

PICTORIAL HISTORY
OF THE
26TH DIVISION
UNITED STATES ARMY



PICTORIAL HISTORY
OF THE
TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION
UNITED STATES ARMY

With Official Government Pictures Made by United
States Signal Corps Unit Under Command
of Captain Edwin H. Cooper

TEXT BY
ALBERT E. GEORGE
AND
CAPTAIN EDWIN H. COOPER

WITH APPRECIATION BY
MAJOR-GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS

THE BALL PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON

3-18-20

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

APR 9 1920

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

Publishers (ESK)

Copyright, 1920
By The Ball Publishing Company

THE BALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

111 N. WABASH ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

PRESS OF THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY
KENDALL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

973.9134:26

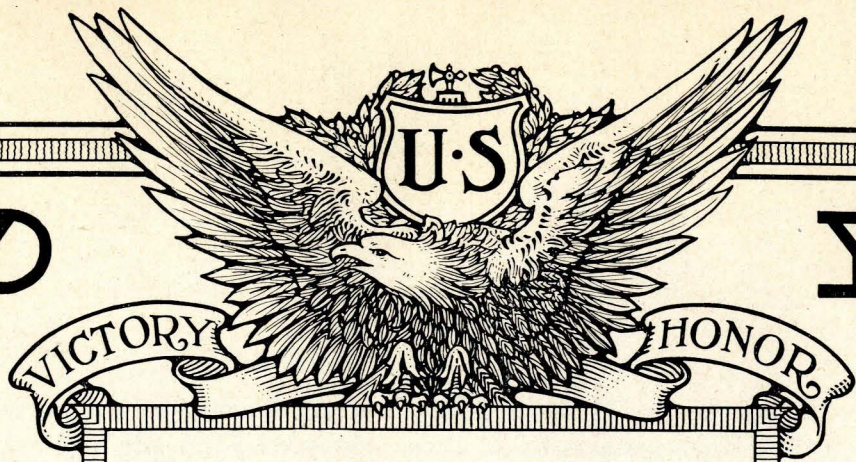
G3A p.

FOREWORD

THE publishers of the Pictorial History of the Twenty-Sixth Division wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to all those who have made the publication of this unique book possible. To the United States Signal Corps in the person of its representative, Captain Edwin H. Cooper and his intrepid assistants; to Messrs. William S. Kane and Alexander Starlight of the same Corps, who made the selection of the pictures; to Major-General Clarence R. Edwards and his staff in the Department of the Northeast, and especially to Lieut. J. W. Boyer, Jr., Assistant Adjutant, who have rendered invaluable assistance in the matter of Vital Records; to District Attorney J. C. Pelletier, for Knights of Columbus photographs; to the photographers Marceau, Bachrach, Russell and Falk for portraits and group pictures.

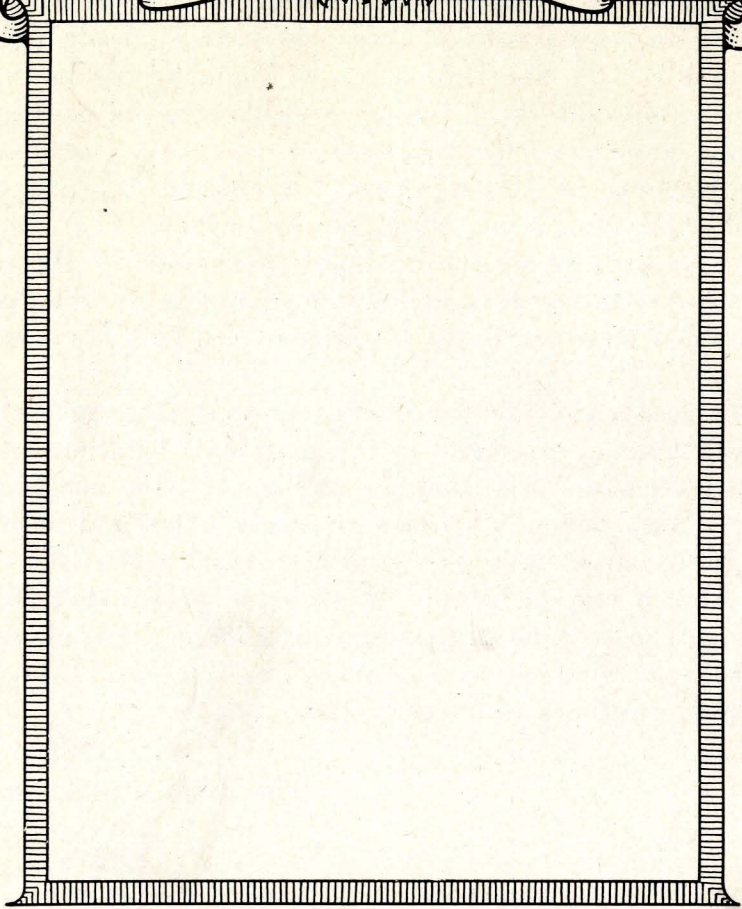
Despite this assistance, the publishers fear that there may still be errors of omission and commission, especially in the matter of Citations and Deaths. In the endeavor to have these lists complete and correct, the publishing of the book has been deferred long beyond the date originally fixed, and even on the day of closing the last forms names have been furnished to add to the lists. The publishers can only express their regrets for any omissions of names that should have been included, and their excuse must be that they have made use of all available records. They will be glad to receive notice of errors or omissions, and the same will be submitted to the proper authorities for correction.

THE BALL PUBLISHING COMPANY.



Y

Y



Name.....

Date of Enlistment.....

Branch of Service.....

Date of Sailing from.....

Date of Arrival in France.....





Y

Y

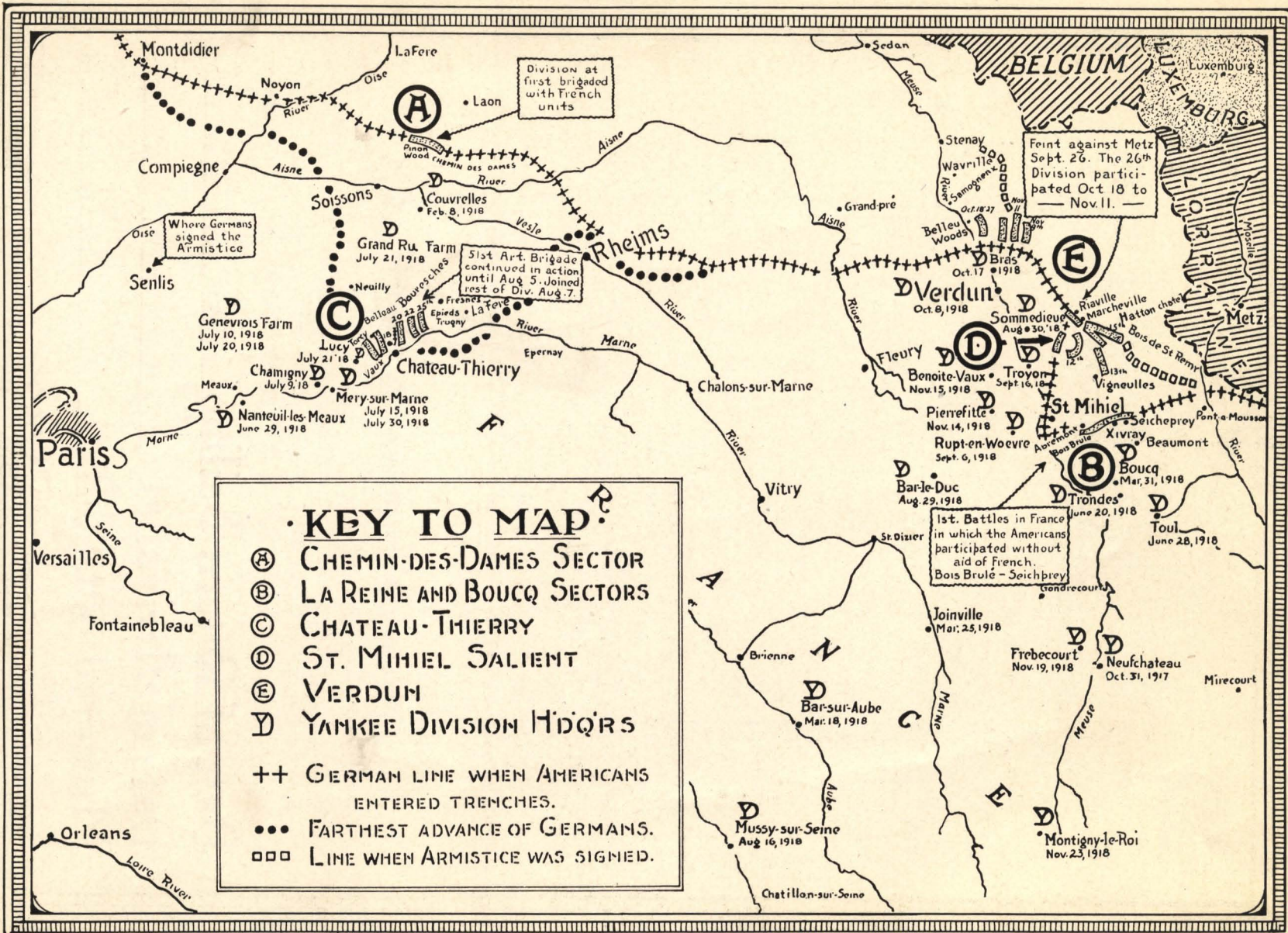
Engagements

Date of Return Sailing.....

Date of Arrival at.....

Mustered out.....





KEY TO MAP

(A) CHEMIN-DES-DAMES SECTOR
 (B) LA REINE AND BOUCQ SECTORS
 (C) CHATEAU-THIERRY
 (D) ST. MIHIEL SALIENT
 (E) VERDUN
 Y YANKEE DIVISION H'D'Q'S
 ++ GERMAN LINE WHEN AMERICANS ENTERED TRENCHES.
 ●●● FARTHEST ADVANCE OF GERMANS.
 □□□ LINE WHEN ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED.

Division at first brigaded with French units

Where Germans signed the Armistice

51st Art. Brigade continued in action until Aug 5. Joined rest of Div. Aug. 7.

Fought against Metz Sept. 26. The 26th Division participated Oct 18 to Nov. 11.

1st. Battles in France in which the Americans participated without aid of French. Bois Brulé - Seichbrey

Montdidier, LaFere, Sedan, Belgium, Luxembourg, Noyon, Oise, Laon, Aisne, Stenay, Wavrille, Saranogny, Grand-pré, Couvrelles, Vesle, Rheims, Grand Ru Farm, Neully, Bovesches, Epieds, La Fève, Trugny, Marne, Epernay, Chalons-sur-Marne, Vitry, Fleury, Verdun, Sommedieu, Marcheville, Hatton chatel, Bois de St Remy, Metz, Vigneulles, St Mihiel, Seichbrey, Pont-a-Mousson, Beaumont, Boucq, Trondes, Toul, Pierrefitte, Rupt-en-Woevre, Benoit-Vaux, Troyon, Xivray, Aremont, Bois Brulé, St. Disier, Joinville, Frebecourt, Neufchateau, Mirecourt, Bar-le-Duc, Bar-sur-Aube, Mussy-sur-Seine, Chatillon-sur-Seine, Meuse, Montigny-le-Roi, Nanteuil-les-Meaux, Meaux, Chamigny, Mery-sur-Marne, Nanteuil-les-Meaux, Senlis, Compiegne, Soissons, Genevrois Farm, Lucy, Chateau-Thierry, Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Orleans, Loire River, Seine, Marne, Aube, Moselle, Meuse, Oise, Aisne, Marne, Moselle, Meuse, Aube, Marne, Seine, Loire River.

AN APPRECIATION

BY MAJOR-GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS

THIS Division is unique in that it was the first division fully organized under the American flag. The new divisional organization in the American Army, as proved in the severest war in history, was the greatest tactical power known; its organization showed a forethought and imagination to make it equal to anything that might obtain either in trench warfare or in the characteristic use of American troops, open warfare. It had a carrying-on power greater than that of the divisional organization of any other power.

The Yankee Division was never concentrated in America; it gained its training in France, but was concentrated for the first time in the presence of the enemy on the Chemin-des-Dames. It made the first successful American raid into enemy territory. It received and withstood the first attacks of the Boche. It went into the line on the 6th of February, 1918, and except for a period of ten days' training, in the absorption of about six thousand replacements, it was continuously engaged up until the armistice. It saw desperately hard service. During this period leaves or furloughs were not granted.

It was one of the pioneer divisions and it had unusual handicaps, but its morale and the capitalization of the traditions of the localities from which it came gave it an esprit second to no other division on the Western Front.

It was not a National-Guard division, nor a Regular nor a National Army division; it was a division of the Army of the United States, contemplated by the order of the President abolishing all discriminations of origin.

The relations of interest and respect between its officers and men were happy and typically American. The lessons from the record of the 26th Division and the factor it was in this war should be of great value to this country in working out an intelligent system of defense.

C. R. EDWARDS,

Major-General, United States Army.



MAJOR-GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS
Organizer and First Commander of the Twenty-Sixth Division

HISTORY OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION

BY ALBERT E. GEORGE

War Correspondent at Army Headquarters, Boston, Mass.

"WHAT is the striking feature of the Twenty-Sixth Division," was asked in the presence of a number of officers who were talking at army headquarters about the great war. All of them had served in that division. They had seen the men at great odds and they had seen them in camps while under severe training. Captain John W. Hyatt, who was an aide on the staff when the division embarked and came back a Major, was standing by and at once answered the question.

"It is their morale," he replied. "The boys never forgot that and it stood out upon all occasions."

Every officer who was listening agreed with that view.

If Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, who commanded the division over there, had been asked, he would have replied that "the stout-hearted lads never flinched." He knew better than any one else, and he knew the material of which they were made. They were all more or less sturdy New Englanders ready for any emergency and he would back them upon any adventure for the glory of their country.

In the days when the division was forming and even before the assignment of the division to General Edwards, those who were associated with him can call to mind how much he dwelt upon commanding an ideal division. When commanding the Northeastern Department, General Edwards would discourse upon what he thought should compose a division. He was then a Brigadier-General. Shortly after taking command of the Northeastern Department his name was passed over and he was not named a Major-General to the great disappointment of his friends, but the long-hoped-for honor came when he was ordered to command the Twenty-Sixth Division made up entirely of volunteers. On this red letter day all who came in contact with him noticed that he had attained his ideal in life, and from that time forth he gave his whole thought and strength to the project.

Day by day details were studied. The war was becoming interesting to him from the examination of maps and the application of knowledge gathered from various sources. That which made him a successful commander later then came to light. He used every means to know the men who composed the division. Opportunity after opportunity was sought to see the men under training at different camps where they were visited. He talked with many of them, and dwelt in short upon what was demanded of the man who wanted to serve his country in this war. These visits were productive of much good and the talks not soon forgotten. Coming into touch with the men at Framingham, Westfield, Boxford, New Haven, Niantic

(Conn.) and Quonset Point, R. I., the General revealed himself. His objective was to be with the men in all ventures. He told Captain Nathaniel Simpkins, his aide, of his future projects and together they held many a conversation about the preparations which would make the men feel that their commander was back of them.

General Edwards understood men. Every officer on his staff knew that he valued them at all they were worth and they did not disappoint him. They could not, after they had served under him for any length of time.

When conditions matured for the departure of the division, and long before the eventful occasion took place, there was no greater master of details than the General. Everything had to be in readiness and minor interests were not overlooked. He also held consultations with Colonel George H. Shelton, since made Brigadier-General, about what must be accomplished before the embarking of the troops took place. General Shelton's services were then much valued by General Edwards, as they were during the war.

Never was a moment more inspiring than when General Edwards stood on the greensward in front of Trinity Church, and with his staff bade farewell to the old officers of the Northeastern Department. These officers were sorry to have him leave, but they were glad to have him go as he did, in the command of a great division. Then came the silence of embarking. Now we know how the troops went overseas; then we were kept guessing.

The division was called into service July 15, 1917. There was mobilization of infantry at Framingham, Worcester, Westfield and other camps. In the quiet town of Boxford, the artillery was mobilized. To get the full strength of four infantry regiments on the new basis of organization, the old National Guards had to be consolidated. This breaking up of the old units was the cause of much dissatisfaction at the time but necessity never did consider feelings in the army. The artillery had to be expanded to make three regiments of six batteries each.

The boys in the different camps were eager to go overseas. It was early in September, 1917, that the first of the units departed, the 101st Infantry sailing from Hoboken direct to St. Nazaire, and others followed by different routes, some in convoys and others alone, and by the middle of December the whole of the division was safe in France.

It is to be here noted that the division was the first complete division to arrive in France. It had been preceded by a part of the First Division of Regulars. The Twenty-Sixth Division is therefore numbered among the first fifty thousand of the American Expeditionary Forces to arrive in France. Made up entirely of the National Guard of New England, every man in it was a volunteer. The officers came largely from other places in the country. The appeal for service arrived July 15, 1917, and men left home and all that was dear to them and went forth at the call of their country. In looking back over their achievements, it is to be noted to their honor and credit, that no other division saw such long and continuous service.

Then came the training of the infantry at Neufchateau in the eastern part of France. At Coetquidon the artillery units were located. This place is near Rennes in Brittany, made famous because it was there that Napoleon established his artillery training camp.

Modern methods in trench warfare were brought to the attention of the division through instruction from the 162d and a detachment of the 151st regiments of French Infantry. Their training consisted of grenade throwing and practice with machine-gun, automatic rifles, mortar and thirty-seven millimeter guns. The approach and attack were emphasized.

At Bazailles, a school for officers was formed. Included in this training was daily instruction in bayonet fighting. Infantry tactics were taught at Gondrecourt. Other officers went to the Army General Staff College at Langres for special training. Machine-gun instruction was undertaken under the direction of British and French officers. Every branch was covered, the training embracing a model system of fire, cover and support, adopted for a battalion front. During December and January, experimental work proceeded. The practical part of modern warfare was brought out and the progress made in different branches was a source of great satisfaction to all concerned. The raw material responded and the eagerness on the part of the units to put their training into practice was constantly being manifested.

During all those strenuous days, close attention was given to that rigid discipline which would prepare the volunteers for the strain of modern warfare. French officers found the boys quick to learn, and often too eager to take advance steps in military tactics.

With bull-dog determination, working hard and late, the infantry showed what might be accomplished. There was nothing easy about the training, for it had to equip them to deal effectively with what they must expect to encounter in the matured training of the average German soldier.

The artillery made a name for itself for accuracy as well as rapidity of fire at Coetquidon. It was here that the little knowledge of trigonometry learned in the high schools of New England came into service when accuracy of fire was dwelt upon.

During this period a few changes occurred among the officers commanding organizations. Colonel G. H. Shelton succeeded Colonel W. C. Hayes in the command of the 104th Infantry, January 2, 1918. Colonel J. H. Parker succeeded Colonel E. L. Isbell in the command of the 102d Infantry, January 11, 1918. Major W. S. Gatchell was succeeded by Major A. Ashworth in the 103d Machine Gun Battalion, January 21, 1918. Major T. C. Baker succeeded Captain D. G. Arnold in the 101st Supply Train, January 21, 1918. Major H. G. Chase was succeeded by Major O. S. Albright in the 101st Field Signal Battalion, January 10, 1918. Captain O. Wolcott was succeeded by Captain B. L. Ashby in the Twenty-Sixth Division Headquarters Troop, January 2, 1918. The following were changes made on the Divisional Staff: Colonel G. K. Shelton was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Dowell then Judge Advocate; Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Simonds



Major-General Harry C. Hale, Commanding 26th Division, United States Army on its return

was succeeded by Major L. W. Cass, who in turn was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Stevens as Division Adjutant.

There was one drawback. There were no American guns in France at that time and although four of the French seventy-fives had been sent to America, they had arrived too late to be of practical service to these men and the handling of these guns had to be entirely mastered in France. It was here that the French instructors became aware of the ingenuity and quick-to-learn spirit of the average American. Americans could not hope to excel at first the accuracy of the French firing, but in rapidity of method of loading on the recoil, the Americans manifested their skill. This did not mean much by itself, but it gave the impression to the Germans, as was told afterwards, that Americans were using three-inch machine guns; an illusion that cost the Germans probably many adverse experiences.

After four months, following a request from the French to General Pershing that some of the division be sent to Chemin-des-Dames, General Edwards intervened and wanted all the Yankees to have an opportunity to get into the fight. The French general objected to this, declaring that some of the battalions had not acquired that intensive training which would prepare them for the heat and din of battle. But General Edwards had confidence in his boys and the infantry went from Neufchateau and the artillery from Brittany, and entered the line near Soissons, taking on a divided duty with the French troops.

On February 5, 1918, the guns of Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, were in position and at 3.45 P.M. on that memorable day a French "seventy-five" belched forth the shot that announced that the National Guard had begun action. A picture of the gun crew, pit and shell may be seen on page 68 and the shell itself is cherished as a souvenir of the event and may be seen at the State House in Boston.

Near Bois Quincy on February 19, a raid was made on the subsector held by Company B, 104th Infantry, and Machine Gun Company, 104th Infantry. The enemy suffered losses in killed and wounded as well as in prisoners. The attempt to break in upon the lines was renewed on the last day of February and was directed against the 2d Battalion, 102d Infantry, near Chavignon, but ultimately failed. Preceding this by a week, a detachment of the 101st Infantry, supported by the 101st Field Artillery, 103d Field Artillery and Company B of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion attacked the German lines at Grand Pont, and captured twenty-three prisoners including two officers. Later the 101st Infantry jumped over into the trenches passing through the artillery lines. Every man was eager to do his duty. The time had arrived for America to show its spirit. On this sector, the Yankees were lined up with the 11th French Army Corps that the young untrained soldier might profit by association with the veterans.

With forty-six days to their credit at Chemin-des-Dames, the division entrained for Brienne le Château and Bar-sur-Aube and then began a five days' hike to Rimaucourt in Haute Saone not far from their training infantry center, Neufchateau. On their departure, General de Maud'huy, commanding the 11th Army Corps, issued this order:

"We regret that our comrades of the 26th Division should leave us in order to fulfill their task elsewhere.

"We have been able to appreciate their bravery, their sense of duty and discipline, also their frank comradeship. They carry our unanimous regrets.

"General Edwards has been pleased to consider the 11th Corps as godfather to the 26th Division. The 11th Corps feels proud of the awarded honor, being sure that wherever they may be sent, the godson will do credit to the godfather.

(Signed) "Le General de Maud'huy,
"Commandant le 11me Corps d'Armee."

* * * *

Rain and snow fell and the weather was cold as they went from Soissons, but undaunted the division marched on bent upon its glorious mission. Every man felt the inspiration of his work. They expected a lull in their journey, just a little rest before buckling on their armour and settling down to their task. The days brought forth anxious moments, for no sooner had they arrived at Rimaucourt, when orders came to proceed to the Toul sector, to relieve the French division. The German drive of March 21 had started.

The stout-hearted lads willingly yielded their hopes of a rest. The Toul sector was not then a central point for a prolonged attack, but indications were that this locality might become a testing ground. Strong men inspired with the call for justice were needed. Some claimed there was the possibility of the Germans coming in full force to give the Americans and others the full strength of their divisions at this particular point. There followed the march northward to Neufchateau and onwards. The rain pelted them. Bitter cold ensued and for eight continuous days, officers and men, weather-beaten, soaked to the skin and with food not plentiful, persistently pushed on. The unexpected movement of the division left them in hard straits, for the task of getting food to such a large number of troops was for the time being a serious problem.

There was necessarily suffering on this account. It was a moment to bring out the best that was in them. Horses fell under the trying ordeal, and men were forced to walk to save the animals. Through it all, they braved the difficulties with remarkable results, for only a few were on the sick list. They became hardened, for they had been well trained to endure such experiences. What they had undergone in America before embarking, and their military discipline in French camps, had not been without good results.

Then followed the battles of Bois Brulé, Apremont and Seicheprey. The following description of these battles is taken from the report by Major-General Edwards:

"The Toul sector where we were was in a marsh. On the left were the heights of the Meuse with Apremont on our right, the salient extending down to the Bois Brulé, in front of Luneville, a wood in a marsh, and all under the smashing fire of the Boche Artillery. At Bois Brulé there was an entering curve on a high mountain, and the place opposite, where I had to put a battalion, had sixteen *minnenwerfer*. They have a normal range of six hundred yards, and they could smash down on the advance trenches and do terrible damage. . . . I put Colonel Shelton, who had been placed in command of the 104th Infantry, in that awful hole. I put the 102d in the Bois Remiry, and I put the 101st in Rambucourt, right between the two of them. The sector had never been organized; it had never been wired; it was two and one half times the size of an ordinary sector.

"And this green division went in and took over that sector as the first independent thing they ever did. Everybody told me it was the worst place on the western front; that more Frenchmen

had been killed there than was necessary. . . . The second night we were there the Boche attacked after putting down a barrage. My men did as they were told and ran back. The Boche advanced, as the French thought they would. They filled up the Chauveau front, and when they lifted the barrage, without any order, the platoons of the 104th Infantry got up and, singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," went after them.

"At the same time Colonel Sherburne dropped a smashing American barrage on the Chauveau front with his seventy-five's. He lifted it and allowed the Yankees to go ahead. They went ahead, driving the Boche before them. They charged up the hill into the front line German trenches, overrunning their objectives, and had to be called back. . . . Two days after they brought up seven hundred shock troops, together with two other battalions, and they said: 'We will show these Americans.' They came down again and got in behind our flanks. Our men did the same thing again. And as soon as they had chucked the Boche out of one place they would whack him in another. The lieutenants did not have to do anything. The sergeants would get up and indicate: 'Follow me.' They didn't say it, because they could not have been heard above the shells.

"And those men fought there for five days around Hill 320 in front of Apremont. They wiped out the seven hundred Germans, made forty prisoners and buried two hundred Boches. The French Army Commander cited one hundred and seventeen men of the 104th and they got the Croix de Guerre in a very impressive ceremony when they were withdrawn. They also pinned the Croix de Guerre on the colors of the regiment, and I don't know that that ever occurred before."

The battle at Bois Brulé in the Toul sector was the first real battle in which American troops had been engaged, General Edwards having taken command of the sector on April 3. This was on April 10, 12, 13, 1918, memorable days for those who took part. General Edwards was proud of his men. He went among them, defying danger, bullet and shell, and was so absorbed in the work of his units in the division and the response which they were giving, that he let his enthusiasm often expose him needlessly to great danger, and had to be warned at times by Major John W. Hyatt. Upon their return home, both would often talk of this. General Edwards declared that Hyatt watched him like a dog to see that at times he was in safer quarters than he himself had chosen.

During the battle of Apremont, the enemy attacked with full force the 104th Infantry. All through that night and into the next day, the Americans fought gallantly. They were determined to give the Germans a taste of their opposition, which they did with good effect, for they took forty-eight prisoners and killed a large number of the enemy.

To build a trench and wipe out the salient, recourse was had to the services of the 101st Engineers. By working all night without sleep and without intermission of any kind the trenches were completed by this unit.

The 104th Infantry advanced on April 12. The mortars worked with rapidity and with the barrage they made their objective. Notwithstanding many losses, they still forged ahead. For their gallantry their colors were decorated. Following this, Colonel George H. Shelton was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Then came a lull until the attack on Seicheprey, beginning on April 20 and lasting two days. The German *Sturmtruppen*, otherwise known as "Hindenburg's Traveling Circus," led in the attack. This regiment was a crack wandering group of men who had made a name for themselves in raids. On they came, eighteen hundred strong, backed by eighteen hundred more Boches, who hoped to consolidate the positions which the raiders had expected to open. The attack was furious. It was their intention to destroy the morale of the Yankees.

The enemy was favored by a thick fog and took our men by surprise. Com-



Brigadier-General George H. Shelton, 51st Infantry Brigade

pany C, 102d Infantry, had to bear the brunt of their attack and fought desperately until overcome by numbers. Hand to hand combats marked the heroism of the men of the 102d, though they were finally obliged to surrender.

The battle of Seicheprey was the first battle where any number of prisoners were taken. Thirteen hundred shock troops went down to the locality between Seicheprey and Ramschelle and about fifteen hundred came from Remier headed for Seicheprey. The staying power of the 104th Infantry was well proven here although they were greatly outnumbered. We lost about one hundred and fifty prisoners, with the dead numbering about eighty-five, and the wounded four hundred. The enemy losses were over twelve hundred. The Germans were greatly disappointed.

In this engagement the 102d Infantry stood up well and gained for themselves the praise of the French. The gallant conduct of the 3d Battalion, 104th Infantry; 2d Battalion, 104th Infantry, and Company C, 103d Machine Gun Battalion, as well as that of Batteries D, E and F, 101st Field Artillery, three platoons of ninety millimetre guns, manned by men of the 101st Field Artillery and 101st Trench Mortar Battery was praised by General Edwards in General Order 124.

The next engagement was at Fleury on May 20, where the division relieved the French of two kilometres of line, but the German attack was a failure.

* * * *

On May 27, a large force of Germans plunged against the line held by the 1st Battalion, 101st Infantry, at Humbert Plantation. They fought stubbornly, but were repulsed. At this particular time, the front line was held and shifted easterly to embrace Bois de Jury and Bois de Hazells as far as Flirey. The enemy determined to strike an effective blow and caught the 101st Infantry and the 101st Field Artillery just as they were getting into their new places; yet the attack accomplished little.

The sub-sector at Xivray-Marvoisin was held by the 103d Infantry. On June 16, an attack was made against them. With dense barrage and bombardment to shield them, the enemy came along in strong numbers, attacking with vehemence the villages and trenches. They fought well, but they could not dislodge our units, and left behind them many dead and wounded. Those who took part in this engagement were 3d Battalion, 103d Infantry; Machine Gun Company, 103d Infantry; 103d Machine Gun Battalion; and the 51st Brigade.

In this fight in the Toul sector on June 16 at Xivray, General Pershing complimented the 103d Infantry for its splendid work, and General Gerard expressed great praise for the "fine soldierly qualities of the officers and men."

Then came apparent madness in attacks by the enemy. Heavy artillery fire was directed on the forward part of the sector. The enemy was determined to break through. Divisional Headquarters were forced to move from Boucq to Trondes. Casualties, destruction and devastation followed in the wake of this attack, noticeable in Cornieville, Royaudiex, Beaumont, Xivray and many other adjoining towns.

On June 24 the division was moved from this locality, being relieved by the 82d Division and the 154th French Division.

Between March 28 and June 28 the following changes were made in the commands of different organizations: Brigadier-General D. F. Aultman succeeded Brigadier-General W. L. Lassiter in the command of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade, on May 9. Colonel P. D. Glassford succeeded Colonel E. T. Smith in the command of the 103d Field Artillery, on June 15. In the 102d Machine Gun Battalion Captain D. T. Gallup succeeded Major John Perrins on April 9, who was in turn succeeded by Major J. D. Murphy on April 15. Major S. W. Walmsley succeeded Major O. S. Albright in the 101st Field Signal Battalion, on April 29, and was in turn succeeded by Major Paul W. Fugne on June 19. On April 19, Colonel D. K. Major became Division Chief of Staff, and on May 1, Captain M. J. O'Connor, of the Chaplain Corps, became Senior Chaplain.

The division then went by rail to the vicinity of Meaux, with Division Headquarters at Nantouilles-les-Meaux. On July 5, it took positions near Montreuil-aux-Lions, and there, later on, relieved the 2d Division, (9th and 23d Infantry, 5th and 6th Marines.)

The great drive of the enemy was then in progress. Germany was elated over this move, for the Marne River had been reached. But the great plan of attack on the part of Marshal Foch was dawning.

The greatest suffering came to the 26th Division on the line at Vaux, Bour-esches and Lucy-le-Bocage. At these places our men were exposed to severe gas attacks. The artillery fire and machine gun drumming made havoc with our lines and was kept up for hours. With no trench or shelter protection, the men were at a disadvantage, but their courage and fighting spirit were never better. The attack was resisted as fiercely as it was given. Here as elsewhere, the fighting blood of the division was stirred. Never did men show themselves to better advantage.

On July 10, Major M. G. Bulkeley, Jr., succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Howard in the command of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion. Colonel J. H. Sherburne, commander of the 101st Field Artillery, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and transferred to duty away from the division. Brigadier-General Peter E. Traub of the 51st Infantry Brigade, was promoted to Major-General, on July 16 and assigned to the command of the 35th Division. He was succeeded by Brigadier-General George K. Shelton, then commanding the 104th Infantry.

The following is taken from the report of the Chateau-Thierry drive published in "The Stars and Stripes":

The sector northwest of Château-Thierry was not a pleasant place in the middle of July, 1918. The shallow and incomplete trenches extending from near Vaux and Boursches around the east and north edges of the Bois de Belleau to a point near Bussares were under constant harassing fire from the German batteries running far back across the hills to the northeast, while German machine guns and snipers were comfortably installed all along the edges of the woods, the banks of the Ru Gobert Creek, and in the ruined villages of Belleau and Torcy, close to the American front lines.

After a week of existence under such circumstances the situation became irksome, and there was no regret or hesitation in the ranks of the Twenty-Sixth, when, on the night of July 17, orders

came from General Liggett, commanding the First United States Corps, to go over next morning and chase the Germans out.

There was no hesitation, but from the tactical standpoint the problem was a difficult one. As the division lay in sector, the 101st Infantry was on the extreme right near Vaux, facing north; then came the 102d Infantry, extending to a little beyond Bouresches, facing east; then the 104th Infantry, in the Bois de Belleau, facing east and northeast; and then the 103d Infantry, on the extreme left, facing northeast and north.

By the terms of the general counter-offensive the 26th Division was to act as a pivot until the bulge in the allied front running northwest toward the Forest de Villers-Cotterets should be hammered in. This required the left of the division to attack northward and northeastward, pivoting on Bouresches and guiding on the 167th French Division to its left, never getting ahead of the latter, but swinging gradually to the northeast until the whole front to its left should have been straightened.

This accomplished, it would next be necessary for the right of the division to attack, half of it to the eastward and half of it to the northward, conquer the woods in the front, and then execute a half turn to the northeast to bring itself in alignment with the general front. Then, and then only, a straightaway advance to the northeast would be in order. It was a problem for the Yankee ingenuity to solve, and, as usual, it was solved.

Three support battalions of General Cole's brigade went through the front line without artillery preparation, but covered by a neutralization fire from the batteries of the 101st Field Artillery, at 4.35 o'clock that morning,— the 2d Battalion of the 103d Infantry charging northeast out of the Bois de Belleau to take the railroad line in the creek valley between Bouresches and Belleau; the 3d Battalion of the 104th going north to take Belleau and Givry and the railroad between them; and the 3d Battalion of the 103d, on the left, also going north to take Torcy and the railroad beyond.

A heavy morning mist favored the attack, and the enemy, the 201st Division of General von Boehn's 7th German Army — was taken by surprise. At 5.40 A.M. a signal rocket, thrown up from Torcy, announced to the American observation posts that Major Southard's men were in the town, which, in fact, they immediately went beyond, taking the railroad grade and creek bank, where they consolidated their position.

The center battalion, becoming confused in the darkness of the Bois de Belleau, had its attack delayed and did not jump off until 7.30. But then, although the enemy was thoroughly aroused and making a vigorous resistance, the Americans went through everything,— cleaning up Belleau and then Givry in a sharp bayonet fight which was over by 8.30, and then, emulating the Union troops at Missionary Ridge, rushed on halfway up the slopes of Hill 193, north of Givry, before they could be stopped.

This hill, however, was in the sector of the 167th French Division, and though the advancing troops of the latter were still far from it, the Americans were recalled and the German machine gunners reoccupied it, as from it they had a commanding enfilade fire westward along the front of the 167th Division, and a still better fire southward on any position the Americans might take up along the creek valley or the hills east of it, as far as Bouresches.

This last fact had a direct bearing on the attack of the American right battalion which went over, with the center battalion, at 7.30 and captured the railroad and also the creek beyond, but was obliged to fall back from the latter and to remain clinging only with the greatest difficulty to the railroad grade, owing to the enfilade from Hill 193. Here Captain Hosford's men, burrowing out fox-holes along the grade, stayed all day, while many such acts of heroism were performed as those of Mechanic J. A. Thibodeau, who aided the wounded under fire until a shot in the hand prevented him from carrying stretchers any longer, when he joined the line and continued fighting until shot again in the leg.

But across the fire-swept belt in rear of them it was impossible to bring supplies of ammunition, and after dark they fell back to the edge of the woods, the detachment of the 102d Infantry, which had gone forward with them and taken the Bouresches railroad station, contriving to remain in possession of this slightly less exposed point.

The battalion in Torcy and that under Major Lewis in Belleau and Givry were not so badly off where they lay, but the ground between them and the woods was an inferno, and on it twenty-two runners going back and forth with messages during the day, five were killed and twelve wounded, only a few getting through, as did Private John W. Roy, Company H, who delivered one message after seeing three preceding runners killed and one wounded on the same route which he took.

There was nothing now for the Twenty-Sixth to do but hold on grimly and wait for the 167th Division to attain its first objective, the line Givry-Monthiers, which included the summit of Hill 193. On the evening of the eighteenth the French were nearly up to Licy-Clignon, and the next evening they were encircling the western base of Hill 193. So, assuming that they would take the



Brigadier-General Charles H. Cole, Commanding 52d Infantry Brigade

hill in a simultaneous assault, a general advance of the 26th Division was ordered for 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the twentieth, the object being to align the whole front facing northeast on an intermediate objective line along the hill crests beyond the creek valley, and extending from Les Bruses Farm, about a kilometer east of Belleau, through Hill 190 to La Goneterie Farm.

There was no preliminary fire by the corps artillery, but under such barrage as could be afforded by that of the division the attack went off on time. On the division right the assault troops of General Shelton's 51st Brigade successfully solved their difficult problem, the 3d Battalion of the 102d Infantry, on the left, going northeast into the Bois de Bouresches and clearing it, after which, on the other flank, the 3d Battalion of the 101st Infantry drove north into the Bois de la Halmardiere, Echeloning on the left when in contact with the other battalion, and thus swinging itself to face northeast also.

On the division left, the 52d Brigade had a harder time. The shifting of battalions under the enemy's fire from a front facing north to make an attack eastward involved some nice maneuvering, but Major Lewis' tired men went out of Belleau, up the railroad, across the creek and took Les Bruses Farm on schedule time, while Major Hanson's 1st Battalion of the 103d Infantry, leaving the Bois de Belleau and surmounting the same obstacles a little farther south, rushed several machine-gun nests, took some prisoners, guns and ammunition, and was firmly in possession of Hill 190 and in liaison with the troops in the Bois de Bouresches by 6 P.M. But unfortunately, the 167th Division, in two gallant assaults, were unable to take Hill 193, and through the night the German machine guns so swept the American left that the captors of Les Bruses Farm were isolated there.

The nut, however, was cracked. On the morning of the twenty-first the Germans, reeling from their repulse along sixty bloody miles to the eastward, and fearful now of being strangled out of Chateau-Thierry between the 26th and 3d United States and the 39th French Divisions, were in full retreat. Leaving behind them at last the woods and the fields in which for more than seven weeks, while the wheat ripened and the poppies bloomed and faded, the doggedness of America had been pitted against the stubbornness of Germany, the Twenty-Sixth swept forward in pursuit.

* * * *

The division, in its eight days of continuous battle, had advanced a distance of eighteen and one-half kilometers, captured about two hundred and fifty prisoners, four field-pieces, numerous machine guns, one pontoon train and quantities of ammunition. Its losses had been about five thousand officers and men, of whom six hundred were killed. The general commanding estimated that the permanent losses, including killed, missing and badly wounded or gassed, were about two thousand, many of the casualties being due to the fact that the division, after gaining its first objective, had to wait during two days under severe fire for the forces to the left to come up to the line established at the pivot by "New England's Own."

The 58th Brigade relieved the division, and the prepared attack on July 25 did not take place. On this Aisne-Marne front the Americans won the highest praise from General Desgouttes.

During all this notable fighting, the efficient work of the Military Police and the service of supply and evacuation must not be overlooked. The motorized 101st Machine Gun Battalion did record work.

The service of the 101st Engineers and the offensive of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade in this connection should be mentioned. The 101st Ammunition Train and the 101st Field Signal Battalion with the Artillery were not relieved along with the Infantry, but continued fighting with the 42d, 4th and 28th Divisions, going as far as the Vesle River.

It was with relief after such heavy combats, that the division marched to a resting place with headquarters at Mery-sur-Marne. It was not resting altogether, for here the men were put to training again, and their effectiveness in shooting was again tested. Then they compared notes upon what had been accomplished. The artillery under the command of Colonel John H. Sherburne well earned the record of being the best field artillery in France.

More changes in command took place at this time. Colonel H. P. Hobbs succeeded Colonel J. H. Parker in the 102d Infantry, on July 31. He was in turn succeeded by Colonel H. I. Bearss (U. S. M. C.) on August 10. Colonel D. K. Major took command of the 104th Infantry on July 31, and was succeeded by Colonel G. McCaskey on August 13. Colonel Albert T. Bishop took command of the 101st Field Artillery on August 26 and was succeeded by Colonel Robert E. Goodwin on September 9. Colonel J. F. H. Herbert succeeded Colonel M. E. Locke in the command of the 102d Field Artillery, on August 13. Captain J. A. Walsh succeeded Captain R. A. Greene in command of the 101st Trench Mortar Battery on September 11. Captain B. L. Ashby was succeeded by Captain Al Ford in command of Headquarters Troops, on August 1. Brigadier-General D. F. Aultman was succeeded by Colonel O. W. B. Farr in the command of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade, on August 15.

* * *

Château-Thierry found the division reduced. New clothing and equipments were issued. The animals were greatly impoverished both in numbers and condition. The regiments then moved to the vicinity of Chatillon, on the Seine.

Here the boys rested. They had been twice promised a furlough, but it was interrupted. However, they had had already seven days away from severe military discipline. It was a real pleasure when they could relax. It did not last long, however, for orders came to proceed to the St. Mihiel salient. They detrained near Bar-le-Duc, and went north. Every movement was kept secret. They were on the hills just north of Sommedieue. Back of them was the Meuse. Far to the east were the hills with trenches occupied by the enemy. The weather became dismal. Though early in September it was damp and cold, with rain falling constantly. Hungry and thirsty, and suffering every inconvenience, they marched on. No smoking was allowed. This was ordered to avoid detection. The ground they approached was where in 1915, thirty thousand French soldiers had laid down their lives in resisting the German wave which had destroyed fifteen French divisions.

Everything was quiet until September 12. The New England sector was known as Troyon, halfway between St. Mihiel and Verdun, on the heights of the Meuse. It was a most difficult section. At one o'clock in the afternoon our artillery began its attack which lasted for seven hours. The great attack marked the possibilities of the American Army. Heavy artillery re-enforced the 51st Field Artillery Brigade. Then came the infantry, following a rolling barrage, the 101st, 103d and 104th, from right to left. The enemy was fighting hard in the Bois de St. Remy, and it was here that the 101st Infantry pushed forward, while through Le Chanot Bois came the 103d and the 104th going over whole stretches of country without any shelter. Machine guns of the enemy were active. These were well located in concrete pill boxes, but no response came from the artillery of the enemy to the attacking of our guns.

Objectives were reached during the afternoon and evening of that memorable

day, September 12. The enemy was seen retiring. It was conjectured that they would withdraw towards St. Maurice-sous-les-Cotes, which was on the left of the Woivre plain.

Then came the order to fight through to Vigneulles.

Pressing forward were the 102d Infantry, and the 101st Machine Gun Battalion. Guns and ammunition were often carried by hand. Following came the 102d Machine Gun Battalion and the 101st Infantry.

The 102d Infantry entered Vigneulles at 2.30 A.M., September 13. Detachments ordered to Creue and Heudicourt got in touch with the 1st Division soon after. The 101st Infantry occupied Hattonchatel. The 52d Infantry Brigade followed the retreating enemy and established outposts at Wadonville and Saulx.

Colonel Bearss, who had come from the Marines, leading the 102d Infantry, made a fine showing at St. Hilaire and Bois de Warville at the left of the 26th Division line. The success of the St. Mihiel drive was complete. With few losses compared with those the enemy suffered, the objectives of the division had been attained. Combined with this was the work of the engineers, who toiled like beavers in getting conditions right for the passing of the field artillery, and the night march to Vigneulles scored a triumph for their skill. Also the co-operation of the trains and military police must not be overlooked. Many prisoners were captured, probably over twenty-five hundred, as well as artillery and engineering materials and other equipment. Hundreds of citizens hailed with delight the coming of the conquerors. Tears streamed down their faces as they welcomed them. They embraced many of the men. They had been prisoners for so long, they did everything in their power to express their gratitude. The Roman Catholic priest was so happy over the results, that he wrote the following letter:

“Sir, your gallant Twenty-Sixth American Division has just set us free. Since September, 1914, the barbarians have held the heights of the Meuse, have murdered three hostages from Mouilly, have shelled Rupt, and on July 23, 1915, forced its inhabitants to scatter to the four corners of France. I, who remain at my listening post upon the advice of my bishop, feel certain, sir, that I do but speak for Monsigneur Ginisty, Lord Bishop of Verdun, my parishioners of Rupt, Mouilly and Genicourt and the people of this vicinity, in conveying to you and your associates the heartfelt and unforgettable gratitude of all.

“Several of your comrades lie at rest in our truly Christian and French soil. Their ashes shall be cared for as if they were our own. We shall cover their graves with flowers and shall kneel by them as their own families would do with a prayer to God to reward with eternal glory these heroes fallen on the field of honor and to bless the Twenty-Sixth Division and generous Americans.

“Be pleased, Sir, to accept the expression of my profound respect.

“A. LECLERC.”

* * *

Certain adjustments had to be made in the sector held by our troops. Cotes-de-Woivre was put in condition to resist a counter attack. Raids were made from this position. In the advanced positions, such as Hannonville, Saulx, Wadonville and Herbeville there was heavy artillery fire with gas attacks as well as high explosive shells which made the occupation of the sector trying.

The situation soon improved. Companies were removed to the rear where life was more endurable. It was then that the official division insignia was author-



Brigadier-General John H. Sherburne, 51st Artillery Brigade

ized to be worn on the left sleeve, a blue "YD" monogram on a diamond of khaki color.

On September 26 a bold raid was directed against the German positions at Marcheville and Riaville. The Connecticut troops threw themselves in great force against Marcheville, while the 103d composed of Maine and New Hampshire men dashed against Riaville. Major E. E. Lewis of the 102d Battalion kept up an incessant attack against Marcheville. Colonel Bearss, Major Lewis and Colonel Howard with a platoon of men got into Marcheville. They fought defiantly although their ammunition was low and finally got back to the trenches without much loss, bringing in twenty-nine prisoners.

The regimental colors of the 102d Infantry and the 1st Battalion of that regiment were decorated with the Croix de Guerre, for gallant conduct during this engagement.

More changes in command took place about this time; Colonel B. F. Cheatham succeeded Colonel G. McCaskey in the 104th Infantry on September 28; Colonel J. A. Mack succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. J. Herbert in the 102d Field Artillery on October 9; Colonel J. A. Twachtman succeeded Colonel P. D. Glassford in the 103d Field Artillery, on October 20, Colonel Glassford being promoted to Brigadier-General and succeeding Colonel O. W. B. Farr in the command of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade. Major F. B. La Crosse succeeded to the command of the 101st Field Signal Battalion on October 1; Major H. L. Bowen took command of the 103d Machine Gun Battalion on October 18; Major W. Denton took command of the 101st Sanitary Train on October 1; Captain W. L. Morrison took command of the Division Headquarters Troop on September 28; Major Henry Wheelock succeeded Major T. C. Baker in the command of the 101st Supply Train on September 18. Captain J. R. Sanborn succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Murphy in the command of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion on October 19; Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Dowell succeeded Colonel F. M. Hume in the command of the 103d Infantry on November 6; Brigadier-General G. H. Shelton succeeded Brigadier-General C. H. Cole in the command of the 52d Infantry Brigade on November 9; General Shelton's command of the 51st Infantry Brigade was taken over by Colonel H. I. Bearss; Captain R. Myers succeeded Major M. G. Bulkeley in the command of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion on November 2.

Then came the time for the division to be centered near Verdun. North in the Meuse Valley and towards the west in the Argonne Forest, other units of the American Army were making themselves felt. On October 14, the 104th Infantry became a reserve in the sector with the 17th Army Corps of the French, and it relieved some of the 18th Division of the same army. It helped to take Bois d'Haumont, well supported by tanks on October 14.

On the next day the division was fighting with the French and French tanks. There were fifteen of these tanks in the fight, of which only one returned. The headquarters of the Yankee Division was removed from Verdun to the post near Bras.

General Edwards took full command of the units, about October 18. Positions in a new line were then established. They were on the east side of the Meuse

River; far ahead could be seen the woods of Haumont, Chenes, Ormont, Belleu and parts of Bois de Wavrille with Samogneux.

Over the bodies of French and Germans which strewed the ground in this locality our men fought from October 23 to October 27.

It was a wilderness of dead trees, and an old territory for fighting. Many a life had been sacrificed there. Skeletons of dead horses and men, heaped together, some of them the Crown Prince's men, made a gruesome sight to behold. The Germans fought well, and it looked many times as if they would win, but our men carried on, taking and losing territory, then rising again after their losses with a doggedness not to be overcome. Four times did the 101st Infantry try to break through Belleu, only to be driven back.

The Germans were determined this quarter should be held and massed their best troops here. The occupation of this sector lasted until November 14. The larger part of the army was operating west of the Meuse with the French Army in the Argonne Forest. There were the 17th Corps embracing the 33d, 29th, 79th and 26th, as well as the French Divisions. Conditions for troops in every division were often exasperating. Sickness entered the ranks. Men felt the effects of the continued rainy season. Without much shelter, they pushed on short distances, though the task was a difficult one, and did not lack responsibility. Fighting in shell holes with a perspective dotted with scraggy trees, no localities will remain in the minds of the boys who took part in this sector longer than Bois Haumont, Bois de Ville, Bois Belleu and Bois d'Ormont. The German losses were appalling.

The 51st Infantry Brigade attacked Pylon d'Etrayes and Bois Belleu Hill in conjunction with the 29th Division. A noted advance was made. Hill Number 360, beyond the Bois d'Ormont, the 102d Infantry were struggling to take. Against Bois Belleu the 101st Infantry were battling. The 29th, 33d and later the 79th Divisions were likewise fighting bravely for every inch of ground between our lines and the Meuse River.

Then the 26th Division began to feel its depleted strength. No replacements in officers or men were forthcoming. The division, however, had tested its strength. Valiant deeds mark many achievements of this sector.

On October 24, Major-General Edwards was relieved of his command and Major-General Frank E. Bamford succeeded him. Colonel H. I. Bearss was succeeded in the command of the 51st Infantry Brigade by Brigadier-General George H. Shelton. Colonel Bearss took command of this brigade during the illness of General Shelton, who was merely returning to his old place. Then came the relief of Colonel E. L. Logan of the 101st Infantry by Colonel H. P. Hobbs. Nothing caused more comment than these changes. Those who knew General Edwards and Colonel Logan in Boston did not cease to talk about these removals.

After the attacks of October 23-27, no hard fighting ensued. There were efforts made to take prisoners, but our artillery was dealing effective blows upon the battery positions of the enemy. Then followed the attacks beyond the Chaumont-Flabas line which were kept up for several days. Battalions much impover-

ished in numbers were sent forward before much resistance, but the enemy showed signs of weakness. Finally on November 11, the line won reached southward from Ville-devant-Chaumont, past Cap de Bon Esperance and the St. Andre farm to the vicinity of the Ouvrage de Bezonvaux.

November 7, however, burned itself deep in the minds of the 26th Division. On that day, the cries of the dying were drowned by the terrible thunder of the cannonading. It is said this day brought more than a hundred thousand cases of so-called shell shock. The shelling was well kept up with the marching columns through long lines of wire entanglements, amid the shrieks of the dying and closely packed bodies of the dead.

Another removal caused much discussion at this time. It was on November 6, when Brigadier-General C. H. Cole, commanding the 52d Infantry Brigade, was succeeded by Brigadier-General George H. Shelton, whose command of the 51st Infantry Brigade was taken over by Colonel H. I. Bearss.

On November 11, the eventful day arrived. It was at 11 A.M. that hostilities ceased. The Germans had had enough of American interference. Against superior numbers of the enemy at this particular time, our boys showed a remarkable front. They maintained a shell fire that no soldier had ever seen equalled. Probably the worst time that they had ever had was felt between Bois d'Ormont and Bois de Belleu. Here amid incessant bombardment which wreaked havoc all through the lines, they stood fast and proved themselves equal to any kind of an attack.

For days these men fought savagely, weakened with fatigue, but they kept it up until the division had won and accomplished the objective. The cost was terrible. Hundreds laid down their lives. The enemy's claim that we could not sustain their frontal charges was completely disproved.

These last days of the war showed that the division could go through every kind of fire. Notwithstanding the gas attacks, the hundreds of machine guns leveled against them and with loss of many officers they had loved, they renewed their courage under new commanders with no lack of devotion to the cause and made every inch of ground they gained sacred.

After it all a change came on November 14, when they were relieved by the 6th Division. They went to the 8th Training Area where headquarters were located at Montigny-le-Roi, where they settled down for a rest November 23. Their rest consisted in more training. Replacements took place and the division was made up to its full quota.

When President Wilson visited them December 25, the guard of honor was made up of the 2d Battalion, 102d Infantry with the band of the 101st Engineers. Detachments from the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, 101st Engineers and 101st Field Signal Battalion formed the review for the President. President Wilson took his Christmas dinner with the Commanding General and other officers of the Division Headquarters, together with officers from other American and French divisions who had been honored in the service.

These changes took place during this period: Major-General Harry C. Hale, succeeded Brigadier-General F. E. Bamford in the command of the division on



Colonel Robert E. Goodwin, 101st Field Artillery

November 17. Brigadier-General L. L. Durfee succeeded Colonel H. I. Bearss in the command of the 51st Infantry Brigade on November 23, and was in turn succeeded by Brigadier-General G. H. Shelton on December 7. On the same date, Brigadier-General C. H. Cole resumed command of the 52d Infantry Brigade. Brigadier-General J. H. Sherburne succeeded Brigadier-General P. D. Glassford in the command of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade, on February 7. Colonel E. L. Logan resumed the command of the 101st Infantry on February 4. Colonel D. M. Potts took command of the 102d Infantry on December 12. Colonel P. W. Arnold succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Dowell in command of the 103d Infantry, on December 2. Colonel F. M. Hume succeeded to this command on February 4, following the death of Colonel Arnold on January 25. Major L. H. Watres in command of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion from December 27 to January 14 was succeeded by Major S. Westbrook on February 28. Major W. R. Carpenter commanded the 102d Machine Gun Battalion from December 20 and was succeeded on February 22 by Major J. R. Sanborn. Major A. L. Crafts took command of the 101st Field Signal Battalion on January 11. Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Jones took command of the 101st Sanitary Train on December 10. First Lieutenant T. J. Byrne was placed in command of the Divisional Headquarters Troop, on January 5.

DRAFT

BATTLES, AFFAIRS, COMBATS, OR SKIRMISHES

(as defined by Par. 244, A.R.)

Participated in by

TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

and Units thereof

I. BATTLES

<i>Battle</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Units Engaged</i>
1. AISNE-MARNE Offensive	July 18-25, 1918 (inclusive)	All units of the Division. <i>Note 1:</i> 51st F. A. Brigade was not relieved with remainder of division July 25, but continued in support of 42d, 4th and 28th Divisions until relieved on August 5. <i>Note 2:</i> two half companies of II/101 Engineers served as combatant infantry on July 22-23 at TRUGNY-EPIEDS.
2. ST. MIHIEL Offensive	September 12-13, 1918 (inclusive)	All units of the Division. <i>Note 1:</i> Other units operating with the Division included: 13th Field Artillery; nine Batteries 203d Artillery (French); 22d Battery 5th R.A.P.; one Battalion, 73d Artillery; 28th Battery, 176th Artillery; Detachment, 1st Gas Regiment. <i>Note 2:</i> March of 102d Infantry and 101st Machine Gun Battalion along GRANDE TRANCHEE DE CALONNE to VIGNEULLES, on the night of 12-13 September.
3. MEUSE-ARGONNE Offensive	(a) September 26, 1918	I/102d Infantry; I/103d Infantry; 102d Machine Gun Battalion; 103d Machine Gun Battalion; 51st Field Artillery Brigade; S. M. and 37 m/m platoons. 102d and 103d Infantry. <i>Note 1:</i> An attack on German positions at MARCHEVILLE and RIAVILLE, as diversion in general attack by First Army on the MEUSE-ARGONNE front. <i>Note 2:</i> The regimental colors 102d Infantry and I/102d Infantry were decorated with the Croix de Guerre for meritorious conduct during this engagement.



Colonel John F. J. Herbert, 102d Field Artillery

<i>Battle</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Units Engaged</i>
	(b) October 23-27, 1918 (inclusive)	51st Infantry Brigade; 104th Infantry; 51st Field Artillery Brigade. <i>Note 1:</i> Other units operating with troops of the division in this occasion included: Company F, 1st Gas Regiment, Brigade 281 Aero Squadron; Balloon 25. <i>Note 2:</i> An operation begun in conjunction with 29th Division, for the purpose of obtaining possession of BOIS D'ORMONT, BELLEU BOIS, CARREFOUR LA CROIX ANTOINE, as part of operation of 17th Artillery Corps (French) to obtain possession of the Heights of the MEUSE.
	(c) November 7-11, 1918 (inclusive)	All units of the Division. <i>Note 1:</i> A series of local operations in continuation of 17th Corps' offensive with general object to secure possession of the Heights of the MEUSE, and to follow up German retirement in the direction of AZANNES AND LES JUMELLES D'ORNE.

II. AFFAIRS AND COMBATS

<i>Engagement</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Units Engaged</i>
1. German Raid: BOIS QUINCY (Chemin-des-Dames)	February 19, 1918	Company B, 104th Infantry; Machine Gun Company, 104th Infantry.
2. Raid on enemy lines: GRAND PORT (Chemin-des-Dames)	February 23, 1918	Volunteer detachment, 101st Infantry, detachment 64th R. I. (French). Raid supported by 101st Field Artillery, 103d Field Artillery, Company B, 101st Machine Gun Battalion.
3. German Raid: CHAVIGNON (Chemin-des-Dames)	February 28, 1918	II/102d Infantry.
4. German Gas Bombardment: PARGNY-FILAIN, CHAVIGNON (Chemin-des-Dames)	March 16-17, 1918 (inclusive)	101st Infantry; 102d Infantry. <i>Note 1:</i> Gas concentrations were laid over a large section of advance lines and battery positions; but units here noted, especially 102d Infantry, received the heaviest bombardment. Retaliation fire of great intensity by 51st Field Artillery Brigade.
5. German attack: BOIS BRULE, near APREMONT, TOUL (Boucq) Sector	April 10, 12-13, 1918 (inclusive)	II/104th Infantry; III/104th Infantry; III/103d Infantry; Machine Gun Company, 104th Infantry; Company C, 103d Machine Gun Battalion; 51st Field Artillery Brigade. <i>Note 1:</i> For meritorious conduct in this engagement, the regimental colors 104th Infantry were decorated with the Croix de Guerre.
6. German Raid: SEICHPREY, TOUL (Boucq) Sector	April 20-21, 1918 (inclusive)	I/102d Infantry; Company E/102d Infantry; 102d Machine Gun Battalion; 51st Field Artillery Brigade. <i>Note 1:</i> Company A, 101st Engineers, served as combatant infantry April 20.
7. German Raid: HUMBERT PLANTATION, TOUL (Boucq) Sector	May 27, 1918	I/101st Infantry, 51st Field Artillery Brigade.
8. Raid on enemy lines: RICHECOURT, TOUL (Boucq) Sector	May 30, 1918	Detachment three hundred Volunteers from III/101st Infantry; Detachments, 102d Machine Gun Battalion, 103d Machine Gun Battalion, Detachment 101st Engineers; 51st Field Artillery Brigade, Company C, 101st Machine Gun Battalion. <i>Note 1:</i> Artillery of the 32d Artillery Corps (French) supported this operation, in addition to divisional artillery.
9. German Raid: XIVRAY-MARVOISIN, TOUL (Boucq) Sector	June 16, 1918	III/103d Infantry; 103d Machine Gun Battalion; 51st Field Artillery Brigade.
10. Attack on enemy lines in BOIS D'HAUMONT, NEPTUNE Sector, North of Verdun	October 16, 1918	Company A, Company D, Company E, Platoon Company G, Platoon Company H, all of 104th Infantry. <i>Note 1:</i> Operation was undertaken under orders 17th Artillery Corps (French), with support of sixteen tanks (French). Regiment was reserve of 17th Artillery Corps at the time.

DETAILS AND INCIDENTS OF SOME OF THE BATTLES.

The part which the 51st Artillery Brigade played deserves more than a passing notice. They laid down an intensive barrage on April 10, and the following days, together with the 101st Regiment, made the German shock troops dizzy with their incessant attacks. In these Seicheprey battles the 102d and 103d Artillery Regiments and Trench Mortar Batteries were battling without sleep and often without food on a stretch for the space of sixty hours or more. When Colonel Goodwin ordered a battalion with guns to do a little job on an exposed spot, it gave the enemy such a pounding, that they had to yield. Here it was that they fired thirteen thousand rounds in thirty-six hours, and so complete was their action that Colonel Sherburne noted in his diary that around Seicheprey, the heaviest artillery concentrations he encountered in the war took place at this section. In both of these engagements, at Apremont Woods and Seicheprey, the boys learned to know the defensive side of the artillery units.

The 51st Artillery Brigade repulsed the strong and stubborn attack at Xivray on June 16, with a crushing barrage.

The artillery left the Toul sector June 28, and went down to Meaux where they were in the rear of the Pas-Fini sector, near Vaux and Torcy in the Château-Thierry sector. It was here they relieved the 2d Division on July 3. This artillery aided the infantry with their companionship in the Soissons-Château-Thierry highway and in other places adjoining this region.

Colonel Sherburne, then advanced to Brigadier-General, took command of the Artillery Brigade of the 92d Division made up of colored troops. While fighting at the Château-Thierry sector, the artillery of the 26th Division came to the support of its own division, as well as to the support of the 4th and 42d Divisions. They remained there eighteen days, and on August 4 took a rest, and General Aultman took command.

On August 30, the artillery brigade passed to Bar-le-Duc where they participated in the drive at St. Mihiel. The bombardment commenced September 12, after a preparation of four days. Here the advance was so rapid on the part of the Americans, that the artillery found it a difficult undertaking to keep up in the midst of rain and mud. They succeeded however, and stormed the heights of the Meuse and stayed here in the Toul sector until October 5, when they were relieved.

To the honor of the 101st Field Signal Battalion, it must be said that they did most effective service. In these battles at Apremont and Seicheprey, they proved their efficiency in a number of efforts. A close second came the Motorcycle Dispatch Riders, who did splendid service all along the lines. The Sanitary Train showed their stamina again and again ready and responsive at all calls. Colonel Warren E. Sweetser commanding the 101st Train Headquarters was an able and noteworthy worker.

In the Montdidier sector, the engineers were fighters as well as devotees of their particular branch of service. They had to build and lay pontoon bridges as well as repair roads for the infantry to pass. They were often the advance guard.

They were open to attacks from artillery, from snipers and machine guns. The 101st Engineers came from the First Corps Cadets. Colonel Bunnell commanded with rare distinction.

Every New England state is interested in the 52d Brigade. Brigadier-General Cole who commanded them was the first officer to take over a first line brigade sector of a divisional front. He was also the first National Guard officer to take over a front line command in France.

This brigade never lost on either the defensive or offensive. It took 1,500 prisoners and its total casualties were nearly 5,000.

Colonel Logan was the first National Guard colonel to take over a regimental front on the battle line.

The suffering of these men and their inconveniences in billets should not pass without notice. The weather was enough to dampen the spirits of the most cheerful. Often their shoes were so warped and frozen, that they could not get their sore and weary feet into them but complaining was rare.

The training received at Chemin-des-Dames proved invaluable. They remained here until March 21. While there, the 104th Infantry made the first successful raid of any unit in the American Army and they took the first prisoners of any American troops in the war. They received the praise of the French for their effective attack against the enemy in one of their raids, and acted like trained veterans. With the 103d Infantry, they were complimented for the manner in which they stood gas attacks of unusual severity.

In this connection a word should be said of the untiring work of the surgeons. Major Frederick L. Bogan was advanced to the directorship of the Field Hospital of the division, after serving as commander in the 102d Field Hospital.

The surgeons associated with Major Bogan as well as the First Aid men were found everywhere rendering invaluable service. They were in mine craters, in the ruins of houses, under the battered bridges and in shattered churches attending to the wounded. Nothing was too hard for them to undertake. Often, they had no time to give their tired bodies a short respite from duty. They toiled on amid heart-rending scenes and gave their best to save the wounded. All kinds of wounds came before them, but nothing was so pathetic as the gas cases with the victims gasping for breath. We, in our pleasant home surroundings, can never imagine all these boys suffered, and they were constantly attended to and often relieved by the surgeons. Many a pain was eased, and many men restored to usefulness.

The chaplains were noted for their devotion to duty and for what they did and what they suffered under the most trying circumstances. Chaplain O'Connor, and the other chaplains, had the sad part of burying the dead, often digging graves and performing such functions as proved them equal to any emergency. They were a brave unit in every respect. No danger, but what they were willing to share with others. Chaplain Danker, an Episcopal minister of Worcester, who had won the Croix de Guerre, was killed by a shell while administering to the dying on the field of battle. There was always something for these champions of

the Cross to do; some of the broken threads had, in smaller details, to be mended and this required care and judgment, which they mastered on many occasions. All the denominations were more or less represented in this division. Chaplain Lyman Rollins and Boyd Edwards, both Episcopal ministers of Massachusetts, were unceasing in their efforts to give their best to the men. Every man had a good word for the chaplains. The boys knew what tasks they had to fulfill, and how eagerly they responded to the needs of the men. The writing of letters home was no insignificant part of their service to the boys.

Of Chaplain Rollins, many interesting stories have been told about his administrations to the men. General Edwards upon his return delighted to tell this story. The General was called upon at his headquarters once by a number of men who had just left the services being conducted by this chaplain. They had been shocked at the manner in which the chaplain began his services, and told the General that they thought the chaplain had begun to feel the severity of his work at the front. He began his sermon on this particular occasion with a bombardment of oaths. Every curse word he sent forth with emphasis and there was nothing else but words of this nature. The men listened with astonishment until they could stand it no longer and left in disgust and reported to the General. Upon making investigation, the General found that the chaplain was displeased with the way that the men were swearing and had used the oaths in his sermon. After a while he paused and then said: "I've used these words as I've heard them used by you. How would you like to have me use them in my sermons? I have used them to-day to give you an idea of how they sound. Suppose I used them always in my talks to you, what would you think of me?" The men saw the point and took the hint.

The chaplain who met risks and hardships and showed that he could accustom himself to them proved himself worthy of the sacred calling which he held among the boys. The Rev. Osias J. Boucher of Fall River donned the doughboy's uniform and went in and out among the men like one of them, until he looked as if he had been through all fights and won the name of looking as bad as the toughest man in the ranks. Back of it all was his cheerful manner and spiritual power. He braved all, even to machine gun attacks and shell fire to administer the last rites to the dying men on the battle field. He also won the Croix de Guerre.

The Rev. John B. De Valles of New Bedford was one of the first among the chaplains in the American Expeditionary Forces to be decorated by the French. This chaplain in the Apremont Woods and Seicheprey combats rescued several wounded soldiers who were in a difficult situation. His fearlessness and willingness to serve were pronounced on many occasions.

The Rev. William P. Farrell of Newton was another type of chaplain who always saw something to do and was often found carrying ammunition to a battery. When not performing his priestly functions, he did his bit in helping those who were struggling to keep a position. He often operated a gun himself until wounded by shrapnel. For his soldierly qualities he was offered a commission, but he thought too much of his sacred trust to give it up, even for a commission in the United States Army.

The Rev. George S. L. Connor of Holyoke was another of the heroic clerical group; unceasing and untiring in his efforts to do all within his power to help the wounded and dying.

Other chaplains were: the Rev. John J. Mitty of New York, chaplain of the 102d Infantry; the Rev. Burnham Dell; the Rev. Thomas G. Spears and the Rev. James P. Sherry of Boston, 103d Infantry; the Rev. Harrison Anderson; Albert G. Butler; the Rev. Michael Nivard, 104th Infantry; the Rev. Charles K. Imbrie and the Rev. Allen Evans, Jr., 101st Artillery; the Rev. Murray Dewart, 102d Artillery; the Rev. Malcolm R. Peabody, Groton, 103d Artillery; the Rev. William B. Farrell of Boston, 101st Ammunition Train; the Rev. Chauncy Adams, 101st Engineers; the Rev. Henry B. Edwards, the Rev. L. G. Libert, Military Police and Supply Train, the Rev. Thomas F. Temple of New York, 101st Machine Gun Battalion; the Rev. Earl Taggart, 102d Machine Gun Battalion; the Rev. O. J. La Ver, 103d Machine Gun Battalion; the Rev. Robert Campbell, Jr., 101st Field Signal Battalion; the Rev. John Creighton, Division Headquarters; the Rev. Father Tucker, Rabbi Israel Bettan of South Carolina, and Acting Rabbi Benjamin Riseman of Boston.

Christmas Day, 1918, was a memorable one for our boys. President Wilson reviewed ten thousand American combat troops of the American Expeditionary Force. The 26th Division, in part, held the right of line.

This took place at Humes near Langres. In the column with the Yankee detachments were units from the 6th, 77th, 80th and 82d Divisions. Later on General Pershing sent a telegram congratulatory of the achievements of the division.

The death of Captain "Nat" Simpkins on October 12 from pneumonia, removed an aide who had long been associated with General Edwards. "Nat," as every one knew him, took special interest in keeping General Edwards from danger points. He went over with the division, and those who knew him at the Northeastern Department when located on Huntington Avenue, Boston, then marked his fine spirit of manhood. Many hearts grieved with General Edwards over his loss.

Then followed shortly afterwards the most trying moment for General Edwards when he called together his officers to bid them goodbye. The strong but tender-hearted chief said a few simple words referring to what they had undergone together for nine months. In that length of time, every man from officer to private had proven themselves in all encounters with the enemy true heroes. Not a man in the division was court-martialed. Nothing could daunt them. They were responsive to every call made.

In saying farewell to his command, General Edwards spoke of what they had borne together. In leaving his presence not an officer could hold back the tears at bidding farewell to a commander who had endeared himself to every man in the division. It was his indomitable spirit as well as his cheerful and open-hearted manner that won every one to him. He hailed them as shock troops and "Saviours of Paris." So anxious was he at times in behalf of his men that General Edwards was thought by some to be overzealous about them and their safety and seemed



Colonel J. Alden Twachtman, 103d Field Artillery

to forget they were soldiers. General Edwards could be severe, yet he also knew how to handle men. It is no longer difficult to understand that though the division had two other commanders (Major-General Bamford and Major-General Harry C. Hale), General Edwards will always be considered the commander of the 26th Division.

The history of the Division is as follows:

The Division was organized on August 22, 1917, in Boston, Mass., from units of National Guard troops of the New England States and a quota of National Army troops from Camp Devens, Massachusetts.

It was trained at the following places:

Division Headquarters, Boston, Mass.; Headquarters Troop, Boston, Mass.; 101st Field Signal Battalion, Boston, Mass.; Headquarters 51st Infantry Brigade, Framingham, Mass.; 101st Infantry, Framingham, Mass.; 102d Infantry, New Haven, Conn., 102d Machine Gun Battalion, Framingham, Mass.; Headquarters 52d Infantry Brigade, Westfield, Mass.; 103d Infantry, Westfield, Mass.; 104th Infantry, Westfield, Mass.; 103d Machine Gun Battalion, Quonset Point, R. I.; 101st Machine Gun Battalion, Niantic, Conn.

First troops sailed from Hoboken, N. J., on September 7, 1917, and landed at St. Nazaire, France, on September 21, 1917.

The Division remained in the Training Area, with headquarters at Neufchateau, for about four months, during which time details of troops were engaged constructing hospitals, building telephone lines, acting as labor detachments, assisting in organizing sections of the Service of Supplies, and otherwise making preparations for the Army which began to arrive after January 1, 1918.

PRISONERS CAPTURED

Officers, 61; other ranks, 3,087; total, 3,148.

CASUALTIES IN BATTLE

	<i>Officers</i>	<i>Men</i>	<i>Total</i>
Killed	78	1,652	1,730
Wounded severely	100	3,524	3,624
Wounded slightly	111	2,708	2,819
Gassed	113	3,250	3,363
Missing	10	273	283
Prisoners	9	127	136
Totals	421	11,534	11,955

TERRITORY TAKEN IN BATTLE

<i>Offensive</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Depth Kilometers</i>
Aisne-Marne	July 18-25, 1918	17.5
St. Mihiel	September 12-13, 1918	14.0
Meuse-Argonne	October 18-November 11, 1918	5.5
Total depth of advance		37.0

CITATIONS

The Division has been cited in American and French orders and commended in letters and service memoranda as follows:

- Cited in General Order No. 7, Headquarters 11th Army Corps (French), March 15, 1918.
- Cited (104th Infantry) in General Order No. 737 A, Headquarters 32d Army Corps (French), April 26, 1918.
- Commended (101st Infantry) in Service Memorandum, Headquarters 8th Army (French), June 8, 1918.
- Commended in Service Memorandum, Headquarters 7th Army (French), June 17, 1918.
- Congratulated in Memorandum, Headquarters 32d Army Corps (French), June 18, 1918.
- Cited in General Order No. 131, Headquarters 32d Army Corps (French), June 18, 1918.
- Commended (103d Infantry) in letter from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, June 20, 1918.
- Cited in General Order No. 133, Headquarters 32d Army Corps (French), June 27, 1918.
- Congratulated in letter, Headquarters 6th Army (French), July 29, 1918.
- Cited in General Order 6th Army (French), August 9, 1918.
- Cited in General Order, General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, August 28, 1918.
- Cited (102d Infantry) in General Order No. 19, Headquarters 5th Army Corps, American Expeditionary Forces, September 18, 1918.
- Commended in letter from Headquarters 2d Colonial Corps (French), October 3, 1918.
- Commended in letter from Headquarters 2d Colonial Corps (French), October 7, 1918.
- Commended in letter from Headquarters 17th Army Corps (French), October 24, 1918.

THE RETURN

The first complete unit to return from overseas was the 101st Trench Mortar Battery. They sailed from St. Nazaire on April 30 under the command of Captain A. Walsh of Roxbury. This unit was composed of the old First Maine Heavy Artillery. Upon arriving at Commonwealth Pier, Boston, they were entrained at once for Camp Devens under the direction of Transportation Director L. J. McNamara.

Then followed the "Mt. Vernon," formerly a German liner which came near being torpedoed during one of her trips to the war zone. On April 4, she landed in Boston with five thousand eight hundred and twenty-four men of the 26th Division.

They were lustily welcomed with a demonstration that the whole of Greater Boston joined in amid the cheers and noises that announced their arrival. This vessel carried the commanding general, Major-General Harry C. Hale, with his staff and Division Headquarters. Already a welcoming radio had been sent by General Edwards with these words: "All New England joins me in hearty welcome to you and those stout-hearted lads. Trusting that you stop at my house." Signed, "Edwards."

There were on board of the "Mt. Vernon": Headquarters Troop, Military Police, Headquarters 52d Infantry Brigade, 101st Engineers (less Company C), 104th Infantry and 101st Engineers Train. Brigadier-General Charles H. Cole was on hand to greet his old comrades. He had previously arrived in New York to make arrangements for the reception of the division.

Upon the arrival of the "Mt. Vernon," the men put up a cry, "Where is General Edwards?" The general was in Maine at the time, speaking of the glories of the division, and upon learning that the "Mt. Vernon" was about to arrive, cancelled his engagement to speak at Portland, and hastened to get to Boston, which he did on the morning of the arrival of the vessel. He took a hasty breakfast at a restaurant near the South Station and then jumped into an auto and

sped away to the pier. Boarding the ship at six in the morning, he found the boys and gave them his hearty welcome. He was on hand the following day with General Cole to greet on board the "America," Brigadier-General George H. Shelton, Colonel Logan and Colonel Hume, Headquarters 51st Infantry Brigade, 101st Infantry, 103d Infantry (less Companies L and M) and 101st Engineers.

Then followed other units. On April 7, the "Agamemnon" came with the 102d Infantry complete, Companies L and M of the 103d Infantry, 101st Machine Gun Battalion, field and staff officers of the 101st Field Artillery, Headquarters Company, 101st Field Artillery, casual companies for New York and Ohio besides two hundred and thirteen casual officers. Then followed other boats until on April 21, the battleship "New Jersey" steamed into Boston Harbor with the remaining units of the division.

Several messages were sent before the arrival of the transports, by General Edwards. One of warm welcome was sent to Colonel Logan. An answer to this was received from Colonel Logan in these words: "I send you affectionate greetings of myself and officers and men of the 101st Infantry. We are happy to be under your command again."

To which General Edwards replied, "Many thanks for your fine message. You can't be happier than I am to have your splendid men back again."

To Brigadier-General John H. Sherburne, commanding the 51st Field Artillery Brigade Headquarters, this message was sent: "All New England joins me in cordially welcoming you and your stout-hearted lads home again.

Signed, Edwards."

Other messages of the like import were sent.

THE PARADE.

Then began the preparations for the parade of the division.

Different officers were assigned to this duty and offices were opened at army headquarters to attend to the details. These were under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Greenlaw of Eastport, Maine, assistant chief of staff of the division, and Major Paul Loughridge of Colorado. They worked night and day to get matters into shape. Conferences were held daily with state and city committees.

Previous to this, Captain Henry D. Cormerais was assigned to billeting duty and made arrangements to have the different armories of Greater Boston put into shape for the reception of the division during the parade. Many kind friends opened their homes to the boys, but it was thought advisable to have the division billeted in the different armories, instead of resorting to this plan. General Edwards several times visited the boys at Camp Devens during the interval of making arrangements for this great event.

Thousands from all parts of New England viewed it. Generals Edwards and Hale received an ovation all along the route. The men themselves before starting at the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets and adjoining places, were

looked after by the different organizations and they wanted nothing in the shape of light refreshments. Nothing will ever equal the demonstrations that the division called forth.

The reviewing stand for General Edwards was at West Canton Street and Columbus Avenue, and General Hale's stand was at the Cadet Armory. No sooner was General Edwards on his reviewing stand, bidding farewell to the boys, than the crowd took up the suggestiveness of the occasion and gave him a royal welcome. For hours he stood here with some members of his staff, welcoming the boys as they marched along. When he saw a face that was too serious he would call out, "Smile, boys, smile," and the smile would come back. Till the very last the General remained here, with many thoughts of what those boys had gone through, and occasionally he would point out in the line, "There goes a brave officer. That fellow did wonders, but you can't make any distinction with this bunch, they all proved themselves veterans and every inch of them a soldier."

General Hale at his stand received the hearty cheers of the boys as they passed his reviewing stand. He left soon afterwards for his new assignment at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

THE FLAG OF HONOR

The Flag of Honor with the golden star bearing the number 1760 beneath it, signifying how many had made the great sacrifice, was the gift of the women in the Sherborn Reformatory. It is made of white silk fringed with yellow, with tassels at each corner, and was greatly admired all along the line of march. Many hats were removed as it passed along. These women wanted to show their appreciation of what this division had accomplished and were delighted to make this gift. It will be placed alongside the flags in the State House.

Mrs. Louise W. Fleming, the only "Y" woman cited for distinguished service under fire, marched with the 101st Sanitary Train by especial request from the boys.

THE WORK OF DEMOBILIZATION OF THE 26TH DIVISION AT CAMP DEVENS

Speed marked the demobilization of the 26th Division under the executive management of Major-General Henry P. McCain, who had trained his men to do their work in the most systematic manner. Many of them had been working night and day to make as few delays as possible in this undertaking. Every man received his discharge papers in record time. His pay with the bonus of \$60 was carefully considered and the men felt that they were handled well in this particular, and went to their homes in a happy frame of mind.

Many towns sent convoys of automobiles for their boys. Probably as many as two hundred automobiles came daily to the camp for this purpose. The Boston and Maine ran twelve extra trains daily.

Just before the discharge of the division, "The Twenty-Sixth Division Veteran Association" was formed with Major-General C. R. Edwards as honorary president for five years. Major-General Harry C. Hale, commanding the division upon its return home, was elected president, and Brigadier-General George H. Cole was made first vice-president.

Seven other vice-presidents were elected, one from each of the five states of New England outside of Massachusetts and two at large. The other officers are: Sergeant J. Fraser, Rhode Island; Colonel J. A. Twachtman, Connecticut; Colonel Frank M. Hume, Maine; Sergeant Claude Linstrom, New Hampshire; Lieutenant Brickley, Vermont; Lieutenant James Monebach, at large; Brigadier-General George H. Shelton, at large; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Stevens, registrar; Colonel William J. Keville, secretary; Reverend M. J. O'Connor, chaplain; Brigadier-General John H. Sherburne, treasurer.

An executive committee composed of one man from each of the New England states was also elected. The members are:

Colonel Edward L. Logan, Massachusetts; Colonel E. S. Chaffee, Rhode Island; Colonel Albert Greenlaw, Maine; Lieutenant-Colonel James L. Howard, Connecticut. The members from New Hampshire and Vermont have not been selected.



An Example of Tank Fighting



Captain Edwin H. Cooper, 26th Division Photographic Officer, United States Signal Corps

THE STORY OF THE PICTURES

BY CAPTAIN EDWIN H. COOPER

DURING the Spanish-American War I was too young to enlist, and my father caught me just before I had a chance to swear I was old enough. When this war broke out, I was connected with the Defender Photo Supply Company and happened to be on a business trip to Washington the day war was declared. I called on the Signal Corps and offered my services; was commissioned a first lieutenant August 28, and reported for duty at Washington on the twelfth of September.

I had no idea that I should be sent overseas, but understood that I was to be put in the Aviation School, teaching the observer the use of the camera and probably should be stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. You can imagine my surprise and delight when, after being there but three days, Lieutenant Gillett and myself were selected to go abroad to take charge of the field work. Lieutenant Clime was selected to take charge of the laboratory, which the Signal Corps contemplated erecting in France.

Orders were received sending us to Fort Wood, New York, which is on Bedloe's Island (Liberty Island). Here we were to pick up seven men from the regular army, who had been selected for their photographic ability. Finally orders came and we reported to Fort Wood. We formed our detachment and were ready to sail; then an order came stating no one should sail before they had received the typhoid inoculations. That afternoon we all received our first shot in the arm; every one took the big dose in order to get away the sooner.

We utilized the three weeks we were in New York letting our men become familiar with our apparatus. We were equipped with the Universal Moving Picture camera — two hundred foot capacity — 3A Graflex and 3A Special Kodaks, all films. Every morning we were to report to the Embarkation Office, but there was no boat! One day we had our orders in our hands and were leaving the office to get into the elevator when a young lady came running after us saying, "I'm very sorry, Lieutenant, but we can't take your entire unit as we only have room for seven."

However, on the morning of October 18, we were more successful. We were picked up by a lighter, taken to Hoboken and assigned cabins on the "Tanadores." The "Tanadores" had been one of the great white fleet owned by the United Fruit Company and was a very comfortable boat. She carried quite a collection of different units necessary to the great army today. There were field clerks, men who understood they were to be officers, or would have officers' ratings soon (many of whom deserved it); a Graves Registration unit, who had with them a number of coffins and about fifty thousand gallons of embalming solution, which

I don't think they ever used; a Motor Repair Shop unit; the 117th Trench Motor Battery, belonging to the 42d Division, and last, but not least, eight hundred Southern negroes forming a stevedore regiment. The stevedores did not relish the idea of the Graves Registration unit being on board, as the boys from the latter unit used to sing a song when near a number of our colored friends — I don't remember the words, but it contained something about "picking 'em up on the field, taking their money out of their pockets, saying 'fifty cents for the family, fifty cents for me.'" It ended up with something about "patting 'em on the left cheek, patting 'em on the right cheek with a spade." There was also something in the song about the army taking them across, but it took the Graves Registration to put them away.

The climax was reached, however, when one of the colored boys found he had been resting on a pile of caskets which he did not at first recognize in the darkness of the hold.

I don't know what we should have done if it hadn't been for the stevedore regiment; these boys, many of whom had never seen a boat before and were fresh from the cotton fields of Georgia and Alabama, were quick to make the acquaintance of old "mal de mer" and soon the poor soldiers were draped over the rails for several days. One poor boy in particular was standing by the rail, too sick to raise his head. One of his more fortunate companions came up and said, "Is you sick, Mose?" The poor fellow hardly raised his head, but answered pathetically, "If I was you, I wouldn't axe you dat question."

For the next three days we had very fine weather and it helped to put everybody on their feet. On the fourth day we were summoned to the music room for a conference with the naval officers on board ship. They outlined the dangers ahead and told us how to combat them, vigilance being the watchword. They then organized watches which were to be in command of officers. The lieutenant commander, looking over those present, saw my Signal Corps insignia, also the beautiful pair of field glasses for which I had paid \$34.75, and told me I was to have Number One Watch. He gave Gillett the once over and told him he was to have Number Two. We both felt very much honored. When he finished selecting the officers, he told us where we should be on duty. I found I had drawn the crow's nest and that I should have to climb the mast to my station at 8 A.M., 2 P.M., 8 P.M., and 2 A.M. with my crew of three colored men and one sailor.

I remember the first ascension. As I was the first to go on duty I had quite a large audience to encourage me. There was a little sea at the time and as I climbed up the ratlings I know I squeezed a lot of tar out of the lines, but the ratlings were easy compared to crawling up over the crosstree and climbing an iron ladder up the mast, which only gave about two inches toe room. I finally reached the crow's nest after a slow and ungraceful journey. My crew were just as long in getting up, and we started our vigil searching the seas for enemy submarines.

When the hour was up, to come down was as painful as to go up, and I agreed to take the other lieutenant's watch if the commander would let me. Four times

every twenty-four hours we took this trip until finally we got into the danger zone, but by this time we were old sailors.

The negroes on the boat kept everybody in good spirits with their spontaneous humor, and there was not a meal on board at which some new tale was not told of their doings. Captain Ingram from Florida, in charge of one of the companies of stevedores came into our cabin one night very much disgusted. It seems that that morning, as he related it, a lieutenant of the navy had lectured the negroes as to their duties and Captain Ingram wanted to know how well they had digested the new orders. He went up to a man on Number Seven Watch on the well deck and said, "Perry, you know what the lieutenant told you this morning about how to keep this boat from being sunk by a submarine?" Perry said, "Yes, sir, I'm to watch out on this corner and report everything I see." The captain said, "Well, for instance, you're watching the water from this position covering an area of forty-five degrees, what would you do if you were to see a barrel, a board, a can, a periscope or a spar floating out there? What would you do?" Perry replied, "I would take down the telephone receiver and say to the man on the bridge, 'Dis is Perry, Post Number Seven, Captain Ingram's Company, Stevedore Regiment, Dar's a—Dar's a—Dar's a bar'l floating on the starlight beanery two points.'" I wonder how much good this negro's information would have done if he had seen a real submarine. What he should have said was, "There's a spar floating on the starboard beam two points."

When we reached the danger zone my crew was also supplied with field glasses. I handed a pair to a negro named Fisher and was busy adjusting the focus for another man when I heard Fisher say, "Good Lord, Lieutenant, I can done seen dat destroyer fine now." I looked around and he had the wrong end to his eyes.

The morning watch was the most dangerous as that was the time we were more likely to see submarines. One morning one of my men sighted something floating on the water some distance away on our starboard beam. We were the outside boat of our convoy. I reported it to the bridge; instantly word was signalled to the destroyer; soon we saw her chasing out to the object we had sighted. On docking we learned that it was a lifeboat with two men in it. They had been on the sea for seven days, and were from a ship which had been torpedoed. I have always felt glad that that negro boy had good eyesight, as the two men were dying from exposure.

We had no other excitement until one morning I noticed something dead ahead that looked like a whale on the surface of the water. I could just make it out with the glasses. I reported it instantly to the bridge; before we could signal the destroyers they also had picked it up and two of them started like greyhounds to the spot. The flag ship of the convoy gave the alarm and every boat started to zigzag and gun crews got on the alert. I was always armed with my camera when on duty and hoped that if anything did happen I could get a shot at it. What we thought was a submarine disappeared before the destroyers reached the spot. At that time we did not have the depth bombs.

The next and final alarm was the last night aboard ship. I was on duty at



Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. McDowell, Assistant Chief of Staff

8.25 P.M. and picked up Belle Island Light. There was a very heavy sea running and I climbed down from the masthead with difficulty, met Lieutenant Gillett and we went back to talk with the gun crew on the after deck. The Transport "Covington" was about one hundred yards on our starboard beam and a little to our stern when the alarm was sounded, and then it was every one for himself. We noticed that the "Covington" kept coming closer until it seemed as if it was almost on top of us. Then distinctly from the bridge came a voice through a megaphone for us to veer to port. The "Covington" being a big ship was hard to handle in such a sea. The gun crew got the word to our bridge just in time, as the "Covington" was almost abreast the top wave. We ran through the dark, zigzagging like mad for a couple of hours. Later we found that a reception committee of German subs were lying off Belle Island Light to welcome us. The commander had been warned and outwitted them by circling around and coming in from the south.

Late that night, October 30, we entered the harbor of St. Nazaire, warped through the canal into the basin and landed on the sunny shores of France. St. Nazaire at that time was an awful place. We were sent to a half-finished camp outside the town and were quartered in Adrian Barracks, more commonly called sheep pens. Fortunately we were not cramped for room, and there was plenty of straw on which to sleep.

We had been making pictures of the interesting things coming across on the boat. I had a man by the name of Coleman, a private, who was the hungriest mortal I have ever met. The food at the officers' table was very good, but the boys did not fare so well. One day Coleman came to me asking for permission to use the camera. He did not want film, he said, he simply wanted to practice turning. After that the boy seemed very much pleased and satisfied and he told me the secret. At noontime they would go down into the galley and see the French chef and make several hundred imaginary feet of film of the chef. Naturally the chef was very much flattered and took good care of them in the way of food.

We photographed around the camp and the disembarking of the 42d or famous Rainbow Division. If you notice I said sunny France before. It rained the whole time we were at St. Nazaire except for a couple of days. We used to notice a big sausage balloon, which was attached to a ship, leave the harbor every morning that was not foggy to go on a search for submarines. I decided I wanted a trip and made request of the French authorities from the admiral down. I was told I must get permission from the Ministre de Marine in Paris, so I had to give it up.

Along the road looking over the bay there were piled up many boxes containing automobiles. I wanted to get a picture of them, but there was no place of advantage from which to photograph them, which was my excuse for making the balloon trip. I must confess I was more interested in the chance of going on a sub hunt. After my failure to go up in the French balloon I found we had opened a sea-plane base at La Croisic, a few miles up the coast. On the following Sunday afternoon we got a flivver and rode out to La Croisic. It was a quaint little town

on the Brittany coast, the chief industries being making salt and fishing. Here I found the lieutenant-in-charge, who instantly consented to let me go up the following Tuesday. He turned me over to the aviator who was to take me up. The sea-plane was of the naval type with the observer's seat in front. We had the mechanic fasten the movie tripod in the cockpit. I took my seat, and then we were all set. We were moved along the wharf to the wharf's edge, on rollers; the plane was fastened to a crane and we were lowered over the side into the water, engine started and we taxied over the water, gathering speed as we neared the entrance to the harbor. It resembled somewhat riding very fast in a motorboat. Presently the rush of the water ceased, I looked over the side, and we were about three hundred feet in the air.

We kept on circling and circling until we reached the proper height, one thousand feet, then started down the coast. It was not a very clear day but the "ceiling" was high. At this height the small things on the ground, such as fences, debris, wires, were all blended with the ground. We passed over a very beautiful little château which reminded me of a toy house in a well kept Christmas yard. The coast of Brittany is very rocky, jutting out into the water, which was a most wonderful blue. This was the most beautiful ride I ever had.

On reaching St. Nazaire we circled over the town, the pilot manœuvring so we could approach the pile of automobiles by making a long glide and at the proper time for me to crank, I made a mistake by putting my hand up broadside to grasp the crank. The wind pressure was so great that it snapped my hand back, hitting me in the face, and I had to offer my hand knife-wise against the wind, and even at that the cranking was very difficult.

On the return trip we went out over the sea to make the daily patrol in search of subs. We passed very close to the observation balloon and waved to the solitary figure in the basket. I saw three or four big steamships which looked like little water bugs crawling over the sea, but we did not see any trace of a sub. On nearing the home base the pilot opened the basket containing the two pigeons. These are used in case of accident or of a forced landing on the water, and were instrumental in saving the life of two men three days later belonging to this squadron, who had trouble and were forced to land on the water many miles from shore.

We reached Paris on the eighth, reported to the Signal Office and were assigned to duty at the Photographic Laboratory at St. Quen, which is just outside the gates of Paris. We reported and found Lieutenant Miller in charge with a few men who had accompanied him across with General Pershing. Lieutenant Miller, later Captain Miller, is the man who photographed the shells leaving coast defense guns at Fort Monroe.

While we were very much pleased to be in Paris, we wanted to get to work. I got permission to go to St. Nazaire, taking Sergeant Eikleberry with me. This time we were under orders to photograph and had no trouble with the authorities. Returning to Paris, I received orders to report to Bordeaux to photograph the activities at that port. Bassens Docks at that time was inadequate to take care of the many ships which the Government expected to unload at this port.

The entire river front for at least two miles was one mass of pilings. The engineers were as busy as beavers. The French were amazed at the progress the Americans made and each day the docks grew and grew. This work was a great factor in helping us to win the war. The men that worked day in and day out toiling, wielding a hammer and saw contributed their share in the Hun's defeat. I have not been to Bordeaux since, but have seen pictures of the river front and one would never recognize it as the same spot that I saw in December, 1917.

From Bordeaux we went to Issoudon, the training camp for American aviators. Here I met many men who later were to make a name for themselves in the war, such as Eddy Rickenbacker, Douglas Campbell, Jimmy Meissner, Hobe Baker, Ham Coolidge and Quentin Roosevelt. Quentin had the next room to me and the first night I was there, a boy stuck his head in the door and said, "Hello, Lieutenant, my name's Roosevelt, Quentin."

That morning on arriving at the field I saw an aviator hedge hopping. He nearly hit two trees, his engine stopping for a second, and came within a hair of wrecking his machine. Before touching the ground he got his engine started and zoomed up in the air. This same man I saw making his last flight at Sazuraie near Toul after the armistice. He started up, his engine stopped, after rising about three hundred feet, and instead of running straight away to land he started to turn back toward the field; the wing slipped, the machine crashed and he was killed. This man was Hobe Baker.

I photographed the training period for the aviators, starting with the roulier class (grass cutters). This is a plane with the propellers clipped to keep the machine from rising from the ground.

From there I followed the training of the aviators from one field to another and finally to the acrobatic field. Each day I was in the air and I made up my mind that I was going to join the Air Service. There was a French Monitor named Alfred Leo Koechlin, who had been a wonderful success at the front and who had been detailed to instruct the American boys. He suggested to me one night that I make a few pictures of him attacking a plane in the air. I was mounted in a twenty-three m. Nieuport dual control with Lieutenant Bertin as my pilot. This was not a very good machine from which to make movies; there was no room in the cockpit to erect the tripod and so we were compelled to make a rest and mount the camera on my chest. Koechlin went through the manœuvres used in the air and once when directly overhead fell out of control. I could see him coming down in the finder of the camera, and then the finder filled up. He missed us by about seven feet; he had misjudged our speed.

I very much regretted leaving Issoudon. Christmas week we had arranged for a wonderful party. We had made a number of friends in Paris and were to celebrate the night before Christmas. That morning I received an order to proceed to Valdahon, France, up near the Swiss border, to make pictures of the Christmas doings of the Young Men's Christian Association. We reached Besancon at 4.35 A.M. and were met by an open touring car, which was to carry us to the camp, forty kilometers away. The thermometer was eight degrees below zero. When



Colonel Joseph W. Beacham, Jr., Division Quartermaster

I reached headquarters I was nearly frozen. The headquarters were housed in a French military school. I was taken in and introduced to General Peyton C. March, who at that time had charge of the artillery training and is now Chief of Staff. He greeted me with "Merry Christmas," but I'm afraid I couldn't answer him as I was so cold, but finally thawed out over a fine breakfast.

I looked up the Young Men's Christian Association man who was very much surprised to see me and asked if I hadn't received his telegram not to come as the artillery brigade expected had not arrived and the party was off. You can imagine my disappointment after this long trip with nothing to do. However, we made some pictures of the boys having a turkey dinner; also the Christmas tree ceremonies for the little orphans in the village. Next day we photographed the artillery practicing and on the next I went up in an observation balloon.

I had with me a Universal Moving Picture camera, which is made of iron. After ascending fifty feet, I started to crank and unfortunately my face touched the iron camera and instantly was frozen to it. I could not work very long, as the basket started to pitch and toss, and it was all the observer and I could do to get the camera unlimbered and lay it in the bottom of the basket, the wind tossing us about like a small boat at sea. After ascending to a great height the clouds cleared for a few minutes and we got a brief view of Mt. Blanc, Switzerland, Mt. Terrible, Germany and the Black Forests of Germany. Then we were caught in a snow flurry. The observer remembered that I did not have a parachute; at that time the only type they had was the one strapped on the back; and we decided it was better to come down. The observer picked up a little horn, blowing it three times. I could never understand how they could hear it with the wind blowing as hard as it was, but presently we could feel ourselves descending. We had no more than reached the ground when a stray German Albatross flew over. I certainly should have been out of luck if he had taken it into his head to come a little sooner and puncture our bag. There was not much activity on this part of the front; it was near Belfort.

I returned to Paris in time to spend New Year's. I was taken sick at Valdahon from the chill I received in the balloon and spent several days in the hospital but was able to get out in time to return to Paris for New Year's day. There were rumors that two American divisions were to enter the trenches and Captain Grey told me the next day there were two divisions ready to go into the trenches. Gillett was picked to be sent to the 1st Division and with him Sergeant Zimmerman and Private Barnes. I was sent to the 26th Division and selected Sergeant Eikleberry and a French chauffeur. I felt very bad that I must be sent to a National Guard Division, but on the eighth of January I reached Neufchateau, then the headquarters of the 26th, and will say that after meeting the real men I encountered in this division I changed my mind. You may take your premier divisions in France, the 26th, 42d, 32d, and 28th, etc. What outfits, excepting the one or two Regular Army Divisions, did more fighting? And the National Guard has made a name for itself that will go down in history as long as we think of the military.



Colonel Warren E. Sweetser, 101st Train Headquarters and Military Police

Neufchateau was quite a different place from Paris. It rained every day, or when it did not, it snowed. I was given a billet which was on the ground floor, cold and damp. I had one modern improvement, that of running water (under the door). The open fireplace, if we had had good wood, would have been cheerful, but the wood issued to us simply made smoke and no heat, and about the time the room was warm, it was time to climb underneath the covers. Wood was so scarce we would not pass it by on the road.

On the twelfth the request came for me to help out in photographing the 1st Division which was to move to the front from Gondrecourt on the sixteenth. Lieutenant Gillett had been unsuccessful in getting transportation. I had been furnished with a Ford ambulance. With this we reached Gondrecourt and with Lieutenant Gillett and our staff photographed the 1st Division on their way to enter the trenches, reaching Menil-la-Tour on the eighteenth. At five o'clock, January 19, 1918, Lieutenant Gillett took the car back to Neufchateau to carry the film we had made of the troops so that it could be sent by courier to Paris and developed and shipped to America.

Shortly after he left, Major Chapin, then Signal Officer of the 1st Division, asked me if I knew that the troops were going to take over the trenches that night. Early the next morning we tried to get transportation, without success, so with Sergeants Eikleberry and Zimmerman, we started to hoof it, carrying a movie camera, tripod, 3A and Graflex and our own equipment. We did not mind the load so much on the way up owing to the excitement.

We finally reached Beaumont, then headquarters 18th Infantry, called on Colonel Frank Parker, then commander of the 18th, who furnished us with a guide, also a bite to eat. We started through the communicating trench which was filled with mud and very badly in need of repair; reached the town of Seicheprey, met Major Griffin, who was later killed at Cantigny, photographed him and his staff in front of their dugout. On the way to the extreme front line we found a place where the wires had been cut with a shell. Our guide happened to be a member of the Signal Corps and the first picture we made was that of repairing the line of communication in the trench.

In the daytime the men sleep, just at dusk they man the firing step, and stand to for an hour. In the morning at dawn they again stand to as most attacks are made at this time. We were fortunate in getting a lieutenant with this platoon placing the guard, being guided by a Moroccan. As I looked at this little handful of men, I started to think. For the past year there had been wars and rumors of wars. I thought of the amount of newspaper publicity which had been given to it, the money which had been spent, the speeches which had been made, and I said, "Boys, go to it, you're here at last."

I went into a sniper's post and got my first glimpse of "No Man's Land," that barren, plowed-up spot between the trenches, fringed with its rusty barbed wire. I wanted to make a picture of it and presently got up enough courage to put my camera up over the top. I will admit that I didn't panoram according to Hoyle, and I'm sure I hurried the operation a little too much. That night we saw

the Germans make their fires and prepare their suppers. The Toul sector at that time was what the French called "a rest area." Divisions which had been at the front up north were relieved and sent here, and there was a sort of gentleman's agreement not to fire on each other. The 18th Division had a number of sharpshooters who got busy and the next night there were no fires built.

That night one of the boys on guard got excited and thought he saw a body of Boches approaching our front lines. A barrage was called for and put down; the first American barrage, and it certainly was a success, if you judge it by the noise. After we had finished, the Germans came back with a dandy, demolishing our front line. I have been asked how one feels under a barrage and answer: "If you get out of this one, you'll lead a different life."

This line had been held by the Moroccan troops. The dugouts were filthy. Here we made the acquaintance of the "Pilgrims of the Night," (cooties) who made life miserable and stuck to us all through the war.

Everything that goes on at the front is observed. Every shell that falls is counted by the observers. We were observed photographing the trenches which had been reported to headquarters. There was quite a howl sent up asking who was photographing the trenches without permission, and when we returned to headquarters we were summoned before General Bullard and his Chief of Staff and bawled out for not first getting permission. My only excuse was that I had been sent to the front to get photographs and had I called on every person necessary in military courtesy I would not have reached the trenches until long after it was too late to photograph. Thus, the photographs taken on the first day our troops occupied the trenches to take up the war would have been lost to history.

We continued photographing everything of interest and on the twenty-eighth of January received word to report back to Neufchateau.

I had an order sent out to the different company commanders of the division that men with photographic experience report to me at headquarters. Seven or eight reported; some had never had any experience except with the Kodak. One man insisted that he was an expert photographer. He had been kidnapping for two years. One man in particular in the entire lot stood out from the rest. When I questioned him as to his ability, he said that he had used a Graflex. I asked for whom he had worked, and he replied, "My uncle." Later I found out that his uncle was a minister and not a photographer. His manner impressed me and him out of the entire lot I had transferred to my detachment.

This man, Charlie Painter, helped by Eikleberry, practiced every hour with the camera and I never regretted taking him. He had great nerve and took chances without being asked. He also turned out to be a cracker-jack with the Graflex. He had a nose for news and all of his pictures had a kick to them.

The entire division was very busy now making preparations to enter the trenches — where, we did not know. I had been taken in and made one of the family at the regimental mess of the 101st Infantry, commanded by Colonel Logan. At dinner one evening Captain Al Ford told me that the regiment had received a very beautiful flag from the governor of Massachusetts. I said why

not make it a public presentation and I would photograph it. Chaplains Rollins and O'Connor spoke up and said, "We are going to have church and baptismal ceremonies Sunday." We got together on the scheme and laid the program for the next Sunday, erected an altar on a big truck, massed the division in the Place Jeanne D'Arc and this picture made quite a hit in "Pershing's Crusaders."

One little incident stands out in the baptismal ceremonies which was interesting at the time. The font consisted of three guns crossed with a mess kit to hold the water; as there were a number of boys to be baptized they had a reserve supply of water under the truck in mess kits. The chaplain called for more water and they found that two dogs had drunk the entire contents, necessitating a break in the ceremonies until more water could be secured. A French captain made himself guard over the water and was kept busy using his cane on the canine pests.

We were sent out in the field with absolutely no instructions and had to use our own judgment as to what to photograph; in fact, the men in charge did not know. I suggested to them that some one should go and see how the British and French photographic sections were being conducted and perhaps gain a little knowledge. Captain Miller had this idea in mind when he was relieved, and I think, had they taken this advice we should have been saved a lot of unnecessary work and have secured better results.

We were under the Signal Corps; my commanding officer was Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Alfonte, one of the fairest, squarest and finest men I have ever met. He gave me all the assistance in his power. I was very lucky in being under the colonel in this respect as I am sorry to say that the army as a whole was slow to grasp the significance of photographic work, and many discouraging incidents arose. The average officer scoffed at the idea and had no thought of anything but his own particular job, but now after it is all over, they wish they had had pictures of certain places; for instance, where the Boche had held us up or some other thing that happened, and several have told me, "I wish that you had gotten such and such a picture." I came back with the answer, "Had you given me the information at the time I would have had it."

To get information was the hardest thing — every one was afraid to talk; afraid the Boche would find out, and I had to sneak around getting what news I could from the subordinates in the office. It was very apparent when anything big was coming off; the entire story was written on the faces of the higher officers. They were so busy they had no time for any one and when the barometer showed this way it was up to me to get the news as best I could and be there at the time the thing happened. Naturally I was not always successful in guessing the right time and place and many good things were lost.

Up to this time I had not had the pleasure of personally meeting our commanding general, but on the next Saturday afternoon I was to photograph the review of the 104th Infantry. The troops were lined up on the field awaiting the arrival of the general. Presently over the brow of the hill appeared a horseman and in his wake was his staff. The man leading was General Edwards. He rode over, saluted Colonel Shelton and his staff. I was standing with my two



Major Herbert L. Bowen, 103d Machine Gun Battalion

boys about thirty paces away. The general saw me, rode directly over, and oh, such a temptation to turn the crank, but fortunately I could resist and kept at attention. He came within a few feet of where I was standing, we saluted, he wheeled around and rode back to his place.

For the next two or three days we were very busy preparing to go to the front. I was given orders to proceed over the road with my Ford ambulance and detachment. The route prescribed was through Joinville, Vitry, Chalons, Epernay, Château Thierry, Soissons, to Coveurelles. We started early in the morning in a downpour of rain, and reached Vitry that evening. The next morning, still raining, we again started out, but all day were troubled with our tires, picking up hobnails shed from the shoes of the soldiers along the road. We met Colonel Logan on the road and dined with him at Château Thierry. That evening, after we had left Soissons, we noticed a big Cadillac car along side the road, and in the dust could see two figures walking on ahead. I had the car stop abreast. It was the general and his aide, Captain Nat Simpkins. After introducing myself, I asked him if I could help in any way, thinking his car had been disabled. He grasped my hand, saying, "Glad to have you with us, Lieutenant." They had only been waiting to fill their gasoline tank, and presently his car passed us.

We reached the headquarters at Couvrelles which was in a wonderful château shortly after the general. Colonel Alfonte and Captain Wolcott had arrived ahead of the general to get the place ready and that night before a wonderful fireplace in an old oak-paneled dining hall which had been the scene of royalty, I had the pleasure of being alone with the general. He told me some very interesting incidents of his service in the Philippines. In the course of the conversation I made plain to him what my position was and how photographs were to be used; also the trouble I had experienced in getting information. I further mentioned the fact that the pictures I had made of the 1st Division in the trenches had been sent broadcast over the world to combat the German argument that we were not ready to fight. The general could see the value of propaganda and from that time he helped me in every way he could.

The Chemin-des-Dames sector from a picturesque standpoint was the best sector I have ever been in. The plateau which had been captured from the Boche the previous October was one vast expanse of plowed-up, pock-marked ground and if any one ever doubts the accuracy of the French artillery fire one look at this plateau will convince them of its efficacy.

Every morning we would get out our little fliivver, go as far as we could, which was to Hamarait Farms, the Post Command of the 102d Infantry. Here one entered the communicating trench which wound across the plateau. The Boche had wonderful observation in this sector and we were often shelled on our journey across. One day I happened to be in advance of the boys and was seated at a runner's post awaiting them. Presently I saw something coming over through the communicating trench sending out rays of light like a heliograph and before they had walked a hundred yards a shell broke very close to the trench. It was Sergeants Eikleberry and Painter coming out to meet me. The object which drew

fire was the nickel-plated top of our Precision Moving Picture Tripod. It did not take us long after reaching headquarters to find a box of paint and destroy its beauty.

We had several incidents happen in this same communicating trench from time to time two of which came very near either mutilating us or destroying the party. One night on returning from the front lines the Boches were shelling a certain portion of the plateau where our engineers had erected new wire entanglements at a support position. They were mixing their high explosives with shrapnel. I was trying to get some breaks of shrapnel with my 3A Kodak. Eikleberry and Painter were walking along in the trench. One beautiful burst that resembled a sausage balloon in the air I had just photographed and I turned to the boys saying, "That's a dandy," when something like a bee buzzed past my ear landing in the bottom of the trench. It was a shrapnel ball. Eikleberry said, "Here it is, Lieutenant," picking it up and presenting it to me. Had I not turned at the time I spoke it would probably have taken my nose off.

The other close call we had in this same trench was one day when I was going to Fort Malmaison to get a picture of the shelling of the fort. The Germans were very methodical in their shelling and every afternoon at four o'clock we could expect a bombardment. I had pressed into service two medical detachment men to carry my stuff out to the fort as Eikleberry and Painter had gone to Chauvigny to photograph a Boche Gotha which had been brought down by the supply officer and veterinarian of the 104th Infantry. This Gotha had been piloted by the famous German ace, Wolf, who this night had volunteered to go to Paris in an attempt to win the Iron Cross of the Second Class. Captain H. F. Hartwell and Lieutenant French (the veterinarian) had each night been practicing firing at the German aviators as they crossed the lines on their way to Paris, and this night were lucky in landing this prize.

The communicating trench on the Chemin-des-Dames contained many traverses. A traverse is a short bend in a trench made so that in case of a shell dropping the least possible number of men will be killed. We were walking along about halfway across when one of the boys discovered a miniature statue of the Kaiser very cleverly modelled out of the clay and placed behind bars. We stopped to admire this masterpiece putting our cameras down and had just started to move on when a shell broke on the other side of the traverse, burying our party up to their waists.

The first night we entered the trenches on the Chemin-des-Dames we were with the 101st Infantry, which was billeted in La Pantheon, a large limestone cave out of which most of the rock is obtained from which the majority of the houses in Paris are constructed. The Boche had fitted it up with tiers of bunks through all the galleries and one thousand troops could be housed safely. It was lighted by electricity and had a narrow-gauge railroad system which ran into the kitchens sixty feet under the ground. As it was only about two kilometers from the front lines the Boche shelled it very often, doing little damage except to jar loose the ceilings and unfortunately as we entered a piece fell, killing two men.

The troops were to enter the trenches at 2 A.M., and we whiled away the time playing cards. Just before getting up, Chaplain O'Connor discovered that a part of the ceiling over our heads had jarred loose. We lost no time in sending for the Engineers to shore it up. Chaplain Rollins, rigged up an altar and held communion for the men and officers in another part of the cave before they entered the trenches. We started out at two o'clock and I was detailed to go with Lieutenant Sam Chism of L Company of the 101st. We started through the communicating trenches and naturally the boys were a little nervous, it being their first experience of the kind. We wound in and out with the mud almost up to our knees, and when halfway in the Germans let loose. They had had some inside information that a relief was on. I was walking with Lieutenant Chism when a "halt" command was given in our rear. We walked back and saw two men up on top of the trench trying to pull out of the mud a doughboy who was stuck fast, stopping all travel from the rear. They finally got him out and word was sent back to look out for the hole. We finally reached our position which was a pill-box, one which the Germans had made. It was very nice and strong, several feet thick of concrete with railroad iron for reinforcements. The only drawback was that the door faced the enemy. We had no more than reached the inside when the Germans began to shell it, and while we knew that the concrete was strong, a shell striking seven feet away hurt one's ears. After they had finished their strafing I went out to have a look around. The gas guard who had just been put on duty was a very young boy, and I could tell that he was frightened by the way he talked. I asked him how he liked the war so far and he replied, "Gee, Lieutenant, it ain't nothing like that picture back in the United States of the guy going over the top with the flag, is it?"

The trenches in this sector were not in one continuous line, but cassock posts, or strong points, juttied out from the support line and were very lightly held. Before daylight we sent the food detail back for the slum. All carrying is done under cover of night as it is very dangerous to walk around during the day. Before dawn they arrived empty handed; they could not find the field kitchen, and all day we were without food excepting our water and reserve rations. The next morning the same detail was started and this time they reported that the field kitchen had been hit by a shell just before they reached it which had "spilled the beans," which was really true, as beans had been scheduled for the day's menu. Thus we were another day without water or grub at all; the reserve rations the men had had in their packs had been devoured. This was our first experience without food. The next morning I awakened and my mouth was so parched I could scarcely speak. I looked up and Sam was handling a stick with about fifteen well-filled canteens of water. The grub had arrived! My first thought was to wash my mouth, so I asked him for a little water to brush my teeth, he looked at me for a second and said, "You damned dude." Sam Chism was a very courageous officer, loved by his men, and all the time that he was in the trenches he kept his men on their toes. I said he was brave; he was, but one night Sam got orders to go back to the States as an instructor. It reached him in the front line about

9.30 P.M. He read it, got all his belongings together, piled them in a heap on the floor, said, "Come get them, boys." All he kept for himself was a tooth brush. He started back, not over the top as he was accustomed to, but through the trench, and when he reached Dead Man's Curve he cut across the field running all the time — Sam was going back to the United States and was taking no chances! We could hardly blame him as he had taken many. He slept that night in a doorway of a wrecked house in Boucq, and the next morning bright and early I sent him to Toul in my car where he could get the train for Paris and home.

I shall never forget the first raid pulled by the Americans and which was most successful. On the morning of St. Valentine's day a box barrage was put down surrounding the German trenches to be raided and the 101st Infantry captured twenty-three prisoners, including two officers. In the communicating trench stood Colonel Logan, their commander. The boys came trudging through with their prisoners and on seeing him forgot all military courtesy and yelled, "Hey, colonel, look at the valentines we brought you!" It was just at daylight and I was not successful in getting a picture of them until after they had been taken back to brigade headquarters. The pictures I had made of the brigade were not satisfactory. Several of the prisoners were a little worse for wear and after making a close-up of one in particular whose face was badly battered which had not been done by any weapon, I asked the sergeant of the detail how it happened. He turned to a little fellow standing beside him and said, "Mickey, tell the lieutenant what you did." Mickey said, "Aw, only dat guy got fresh and I smeared him one." Understand, dear reader, the 101st is the famous Irish regiment and every new replacement found it out. One boy who had only joined a few days before wore a yellow flower in his blouse at the field day they were holding on the seventeenth of March. Colonel Logan fortunately spied him first and sent a guard to prevent him from committing suicide.

I depended on Sergeant Eikleberry more and more every day and I could write many pages and not tell half about this boy and his courage, devotion to duty and loyalty. Private Painter was also developing and I would not have traded them. Regardless of previous inexperience, Eikleberry has turned out some of the best moving picture stuff made in France, and Painter's still work was wonderful, all of his stuff having a kick in it.

On the Chemin-des-Dames we tried to specialize in shell bursts. The modern war maker did not consider the photographer. Brady in the Civil War was handicapped in apparatus and had his subjects more concentrated. The present long range gun has enlarged the fighting area and trench warfare is very hard to picture. It is more like hunting game. If you're lucky you find it, and the Boche simply would not put down the shells where we wanted them. We were photographing company E, 103d Field Artillery at Ostel, firing its 155 m. guns. The major in charge of the battalion happened to be in the gun pit and he told me if I would stay around until two o'clock I could get a good picture as the Boche were trying to feel out a new artillery position on the other side of the road. He had no more than said this when we heard the scream of shells and he said, "Gee,

there they are now." We grabbed our cameras and reached the crest of the hill as three shells broke in a bed of a stream sending mud and water up in the air. We went as close as possible and set up our cameras and waited. The major could not understand why they had not waited until two o'clock, but told us to stick to it as he was sure they would repeat. We stood ready by our cameras until nearly one o'clock but sent our chauffeur with our mess-kits to get a bite to eat. He returned shortly with our mess-kits and when half-way through eating we heard a low scream. Thinking sure that a shell was coming, we dropped everything and sprang to our cameras. It turned out to be the braying of a mule that was stabled in a dugout directly behind us. We kept watch until nearly four o'clock, but nothing happened. This time the Boche had double-crossed us.

We packed up our equipment and had gone down the road about a mile when we heard four crashes; again we had lost our opportunity. I then made up my mind that I would return early in the morning, take up my position and wait until something happened. Bright and early we started out next morning, and reaching Ostel we set up. At eleven o'clock I received a message from headquarters to return at once as General Pershing was expected. We reluctantly packed up, I knowing full well that I was going to miss something. We arrived at headquarters just in time to slip on a dress overcoat to hide our trench clothes and photograph the general. We were then told to go to the headquarters of General Traub at his Post Command, where General Pershing was due to visit. We cut across country on a very rough corduroy road, beating the General by fifteen minutes. Here we photographed him in gas mask and helmet. Every time I heard a shell break I felt that I was losing something. After finishing making the pictures, we hurriedly packed up our equipment and rushed down to our flivver. Just before cranking up I noticed a horseman galloping up. He saw me and came to a stop, and excitedly told me that just after I left the Germans blew hell out of the battery.

It is difficult to explain to the public the most dangerous part of a battlefield, and they will hardly believe you when you say the front line is the safest. On St. Patrick's Day I was at the Post Command of Colonel John Henry Parker of the 102d Infantry. That morning I had a hunch that something was going to happen so told the colonel I was going out to the front line to see what I could find. Arriving, I found the boys reclining on the firing step, some playing cards, some shooting crap, and others sleeping. We were having a very fine time when presently a runner came out and said, "Lieutenant, you should be glad you're not back at headquarters, they're shelling hell out of it." A gas shell was dropping every twenty seconds and the entire staff on this beautiful day had to go around in gas masks, and we in the front line were having it very comfortable. The front line knows that if you shell them, they will shell you, and, in my estimation, it is the safest place in a sector except during an attack. The men who have to circulate over the roads which are constantly under bombardment, especially crossroads, run more risks than those in the front line.

General Traub was also instrumental in my losing one of my best pictures.

The Aisne Canal ran directly in front of the German lines, and at one place there was a bridge called Pont Ogea. Every time our artillery destroyed it, the next morning the Germans would have it rebuilt. One day I saw it being blown up but was too far away to get a successful picture. I went to see General (then Colonel) Sherburne, our artillery commander and told him what I wanted to get. I went with him to see the French artillery commander and he agreed that they would put down the next Thursday twelve 155 m. shells on the bridge. That night I went up to the front early and before dark picked out a place in No Man's Land where I might dig in. After dark with the aid of a volunteer dough-boy we went out, dug a hole big enough to hold my tripod, camouflaging it with a couple of rocks and transplanting several little bushes. At that time I was ignorant of camouflaging and did not know that everything even to a bush was noted by the enemy observers. I reported to Colonel Sherburne the plans which I had prepared and I'm afraid we advertised it too much as General Traub called me in, ordering me not to do it, saying he thought it might cause complications with the French who were in command. I tried to explain to him that I had their permission, but it did no good. Later General Edwards heard of it, and told General Traub that he should have let me go ahead, but it was too late, as the division had been ordered out of the line. Again the Boche had shelled my very well camouflaged position, thinking it an observation post. I forget to mention that my program was to enter the hole before daylight and at twelve o'clock the shelling was to commence. I should have had to stay in the hole until after dark.

On the return from the Chemin-des-Dames I wanted to go by the way of Rheims and see the Cathedral. I was told it was impossible as the French would not let any one into the city; regardless we started at ten o'clock reaching Fismes, which later was to see such severe fighting, but which at that time was intact, where we had our lunch. On reaching the hill just outside of Rheims we got our first view of the Cathedral. We were hoping against hope that we should be successful in getting into the city. At that time we had a Ford ambulance. Eikleberry and Painter were reclining on our baggage in the back and I was driving. Just before we reached the stone dugout at the gate used by the sentries a soldier sprang out and raised his gun. I never slackened speed until abreast and then yelled, "Blessé!" He replied, "Ah, oui," (he thought we had a wounded man) and we flashed by into the city which was deserted. We drove around the deserted streets in search of the Cathedral. We stopped the car and I said to Private Painter, "I wonder where it is." He looked out and said, "You better look out or it'll fall on us." We had blindly driven almost to the entrance.

We put up our camera and started to grind off when the film buckled, a common complaint against the kind of camera I was using. Several times this happened. It was then about seven minutes of two. A French gentleman came up from the cellar of the Hotel Metropole and excitedly tried to tell us something in French which I could not make out, excepting "deux heures" and "bombarde." He tried to illustrate by showing his watch, but excitedly ran away dis-

gusted. We finished, went into the back part of the Cathedral, climbed over the debris, coming out at the front door. As we had a long trip before us, we started on our journey again. On reaching the main street hell broke loose. The Germans put eighty shells into the Cathedral. It dawned on us then what the Frenchman was trying to tell us—that the Boche bombarded the Cathedral every day at two o'clock.

We continued that afternoon down through the French lines, and owing to the little Ford ambulance being such a familiar figure, we were not stopped by any guards. We cut across, passing through the Champagne district. We reached Ranel, the future headquarters site, a quaint little town north of Chaumont and left our baggage and started to join the division, which was marching to its temporary headquarters, which at that time was at Bar-sur-Aube. The order was given to the division that every one must march except general officers, which was not received very enthusiastically. General Traub said if his colonels had to walk he would do so, and proceeded on foot ahead of his troops.

To prove that you must not kid the American doughboy and why can be explained in the answer General Traub received from one of his. The General was painfully walking along through the rain; coming to a luggage wagon piled high with a husky buck private lying on top, the General sternly said, "What are you doing up there?" Without moving an eye, the boy replied, "Holding the luggage on, sir." The boy was right; he was on duty. The General had no comeback, so said sarcastically, "You must find it a very tough job, don't you?" With half a smile, came the reply, "Oh, General, you get hardened to it in a couple of days." Everybody snickered but the General, who marched on.

That afternoon, March 20, I drove over to Chaumont. There I met Captain Gray in Colonel Gibbs' office. We had a number of things to talk about and he suggested that I lay out on paper how a division should be photographed, and that I come to Paris with my plans. The next day I was successful in getting orders and the first thing on reaching Paris I looked up a Turkish bath, which was the first we were able to get since the first of February. I went to the pension where I had stayed for three months and was received like a prodigal son, and was given the best room in the house.

The next morning I was awakened by screams, the maid running into the room, saying, "Tous a la cave; Avions!" I could hear the anti-aircraft playing, but could not imagine that the Germans would bomb the city in the broad daylight. I was so tired that I did not want to go to the cave and at noon I arose. The house was still deserted, all the women folks still being in the abri underneath the house. No one could figure out the bomb which was dropping every fifteen minutes, excepting that it must be a German aviator so high up that we could not see him, but the suggestion was so ridiculous we could not accept it. That afternoon I went over to the International News and Mr. Orr told me that Hank Wales was at the Ministre de la Guerre and would return in a few minutes with a report. When he came in he told us that the Germans were shelling Paris. This created more of a panic as the people thought the Germans must at least be within

fifteen miles of Paris, as they did not know at that time of the long-range gun. This was the Saturday before Palm Sunday.

On Palm Sunday morning at eight o'clock the explosions started again every fifteen minutes. The Parisians would congregate in little crowds and on hearing an explosion would rush pellmell to the scene. If the Germans thought that they were going to break the morale of the French people, they must have been very much disappointed by the actions of the crowd that day, for they took it as a joke.

I received a message to hurry back to the division and arrived in Ranel on the thirtieth. The rest that we were to get was cancelled and orders were issued that we be rushed to relieve the 1st Division at once.

The following morning we loaded our flivver and started. We were merrily hurrying along the road, passing our less fortunate brother officers, all packed like sardines in French camions, and I gave them the high sign as we passed. We were going through the woods about two miles outside of Neufchateau at a very good clip when something happened. I glanced out of the car and saw the back wheel of my flivver flash by. We were listing very dangerously to port. Fortunately Sprague, my chauffeur, did not lose his nerve and slowed down without turning over. We got out and helped extract Sergeant Eikleberry and Charlie Painter from beneath the baggage.

I was very sorry that we had kidded the boys in the trucks, for presently they passed us, we standing beside our wrecked car, and you should have heard them. We sent a messenger to the Motor Repair Shop at Neufchateau to get a truck, which took our wrecked car in. There I was fortunate in getting the Press Section to loan me a Cadillac and again passed the packed trucks, but this time with only a salute. That night we opened our office in Boucq. I always insisted upon a billet and was always successful in getting one as an office, which helped to save the apparatus and the boys had a fairly good place to sleep in.

In a couple of days our car was sent back repaired as we thought, but on the first try-out it got fifteen kilometers from headquarters, made two gasps and stopped — this time, engine trouble.

On April 10 the fight at Apremont, Bois Brulé, took place. We were awakened one morning to find the Boche in our trenches. It seems that when the Boche wanted to bolster up their morale, they would send a raid against the French, and had always been successful. At this point our line skirted Bois Brulé. Colonel Sherburne (now General) in looking over the land had his own ideas how to protect it, and when the Boche made the attack in the morning the 101st Trench Mortar Battery put down the first barrage and Colonel Sherburne called for the barrage he had planned, cutting off the German storm troops from their own lines. I got the news that this scrap was going on, which is the first hand-to-hand fighting any American troops had had. I was not successful in getting transportation, and that afternoon in company with Frank P. Sibley, our correspondent, and Mr. Wolf, artist for *Collier's Weekly*, we walked out to the hill overlooking the battlefield and had a very good bird's-eye view of the artillery strafing.

In the meantime four mechanics were working on my flivver which was finished at four o'clock. We reached the fight at Apremont that night at eleven o'clock. Considerable strafing by artillery was going on and we passed many troops in the dark.

The saddest story of the Apremont fight was that of the lieutenant who, after fighting all day, complained that his ears hurt him, due to the severe shelling. He was ordered to go back to the Post de Secours (first aid station) for treatment. After being treated, he left the dugout, and crossed the road, when a shell cut him in two.

One of the most courageous exploits was pulled by a boy by the name of Foster. Foster was a Medical Corps man. All that day he had toiled, helping the sergeants with the wounded. He mentioned to Captain ——— that he thought he could do better work by taking some bandages out in the trenches, as there was no place in the Field Artillery dugout to work. He found a wounded man, treated his wounds, took his gun and started to fight until he found other wounded men and between dressing and fighting he was busy. The men that Foster had treated in the trenches came streaming back and the most dangerous seemed very peaceful. On Foster's return to the dugout, Captain ——— said, "Foster, if I had known you were going to use such good judgment, I would have given you a hypodermic and morphine." Foster flopped down and said, "Hell, Doc, I had a whole pocketful." He had been giving the men morphine, which accounted for their peacefulness.

In this fight the regimental band of the 104th Infantry stood out as the gamest bunch of men I have ever seen. I heard an officer order eight of them who had been carrying stretchers all day to the rear to rest. The men had carried stretchers so long that their hands were paralyzed so they wrapped wire around their wrists with loops to hold the stretcher handles. The men ordered back walked back to the next traverse and waited until the captain was out of sight, then went back to the front to the stretchers and kept it up until they fell from exhaustion. I have helped carry a stretcher through a trench, and the man was not big, and it is a heart-breaking job.

The most humorous incident of the battle was the case of a drafted man who had reported to the regiment the morning of this fight. He was sent to battalion headquarters and on paper he had been assigned to L Company. At headquarters they did not have time to fool with him, owing to the battle raging. The boy sat down in front of the dugout until a platoon passed. He joined it. This platoon was going into the counter attack. After fighting he lost his platoon and joined another and fought with them. He became separated from this platoon. An officer passing told him to hurry along and he went into the scrap with this platoon. He finally ended up with another company not his own, and naturally that night was reported as missing in action, but was found the next day. On questioning him as to his experiences, the lieutenant asked him how many Germans he had killed. He said, "Gee, I don't know, Lieutenant." The lieutenant said, "Did you have to bayonet any?" The kid replied, "Yes, sir, two or three, but, Lieu-

tenant, it wasn't the way they taught me back in the training camp in the States. I just fought, that's all."

The 104th Infantry in its first battle proved the sterling worth of the American soldier, and it was the talk all over the American Expeditionary Forces. For their gallant conduct the regiment was cited and their flag was decorated by the commanding general of the 32d Corps d'Armee, General Passaga, being the first American colors ever to be decorated by a foreign power, along with over one hundred sixty-seven officers and men who received the Croix de Guerre with citation to the Corps.

A very amusing incident occurred during this decoration. One of the men who had fought gallantly throughout the battle fainted just as the French general started to pin the decoration on him.

Decoration ceremonies, especially where a regiment is a guard of honor, are very difficult things to cover with one camera. At a ceremony on the Chemin-des-Dames we were told to be very sure to photograph the French colonel as he galloped down in front of the troops. We did not have much time and rushed across the field to get to a vantage point. As I placed my camera, I noticed that in the march across the field, the handle had fallen off. My entire detachment scurried back across the field, searching madly like a lot of rabbit dogs, much to the amusement of the troops. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the French colonel getting ready to mount. Fortunately, Charlie Painter, who was in the lead, stumbled over the crank. He held it up high and we all retreated back to the camera. Charlie reached there as soon as we, and just as the colonel started down the long line I was ready.

At the aviation field in Toul the 94th Aero Squadron made their headquarters. I went over and was very much pleased to find a lot of my old friends whom I had met at Issoudon, including Eddy Rickenbacker, Jimmy Meissner, Doug Campbell, Alan Winslow and a number of other American-trained aviators. This was the first squadron to be sent to the front. At that time it was in command of Major Huffer, who had been born in Paris, of American parents, but had never been to America. Major Huffer had been with the Lafayette Escadrille, his right-hand man at that time being Major Raoul Lufbery. I stayed to luncheon with the boys, and, after eating, I went back to headquarters. I had no more than arrived when I received a telephone message to come over at once. Two German aviators tried to fly over the field and were immediately brought down by Douglas Campbell and Alan Winslow, which was first blood for the squadron. In two or three days I photographed the boys receiving the Croix de Guerre.

I shall always remember the luncheon I had with Major Lufbery on the Friday before he was killed. He never talked aviation or his exploits, but that day he mentioned the fact, referring to a boy that had gone down in flames, that if he was ever in flames he would jump. That afternoon I photographed him in front of his plane. The following Sunday afternoon they received word at the field that there was a Boche plane coming toward Toul. The flight on duty started up and they had hardly reached a good height when the Boche plane was seen over Toul.

It fell down out of control and every one thought it had been hit by the archy. It narrowly escaped hitting a building, but righted and started to zoom up. A lieutenant told me, who was standing on the balcony of the Comedie Hotel in Toul, that it was so low he could have hit it with an orange. The flight did not see the Boche, but Lufbery went up after him alone. He was on the German's trail chasing him hard toward Germany, when presently a puff of smoke was seen in Lufbery's plane. The plane stalled. He climbed out and jumped, evidently trying to reach the river running under it, but instead landed on a picket fence near the home of a French peasant. When Major Huffer went after his body the French people had moved it to the mairie and completely covered it with wild flowers. They brought down the German just as he reached the lines and found there had been a gunner lying down in the fusilage who had fired the bullet. Several days later, I made the picture of Lufbery's funeral.

Mr. Griffith with his wonderful war pictures, as it is NOT fought, has educated the public to such a degree that we felt we might at this juncture satisfy them, and tried to get the spectacular, but the modern warfare makers did not take into consideration the photographer. From the writer's experiences modern warfare is a game of hide-and-seek. To illustrate how difficult war photography is, I will relate an incident which occurred in the Toul sector. We were shelled out of our billet one morning, and, learning that there was an attack being made by shock troops on Xivray-Marvoisin, we started out and got as far as Broussey over roads which were constantly being shelled. Arriving at Broussey, I divided my unit, sending Sergeant Eikleberry and two men on foot, and with Private Painter, the still photographer, driving the motorcycle, we started for Rambucourt with the intention of entering the trenches at this point. The road between Broussey and Rambucourt is on the crest of a hill in full view of Mont Sec from which point the enemy had direct observation of every road in our sector. As we neared our objective, five or six shells fell in the cross road ahead of us. We stopped, thinking this would make a good picture and set up the camera awaiting the next salvo. It did not come, but we could see shells bursting in the road ahead of us. Presently four gas shells fell in a box around us. Instantly we got our gas masks on and I signalled Painter we had better clear out. We had gone but a short distance when, hearing a crash, I turned around and saw the ground on which we had been standing torn up by a shell. We did not think at the time we were receiving personal attention from the Boche battery, but we were told later that the enemy was keeping everything off that particular road. The only thing for us to do was to go back over it. I sent Sergeant Eikleberry and Private Painter with the motorcycle back through the woods to Beaumont, with instructions to work down to meet us. We started walking back down the road fifty yards apart. On nearing Rambucourt we saw shells falling in Beaumont — nine hundred were fired into this town within a few minutes. I judged that Sergeant Eikleberry had just about time to get into the edge of the town and felt sure that he would get the finest pictures ever made of a town being shelled. It was a wonderful sight for us, but too far away for us to photograph.

We got into the trenches just after the scrap, the enemy being repulsed and only the artillery of both sides strafing each other. Every one in Xivray-Marvoisin was hiding and no pictures were to be made of any account. On the trip back we took the wrong road again. The road paralleling ours had a picket line of horses. As we reached a point nearly opposite, shells started to fall in their midst, but before we had time to get within photographing distance the shelling had stopped.

On returning to Headquarters we were told if we had remained there we could have secured some fine pictures, as they had been shelled again at noon. So far I had had no luck, but reconciled myself with the thought that Sergeant Eikleberry must have secured some good ones. On his return he said he had reached the center of the town and was just placing his motorcycle inside the shelter when the shelling commenced and he was forced to take cover. Thus ended a very busy day, not without danger, but without results.

The latter part of June, 1918, we were rushed to Château-Thierry. On the afternoon of July 17, 1918, I was told by Colonel Alfonte, Signal Officer of the 26th Division, to report to the Headquarters of the 103d Infantry that evening. He could not explain why, but sensing something doing, I started out, reaching there about seven in the evening. Colonel Hume gave me the particulars as far as he knew them regarding the proposed attack on Torcy in the morning, and told me the best place to go was to the Headquarters of the First Battalion in the woods. We started off with the cameras, arriving at the battalion dugout just after dusk. On our way down we passed the boys standing in little groups and except for the way they were busily adjusting their equipment one would never think they were ready for the battle of their lives. All the officers were down in the dugout making plans. We did not know the "zero" hour, but every one was ready. About ten o'clock the runner came in with the message. The time was to be 4.35. This was rather disappointing to the camera crowd, as I had understood the attacking hour was to be eight o'clock, and I knew the light would be poor earlier in the morning.

Sitting in the dugout, as we were, telling stories and smoking, one would never believe these men were to face almost certain death in a few hours. The best natured and most cheerful of them all was a Liaison Artillery Officer, the first to be killed. In the meantime the boys stood outside in the pouring rain without a whimper, waiting and wondering what the morning would bring. A few minutes after midnight the word was given to start down to the rendezvous and immediately the line was formed, which consisted of the last of the soldiers that would be in the morning party. There were engineers, Signal Corps men, stretcher bearers, medical officers, line runners and guides, each holding on to the man in front of him as the darkness made it possible to become easily lost. To this party the Photographic Detachment was assigned. Shortly after the start was made.

Slipping and sliding, with the right hand on the shoulder of the man in front, we wound our way in single file following the guide. A halt was made and in a

few minutes the word was passed back that the guide had lost his way and we were somewhere between the first and second line without a chance to go one way or another. To make things worse, the shells had started to fall. It was the Hun performing his morning strafing of the woods out of which he had been chased by the marines. In a few minutes the guide returned. He had been scouring the woods for a familiar sign and thought he had at last found the way. With a faint gleam of light in the east we started off, only to find ourselves emerging from the woods into the French sector on our left, where the poilus were lying waiting to attack also. This, of course, was not discovered until we ran upon the wire entanglements and had to retrace our steps, much to the relief of the French troops. On re-entering the woods, we were lucky. Immediately we found our path and were again on our way. Of course in the meantime it had been getting lighter and if we did not realize it then, we did a minute later when we came out into an open field and the Boches opened up on us. Luck again was with us and none were hurt. We all made for the woods and formed again in the lee of the same woodlot. It was then after four o'clock, so there was nothing to do but double time it to the place where the troops were already starting to go over, the barrage beginning at this time. We had to run for it, down a slippery slope and up the next one, stopping for a few minutes at the top to make a few feet of film of the men going over. The light was very poor, but just as I got the camera placed the sun came up in the east and the picture showed a silhouette of the doughboys trudging over the top in the first big offensive.

Sergeant Eikleberry and Private Painter were ahead of us and went over with the first wave. Private Morse, a Signal Corps man, attached to my detachment, had carried the camera all night. He became exhausted and could not move, so taking the camera from him I started to advance when a doughboy asked if he could help me. The machine guns were rattling and we could hear the bullets go whistling by, but none of them were labeled for us. The next minute a shell burst near and my helper dropped. The tripod went out of my hand. I leaned over him and heard him say, "Don't leave me, Lieutenant, I'm dying." A fragment of the shell had taken a piece out of his stomach. I could not leave him exposed, so carried him back to a ledge where he would be safe from anything except a direct hit, and then started back after the camera.

The Boches had begun their counter-barrage of thirty-seven millimeter shells, or one-pounders, which made considerable smoke. I became confused and started in the wrong direction, searching the field through the smoke for my camera. Out of one corner of my eye, I saw four helmets — unmistakably German, also a machine gun pointing in my direction. Why I pulled my gun, I never knew, except perhaps with the instinct of self-preservation. Instantly they threw up their hands, coming toward me, yelling "Kamerad." Over my right shoulder I heard a grenade explode. Glancing around I saw four more Boches, one of them rising from a hole, his hand shattered. The three others came running after him, and in a second I was surrounded by eight Boches, all yelling "Kamerad," at the same time. It was a very comfortable feeling having them around me as

I knew a machine-gun bullet must get them before it could get me. The man with his hand shattered kept throwing blood all over me. I was told by a wounded doughboy who saw the incident that the Boche had attempted to throw the grenade at me but it went off in his hand. The shells were falling all around, so I herded them back to where my wounded men were and got them under cover. Two of them were German Red Cross men, so I started them working on the wounded Americans and the Boche with his hand off, and then more wounded started to crawl in and I opened up a first-aid station of my own in No Man's Land.

In the meantime I was without a movie camera, not knowing that Morse had recovered from his exhaustion and had bravely gone out through the barrage and salvaged what was left of the cameras. The movie tripod had been broken and the ground glass in my four by five had been destroyed by the concussion, a piece of the glass getting caught in the focal plane putting it out of commission. I was *hors de combat* as far as photographing was concerned.

We had to stay in this place until the shelling had died down, the rise in the ground protecting us from the "typewriters." After a while I started my gang of men back only to be shelled again in Belleau Woods and had to take a chance on an open field, which was lucky, as they changed from high explosives to gas shells and the wounded could not put on a mask. We kept on, the Boches carrying the wounded and the photographic equipment. In the meantime Sergeant Eikleberry and Private Painter were in Torcy making pictures and had the light been good they would have been wonders; most of them, however, were under-timed. One can imagine at 5.30 o'clock in the morning what the results would be. We were in the keystone position of the line. The French Brigade on our right not being able to take Hill No. 193, it was decided that on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock there would be another big attack. Having only one car, I sent Sergeant Eikleberry, Private Painter and Private Morse out to the 103d Infantry again.

The attack was scheduled for three o'clock. At two-thirty, with Cobb, we started in a motorcycle for the headquarters of the 102d Infantry. We stopped at the dressing station at Buze, saw Major Bogan, who at that time was unaware of the new attack. My tip to him helped prepare for the stream of wounded men which was to come in later.

Colonel Parker gave me the location of the troops hid in the woods. I had never been in this sector before but thought I thoroughly understood their whereabouts. The road at the time was very rough and I was driving the motorcycle about thirty-five miles an hour. We rounded the crossroads at Paris Farms, escaping a severe shelling, and then speeded along the Paris-Metz Highway. The Germans had trained their eighty-eight millimeter guns on the road, knocking down the big trees that lined each side of it. At the bottom of the hill I put on the brakes, hid the motorcycle under some brush, and Cobb and I started across the open field.

There was not a soldier in sight. Halfway across, Private Cobb said, "Lieuten-

ant, you're going in the wrong direction. The colonel said the troops are in the woods to the right." Feeling sure that I knew the direction I told him to follow me. We were very heavily loaded down with a moving-picture camera, tripod, four by five still camera, plate holders, a 3A Kodak, and all the other hardware of our regular equipment which we were compelled to wear in the field.

I would like to say a word in regard to Private Arthur Cobb. He had had several very narrow escapes from shell fire and naturally was timid, but would always "carry on" regardless of the dangers, at the same time being very frightened, which made him very much of a hero in my estimation.

I would see the top of a clump of trees over the crest of a hill, feeling sure that they sheltered our troops. As we neared the crest we were dropped by snipers' fire. I took off my helmet, held it up over the ridge of the hole we were in, and the expected bullet passed directly over it. We did not have long to wait for the barrage to start. I was peeping out toward the clump of trees waiting for our troops to appear, when Cobb who had been looking the other way, said, "Oh, look, Lieutenant, here they come." Directly behind us and a little to the right our troops emerged from the woods towards us in skirmish formation. Incidentally I knew that, by mistake, I had got into No Man's Land and the clump of bushes I thought was our line was Bouresches Woods, the front line of the Boches. I put up the camera, deathly afraid of being hit in the back and of being mistaken by our own boys for a Boche machine gun, but fortunately escaped both dangers. As the troops passed, one of the boys yelled, "Don't forget, Lieutenant, this is the 102d Infantry." Cobb, from an adjacent hole, had the still camera and afterwards I found a picture he had made of me as I was grinding away. From the expression one can easily see the agony of fright on my face at being caught between the lines.

At this point we got a fairly good picture of an oncoming attack. We afterwards found that we were on the point of land ahead of our troops directly in front of Bouresches, the troops' objective. Eikleberry and Painter were on the tail end of the detachment which was to attack, and just as the troops started to go over Painter dropped the camera,—he had been hit in the elbow by a machine gun bullet. He picked up the camera, but could not manage to work the release. He made no statement to Sergeant Eikleberry, but kept on trying to figure out a way to work the camera. Just as Sergeant Eikleberry started to turn his crank a little later, one of his fingers was shot off, but his chief concern was that I would be disappointed as we had all worked so hard to get something good. He cursed his luck, wishing it had been the other hand, both of the men being injured on the starboard side. Morse helped the two men with all the equipment back to the dressing station. Here both of my men refused to be dressed until the more seriously wounded had been attended to.

That afternoon it is hard to describe what I saw. In my position I was able to follow the attack from a point commanding a view of the entire valley, and from my observations of modern warfare, it is little bodies of men in skirmish formation coming out of the woods, dropping, crawling, dodging from shelter to shelter

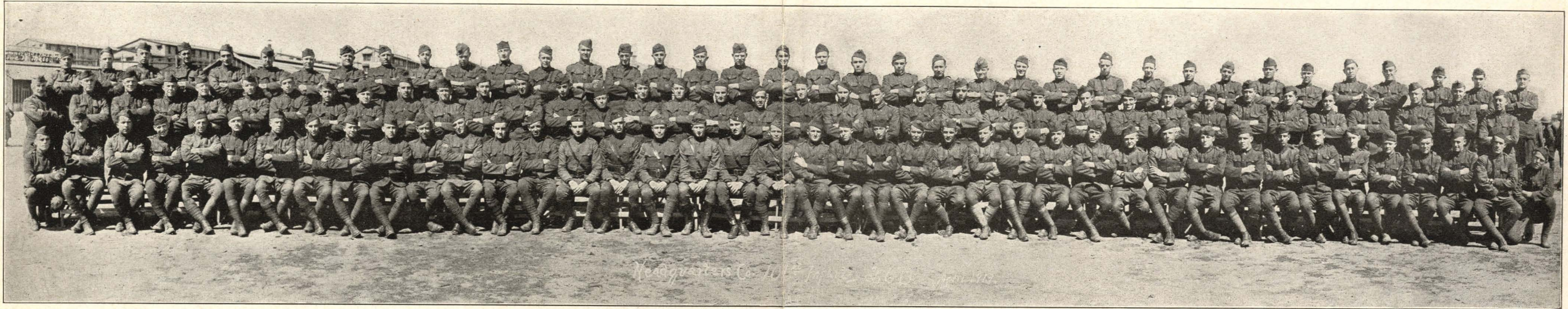
and going on. I saw one go head over heels and knew he was an officer as his puttees glistened in the sun as he went over. I saw countless men try to crawl back to the road only to be picked off by the snipers.

One thing I saw demonstrated the courage of the Signal Corps men. I saw a man lying down in a wheat field. After a glimpse at his face I decided it did not have the appearance of a wounded man and asked him what he was doing. He was a mere boy of seventeen or eighteen years of age—he stuck his head up, “Fixin’ this wire, Lieutenant, that the damned Boche keeps a breakin’ all the time.” He was one of the many unsung heroes who make it possible for the infantry men to attain their success.

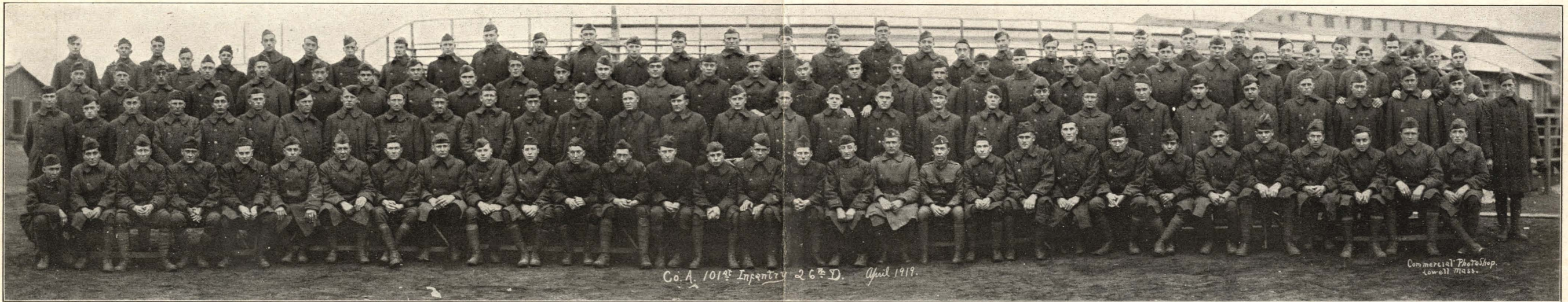
It has been the writer’s fortune to have been in every fight the Americans have participated in, except Cantigny, and to be on every active front from the first day to the last. What has been my most pleasant experience was to witness at all times the courage and devotion to duty of the men of my unit, Sergeant Gideon J. Eikleberry, Privates Painter, Morse, Cobb and Private Walsh who later took Private Painter’s place.

After the St. Mihiel offensive I received orders to report as photographic officer, 5th Army Corps, and during the Argonne-Meuse battle had charge of the work in this corps. On the eleventh day of November, 1918, I was at a point not far from Sedan, which we entered a few days later, and were fortunate enough to get pictures of the first Allied prisoners of war to return through Sedan. We met them on the road, seventeen thousand in the first big wave, mere wrecks of what formerly were strong fighting men.

It is the duty of the photographer to see everything on the front, sometimes to cover the action of an entire division at the front where fighting covers a wide area, and he has the same chance to get a picture as the hunter a rabbit in the same area. War photography can surely be classed as hunting and you are lucky if you get it. Lenses have their limits and the equipment in the early days was not as complete as it was at the close of the war.

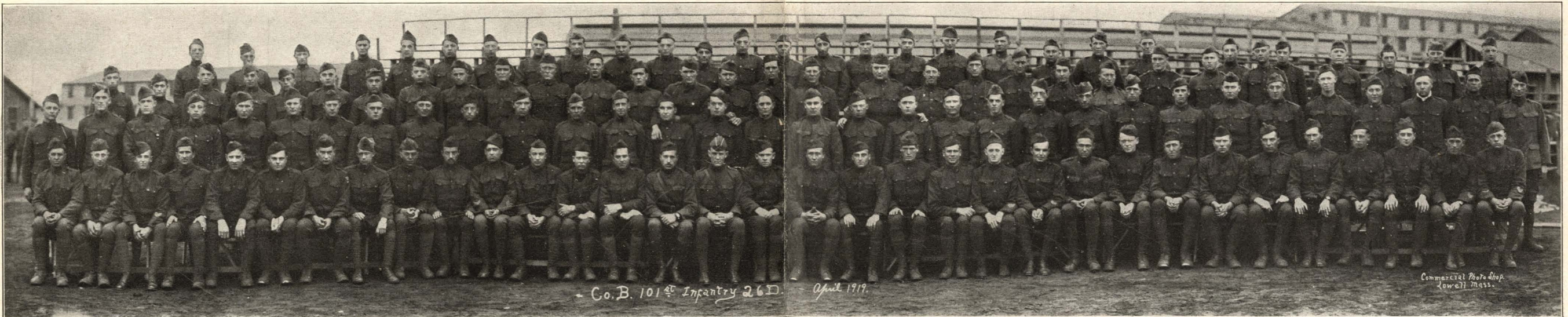


Headquarters Co. 101st Infantry 26th Div.



Co. A. 101st Infantry 26th Div. April 1919.

Commercial Photo Shop
Lowell Mass.



Co. B. 101st Infantry 26th Div. April 1919.

Commercial Photo Shop
Lowell Mass.



101st Infantrymen, 26th Division; Outposts in American Trenches, February, 1918.



101st Infantrymen, 26th Division; Taking a pot shot at a Boche, February, 1918.



Lieutenant Cooper going up in a Sausage Balloon near Balford.



No Man's Land from the American Trenches, Showing the Town of Lahayville within the German Lines. This picture was made January 20, 1918, the first day the American troops occupied the trenches.



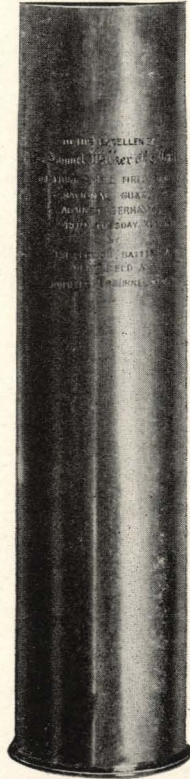
Chaplain O'Connor of 101st Infantry Saying Mass at Neufchateau, France, before the Men started for the Trenches, Captain William Mahoney Assisting, February, 1918.



GEORGE E. KENT
NORTH CHATHAM



WOUNDED APR. 21, '18.
EDWIN T. MARTIN
MARBLEHEAD



HORACE L. PARKER
BOSTON



KILLED APR. 21, '18.
DAVIS O. LAWRENCE
WEST MEDFORD

**SHELL OF FIRST SHOT
FIRED BY NATIONAL GUARD
WITH GUN-CREW.**



CORP. JOS. I. ABBOTT
LYNN



WOUNDED APR. 21, '18
SERGT BENJ. JAMES
BROOKLINE

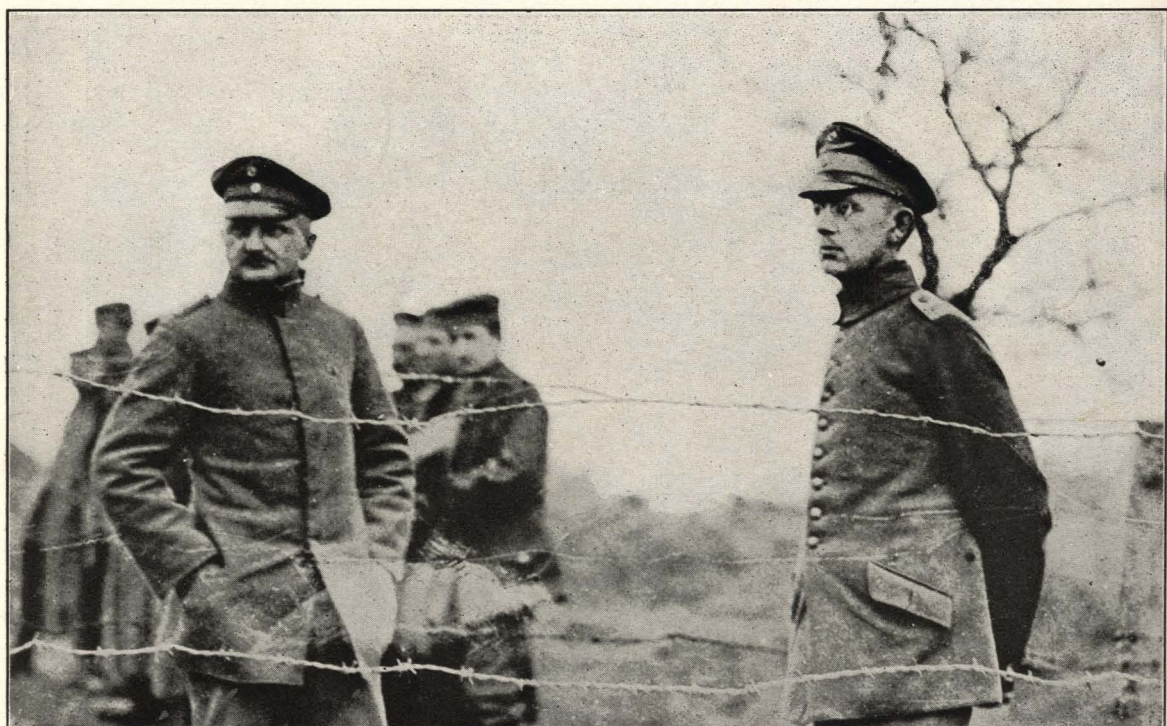


KILLED APR. 21, '18.
ENOS C. SAWYER
CAMBRIDGE

On February 5, 1918, at 3.45 p. m., the First Shot by the National Guard was fired at the Huns by Section 1 of Battery A, 101st Regiment Field Artillery.



Typical Germans Captured in First American Raiding Party, Chemin-des-Dames Sector, February, 1918.



German Officers Captured in First American Raid, Chemin-des-Dames Sector, February, 1918.



Americans Unloading Ammunition at Depot No. 2, near Chassemy, Chemin-des-Dames Sector. 101st Field Artillery, February, 1918.



German Prisoner being Questioned by American and French Officers, Chemin-des-Dames Sector, February 23, 1918.



The Official Photographer, 1st Lieut. E. H. Cooper, 26th Division, getting lunch at field kitchen.



Breakdown of Auto belonging to Photo Unit, 26th Division, Lieutenant E. H. Cooper, Privates Gideon Eikleberry and Charles E. Painter. Broussy, Toul Sector, France, April 20, 1918.



Chaplain Lyman Rollins, 101st Infantry, administering communion in cave "le Pantheon" before Americans enter the trenches. Left to right: Lieutenant Coleman, Lieutenant Neville, French Officer, Lieutenant Mansfield (killed at Château-Thierry), Lieutenant Harbour, Lieutenant Driscoll and Lieutenant Chism. Chemin-des-Dames, France, February 20, 1918.



American Soldiers, Decorated with Croix de Guerre, who took part in first American raiding party, February, 1918.



Chaplain Rollins administering baptism to Americans near front. Colonel Logan in foreground with book. February, 1918.



Sergeant John Letzing, Company E, 104th Infantry, 26th Division, posing with his German prisoner, first German captured by an American, February 17, 1918.



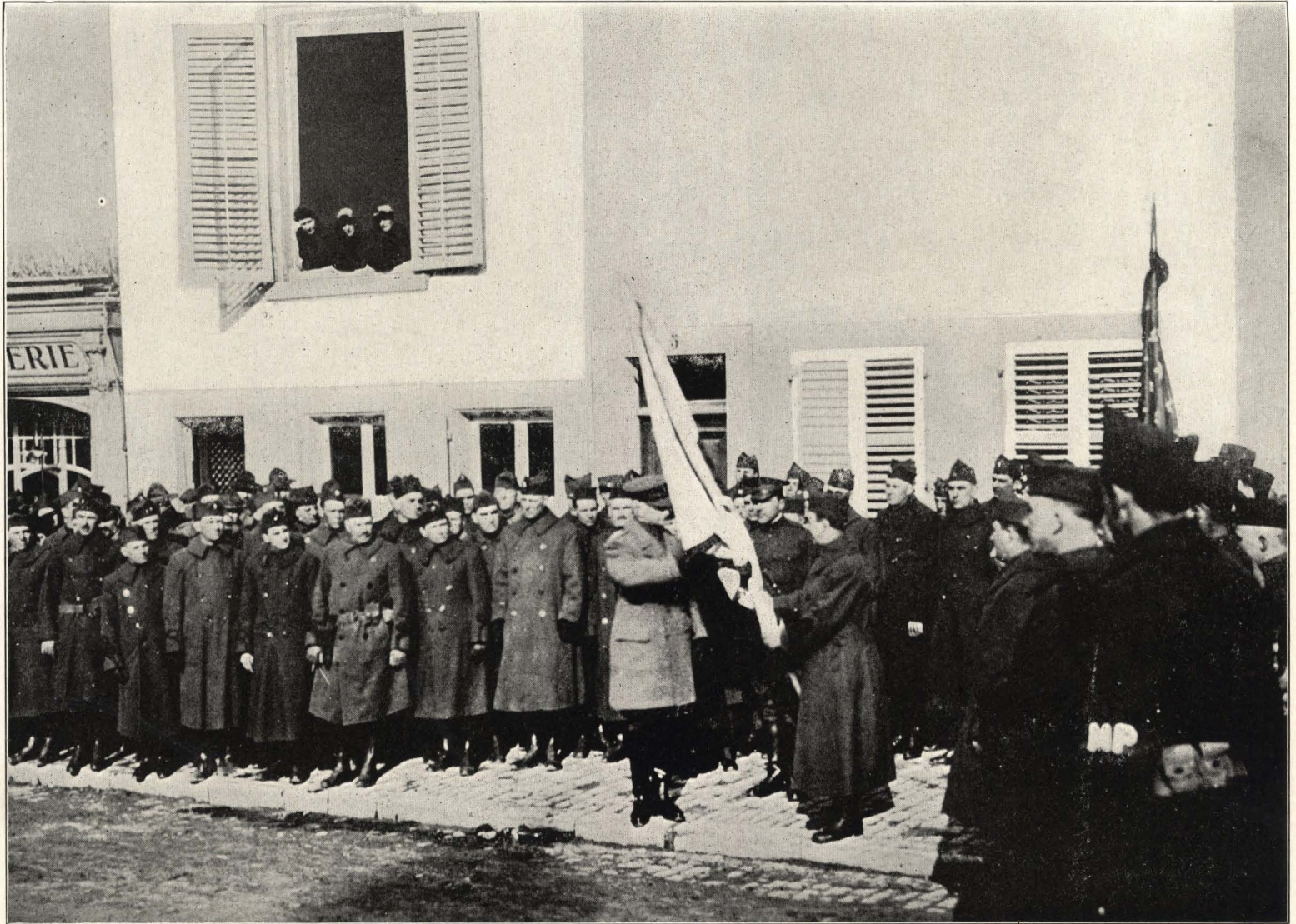
American Officers in Front of Building Damaged by German Bomb, February, 1918.



French and Americans looking at German Prisoners, first captured by Americans, February, 1918.



Hole made by a German Bomb in Soissons, the American Sector. Bomb dropped in rear of house occupied by American Officers, February 17, 1918.



Major-General Edwards Presenting State of Massachusetts Flag to Colonel Logan, at Place Jeanne d'Arc, Neufchateau, February, 1918.
Last parade before leaving for the front.