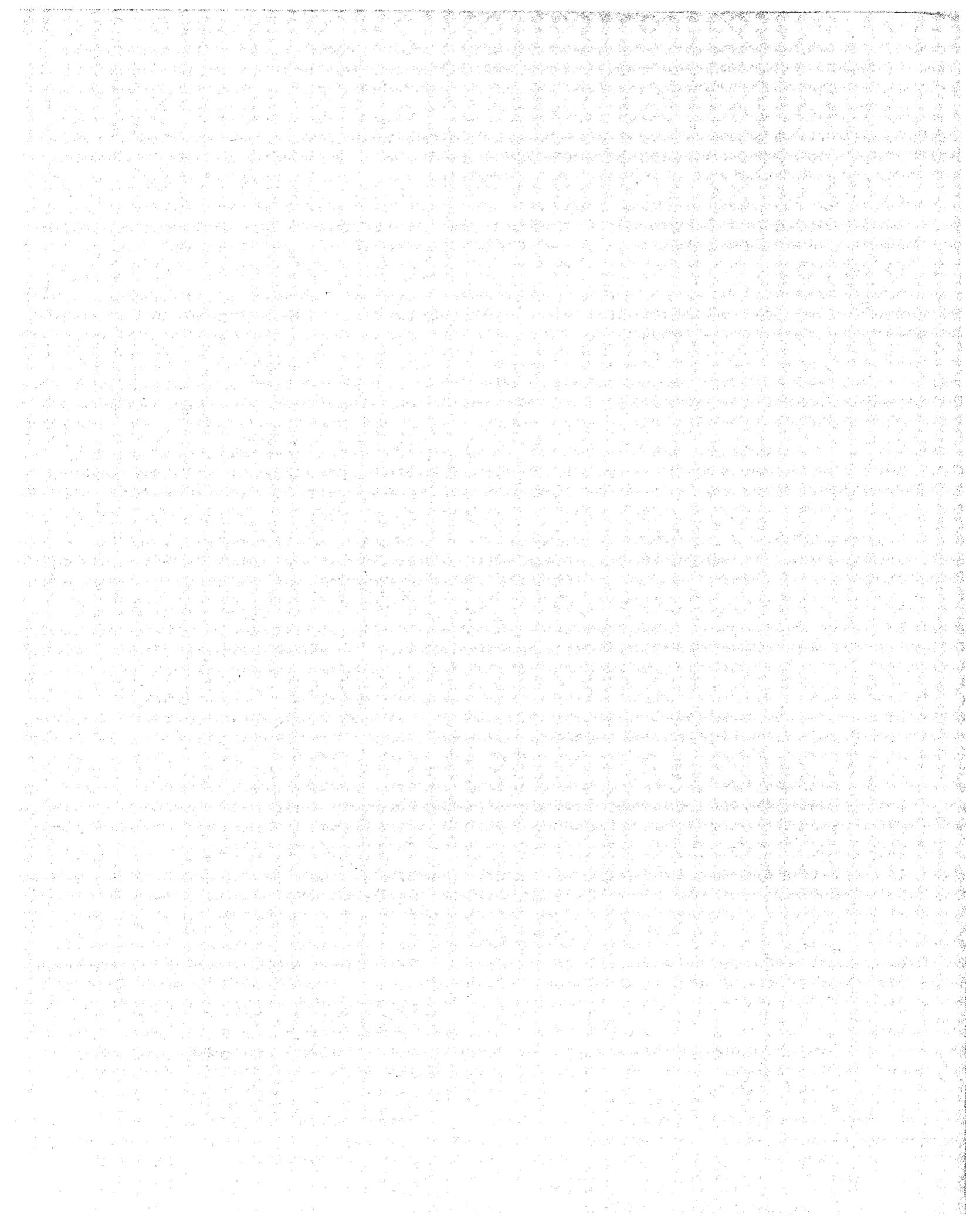


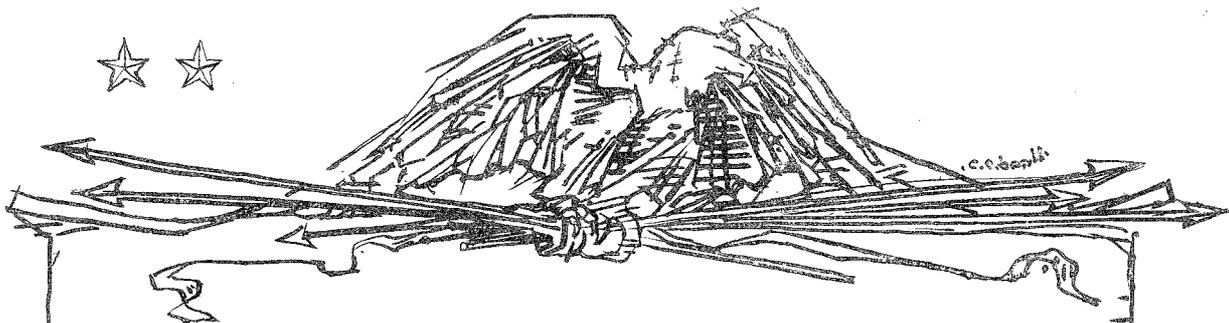
The
GAS ATTACK

FRANCE
Christmas
1918



THE TWENTY-SEVENTH
AMERICAN DIVISION
- THE -
"NEW YORK DIVISION"





F · O · R · E · W · O · R · D

WE are all glad to have a Christmas number of THE GAS ATTACK. With the enterprise and thoroughness so characteristic of our men, those charged with the work of producing this number accomplished their mission in the manner shown by its pages. They are indeed to be congratulated.

Our last Christmas number was published in Spartanburg, S. C. Very much has transpired since then. We have come overseas. We have served and fought in Belgium and in France. It fell to our lot to take part in what doubtless will be regarded as one of the greatest battles of this greatest of all wars. The valor of our officers and men, their determined skill in action and their tremendous pride in their organizations, have been the subject of such continued praise and from such eminent sources, that no further reference to them need be made here.

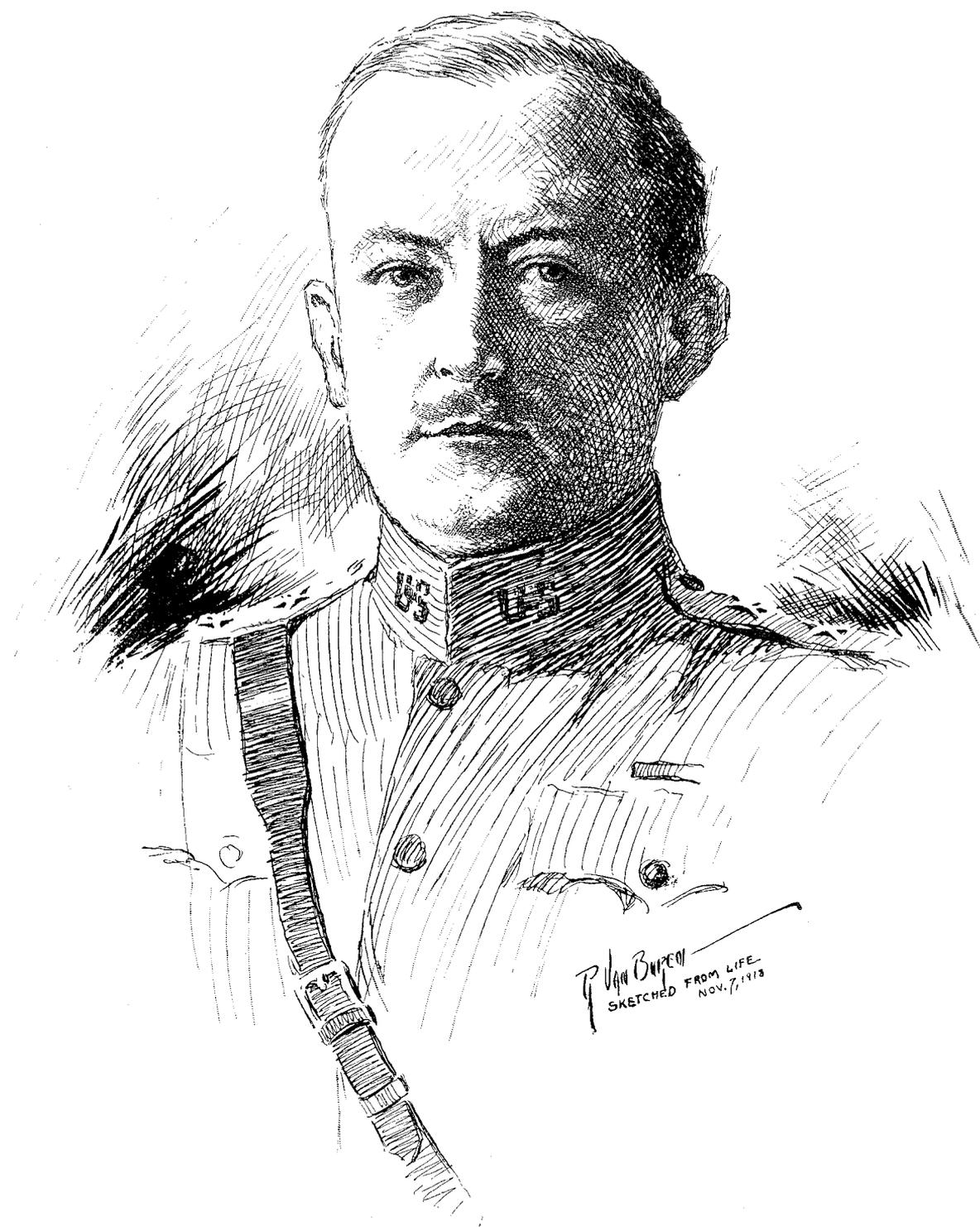
I have said that much has transpired since the appearance of our last Christmas number. Much indeed, for the soldiers of the division today are not the same men who came with the division to France. They may answer to the same names and there may be a resemblance so far as outward appearances are concerned. In those mental qualities, however, which individualize men and distinguish them from others — in those qualities, our men are new men. They are not the men we brought to France. They are not the men we brought to France because they are products of a new and extraordinary life, an existence that may be likened to the process employed for the production of steel. For our men have been through the crucible. They are the survivors of all character and intensity of fire. They have seen and faced death in all its violent forms. In physical effort and in mental strain they have endured what none but the hardiest could endure, and survive.

When our men return to their homes they will look on the world through eyes that will depict the sheltered life, its joys, its problems, and its sadness, in forms and in hues very different from the pictures seen by the ordinary man. Home and happiness, friends and pleasures, will no longer be accepted as matters of course, but by contrast with other days and this other life, will be appraised and truly valued. How contemptibly trivial to men who have lived and half died in shell holes at night, in mud and water to their waists and with machine gun bullets skimming the tops of their tin hats, seem those circumstances of the sheltered life which constitute for some such apparently vexatious and depressing problems.

Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years to our soldiers who will constitute with their discriminating minds the America of tomorrow.

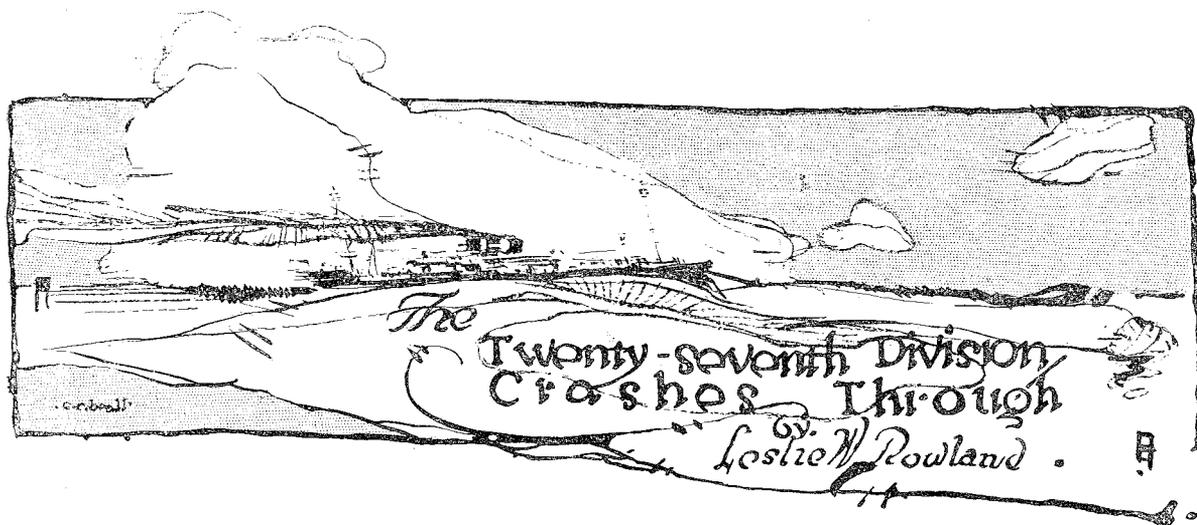
JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major General.





MAJOR GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN

COMMANDING 27th AMERICAN DIVISION



AT a time when the fate of Europe hung in the balance the Twenty-Seventh Division was ordered to entrain for ports of embarkation preparatory to departing for France.

New York's Own division, composed of broad-shouldered, energetic soldiers — the kind of soldiers with whom our Allies consider it a privilege to fight — was soon to have an opportunity of proving its fitness for participation in the most titanic struggle of all ages.

When these soldiers left their training camp at Spartanburg, S. C. last April, after eight months of diligent work they knew full well what they were up against. They knew their rifle, their bayonet, the hand grenade, and all the details of modern warfare.

But more than all they knew they were ready to meet the Boche.

And so it was with a goodly supply of confidence that they gathered at Atlantic ports, and sailed for the war zone. The cheering civilians, who greeted the boys in every city and town through which their trains passed en route to the ports, could read no signs of misgivings in the countenances of those stout lads. There was no room for gloom on the transports that carried these fighters to the shores of France.

The division was off for the war — the fighting end of the war. It was starting the first lap of a great adventure which history perforce will record as nothing short of amazing.

The division that the Empire state had fitted out, trained and donated as a tactical fighting unit to the United States Army was just getting a start toward the Hindenburg Line, widely press-agented as "impregnable".

It was a gay party, a festive frolic — that journey across the Atlantic. For a fortnight the men forgot the seriousness of their mission, and enjoyed themselves on deck, below decks, in the galleys, crow's nest and stoke hole. One convoy made the trip without the thrill of a submarine attack, but another section of the division learned something of the method of attack employed by German sub-sea craft.

The convoy in which the latter section crossed the ocean was attacked on two occasions, the last of which involved a sea battle lasting more than an hour. Aeroplanes, torpedo boat destroyers and the armed transports were all engaged in the encounter against a school of U-boats which had waited at the entrance of the port of debarkation for its prey. The coast of France had just loomed into vision when bells aboard the transports signaled the appearance of the sub-sea fighters. The destroyers immediately began manoueuering among

the transports in search of the elusive craft, and they dropped depth bombs in the wake of the ship carrying the division headquarters staff and elsewhere. Allied hydroplanes hovered over the destroyers giving signals and otherwise assisting in the thrilling fight. A terrific canonading ensued.

The efficiency of the navy accounted for a notable victory. Two of the enemy underseas fighters were netted, as officially reported, while in all probability others were put out of action.

The erstwhile sleepy port towns in which the sections of the division disembarked, and which opened their arms to the American boys, were buzzing with war work. Yanks were by no means strangers to the French peasants, but the humble village folk had not wearied of extending warm welcomes to the men from America. If the khaki and campaign hats of General O'Ryan's soldiers interested the quaint people, the war weary civilians in their sombre clothes were curiosities to the new arrivals.

Little opportunity for sightseeing was afforded the troops in these towns, for it was essential that they be cleared of soldiers with as much despatch as possible to make room for new units. The railroad yards were filled with long trains of box cars marked "40 Hommes-8 Chevaux", and into these the troops were loaded. The cars were so small that they seemed like toys, and too frail to carry the load of huskies assigned to them. In each car were boxes of rations, enough for three days.

The destination was unknown, of course, to the men.

For thirty-six hours these trains wheezed, jerked, halted and sped into France, bringing up finally at a rail-head in the Somme river basin. The division detrained, went for a few hours to a rest camp, and proceeded next day to the towns in which the units were to be billeted during their preliminary training period. None of these towns was a great distance from the English channel. The presence of British troops in each village was unofficial notification to the New Yorkers that they were to be brigaded and to do their fighting, for a time at least, with Field Marshall Haig's forces.

"Jerry", as the German airmen are called, lost no time in bringing to the attention of the troops the fact that he was still a factor to be dealt with in the war. The drone of his machine, and the consequent bombardment of the sky by the Allied anti-aircraft guns were heard the first night spent in the interior of France and every clear night during the period of training brought a repetition of the first night's activity in the heavens. But the men were so actively engaged during the day in

The GAS ATTACK

DIVISION'S MOVEMENTS IN FRANCE

One section of the Twenty Seventh American Division disembarked at Brest, and another at St. Nazaire. The division went almost immediately into Flanders where it was brigaded with the British. Some of the cities and towns in which the New Yorkers lived and fought during their sojourn in France and Belgium follow:

NOYELLES-SUR-MER.	DOUGLAS FARM.
FAVIÈRES.	ST. RIQUIER.
RUE.	BEAUQUESNE.
MORLAY.	TINCOURT-BOUCHY.
BOUQUEMAISON.	TEMPLEUX LA-FOSSE.
DOULENS.	STE. EMILIE,
WINNEZEELLE.	JONCOURT.
OUDEZEELE.	PRESMONT.
NEURLIET.	BUSIGNY.
QUELMES.	RONSSOY.
STEENEVOORDE.	BELLICOURT.
ABEELE.	ST. SOUPLET.
EAST POPERINGHE.	LA SABLIERE WOODS.
TRAPPISTES FARM.	CORBIE.

further preparing themselves for line duty that night found them too fatigued to wait up for enemy planes.

Regulations, providing that the estaminets and streets be cleared of troops by 9:30 o'clock, were rigidly enforced by the Military Police. "Vin blanc" parties came to an abrupt close each night with the sounding of the military curfew hour. Pride in the division coupled with discipline held the men apart from riotous parties and, consequently, many friends and a fine impression were made in each town into which the New Yorkers moved.

The daylight hours were crowded with business. Much of the work that had been done in the Spartanburg training camp was gone over, and new methods of warfare, instituted after the division left the states, had to be learned.

Small arms target practice was continued until the division was ordered to take over the defense of the East Poperinghe Line.

Up to this time the troops had dwelt in tents or billets. In every kind of haymow and cowshed known to France the men had slept and made their homes. In orchards, fields and woodlands they had joined their shelter halves. In half wrecked hovels, long since deserted by peasants who feared the invading Huns, the men had driven nails in the walls for their equipment, built fires in the dilapidated chimneys, and called them home.

But now the men were to have some experience in trenches which had not been constructed for practice, but for actual warfare — for the defense of France. They were to spend long, bitter nights — clear nights and inclement nights in these slits in the ground — they were actually up against the Hun only not so close to him as a few weeks hence would bring them.

Just how they would "carry on" in the event of a break-through to their line on the part of the Boche was taught the men of the division. Every squad and every individual member of every squad had a certain post to take up in case the call came. For many days they held themselves in readiness for action, guarding

that reserve system as conscientiously as though it had been the front line. The division's sector was along a front of approximately 3000 yards, divided into three sections with one regiment to each section. The infantry regiments alternated in assuming responsibility for the line, and in practicing on a rifle range in the back area. Continuous detachments were sent from each unit of the division to the front lines for observation and tactical study. While on those trips several men were killed and wounded by German shrapnel, and others were cited for gallant service.

Under harrassing fire directed by the Boche at the area occupied by the New York division, details from the various units laid long lines of communication cable.

Then came the order which sent the division into Belgium, the first American unit to fight in that ravished country.

Relieved of responsibility for the reserve line, the division sent infantry and machine gun units into the front line before Kemmel Hill, the bugbear of both the Allied and enemy forces. Over it some of the bloodiest battles of the war had been fought. It had been stormed, captured, lost and recaptured numerous times. Hosts of gallant lads had made the supreme sacrifice in an effort to seize and hold that ugly elevation.

At the time the division faced that stupendous problem, the Germans were in possession of Kemmel, and had it so strongly fortified that it seemed next to impossible to snatch it from them. Nevertheless it was left to the Twenty-Seventh and another American division to take that hill. At first the Empire state men were with the British troops in the front line, but not for long. The Tommies, who had long been there on the defensive, were soon taken out of the trenches, and the 27th Division made solely responsible. Meantime preparations for storming the hill were being completed; batteries were being placed, observation posts established, and the plan of attack worked out.

Veterans of the war were astounded to learn that a division with such limited experience in the field had been assigned to take Kemmel. They agreed that the division was highly efficient, and that the soldierly qualities of its men were unquestionable, but they seemed to doubt any division's ability to cope with the task of winning back the small mountain.

Notwithstanding these misgivings the division set itself for the job. The troops were given sufficient rest to put them in fine fettle for the drive. Plans were laid to a nicety. But arrangements and details had scarcely been worked out to perfection before an official report, announcing the evacuation of Kemmel by the Germans, reached division headquarters.

This action on the part of the enemy was not made without cost to both sides. The division suffered many casualties even before the German withdrawal, and many more when the infantry followed the retreating Huns far beyond the ridge. All encounters with the foe in rearguard actions were marked by success.

A German officer, captured during a raid by one of the divisional units, said that the evacuation was effected because of a belief on the part of the Germans that Americans were being massed at Kemmel.

Shortly after this German retirement the division moved down into Picardy and settled in the center and environs of Beauquesne, a quiet little town, for another rest and for further practice in manouevring and open warfare. A fleet of British tanks participated in these

field tactics, co-operating with the infantry. For several days the division simulated the attack it was scheduled to make against the Hindenburg line. In the field and woods about Beauquesne, and in a reserve system of trenches forward of that town the units worked until they were ordered to proceed to the line with the understanding that the division had been given the task of breaking through Germany's strongest defense system.

It was a courageous body of men that moved up to that Boche stronghold. No one understood the magnitude of the operations better than the men themselves. No grimmer problem ever confronted a fighting force. There were hundreds of those brave lads who would never come out of that inferno. Other hundreds would come out in such condition as to preclude further participation in the war. The odds were overwhelmingly against the division. Yet the man who was not prepared to hazard the slim chance was nowhere to be found.

The night and the hour and the minute for the struggle came. A veritable cataract of steel and fire and gas roared from the muzzles of the artillery pieces into the enemy's lines. Over went the dough boys, fighting like mad men every inch of the way. Snarling, growling, frenzied Huns, forced into the most desperate battle of their lives — the battle to hold the Hindenburg Line — fought fiercely, and held tenaciously to their posts until the onslaught of the 27th Division became so violent that the line was made untenable. The tanks ploughed forward, but were put out of action early in the battle, New York's engineers rushed in with closely woven wire netting which they laid over the top of the wire entanglement not already cleared by artillery, and the infantry pushed on through and over the barbed wire

and into the "impregnable" line, taking hundreds of prisoners and innumerable machine guns. The Allied barrage continued until the division had made its new position secure. When the barrage lifted the enemy was well out of the position in which he had planned to winter and prepare for another spring push. Next day came a division of Australian troops who telescoped the 27th, then holding the line, went on through and carried an objective several hundred yards beyond, many of our men fighting with them.

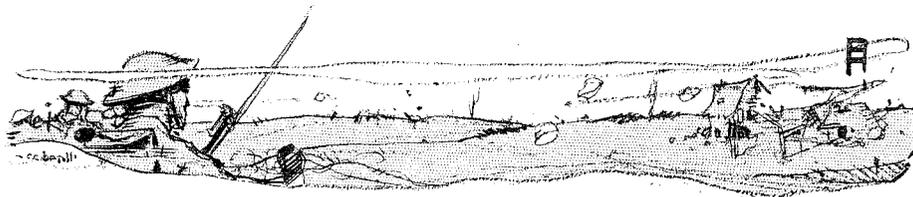
The world had heard little of the division from the time it departed the shores of that seat of democracy, for which it was to battle unto death it need be, until the press and official wires carried the burning message that the 27th Division had gallantly attacked, broken and crashed through the Hindenburg line.

The 27th and 30th American divisions were the first troops to drive the Boche from his concrete stronghold. And the task was performed in such an admirable manner that the Commanding General's office was subsequently besieged with laudatory statements and commendations emanating from the commanders of the troops who fought with the Twenty-Seventh.

Following a four-day rest back of the lines, the division re-entered the fight with the vigor and dash such as would be expected only from fresh troops, and in the St. Souplet sector took every objective and hundreds of prisoners.

The close of October found the division far back of the lines, near Amiens, enjoying a hard-earned rest, and being augmented by replacements from other units in preparation for a resumption of its fight for Freedom.

There the news that an armistice had been signed with Germany reached the New Yorkers.



OUT OF THE LINE

We're on the hike again, boys,
Our travelling circus moves.
The French turnpikes grow level, boys,
From contact with our shoes.

Our nightly stands are varied —
An orchard, field or town.
In pup-tents, barns and billets, boys,
We've flopped our bodies down.

And we've been in the ditches, too —
In mud and rain and damp;
Kept awake by "cooties"
And thirst and cold and cramp.

We've leaned against our own barrage
To smash the Hun line thru,
And taken "Jerry" prisoners,
Some hundred score or two.

Corpl. ROBERT WADDELL.

SAMMY "MANGERS"

By BOB HOWE, Jr.

THE five-hour pass, signed sealed and delivered, sanctioned, censored and approved, was securely tucked in Sammy Brown's pocket. To be exact, the document permitted him to be absent from Headquarters "for the purpose of visiting the city of — until 6 P. M."

Headquarters to Sammy meant prison, and he considered it easier for President Wilson to tour the world or the Kaiser to taxi through the Alps, than for him to be absent for five whole hours. Sammy was off Headquarters and all Sergeants Major. So he put all this behind him as he left the chateau and passed through the iron gate into the road.

So far as he was concerned the war was over — armistice, indemnities, abdications and all. A Thorneycroft was passing in the right direction, and he swung into the front seat before the Tommy driver had discovered him. He offered Tommy a real American cigarette, although he had a pack of "Ruby Queens" in his pocket. Tommy didn't say much, as he expected Sammy to tell how he got the pass which to him was more to be desired than a commission. After all, was not the Sam Brown belt named after him? And make out he wasn't going to have some eats. The pass read "for the purpose or visiting", but Sammy had long since substituted the word "eating" — in his own mind at least. Not until Tommy used the expression "fed up" did Sammy remember there was a war on. Even then it did not matter, for they were already passing through a busy street and the Grand Plaz with its military police was just ahead.

With a blunt "So long" and "Thanks for the hitch", Sammy alighted in the Square.

For a minute he was bewildered. Not since he left Hoboken, N. J., U. S. A., had he seen just such a sight. People were passing in every direction, civilians too. Little girls with baskets on their arms, boys with funny caps and no stockings, old men with wheel-barrow, WAACS, soldiers, and even automobiles with real live chauffeurs minus O. D. uniforms. He unconsciously did an about face and decided the town was a regular place, and just like New York, which to him was sufficient.

His reveries were rudely interrupted by a sharp voice inquiring whether he had a pass. Did he? He dove into his pocket, and for once a feeling of absolute disregard for the M. P.'s came over him as he exhibited the precious paper, striking a pose quite similar to the statue of Mercury on the Madison Square Garden Tower. The pass evidently satisfied the soldier cop.

And now for the eats. The officers' Mess Sergeant had told him all about the wonderful fried pullets, eggs, a la Benedict, and it was Sammy for Mr. Benedict's place "toot sweet". He chose the busiest of the rues that radiated from the Grand Plaz, and with but one thought in mind disappeared in the crowd.

How strange it seemed to rub elbows with real people again, and to gaze into shop windows, piled high with all kinds of food. He came to a particularly attractive looking shop, but upon close inspection found it to be crowded with canned sardines, cheese, salmon and a miscellaneous assortment of nuts — more camouflage hought Sammy — just like that old woman's store back in Oudezeele, and he passed on in disgust. Next

came an estaminet; then more sardine shops, a few bucherics, and another estaminet. He began to feel dubious, but presently he came to a fancy window full of pretty little bottles with gold labels. Anyway this was different, and, glancing up at a puzzling sign, which read "parfumerie", he entered the shop. A dainty little French girl with ribbons in her slippers appeared, and Sammy immediately thought how much like Mabel's her eyes were.

"What ees it vous please" puzzled him.

After all what did he want? He would not dare take perfumery back to the billet where the boys were, and yet she was so chic — yes chic — that was the word. He must buy something. A small box of face powder at four francs saved the situation, and Sammy bon joured out of the miniature Turkish harem and into the street as gracefully as possible, wondering what he would do with the stuff now that he had it. Anyway, she was some fille. Soon a candy shop hove in sight. Without hesitating he entered with the word "shockolate" on his lips. Another fille greeted him, only this one was not quite so chic and wore too many glass combs in her hair and no ribbons in her slippers. She produced a platter, piled high with silver cubes, which



Sammy examined skeptically. He tasted one, said "No bon", left half a franc on the platter and incidentally the shop. After all, why spoil a good meal with candy.

A boy came down the street loudly yelling, "Extra, paper". Sammy unconsciously asked the lad if the Giants were ahead, and received, "No compre" in reply. He bought the paper, expecting to read of a big murder or an accident on the Brooklyn Bridge. Glancing at the

headlines, he found but a mere armistice or something like that to be the cause of all the excitement. Back on him a murmur of voices coming from an estaminet attracted his attention. He entered unnoticed, and



found the one remaining seat in a corner. Two stout French civilians, one reading a paper and the other gesticulating wildly like an Ed. Pinaud hair tonic sign and threatening to knock over the bottle of wine. The table to the right of him was occupied by a crowd of soldiers who wore hats like the flour company gave away in Newark. He decided they were Italians, and they seemed to be more interested in the 90,000 prisoners captured from Austria than in the armistice business. The Tommies present remained absolutely quiet, and gazed toward a table occupied by a crowd of

Americans who expressed their sentiments by yelling, "I told you so" to each other, and "Encore" to the already overworked barmaid. Sammy decided not to wait for his vin blanc, and left the place wondering why his comrades should get so excited over Austria asking President Wilson for an armistice or something. Some awful boobs in this world! Who else would they ask? Didn't America have the balance of power or something like that?

He soon found himself at the square in front of the cathedral. This must be the wonderful church he had heard the officers speak of, so he must see it. He couldn't understand why the officers made such a fuss about a building that should have been torn down and rebuilt anyhow.

On the opposite corner he spied a sign that almost took his breath away. A real live American sign, "Restaurant". Maybe this was Mr. Benedict's place where the Sergeant got the wonderful eggs. Well,

anyway, it was for "Mangers", and that's what he came for. At last! He rapidly crossed the square and made for the sign. Yes, he could already see the tables in a row, just like Max's Busy Bee. It couldn't be Childs, for there was no one in the window flopping'em over. Good — nobody in there, so he was sure of quick service and his stomach reminded him that speed was essential. His hand was on the door knob when he discovered a sign in the window which explained the reason for the quietude of the place which should have been a riot.

"Closed until 5:30", then something in French about the Gendarmes that Sammy didn't understand and cared less about. He glanced at his watch. Five o'clock. And he must be back at six. Just then an M. P. tapped him on the back, told him to get away from the door, and asked for his pass. Sammy fumbled in every pocket and finally handed it over, but this time dispensed with the imitation of any famous sculptury unless it be Rodin's "Thinker" without a seat. The M. P. reminded him that he had just one hour to cover ten miles by lorry, and suggested that he book a lower berth in the one lorry which was about to leave town. In fact the M. P. promised to fix it up for him with the driver.

The lorry, with Sammy seated in an obscure corner and a full load of corned Willie between him and the driver had long since left the outskirts of the city of delight. Sammy's fingers grasped the box of face powder in his pocket. It was soon resting peacefully in a deserted trench along side the road and Sammy decided that the jane wasn't any Lillian Russell after all. The Tommy, who thought Sammy the quietest yank he had ever met, reminded him that he was to get off at the next corner. The lorry stopped and Sammy's return was heralded by mess call. The line had already formed when Sammy went for his mess tin.

With an expression on his face as empty as his stomach, he passed the long line like an officer after cigars at the Y. M. C. A., and thrust his plate over the pan of beans. Some original youth asked Sammy how he got that way, while another wanted to know when he was going to get the eagles to decorate his shoulders, and before he realized the cause of the disturbance he had got what is commonly know in the Army as "the razz", and found himself at the end of the line.

In due time he was advised that the water cart was no banquet table, so with his beans, hard tack, and cheese Sammy disappeared around the corner of the chateau to "Manger".



“ FOR VALOR ”

A COMPILATION OF LETTERS, TELEGRAMS AND COMMENTS CONCERNING THE PROWESS
OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION

MANY honors have come to this Division — honors of magnitude. When it was decided to brigade two American divisions with the British, the Twenty-Seventh was one of those selected, and the selection was made at a time when the A. E. F. had its reputation yet to make among the Allies. To use a phrase, it put its best foot foremost, and the high tribute paid to the superior qualities of the division was understood and appreciated by officers and enlisted men alike who in training areas, in the trenches and on the field of battle upheld with pride and determination their reputation of being the highest type of American soldiers. Particular recognition of the qualities of the division — the fighting qualities — was indicated again when it was selected for a task as far reaching and difficult perhaps as any that confronted the master strategist of the Western battle line. Preparatory to this task, the New York division suffered more than a thousand casualties in support of the British at Kemmel Hill in taking over and holding the line that lay exposed to enemy observation, and in advancing up the heights. Mention the name, “ Diekebusch ” or “ Scherpenberg ” to any soldiers who have fought in Flanders, and they will tell you that this was grim training for young troops.

But they became veterans in a day. Upon the withdrawal of the enemy from Kemmel, the New York division was placed in front of the strongest section of the Hindenburg system. It tore its way through, and, later, continued the fight beyond.

The cost of those terrific days of battle, the details of the operations and their effect on the war situation are matters for historians, but two points stand out like mountain peaks above the clouds. The Hindenburg line had been attacked on other occasions, and had withstood the attacks until the enemy believed it impregnable. When finally it was broken, the morale, the defenses, and the armies of the enemy commenced to crumble and hardly more than a month later the Kaiser abdicated. These facts give immense importance to the brilliant part the division played in striking the death blow, and the official documents mentioning the work of the division should prove of interest to a public far larger even than the intimate friends of the New Yorkers.

The official British report, as published in the London Daily Mail of Oct. 20, touches upon this subject. It reads as follows :

Saturday Night. — In the course of the last three weeks the TWENTY-SEVENTH and THIRTIETH DIVISIONS of the SECOND AMERICAN CORPS, operating with the Fourth British Army, have taken part with great gallantry and success in three major offensive operations, besides being engaged in a number of lesser attacks. In the course of this fighting they have displayed soldierly qualities of a high order and have materially assisted in the success of our attacks.

Having fought with the utmost dash and bravery in the great attack of September 29, in which the HINDENBURG LINE was broken, and having on this occasion captured the villages of Bellicourt and Nauroy, with a large number of prisoners, on October 8 troops of the

SECOND AMERICAN CORPS again attacked in the neighborhood of Mont Brohain. In three days of successful fighting they completed an ADVANCE OF TEN MILES from Maton to Saint-Souplet, overcoming determined resistance and capturing several strongly-defended villages and woods.

Throughout the past three days the SECOND AMERICAN CORPS has again attacked daily, and on each occasion with complete success, though the enemy's resistance has been most obstinate. Fighting their way forward from Saint-Souplet to the HIGH GROUND WEST OF THE SAMBRE CANAL, they have broken down the enemy's resistance at all points, beating off many counter-attacks and realizing a FURTHER ADVANCE OF NEARLY FIVE MILES.

More than 5000 prisoners and many guns have been taken by the SECOND AMERICAN CORPS in these operations.

On the same day that the above appeared in print Field Marshal Haig, in a telegram sent from British General Headquarters to General Read, commander of the 2d American corps, said :

“ I wish to express to you personally, and to all the officers and men serving under you my warm appreciation of the very valuable and gallant services rendered by you throughout the recent operations with the 4th British Army. Called upon to attack positions of great natural strength held by a determined enemy, all ranks of the 27th and 30th American Divisions, under your command, displayed an energy, courage and determination in attack which proved irresistible. It does not need me to tell you that in the heavy fighting of the past three weeks you have earned the lasting esteem and admiration of your British comrades in arms whose success you have so nobly shared. ”

On October 19, General Pershing, through his Chief of Staff, telegraphed to the 2nd Corps Commander as follows in recognition of the accomplishments of the 27th and 30th Divisions :

“ The Commander in Chief desires you to convey to the officers and soldiers of your corps his appreciation of the magnificent qualities which have enabled them, against powerful resistance, to advance more than ten miles and to take more than six thousand prisoners since September twenty-seventh.

Mc ANDREW. ”

While the Hindenburg system of defense was being penetrated by our troops, Lieutenant Colonel Murray, V. C., D. S. O., D. C. M., of the 4th Australian Machine Gun Battalion, made a careful survey of the field of operation. Upon his return from the battlefield he wrote the following letter to Gen. O' Ryan :

TO COMMANDING GENERAL, 27th DIVISION :

“ In making a personal reconnaissance of the battlefield east and northeast of DUNCAN Post on the morning of September 30th, it was evident from the outset, the troops of the 27th Division had met with very heavy opposition and machine gun fire which was infiltrating them. There was a very large number of dead, all of



THE LEADING LADY

The GAS ATTACK

which were lying with their faces toward the front, obviously being killed as they were advancing. Not in any one case was there a man moving backward when killed. Owing to the nature of the country, the Germans were able to get infiltrating machine gun fire which proved very disastrous. Although the 27th Division may not have taken their objectives in all parts, it is very evident that by their gallant fighting on the left flank they enabled the 30th Division, on their right, to do what they had set out to do, viz : to break through the Hindenburg line. Without the gallant fighting of the men of the 27th Division against great odds, it would have been impossible for the 30th Division to advance.

I am convinced that the officers and men of the 27th Division have done all that was humanly possible for brave men to do and their gallantry in this action must stand out through all time in American History."

The Commanding General of the Australian division which fought with us in the big smash-through, has, in these words to General O'Ryan, expressed an appreciation and hope which all men of the 27th Division likewise entertain towards the daring fighters of General Gellibrand's own command.

France, October 14, 1918.

General :

On behalf of all ranks of the 3rd Australian Division, I desire to express our sincere appreciation of the fighting qualities displayed by the 27th Division U. S. on the 27th and 29th September last. The gallant manner in which your troops faced an extremely difficult task, the determination of their attacks on a strongly entrenched position, and the undaunted spirit with which they met their losses make us hope that we shall again have the honour of fighting alongside the Division under your command. The confidence of the men in their officers appealed to us as a particularly happy omen for the future successes of the 27th.

Very respectfully,

I. GELLIBRAND,
Major General,
Comdg. 3rd Australian Division.

On October 22, General Rawlinson, commanding the Fourth British Army, addressed a communication to the Second American Corps which speaks in high terms of the Twenty-Seventh and Thirtieth Divisions. Three paragraphs of this communication refer directly to these troops.

Fourth Army No. G. S. 2/25.

II AMERICAN CORPS.

Now that the American Corps has come out of the

line for a well earned period of rest and training, I desire to place on record my appreciation of the great gallantry and the fine soldierly spirit they have displayed throughout the recent hard fighting.

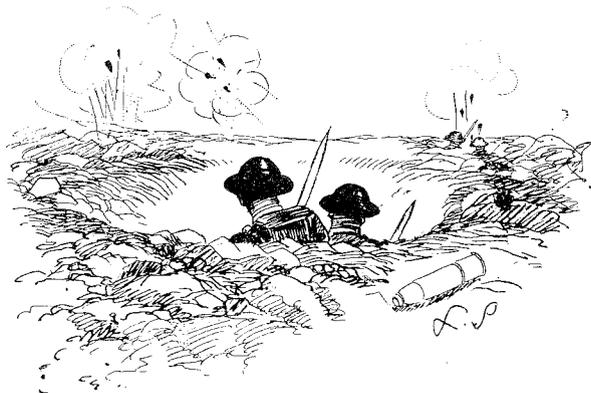
The breaking of the great Hindenburg system of defense, coupled with the capture of Grandcourt, Busigny and Saint-Souplet, and finally the forcing of the passages of the Selle River constitute a series of victories of which each officer, N. C. O. and man has every reason to feel proud.

The outstanding feature of their recent victories has been the surpassing gallantry and self-sacrifice of the regimental officers and men. I congratulate them on their prowess and offer them one and all my warmest thanks for the leading part they have taken in the recent operations.

From war correspondents who write their stories on the field of battle come the most accurate accounts of the war, and it is from the story of C. E. W. Bean, found in the London Times of September 30, that the following is taken :

There is not the slightest doubt that, in their first assault yesterday, the Americans reached Gouy. Further south, where the American attack seized Bellicourt and Nauroy, the Australians passed through yesterday afternoon and reached Joncourt exactly according to programme. They found here a certain number of American troops, who carried their first magnificent assault far beyond their objectives.

Some day, when the full history of the American attack yesterday can be told, the American people will have every reason to thrill with pride at these magnificent troops upon whom the tremendous task of yesterday fell. Never in this war have I seen keener or braver soldiers or more intelligent and high-minded men. These two Divisions, young in experience, were faced with the formidable task of breaking through two double systems of the greatest defense line the Germans ever constructed at the end where the enemy knew it was certain that the attack must come within a few days. The tunnels, dug-outs, and every nook and cranny of that system were garrisoned. Uncertainty in regard to the position of their own front line on the left of the attack made the task still more difficult. Yet these troops carried through this formidable assault, and penetrated deeper even than was intended, and delivered to the Germans a blow which attracted the greater part of the enemy opposition, and which, beyond all question, enabled the great defense to be broken in a position which was of the utmost importance to the Allied advance.





" THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT "

“ M. P. FINI TOOT SWEET ”

By RICHARD CONNELL

WANTED — for Military Police work in France — College men who can speak French and ride a horse. See the war free. Everybody rides.

So read the sign in a Broadway shop — or something like that. As I once knew a fellow who went to business college, as I could say “Oo la la” and “Vin blanc” fluently and as I had once ridden a cab horse from in front of Jack’s to the Hippodrome entrance on a bet, I felt I was qualified and that I owed it to my boarding house to enlist as an M. P. I did so forthwith.

After a victorious campaign in Central Park, we advanced on Spartanburg. Our Spartanburg campaign is history which every school child knows. Tigerville, Burnett’s, Converse, Piedmont and Northern, the Gresham, Tryon and Wofford are names as well known as Waterloo, Gettysburg and Verdun.

We arrived at a French port in the cellars of two ships. The trip was without interest — if you don’t count half a dozen submarines.

We came north by the Sardine Special, a trip enlivened somewhat by the discovery that France is not a dry nation. We stopped at Bernay (delicious muscat) for a time. Not finding any war there, we walked and lorried over to Beauval.

On the hike a desire to meet the man who wrote the “Everybody Rides” line in the poster was freely expressed.

At Beauval we did M. P. work, toot sweeting the estaminets and hunting for spies. There we met “Jerry” for the first time. He delivered a load of loose iron in our back-yard one night.

Casualties : Supply Sergeant Anthony L. Adrian was jarred loose from a dozen pairs of sox, and some new second-hand pants.

From there we hommed and chevauxed to Flanders. We settled down in pup tents in Oudezeele and from there sent outposts into Belgium. We learned a lot about M. P. work and tea from various British units which entertained us at house parties. We did duty at “Pop”, Abeele, Mandalay corners, etc., and learned to say blasely as a shell whistled by “Shucks, it’s only a 9. 2 !” We did beaucoup traffic work, and kept the

grub wagons moving up to Mount Kemmel till the “Jerries” left it flat. There were times when we wished we were in a nice safe trench instead of a shrapnel-spattered cross-road. Some stripes and some sleep were lost, but no men.

We box-carred back to the vicinity of Doullens where the great battle of Vin Blanc was fought. The Division had learned by this time that most of the M. P.’s were regular fellows whose duty it was to help win the war and not to get somebody in wrong. Indeed we have been told that nowhere in the A. E. F. are relations so cordial between the M. P.’s and the other outfits as in the 27th Division.

Then came the order to go into the first big stunt. We handled the traffic, the stragglers, and the prisoners and did a lot of other hard jobs at the crashing of the Hindenburg line. Some of our battle posts were under machine gun fire and all of them were shelled heavily. Any man who thinks the M. P. job is all cushy wants to try standing on a busy cross-road a few thousand yards from the front line directing 40 lorries full of ammunition while “Jerry” does his best to pop a 9. 2 into the midst of them. Every man in the outfit had “the narrowest escape ever”. A number were hit and gassed, but only a few were seriously injured.

We came back to Peronne for a rest, but in a few days the second big stunt came off and once again we were in the thick of it. One detail under the leadership of Sergeant William R. Bradley went to the canal ahead of the infantry and stuck to dangerous posts through gas and shelling. Sergeant Bradley has been mentioned for his bravery.

In this affair First Sergeant Birdsall and Sergeant Hendershott won commissions by their splendid work. A lot of men are sporting wound stripes, too. All the injuries were minor.

We were glad to get back to Corbie for a real rest. There the M. P.’s were reorganized. The two companies were merged into one of 200 men, under the command of Captain Juan M. Ceballos, as the 27th Company of the new Military Police Corps.



You can brag about your French girls,
You can write a thousand rhymes,
You can rave about their beauty,
At any place or times.
Some in dainty frocks you'll picture.
And some on sandy beach,
Dark or fair 'twill not matter,
Or tall, or e'en petite.

You can tell about the Irish,
The British, or the Dutch,
Some rave about the Portugese,
The Belgians, — and such.
All I ask for just a moment
Is a long and hearty stare,
At the girls who beat all others —
Our girls from over there.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.



"NOWHERE IN FRANCE"

OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE

At daybreak the 927th Regiment (the Graybacks) attacked in force the enemy's flanks. He set up a fingernail barrage. Our gallant troops dug in and only a few casualties resulted. The enemy took a few prisoners; these he treated brutally.

The 479th Regiment (the Royal Crumbs) took Rib Ridge and Spinal Valley at 6 a. m. The enemy could not reach our heavy artillery positions here. Later — The enemy launched a counter attack further south forcing our troops to take cover in the Forest of La Brecches. Sharp rear guard actions were fought here.

A raiding party from our 873d Regiment (the Terrible Ticks) gained a local success at the Village of Elbow. Despite furious resistance we have established strong machine gun nests on the Abdomen Plateau.

In this campaign the enemy is using carbolic soap and other unfair methods of warfare without in the least shaking the morale of our determined warriors.

SPEAKING OF FOOD

The boys had just gulped down the last morsel of frigid corned beef, and their molars, like the mills of the gods, were grinding slowly but exceeding fine, the last chunk of hardtack. The rain storm, which invariably accompanies such meals, had increased in violence, and to add to the discomfort of the poor devils in the trench, the rats were on a rampage. The sun hadn't shone for days. Hell itself was Utopia compared with that ditch full of slovenliness.

A buck private, more brazen than brainy, and with a woefully warped sense of humor, in an effort to put the other men at ease, read aloud a letter from home giving the courses of a dinner at which his parents had entertained some distinguished guests.

L'ENVOI.

That private will be deprived of a wound stripe because his injuries were not sustained in action.

DEEDS OF GALLANTRY

UNDER the western skies the deeds of heroism during the past four years have been almost as countless as the stars themselves.

Millions of men have stood immovable or have pushed forward with courage, which, if you but knew, is greater than that required to face death. Death is merely a part of the hideousness of war—the part which has supplanted the lilies of France with white crosses on every hillside.

The thing is unimaginable—the sights that shock the brain, the scent of poisonous gases, the thin sharp sound of flying fragments of steel, the whistle of shells increasing rapidly in volume until with deafening noise there comes the explosion—all tend to tear down the will to stand, and to destroy the will to advance.

Under such conditions men do not pause to make small calculations; they act by virtue of that which is either inbred or inherent. Their fears are terrific and yet they push these aside, trample over them and attain the heights of ideal courage.

To such men, if their acts are seen and remembered, a word of commendation, a ribbon, a small medal is sometimes given. But in a division that counts its casualties by the thousands—where the courage of all its men has been a thing to marvel over, the medals are indeed few compared to the acts of gallantry and deeds of valor. Many of these pass unseen, many are unnoticed and even those that are mentioned in recommendations are not always rewarded. The number of awards must be reduced to a minimum.

There are hundreds of recommendations, where the soldier, although most courageous, has acted only as a soldier should act under the circumstances. Such recommendations are not sent forward for, in order that a medal be given, the act must be extraordinary.

However, in a pile of papers here on the table there are many recommendations which have been favorably marked. One concerns a sergeant, a "Top" Sergeant in the 107th Infantry who was wounded but refused to pass to the rear.

"He continued to go forward. Locating the members of his company who were in confusion due to heavy machine gun fire, he reorganized them and established a line of defense in a trench. Then, while going to the assistance of some of the members of his command who had pushed too far forward, he was again wounded."

Another recommendation coming from the same regiment concerns a Sergeant and a Corporal.

"These men were separated from their platoon during the smoke screen and took refuge in a shell hole, well inside the enemy's line. Shortly after they had taken cover an American tank was disabled, 20 to 30 yards away. They heard the men inside calling for help and with great gallantry and at tremendous risk, under heavy fire, carried out a wounded officer and two men, then went back to the tank. Dismounting a Hotchkiss Gun, they kept the enemy at bay all day. At midnight they brought in the wounded and the gun."

The men who continued to fight after being wounded seem to be almost countless, but deeds similar to the following are more rare.

A corporal and two privates of the 108th Infantry attacked an enemy machine gun post with Lewis gun and bombs, and held fire on this emplacement until

reinforced, when they advanced and cleared the nest, taking 18 prisoners. One of the men was wounded during the mopping up of the nest.

Another private, mentioned in the list from this regiment, put out of action three enemy machine gun nests; and following this recommendation is one concerning a sergeant who volunteered on September 29 to go out over No Man's Land in search of wounded men. "This under sniper and machine gun fire. On the following day he was wounded five times while leading his platoon, but continued to lead his men until he fell from complete exhaustion".

Other soldiers are mentioned as performing similar deeds of gallantry—voluntarily spending several hours looking for wounded while under fire. Private—of the 108th Infantry is mentioned in this respect, the recommendation continuing: "On the following day in attack, his corporal having been lost, he took command of the squad and exhibited qualities of leadership and coolness which cannot be too highly spoken of."

Non-commissioned officers are mentioned now and again for having led their companies after all the officers had fallen. Privates are mentioned for their coolness while leading platoons or squads, and this in a battle where the percentage of casualties was staggering.

Dispatch riders and runners are also frequently mentioned. The letter recommending a private of the latter class for a medal reads: "This soldier was a company runner under Lieutenant—. During the assault and after the lieutenant was killed, Private—continued on with his company. He captured two Germans and by his knowledge of the German language managed to gain from one of them the exact location of three enemy machine gun emplacements which were causing much trouble, and from this information the nests were attacked and captured".

The next thumb-nail picture of individual heroism tells of a signalman attached to one of the companies. Aside from establishing communications he did some effective fighting after being wounded by a fragment of a shell. "On several occasions he and a sergeant attacked superior numbers of the enemy, driving off large parties of them. Later, finding himself alone, he attached himself to an Australian unit and went over the top with them."

There is now a large pile of these letters of recommendation, and each day brings a fresh lot. Some tell in a few words a story which could furnish the plot for a novel of adventure. The longest letter received is three pages. This one is about a machine gun sergeant who went to the rescue of men who were crawling out of a burning tank. After getting these men to a safe place the sergeant returned and entered the tank which was in imminent danger of blowing up. He carried out two more men. In doing this he himself caught on fire but was able to extinguish the flames. Afterwards he impressed German prisoners and made them carry the wounded tank men off the field of battle. Also the statement, written by the Major of this machine gun battalion, tells of other deeds of this sergeant who among notable acts brought down a German plane with the machine gun which he commanded.

These are a few of the deeds of gallantry. A roll of all who were courageous would hardly leave unmentioned a single name in the division.



P. Van Buren
SEPT. 17, 1918
FRANCE.

“ THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER ”

WHAT THE MEN MUST WEAR

By RICHARD CONNELL

WE didn't realize what the phrase "horrors of war" really meant till we saw the overseas cap. Some thought it was a joke. It was — on us.

It appears to have been designed by a German plotter with a sardonic sense of humor. Perhaps one of the Simplicissimus artists did it.

No matter how handsome a man may be in a campaign hat, put him in one of these trick bean-protectors and he looks like —

- (a) A low burlesque comedian or
- (b) A Swiss yodeler or.
- (c) Frisco Red the Yegg or.
- (d) A Winter Garden chorus man.

The caps are "distinctly individual", all right; no two are alike. Perhaps they were made in the dark.

The only outfit with less uniform head-gear is the Chinese labor battalion.

The one thing our Chapeaux are good for, is to



absorb moisture. They can get wet quicker and stay wet longer than any object now known to science.

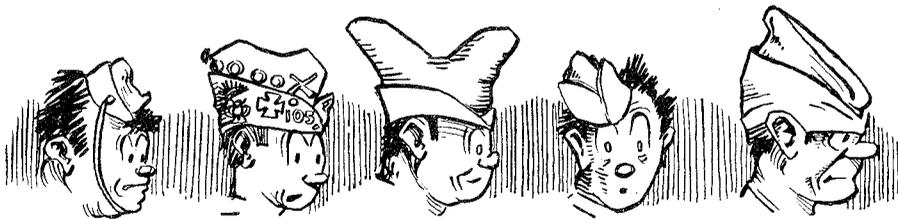
And snappy! Wet or dry they are almost as snappy in appearance as a mess tin full of three-day-old corned willy.

The genius who evolved these caps was probably responsible for other parts of our uniforms. They represent an early period in his career of practical joking.

We have been in the war nearly two years without discovering why all O. D. shirts are size 16; why all blouses are made for either Jess Willard or Charley Chaplin; why some blouses need a weekly shave, else their wearers will look like spaniels; why pants are so delicately made that they can be worn out by sleeping in them one night in a feather bed; why

blouse and pants never by any chance match.

Perhaps we will learn — apres la guerre!



?

Does the water still flow in the Hudson?
Are there any more chocolate creams?
Are oranges and peaches within peoples reaches?
Was the Past just as good as it seems?

Do people still dine around tables?
And order the food that they please?
Or when they want taters and juicy tomaters
Do they have to eat crackers and cheese?

Are the taxis and street cars still running?
Do fashions change twice every year?
Are dances and dinners still blue ribbon winners
On nights that are balmy and clear?

And, by the way, now that I'm asking
Please, tell me, are you really real —
A live human being I once was a'seeing
Or a dream girl my waking hours steal?

PVT. RAY L. VAN BUREN.

WORD SKETCHES OF SOLDIER LIFE

By LESLIE W. ROWLAND

A "hook" on a lorry is the American soldier's delight.

When he is planning for a jaunt Sammy selects the lorry routes, figuring, and wisely, that he can "hook" a ride on a motor truck that will carry him to his destination. It would seem sometimes that the lorries had been ordered out for the soldier's personal service so prompt are they to pick him up, and so nearly do their routes of travel coincide with his.

The lorries for the most part are manned by British Tommies who are always quite willing to be of service to the pedestrian soldier. If burdened with a pack and rifle the soldier will be assisted into the lorry by the driver's helper, who is generally an affable chap. If he needs advice about travelling the soldier can always get plenty of it from the lorry man.

It is the custom to sit on the road side until a lorry approaches. To walk down the road until overtaken by a lorry is considered to be quite a breech. In fact it is decidedly unprofessional to ignore the customs in the matter of "hooking" lorry rides. There are certain methods of procedure by which every lorry traveller is expected to abide. A soldier should never clamber into the rear of a lorry if there is a vacancy on the front seat; he should always have at least two cigarettes in reserve for the lorry man.

Lorry parties are gay affairs. They comprise officers and enlisted men generally on pleasure bent. It is not uncommon for an officer to grub a cigarette from a humble private, a fellow lorry passenger — such licentiousness is permissible under the circumstances. If there are any seats they are generally petrol cans, ammunition boxes or burlap bags. Upon these officers and men alike lounge during the entire journey.

Every main thoroughfare in France within reasonable distance of the front is traversed daily by scores and scores of lorries proceeding to and coming from every city and hamlet one could wish to visit. Not infrequently a soldier boards a lorry destined for a point a considerable distance from that which he desires to reach. But this fact causes the traveller no perturbation. He knows the lorry on which he is riding will cross a road leading to his destination, and that on that road he will find a fleet of lorries going in the right direction.

Men of the Twenty Seventh Division are inveterate lorry riders. Being good infantrymen, they believe in doing as little walking as possible; consequently "hooking" lorry rides is their favorite pastime. They count upon the lorries for transportation as much as New York business people count upon the subway and elevated trains. The possibility that there will be no

lorries available never occurs to the New York soldiers when planning a trip.

No lorries — no travel, is their slogan.

The game had been widely advertised, so it must be played. Why, even mess had been served early, so important was it that the cooks on the team be ready when the game should be called. Company "L's" crack nine was to play the stellar aggregation from "K" Company.

The game in which Casey blazed his way to the front page was of small importance to Mudville compared with the inter-company contest arranged for that day.

All the players, subs and umpires were on the grounds, and a pack of howling rooters had assembled. The feeling was so intense that even officers forgot their rank for the time and cheered and gesticulated as vociferously and wildly as buck privates.

"L" Company didn't stand a chance with college stars like Sergeants Nash and Vedder, Corporals Langford and Schnell and Cook Rose on "K" Company's team. And "K" Company's chances for winning were slim with diamond veterans like Privates Duffy, Mackin, Flynn, Daly and Cook Bradley on "L" Company's nine.

Certainly the game would be a hotly contested one. The score would be close, and with men in the box of the calibre of Emery of "K" Company and Sergeant Sweeney of "L" Company there would be few hits.

The game was called with "L" Company in the field. Not a baseman or fielder had a glove; the catcher was bare-handed. The pitcher took his box, but there wasn't a ball within miles of the diamond. The batter walked up to the plate empty handed. The only protection the catcher had was a German breast plate and a gas mask.

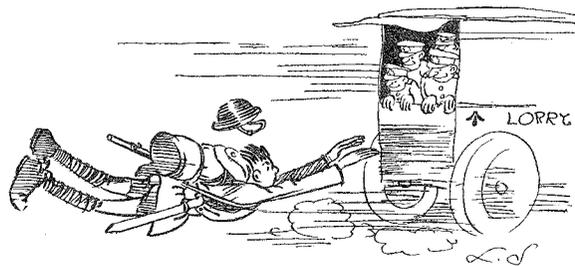
"Play ball", the umpire screeched as the rooters on either side added more pep to their cheering.

Slowly and deliberately the pitcher wound up, and threw absolutely nothing across the plate. The batsman swung with absolutely nothing in his hands, and drove one of the prettiest mythical flies into center field you ever saw. The center fielder, blinded by the sun, muffed absolutely nothing and the runner reached first base in safety.

For nine innings 18 husky dough boys, real baseball lovers, pitched and threw and punted and flied no ball at all without the use of gloves and bats. Umpires umpired with nothing to umpire, and rooters rooted.

The boys, just out of the line, were not to be daunted by the lack of balls, bats and gloves. They played the game.

And "L" Company won, 107 to 0.



The GAS ATTACK

Christmas Edition, written and illustrated on the Western Front, and published, December 1918, at Paris, France, by the 27th American Division.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN,
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To Former Comrades —

To the land from which they came — America, and the land in which they fell — France, this publication is dedicated.

### IN A DUGOUT

Ideal conditions surround us. Never before in our editorial memory were circumstances so propitious for writing a Christmas message. To put it squarely, we are ordered not to speak of peace until the war is over.

Peace is the forbidden word. We may not so much as whisper it. Imagine the effect it would have upon the men with their muscles breaking through well-worn uniforms. The mere mention of peace would start a riot.

Therefore, it is our privilege, our right and duty to inscribe, for the first time in history, "December 25th," upon a printed page which does not bear that tarnished generality "good will toward men", a phrase which has made our usually calm and tranquil profession belligerent ever since the year one.

Matters are indeed simplified. We may write of the holidays in terms of battle. We may dip our pen in gore and paint the holly berry red.

Further, our thoughts are undisturbed by conscientious pangs arising from our forgetfulness concerning Christmas presents. We have meekly followed the admonitions of those department store ad writers who, with sweet humanity and a weather eye to business, command the public to spare the "salesladies". We have done our shopping early. Many souvenirs. Think of the terrific carnage had we waited until the eleventh hour in the truly reckless manner of other days. We're soldiers now. We've learned to be cautious. But if some brave post card should journey across the seas to remind us of a loved one whom we did not really forget (intentionally) then we may cover up our seeming remissness by lifting the gas-cloth portier of our dugout and, along the road or in the fields out there, gather as many helmets and "Gott mit uns" belt buckles as desired.

Quiet, also, is conducive to platitudes of the Christmas variety and here, at last, is quiet in an editorial office. There are no copy boys, no advertisers demanding legi-

mate advertising in the news columns, no political friends, while the whistle and bang of shells is silence itself compared to Park Row and the 3rd. Avenue "L".

Peace, we know thy sting! But here there is nothing to disturb the serenity; and if while writing these lines "in addition to other duties", we should be called upon to throw down the pen and slay the enemy, we can as in the past accomplish this mission and return to the ink pot with our gentle thoughts of Christmas undisturbed. In fact, the slaying of Huns between the lines has not been infrequent during the past four years.

And so while everything is pleasing and only the pacifist is vile, let us hasten to grasp this rare opportunity of decorating our Christmas tree editorial with facts, dispensing with the usual tinsel of the "good will" variety.

First let us dwell upon our Victories. Think of the joy it will bring the Children at home to be kept in after school in order that they may learn the names — the thousand names of towns recaptured and liberated by the A. E. F. How fortunate they are that we did not elect to fight in Russia.

Another belligerent Christmas thought. But wait! Listen! What has caused this unnatural silence? What hand has stopped the death rattle of machine guns and the shriek of shells? Some one — who is it? — has torn down our gas — cloth portier. He rushes in. Excitedly he babbles of an armistice. Turkey? — That's a Christmas thought, but we heard it in October. Austria? No — this is news. *Germany! The Kaiser has abdicated!*

It ruins our editorial. It makes it imperative that we use the ancient phrase. It must be written.

*Peace on earth good will toward men?* We say it with all our heart.

(But remember! If this is only a rumor our rifle hangs there on the wall).

### THE INEBRIATES

Satiated with dreams of world dominion, four nations, arm in arm, reeled down the highway of civilization trampling upon art and science, crushing out life and the hopes of men. The world looked on aghast. Then, suddenly the knees of Bulgaria gave way. It lurched and fell. Turkey, without support on that side staggered only a short way, upheld by the other two, before it stumbled and crashed to earth, dragging with it Austria Hungary. One was left, wabbling from side to side. And then the Imperial German Empire tumbled and all lay there in the gutter stupified — a hideous example of militant inebriety that future generations will not forget.

### CHILDREN OF FRANCE

Born in these battle scarred ages,  
Cradled to ballads of war,  
Taught from red, sorrowful pages,  
The sword and the shield are the law,  
Children of France cease thy weeping  
The nightmare of night is gone  
Victory won by thy fathers.  
Brings you new Hope -- which is dawn.  
Harken to music, to singing.  
Carnage forever shall cease  
A paean through the world is ringing  
And the burden of the paean is *Peace!*

## SALVAGE

### A SADDER MAN BUT WISER

Comparisons we should e'er shun,  
 In earnest or in levity,  
 But one exception to the rule  
 Is worthy for it's brevity.  
 For brevity's the soul of wit —  
 And long drawn stanzas we won't peddle,  
 But was'nt Fritz an addled Hun  
 When he started in to meddle?  
 The Hohenzollerns lost their job —  
 The throne is now a piece of junk —  
 No longer are they supermen,  
 They've lost that line of bunk.  
 Those fourteen terms were just the dope —  
 They put the kibosh on the Kaiser,  
 And sure enough he's labelled now —  
 A SADDER MAN BUT WISER.

Pvt. D. A. DAVIES.

The dough boys of the A. E. F. wish there were a fourth dimension for those Christmas packages.

ROSKET. — "Why do the Germans spell Kultur with a K?"

CORPORAL. — "Because the Allies control the seas".

### CHATEAUX

A *Chateau* is a large house with a driveway in front, a garden in back and no bath. Each town has the most beautiful Chateau in France — many of these are also the largest; but only a comparatively few are the oldest.

Another feature of this style of architecture is its inability to keep out the weather. Chateaux have many windows, but few window panes; they have many doorways, but no doors. Some have roofs, yet this latter is not said by way of criticism because the roofs do not entirely bar the light of the lovely skies — especially when it is raining.

For these reasons Chateaux make excellent billets, better even than a shell hole.

Why not give Wilson as many terms as he gave Germany?

Company K of the 105th Infantry claims to be as good at acting as the Division Theatrical troupe. They have an acting first sergeant, an acting supply sergeant, an acting mess sergeant, several acting line sergeants, and, since they were recently paid, the entire company is acting strangely.

Now they're callin' 'em pants rabbits.

Why is it that the man who is constantly complaining about army food is usually the chap who complains of being "fed up"?

Nancy is a Nice Lille French girl.

If most of us hang up a sock Christmas eve one foot will have to go bare.

## DIVISION PASSES IN REVIEW

Many things set it apart from all other reviews.

Miles of crowded sidewalks with people pressing forward, with bunting, flags and banners waving, with ornate stone architecture high against the light of the skies. These things existed — but only in the memory of the men. They were things of the past — of the day, in late August, 1917, when the Division marched down Fifth Avenue thirty thousand strong.

On that day New York waved good-bye.

Since then fourteen months had passed. Flanders. Picardy. Those who were left were veterans. They had fought with that spirit, unconquerable despite the odds, which can be accounted for only when loyalty to the division and pride in its accomplishments are taken into account.

They were veterans and something more — they were victors. And in Flanders and Picardy, particularly in the latter, this means something indescribable. The Division had paid the price. New York had, in fact, waved good-bye to many of its men.

Now, on this Sunday morning in early November, 1918, a bugle sounded, calling this same division to attention. There were no spectators, to lean eagerly forward and applaud: there were no flags and the only building visible was in the far distance — the scarred Cathedral of Corbie.

Yet, against the blue background of the hills of France, the New York Division, with its amazing spirit alone undecimated, stood at attention while massed bands played — not a marshal air, but a hymn in memory of those who had filled innumerable files now empty.

This part of the ceremony was a memorial to those who had fallen in action. Then, after a pause — a moment of silence — the division passed in review.

As the men, eyes right, marched by the Division Commander, their equipment was not new, their uniforms were not immaculate, and the companies were small, hardly larger than platoons.

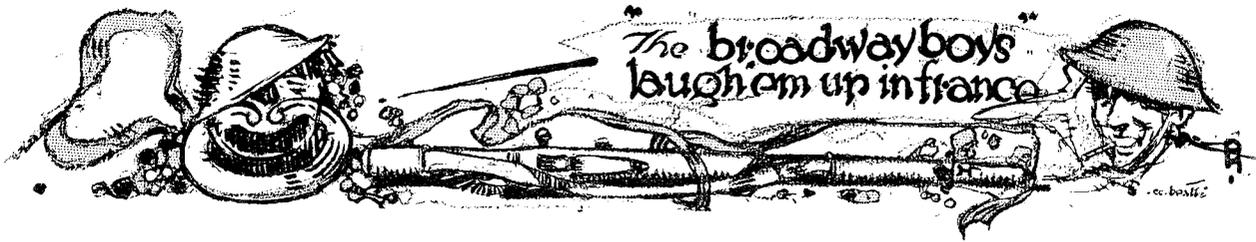
And yet, those competent to judge say that never before in a review, whether in New York, Texas, South Carolina or France, did the Division seem so splendid and the men seem so proud.

At the request of French authorities, who explained that they desired to announce the signing of the armistice in a befitting manner, the chimes of the great cathedral of Amiens, silent for nearly five years, were rung on the morning of November eleventh by ten soldiers of the 27th American Division.

### PERFIDY AND PAPER

Profiting by the example of a monarch, formerly well known in Europe, we shall never again speak lightly of a scrap of paper — particularly in view of the fact that the paper upon which this magazine is printed cost exactly twenty thousand francs.

Publishing a magazine in France during war time is like attempting to get the plumbing fixed on Labor Day.



WE carried a bit of Broadway to France with us. Whenever our longing to get back to the incandescent wonders of that w. k. rue became uncommonly strong, we went down to our imported Broadway and saw the Broadway Boys give their latest show, and returned to our dug-outs, invigorated and happier. The Broadway Boys — the 27th Division Show — was the busiest little morale factory we had. They put heart in us for our work, for their show was a breath from the big town — from home.

The Broadway Boys barnstormed through France literally. Their theatre was often a capacious French stable or else the open air. Of course the scenery, designed and painted by C. C. Beall and built by Harold Printz gave old barns a Century Theatre look, and when Russ Brown came prancing out on the candle lit stage and put over the latest Jazz song, the boys forgot all about whiz-bangs, mustard gas and Machonochie.

Brown was the mainspring of most of the shows. One minute he reminded one of Al Jolson — with "Cleopatra's Jazz Band", and the next of Joe Santley. Indeed he did everything one can do in vaudeville except a dog and pony act, and he did everything remarkably well.

We will remember Jimmy Fallon and his original comedy long after we've forgotten many other French experiences. Jimmy's black-face act and his Yiddish act always stopped the show. We are going to pay beaucoup francs some of these days to see Brown and Fallon at the Palace.

How good it seemed to see the flash of a pair of silk stockings again! Our chorus ladies — or leading ladies — wagged a mean set of tibial. Bill Pauly, as chic as Irene Castle and more graceful, Eric Krebs of the winsome pout and the Russian accent, Eddie Crawford, who just couldn't make her eyes behave, and Danny Burns, the nimble soubrette, made the corkingest quartet of girls that ever crashed a mess line. The Florodora semi-sextette they put across made the O. D. audience weep with joy. Later Walter Roberts leading lady of "You Know Me, Al" added his artistic impersonation of a Follies peach to the show.

Harry Gribble, with professional finish, was always a feature whether he was an exasperated land lady or a gay young blood, and his recitations were sure to hold the fighting men beyond the foot-lights.

Stan Wood, as a venerable ham actor, had men all over the Division imitating him. Jack Roche, dancing and singing admirably, was the good looking center of most of the girl acts. The light fantastic was tripped — to the great delight of the Division — by Stan Hughes and Syd Marion who revived all the old steps and invented a lot of new ones. Syd also tickled a well-tamed ukelele in the orchestra.

That Jazz orchestra — Bert Hamilton, Wittman, Schmidt and Marion transported us to Rector's. All we needed to do was to close our eyes and listen to them gallop thru some syncopated blues. There was always plenty of good singing with Unger, Mahoney and Johannes reaching for the tonsorial parlor chords.

Corp. Van Zandt was a star with his "Shell Shocked" act till he went to the O. T. S. Jim Morey bobbed up with a load of trick hats and a nut act that won him immediate fame.

Carl McCormack and George Anderson played stellar roles on the box office and Leon Pierce did valuable work in charge of the wardrobe.

These were the rolls our Broadway Boys filled during periods of training and while the division was catching its breath between the grimmer business of war, but on the eve of actual battle the make-shift calcium was turned low, the candle foot lights were snuffed out, costumes were put among the moth balls and the scenery packed away. The actors themselves found other parts to play, they donned the olive drab and, washing away grease paint, sought out the casualty clearing stations in the forward area. There, tending the wounded, loading ambulances and hospital trains, they won something, which, though silent, was far more lasting than the applause of the theatre.

Since the day more than a year ago when he sent the "You Know Me Al" Company, 110 strong, to capture New York, General O'Ryan has taken deep personal interest in the divisional theatre. In New York the show performed the amazing miracle of breaking all theatrical records for the season; in France it has broken all records in driving away soldiers' cares. Now the boys have their hopes set on Paris and London, après la guerre. Who knows what is in the wind? Lieutenant William H. Halloran, Jr. who has been tireless in staging new bills and managing each performance, has little to say on this vital subject while Lt. Joseph D. Eddy, holding the purse strings and many other good wires connected with the show is absolutely silent.

Anyway, whether in Paris, London or on Broadway, we will never enjoy a show as much as that given by the Broadway Boys in the barns and fields of France and Belgium.

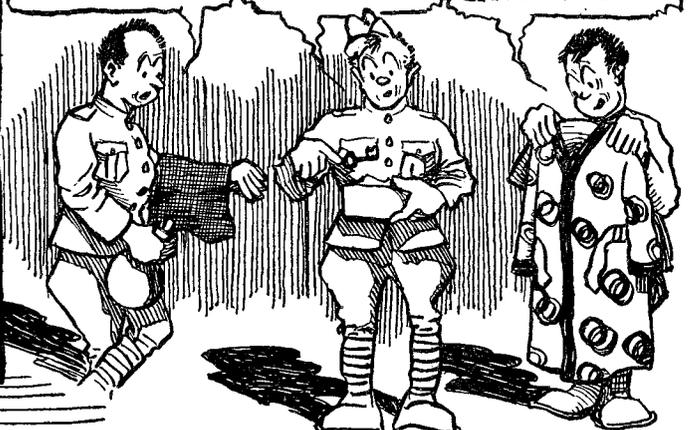




THAT MAKES TWELVE SWEATERS AND TWO HOT WATER BAGS

THIS HELPS THE KEY TO THE FRONT DOOR-HOME!!

SO THOUGHTFUL OF THE FOLKS TO SEND ME A BATHROBE



TAKING THE TOLL OF THE XMAS PACKAGES.



JACK COLLINS 1957 M.G.B.H.



## ALONG THE ROAD TO THE REAR

COCOA and cigarettes helped to win the battles of the 27th Division. These — the cocoa and cigarettes and innumerable other things — were furnished by the American Red Cross.

Also, during the push through the Hindenburg line, there might have been a shortage of transportation for the wounded had not Captain Stephen N. Bobo acted with prompt energy in calling for additional ambulances which sped from Paris to Picardy, and arrived in good time to save the lives of hundreds of men. Owing to the nature of the terrain, during the Hindenburg stunt, it was impossible to provide shelter for all the wounded and again the problem was solved by the Red Cross which furnished 2000 extra blankets, additional cover that made it possible for the wounded to lie comfortably in the open until they could be transported to the rear.

In that push the walking and other wounded were in excess of 3000, making it necessary at the advance and main dressing stations for crews to be on duty 24 hours each day. They gave first aid and fed the men and supplied them with "smokes." Every wounded man was given food, hot drinks and cigarettes. And so when the division started its second stunt on October 15 to take St. Souplet and advance 9000 yards, officers and enlisted men were familiar with the service which the Red Cross was prepared to offer.

During the seven days in which the division was in this action, more than 3700 wounded men were handled in the various dressing stations, and evacuated to base hospitals. The dressing stations were on the main artery of communication in the zone of advance, and many wounded from the 30th American, the 50th British

and the artillery divisions drifted through these emergency hospitals.

Throughout the action the ten Ford ambulances, which had been brought up from Paris, carried wounded men from areas of the battle much further forward than heavy cars could go. The rolling kitchen went well into the forward areas, and during the operation served 48,000 cups of hot cocoa to the famished fighters. And when the division was relieved and started to the rear it was preceded by this rolling kitchen which was set up and put into operation at every point where the troops rested.

A word about sweaters — more than 10,000 were delivered to the troops from the rear echelon forward to the first line, while the socks given out by the American Red Cross exceeded 5000 pairs.

Civilians released from recaptured towns were also cared for. Between 300 and 1500 were found in every town taken from the Germans. All were fed, clothed and given medical attention, and large numbers of the wounded and feeble were evacuated to safer and more comfortable locations.

Captain Bobo's problem was to give comfort to the men of the 27th Division, and his efforts in behalf of the civilians was an extra service which the Good Samaritan cheerfully volunteered to perform.

He was assisted in his work by Lieutenants Sackett and Weaver. Both were energetic, efficient and tireless.

Letters of appreciation for the work of the Red Cross, and for the daring and efficient service rendered by the ambulance drivers were sent to Captain Bobo by Major General John F. O'Ryan, Lieut. Col. Walter C. Montgomery, Division Surgeon, and Major William J. Cranston, of the Ambulance Section, 102 Sanitary Train.

## MUD, MUD, MUD

After those battalion maneuvers which preceded the last operation and which were to demonstrate before the officers of the division both the proper and the improper methods of dispatching enemy rearguard machine-gun nests, our fellows understood why some French peasants use *beaucoup* mud in the construction of their quaint little houses. It has all the qualities of good cement, costs nothing and the supply is limitless.

Part of a trench system just outside the village of Beauquesne was used in the make-believe attacks, and served as cover for our men as they crept forward toward the white flags that indicated the approximate location of the enemy's machine guns. It was in this ditch that the men encountered the most mud. The heavy daily rains of the previous six days had left the floor of the trench in bad shape. It was just one long strip of mushy yellow bog, anywhere from ankle to knee-deep.

The shallow depth of the trench made matters worse. It wasn't more than waist-deep at any point, and since it was part of the game for the assault troops to keep out of sight, they had to slish and wallow through the mire bent almost double. Lovely! With every panting breath they'd murmur with good-natured vehemence some commentary upon all mud, and particularly upon the mud through which they were wading.

This was a rehearsal, staged far back of the lines. A few days — a week or two later at dawn the curtain rose on the real performance — one of the grimmest

shows presented in the western theatre of war. But the men waded forward through the Boche with the same spirit that conquered the mud of Beauquesne.

Sgt. HARRY T. MITCHELL.

## WHERE THE FRANCS GO

American soldiers will buy anything, anywhere at any time and at almost any price.

That this is true there can be no doubt after a visit to a few French shops. Diminutive shops with scant supplies of anything under the sun are veritable gold mines in France. It is quite uncommon in a community near an American army camp to see the shops doing business late in the afternoon — what goods are in store in the morning are almost invariably in the hands or stomachs of the Yanks before dusk.

In Corbie, the town in which the 27th Division rested after the push through the Hindenburg line, recently returned civilians opened tiny stores in which they sold grapes, apples, tomatoes, celery and canned goods. Men who had snubbed some of these commodities in civil life spent lavishly in those obscure marts. Day after day the soldiers visited the shops, repeating their purchases and incidentally strengthening the French belief that Americans are spendthrifts.

The rush on the Y. M. C. A. huts diminishes greatly when the supply of "eats" gives out, and the men turn to the local merchants to satisfy their gastronomic predelections.

L. W. R.



“ GEE IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN TOWN AGAIN ”

## DIVISION HISTORY PLANNED

## Y. M. C. A. ENTERPRISE

A worth-while souvenir of the time spent in France by the 27th Division has been suggested and planned, and is now in the preparatory stages at Division Headquarters.

The finished product will be a large bound volume which will be published after the division's return to the United States. It will contain a concise and detailed history of each unit in the division.

Events will be chronicled, beginning with the division's arrival in France, and progressing through all the experiences, trials and recreation periods up to the anticipated hour of sailing for home. The illustrations will include pictures of action, human interest sketches depicting the soldiers, life in the back areas, sketches from life of the Commanding General and staff officers, and drawings of the various buildings that have been used as division headquarters.

The text is being compiled by the divisional historian, Sergeant Major Thomas Ahearn, and by Private Leslie W. Rowland. Private Raeburn Van Buren has charge of the art work. Suggestions, stories of actual events and drawings should be sent to division headquarters.

It takes more than German whiz-bangs and shrapnel to get the “wind up” Secretary Thomas, of the Y. M. C. A. and his soldier aids. The commander of the Red Triangle hut and his doughboy staff have been close upon our heels throughout our migrations in France. One of the first structures to be erected in each town which the division has entered has been the Y. M. C. A. tent. To be sure we have too often found the “Sold Out” shingle hanging over the door of that tent, but we never lost faith in the secretary's ability to procure new supplies of “eats” and “smokes”.

When we arrived in Corbie for a rest after a strenuous go in Picardy we found the Red Triangle pasted on the one remaining pane of glass in a half wrecked house on the main street. Soon came the Yankee Four, the Y. M. C. A. male quartet from Paris, to give us a professional rendition of the six best sellers and some worth-while music. Their regular concerts for the soldiers were popular, and one night when the singers went to the Division Show they were pressed into service between the acts by Russ Brown, who discovered them in the audience when he was singing his opening number.

Don't let 'em tell you the Y. M. C. A. is a back area organization.

# DON EMERY

By Sgt. HARRY T. MITCHELL

IF Don Emery wasn't known to everybody in the 107th Regiment before L Company's scrimmage up in the Dickebusch sector — and it's doubtful if there were many fellows who didn't know him — he is known now. For Don, more familiarly known as "Doc," emerged from the line a hero. Our lads acclaimed him as such even before General O'Ryan, upon Captain Nicoll's recommendation, wrote an order commending Don for the valorous work he'd done under fire.

Don was attached to L Company as a first-aid man. Laden with his dressings and other medical impedimenta, he trudged along with us on the way up that first night. Every now and again he would voice some cheery hope that he wouldn't be needed; that we would come away from our first contact with the enemy without a casualty — or at least with but very few. But Don's hope, the hope of us all, was not to be realized. Don was needed — badly.

Right into the front line Don went with us. The medical men were the only men among us who didn't tote some weapon of offense or defense. Don had two platoons to look after, and to get from one to the other meant a precarious trip in the open across ground subject to severe and sweeping machine-gun fire. Such a trip, however, obviously meant little to Emery. Just as soon as we settled down in the dark in our positions Don began his rounds. He'd stay a while with one platoon and then carry on to the other.

We weren't in the line more than a couple of hours when Don heard that an Englishman, a runner, had been hard hit and lay in a shell hole somewhere between front line and support. Slinging his first-aid pouches, Don set out to find the unfortunate runner. As he went along, poking into one shell hole after another, trench-mortar shells and whizzbangs were hitting here, there and everywhere. At length he found the man. The poor fellow was past help, and Don returned with the news just as the first rose tints of dawn began showing in the east.

Later that day the dead Tommy's officer wanted to send two men after the soldier's body, and he came to Don to see if the latter would guide the litterbearers to the spot. Don was only too glad to do so, and forthwith set out in broad daylight ahead of the men with the stretcher. It seemed almost certain death for anyone to venture outside the trench while it was light, for Jerry's snipers had been known to shoot down Red Cross men. But for some reason they spared Don and the two Tommies.

That same day L Company began to suffer casualties, Jerry having discovered several places where the dead ground in No Man's Land afforded him sufficient cover to creep up to within bombing distance of our trench and hurl a few "tatermasher" bombs among us as tokens of his regard. We soon cured him of that habit, but not before he'd succeeded in hurting several of our lads. And casualties, of course, meant work for Emery.

But it was in the attack of our last day in, when Jerry put a box barrage around the company and sought to punish us for the way our snipers had pestered him

that Emery's sterling qualities asserted themselves most. 'Twas on that fateful morning that we suffered most of our casualties, and Emery literally seemed to be everywhere at once. He'd kneel over each patient and apply the bandages with all the outward calm of a commuter reading a newspaper, and then with a word of cheer for the wounded man, dash off to where the next one lay.

The attack occurred at dawn, and since there were no communication trenches leading to the back area, the wounded were obliged to stay in the line until that night. It proved a hard day for them, too. The sun seemed to burn into the trench with a vengeance, and there's nothing more cruel than heat to a man with a torn and lacerated body. They went through more or less torture during that interminable day, yes — but Emery helped 'em a lot. He was their Gunga Din. He brought water and cigarettes to them, and did everything possible to ease their pain.

Small wonder the boys of Company L swear by "Doc" Emery! And you'll understand, perhaps, why everybody in the company went about in a slump of dejection for a few days following Don's departure. Yes, Don left us. I forgot to mention the fact that Don won a recommendation for a commission, and that he went away to an Officers' Training Camp.

Good old Don! The lads miss you.

## 27TH DIVISION MAN DECORATED

"Corporal Charles R. Henderson, I am proud to salute you".

Standing before the little scrapper and before the entire 107th Regiment on the parade grounds in Glisy, Brigadier General Pierce, commander of the 54th Brigade thus addressed the first man in the 27th Division to be decorated for gallantry at the front.

Following the usual inspection by General Pierce and his staff and Col. Bryant, commanding the regiment, the reviewing officers dismounted, and Col. Bryant went to Corporal Henderson.

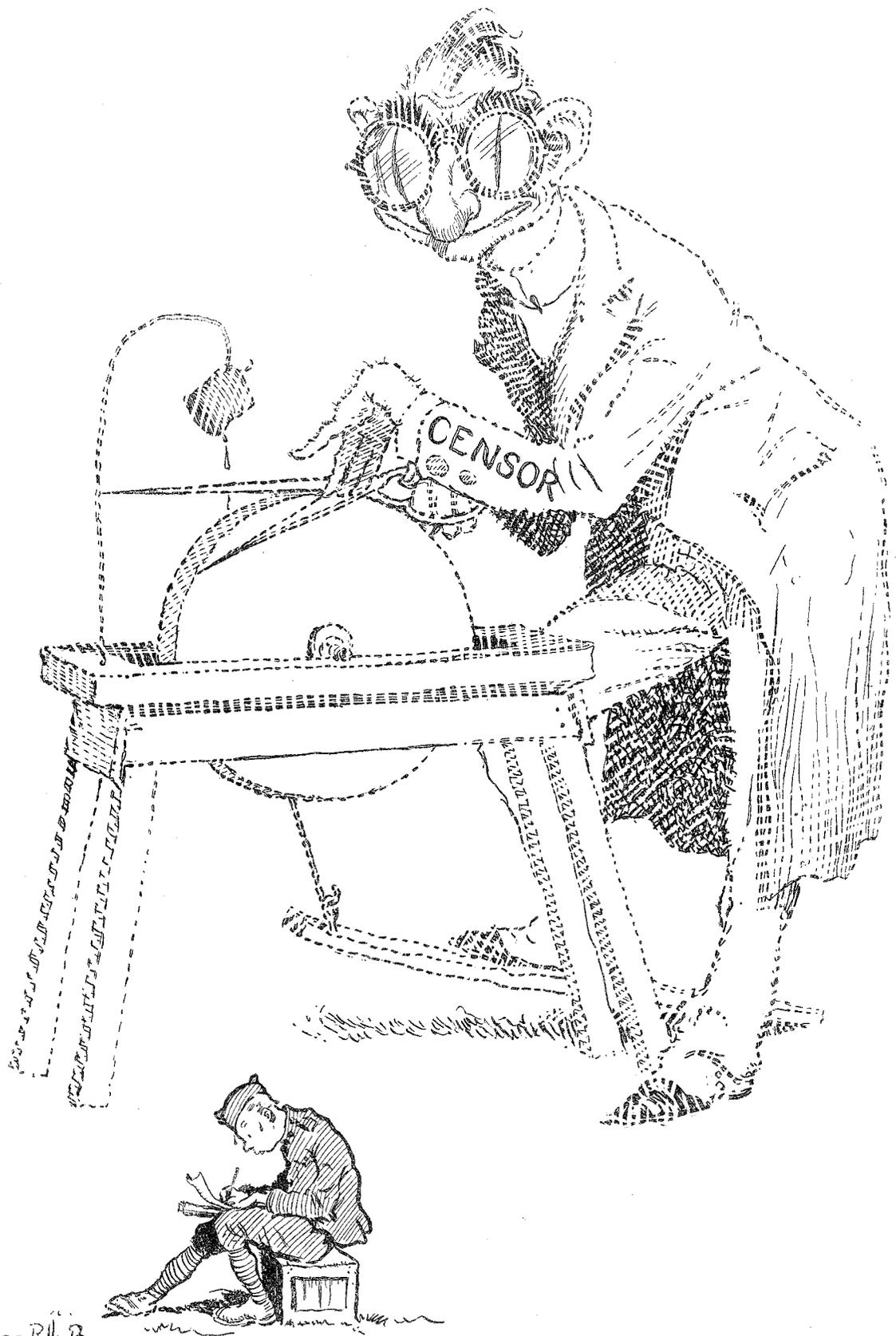
"Come with me, corporal", he directed.

Together they walked fifteen paces forward, turned to the left, proceeded to a point directly in front of the colors, turned to the right and advanced toward the Brigadier General who started forward to meet them. When they halted the colors were carried forward to a point directly in the rear of Corporal Henderson.

Lieut. Col. Sherman read the citation, and the brigade commander pinned the Distinguished Service Cross upon the breast of the young soldier.

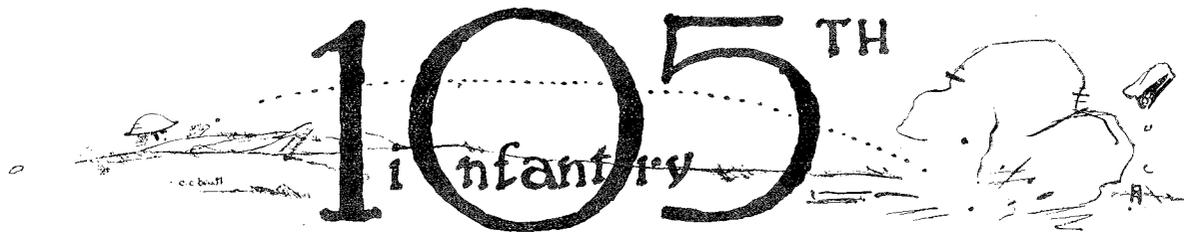
During the severest raid made upon any of the divisional units in the Kemmel sector Corporal Henderson and his squad of bombers held their extremely hazardous post, and fought off the enemy while the remainder of the platoon of which that squad was a part was being reorganized to defend the line. The corporal and Private Delahay fought desperately long after the other members of the squad had become casualties.

Corpl. BILL WARREN.



"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

# 105<sup>TH</sup> Infantry



IN conjunction with the British, the 105th Infantry had its first taste of trench warfare at the evacuation of Mount Kemmel. Here our men, new to the game, learned their lesson through experience. Many men, chums, were lost, and among these was Lieutenant Colonel Morris N. Liebmann, one of the best liked officers in the regiment.

Private Bassett, one of the orderlies at regimental headquarters, gained distinction for his bravery in putting out a fire which would have blown an ammunition dump to atoms. The first to get heroic mention was Corporal Knowlson, who, while on detached service for instruction with the British, kept up the line of communication under heavy shell fire.

On September 2nd, the regiment was relieved by British troops, and from the line moved to Doullens for a stay of about three weeks before the next task was assigned.

The "impregnable" Hindenburg Line had to be

broken through, and this the regiment did at Ronssoy. Here the real test came. Dickebusch was child's play by comparison — in the line more than a week, out for two days, and then at it again the early part of October. The towns of Bellicourt, Escarfourt, St. Souplet and Busigny will long be remembered by everyone as being scenes of the hard fighting. The regiment advanced under the most trying conditions, regaining for France ground which had been in German hands since the outbreak of the war. The soldiers, weary, ragged, and much in need of baths and sleep, fought with marvelous determination even after their companies were reduced to a mere handful of men.

Finally, when the regiment left the line for rest in a new area, the train had been out of Roisel hardly a half hour when the cross-roads at the station were blown up by a delayed mine placed there when the town was in German hands.

Pvt. R. W. GALLIC.

## 27<sup>TH</sup> WINS INTER-DIVISION MEET

IN the Second Corps track and field meet held November 4th and 5th on an improvised athletic field between Lahoussoye and La Neuville the 27th Division triumphed. Athletes from the Twenty-seventh won all but two events.

Inclement weather marred the two-day match, but some pretty exhibitions were made notwithstanding the downpour.

Mike Donovan's fracas with Bartlett of the 30th Division afforded considerable comedy for the ring fans. The Headquarters Troop whirlwind refused to take the Southerner seriously, and with an occasional tricky tap upon the visage soon convinced Bartlett that the New Yorker was a wizard with the gloves. Bartlett determined, before the bout had progressed far, to bring it to an end. He quit, walked to his corner and informed his seconds that he wouldn't box with Donovan because the latter was a professional. And Bartlett outweighed Mike by several pounds, too.

Lieut. Charles P. Loeser, of the 107th Infantry was manager of the 27th Division Athletic team. The committee on finance, prizes, athletics and general supervision was: Lieut. Col. I. L. Hunt, 2nd Corps; Lieut. Col. L. E. Hohl, 2nd Corps; Major W. F. L. Hartigan, 30th Div. and Captain W. J. Grange, A. G. D., 27th Div. Prizes of wrist watches, cigarette holders and match safes were awarded the winners. The summaries follow:

100 yd. dash—(First heat)—Pvt. Brewer, 105 F. S. Bn.; second, Pvt. J. H. Julian, 105 Inf. Second heat—Pvt. James M. Carroll, 102 Eng.; second, Pvt. Hill, 119 Inf. Finals—Carroll; second Julian; third, Hill.

1/2 Mile relay—(First heat)—27th Div. team, Sgt. Gorsman, Pvts. Farrell, Schiffman and Curtin; second 30th div. team. Second heat—27th Div. team—Pvts.

Vestervelt, Durkee, Arlidge and Benjamin; second, 30th Div. team.

Obstacle race won by 30th Div. Corp'l. Drowne, 106 MG Bn., second.

Mule race—Won by Sgt. M. A. Hart, headquarters Troop; Pvt. A. Moran, 105 Inf.; Pvt. J. J. Walsh, 105 Inf.; Pvt. R. Burnett, 105 M. G. Bn.

Tug-of-War—Won by 105 Inf. team—Corp'l. Clarence Lawrence, Pvts. Frank Sand, Charles N. Locklear, James Fuhrman, Gustave Bartels, William H. Likelay Charles Hillman and Mattson A. Duggart.

Mile relay—won by Sgt. H. Gormson, Pvts. J. C. Callahan, J. Deegan, V. Farrell, J. Schiffman, and A. Curtin of 102 Eng., and J. H. Julian, 105 Inf. and T. Durkee, 106 M. G. Bn.

Horse race—Won by Sgt. M. A. Hart, Headquarters Troop.

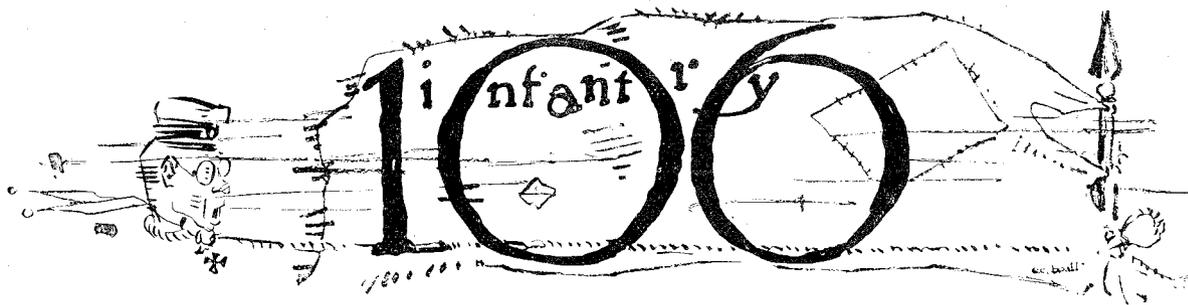
Equipment race—Won by 30th Div.

The 30th Division boxers had a shade on the 27th Division scrappers. Pvt. Newall, of the 107th Inf., met Ahrenson of the 30th Division in the first bout; Seitz of the 107 Inf., met King of the 30th Division in the second; Laughlin of the 107 Inf., met Keller in the third; Donot van met Bartlett in the fourth, and Mc Grath of the 106 M. G. Bn. met Gertie in the fifth bout.

A heavyweight boxing contest between Pvt. Mc Dermott of the 27th Division Headquarters Troop and a fighter from the Thirtieth was at first scheduled for November 4, but was finally reserved for the afternoon of the following day. Rain prevented the contest on the second day of the meet.

L. W. R.

Plenty of All-American material in France this year, Mr. Camp.



ALL'S well with the best regiment in the Division. Why not? We're only here to the extent of a comparatively few officers and men, but that only serves to hold us closer together, and makes us appreciate each other. We were even smaller, but replacements and new officers have increased our strength numerically. Our principal source of concern at this writing is to teach our replacements to catch the spirit of the thing, while they race around the countryside capturing imaginary lines of defense. By the spirit of the thing, we mean the now famous "106th Smile". It's the smile that used to get many of us into trouble back in the states, for it is aggravating to an adversary to have one smile at him. But it served very well in sticking the pin on Jerry, and that is what we came here for.

There was once a time when other organizations of the division would pass us on the march and taunt us about things that transpired at Camp Wadsworth. "Champs of the French Leave Brigade", we were in those days, and the appellation was correct. It requires a good man to realize his deficiencies and confess them publicly. But after all is said and done, our prime reason for being in this army is to put the largest number of Jerries out of the way in the shortest possible time, and this we have done with a vengeance. One time the General himself got the entire regiment together in the chapel of the 107th, and told us a few things. No they were not exactly congratulatory things either. The principal reason for the meeting was the fact that our regiment stood first in the number of men who were absent from camp without permission.

And so when we arrived in France, we realized that it was up to us to make good. And we think that we

have done this. Here are a few things that denote us as the best regiment in the division :

(a) Our 37 millimetre platoon was the first in the division to go into action, and rendered valuable service at Vierstraat Cross Roads in the Ypres Salient.

(b) Our Stokes Mortar platoon, while at the Trench Mortar School at St. Valery scored more hits and had a higher all around average than any other platoon that attended the school from this division. Incidentally this platoon was the first of it's kind in the division to go into action.

(c) During the action before Arbre-Guernon, we operated our 37 millimetre guns; being the only regiment in the division at this time to take them into action with us.

(d) The regiment as a whole has been over the top a larger number of times than any other regiment in the division.

(e) To the 106th has fallen the honor of being first over in every engagement, which to us is the greatest honor of all.

(f) We also consider it an honor to have received a man like Franklin W. Ward to be the Colonel of our regiment.

(g) We have received a letter from our Major General which, in speaking of the attack on the Hindenburg Line, says : — " It was undoubtedly the fierce attack of the 106th Infantry, which broke the morale of the enemy, and made possible the subsequent attacks by the remainder of the division. "

The General's letter is one reason for the " 106th smile ".

## 102 FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION

SINCE the advent of this division into active service, the work of the 102 Field Signal Battalion in establishing and holding communication, has called forth high commendation for both officers and enlisted men. Lack of space precludes the chronicling of many deeds of personal valor, but we feel justified in mentioning that this battalion was one of the units to be commended by Major General O'Ryan after the advance through the Hindenburg line.

Sgt. Merton W. Brush, of this battalion, has been commended for initiative and bravery in action, and in recognition of such, has been promoted to the rank of second lieutenant. Private William F. Shugg, while on signal duty with the 105th Infantry, was placed in command of an infantry company after the officers and first sergeant had become casualties. Under his leadership the company gained its objective. M. S. E. Herbert L. Hart and his section carried their radio station to within fifty feet of the front line, and established communication while under intense fire. Sergeant,

first class, John J. Nealis, after twice receiving painful wounds, refused to go to the rear, and alone continued to maintain communication after the rest of the party had become casualties.

On many occasions the men of this battalion kept up communication under shell fire and gas, and with little or no rest. The battalion has seen service at different parts of the front, and has adjusted itself to the various kinds of trench and open warfare. It has seen quite a considerable part of France and Belgium.

Not a few new names have appeared on its roster since the battalion embarked for overseas duty. It is with regret and full realization of our loss that we record the fact that many of our boys have " Gone West ". Others have left us to recover from wounds.

Those who have been promoted are : George E. Schenk and Robert W. Maloney; Captains George S. Callaway, Lawrence J. Gorman, Gordon Ireland, James G. Motley and Russel W. Albertson, and First Lieutenant Sherman A. Geer. PRIVATE KREGG.



OUR regiment has seen many changes both in its personnel and its organization during the past two months. Colonel Charles I. De Bevoise, who succeeded Colonel Willard H. Fisk as commander early in September, has recently achieved the rank of Brigadier-General. Colonel Mortimer D. Bryant, formerly major of the 106th M. G. Battalion, joined the regiment on October 22, and took over command of the organization when the Brigadier-General was called away to his new duties.

Captain Thomas J. Brady, formerly our operations officer, was commissioned major on October 29th.

Lieutenant Edward H. Kent, who had been acting adjutant ever since Major Despard left for the 53rd Brigade, received his captaincy on October 20, and is now regimental adjutant.

Lieutenants, old and new, first and second, have been juggled back and forth between battalions to fill the gaps during our recent advances through the country up to and beyond the Hindenburg Line. Replacements have been sent to us to keep up the enlisted strength of the regiment. But despite all the changes, the same spirit, determination and morale marks the 107th. The new has quickly adjusted itself to the old, and there is no

mistaking the old familiar atmosphere that still pervades every last company and detachment.

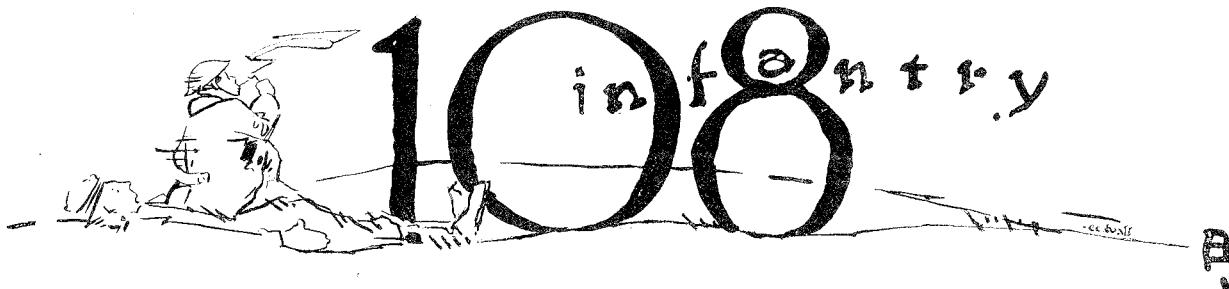
The ungentle art of scrapping, as one sees it practiced here on the Western front, is anything but pleasant for the scrapper. It's a noisy, smelly and an uncomfortably dangerous business. Your average Yank, however, doesn't permit the grimness of the war to tarnish his native sense of humor. Up in the line, even when things are hottest, you'll find he hasn't forgotten how to grin and joke. It seems incongruous, but humorous incidents do happen up there in the life-or-death area.

Take L Company, in its initial grapple with old Jerry up Dickebusch way. Our boys had a trying time of it then. We lost men. Some of our best pals "Went West." Others were carried out wounded. It was no soft-glove affair, that first encounter of ours. Yet our boys are still talking about a few little episodes that struck 'em as being funny. They chuckled about 'em in the trenches, and they still chuckle about 'em whenever they get reminiscent. It's just 107th spirit, I guess, not to be down-hearted.

Corp'l. ROBERT WADDELL.

The time has not so long since sped.  
When sons of France and Britain shed —  
Their blood upon the battlefields  
And left behind their million dead.  
They did not crawl nor did they whine.  
But started back to reach the Rhine —  
And with the aid of Uncle Sam,  
They quickly straightened out the line.

Pvt. D. A. DAVIES.



IN conjunction with the 123rd and 124th British Brigades this regiment took over the Scherpenberg-Dickebusch Lake sector in the Ypres salient on the night of August 1st and during the next ten days the boys had their first real taste of modern warfare. Although subjected to continual strafing by the enemy and hampered by abnormal weather conditions, still the occupation of the line was a success and very few casualties resulted. After a brief rest of one week the outfit was ordered back again to the same sector, this time, however taking up position as reserve in the East Poperinghe Line. The day following the evacuation of Mount Kemmel the regiment was relieved and sent to the Winnezeelle area for a two-day rest before entraining for Doullens. The first three weeks of September found all ranks working hard to bring our standard of efficiency to a point never before reached, and when ordered on September 24th to entrain for the St-Quentin-Cambrai front we were a real fighting machine.

On the night of September 27th the regiment took over the right half of the 54th Brigade Sector facing the town of Bony in preparation for an attack on the famous Hindenburg line. The attack on the morning of September 29th was made against what was probably the most highly organized system of field defenses ever constructed. In spite of this all objectives were taken before evening, and preparations made to withstand counter-attacks, which, supported by artillery, were made continually for the next two days. A small detachment of about 150 men under the command of Lieutenant Samuel A. Brown found itself cut off from the regiment within the wire entanglements of the main Hindenburg Line. The detachment was attacked from 5 sides, front and rear, both flanks, and from the air, and yet in spite of this the men held their precarious position for over 8 hours when they were reliev-

ed by the Australians. The regiment was relieved on the afternoon of October 1st.

After a rest of 10 days we were ordered into reserve and for 3 days and 4 nights hiked in an attempt to get to our position, but Jerry was retreating faster than we were advancing. However, on the night of Oct. 12th we took over the lines directly in front of the Selle River and east of St. Souplet. The attack on the morning of the 17th was a complete success, the crossing of the Selle River was forced and the heights toward Catillion taken. Our successes on this occasion were reflected in the casualty lists. Once again all objectives were taken together with several hundred prisoners and large stores of military property.

In a letter of commendation our Division Commander says: "The valor of the officers and men has at all times been exceptional. In spite of the greatest hardships and continued strain they have maintained the highest standards of discipline and cheerful determination. The record made by the 108th Infantry during recent operations would indeed be hard to equal."

Also when the Division Commander wanted a daylight raid on Jerry's lines pulled off, October 15, he called upon the 108th.

Lieut. Crist. R. Fritz was selected to command the raiding party. The raid was preceeded by a creeping box barrage lasting 20 minutes. The Hun was taken completely by surprise, and after the barrage lifted the raiders returned with 23 prisoners, including one officer. So swiftly and efficiently did Lieut. Fritz and his party work that they did not suffer a single casualty, and they brought in a wealth of information regarding the river, and the disposition of the enemy's troops, which was responsible in a large measure for the success of the general attack on the morning of the 17th.

Color Sergeant EDWARD C. SHEA.

## DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP

GONE are the days we used to spend in Carolina. Gone, also, are many of the dashing troopers who shared with us the uncertainty of those days, for uncertain they emphatically were. At that time no one seemed to have a very definite idea of just what a Headquarters Troop should be used for. Consequently we were experimented with and upon, until at times we cursed our infidelity in forsaking our former sweethearts for that capricious wench, Olive Drab.

The winter in particular was a time of tribulation for us. The infantry drilled and slept, the engineers worked and slept while we drilled and worked. In odd moments our time was divided between striking grimly for democracy (in officers' row) and mastering such necessary though uncongenial occupations as kitchen police, stable police, general police and in fact every-

thing but military police. We were spared that, but whether as a reward or punishment we knew not.

Doubts were dispelled during our breaking-in near Mount Kemmel, but we only fully realized where we stood during the recent offensive in which the Hindenburg line did duty as our reserve trenches. It was then we received our real baptism of fire, and came to know ourselves for what we are. We acted as despatch riders while the division was in the line, and to the motorcycle section especially is great credit due. On more than one occasion they received official cognizance of the value of their work. The mounted section, also acting as despatch riders, did splendid work.

On the whole we feel a bit of pardonable satisfaction resultant from duty well done.

PVT. LESTER M. HUNT.

## 104 MACHINE GUN BATTALION

It was up in Belgium, between Mt. Kemmel and Ypres, that this battalion made its debut into the active military circles of the world. In preparation for this big event we had been put through six weeks of continuous training. After that period of work we figured we were ready for anything that came our way. We had been told this was a quiet sector, and we found that it probably had been so before the war.

The initial trick began with our men taking up forward positions with their guns. We were directly under Mt. Kemmel on one side of Scherpenberg hill. Some of our guns were forward of the infantry, a few in support and others were mounted for harrassing fire and anti-aircraft work. We learned later that the Boche was expected to begin a push to the sea, and that we were to change his mind for him.

The boys were ready, but he disappointed us. We had to be content with numerous aeroplane battles, failing, however, in each case to bring down the German craft. The German "straffe" that came our way gave us sufficient instruction in the art of dodging iron pineapples and making use of holes in the ground.

Casualties were suffered by the battalion at Scherpenberg.

Our next appearance was down in Picardy where it became the task of the division to crack the Hindenburg line. In this stunt, the battalion was held in reserve. to advance in the rear of our infantry and take over the support at the critical time. That time came, but Fritz had counterattacked just previously, making it necessary for a brigade of Australians to take the place of our 24 guns. The boys were down in the dumps when they were ordered to the rear, and to duck the "heavies" coming over instead of being up where the fun was. But orders are orders.

It was while following up the lines, preliminary to the next job, that Captain Molyneux of the 105 Machine Gun Battalion was placed in command of the 104 th.

For a few days before the battle our guns held breakthrough positions but had no occasion to become active. Gas was heavy, however, causing a few casualties. Later, after our doughboys had successfully attacked, we followed up, crossed the Selle river and stood ready in reserve. We took over several positions in front of the infantry that night. Sgt. B. E. SAUL.

## 105TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

A short spell of extensive training after the arrival of the 105th M. G. Bn. in France, and the Battalion moved with the Division up to the Flanders front. In the East Poperinghe Line, the finishing touches were applied and the baptism of fire received.

The next move that brought the Battalion into action was at Dickebusch in the Ypres salient, at which place the Battalion relieved the Sixth English Division and took over, for the first time, a section of the line.

Battalion Headquarters was established well forward of the position occupied by the British and under the command of Major Gardner. The gun teams immediately commenced an harrassing fire amounting to approximately 4000 rounds a night; but this was raised to as high as 43 000 rounds.

Early in the morning of the 31st news was received of the German withdrawal from Mt. Kemmel and at eleven a. m. orders were received for the Battalion to move its guns forward in support of the 105th and 106th Infantry.

Keeping on the heels of the infantry they selected their positions on the Hallebast-Vierstraat Road.

Heavy shelling throughout the night resulted in casualties.

On the morning of the 3rd the Battalion was relieved by the 41st British Division.

After a short rest the Battalion moved south to the Tincourt Area, where, with the Australians, they were to attack the great Hindenburg Line.

The Battalion moved forward to its position on the night of the 26th and, after taking over, sat tight until the 27th.

Out of the gray dawn at 4:30 on the morning of the 27th Companies A, C and D opened the barrage with Co. B covering Tombois Road. Three guns of Co. C were destroyed by shell fire during the barrage after which their remaining guns, and the guns of the other companies were laid on the S. O. S.

On the 29th the attack on the Hindenburg Line took place. At 5:50, zero hour, the 35 available guns of the Battalion opened up their deadly barrage, firing over the heads of the infantry with the Hindenburg Line as a target. The firing lasted for half an hour, at the rate of 200 rounds a minute. After the barrage had been laid and the infantry had made its advance the gunners packed their guns on the fighting limbers, and moved forward to establish a strong line to repel any possible enemy counter-attacks. They remained there until the first of October, when they were relieved and moved back for a short rest.

After following the advance of our Allies for several days the Battalion moved into positions to assist in another attack with the Australians and on the 17th the Battalion again went into the line, Co. D suffering heavy casualties on the way up as a result of enemy strafing along the roads.

At 5:20 the barrage started, the guns of the Battalion firing approximately 110,000 rounds. As soon as the barrage had lifted Co. A moved up to the banks of the Selle River, followed by Co. B which also moved forward crossing the river, some of their guns getting across before the infantry, while Cos. C and D remained in readiness to move forward. In view of supporting the infantry's advance, Co. A moved over the Selle to Advantage Farm, and although holding successfully in all the operations the Battalion suffered heavy losses.

On the 19th of October, Co. A moved forward again into the town of Arbre-Guernon, where word was received from the 105th Infantry that the situation was critical. Guns were mounted along the road to repel any enemy attacks. During this operation Cos. B, C and D moved up, and all positions were maintained in spite of the ever-increasing barrage laid down by the enemy.

PVT. JACK COLLINS.

## 106 MACHINE GUN BATTALION

THE work done by the 106 Machine Gun Battalion probably will be regarded by future historians as one of the foremost factors in the success of the New York Division both in Flanders and on the plains of Picardy. The battalion's record is one of consistent efficiency, pluck, endurance and luck.

One of the most remarkable facts about the 106 Battalion is its unflinching good luck from the time of embarking at Newport News, Va. on May 10, 1918 through all the days and nights of waiting and hiking, and of fighting and hitting the Hun.

After leaving Brest the battalion journeyed to Rue and on June 13 was reviewed with the other units of the 54th Brigade by Field Marshall Sir Douglas Haig. After the review the battalion proceeded to Watichurt where they engaged in daily drills embracing the tactical employment of machine guns. There was also practice at the target range.

We all have a vivid recollection of the refined torture of a gas demonstration for which privilege the battalion hiked seven miles.

At Neurliet on July 16 the battalion was bombed by enemy planes, and suffered some casualties. After Neurliet came Quelmes where the men worked daily on the range until July 22 when another move was made, this time to "Dirty Bucket" or Beauvoorde Woods.

From July 36 to 31 the battalion experienced its baptism of fire. During that period detachments occupied reserve positions in the East Poperinghe line. No signs of nervousness developed, and the battalion was moved into the front line. On Aug. 2 we occupied positions in the Dickebusch sector, situated under the frowning brow of Kemmel Hill. During that tour in the line the battalion suffered more casualties. We were

relieved on Aug. 8 by the British, and marched to Oudezele for drill and tactics.

In the East "Pop" line the battalion was in reserve from August 22 to 31, and in the Steenvoorde area from Sept. 1 to 5. Then we had another period of training at Raincheval from Sept. 2 to 23. On Sept. 24 we detrained at Tincourt, and went into the line in front of the Hindenburg system on Sept. 26. The battalion distinguished itself by firing an intensive barrage while under violent enemy artillery fire.

Major General O'Ryan wrote that "the officers and men of the 106 Machine Gun battalion" won his "admiration and respect for their valor, initiative and endurance during the great battle for the breaking of the Hindenburg line, and the operations subsequent thereto".

Relief came on October 2, but the battalion returned to the lines again on Oct. 10 and engaged the enemy at La Sabliere Woods. On Oct. 16 it fought in the engagements around St. Souplet. An artillery barrage was laid on the town by the enemy to cover his retreat, and every road was made a death trap for troops moving forward. B company, and perhaps others, was saved from being wiped out by the coolness and initiative of its officers.

Until Oct. 20 the battalion was in the line moving forward continually under adverse weather and transport conditions, and in the face of stiff enemy resistance.

On Oct. 24 we entrained for the Corbie area there to get a much needed rest, and to reorganize.

Major General O'Ryan wrote on Oct. 22: "Whether in attack or in resisting counter attacks the conduct of the machine gun units has been characterized at all times by the exceptional courage and skill of officers and the valor and determination of the men."

## 102 ENGINEERS

SINCE the day they landed at St. Nazaire, the Engineers have been on the go constantly.

On more than one occasion they have proved themselves as useful with the rifle as with the shovel. It is the boast of the Engineers that they have seen more hard work and action than any other outfit in the Division.

They were in the big game up around East Poperinghe, doing construction work under a mean fire. Among the first Division casualties were engineers. In Flanders they paid many business visits to the trenches. A good time was NOT had by all. The gentle art of barbed-wiring was indulged in extensively in this operation.

After the war, when there is plenty of time, some one will write an epic relating their many deeds, but now, just in passing, there should be mentioned those days at Ronsoy when the Engineers labored on the roads under heavy shell fire, and only paused in this work when called upon to take their place in the battle as infantry. At St. Souplet their construction of bridges over the Selle brought forth the highest commendation from the Division Commander, and their work not only helped the infantry directly, in affording easy passage across the little river, but also made it possible for limbers to carry up rations and ambulances to bring

back the wounded. For a deed of wholesale valor none may be cited in the division which will surpass that of one battalion of the 102 Engineers which worked continuously for sixteen hours clearing the railroad pass beyond St. Souplet while this region was being tortured with gas and H. E. shells. The Engineers always work cheerfully, but this occasion was peculiar, not because of the casualties, which were heavy, but more particularly because of a large pile of boxes near at hand just where the men had stacked their rifles. The boxes contained ammunition and hand grenades. The battalion at the time it was performing this feat of engineering under indescribable conditions, was also acting as the divisional reserve, and was ready at a moment's notice to throw down pick and shovel and take up the rifle.

N'YORK. — "How long have you been in this country?"

AUSSIE. — "Ten days".

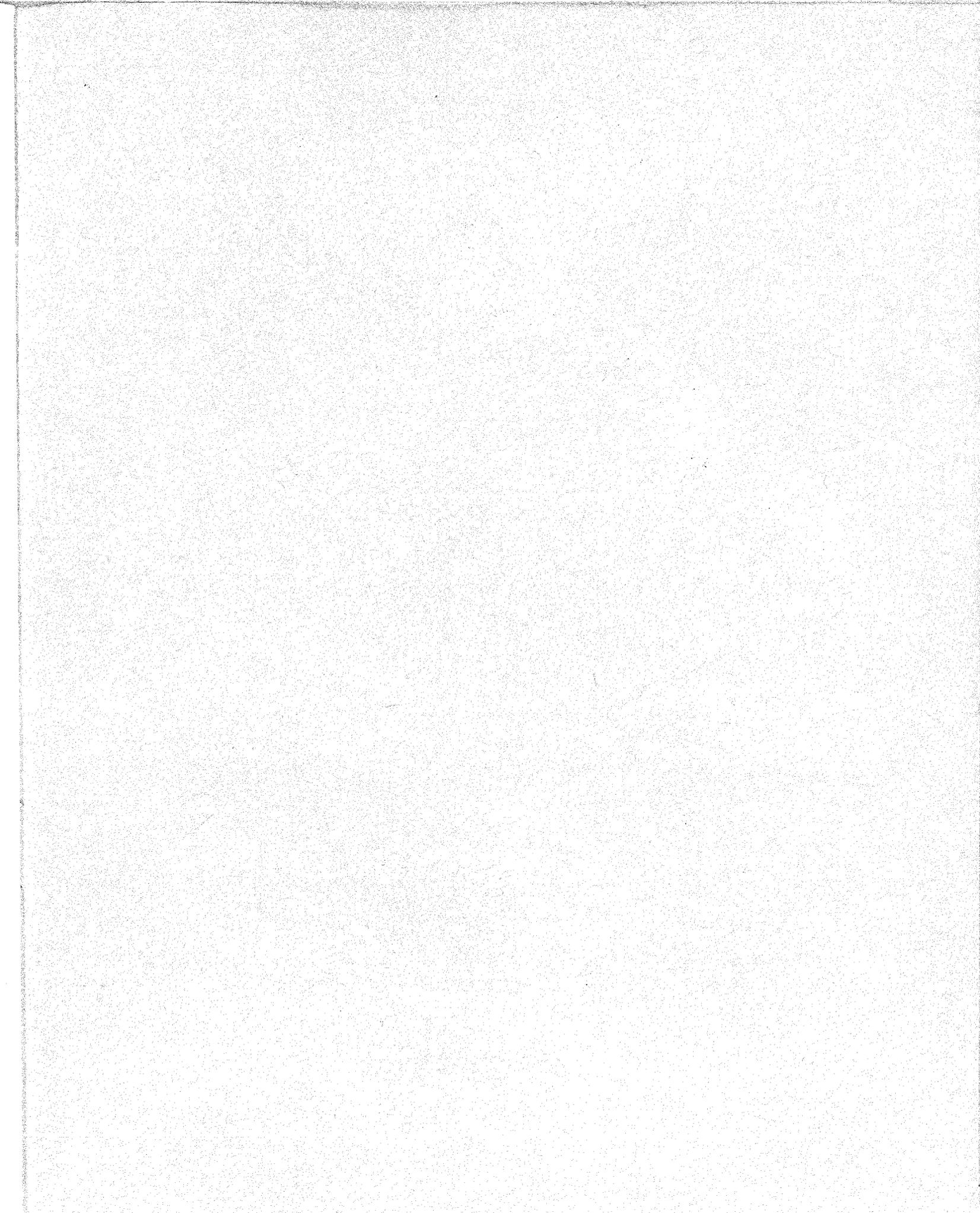
N'YORKER. — "Gee, you speak English better'n any other foreigner I've met".

"What are ya thinkin' about, Bill?"

"I was jus' wonderin' if Santa Claus brings around cheese an' hardtack an' corn willy".



" SAY BILL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE ARE HAVING A PRETTY COZY CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL "





“joyeux noel”  
which means in american  
merry  
christmas.

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