit of pride as we waved farewell to our less fortunate and, in our minds, less worthy companions of the Depot Brigade. We were sorry for them and most of them were sorry for themselves.

So amid great excitement and shouting we began our journey on the long, long trail. It was Sunday, a Sabbath, and as we sped along more sober thoughts came to our distracted minds. I looked out of the window and thought of ^{the}you people back home; ~~I saw you all in church, I wondered if you had come down to Camp Dix the day before, I wondered when you would hear that I had left, and how you would feel,~~ and then I began to think of all that I was leaving behind — home, the dearest of all homes, friends, college, and even Camp Dix. I remember saying to a fellow in the car that we would see many a time when we would wish we were back to Camp Dix. I feasted my eyes on the swiftly passing green fields, for I knew that very soon we would see nothing but water, water, water. Would we ever see land again? Would the sea be rough? What port would the boat sail from? Had I done right by waiting for the draft, and consequently the infantry? These and similar questions passed through my mind. It was hard to realize what was taking place, to realize that we were really on our way towards France to war and, perhaps, never to return. We knew that we could not all come back again.

Well, our train ride was short. We thought we were bound for some far

off northern port, and I believe we were a little disappointed to be detrained in that gloomy old familiar "Pennsy" station at Jersey City. We had all been in that station many times before, ~~but~~ never under the strictest kind of military orders, or with enormous packs on our backs and rifles over our shoulders.

Besides the burden on our backs, there was another burden - a mental burden which became even harder to endure. It was the burden of military prohibitions and the censorship under which we were traveling. There we were leaving the land of freedom, but we could not even say a "good-bye" to a friend; we could talk to no one, ~~not~~ not even ourselves; we could tell no one who we were, what we were, where we had come from, or where we were going. As we passed from the station to the ferry, several of the Jersey City boys saw their parents or friends in the crowd but no one could stop for a minute, ~~not~~ not even for a good-bye kiss.

We were no longer civilians, no longer our own bosses; we are soldiers, obeying the orders of our officers, and we were on our way for France. ~~Yes, to France;~~ But we could tell no one; we must be silent. Of course, the crowd knew where we were bound for. But oh, how we wanted to shout it out! How we wanted to tell them we were the Lightning Division, or the 310th Infantry. But ~~no~~, we ~~could~~ must not, for a spy has ears that hear. Of course, civilians besieged us with questions, asking for this company and that company, looking for loved ones, and we were for the time being mere pack animals doing the will of the master.

It was late Sunday afternoon when we trudged along in a ~~long~~ single file off the ferry down one of those covered docks and up that "bridge of sighs" - the gang plank. It did not take us long to form our own opinion of that ship, the "Beltana". In the first place, it was English from top to bottom and manned with Englishmen. It was built in perfect keeping with the conservation of the English, having no conveniences of any kind; it was old fashioned, out of date, unsanitary and unsavory. After looking her over, we finally saw that this was a former "freighter"; but on account of the unusual number of Americans traveling abroad this year, they had tried to turn her into a passenger ship with rather doubtful success.

They certainly did pack us into that boat. It was something awful. Those first few days were a nightmare to me, as I remember it. We acted like a bunch of wild animals, we ate like a lot of pigs, and we quarreled most of the time. We lost our packs, our mess kits, our rifles, and at night we would all make a mad rush for a ^{large} ~~large~~ crate in which were our hammocks. Our hammocks were hung on hooks from the low ceiling. If you failed to get your hammock up in a hurry, the chances were that the hooks would all be occupied and you would be "out of luck". And the air was terrible down there.

It was enough to make a healthy man sick on the solid land, so you can imagine how it ^a ~~a~~ affected us fellows on this rolling sea. Our liberty loving natures received another setback on the 19th day of May when we were forcibly introduced to Mr. Censur. Just before going up the gang plank, some considerate officer informed us that when we got on board the Red Cross would furnish us with paper with which we could write. In order to help us along (?) he even told us what to write. That was very nice of him. He also cheered us up by telling us that Uncle Sam would pay all our postage for us. Personally I was sore, because on Saturday I had purchased 90 cents worth of stamps at the "Y" but the pinch came when he told us what we could not write.

We ^{could} ~~must~~ not tell the name of the boat, the date of sailing, the name of the port, the number of troops, where we were bound, or anything else that we wanted to write; but with a pleasant smile, he told us we could write home another letter later telling what a nice boat we went over on, how much we enjoyed the trip, and, best of all, that we had arrived safely "somewhere in Europe". Was not that forethought? ~~Cannot you imagine how miserable I felt when I wrote you those two letters? There was so much that I wanted to write you, but the letter would be destroyed if I did, and how absurd it seemed to be telling you that I had arrived safely and enjoyed the trip?~~

And now, we are on the ship. The next morning, May 2, instead of being at my graduation exercises at old Rutgers, we were sailing out of New York harbor,

going down the bay past the Statue of Liberty. America was a thing of the past for us now. We were not allowed to go up on the deck. Oh, those orders! How we hated them at that great moment of our lives. We were deprived of that last long look at New York's skyline and the Statue of Liberty. Just one look at the U. S. A. - the last that many would ever have ^{But} ~~but~~ ^{we were forced} "orders are orders", and we ~~must~~ stay down in that semi-darkness till quite late in the morning.

Finally the order changed and up we scrambled, all eager to get a peep at the ocean and a breath of fresh air. A thick fog seemed to be riding on the surface of the clear green water. Soon the bright morning sun broke through and gradually pushed back that misty curtain, and what a wonderful picture was revealed to us! With amazement and fascination we crowded along the rail and climbed up on piles of rope boxes, any place where we could get a view of that broad emerald expanse of green water, capped with white foam at regular intervals. It held us spell-bound. We went from one part of the ship to another, but always saw the same world of water about us. How insignificant we were! How small our boat seemed!

I told you how after a couple of days I was chosen for special submarine guard duty with sleeping quarters up on deck. It was hard work, four hours on and eight off, day after day and night after night. My port was just left of the front end, in sea talk, "I was on the port side bow, prot No. 8". It was an experience that I am glad I had. It was also my first break from Company D and was very agreeable. I became acquainted with several fellows whom I met again later in the Intelligence Section.

The trip was uneventful until that last Sunday morning when we were on board. I told you all about it a long time ago; how ~~that~~ several submarines appeared near us just as the sun was setting, how ~~that~~ our ship suddenly stopped, how those "little sea devils," ~~the~~ the destroyers, chased them around, dropping depth bombs on the subs, and how frighten^Ed we all were. It was then that we realized that there was a war going on and that we were beginning to get in it.

As we neared the shores of England, two large cigar-shaped airships and an airplane came out to meet us. They seemed to say "How do you do? Welcome to our shores!"

And what a thrill we experienced when we first saw land, real, honest-to-goodness old mother earth. You would have thought we were nearing the Statue of Liberty, so happy and excited were we. I guess even Iceland would have looked good to us just then after enduring 14 days of English sea life on an English freighter.

x Recovering from wounds received in action.

From Private T. M. Thorburn '14

Italy, January 6, 1919.

The biggest demonstration over here occurred on the day that the news of the armistice with Austria was received. The town of Mestre, in which I was then stationed, was black with people, mostly soldiers. Where they all came from is more than I can say. All were shouting and talking at once, and the bells of the churches were rung for the first time since the beginning of the war. Impromptu parades were organized and flags of all kinds displayed. Italian and American flags predominated. Trucks loaded with soldiers returning from the front were decorated gaily, the soldiers as they went by singing as only Italians can sing. We were hailed with joy as they passed us, for the Americans are very popular in Italy.

Among the U. S. troops the news was received more quietly, as we realized that the Germans were still to be beaten. We could hardly realize that Austria was out of it, as it all happened so suddenly and we began to realize that Germany could not hold out much longer. When the news of Germany's fall came, we were almost wild with joy. Then the speculation began as to how soon we would be going home. Few of us realized until then just how dear home was to us.

From Sergeant Laird S. Van Dyck '15

October 1, 1918.

Here we are at last in the grape country, with everything looking peaceful, as it did in the U. S. A. We hope to get to the front before long. We are billeted in a rather dilapidated chateau, perhaps several hundred years old, situated on a hill overlooking a river. It is the most beautiful sight that you can imagine, and you may believe that we appreciate having a river right at hand. The weather has not been so cold as to prevent us from taking a swim every day. Our billets seem like palaces after spending a few nights in box cars built to contain 2 houses or 40 men.

We landed here just at the right time of year for grapes and blackberries. One sees grapes, grapes, grapes, everywhere, and the kindhearted French people are glad to give us all we can eat. It seems strange to us that the natives do not eat or pick the blackberries. They have an idea that blackberries cause dysentery. The soldiers, however, are willing to take a chance on that any day, and we have felt no ill effects as yet. A couple of days ago I was eating mess downtown, sitting with my back against a fence, when I was startled by a gale of laughter directly behind me. There stood two French maidens, greatly amused by the fact that we were drinking water with our midday meal. It appears that such practice is unheard of in France.

My slight knowledge of the French language has been of inestimable value to me. Have been acting as the Company Interpreter and have also had a delightful time chatting with the peasants and townspeople in the vicinity. They are all wonderfully hospitable. We have been treated so cordially on all sides that it has made us more than glad to be here. We get many interesting glimpses of French family life. They all love to talk and ask questions such as the following; "How old are you?" "Are you married?" "Do you expect to marry a French girl?" "Are you a Catholic or Protestant?" The Protestants are out of luck, because almost all of the French people are Catholics. At one house we met a French brigadier who said: "I have seen the Americans in action, and they are

good soldiers." Another old Frenchman proudly recited for our benefit the names of the last four presidents of the United States, which we considered quite a feat and applauded vigorously.

6 E
Homeward Bound

By Rev. Oscar M. Voorhees, D. D., '88

The light had hardly begun to appear in the east when I was wakened out of sleep by a noise outside of the window, and I heard the K. P. say, "It's quarter tofour," The first thought was, "O, how I hate to get up in the morning," and at such an early hour. But the reason for the call came to mind, and I was soon fully aroused and preparing for the special duty of the morning.

I had been working for a time at Camp D'Anvours, a few kilometers from Le Mans, A. E. C. - American Embarkation Center - along the railroad leading from Paris to Brest, and but a short distance from a small station named Champaigne. Yesterday word came that the 36th Division was to entrain, the first train to leave Champaigne at 6.30, and our Y force was requested to assist. Hence the early call, and the necessity of prompt action.

Soon our car, euphoniously designated a camionette, came to our hut, and Mr. Ronald, who was detailed to share the task with me, assisted in loading fuel and literature, and we were on our way to the station. Here we found the first contingent of the Division resting on their packs in the station yard, and soon the other contingent arrived, in all about 1500 men.

We also found four canteen boilers which we had set up and filled the previous evening, and soon we had roaring fires under them. Meanwhile cars came bringing the Y men and women who had been working with the men. The chocolate and milk which had been prepared were brought out and were boiled over the fire. When all was in readiness the men came along in order with their mess cups and each one received a cup of chocolate and a pack of cookies.

The train by this time had run in on the siding, and the men climbed on board under orders, and the hour for the start was at hand. But we found time to place a package of literature on each car and were assured that it was welcome indeed.

The cars are of the ordinary United States freight type, and there were thirty of them in the train, two French passenger cars for the officers bringing up the rear.

In the middle of the train were two mess cars, one containing a kitchen outfit and the other filled with provisions. At proper intervals the train is to stop for meals. Then a detail of seven men from each car is instructed to go to the kitchen and secure sufficient for the men of the car. When the meal is eaten the utensils are returned and the train starts on its way.

The run to Brest occupies ordinarily about eighteen hours. So our men know that a tedious ride is before them. The cars are entirely bare and the men have only their packs for seats or beds. But little is made of the inconveniences of the trip, for the direction is toward home, and everyone is happy and hopeful. Promptly on time the train pulls out of the yard on the main track and the long awaited journey was for these men a reality.

In the afternoon another trainload started from the same station, being served with cookies and chocolate in like fashion, and a supply of literature being placed in each car. Other contingents entrain at other stations, and within forty-eight hours the entire Division is gotten under way. In a brief time the men will be swarming over the sides of the transports and looking with longing toward the west where is that magic place called home. Their feelings are well expressed by Dr. Henry Van Dyke,

"I know that Europe's wonderful
But something seems to lack,
The past is too much with her,
The people looking back.
But the glory of the present
Is to set the future free,
We love our land for what she is
And what she is to be.
I want a ship that's homeward bound
To plough the raging sea.
So it's home again and home again,

America for me.

To the blest land of room enough

Across the ocean's bars,

Where the air is full of sunshine

And the flag is full of stars."

The rapid movement of troops homeward is making many changes in the personnel of the Y.M.C.A. force, and many workers are starting for home. It is understood that the force will be depleted at the rate of 1500 per month. Hence it is evident that some of us may return sooner than we had expected. Each one, however, is expected to stay until his task is completed, unless he has some particular reason for being released.

These are the long awaited days when "Sunny France" is a happy reality. For those who have had the strain of the long winter the spring time is a happy relief.

Official Statistics

In the Argonne Drive there were 710 Y secretaries with the combat troops. 65 were wounded; 500 were under continuous shell fire.

All told there were: 9 killed in Y service, 3 of them women; 56 died in service; 97 were wounded or gassed; 120 decorated, cited, or received honorable mention.

On November 11, the Salvation Army had 35 centers in France; the K. of C. had about 50 centers in France; the Y. M. C. A. had 1507 centers in A. E. F.; the Y. M. C. A. had 7000 secretaries in A. E. F.

The Y gave 13,000 costumes to players, also carloads of musical instruments, provided \$2,000,000 worth of text books, \$7,000 worth of turkey in one day, supplied 4,000,000 feet of cinema per month.

By arrangement the Red Cross cared for the sick and wounded, the Y for the well, 98 per cent of all welfare work done for the well men in the A. E. F. was done by the Y. These figures are official.

Camp D'Anvours, near Le Mans, May 18, 1919.

68*
a university

Lyon, France
April 28, 1919

From Oscar M. Voorhees.

Your circular letters and the one respecting the big gun were duly received and I am glad indeed to have those bits of Rutgers news. Shall be anxious to see the Quarterly when I return.

Embarkation
Since the middle of March I have been stationed at Le Mana, the American Embarcation Centre, but have not been anchored there. Have been playing the part of a "Circuit Rider," speaking each evening in a different place to a different audience. Have met a number of Jersey boys, but none from Rutgers.

Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of attending the Educational Conference held at the A. E. F. University at Beausre, ~~(and have written about the trip and the Educational work in the A. E. F. for the Christian Intelligencer and the Phi Beta Kappa Key)~~ I am now at Lyon, returning from a leave spent for the most part at Aix-les-Bains. Have visited the University here and thought you might be interested in a brief account of the institution, especially as it is one of the Universities at which American soldiers are pursuing courses in various subjects of their choice.

The University is situated on the east bank of the Rhone in the south-eastern part of the city. There are two buildings facing Inai Claude Bernard, with rue de l' University between them, leading to Pont de l' University. The smaller building has over the door: FACULTES de DROIT et des LETTRES. In the vestibule opposite the door is a tablet headed, BIENFAITURES de L' UNIVERSITE, and containing two lists of benefactors; one of ten societies, including the city, and the other of ten men, with amounts opposite each name running from 1,000 to 100,000 - francs of course, though that is not stated. There is plenty of room for additional names. The dates of the gifts run from 1889 to 1911.

The larger building is set back from the street or quai, the two wings extending to the sidewalk, and containing the entrances. The wings

are joined by a high iron fence with a beautifully ornamented gateway, which however is locked. In the middle of the courtyard thus formed, which forms all that may be called a campus, is a fine granite pedestal surmounted by an heroic statue of Claude Bernard, the dates being 1813-1878. With benign countenance ~~he~~ he is looking to a tablet held in his left hand on which is a frog, while the right hand holds dissecting^a instrument. On a bronze tablet are the words BOIS AINITMA.

Over the door of the left wing of this building are the words, FACULTES des SCIENCES; and over the right wing, FACULTES de MEDECINE et de PHARMACIE. The time at my disposal did not allow of an examination of the equipment of the buildings.

My information respecting the work of the American students now here was obtained from some of the men whom I have met. There are 357 of them in all, a little over one-third being officers. All must have had two years of college work or its equivalent, though many have had much more, one with whom I talked being a lawyer in active practice in ^{San Francisco} ~~San Francisco~~, holding A. B. and Ph. D. degrees from the University of California.

All the instruction is by French professors of the University, except that one American officer has classes in Spanish. The depletion of regular students makes possible this work for our boys. All the instruction is in French, though a few of the instructors occasionally attempt English.

Each student must take at least four hours a day for six days in the week and is expected to put in eight full hours of preparation. The men come from nearly every state in the Union, but as a register of students and courses has not yet been published, I cannot give definite information along this line.

Work began about March 1st, and the term was expected to continue through June. The men are billeted in a large building known as the Grand Seminaire, located on the brow of the hill that skirts the west bank of the Saône.

From this hill, the brow of which is known as Fourviere (foro vetere), an extensive view is had over the city and adjacent country. On the site of the ancient forum is the splendid Basilica of Notre Dame de Fourviere, and near by a miniature Eifel tower, 85 meters high, from whose top a remarkable panorama is spread out before ones view.

I am inclosing a view of the College of Law and Letters, with a portion of the College of Sciences. Strangely enough, no full view of the larger building could be secured. While the Lyonnaise take some interest in L'UNIVERSITY de LYON, it is evident that it holds a minor place in the life of the great city. Unfortunately no reference to it appears in the little guide book issued by the Y. M. C. A. and many visitors to ancient Lugdunum will go away without knowing that such an institution exists.

Oscar W. Voorhees,

April 28, 1919

38
From Lieut. Paul Walrath '14

Camp de Meuse, France
Jan. 2, 1919

The arrival of the Oct. "Quarterly" to-day reminded me of my tardiness in writing to you. Possibly the delay is in some measure due to the entire absence of anything "newsey" in "Camp de Mudpond"

Am still hanging my hat in the same old place, but am more ready than ever to move. Our battalion has recently acquired enough horses to keep our daylight hours well occupied and officers and men are rapidly acquiring the well known light artillery horsey smell. My own mount will never win any ribbons, but he affords excellent exercise and the opportunity to his rider to display the very latest styles in riding togs - rubber boots and spurs. The Breton peasants admit the costume is very "chic".

Brittany has a heavier rainfall than any place I have ever been outside of a shower bath. There is an old man somewhere in the vicinity of Camp who claims to remember a clear day. There is no one to back up his assertion,

I feel as though I really should be in the Naval Reserve.

The 7th Am. Fr. Began the New Year by giving an informal dance last night for the American Nurses in the hospital at Vannes. They were "honest to goodness" U.S. girls - very rare in these parts. Please see to it that the organization GETS due credit in the "Society Column" for being "some steppers", but don't let Mr. Fox know how much some of us had forgotten about his "trot"

The "Quarterly" has been only looked over, but just as soon as I can it will be thoroughly read. The "write ups" for the Rutgers "Gold Stars" were excellent. Nobody is more sorry than I that the necessity for them existed, but I am proud that the Collegemcan boast of men pf the type of those who were taken away.

About half of the train is expected to move up to Nancy very soon. I shall probab;y be here for some little time yet. Do not seem to be able to get out of the S.O.S. So send along the letters etc., to A.P.O. 779 and I'll be here to welcome them.

-3-

Give my regards to the Registrar and save a plate for me at the Commencement luncheon.

HAPPY NEW YEAR,

Sincerely,

7 F
From Sergt. Harry E. Watt '15

In France,
September 20, 1918

Was certainly glad to receive the Alumni Quarterly and War Service News letter this last week. I have registered at the University Union in Paris (by mail) and expect to hear from some of my classmates that are in the service soon.

You are certainly doing a wonderful work by keeping up the big monthly letter. I have made arrangements with my sister to send you some money for the Quarterly and a little something for the maintenance of the War Service letter.

Have not met many fellows from College yet, but will before the winter is over undoubtedly. I have been promoted to Sergeant since my last writing which is about as high as I can go in this branch without an M. D. certificate.. Should I get transferred to the Sanitary Corps? I could get a commission but that is a bomb-proof job over here.

College is no doubt in session by this time. I wish I could drop in for a couple of days to see how the first year men like the dear Old College. The first few days as I remember them, were quite lonesome. However that soon wears off when one becomes acquainted.

It will be hard for the boys not to read the daily papers in the early classes since the last Allied Advance. I imagine your people are as anxious to read of several successes as we are those happenings other than where we are.

6 E
From Sergt. Harry E. Watt '15

Use from page 2.

France, Jan. 2, 1919

Dear "Sil";-

I just finished reading the October issue of the Alumni Quarterly. And let me tell you frankly- I did not miss a word in it. Had I read my text books as thoroughly as I did this copy of the Quarterly, I would have been much wiser.

One thing I noticed particularly was the absence of news on the part of 1915 class. They are not all in the service, nor are they all over in France. I intend writing to those men of my class whose addresses I have and ask them why they have not been writing to you.

The report of the 1916 class I enjoyed, especially the news concerning Whisler, Raven, White and Bowles. They used to be the "woman-haters" of their class now the first benedicts. Such is life in war times.

Say, "Sil", how are all the female students? Do they have class rooms of their own? I'd ~~way~~ hate to think of the old college becoming "co-ed" yet since she is to act as New Jersey University with classes for all we must submit. Do you know I have never thought so much before about My Grand Old Alma Mater as I have in the last six or eight months. I meet so many men for other colleges that I usually get many chances to boost. I always feel as if I may hold my head as high if not higher than the others. Seems queer, but that is how I feel. Why is it? I contend that it was the associations while at college at the proud record of the college and her men since 1766.

I am hoping that I remain in good health until I get back to the next reunion. My how the stories will run at that time! Have not had the good fortune to meet any Rutgers men in France yet but may have that opportunity before I get back.

You asked about what I had seen in France. That is a long story and yet short. When we landed at Hoboken, thinking we were to spend 10 days at Camp Mills so that the men would have an opportunity to see relatives and friends before leaving the States, we were shipped aboard the Northern Pacific where we stayed for two days without doing a thing except to look longingly at the New York Sky line. I see by today's paper that the Northern Pacific had grounded off the coast of Long Island.

We finally left Hoboken piers Wednesday afternoon, June 19th, 1918, not to see them again until-----We landed in Brest, France, June 26th 1918, and marched to the old historic camp of Napoleon, Pontzen Barracks, which is about three miles from Brest. After staying there six days, we were loaded in III Class coaches and sent to a section just south of Toul. We drilled and worked around there for about ten days and were sent to the Alsacian sector which our division (29) held from July 26 to Sept. 19th. We gained a lot of experience there in the form of night raids, wire work, roads and dugout. You know, of course, that the Engineers are utility soldiers, prepared at all times to do anything they are called on to perform.

From the Alsacian Front the Engineers (104th) to which I am attached were sent to the Argonne sector just west of the Meuse. Our duty there was building roads and bridges so that the advance with necessary supplies could be carried on successfully. We were camped right on the old Hindenburg line. Horses, trucks and men seemed to be no object. And mud! I never saw so much mud in all my life. We worked night and day there for ten days. From the Argonne we went direct to Verdun along the east bank of the Meuse. We were in the lines for 21 days ^{and that} ~~that~~ was long enough for me at one time!

In that time we handled about 4500 patients. You can imagine how busy we were. All kinds of cases, some poor fellows nearly dead, some having

III

"gone west", before they reached us. I shall never forget the first day our dressing station was shelled, seven of us were gassed but only one man wounded, luckily. I wonder yet how it was that we were not all killed because the shells landed within a radius of 100 ft. with two ambulances, dressing stations, twelve patients, with medical men and officers in that spot. We had to add "Shell Shock" or "N.V. D.A." to several diagnosis tags in addition to previous diagnosis, but after ^{ten} minutes, work went on as usual because we did not have time to think of ourselves. I sometimes wonder how I came through without shock or scratch. I guess there were none with my name on.

After coming out of the lines on Oct. 30th, we came back into the vicinity of Bar-les-Duc for two weeks. We had orders to move toward Metz the day before the armistice was signed but the order was cancelled before we moved off. We were then in a village ---Sommelonne, about 12 miles south of Bar-les-Duc. We have been at Blonde fontaine, ten miles from Bourbon-les-Bains, since Nov. 20th with "beaucoup" mud and rain every day for the last six weeks. We are all looking forward to our home voyages in the near future which may stretch out until spring. But "C'est la guerre" and as long as we are well we cannot complain.

Sincerely,

Harry E. Watt.

Christmas in Camp

From First Lieutenant George H. Whisler '16

Original is
brilliant

Camp Devens, Mass.,
Dec. 26, 1917.

It looked like a rather gloomy Christmas at best, both for officers and men. All expected to get back home at this time of the year when home has its greatest attraction; for a man may have been away from the home circle for ages and really not feel it, but when the Yuletide season comes round, his heart and spirit wend their way back to the family hearth. Word came in from headquarters that only 5 per cent of the men would be allowed to go on pass. Disappointment and gloom, of course, hung heavy throughout the great wooden city. Yet, as a whole, the men took it philosophically and in good spirit. These men from Maine and New Hampshire are a bully lot and will be heard from very acceptably when they "go over the line and across the Rhine." All four "F" Battery men are of this sturdy calibre and, of course, just a whole lot better than any other outfit in the regiment.

In another day some of the clouds were dispelled, however, for a second order was received raising the percentage to 15 per cent for the men. This revision enabled nearly all of our men to go on pass who stayed over Thanksgiving, and the Christmas spirit began to shine as the proverbial silver lining.

So we lost no time in making preparation for as happy a time as possible for those left behind, and, incidentally for us neophyte officers who had just arrived from Niagara and Plattsburg and who were "requested" to remain with the men. All drill was discontinued at noon on the 24th with the declaration of a holiday until reveille on the 26th. Timber cruisers were sent out into the neighboring woods to bring back pines for the decoration of the barracks. What a picturesque sight it was to see the 75 men trailing back over the snowclad hills single file, each carrying a decorative possibility in green. They all sang as they trailed, and camp cheer was on the wing.

This was no place for idlers, and there were none to be found, for all were imbued with the spirit of rivalry so characteristic of the entire regiment and so splendid for the esprit-de-corps of all the organizations. Every man knows that his outfit is

smoking in the mess halls. At 10.00 o'clock a picked fifty, led by the band, marched through the streets, singing the old Christmas carols. Our captain, who is a man among men, in order to end the day right, read the Christmas story from St. Luke, reminded us of the real meaning of it all, and the service was over after the Officers' Quartet sang a verse of "Adeste Fideles."

Then at 11.00 that most beautiful of all calls, taps, was sounded, and lights were out to await the advent of our Christmas in the great war. Never before did that call carry so much with it as it did then; for we seemed to hear a distressed humanity pleading for relief and succor from the tyrant's tortures, and we could see the beloved "Comrade in White" standing in the midst of it all with arms outstretched, appealing to the nations of the world to come unto Him where there is rest and peace.

But to the Mess Sergeant, taps meant a rolling-up of his sleeves with his cooks for the preparation of the big Xmas dinner of many turkeys, etc., and forty mince pies.

All Christmas morning was given over to out-of-door games, for which a committee had a long list prepared. This afforded quite a preparation for the feed to follow. During the meal our 1st sergeant, a Dartmouth, football man, Cunningham, and a crack entertainer at the piano, kept things lively for the men and their guests. The Officers' Quartet tried to do its big again; all joined in the "Marseillaise" in French; and a Frenchman, apt with his feet, gave us a few steps. After some speeches and more singing, the dinner party was dismissed, and the men had the afternoon to themselves.

After supper, presents were given out to all the men in the battery from our own tree, each man receiving a sweater or comfort kit and some trinkets received from the Red Cross and friends. That just about completed the happenings, and I dare say that the men were glad they had the opportunity of remaining, as the officers certainly were. Then again there was the hope that perhaps a year from date we might not only be trying to make Christmas happy for ourselves, but for those in whose towns we may be billeted in war-stricken France.

Snapshots from Egypt

Ralph P. White '16

(Editor's Note. - In June, 1916, one day after Commencement, Ralph P. White sailed for Egypt to enter service in the International Y. M. C. A. During the ensuing eight months he saw active service in numerous battles against the Turks. He was appointed an honorary captain in the British Army, had charge of a unit of six machine guns, and was offered an army commission. Immediately upon hearing of the declaration of war by the United States, he left Egypt for America, in order to fight under the colors of his country.)

When Egypt is mentioned the mind conjures up date-palms, pyramids, mummies, Cleopatra, and the Nile. These are the impressions of a romantic distance. Close at hand they are all but totally submerged by such prosaic and practical entities as sand-flies, mosquitoes, thirst, dust, desert, sunsets, and heat, more heat, and still more heat.

This is practically true with all who are connected with the army; for the Turks and desert tribes are not fought under the shade of the date palms, or in the futile Delta district, but far out on the desert on both sides. And though the desert may possess romance, this romance is seen chiefly from the depths of an easy chair.

And yet the experience was a wonderful one. For seven months I was without a fresh-water bath, and our water allowance (condensed from sea water) was strictly limited. Many times the day's orders stated that a man was to be allowed a gallon and a half, and no more. Sand-flies and other little brethren of the blankets were present in literally millions. One man in camp I envied greatly for his sense of touch. He would put a bowl of water by his blankets, and whenever he "had a bite," would reach down, grasp the offender, and drop him into the bowl. By morning there was quite a collection. We less gifted ones made a careful search with a candle before turning in, and also used regularly that great friend of Tommy's, "Keating's Powder." In a few months nothing could live in the blankets, ourselves included, if we had

not been acclimated.

The desert is wonderful, fascinating, and yet terrible. I had an idea it was a sea of sand. Far from it. Hills and valleys, ridges and wadies without number; in places rocky, in others gravelly, in others hardpan, in others heavy sand. I have seen miles and miles of grayish salt-beds, as level as a billiard table and as hard as cement. They made wonderful speedways for cars, these salt stretches; and again 500 feet sand dunes as far as the eye could see. And colors! Every conceivable shade of brown, gray, and yellow, until the whole landscape formed one continuous blend of half-tones. But never a touch of green, a blade of grass, or a tree, in any direction, and one knew that one could travel day after day seeing no vegetation barring an occasional thornbush, yellow with dust. I had never realized before how essential green is, and it was a positive relief, much like a cold shower after a hot day, to see the wheat and cotton fields of the Delta again. One thing more about the desert.

Our mess often longed to entertain the author of "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." They grew cold every night, very cold, so that one shivers continually. And the heat of the day makes it doubly worse.

That, by the way, is the reason that there are long periods in which there is no war news from Egypt or Mesopotamia. It is too hot. The advance beyond Bagdad practically stopped the first of April, and won't begin again until November for that reason. And in Egypt active campaigning is practically over the first of May. So confident were the Turks that the forces in Mesopotamia were harmless during the summer, that they brought twelve divisions from Bagdad down against the thrust into Palestine, and the British possessed not over half that number.

And this is real heat. The week I left it was 124° F. in the belltents, and no shade. Work was knocked off for the troops from 9.30 a.m. till 3.30 p.m. Bits for horses had to be dipped into buckets of water before they could be put in the horses' mouths. Stones and pieces of iron, used for paper-weights in the tents, could not be lifted in the bare hand. And living right on the sand as we were, this was far from a joke. It was especially so when the sand flew, for then it covered everything, got into eyes, nose, mouth, food, hair, and cut against the skin like knives. I no

longer wonder at the use of sand in blasts for polishing steel, for it draws pin-points of blood where it strikes the skin.

I shall never forget the night in camp that the cables said that the United States had declared war. Previous to that there had been times the British attitude toward America had been most unpleasant, especially after the voyage of the Deutschland, the sinking of the Arabic, and the work of the U-53. But bitter as these controversies and opinions were, I found the British on the whole fair-minded and sportsmen to an unusual degree. All was forgotten when America came in. Everything in camp with alcohol in it was in the mess that night, and dinner wasn't over until the small hours. They were fine fellows, those Britishers, men in every sense of the word.

The trip home across the Mediterranean was rather pleasant - in retrospect. Before we had cleared the Suez Canal life-belts were distributed and had to be carried everywhere. Passengers were advised to sleep in their clothes and keep their valuables on them. Nothing that would float, such as orange peels, was to be thrown overboard. Cameras, of course, were strictly tabooed. We saw several of the Kaiser's "tin fishes" but none closer than five miles. As it was very calm, they had to submerge to come up and we escaped. We saw the Transylvania going down, about seven miles distant, in the Gulf of Genoa, and turned straight out to sea. We also picked up two S.O.S.'s and an empty life-boat, but did not answer any of them. No merchantman is allowed to, by order of the Admiralty.

France was wonderful and yet most pitiful. Everywhere women in black, no men except in uniform, cripples, and gangs of prisoners. But terrible as her suffering has been, France is looking into the future unafraid. One didn't see tears, or long faces. The people are cheerful. And when one realizes what France has done in taking the brunt of the German onslaught for two years until England was ready, crippled from the beginning by the loss of her manufacturing provinces, one feels indeed that here is a great nation and a great people. One could go on for hours telling of little incidents and personal experiences in France, but there is no space.

And on this side the people realize so little. They have read the rosy headlines so long that they fondly hope for peace this year, or, at latest, by next April. It is time that the nation is aroused. This war is far from over. It is just beginning, in many ways. Germany is as strong, in proportion, now as she was in 1914. Unless the submarine menace is successfully combated she may yet win, for otherwise we cannot either send an army or supply it, and England is very short of food. We must win this war. It is up to us, and all the Entente is hungrily snatching at every prospect of help from America. My personal opinion is that the war will not be over for three years more, and quite possibly longer; that every man, woman, and child in this country will feel it before peace comes.

The Government has done wonders so far, and indications are that it is alive to the situation. And it will take many times a half-million men before this is over.

Rutgers too has done wonders. The night I landed in New York I went down to college. It was "shot to pieces." Every one I asked for had gone, was signed up and waiting for orders, or had entered some kind of war-work. Those who couldn't pass the army physical requirements went into something else. Bracher, for instance, was rejected for color-blindness, and immediately joined an ambulance corps; Chapel attendance was a remnant. Some of the houses had only three or four men left. And never have I felt prouder that I was privileged to be a Rutgers man. It was a wonderful heritage that called us, and the college, as a body, has responded to that call.

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