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Section 542
U.S.A.A.S.

"We saw not clearly nor understood,
But, yielding ourselves to the master hand,
Each in his part as best he could,
We played it through as the author planned

"Life is no life to him that dares not die
And death no death to him that dares not live

"Hark! now the drums beat up again,
For all good Soldiers Gentlemen."

2841

This is a record of
events, new and inter-
esting, not a faithful
diary, kept day by day

June 11, 1918

After nine months of more or less intensive training and impatient waiting we are packed and ready to go. I witnessed a funny thing today. The Usaac Band held a solemn funeral for one of its members who got "cold feet" and transferred. The drum major had a yellow streak painted down the middle of its back. The drum major carried a spade for a baton.

This afternoon I had my first attack of ptomaine poison. I had to drop out of line in the final review. We slept on the floor

"W
B.
Ed
W

"Lit
And

"Har
For

all night. Wasnt at all comfortable.

June, 12, 13

This morning, ushered in by a thunder storm, started off by a physical examination which resulted in me having a tooth pulled. After an afternoon spent in further examinations, we entertained at 10:30. Reaching Hoboken at 4:30 we took a ferry to pier 45 where our transport awaited us. It is the fastest Italian steamer, having made 57 successful trips since the war, and having sunk two

submarines, one on the last voyage. Its name is "Giuseppi Verdi". It is a very comfortable boat. We started at two, everybody being sent below decks. At 4:00 we reached "Sandy Hook" and were allowed to come on deck. We sailed around in circles until our convoy was formed. At 8:00 we started to sea with all lights out.

June 17, 1918

At 7:00 this morning, after having traveled 200 miles, we entered the danger zone. From this point on we had to

take our life belts
wherever we went on
ship. The destroyers
sailed back and forth,
keeping always on the
alert for submarine. The
ship kept a zigzag
course. In the afternoon
we sighted a whale;
but nothing else. At
6:00 our convoy was
left behind and we pro-
ceeded alone. On board
are 100 Italians from
Trieste who were forced
by the Austrians to
fight against the
Russians. They were cap-
tured and brought to
Russia. From there they
escaped to China and

then to Japan. They work-
ed their way to San
Francisco where the U.
S. government took them
in charge and now they
are on their way to
Italy, completing a trip
round the world to
fight for their father-
land.

Sat. June 15

At 9:00 this morning
we had life boat drill.
The sea is beginning
to kick up a little but
it can't be rough enough
to suit me. Gee! this
pond is glorious.

Sighted a submarine
late this afternoon, but

she submerged before the
gunners could fire. ~~We~~
sailed around trying to
get a shot at her but
nothing more was seen
of her. The band played
at retreat at 5:00. The
"Star Spangled Banner"
and the "March Royale"
sound very inspiring at
sea. Tonight the Austrian
prisoners sang for us.

Sun. June 16

When we woke up
this morning the ship
was pitching and roll-
ing. The sea was run-
ning high and it was
raining. Towards noon
the sky cleared up but
the wind did not slacken

any. Spent the after-
noon and evening in
reading on deck. We must
be getting pretty far
south for we saw a good
many flying fish. They
are little fellows, some-
thing like a bullhead,
with pink and blue wings.

Mon. June 17.

The regular morn-
ing schedule of boat
drill, exercises, and It-
alian occupied the
forenoon. Today the sky
and sea are a perfect
blue, the sky seems to re-
flect the sea and the sea
the sky. Sat in the bow
this evening and ~~was~~
watched the dolphins

Tues. June 18, 1918

At 9:45 this morning we went on guard. All day the wind blew at a 30 mile gait. It had not abated any when I went on my post on the navigation bridge to-night. The water around the boat was aglow with luminous jelly fish for nearly two hours tonight.

Wed. June 19.

Nothing unusual happened during the day. Had a song fest tonight on poop deck. We are again in the danger zone.

Thur. June 20

I am beginning to

have a regular vocabulary in Italian. Carried on a conversation in Italian with a lawyer who had taken part in several trials of the Mafia band of criminals. He told me many interesting stories.

Fri. June 21.

This sea voyage is beginning to become a trifle monotonous. Nothing to see but blue sky, blue sea and radiant sunshine. I wish it would storm or we would meet a submarine, although it is still quite a swim to land. We have seen nothing of the British

convoy which was to meet us. They expect to land at Gibraltar Sunday.

Sat. June 22

When we came on deck this morning we saw a two masted schooner bearing down on us. It was truly a beautiful sight. Her clean white sails stood out ~~eg~~ against the blue background. Her prow ripped up the sea like the share of a plough gone mad, and the yielding water it turned up curled over and fell, white with foam, as ploughed soil rolls and falls in a furrow. It was the first sailboat we had ^{seen} on the trip.

I saw a new stunt

in washing clothes today. The bundles of clothes were tied to a rope and thrown overboard. The speed of the boat kept them on the surface. As they spanked up and down, they gradually became clean. A little hard on the clothes but a ~~pr~~ pretty efficient way to wash.

Sun. June 23.

Our convoy has arrived. An American and a British Destroyer. I saw the U.S. boat form from a dot on the horizon to a graceful grey hound of the sea. Long and low in the water with her four raking funnels pouring forth clouds of jet black smoke, the destroyer

came at full steam, as a
courier pressed for time,
and the upright prow cut
thru the water, throwing up
two translucent waves which
glided off along the hull.

At 9:00 land was sighted
and at 1:00 we entered
the straits. We passed the
port of Morocco, Tangiers.

It was nearly three when
the boat turned and entered
the bay of Gibraltar.
It would be a daring artist
indeed who would attempt
to paint the wonderful
landscape surrounding the
bay. Towering majestically on
the east shore is the famous
rock of Gibraltar. Rising al-
most perpendicularly it

commands the entrance to
the straits, the entrance to the
Mediterranean, and the sur-
rounding country for miles.
The rock is covered with forts
and is said to harbor 3,500
huge guns. It is prepared
for a seven year siege. The
town of Gibraltar is at the
foot of the rock. The houses
seem to be built of yellow
brick or clay.

On the north and west
lies Spain. The hills are
dotted here and there by
villages. On the west side of
the bay lies the Spanish
city of Galicia. In the south
rise the shaggy hills of
Morocco. It seems marvelous
to be able, just by turning

ones head, to see two continents and the territory of three nations.

The bay itself is filled with ships of many nations. It is a base for U.S. torpedo boats. To night we entertained the American sailors and officers on board. They told us many interesting tales of the port and their personal experiences.

Mon. June 24

The harbor looked even more beautiful in the early morning light. Tied to the dock in back of us was a Chinese freighter and to the port side lay a captured Austrian submarine.

At 5:00, with our band

playing "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save The King," we sailed around the rock and entered the Mediterranean. Our convoy is the U.S. gunboat, "Dekatur," and a British destroyer. Tonight we had to sleep with our life belts on and part of our clothes. There is a full moon, making it a perfect night - for a submarine.

Tues. June 25.

Nothing unusual happened today. We are sailing due east on a calm sea.

Wed. June 26.

About five o'clock this morning we got a message

from Gibraltar saying that the German "subs" were ordered to get us at any cost. The convoy commander sent for help. At four this afternoon three destroyers hove in sight. There were two Italian and one French; so now we are proceeding, convoyed by ships of four nations and expecting any minute to hear the fatal explosion. Pleasant feeling, I assure you. It seems queer to be sitting here writing knowing that out there in the water lurks death. No one is even nervous. I heard one fellow

say "It would be a dirty trick to sink us, I've got four pounds of chocolate in my barracks bag which is already in Italy."

Thur. June 27

When we awoke this morning we found that our convoy had increased by three boats. At 6.00 we came in sight of land; and a little later we sailed into the harbor of Genoa. Although the sky was cloudy what we saw of the city convinced us that it was a city of exquisite beauty. We stayed onboard till after supper, at which time we formed our ranks for a parade. Before we start-

ed. ladies came around and threw flowers at us and gave us each a rose to wear. The demonstration which greeted us cannot be described by mere words. I knew we were the first American Contingent but I never dreamed we would be so cordially, so royally welcomed into this country. Our path was literally a bed of roses. Children and ladies cried, "Viva / America", and threw flowers and bunting on us as we marched by. The Royal Guard and the veteran 1st Regiment with several Bands formed our Honor Guard. After the parade

we marched to the barracks of the 1st Regiment where we heard the prime minister, an Italian General, the American Military Attaché, and the American Consul, deliver speeches. The prime minister delivered a message from the king. I can never forget the scene of the speakers standing on a rock, ^{pedestal} built before Columbus left this port, with the ancient buildings behind.

To drop from the sublime to the ridiculous we held a battle royale when we started to go to bed. We discovered the beds furnished were

already inhabited. Some of the fellows slept on the floor, other tried to battle the bed bugs. It is now time for lights to go out but I havent as yet decided which to do.

Fri. June 28.

Spent the whole day at the fort. Most of the time I employed in talking to Italian soldiers about their life and work. They receive two cents a day in the barracks and ten cents at the front. Since the American private receives more than an Italian officer we have to be careful so as not to offend these hyper-

sensitive people. They get but two meals a day and those are nothing to ~~boast~~ boast of. One thing I discovered was that the English soldiers are not liked anywhere in Italy or France. They do not fraternize at all with either the French or Italian troops. Their officers are unbearable with their cockney manners.

This evening Jay and I played the Italian game of Bocie with two Italian soldiers.

Sat. June 29.

Rising early this morning we had breakfast and then marched

out to our camp. It is located about 7 kilos from Genova on the sea shore. No more beautiful site could be picked for a camp site. Austrian prisoners are building the camp. We are living in squad tents which hold eight men. Today hydro planes circled the bay continually and once in a while a huge shell whizzes over our heads, shot from the proving grounds in the mountains at a target on the sea.

Sun. June 30

If this is a sample of the weather we will have this summer I see where I die from

the ^{heat} in two months. The days are extremely long; one can see to read easily at 10.00 at night. But after it does become dark the air becomes cool and it makes the nights fine for sleeping.

Today we mustered and fixed our tents. Otherwise we had nothing to do.

Thur. ~~July~~ Jul. 4.

Today is the birthday of our nations independence. How different I celebrated it last year. It was just a year ago today that I resolved to join the army; and here I am in Genova waiting to go to the front; twelve months having intervened.

We paraded down town under a sweltering sun. We had

Another church we visited was the "San Matteo", founded in 1125. This we found the most interesting of all. While there I talked to a monk who had been to the front and lost a hand. The church is built of black and white marble upon which are incised inscriptions recording the glories of people of the kingdom of Genoa.

We spent hours walking thru the labyrinth of narrow streets - the same streets cavaliers of Columbus's day strode up and down. All the ducal palaces of the ancient days and even more modern

times have been made into banks and stores and residents houses. From what I ^{have} seen of these buildings and the peoples attitude I have come to the conclusion that Italy is living today on the glories of her past.

Sun. July 14, 1918.

Today - the French holiday we celebrated in various ways. We played a game of baseball with a team from an American gunboat. We were beaten 5-4. Later we went to a fashionable bathing beach where we had supper and afterward skated.

I noticed a funny

thing about their buildings in this country. What I first took for windows ~~in~~ the houses were not always windows but camouflage. At least half of the windows on the houses are painted on. Sometimes a lady is painted in the window giving a very realistic affect.

Here in Italy only the rich can afford to have wooden houses. The poor live in marble and sandstone dwellings. The scarcity of wood shows itself everywhere. Even the matches are of wicking. So far I have ~~not~~^{not} seen a tree over five inches in diameter.

Thur. July 19, 1918

Today the first section left for the front. Every one is anxious to go but according to "dope" we don't go for at least two weeks yet.

Wed. July 24, 1918

Everywhere one notices how the women who have taken the place of men in the industries and elsewhere, whether pretty or not have lost their charm. I have learned from several ^{sources} that since the women have been engaged in mens occupations the ^{standard of} morals have lowered. Even a casual observer can see what has occurred in this country. While woman appropriates new rights, aspires to be master and

inscribes "Progress" of women
on her flags and banners,
the very opposite realizes
itself with terrible obvious-
ness - woman retrogrades.
I have thought about this
a long time and have often
wondered if it could occur
in America where the systems
of morals are a slightly dif-
ferent. But then systems of
morals are merely a sign
language of the emotions.

It was just eight years
ago today that my mother
was laid away in her grave.
What changes have taken
place in those years. Have
they been for better or
for worse in myself? I have
fallen far short of the

ideal she set before me,
but, if I have any "worthwhile-
ness" about me I owe it to
my mother.

I saw a picture, today,
of Italians in Austria. The
poor prisoners had every
rib showing. Some of them
couldnt even stand. The
Austrians allowed the pic-
ture to be taken as a
warning to the Italians.
After seeing that picture I
have resolved to shoot
myself to escape capture
if the necessity arises.

Its hard to have to
write home optimistic
letters, falsifying the
conditions, when you are
aching to cry to the world

the real state of affairs.

Sun. July 28, 1918

We were issued bread cards to use in restaurants.

Only three course dinners are allowed. But one can get plenty to eat in three courses.

In Italy the government controls the salt industry using salt as a chief source of income. It seems peculiar that the government should tax the commodities and allow the luxuries to be sold with only a light tax; hence the tax system of this country falls on the poor.

The ship *Susquehanna* with our supplies has been torpedoed and is

lying in Gibraltar being overhauled. Spark plugs and stretchers for the ambulances are on board, consequently we cannot go to the front till it arrives.

Mon. July 29, 1918

Since I have been here I have never seen the air so clear or the sea ^{as today} so blue. The french coast to the west could be made out and the cross on the ~~no~~ mountain to the north could be seen distinctly although it is ten miles away. The sea was a beautiful blue, there was not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a speck on the sea, the horizon ended with one

line of light, definite as
the cut of a sword.

Wed. July 31, 1918

Tonight the English con-
valescents gave us an
entertainment. They had
a much more clever bill
than I expected. Their
attempt at American rag
time was rather comical.
The thing I most noticed
was that while their
speech is hard for an
American to understand,
their singing is not dia-
lect (if I may say so) but
pure English, and easy
for us to understand.

Tues. Aug. 6, 1918

Today is my first anniver-
sary as a soldier. I talked to

the vice consul today and he
told me many interesting
things concerning Italy. It
seems that just before Italy's
entrance into the war, the
Kaiser sent one of his ab-
lest statesmen, Count Von
Buhlen, to Rome, equipped
with plenty of money. He
used his money judiciously
bribing here and entertain-
ing there and seemed to
have succeeded. About this
time, ^{Il} ~~Annunzio~~ ^{Annunzio} Italy's
popular poet and aviator,
made his famous speech
in Genova which aroused
so much enthusiasm and
ardour that it was printed
and read all over Italy and
helped more than any one

thing to precipitate the feelings of the Italian people toward war against Austria. In speaking of the German ambassador D'Annunzio said, "I agree with Philip of Macedonia who said that verily an ass laden with gold could breach the strongest fortress."

Sun. Aug 11, 1918

I am getting impatient to get to the front. If only that confounded boat would only come I would be happy. For the last six weeks all I have done is assemble, assemble, then test and tune motors until I am beginning to dream

motors.

A good many fellows are getting what is known as meditteranean fever. It's caused, I guess, from the awful heat and the water. So far I havent felt ill at all. Another thing which is causing some of the sickness is the wine. Most of us are not used to it, consequently it causes stomach troubles. I tried it for a month until one night I over did it. I wasnt drunk but I was mighty sick. From that day to this I havent touched it and if God gives me strength I shall never taste it again. But it has been no easy fight so far.

Mon. Aug. 12, 1918

The morning started off when we awoke, hearing the roar of an aeronautic engine. Rushing out we saw a huge Italian dirigible circling above our camp. In its car were ten men, all bundled up; evidently it was cold up there. The balloon was fully two hundred and fifty feet long, and it was driven by twin propellers on either side of its car.

The English convalescent camp near here has been finished and now awaits the expected wounded in the drive this fall. It is a sign of thorough pre-

paredness on the part of the British.

Yesterday the Italian patrol boats captured an Austrian "sub" and I saw it this morning in the harbor. The Italian sailors would not say how they captured it.

Thur. Aug. 15, 1918

It is becoming so hot now a days one can hardly work, especially where I have ^{been} tuning cars - on the street between two high walls. The short nights give the asphalt and continents of stone and mortar but little time to cool after being exposed to the fiery rays of the sun.

The boat for which we have been waiting so long came in today. They will begin unloading her tomorrow. It can't be soon enough for most of us. We are getting rather tired of this place.

The provost guard caught two escaped American soldiers. They deserted from the front line trenches and escaped to Italy on a bicycle. They were unaware that there were any U.S. troops here. They are to be taken back to France and tried. Death will probably be their sentence.

Sun. Aug. 18, 1918

I worked all day today, driving a truck with

the cargo of the "Sous-quehanna". She has been out of New York since the first of June; been hit by a torpedo; had engine trouble; and ran out of coal; otherwise her trip has been most uneventful.

In the government dock yards they are building a huge merchant "sub". It is to be used like the "Deutschland" was used. From where I stood it looked to be fully three hundred feet long.

Aug. 26, 1918

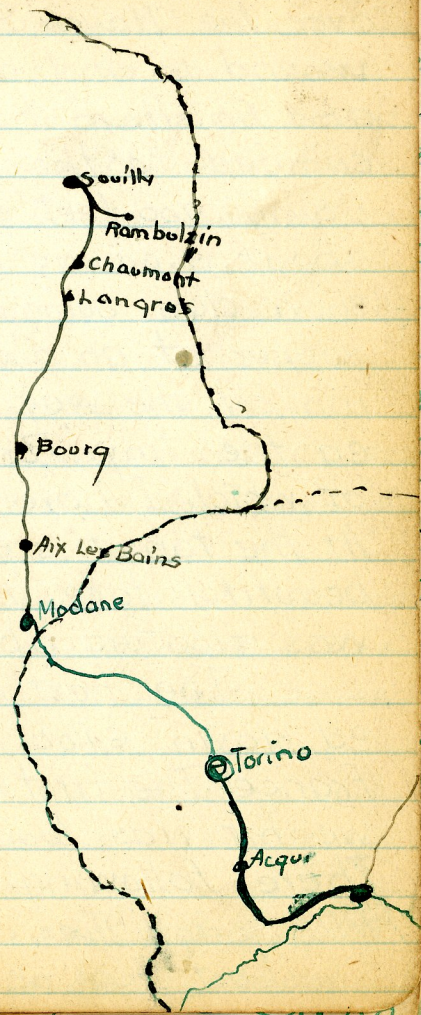
Talk about the "Wandering Jew", if our section is not the most shunted

about section in the organization no one is. After a week at the Italian front we are being sent to ~~France~~ France. We start our long journey on the road to marrow morning.

Monday Sept. 2, 1918

Just a week ago, today, we left Italy. To describe the trip minutely would cover a book of interesting details, descriptions, and incidents. The first night out we camped outside of Acqui having climbed three thousand feet and covered a distance of seventy miles.

The next day we passed thru Torino and then, about five o'clock, started our climb



over the Italian Alps. The road wound in and out the valleys and finally in hair pin turns climbed to the very peak, rising 900 feet every mile. At about 9:00 we reached the snow clad summit and had supper at an old francescian inn. All the way up we passed the tiny "Postes de Secours" of which I have so often read. At the top there was a beautiful lake in which ice was floating about.

The next day we coasted down 6,400 feet into France. The first French town we hit was Modane. From there, following the valleys

Tues. Sept. 17, 1918

Last Friday we were told to

report to "Genicourt" for duty. Operated there for 24 hrs. then were sent to "Mauilly" where we brought in wounded from the front. Sunday we came to "Trayan" where we are now doing duty 24hrs. a day with only the sleep we can get while awaiting our turn. Most of the wounded are Boches.

Last night we were chased down the street of "An Semont" by a Boche plane. It wasnt at all comfortable. Twice he hit my fender but didnt do any damage. I could have stopped but it never occurred to me.

I think we are going to move on. There are not many wounded coming in to-day.

Sat. Sept 21, 1918

We have been relieved and

are now resting up and taking our much needed baths and shaves. Last night we could hear the roar of the artillery toward "Verdun." I guess the new drive has started; that means we will begin war soon.

An American plane fell on the hill in front of the woods in which we are hiding. Just before the machine touched the ground it turned turtle. We pulled the aviator from under the wreckage. He only had a few scratches on his face.

Sun. Sept. 22. 18

To-day I took the Dodge truck to "Benoite Vaux" and

helped evacuate some shell shocked patients. It poured down rain all day. The roads were awful, especially when one is not allowed to use chains.

Monday, Sept. 23

We received orders to move to the new front of attack. We reported at noon to corps hq. at "Ville Sur Cousances". We are stationed here in an abandoned French Hospital. Tonight we are going to sleep in a building for the first time in three and a half months.

Tues. Sept. 24, 1918

Last night the Boche

bombed the hospital in the valley below us. I don't think they know any one is up here. This morning two more ambulance sections of the Italian Contingent came up here. I suppose we are going to make this our quarters while this drive is on. This afternoon "Sindy" and I took the motorcycle with dispatches to the front. Everything seemed quiet except for the "Archies" and an occasional "Soixante-quinze".

Tonight I got some cheese from the village and "swiped" some bread from the kitchen and the "Sixth Ward" had a party.

Wed. Sept. 25, 1918

About two thirty this morning the artillery opened up making sleep almost impossible. It continued until the middle of the morning. One of our "Archies" made a hit this morning. We saw the Boche plane fall in flames.

Thur. Sept. 26, 1918

To-day we saw a daring Boche aviator burn four observation balloons right over our heads. Three of the observers came safely down but the fourth was killed when the burning balloon fell on his parachute.

Fri. Sept. 27, 1918

Just a month ago to-day

we started for France.

We received orders to-day to start work. At three this afternoon six of our machines reported to "Brabant" and six to "Clair Chene". The ^{only} of Brabant is under fire of a Boche 9.2 but he hasn't got the range of the Triage yet so the ambulances are safe for awhile. Our machines are working continually. The number of wounded is terrible. On account of an insufficient number of ambulances they are bringing the wounded in trucks.

Sat. Sept. 28, 1918

Our machines have

not shot off their engines for over twenty four hours. They even get gas on the run. I went up to the front today to get a condenser for the Dodge touring. Jay Monson went to the front last night at nine and hadn't returned this afternoon at five. We have no trace of him.

Wed. Oct. 2, 1918

Still at work and most of us still sleepless except for one night a piece. Our dressing station at the front has been bombed and shelled so we had to evacuate it. Night before last we had a

gas attack. The wounded are pouring in but we cant make trips to the front in less than twelve hours on account of the enormous traffic over the shelled roads.

Sat. Oct. 5, 1918

Yesterday I went 234 miles to "Langres" to get tires and tubes. The whole trip took me fourteen hours. I am pretty tired after the ride, but I have been working hard today. Our machines are now stationed at "Montfaucon" and at "Very". The shells are falling all around and several gas alarms were given today.

Tues. Oct. 8, 1918

Just finished a forty eight hour shift. Our motor was running all of the time. We evacuated patients from a dressing station five kilometers beyond Very. Three times last night they shot gas at us. I had my first experience driving at night with a gas mask on.

Last evening I took a Red Cross nurse up to the front. She said she was anxious to see it so I got her a gas mask and gave her my "fin derby" and slicker for a disguise. I dont think she will want to make the trip again. We had to pass about fifteen of our bat-

teries which are right on the side of the road; and every time one of them went off she would jump two feet off the ~~road~~^{seat}. At one place a Boche plane swooped down on a battery and opened up with his machine gun. Several of the bullets whizzed pretty close.

Thur. Oct. 10, 1918

Funny incident happened yesterday. I was driving along a few kilometers from Fleury and came across two Italian soldiers who asked for a ride to the town. I picked them up and went on to the hospital. After I had passed the guard at the entrance the two men

jumped off and I continued on to the receiving ward. In a minute I heard a lot of shouting so I stopped. When I looked around I saw the guard and several others holding the two Italians who were struggling. On asking what the trouble was they yelled, "Here are two German prisoners who jumped off your machine." I had to explain to the guards and then try to explain to the Italians, after which there was a general laugh. The mistake came, I guess, on account of the soldiers' uniforms which are very like the German, and because they couldn't make

themselves understood.

Friday, Oct. 11, 18

Today I received word from hq. that my request to be reduced would be considered, but they said they could see no reason for granting it. They evidently can't understand why a chief mechanic should want to be a "buck private". They don't know that in the ambulance service the one who sees the real service and gets the credit is the "buck private". I am crossing my fingers until I hear from them.

Sat. Oct. 12, 1918

When I came in I heard that Terry had been

raising cane around here. I'll take the front with "Jerry" shells anytime to the rear with "Terry's" "gas" attacks.

Mon. October 14, 1918

Today we heard the great news of the beginning of the end of war. For the past week rumors have been spread around concerning peace.

Yesterday morning on one of my trips I passed a lieutenant who hollered to me, "C'est la fin de la guerre", the Boche haven't fired a shot since midnight. I took his word for it and continued toward the front. Just after I had passed Cheppy one of

"Jerry's" whistlers passed over my machine and lit in the mud on the side of the road but didn't explode. It was too close for comfort as it splashed mud all over me. Well, any way, it spoiled my happy dream of an armistice. But after reading to-day's London paper I can not help feeling the war has reached its last lap.

(Issued to all Americans) Oct. 14.
Officers and men of this command are warned not to be thrown off their guard by rumors of peace. Whether these rumors are true or false our duty is to continue to kill

or capture the maximum number of our perfidious enemy, who is artfully endeavoring to bring to a close the world tragedy created by his own unscrupulous ambition. Be assured that the diabolical crime of Germany would continue to be perpetuated were it not that the defeat of her armies forces her to ask for peace.

Thur. Oct. 17, 1918
Just as we had expected Pres. Wilson has refused the German peace proposal. Every Frenchman I have talked to has been indignant at any mention of

peace.

"Bum Smith" is in the hospital with a shattered arm. He is "fortytwo's" second casualty.

The night before last I was lost trying to find an evacuation hospital beyond "Ste Menehould"

Why they are so far back is more than I can understand. I found myself at daylight out of the Z. of A. Here everything is different. There are no shattered towns or shelled roads back there. When I finally found the hospital I was asked to interpret for a wounded German. He said he was

a Prussian and a machine gunner (Schoozter). He said he thought there were about a million ^{American} men in France of which two hundred thousand were at the front. He said all of Germany's troops were at the front. They have no reserves.

Sat. Oct. 19, 1918

Whatever is exciting in the life of an ambulance driver, night driving must have a place. It is one thing to drive along a poor road during the day; it is a far different thing to drive along the same road at night.

The road, winding ~~at~~ ground hills and valleys through heaps of stone.

heres rattling rush on the paved road
Shells for the guns are motored north.
Theres the honk of the speeding courier's horn
And the throb of the ambulance venturing forth.

and mortar that were once pretty villages, is only a vaguely discernable gray evasiveness, lighted occasionally by the flashes of our "155s" and "9.2s", flashes that blind one and then leave the road in inky darkness. On the horizon are waves of light, like the aurora borealis, undulating from end to end of our field of vision. These are the flashes of our "75s". Suddenly in front looms something which has the squareness of outline and the apparent bigness of a house. It is one of those huge French trucks, as usual on the wrong side of the road. After much

maneuvering and smothered language he steers around us and we continue on, the light of our pipes reflected against our faces, being our only safeguard against a collision. Further on we meet a column of soldiers. We can hear them by their ~~the~~ ^{peculiar} swish, swish of their feet in the mud. It is rather ghostly here in the blackness to have those hundred of men marching by without a sound. It seems as if the whole world is stealthily astir on such a night. We pass artillery, cleverly camouflaged with mats of grass and branches; then

a company of cavalry;
then truck after truck
filled with amunition. So it
goes, the roads becom-
ing more congested
as we approach the front.
Finally we turn off the
main road on to a mud
or cordouroy road leading
to the dressing station. We
are lucky if we dont have
to be pulled out of some
unseen shell holes five
or six times, before we
draw up to the tiny green
light indicating the station.

Monday Oct. 21 18

I attended a burial
yesterday - that is, I watch-
ed while a detail of two
men and a chaplain add-

ed one more to the rapidly
growing number of mounds
in back of the station. The
two men brought out the
body wrapped in a blankets
lying on a stretcher. They
rolled the body into the
prepared ditch, about two
feet deep, and covered
it with dirt. I heard the
chaplain remonstrating
with the men about the
way they handled the
dead. One of them said, "Oh
that's just one more sent
to 'Winter quarters'." Nay, said
the chaplain, sent to the land
of eternal peace. Sent to a
hero's doom, and beyond
that to a hero's imperishable
glory. We who see saluted

revelantly our country's dead
now do not even turn our
heads when we see one of
those stretchers going by
with its blanket covered
load denoting ^{that} one more
hero had ~~made~~ made the so-
preme sacrifice.

Wed. Oct. 23, 1918

I found out to-day that
the bridge at Varennes over
which we frequently drive ^{was} ~~is~~
the scene of a great event
in French history. It was here
that "Louis XVI" and "Marie
Antoinette" were captured.
It is just a little bridge
crossing the river "Aire" and
today it groans under the
heavy traffic which passes
over it. The camouflage

which the Germans put up
and neglected to tear down
still serves its purpose ex-
cept that now it hides the
bridge from the north. These
green mats used to face
the south.

Things happen pretty
quickly ~~some~~ some times. Just
as we were going to bed
we heard a Boche over
head and the cry "Lights
out." Simultaneously an in-
cendiary bomb dropped
and hit a shed where Sec-
tion 604 keeps their gas-
oline. We had the prettiest
little fire around here
I have ever seen. The fire
call blew but what could
we do with no water

within five kilometers of here? We knocked down two nearby buildings but couldn't save two ambulances which were sprayed by the exploding gas. I haven't had any sleep for forty eight hours and I can't go to sleep with all this excitement going on. So I am sitting here writing until things quiet down somewhat.

There are rumors about that the Boche shelled "Souilly" with a long range gun, today. Souilly is an important rail head and Gen. Pershings headquarters. Naturally they are making

some kind of effort to bomb or shell it.

Sat. Oct. 26, 1918.

This morning Shorty drove what was left of his machine into our station. It was a strange sight, just enough of the seat was left to sit on, one fender was off, and the body looked as if someone had gone down the middle with a buzz saw. It seems that the shell hit the road at the side of the machine.

The rest was obvious. How Shorty escaped is more than I can figure. His one patient was blown out in the ditch and sustained only a few additional wounds.

Last night Sunderland came back from the hospital. As he was our first casualty he received quite an ovation. We are glad to have him back, especially since we are so short of men.

I heard today that my reduction was coming through fine. I will know definitely by the first of the month.

Mon. Oct. 28, 1918.

About three weeks ago one of the sections reported an ambulance and driver missing and today they found out where he was. It seems that he took the wrong road near the front and instead of heading

toward the dressing station he started out across no-man's-land. Our own infantry, thinking it was an ambulance captured by the Germans, opened up with machine guns on it. The driver, thinking the Germans were firing on him, kept on going and drove straight into the arms of the Boche. His section received a letter from him stating that he was in a German prison camp and his four patients were in a hospital.

Friday ~~Tues.~~ Nov. 1, 1918.

Yesterday we moved from the Forty Second Divisional Hos. to the Second Div. Hos. The Second division is comprised of

Marines and Regulars. When we reached the hos. at Exemont we went to bed; that is, we laid out a stretcher and covered ourselves with our overcoats. As I lay there listening to the shrill screech of the "arrives" and "departs" I could not help thinking of ^{the} queer paradoxes of war. Around me ~~was~~ were my comrades, exhaling the heavy breaths of men who need the rest they are taking. Here were they actually lulled to sleep by this hideous din. To us, the infernal clamor of the shells has become a customary part of our lives, whether asleep or awake. But merely the light step of the

ambulance dispatcher would awaken us all. And I ask myself the eternal question, "Why is it?"

This morning when I came in I carried a colored doughboy on the front seat. He told me about the first time over the top. He said, "De leut he lined us up in de trench en says 'Boys we is gwine ovah in a couple o' minutes en I jis want to say dat we mus all be brave en fite lik men.' Jis den de Germans begin to send ovah a counter barrage en de leut he looked around en sayed, 'Sargen tak charge ob de platoon.'"

I asked him how many times he had gone over and

he said, "Its jis dis way, be-
tween yo en me and dat there
road Ise only ben ovah onct,
but if ma gal axes me when
ah gets home Ise gwine to
say, "Bowwow times gal, bowwow
why its jis lak walken out o'
yo front dahn de moanen, to
me."

Sat. Nov. 2, 1918.

Today we moved up
and established a dress-
ing ~~dress~~ station at
"Andres Ste. George", a town
which was held by the
Germans yesterday. All about
the town were the gruesome
sights of the unburied dead
lying in the gutters, in door-
ways, everywhere, just as
they had fallen. This is the

second day of the drive and
so far it has proved most
successful.

Wed. Nov. 6, 1918

Two nights ago I spent
a night in a hotel in a real
bed, one with a feather mat-
tress underneath and a feath-
er tick over. It was the first
bed I have slept in for six
months and I confess a good
pile of rocks or the floor of
an ambulance suits me much
better. In the hotel were
many men on pass. Their
boistrous laughter and actions
made me ashamed of my
countrymen. They say the
army is a leveler. They are
right in a way. The army
lite tends to bring every

one down to the level of the lowest man. The man who is weak is bound to fall and he who is strong is apt to find himself alone and unpopular. I am very fortunate in being in an organization of clean cut fellows.

Yesterday one of our bombing planes accidentally dropped a bomb near our cook shack and damaged it quite a bit. Today our cook was out picking up the pieces of the bomb to keep for souvenirs.

Sat. Nov. 16, 1918

On the night of Nov. 9th I stood in front of the dressing station in Beaumont,

the town famed for the last French battle prior to Sedan in 1870, watching the glow in the horizon where Sedan was burning. Sedan which saw the beginning of the Hohenzollern dream of an empire, this morning figuratively and literally represents the ashes of that empire.

Two days later I stood on the same spot listening to what I now believe to ^{have} been the last shots of the ⁿwar. Inside the church, which had been converted into a dressing station, were lying those who had been wounded after the armistice had been signed. Just at eleven

Someone, with an inspiration began the Star Spangled Banner on the organ. Instantly, except for the moans of the unconscious men and the strains of the national anthem, which, although played softly, filled the room with its song of freedom, the place became silent. It was a moment I shall never forget. Many a tear showed its course down an unwashed cheek. An officer, performing an operation, stopped and straightened up, his hand holding the knife shaking as if he were stricken with the palsy. As the organ struck the last bars of our national song we, who were uninjured, sat

proudly at attention and as the music ceased and the work continued I could not help to realize, as I know many others did, that after all it was worth while.

Going back that evening past the battle field of the day before and seeing those mute corpses strewn here and there, I thought of words of Christ at the "last supper", "This is my body which is broken for you."

Sat. Nov. 23, 1918

This armistice has made quite a slump in our "business". For the past week we have made only a few trips apiece and all these have been in the day

time. We have made ourselves comfortable in some German dugouts and we now await orders to proceed to Germany or to the S.O.S.

Tues. Nov. 26, 1918

Tomorrow we leave for Germany. I am curious to see what the attitude of the German people will be.

Wed. Nov. 27, 1918

We started out today at two o'clock, passing thru Bontheville where the Americans were held in check for several weeks; Dun; and about dark reached Chateau de Chavauny where ^{we} are spending the night. I talked to an old woman and her

husband who had stayed in the village during the four long years of the German's occupation. They told me of being thrown in prison for refusing to talk to the Boche soldiers; of being forced to work for their captors; of having to hand over their possessions for a bogus receipt. All these things and more they told me with tears of gratitude for their deliverance flowing down their cheeks.

Another old man said that Germans always spoke of us as "höllischen Kerlen."

Thursday Nov 28, 1918

Starting early this morning we passed through "Montmedy" and about ten we entered

Belgium. Here all the villages were decorated with bits of bunting and home made flags. Many of these representations of our national colors had nine or ten stripes and a few dots on the blue field to represent the stars. But we knew that these simple folk had fashioned these flags with gratitude in their hearts and probably had sacrificed their best clothing in order to make the display possible.

As we sped thru' these towns the ^{people} ~~se~~ cheered and cried "Vive l'Amerique".

But how changed were the villages of Luxemburg. A few French flags could be seen

but nowhere did the people even glance at us. Their attitude, while not hostile, was certainly not cordial. We entered the city of Luxemburg at noon. It is a city of beautiful buildings which greatly mislead one to think the population is much greater than it really is. The true population is thirty ~~per~~ thousand.

After reporting to Hdq. we left the city and went to Sanweiler a "fauberg" of the capital. The bourgomeister billeted us in a castle where we are now. We are sitting in the gun room with its huge hearth aglow with a roaring fire, listening to the stories of the bourgomeister.

Sunday, Dec. 8, 1918

Yesterday I heard a good joke on us. On account of the Italian words "Esercito Americano" on the side of our cars we are called the "Italian ambulance men". After I had brought a load to "Mars La Tour" the other night, one of the men asked who had brought him in. The receiving officer said, "Oh! That's one of those Italian ambulances. The patient said, "We had a flat tire on the way and although that driver and his orderly don't talk English, they swear it. I see that after this I will have to be careful of my road talk.

Thursday Dec. 19, 1918

Yesterday we moved from Briey up here to Treves or Trier as the Germans call it. We have been hauling men, returning to duty here, for the past two weeks, so the town is not new to us. This part of Germany is a strange contrast to the France from which we came. Food is plentiful, the farms are well stocked, the roads are good, in fact, to an outsider Germany, today, has no respect of a nation who has been at war for over four years. The people seem to be friendly to the Americans, but do not hesitate to show their hatred for

the French and English. Several times on the road I have stopped and had dinner with some kind German family. Even the peasants have a sort of education, most of them speaking two or more languages. They are a peculiarly ambiguous people, leading equally well a life at home of peace and culture and a military life of war and Kultur.

Two ambulances were needed for tomorrow for a funeral, one for the body, one for the firing squad. Tarny and I flipped coins to see which one would carry the body. I won and chose the squad.

Christmas - Dec. 25, 1918
Christmas! But how different from the days I used to look forward to when I was a child. There was no early rising, no greetings, none of the Christmas spirit I used to know and would ~~still~~ still like to see. But the weather had done its best. It had clothed the earth in a soft and light blanket of snow. The sky was nearly cloudless, a thing unusual for this time of year. No it was not the weather! It must be ^{the fact} that we are still in the army and the army recognizes no holidays.

The K&C and the Red Cross gave each of us a

sock filled with nuts and candy.

Tues. Jan. 7, 1919

Last night we had a little excitement. For a second time fire tried to force us from our domiciles. Just at eight, the guard outside discovered the fire. It had had quite a start by then and the whole fourth floor was in flames. It was burning too merrily for our bucket line to be of much avail so we sent for the brave Trierian fire dept. When they arrived they looked more like the German staff than an honest to goodness fire dept. But with the aid of their hose and ladders we con-

quered the damage to the two top floors; but in doing so several of us became overcome with smoke. Bill Zisky, Cook and I spent the night in the hospital. Today we are OK. except that our throats feel sore. I had to make a statement at the inquest this afternoon.

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1919

Thursday I experienced my first ride in an aeroplane. For the past week I have been on duty at the 166th Aero Sqdn. and finally got one of the pilots, a Lt. Dale, to take me up in his Liberty Day

Bamber. It was a wonderful sensation to fly five thousand feet in the air and feel as if you were standing still. I was only up five minutes but that five minutes seemed an hour.

Today I made a trip to "Wichlick" to take some officer's baggage up there. I was pretty cold driving but the scenery was beautiful. The road follows the Moselle most of the way, winding in and out of the hills and finally going up over a small mountain over looking the Moselle valley for miles.

Thursday, Feb 20, 1919

In my mail today I received a clipping from the Cleveland News, quoting an article concerning Rep. at-large Garland's trip to the A.E.F. In large type at the head blazoned the words "Get us Home, Sob Yankees Held Abroad." I wonder if that headline justifies the editor's opinion of an American Soldier. No one but a soldier can realize what that word "sob" means when used as it was here used. I am going to write to that editor and ask him to explain.

The paper today seems to be quite optimistic concerning an early peace. Rumors are flying wildly about, but no

definite statements about
our going home.

Monday, ~~Apr. 3~~, 1919

Yesterday we added two
motorcycle ambulances to
our equipment. They came
on a train from Metz. I took
one to Prum to try it out.
They dont seem so bad.

We are to be relieved
in a week or so by an evac-
uation ambulance company
who have never seen service.
I dont like the idea of
turning over our cars to
them - Our cars which we
assembled; tuned and tested;
drove over ten thousand
miles in them; slept in
them many a night; and
saw service under many

conditions in them.

Friday, Mar. 14, 1919

Today we turn over our
rolling stock to the new
men. They are new in every
sense of the word.

Yesterday Gen. Pershing
inspected us and gave us
a speech. He is a very poor
speaker. He doesnt sound
like a man with president-
ial aspirations. He is a
soldier - every inch of him.

Sunday, Mar. 23, 1919

Eight days ago we bade
good bye to our ambulances
and to Germany and boarded
the 3rd Class coaches for the
S.O.S. After traveling or
rather crawling along for
ten hours we reached

Toul, where we detrained for the night. Marching 3 or 4 kilometers we came to a replacement camp where we spent the remainder of the night, but made no attempt to sleep, for we were without blankets and a snow storm gave a very unpleasant atmosphere to the barracks which were mere sheds.

The next morning we boarded box cars in a howling storm and proceeded to Chaumont. All of us were so numb we could hardly climb out when we reached there. From Chaumont we traveled 3rd Class to Joinville. We spent our first

night here in Joinville in horse sheds. We are now in comfortable barracks in a French Hospital.

When we first came here we expected to leave for Brest in a few days; but complications have set in. We cannot leave now until we have driven some 220 Fords and 9 M.C.s down to Framorantin a distance of 280 kilometers. To do this we have to make two trips, coming back by box cars, I suppose.

Sunday Mar. 30, 1919

At 7:00 Wed. we started out on our first trip to Framorantin. The first hour it

was a mad race for first place on the road; but we soon divided into sections. At 11:30 we had reached Troyes where we stayed for noon mess. We traveled at a fast pace until 3:30 when we discovered that the Fords were almost out of gas. We came to the town of Sens. Here we gased up but on account of delays in getting the gas we were unable to start again so we stayed there all night.

Early the next morning we started out in a rain and hail storm. The pace didn't slacken although the hail beating on one face

made it almost impossible to see. We stop^{ed} for lunch at Argent. We came to our destination at 3:30. Being unable to check in our cars that night we slept in them and checked in early the next morning.

Went down town in a truck and stayed there till traintime. We traveled all day and night on the American Special. Got back here at 8:00 P.M. Saturday night.

Munday, April 14, 1919

After making a rather pleasant, but uneventful, trip to Romorantin; and then, a box car ride for three days we arrived at Brest

Brest! It created a bad impression on me when I first saw the camp and nothing that I have since seen, or heard, or done has helped to better that impression. In the first place the barracks are unsanitary the roof leaks in a hundred places (nothing one wouldn't mind in Italy but here it rains every day and most of the day). We are overcrowded there are two hundred of us in a place that should accommodate one hundred.

We work in the rain and as our equipment only calls for one pair of shoes our feet are wet all the time.

The mess is poor and insufficient. Labor battalions and prisoners of war have better treatment than the transient troops.

Sat. April 19, 1919

At last Brest is in our rear and America before us! We left the camp at noon and after a five mile hike under a hot sun with all our equipment and overcoats on we arrived at the pier. We boarded a lighter and two hours later we boarded our Transport the *Königin der Nederlanden*. Twenty minutes afterward the ship was under way.

She is a slow boat, can
only make 13 knots an
hour. The accommodations
are not bad as far as
sleeping or eating. We are
scheduled to arrive in
Newport News on the first
of May

Pour le plaisir le repos du militaire
Il est la bas - à deux pas de la forêt
Une maison aux murs tous couverts de lierre
Au Toulouru c'est le nom de cabaret
La servante est jeune et gentille
Legere comme un papillon
Comme son vin son oeil petille
Nous l'appelons la Madelon
Nous en revoir la nuit
Nous y pensons les jours
Ce n'est que Madelon mais pour nous c'est l'Amour.
La Madelon vient nous servir a boire
Sous la tonnelle on frole son jupon
Et chacun lui raconte une histoire
Une histoire a sa façon
La Madelon pour nous n'est pas severe
Quand on lui prend la taille ~~elle~~ ^{ou} le menton
Elle rit - c'est tout l'mal quelle s'aite faire ~~elle~~
Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!