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Old Third Regiment Has Baptism Of Fire

TV Sept 12, 1918

Attorney C. F. Lauer Writes of Death of One Member of Company A on the Front Line—Was Occupying a Supporting Position on Aug. 4, but Subsequent Letters Indicate That the 108th Is Now in Thick of Fight.

A letter received by Miss Edith Lauer of 120 Rutgers street from her brother, Private Charles F. Lauer, Company A, 108th Regiment, and from other members of the 27th Division in France, indicate that the men of what was formerly the Third New York Infantry are now in the thick of the fighting in France. Private Lauer is a lawyer and a nephew of Supreme Court Justice A. J. Rodenbeck. Before his enlistment he had offices at 738 Powers building.

In his last letter home, dated in France on August 4, he speaks only briefly of the activities of the regiment. "We are all well," he writes, "except William Davison, not from Rochester, who was killed by machine gun fire in the front line. We now occupy a supporting position where the artillery fire is quite active, and hope to see the front line soon."

Mr. Lauer's letter indicates that different companies of the 108th Regiment were being sent to the front line in turn, and that his company's chance was expected at any time. Mr. Lauer, who enlisted soon after the United States entered the war, received his military training at Camp Wadsworth and went overseas with the first contingent from Spartanburg.

Captain Farmer's Close Call.

Captain Harry H. Farmer, of Company C, 108th Regiment, writing to his brother, Judge William S. Farmer of Syracuse, under date of August 15, states that three members of his company were wounded in the first engagement with the Huns. Captain Farmer, commanding, had a close call when a 9.2-inch shell hit his dug-out, but failed to explode. He tells of his first experience in the front line. He was there with his company for nine days.

"This was the second phase of our training," writes Captain Farmer. "We were first mixed with other troops by individuals. Then platoons were separated, then companies and finally the battalion held the line alone. It was a hard stunt. Was wet through and through every time we changed posts. Had to crawl into a dug-out one night wet through. We are in the back areas now, but yet only three to four miles from the front. The Huns send over a few heavies every night. We give them a passing thought."

Captain Farmer states that the Rev. Almon A. Jaynes, chaplain of the 108th Regiment, is ill in a hospital in England.



PRIVATE WILLIAM DAVISON.

Company C Has Baptism of Fire.

Company C, 108th Infantry, had its baptism of fire on August 8, writes Corporal J. Michels to his mother, Mrs. W. E. Thompson of Warner. Corporal Michels in his letter says:

"We had our first taste of the trenches and it wasn't so bad. Had my baptism of fire on my birthday, August 3. There were no casualties; two lads were slightly wounded. It was sure an interesting and at times, an exciting trip. Had just nicely got set in our little dugouts when Fritz started to shell us. He sure made it warm for an hour or so.

"We were under shell fire practically all the time we were up there, about two weeks. We gave him a good strapping a couple of times, but he returned it good and proper. This one night I had two Lewis automatic machine guns on outpost in close support to the front lines. They were about 200 yards apart.

"We knew the fun was coming and at what time. The first gun was without any real protection but the second was O. K. Got caught at first and it was real warm. Fritz landed everything imaginable around us and kept coming closer.

"He finally landed a shell at the base of what protection we had and away it went. We had to move then. Not one of us got a scratch. We have found out that he has got to make a direct hit in order to do much damage and it is a lucky shot that makes a direct hit.

The letters from Captain Farmer and Corporal Michels lead to the conclusion that Company A, in which are most of the Rochester men, has also experienced its baptism of fire. Company C is composed chiefly of men living in or near Syracuse.

BATTLE SCENES WELL DESCRIBED

A letter that is characterized by an army officer who sends a copy of it as "the most vivid description of a battle I have ever seen," was received recently by a mother in this country from her son who was recovering from a wound at a central hospital in France, says the Army and Navy Journal. It is dated October 2, 1918. After speaking of the fine treatment received at the hospital, the letter says:

"It is certainly worth while being wounded. I am not allowed to tell you from where we went over the top, but I can say that we were in the hottest and bloodiest fighting of the drive that smashed the Hindenburg line. We hiked with light packs 20 miles to the trenches and then fought all night, driving the Germans out of their front line outposts. The next day we spent in the trenches under heavy gas and H. E. (high explosive) shell fire. Luckily we only had two killed and two wounded at this time. We got very little rest as we had to wear our masks almost all day. 'Jerry' evidently knew we were coming over and so tried to shake us up as much as possible. That day I saw many ghastly sights of men dying and wounded, but nothing in comparison to the following day.

"We started the next morning, Sunday, September 29, an hour before daylight for the front line; and there formed in No Man's Land, to go over. 'Jerry' had his wind up and must have seen us. His artillery and machine guns opened up on us, and as we had no cover but the shell holes we suffered heavily. My nerve were on edge and I was in a cold sweat until their first H. E. came over. It was a 5.9-inch and landed right in our group, wounding and killing all of the 20 men. The shrieks and the moans of the wounded men chilled my nerves to a standstill; it was odd to me to feel a less degree of apprehension coming over me. All I wanted was to get going where I could kill something.

For the first time the sky began to get gray, our artillery started and at the same time the machine-gun barrage opened up. The Australians, who backed us up, said the barrage was the heaviest they had ever seen. After a few minutes of this, the first and second wave went over, and in the semi-darkness, with the German shells dropping all about us, we followed in the third wave. The noise was deafening—I cannot hear very well yet. All orders had to be given by signals. The ground was strewn with our dead, dying and wounded. The poor fellows who were down cheered us on as we slowly walked over them behind our barrage. The tanks, the first and second waves were supposed to mop up all the dug-outs and machine gun nests, but in the poor light, when the forward movement was carried on, they must have overlooked several nests which opened fire on us after they had passed over. The casualty list will tell the result. As we advanced the dirt and stones jumped up and flew about us, and under this hail of bullets the men were dropping very fast.

The boys were certainly well disciplined and made of the right stuff. With many of our officers wounded and most of our 'non-coms,' out, they kept on steadily pushing the machine gun nests.

One bullet smashed my rifle; another plugged my canteen and the water running down my leg made me think I was hit there. Two bullets bounced off my helmet and the same instant number one and four, gunners with my squad, went down with hits. Number two picked up the Lewis gun, but three bullets had put that out of business. We then had the good luck to spot the machine gunners who were firing at us. They were only one hundred yards away, but we couldn't see much more than the top of their helmets. With rifle fire we got every one of them. At this time I got the bullet through the left side of my neck. It went in just to the left of the jugular vein and came out to the left of the back bone. It dropped me; I thought that I had been hit with a club. One of the men in my squad gave me first aid. While I was able to get up again I was very dizzy. I could not go far, so I rolled into a nearby shell hole with a couple of dead boys. They were lying there close together both with their hands on the beads of a rosary which one of them had about his neck. I saw many American boys die that day. They all passed like heroes with a smile on their lips and a cheer for us to get 'Jerrys.' As far as I know our boys took no prisoners. The field was covered with their dead.

"While lying in that shell hole I heard and spotted another nest of machine guns. Crawling up on it I burned it out with the five Mills grenades I had. When the first grenade landed you should have heard them yell 'Kamerad.' The second, third and fourth quieted them. The fifth grenade silenced them. Afterward I looked into that nest. It contained

two machine guns and one anti-tank gun, 15 dead 'Jerrys,' who were blown beyond recognition. That wasn't a steel hat worth the taking. Later the Germans sent over a smoke screen and under cover of it I went back to the first aid station. On the way I saw many of my chums who were either

dead or dying. I gave them all the help I could. One poor fellow who had been shot through the leg, both eyes put out and one arm smashed, I carried on my back. The only thing that seemed to concern him was his folks. He feared that his people would hear about him and he worried. I won't attempt to describe any of the scenes I saw on the way out, for the words fail me. There was a dead 'Yank' every 10 yards.

"After reaching the first aid station I was classed, at my own request, as 'walking wounded.' From there I walked back with others to a point where a lorry picked us up, and after a long ride, we finally landed in a C. C. S. (casualty clearing station) where my wound was redressed and I received the first inoculation against blood poisoning. This was about 9 o'clock at night. The place was so

crowded that I had to sleep on the floor, rolled up in a couple of blankets, but after two whole days without sleep, I rested very comfortably. The following day I was put on a train and shipped to this hospital. Conditions are ideal; if I could receive some of the mail that is on the way to me my happiness would almost be complete. My wound is almost healed now, and I am beginning to dread the time when I will leave this comfortable place. I expect to be kept here a few weeks longer. From the way matters are progressing at the front, I imagine that it is quite possible that peace will be concluded this winter. The Huns can't

hold us. We are beating them at every turn."

MACHINE GUNNERS OF 108TH IN THICK OF IT Letter Shows They Have Been in Heavy Fighting.

A letter that indicates that the Machine Gun Company of the 108th Regiment has been in severe fighting has been received by Mrs. George R. Newell, of No. 75 Appleton street, from her godson, Private Daniel F. Flanagan. The letter is dated October 31st. The letter follows in part.

"We are a very sorrowful bunch just now, what is left of us, because some of our best are gone and we must make our trip back home without them. But that's what we came over here for and we are ready to go over the top again. For my part, I will go wherever they want me to, any old time. I have been through everything there is to go through, and after a rest I can do it again. Everything is down in my brain to tell you all when I get back. I can never forget it.

"Whenever you get a chance to say a good word for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., say it. They follow us everywhere. They had not cocoa ready when we came out, and that made us smile a little. Then a few more miles and our band met us. Oh, you don't know what a good band we've got, and we think the world of it.

"When they met us and played for us we forgot our sorrows, forgot we hadn't had any sleep in a long time, and even forgot that we were all tired out, covered with mud and hungry. They have been playing for us every afternoon and evening since we came out.

"It will not be long before we are all coming back, we feel. Write. There is nothing like a cheerful letter."

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County Rochester Men Shock Troops Historic Scrapbooks Collection With 27th Division In Drive On St. Quentin-Cambrai Front

Members of 108th Regiment Take Big Part in Heavy Fighting—New York Men Went Over Top With Battle Cry of "Lusitania"—Rochester Men on Casualty List.

The 27th Division, composed of men from Western New York, made a wonderful record in the St. Quentin-Cambrai drive, a record which brought warm commendation from Sir Douglas Haig of the British forces who spoke of "the utmost dash and bravery" of the American forces of which it was a part in the drive. The two American divisions broke the Hindenburg line and advanced five miles, taking 5,000 prisoners and many guns.

Eye-witnesses say that the New York men went over the top in an overwhelming, resistless wave, shouting as their battle cry, "Lusitania!" It had been learned from prisoners that nine divisions of the German troops were awaiting the attack. Each man who went over the top knew that he was going into what would probably be the hardest fought battle of the war and he went into it with the determination to do his part in making it also the most successful for the Allied forces.

Following in the train of the large concourse of tanks the Americans forged ahead through the early morning mist and the smoke and vapor of the thousands of shells which had been sent over in preliminary bombardment. At one point the Americans waded and swam a waterway under steady machine-gun fire and took the opposite bank from the enemy with shouts and laughter.

The drive lasted from 6 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock, when, at a signal, the American forces opened their ranks to allow the support of Australians to come up and take their places. By this time the prisoners were being taken back in droves and the shock troops of the Americans were ordered to the rear to recuperate after their supreme effort.

Letters are arriving which tell of the part taken by the Rochester men who are members of the 108th Regiment, part of the 27th Division, in the big drive. The casualties are said not to have been heavy considering the intensity of the drive and the fact that the division was used as shock troops.

PVT. GAMROD GIVES NEWS OF COMRADES TU Oct 31, 1918

Mrs. E. Gamrod of 210 William street has received a letter from her son, Private John G. Gamrod of the 108th Regiment, written just after the big drive at St. Quentin on September 30. He says:

"With God's help I came through the big drive safe and sound although



PVT. J. G. GAMROD.

nearly all of my pals are listed among the casualties. The drive was a big success and it is safe to say that the German's strongest point in the Hindenburg line was smashed by the 27th Division and the second battalion of the 108th Regiment gets a big share of the credit as they were first to go over the top.

"Billy Curran, my chum, was killed and Frenchie Allan, the fellow I was home on furlough with, had his arm nearly taken off by a large piece of shrapnel. From latest reports he is getting along fine but I guess as far as this war is concerned he is finished.

"We are out of the trenches at present, the reason, of course, being that we were used as shock troops and they are relieved just as soon as they reach their objective.

"That was all a mistake about Conway being hurt and in hospital, but in the last push he was slightly gassed, nothing serious, however. If Ray Hayward is in the 310th, which is in the 78th Division. I will possibly have a chance to see him as they are in the third army corps. If I see him I will let you know."

Describes Terrific Battle In Which 108th Took Part

TO Nov. 1, 1918

Sergeant Charles Bates of Fairport in Letter to H. L. Saunders Tells How Men of 27th Division, Used as Shock Troops, Drove Germans Back in Battle That Lasted Two Days.

In a letter to H. L. Saunders of Fairport, First Sergeant Charles Bates of the same village writes of a terrific battle in which the members of the 108th Infantry took part. Sergeant Bates is a member of Machine Gun Company, 108th Infantry, and writing under date of October 6, he says:

"You will no doubt be surprised to get this letter from me, after hearing of our casualty list. I was reported killed, but like all bad money turned up at the finish. I will try my best to give you a bit of an idea as to what our division was ordered to do.

"There 'was' a certain part of the Hindenburg line which the British tried on three different occasions to penetrate, but failed each time, on account of there being so many machine guns. Well, we said we would take it, I guess, for we were ordered to break that line if never a man came back. We were the sacrifice troops and were backed by four Australian divisions. They are some fighters, too.

"Well, Mr. Saunders, we went over about 5:30 in the morning and the battle lasted two days. An officer of very high rank here today told us that he had witnessed 81 battles over here, but said he never saw anything like that. And I can tell you that I hope and pray that we never see it again like that. What few of us came back are still trying to figure out how a man could possibly live under such a fire.

"I was in command of a platoon as we happened to have one of our officers away at school at the time, so I had to take his place. Well, it's a good job he was away, for the others were killed, as we have one officer left now anyway. I have not heard the report on the Fairport boys that are in this regiment yet, so cannot state as to their welfare, but our losses are very high. In one company a corporal came out in command of the company. We had a corporal come out in command of one of our platoons.



SERGEANT CHARLES BATES.

"Well, the line was captured and the Hun was still going, and I hope they never let him stop 'till he gets to Berlin now. Then I'll eat my Christmas dinner in Fairport.

"Our chaplain is Chaplain Ward from Buffalo. Gee, you should see that man. It was a sight that our boys will always remember. When the machine gun fire and whiz bangs were coming in all directions, that fellow walked from one man to another, dressing the wounds and taking charge of stretcher bearers. And I might say that Jerry delights in cutting the stretcher bearers because they are helpless. That's his idea of good stuff.

"I am not going to try and tell you what a battlefield is like, because I don't believe any man can do that,

and I think if I ever come back I will be very drunk when I try to recall what it was like."

Overwhelming Indebtedness Faces German Government

TO Nov. 1, 1918

(By Robert J. Bender, U. P. Cor.)

Washington, Nov. 1.—Complete surrender of the Central Powers to the forces of civilization is drawing nearer, official Washington believed today.

Already mittel-Europa has been crushed by the Allied arms. Austria's abject capitulation is expected momentarily in the wake of her frantic appeal for an armistice on the field of battle.

When this comes Germany will face the world alone. How long she will hold out is a matter of conjecture, but authorities here believe not more than six months.

Germany, these authorities say, must be weighing thoughtfully the consequences of the debacle of her Allies, as she awaits the call for surrender from the Versailles conference. Austria's exit from the war, military authorities point out, will expose the entire southern German frontier, where morale is the weakest and where feeling against Prussia is most bitter. Bavaria, Saxony and Silesia would be the first points of contact with Allied troops and Munich, Dresden and Breslau, leading south German cities would be the first cities feeling a drive from the Austrian side.

Great Burden of Debt.

Debts are now haunting the Germans. Already the Hohenzollerns face the probability of having to repudiate the government's debt at home in order to square its debts to the world. This, or vast taxation measures to meet the outstanding bonds of \$40,000,000,000 and payments which the peace table will force for territories devastated by the Germans, appears certain, officials say.

Government repudiation of its debt to the people, officials here say, would make the people's power supreme.

The Krupps, for example, with millions of marks invested in government securities, would be reduced suddenly to a position where they no longer would constitute a menace.

Stolen From Belgium.

Estimates of the damage done by the Germans in Belgium place a load of approximately \$4,000,000,000 on Germany. This has grown up from fines, levies, war contributions, removal of raw and manufactured products to Germany and wholesale destruction of property. The German invaders levied in fines and contributions upon the Belgians, \$40,000,000 in 1914; \$90,000,000 in 1915; \$115,000,000 in 1916; \$100,000,000 in 1917, and to October 1, 1918, they had collected \$72,000,000.

Heavy Demands.

Belgium lost approximately \$1,200,000,000 worth of raw and manufactured products, machinery and other industrial equipment to the invaders, according to a published German boast in 1917. The same announcement estimated that German destruction to Belgian territory aggregated approximately \$2,000,000,000. These figures do not include the deportation of 1,720,000 Belgian men into Germany, whose production was entirely lost to their home land. Billions in plunder and destruction have been charged against the Huns to northern France, Serbia and other invaded sections. These debts will demand a reckoning at the peace table.

Definite developments from the Versailles conference are expected soon. It was said today that it was quite possible Germany would get the armistice terms and pass on them before they would be published to the world. Agreement on basic peace principles is imminent, according to reports.

Further Details Of Fighting At St. Quentin And Cambrai; Part Taken By Rochester Men

Heavy Casualties Among Members of 108th Regiment in
Breaking Through Hindenburg Line—Disregarded
Withering Machine Gun Fire and Bullets
From Aviators.

Letters received today from men of the 108th Infantry give still more details of the big drive at St. Quentin in which Rochester men took so gallant a part. The point where the 27th Division broke the Hindenburg line, between Cambrai and St. Quentin, had been five times attacked by British troops which had been unable to break through.

The young, fresh troops of the American division, associated with the troops of the British and Australian forces, went over the top and through the German line without a halt, though many of their number fell, killed or wounded by the hail of machine gun bullets fired from low-flying German airplanes, or by the high explosive shells and shrapnel which were poured over on them in a bombardment such as had never been seen before.

Killed in Action.

Private Fred B. Ayers, 1010 Bay street.

Private Albert J. Haag, 328 Orange street.

Private Austin J. Mullaly, Rochester.

Private William Curran, Rochester.

Died From Gas Attack.

Private Harold H. Wallis, Barnard.

Died of Wounds.

Mechanic George W. Trott, Mt. Hope avenue.

Sergeant Howard L. Shepard, Fairport.

Seriously Wounded in Action.

Corporal Daniel J. O'Hara, 30 Lorimer street.

Missing in Action.

Private Frank B. Bauer, 49 Rohr street.

Wounded in Action.

Private Maurice B. Ayers, 1010 Bay street.

Private Harold J. Herr, 22 Farbridge street.

Corporal Bruce Marley, Rochester.

Private Robert Mullin, Rochester.

Private Maurice Benedict, 66 Brighton street.

Sergeant J. A. Glenn, 70 Montrose street.

Corporal Arnold W. Ross, 1149 Atlantic avenue.

Private Sidney Thompson, Rochester.

Private Daniel Allaire, 73 York street.

Private Walter Kidea, 9 Superior street.

Private Walter Kriddle, Kenwood avenue.

Private Rodney Marcille, Rochester.

Private William Moran, 263 Edinburgh street.

Corporal Edward Marcille, 54 Arnett street.

Private George Keegan, 18 Ravine avenue.

Private Edward R. Moore, Rochester.

Corporal George A. Michaels, 339 Clinton avenue south.

Lieutenant Herbert Demer, 37 Rosewood terrace.

Private Arthur A. Teamerson, Rochester.

Private Norman Steers, 338 University avenue.

Private John W. Rohlin, Rochester.

Private Charles (Babe) Slobbe, 86 University avenue.

Private Edgar Williams, 246 1-2 Caledonia avenue.

Private Harold Wagner, Rochester.

Private Charles J. Welch, 53 Romeyn street.

Private George R. Loveny, 34 Newcomb street.

Private Frank H. Bladergreen, 132 Electric avenue.

Gassed in Action.

Private Walter J. Grunst, 293 Avenue C.

Lieutenant Henry C. Ostrander, 30 Park avenue.

Private Harry J. Harris, Rochester.



PRIVATE FRED B. AYERS.

Private Fred B. Ayers, son of Henry B. Ayres of 1010 Bay street, is reported to have been killed in the drive in which Company H, 108th Infantry,



PRIVATE MAURICE B. AYERS.

of which he was a member, took so important a part. Private Maurice B. Ayers, brother of Fred, was wounded in the drive and has written to his parents from a Portsmouth hospital telling of the great battle. When Maurice last saw his brother he was driving Hun stretcher bearers back to a field hospital but a letter from a comrade says that Fred was later



PRIVATE ALBERT J. HAAG.

killed by the explosion of a German shell.

Ordered to Take Lines.

In his letter Maurice tells of marching up to the lines near Gouy which



PRIVATE AUSTIN J. MULLALY.

the Americans had been ordered to take. He says:

"Although it was my sixth time over the top the time seemed as though it would never come. I was excited,



MECHANIC GEORGE W. TROTT.

because this front is a bad one. About 4 a. m. someone came down the road and said, 'Everybody up for sandbags and rations,' so we piled out and got three empty sandbags, a can of bully



PRIVATE MAURICE D. BENEDICT.

beef, a hunk of bread and a can of jam for each platoon. Five more minutes to go.

"Pretty soon the whistle blew and over we went. Talk about a sight! Jerry was so scared that he sent up Vary lights so fast that you would have thought a Vary light dump had blown up. We were getting along nicely and I got over the third ridge. The aeroplanes had dropped a big smoke screen and we couldn't see a thing in the valley, but on top you could see the Fritzes running for dear life. They never stopped to fight at all.

"That was about 10:15 a. m., and a nice big whiz-bang came over quickly

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SERGEANT J. A. GLENN.

and landed right back of me, killing three fellows and wounding me in the leg. I didn't think I was wounded at first, for it didn't hurt, but after I got



PRIVATE SIDNEY F. THOMPSON.

300 feet farther I looked at my leg and my legging was covered with blood. I fell into a shell hole, took out my knife, cut my legging off and



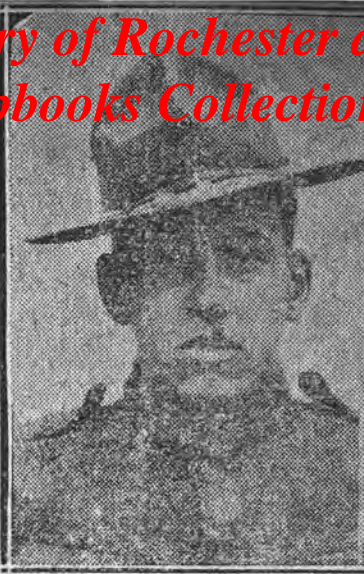
PRIVATE WALTER J. GRUNST.

dressed the wound. Then I tried to catch up with the company, but it was too far ahead so I found a nice deep shell hole and stayed there until Fritz



PRIVATE EDWARD R. MOORE.

made it too hot for me. Then I looked over the top and saw a tank coming, and I knew that the boys had got through the line all right. "Back of me were the Australians,



CORPORAL GEORGE A. MICHAELS

and they went 5,000 yards ahead of our boys. We have the boches on the run so fast that in a few more months of good weather we shall be in Berlin."

Private Albert J. Haag of Company G, 108th Infantry, was killed in action on September 29, while fighting near Gouey, on the Hindenburg line, north of St. Quentin, according to a letter received by Mrs. J. M. Georger from Corporal Bruce Marley, himself wounded in the same drive and now recovering in a hospital at Portsmouth, England. Private Haag was 19 years old.

He was one of the first volunteers from Rochester, enlisting just after the United States entered the war. He was in camp at Spartanburg, S. C., sailing for overseas last April and has



LIEUTENANT HERBERT DEMER.

been in active service since that time. At the time of his enlistment he was employed by the Seneca Camera Company. He leaves his father, John Haag of Chicago; and aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Georger, 328

Chapin street, with whom he made his home before entering the service. Harold H. Wallis of Barnard, is reported dead from a gas attack. He



PRIVATE HARRY J. HARRIS.

was sent to Camp Upton last February and sailed for overseas in April. He was gassed on September 18. A memorial service will be held for him



PRIVATE GEORGE R. LOVERY.

1 Sunday afternoon in Elmgrove Methodist Episcopal Church. Austin J. Mulally and William Cur-



PRIVATE ARTHUR TEAMERSON.



PRIVATE FRANK BLADERGROEN.

ran of Company G, 108th Infantry, are reported killed in France, according to a letter received here from Robert Mullin, also of Company G, himself wounded in the big drive. The two



PRIVATE DANIEL P. ALLAIRE.

were members of the Gimmie Association.

Word has been received of the death of Mechanic George W. Trott on October 2, of wounds received in action.



PRIVATE HAROLD J. HERR.

He was the son of the late George W. and Elizabeth J. Trott of Mt. Hope avenue.

He enlisted in Company G, Third



CORPORAL ARNOLD W. ROSS.

Regiment, N. Y. N. G., now the 103th Infantry, on April 21, 1917, and was in training at Spartanburg. On May 18, 1918, he sailed for France.

He leaves three brothers, Julius R. of Danford Lake, Quebec, Canada; Martin M. and Thomas F. Trott, and five sisters, Mrs. W. A. Attridge, Mrs. T. J. McCarthy, Mrs. A. F. Brennan and the Misses Gertrude M. and Queen Trott, all of Rochester. He was a member of Branch 87, C. M. B. A., and the Young Men's Society of St. Mary's Church.

Dies from Wounds.

Sergeant Howard L. Shepard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Shepard of Fairport, died in a hospital in France of wounds received in action. He was 26 years of age. He leaves his parents, one brother, James F. Shepard,



PRIVATE CHARLES SLOBBE.

and two sisters, Mrs. Walter R. Brooks and Marion A. Shepard.

Mr. Shepard received a letter on Wednesday written by a sister who cared for him telling of his death,



PRIVATE WALTER H. KILDEA.

and later in the day a confirmatory telegram was received from Washington. Sergeant Shepard was a member of Company G, 108th Infantry, and had been a member of the national



PRIVATE EDGAR WILLIAMS.

guard before the war, having seen service on the Mexican border. For some months before he went into service he was employed as assistant cashier at the Fairport National Bank.

Two weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Shepard received a letter from their son, dated September 15, in which he told of hearing of other companies going to the front and it galled him and his companions because they seemed to be getting further from the front instead of nearer to it. It is believed that he went into action soon after writing that letter.

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County

Promoted To Ensign; Arrives Overseas



ENSIGN JOSEPH F. CONOLLY.

Mr. and Mrs. James Conolly, 61 Somerset street, have received word of the safe arrival overseas of their son, Ensign Joseph F. Conolly. Ensign Conolly enlisted in the Naval Reserves at Newport, R. I., in May, 1917, later being transferred to the aviation branch of the service. After three months of technical training at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he was sent to Key West, Miami and Pensacola, where he received his commission, having qualified as pilot on H-16.

September Registrants To Entrain This Month

T.U. Nov. 4, 1918

**Monroe County Boards Get Orders To Furnish Quotas
Aggregating 872 for Period Between Eleventh and
Twenty-second of Month—Special Calls for
Men for Navy Also Received.**

Monroe County will be called upon to furnish 872 men for full military service between November 11 and 22. That information is contained in telegrams received by the several boards this morning. The telegram does not state to what camp or camps the men will be sent, but says that it is imperative that full quotas be furnished.

By divisions there are the quotas to be supplied: First city, 130; Second city, 70; Third city, 102; Fourth city, 74; Fifth city, 79; Sixth city, 110; Seventh city, 90; Eighth city, 66; First county, 48; Second county, 31; Third county, 72.

These men will be the first furnished from the registrants who were enrolled on September 12 of this year.

Announcement from the State Selective Service Headquarters, received this morning, carries these calls for men for the navy from New York State: Boat builders, 100; boiler makers, 50; coppersmiths, 50; first cooks, 150; stewards, 100. All these men are to be entrained for New York on November 9.

The Seventh City Division this morning examined 97 men of the First class at the City Hall. Result of the examination was: Fitted for general military service, 70; referred to the medical advisory board, 14; fitted for limited service, 12; rejected, one.

Boards were also notified that they have until November 10 to compile the data wanted by the provost marshal general for his annual report.

Glorious Achievement Of New York Soldiers, Told By Englishman

Times Union Nov. 2, 1918

**Members of 108th Infantry Took Part in Fierce Fighting
—Went Straight Into Formidable German De-
fenses—American Dead Had Faces
Turned Toward Enemy.**

Killed in Action.

Private Raymond A. Horswell, 26 Bardin street; Corporal Arthur T. Darby, Canadian forces; Private Charles C. Clarkson, 51 Elm street.

Died of Wounds.

Corporal Elon Shepard, Rochester; Private Oscar Nickel, 242 Breck street.

Wounded Severely.

Sergeant Frank W. Koenne, 225 Pennsylvania avenue; Corporal Karl L. Kohl, 53 Carthage street; Richard Van Hoeven, Rochester.

Wounded.

Private Clare J. Conderman, Rochester; Corporal Raymond N. Stidle, 268 Baden street; Private Thomas Tennity, 755 South avenue.

Gassed.

Lieutenant James A. Kipp, Rochester; Private Edward H. Strickland, 406 Lake View park; Private John Harry McGlynn.

Died of Disease.

Private John Wisse, 18 Brighton street.

The highest praise is given to the bravery of the American troops at St. Quentin by an English officer, wearer of the Victoria Cross, who is quoted in a dispatch published in the London Times on October 11, a copy of which was sent to The Times-Union by Frederick C. Coit of this city, whose brother, Charles Coit, is in France as a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

"The American dead," says the colonel, "lay stretched with their faces to enemy. In not one case was there a man moving backward when killed."

The dispatch says, further:

"It is not possible at this time to speak more than cursorily of the share of the Americans in the attack of September 29, when on their whole front of about 6,000 yards, United States troops broke through the defense of the Hindenburg line and the Canal (St. Quentin) Tunnel and on the farther right forced a crossing of the canal itself. It would have been a great achievement for the most experienced soldiers of the Allied armies. For inexperienced troops, as the Americans were, it was a truly extraordinary performance.

"The American troops were chiefly Carolinians and men of Tennessee and New Yorkers. All alike went straight into the German defenses, which were of a most formidable kind, and swept on to their objectives. The impetuosity of their advance made possible the great advance of the British Ninth Corps on their right. It was the Southerners who took the villages of Bellicourt and Nauroy, while the New Yorkers, reckless of the intense machine-gun fire on their left, swept on toward Gouy and Mont St. Martin.

"That some of the latter went too fast and too far, you know. Nests of the Germans, who skulked in the ramifications of the Tunnel and in various lairs and burrows, were left undestroyed, as the advanced streamed on, and these were reinforced by other enemy, who trickled southward through the barrage on the left. Probably if those Americans on the left of the attack had been less whole-hearted fighters, and could have curbed their impatience to get at and kill the enemy in front, they would have had fewer casualties, but the episode would have been less glorious.

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Australians were to follow in behind and they have spoken to me only in terms of superlative praise of the way the Americans behaved. An English colonel, himself the holder of the Victoria Cross, and one who has made a memorandum of the Americans' charge, and speaks of it in the highest possible terms. The American dead, he says, lay stretched with their faces to the enemy, and 'not in one case was there a man moving backward when killed.'

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jetto of 51 Elm street have received word of the death of their son, Private Charles E. Clarkson of Company A, 326th Battalion Tank Corps, who died in France on September 30.

Private Clarkson was 23 years old. He left Waterloo a year ago and was in training at Camp Merritt, N. J., before leaving for overseas in January. Before going to the tank division he was a member of the 164th Infantry and when men were needed to go to France he volunteered to go ahead of his time. Private Clarkson also served three years in the regular army in the U. S. Field Artillery and was stationed at Fort Howard, Md., and Fort Meyer.

He was born in Waterloo and lived there most of his life. He leaves his parents, three sisters, Mrs. Jerry E. McElligott, Mrs. Raymond Jessen and Mrs. Laverne Smith all of Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nickel of 242 Breck street received word this morning that their son, Private Oscar Nickel, had died of wounds. He was in action on September 29, receiving the wounds which resulted in his death a few days later.

Killed in Action.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Horswell of 26 Bardin street, have received official information from Washington that their son, Raymond A. Horswell had been killed in action on September 23. He was a machine gunner in the 310th Infantry, having enlisted the latter part of March. He was sent to Camp Dix and left for France May 10.

Horswell was 24 years old. Formerly he was an employee in the printing department of the Eastman Kodak Company, where he was well known in athletic circles, being a member of the Velox ball team. He was a member of Central Lodge L. O. O. F.

Killed With Canadian Forces.

Word has been received by the family of Corporal Arthur T. Darby, of the Canadian forces, that he was killed in action on September 28. Corporal Darby was 24 years old and left Hamilton over two years ago with the 173d Highlanders.

In England he was transferred to the Fifty-second Battalion and went to France with it. In the fighting at Lens on September 4, 1917, Corporal Darby was wounded and spent two months in an English hospital. On his return to the trench he distinguished himself by winning the military medal and, later, a bar to add to it. On August 12 he was gassed, and he had just returned to the trenches a second time when killed.

Before enlistment he was employed with the Eastern Fruit and Produce Company of Rochester. He returned to Hamilton to enlist. He leaves a wife and daughter; his father, R. G. Darby; three brothers, in Canada, and two sisters of this city.

Leg Amputated.

Sergeant Frank W. Koenne, 26, of 225 Pennsylvania avenue, was wounded on September 29 so severely that it was found necessary to amputate his right leg below the knee. He is a member of Company G, 108th Infantry.

In a letter to his sister, Louise Koenne, Sergeant Koenne says that he was going over the second line trenches the Sunday morning he was hit, about 9 o'clock, when a Hun shell

exploded under him. He lay on the field 56 hours and was picked up Tuesday afternoon. He is now in Southern General Hospital, England.

A brother, Lieutenant Edward Koenne, has been a prisoner in a German camp since April 20. He suffered three bullet wounds in the left leg and lost a finger, besides being scarred with shrapnel. He has written to his sister that his wounds are healing and that he is getting good care. He expects to be transferred soon.

Charles F. Koenne, another brother, has arrived overseas with a motor truck company. William, a fourth brother, is in the Signal Corps at Fort Leavenworth, and a fifth, Richard, 19, expects to be called to service in the near future.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Kohl of 53 Carthage street that their son, Corporal Karl L. Kohl, had been severely wounded in action and is now in the General Hospital at Rouen, France. Corporal Kohl is a member of the Machine Gun Company of the 108th Infantry. He enlisted on April 10, 1917, and trained at Pelham Bay and Spartanburg, S. C. Before leaving Rochester he was shipping clerk with the North East Electric Company. He is 24 years of age and unmarried. Mr. and Mrs. Kohl have another son fighting as an aviator in the 186th Aerial Squadron.

Shell Hits Dugout.

Word has been received by friends of Private Clare J. Conderman of Company C, 108th Machine Gun Battery, that he is recovering from wounds received in action of September 28. Conderman writes:

"Three of us jumped into a little dugout for protection, but a shell burst right over us. I was lying in the middle. The man on my left was hit and just gasped a few times and was gone. The man on my right was hit directly in the head and killed instantly. The piece of shell that hit him hit me on the helmet and tore a hole through and just grazed my nose, making a few scratches and making it bleed.

"I got hit in the left hip and have a large wound, but the doctor says it is coming fine and it isn't causing me a great deal of pain. My chest is very sore from the concussion of air and shocks when the shell burst and I am about helpless, only able to move my hands and feet, and am allowed to move in bed only when I have help, but the doctor says this will pass away. So don't worry about me, for the care and treatment we get at the hospital is certainly fine."

Private Conderman left Rochester in May for Georgia and was sent overseas three months later.

Corporal Raymond N. Stidle, Company A, 108th Infantry, was wounded in the arm and back on September 29, but is now recovering at the 5th General Hospital at Portsmouth, England, according to a letter received by his mother, Mrs. A. Stidle, of 268 Baden street.

Mrs. James Adams of 755 South avenue has received word that her son, Thomas Tennity, is at a base hospital wounded. He was with a machine gun company. Further details are awaited. Tennity left Rochester last fall for France.

Men Who Were Gassed.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Strickland of 406 Lake View park from their son, Private Edward H. Strickland, Company H,

310th Infantry, A. E. F., who was gassed in September, that he is now recovering in a base hospital in France. Private Strickland left Rochester for Camp Dix on April 4, and sailed for France the last of May. Before entering the service he was employed by the Vacuum Oil Company.

First Lieutenant James A. Kipp, Company A, 108th Regiment, writing to friends here under date of October 8, says:

"I was slightly gassed and am in the hospital for a few days. Captain Smith of our company was wounded, receiving a compound fracture of the leg below the knee from shrapnel. He is doing nicely. I was put in command of the company. The boys fought like wild Indians, and all were crazy to get where the fire was hottest. There wasn't much choice, for it was a roaring furnace of bullets everywhere. It doesn't seem as though a human being could go through it; but, you see, we do. It was one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of the year.

Word has been received by Fred McGlynn of 183 Leighton avenue that his son, John Harry McGlynn of the 108th Machine Gun Company, was gassed during the drive of the 27th Division on September 27 and he is now in General Hospital 73 in France. He enlisted on April 1 and was given training at Camp Wadsworth.

Brothers in Service.

Two brothers of Austin Joseph Mullaly of Company A, 108th Infantry, reported in yesterday's Times-Union as having been killed, are in the service. Major Eugene Mullaly is with the U. S. Marine Corps and Private Leslie Mullaly is in the artillery branch in France. Private Mullaly leaves a brother, F. C. Mullaly of 148 Electric avenue, and a sister, Margaret, of Auburn. He enlisted a few days after the United States entered the war. He was 19 years of age and a member of the Gimmie Association.

Corporal Elon Shepard, Company G, 108th Infantry, wounded in action September 29, died of his wounds. He was a graduate of the Rochester Business Institute and was assistant superintendent of Monroe Avenue Methodist Church Sunday-school. He enlisted in June, 1916.

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Rochester Men Killed, Wounded And Gassed In Drive

Wounded Twice.
Among the Rochester men in Co. G, 108th U. S. Infantry, that went over the top was Sergeant Richard Van Hoven, a member of the Tower Class of the First Reformed Church's Bible School. The pastor of the church has just received a letter from him telling of his experience. He wrote: "We went over the top just after I received your letter. We had to leave our letters and diaries and other things that would give the enemy information as to who we are and where we came from, behind. We went into the line last Friday (Sept. 27) a few miles north of Belincourt between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

"Well, Sunday morning at 6 we went over the top yelling like Indians and joking and laughing. We were under one of the heaviest barrages ever put on; and sure it was a peach. "The tanks went ahead of us, and it

was a sight worth seeing. As far as the eye could see, you saw only one wave of Yanks after another. All were about five to seven paces apart, and walking very slow. Their rifles were over their shoulders, and the bayonets were a shining. Our pockets were bulging out with hand grenades, shells were bursting on all sides, and if a man dropped it was against the rules for even his best chum to tie up his wounds because it would leave a gap in the lines.

"After we got closer to the Jerrys' line the rifles were carried so that we could use them easier and quicker. Just before we got there, we ran into dense clouds of smoke and gas. Just stopped the men long enough to put on their masks, and on they went.

"I had got my second wound by that time, and I figured out that I had enough for the present, so I heaved my bombs at a couple of Jerrys, took a few souvenirs off of them and started back.

"I had tied up my wounds myself. So I walked back about three miles and got an ambulance to take me the rest of the way.

"I am in England now (Worcester) enjoying sleep between real white sheets and in a regular bed. I miss all the good eats because I have to live on bread and milk. I wouldn't have to eat that if the bullet that went through my face tearing out teeth, etc., had gone a little higher. I should worry though it'll leave me with a dimple. The other wound is in my left arm, though not very bad.

"P. S.—We won that day, anyway, and are winning still! Jerry won't last long now!"

Private John Wisse of 18 Brighton street died from pneumonia in France on October 11. He leaves his wife, Nettie Hendricks Wisse; his father, three sisters and three brothers.



PRIV. RAYMOND A. HORSWELL,
Killed in Action.



CORP. ELON SHEPARD,
Died of Wounds.



CORP. RAYMOND N. STEIDLE,
Wounded in Action.



SERG. FRANK W. KOENNE,
Wounded Severely.



CORPORAL KARL E. KOHL,
Wounded Severely.



LIEUT. JAMES A. KIPP,
Gassed.



PRIV. JOHN HARRY M'GLYNN,
Gassed.



PRIV. THOMAS TENNITY,
Wounded.

MACHINE GUNS HOLD NO TERROR FOR 108TH BOYS

Chaplain John C. Ward
Writes That Western New
York Lads Advanced to
Great Victory in Face of
a Terrific Fire.

The Rev. John C. Ward of Grace Episcopal Church, Buffalo, who is chaplain of the 108th Regiment, which contains most of the former members of the old Third New York Infantry, has just written a letter to his brother, Hamilton Ward, which gives some glimpses of the great battle in which our Buffalo boys have been engaged. Mr. Ward says under date of October 7:

"Of course I give no dates or places, division or armies, but only such glimpses as anyone might see of real action.

"Just before dawn, after a fairly quiet night, our barrage broke out, a vast, throbbing roar all along the horizon. All along the enemy lines the signals shot up, a grand display of many-colored lights.

"After awhile I knew that our men had gone over the top. (A chaplain is not supposed to be in the front lines, but at the dressing stations most of the time).

"Later I saw some of the ground over which they advanced, a nest of machine guns, and wondered at their achievement.

Huns' Fire Is Outdone.

"Two or three hours after our men went forward the supports came along—world famous fighters, walking carelessly along in small groups, following their tanks. Of course, many tanks had gone ahead of our men.

"All this while the big guns roared their loudest. Even down in the 30-foot dugout where we slept (when we slept) the ground trembled as in an earthquake. The Hun sent back a good many shells into the support lines, but not much compared with our fire.

"In doing one's work in that section of the field one exercises due care in observing the fall of shells and puts on the gasmask now and then.

"By winning an action which had done things which you, of course, have read all about it long before this comes. The English boys did not mind a little more of the fact is that with our Allies we broke into one of the very strongest parts of the German lines. We did a job which the English had tried five times and found too difficult, and which the Australians said was almost impossible. One English general who has been through 80 battles, said he never saw fiercer fighting in all his experience. Pretty good for our green boys from Buffalo, Rochester, Hornell, Tonawanda, etc.

"Personally, I can't imagine a bunch with better spirit. It was a great joy to do the least thing for those boys.

"We are now in rest billets far from the dropping shells. I am as fine and well as can be, and wish you could join me in my corrugated iron hut, with its wooden floor.

Chaplain Ward was with the 74th in Texas and when the 74th was broken up was sent to the 105th Machine Gun battalion, which was composed of the members of Squadron A, New York's crack cavalry troop. Later he was transferred to the 107th, formerly the 7th New York, and finally got back to his Western New York boys in August.

"Tell Them I Died Game," Last Words Of Private Curran; Died Of Wounds

Information was published yesterday by the Times-Union that Private (first class) William Augustine Curran was killed in action. Late yesterday Mr. and Mrs. James F. Curran of 32 Epworth street received word of his death in letters from his comrades who were with him when he died.

Private Curran was hit, and although he lived but 16 minutes he was conscious until his death. A ring which he wore he took off his finger and asked his comrade, Private H. Eisenhart, to mail it to his mother and said: "Tell them back home I died game and am ready to go."

Private Curran was a graduate of

Immaculate Conception School and a former pupil of Cathedral High School. He was a classmate at Cathedral High and chum of Louis Whitman, John Fennessey and Charles McGinnis, who have all made the supreme sacrifice.

When President Wilson called for volunteers, Private Curran enlisted on April 6, 1917, at the age of 20 years. He was in training at Pelham Bay and Spartanburg and sailed from Newport News on May 17, 1918. The battle at Cambrai was his sixth time over the top. He leaves his parents; one brother, James T. Curran and two sisters, Anna M. and Mary E. Curran.

Reported Killed In Action; Was Gassed And Is Recovering

Although Bernard Salzberg of the 308th Infantry, A. E. F., was reported to have been killed in action on September 4, a letter dictated by him has been received by Private Philip Federbusch, now at Camp Johnson, Florida, saying that he was gassed and is now in a hospital in France. Private Salzberg formerly lived in Rochester, was a member of the J. Y. A., and has many friends here.

In his letter Private Salzberg says in part. "It happened on the 13th of August when we were on the support line and the Germans threw over several mustard and tear shells. After spending a couple of days in a field hospital near the line, I was sent up to

the base hospital. I lost my sight completely for a week, but I can see some now, only I cannot keep my eyes open for any length of time. My body has been burned and badly blistered in several places and will take some time before I will be on my feet again. I have inhaled a good deal of gas, but I hope I have not been badly affected internally.

"I suppose you read a lot about the work the Americans have been doing lately since the big push was started. Our division has been in action on the hottest part of the front. The booty captured from the Germans, who fled from the positions, is big enough to cover city blocks."

MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE HE HAS EVER HAD

Private John V. Franklin
Says Yanks Do Not
Trust Germans — Took
Hardest Place on Entire
Front.

The most exciting adventure of his life is the way Private John V. Franklin describes going over the top, in a letter to his brother, Arthur Franklin. Private Franklin is a member of Company G, 108th Infantry and took part in the big drive when the Yanks went through the Hindenburg line. He says:

"Waiting in the trench for the order to go is a ticklish time but everyone went over with the intention of taking our objective or dying in the

attempt, and we took it too. We had the hardest place along the whole front to take. It was tried five times before, but each time the men were driven back. But believe me when the 108th got after them they showed what kind of men they were.

"Jerry is all right if he has a machine gun in front of him, but when he sees that his gun is not going to last long he throws up his hands and yells 'Mercy, Kamerad,' but he seldom gets it. There was one German officer who was wounded and was being carried off in a stretcher. He said to one of our men 'You think you're going to win this war, don't you?' and then sneered. One of our men said, 'You think you are going to the hospital, don't you?' and put a bomb under the stretcher. We do not fool with any of them at all.

In a letter to his father John Franklin of 571 Meigs street, Private Franklin says he is doing his best to make a good soldier. He and his chum, Frank Stout were brought up together, went to the same school, enlisted at the same time and are still together at the front.

In letters to Miss Jennie Pomeroy and Miss Marie Lagline of 118 Ridgeway avenue, Private Franklin says the boys who were wounded in the legs and arms were singing "Darktown Strutters Ball" while being taken back on stretchers. Many of his companions were killed and wounded, but they took what came with a smile on their faces.



PRIVATE JOHN V. FRANKLIN.

AMERICANS WENT BEYOND OBJECTIVES

One Company of 108th Regiment Carried on With Australian Troops Sent Up To Relieve Them—Ate Dinner for Huns.

A copy of the "Stars and Stripes" just received here tells of the advance of one company of the 108th Infantry at the Bellcourt Tunnel on September 29, in which the men, instead of falling back when they had achieved their objective and allowing the Australian supporting troops to carry on alone, joined them and continued in the fight, being later found far ahead of their objective by their captain whom they greeted with the pertinent question:

"What was the use of stopping when the going was so good?"

The description in the Stars and Stripes, the official paper, is as follows:

"The company detailed to take the tunnel mouth missed its objective because of the smoke and mist and passed slightly to the north of the roof. They had gone on for 100 yards when they captured 12 Germans. One of our men who spoke German made the Germans guide us back to the tunnel. We approached it from above and as we got near the Germans ran up the bank shouting 'Kamerad.'"

"We took them in tow and went down to the front of the tunnel. We could only see down it a little way. There were many machine guns around and a sort of concrete breastworks. Some of the guns were mounted in concrete.

"We shouted down the tunnel and ordered the Germans to come out. After a couple of minutes they came, 150 of them in single file with their hands up. There were three or four officers, one a captain.

"After that we entered the tunnel. It was fitted up like an old folks' home. The waterway is about 30 feet wide, with a broad towpath on each side. Caverns had been dug out of the sides and all sorts of things stored there, including food. The canal was full of barges which had been fitted up as troop quarters. We went up several hundred yards and there was just one barge after another, all remodeled for the use of troops. Most of them contained bunks, and a few were fitted up as mess halls and officers' quarters.

"There were some with a piano and a moving picture machine, which was used as a combination canteen, concert hall and movie theater. There was gallery seating for several hundred persons and apparently another gallery above the tunnel itself. There was a fire in some of the ranges, with food actually on the fire cooking. We had a hot meal an hour after we started our advance, and later used the place as emergency dressing stations.

"East of the tunnel the Boche fought with desperation and evidently had been told to hold the place at any cost. What, with the mud, which made Yanks and Aussie (Australians) alike indistinguishable, it was no wonder many Americans strayed into Australian detachments.

"One captain marshaling his company found half of it missing and later found that half way ahead, fighting with the Australians."

Went Through Line Of Opposing Huns As "Shot From Hell"

Rochester Soldier Gives Graphic Description of Fierce Fighting in Which Men From This City Took Part—
Joseph A. Roth, Although Granted Deferred Classification, Enlisted—Was Killed in Action.

Killed in Action.

Lieutenant H. Oscar Sommer, Pittsford; Private Joseph A. Roth, 127 Saranac street; Private Daniel Yoho, Rochester; Private Louis Maeske, 82 Bauman street.

Died of Wounds.

Private John Carra, 73 Ontario street.

Missing in Action.

Lieutenant H. Lawrence Cory, 1270 East avenue; Private Charles Arthur Phillips, 188 Parsells avenue.

Died of Disease.

Sergeant Duncan Wallace McAnn, 61 Tacoma street; Private Albert M. Murphy, 226 Campbell street.

Wounded.

Sergeant Frank E. Robertshaw, Rochester; Corporal Edwin J. Appel, 68 Danforth street; Mechanic Buell E. Dolin, 369 Plymouth avenue; Private Herbert W. Reeg, 242 Brooks avenue; Private Frank W. Springstead, 852 Exchange street; Private John J. Casey, Rochester; Private August George Engelbrecht, 13 Sullivan street; Private Romeo De Ritis, 199 Hebard street; Private John E. Williams, 8 Myra place; Private George Sparks, 670 Blossom road.

Gassed.

Lieutenant Henry C. Ostrander, 30 Park avenue; Private John W. Kolin, 443 Melville street; Private Stanley C. Stewart, 32 South avenue.

Prisoner in German Camp.

Private Leonard Lamphron, 729 Smith street.

Ill in France.

Corporal John H. Tubb, Rochester.

"We went through the strong fortifications of the Hindenburg line like a shot from Hell and gained all our objectives. Nothing could stop us," writes Private John A. Koehler, Jr., of Company G, 108th Infantry, in a letter written to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Koehler of 415 Gregory street.

Private Koehler received a slight wound in his right hand, but was able to go with his company to a rest camp at the rear after the American division had been relieved by the Australians. In his letter he speaks of his pleasure at receiving the news that his mother was the recipient of one of the medals presented at the recent Rochester exposition to mothers having sons in the service, and tells in detail of the big drive in which he took part. He says:

"In the past month our division has been quite busy. It was about three weeks ago that we left a good rest camp for this place. It is only a month since the Germans occupied this town and the surrounding country, but they were driven back for miles and still are on the run. It certainly is a shame that these nice towns had to be destroyed by the Germans in their retreat, but we will get back at them before the war is over and they will pay dearly for it all.

"We got off the train early in the morning and hiked a considerable distance to our camp. We were there three days when we were told that we were to take over the front line and take part in the great push that was to take place on September 29. All we carried was a raincoat and iron rations when we left for the front.

"We arrived at a point quite near the lines and had to wait until dark before taking over our position. We left that place at 3 o'clock in the morning and while on our way to the line got quite a bit of gas which Jerry was sending over. When we arrived at the front line we got busy digging in for shelter and making things as comfortable as possible. The Germans certainly do dig themselves in. The dugouts that were there in some places were 60 to 90 feet deep and were a great protection from the shell fire.

WENT THROUGH MACHINE GUN FIRE.

"The next day was spent in resting up for we needed all we could get, as we were to go over the top Sunday morning. The barrage started at 5:50 o'clock and we were off and we never stopped even to look around. We took many prisoners on our advance and also had the chance to knock off a few. Machine gun nests stopped our advance for awhile, but we soon got them out of our way and drove H— out of them. We were supposed to reach our objective three hours later, but on account of being held up by Jerry's machine gun fire we were an hour late.

"Our objective was a small woods the other side of the Hindenburg line. The wire was about 90 yards in depth. We received our rations the next day and after putting in a good meal I explored some of the Germans' strong pill boxes and dugouts. Some of them were very deep and one that I was in had three flights of stairs before reaching the bottom. They were loaded to the top with all kinds of liquor. The troops we fought against were the Prussian Guards and the Saxons, the pride and best of Germany. They couldn't faze us and we showed them that the American soldier is a tough boy to buck.

"We advanced about three miles before we were relieved by the Australians who continued the advance and, by reports, have them on the run.

"I was lucky enough not to get a scratch, so don't worry when you see the casualty lists. I have some souvenirs that I took off prisoners and wounded and will save them until I return."

CAPTURED HUN MACHINE GUN UNIT UNAIDED

Nov. 4, 18
Private Arthur Schneider of
Rochester Recommended
for Bravery—Secured In-
formation Leading to
Capture of Three Others.

When private Arthur Schneider of Company G, 108th Infantry returns to his home city he will wear the war cross awarded to him for his bravery and enterprise in capturing, unaided, a German machine-gun unit of four men with their gun and supply of ammunition.

Second Lieutenant Fred G. Davis, to whom fell the command of the company in the advance at St. Quentin



PRIVATE ARTHUR SCHNEIDER.

after Captain A. Smith had been wounded and First Lieutenant Welch killed, has recommended Private Schneider for decoration for his services in capturing the German machine gunners and obtaining from them information leading to the capture of three other machine-gun emplacements.

In a letter written to relatives here Private Schneider tells of his adventure as follows:

"I suppose you have heard by this time what we did to the Hindenburg line. We went over the top like a bunch of wolves and, right through the line, was a hard and tough job, but we kept right at it and made clean work of it. There were thousands of dead and wounded Germans lying all about us. Captain A. Smith was wounded, but I cannot write much about it. I was with my lieutenant when he fell. He was hit by a German long range gun and four men of my company were hit by the same shell. I did all I could for my lieutenant, but he was beyond all help.

"I was left alone and German machine gun bullets and shells were flying all around me. So I got into a big shell hole and waited my chance to make good. Suddenly I heard some one talking in German in a shell hole next to the one I had dropped into for safety. I did not know how many there were popping away at our lines with a machine gun.

"After waiting a while I began firing at them with my rifle; after another little wait I jumped over the top and yelled in German: 'Throw both hands up.' They were so scared that they threw up their hands only too gladly. I was very much disappointed, as there were only four of them in the hole.

"I marched them back and told them that I was going to kill them, but would give them another chance if they told me where the other machine gun nests were. They were only too glad for the chance. They told me everything, as they thought they were sure dead Germans.

"After I marched them back to our lines, we went over the top again and captured three machine gun nests. I suppose you will all feel proud of your big brother for what he has done, but the same thing is being done by all the boys from Rochester."

HOW THE 108TH HELPED SMASH HINDENBURG LINE

TO Nov. 6, 18
Vivid Description of 48
Hours of Fighting Given
in Paris Edition of New
York Herald—Hun Met
With Disaster.

Details of the terrific fighting in which the 108th Infantry took part when the Yanks broke through the Hindenburg line late in September are given in the Paris edition of the New York Herald of September 29. The movements of the armies during the entire 48 hours of fighting are given as follows:

(From Percival Phillips)
(By arrangements with the London
Daily Express)

With the British Armies,
Before Cambrai.

Sunday night.

(Delayed in Transmission)

Between the captive cities of Cambrai and Saint Quentin, there fell upon the Hun today one of the greatest disasters he has yet suffered in this season of defeat. The last remaining fragment of the Hindenburg line was wrenched from the German western front.

At the end of a devastating, unceasing bombardment of 48 hours came a fresh array of tanks and troops and a dash of men of the British Isles, Australia and America passed through the triple belts of trenchwork across the Scheldt Canal into the fair country where lies Le Cateau.

They broke the surviving limb of the Wotan-Siegfried fortress in a single morning—almost in a single stride.

This is the outstanding feature of the advance, which has continued along the 20-mile battlefront of the three British armies. The front passes northward to Cambrai, a third of the way to Douai.

Cambrai is like an island in a troubled sea, with the waves of khaki pressing around on the north and south, taking little heed of the waterways, on which the Hun staked everything, pushing him relentlessly and without heat into a region where he has few defenses, never giving him a moment's respite to sort out his scattered infantry or to stand in battle.

There has been hard local resistance, without it having had the slightest effect on the British plans or preventing in any way their fulfillment. I do not see how the three German armies opposite us can hope to repair their fortunes on this battlefield. Their affairs have gone from bad to worse, and the details I heard today of frustrated counter-efforts and the hopeless confusion behind their receding front, leave no doubt as to their serious condition.

Incredible Feats of Valor.
There is too much to write about within the limits of a single dispatch. The work of every British and American division engaged, from the marshes between Douai and Cambrai down to the ridges by St. Quentin, are full of thrilling interest. I can only give you their story in outline. They have swept through the villages and over the canals, performing almost incredible feats of endurance and valor. Some of them have been fighting continuously without sleep, unwilling to pause on this wonderful journey, which increases hourly the misfortunes of the enemy. They have passed beyond the old battlefields and are once more in green fields where shells have never fallen. It is hard to hold them back.

The story of today must be told piecemeal. Taking first the breaking of the Hindenburg line which deals with that section of the British front stretching southward from Vendhuile. Here the Australians, with the American troops, drove frontally through the main and support positions of the Scheldt Canal which divides them. They attacked from the old German outpost line, roughly a mile west of the canal, through six layers of deep trenches protected with broad banks of wire, the whole forming the strongest defensive system erected by the enemy in the west.

It had never been attacked before. It was manned by good German divisions ordered to hold it until they died. While they held it the British advance around Cambrai was checked. They knew that in the immediate future their army depended on their exertions. Yet no troops, however stout, could have made much resistance after such a bombardment as that which preceded the attack. It lasted two days and nights, pulping the trenches and beating down the wire, so that at dawn today the waiting infantry had little trouble in meeting their opponents face to face.

Yanks Through Defenses First.

The Americans were first through the battered defenses. They went forward at daybreak in a thick white fog which hid everything in front of them. Their starting-point was a line of old redoubts—Quennemont Farm and Gillemont Farm among them—which they had taken a day or two before. The canal opposite their section of the Hindenburg line disappeared into a tunnel just below Vendhuile and emerged again a mile south of Bellicourt, creating a gap about three miles and a half which could be crossed by tanks.

The Americans, groping through the fog and pushing on so eagerly that some of them fell into their own barrage, found themselves in the Hindenburg main defenses when they had gone about 1,200 yards. They were not hindered to any extent, save by isolated machine-gun fire, until they came against the villages of Bony and Bellicourt, which had been strongly fortified and stood out boldly above the broken trenches like commanding forts.

The Germans holding them fought stubbornly, despite the drenching of gas which preceded the arrival of their best-hated foes. Before 8 o'clock, however, both villages were passed

through and the Americans were fighting east of the canal tunnel and of Nauroy along the rising ground called Railway Ridge, between Le Catelet and Nauroy. They encountered more opposition here, but the fog which had thinned as the sun rose yielded a fresh surprise. The Australians came over broken fields and struck hard at the German line. It wavered and fell back into the shelter of Gouy and a half-dug trench system running southward of Estrees.

On the right of the American and Australian advance, English battalions attacked south of the canal, which sweeps to the east from Bellenglise, and pushed along it toward Lehaucourt. They crossed the canal and made very rapid progress. At the time of telegraphing all the troops were still going forward east of the canal. Northward from the boundary of the American and Australian advance, near Vendhuile, British troops were at the same time taking more ground. English and Scottish battalions, attacking early in the morning, took the Welsh Ridge. They went on through Gouzeaucourt, where they met with no opposition, and took Villers-Guislain after a feeble resistance, netting only six prisoners. They were in heavy fighting during the morning. Then the tanks went in, and I hear that the ruins have been cleared.

CAME THROUGH RECENT DRIVE WITHOUT INJURY

Corporal Paul Johnson of Company G, 108th Infantry has written to his mother, Mrs. Sarah Hutchison of 169 Frost avenue, telling her that he took part in the recent drive and came through without wounds. He says:

"Well, we know what real war is, now. We went over the top and my luck stuck with me all the time and I came out just as good as I went in. It was a wonderful sight to see when we started after the Huns and we got them started and I guess they are still going for we gave them an awful start and one that they will never forget."

Details Of Big Drive In Which 108th Helped

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County
Historic Scrapbooks Collection

"All Hell Broke Loose," Says Sergeant Miller—Many Rochester Men on the Casualty List, Killed, Wounded or Gassed—Local Boxer T.V. Nov. 11, '18 Wounded.

Sergeant Harry W. Miller of the Machine Gun Company, 108th Infantry, was wounded in the shoulder in the St. Quentin drive and is now in the war hospital at Bath, England, according to a letter received from him by Miss Helen Morse of 124 University avenue, whose brother Bugler H. H. Morse, is a member of the 108th Regiment. Sergeant Miller gives a graphic description of the drive. He says:

"At 4 o'clock Sunday morning we were all aroused, and got ourselves together in preparedness for the biggest day some of us ever had, and the last day for some of us. I, together with a Sergeant Holahan, from Rochester, slept or rather spent the night in a hole which we dug, about two feet deep and not quite broad enough for both of us.

"Before 6 o'clock we went over from this sunken road, so as to be as far as possible from such a source of attraction for Jerry's iron. All was strangely quiet. It was just brightening up a little in the east. One could make out the first wave a hundred

"All Hell Broke Loose."
"Suddenly behind us three 18-pounders snapped out into the still morning about a half second apart. A couple of seconds later two more snapped their venomous bark into the stillness. We never heard the third report. Why? Because all hell broke loose before it came. Behind us thousands of artillery crews were throwing shells into all the Hindenburg trenches, all the wire, and over all the roads and paths for miles behind the lines.

"In our immediate rear were row after row of machine guns firing over our heads on to the roads and trenches with their range of 3,000



PRIVATE CLARENCE SCHRAVEN,
Gassed.

yards. Simultaneously with this breaking loose of the heaviest barrage ever use we went forward, walking easily, on the alert. It was but a minute or so and Jerry opened up. And he is no slouch at throwing trains and foundries and the like at you.

"We had been going for about an hour. Many men had already gone down, but very few that go down die. Most of them drag themselves back to a first-aid station and finally land in a hospital. Others are carried back by the stretcher-bearers. But occasionally there is one who never moves again; he is left where he falls. I shan't tell you of that day's work. Suffice it to say that at 4 o'clock, we were a thousand yards beyond the Hindenburg line.



PRIVATE WALTER F. AHRENS,
Gassed.

back with my runner with me. He is a Rochester boy, Driscoll is his name, and the coolest and clearest-headed lad I ever knew.

"My shoulder hadn't bled very much, so I hadn't had it dressed yet. By 6 o'clock I had reported to regimental headquarters. I don't believe that I was more than half conscious for when Herb offered to help me up the many steps of the dugout I disdainfully refused. There was a dressing station a few yards away, where I was taken and placed in an ambulance, Sunday night about 6:30. Midnight, Monday night, I was in a hospital bed. The X-ray showed a compound fracture, and a piece of shell fondly nestled next to my lung, in my shoulder. That is the efforts of one day."



PRIVATE JOHN SCHROYER,
Wounded.

yards ahead, and the second wave, which we were in, lined up to our right and left. (A wave is but a skirmish line of men three or four yards apart). The men were standing in their places talking and joking, awaiting the zero hour, which was 6 o'clock.

Kenneth Carter Was Killed In Concealed Mine Explosion

Literally Blown to Pieces, Writes Corporal Louis C. Houck, Who Was Carrying Message to Front With Carter—Gallantry Shown by T.V. Nov 14, '18 Men in Charge.

By a curious co-incidence, the day the Times-Union published an account of the death of Kenneth Carter, son of the Rev. William S. Carter, former assistant pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, a letter was received by Louis H. Houck of 493 Grand avenue, from his son, Corp. Louis C. Houck, Headquarters Co. 108, U. S. A. E. F., describing the gallant manner in which the clergyman's young son met his death on the battlefield. His description of the charge is quite thrilling. He and Carter were carrying a message to the front line when one was killed.

Writing under date of October 3, Corporal Houck describes the breaking through on a sector of the famous Hindenburg line, as follows:

"It was on a Sunday morning, just as dawn was breaking, and all through the trenches the boys were sitting here and there writing their last few lines home. Others were standing with bayonets in their guns waiting for the time to come to go over the top. Suddenly the barrage starts and slowly over the top we go. We were all happy and gay but one thing we always kept in mind was that if we did not get Jerry he would get us. With bayonets fixed we slowly advanced over the top, the barrage making way for us, machine guns drumming and shrapnel bursting. I tell you folks it was hell. I cannot tell you how many men we lost because it would be too hard. For four days and nights we were without any sleep because we had our stunt to do.

"We have no mercy for the Huns. He would fire his machine gun at us until we were on top of him and then he would throw up his hands and yell 'Kamerad.' It was sad, but the Yanks certainly had no mercy on them. The ground for miles around was strewn with dead and to step on, stumble over or sleep amongst the dead was a common thing. It was the first big push we were in. We didn't stay in the trenches long because Jerry retreated so fast, but while we were there we saw trench rats as big as dogs. I came out with a million 'cooties' in my shirt, but that, too, is common.

"During the course of the battle my work was to carry dispatches from battalion headquarters up to the front as the company slowly advanced. Out of the 30 orderlies, five were killed and one was injured. I saw one of



CORPORAL LOUIS C. HOUCK.

my men killed and honestly think it was one of the most brutal sights I have ever witnessed.

"Kenneth Carter (a Rochester boy) was the orderly's name. He and I started with a message for the front line which had to get there at all costs. We had not gone far when Jerry began sending some whiz-bangs along the path we were walking. We fell to the ground at the sound of the first one as it was very close. The next instant he sent over another and instead of ducking Carter ran ahead about 100 yards in advance of me. He stumbled over some wire which immediately exploded a concealed mine right under him and he was literally blown to pieces. I rushed to his side but all I could find was part of his body and one arm. We buried him in a shell hole. Seeing so many dead lying around has made us a bit indifferent. Major Fred Couchman came out all right.

"We have been sent quite a ways back to reorganize but soon will be back in the fight."

Sixteen days later Corporal Houck wrote from Convalescent Hospital where he was recovering from a shrapnel wound in the ear which he suffered on October 14. He said "Jerry got a little fresh and scratched my ear with a piece of shrapnel."

SAW SOLDIERS OF ROCHESTER FALL AT FRONT

Nov. 15, 1918

SIGNAL CORPS MAN WRITES OF
ACTIVITIES UNDER FIRE.

Post Express

SHELLS EXPLODE ABOUT THEM

Telephone Man Tells of Gallant Work
of 108th and Describes How
They Fought.

The story of the performances of the Signal corps men under fire provides a peculiarly brilliant feature of the work of the American Expeditionary Forces. Private J. W. Blythe, of Headquarters company, 108th regiment, who was for twelve years in the employ of the New York Telephone company, tells something about the work of his platoon in a recent battle, in a letter written October 11th and received by David L. Morris, of the Telephone company. Blythe's mother, Mrs. William Blythe, lives at 7 Donlon street. He was night inside man for the telephone company when he went to camp with Company H, 108th Infantry. He had been a member of Company H, First Separate company, and served on the Mexican border.

Private Blythe's story amplifies that of Corporal W. Stewart Love, printed in The Post Express. Both men are with the Headquarters company, Signal Platoon, 108th Regiment, and probably saw service somewhere near the same point in the great battle. He also tells of seeing Arthur T. Smith after he was wounded and of getting information of the mortal wounding of First Lieutenant F. L. Simes after he had seen him lead his company into action. Mr. Blythe's letter follows:

Getting to the Front Line.

We got our orders on a Friday, so out we went with our packs on our back. Our first hike was not bad nor not a long one, but our packs were a little heavy. We hiked about ten miles and on our way we went through some towns with not a house or a wall left standing. We made our home out in a big field where not a tree or bush was standing. Here we left our personal things and our overcoats, blankets and everything we did not need, or that was in our way; so all we had was a pack carrier, rifle belt, 200 rounds of ammunition, little shovel, mess pan, cup and water bottle and our old friend, the "rain coat." After we got all our things marked and our packs made, we made our camp for the night. It was a good thing it was not snowing or zero weather for we would have frozen.

When the bedding came we went in all directions. One of our pals was dropping a bomb on us. My little pal and I found a spot under an Aussie tank and under a shell that is, a two-wheeled wagon. Here we stayed and tried to sleep. We stole some burlap bags from the kitchen and lay on them and for a cover we got a piece of the limber's canvass. Then we put our rain coats on and buttoned them up and for a pillow used our pack carriers, which makes a nice one. We slept for only a short time. Woke up frozen and then walked around to get warm and then went back to try and sleep again; but in the morning both of us were stiff, so we started a fire and thawed out.

Wet to the Skin

All day long it rained and made everything muddy and sloppy and we got wet to the skin. We sat around the fire and dried one side while the other got wet. At night we received orders to be ready to move and here we got a lot of dope on what to do and where to go. At 10 or a little later we got our traveling rations for three days. Some of the boys sat around and did some thinking of what was ahead of them, while others walked around to keep warm.

It was a dark night with few stars out. At 3 a. m. the bugle sounded, indicating the time had come for us to move. We received orders to do no talking, light no lights or cigarettes while moving. We went down a road a short way, then crossed a field to another road and here we made out a long line of trenches and big guns all around, with piles of rations for Jerry. They are known as iron rations and he gets a lot of them, too.

A Voice in the Dawn.

"A voice told us to single out and not make any noise. Walking was bad and we had to step over a big gun now and then and sometimes would fall into a mudhole and go up to our necks in sloppy mud or else duck our heads for a shell that went over. Some fun doing this. We kept on going until we met some of our other company that had gone on ahead and were then ready to go over the top. Here we had to squeeze and bend down to crawl over to get past them. Then we came to the spot where we were to go over the top. Still dark, but luck was with us for it had stopped raining. The time had come, 6 a. m.—our time to go over.

Machine guns were tearing off clip after clip and the big guns roaring something awful. You had to yell to make yourself heard and this was kept up for some time. The barrage was on and our company was on top ready to go. First Lieutenant Frank L. Simes had gone forward and we followed close behind him. It was beginning to look bad with dead bodies here and there. Now our bunch of signal men started laying wires to keep in contact with the men. Had not gone far when one of the boys in our bunch got shot in the leg just below the knee. He got a nice trip to Blightly for a few weeks. This could not stop us from going on.

At this time we got a dose of shrapnel and cut in our line to get word back that we were in a gas attack. We had a gas mask and a gas helmet. Captain Smith came over. He had been shot in the leg. He got his Lieutenant and he told him to take charge of the company as he was done for.

Death of Lieutenant Simes.

Now we were in No Man's Land and the shells began to come back to us in all sizes and some very close. We had gone nearly half a mile when we noticed our wire getting thin on the spool so here we stopped to get a breath of fresh air and a short rest. We looked around, for it was getting a little lighter and we could see the spoils of the battlefield, all kinds of Jerrys and plenty of them. We were at a road now, half a mile from our starting point and right in the middle of "h—." The machine gun bullets were whizzing by too close to make you feel good.

The next thing I knew one of my pals from old Company H came over and told me that First Lieutenant Simes had been hit and hit bad and that they had carried him back on a litter. I will tell you about the last time I saw him. I did not get a chance to speak to him for he was a busy man, having charge of the company. As he stood on the jumping off spot he was giving orders to his men, how they should go. They I saw that good smile of his and heard the voice we all loved, for it was always kind although he meant what he said when he said it. Everyone in his company liked him and was with him to the last.

Where Many Others Fell.

In this same place several other officers were killed and lots of our boys were wounded. This was bad but the worst was yet to come. No stop. We must go on, for it meant life or death to us, so we crossed the road, only this time the big tanks went with us. The barbed wire was a hundred feet deep in some places. One big tank was stalled a little further, so we used it as an advance telephone and dressing station and it was some busy place. We stayed there until the Australian troops came up to give us a hand.

At 9 a. m. we went on and this time reached a German trench. There was some fighting. Here we cut in and gave reports back how things were going. Then we made another short advance. We got a lot of Jerry's big iron coal boxes. They are high explosives and carry a lot of junk in them. We had only just jumped in to a big shell hole when my little pal was hit on the shoulder and put out. I helped him dress his wounds and took him back to shelter, then went back to station.

This time our line was cut, so we fixed it up and then Jerry saw us and started after us with machine guns. He cut the top of our shell hole. He changed his range and so did we, but this time we were in the first line of machine guns with the "Aussies." We stayed here a while and established a station, only to fall to make (telephone) connection. Jerry saw us so we spread out.

There were ten of us in two small bunches a little way apart. He started to find us and dropped his first shell sixty feet too long and the next one thirty feet shorter and then one way back of us. Two of us thought it was getting too hot so we moved back a little way and we just got set when a shell dropped in the middle of the bunch we just left. Five were killed and the rest wounded. I was thrown up in the air and covered with mud, but not a scratch on me. I lay stiff for a minute and one of my pals thought I was dead so went back to first station and reported. I didn't stay there long after I came to and sure did do some hurrying back to get help.

When I got back to my post I was told to stay there and take charge of it. I did not get a chance to see the wonderful Hindenburg line with all its fine dugouts, so I cannot tell you much about it; but I did get a Jerry and turned him over to my partner to take back. I don't think he got back, for he returned in three minutes. We saw many prisoners and used them for litter carriers. They are good at that.

Partner Stricken at Side.

This battle lasted three days and nights. On the second day while I was on a case of line trouble a shell broke close by and I ducked, but not fast enough for I got a piece in the middle of the back. Luck was with me again, for it only tore my raincoat and cut my belt. A piece hit my partner and knocked him down and out, so I was left alone again. I found the trouble and then went back and told my story to the sergeant. He told me to take a short rest, and believe me I sure did cut some wood.

When I woke up it was 10 a. m. and the first thing I looked for was eats and there was plenty of it so I filled to the rim. I heard shortly after that we had only seven men out of thirty, most of them had been killed. I went to the advance station. Another company had advanced about one and one-half miles and were in Jerry's big and strongest trenches. At this very point the British had tried five different times and failed and this was our first time at them. It cost Jerry many lives and prisoners.

Move Out and Rest.

In the afternoon we got orders to move out to rest and to reorganize. We came out at 5 p. m. Coming down the new road we had captured we saw many, many dead Jerrys. We walked about two miles and then met our friends, the Red Cross. They gave us hot chocolate, cigarettes and candy. It sure was good. We sang a few songs, fell in again and went back a little further, where we met our kitchens and had hearty eats and then went back to a field to sleep.

The next day we got our belongings we had left behind and went out to get cleaned up and take life easy. They checked the company to see who was alive and who was missing and we had one-third gone.

Sunday afternoon they held a special service for the brave boys who were killed. The band played a funeral march as the company marched into an old convent. We sang a few hymns, the colonel talked to us of the hard time we had had and of how the high officers of the English and Australian armies had spoken of the good work we had done. He said we had not only taken our objective but had gone on and taken some other company's objective.

While there the reports started to come in of the boys who had died at the hospital and it was here that I heard that Lieutenant Simes had died. That broke Company H up and every one who knew him.

TWO ROCHESTER MEN KILLED ON BATTLEFIELD

TV Nov. 16, 1918

Fred M. Wallace and Gordon C. Mayer Make Supreme Sacrifice — Private Bishop Lost for Two Days Without Rations.

Killed in Action.
Private Fred M. Wallace, 40 Poplar street.
Private Gordon C. Mayer, Rochester.
Private Martin H. Laffin, Buffalo.

Wounded.
Private Robert E. Mooney, 262 Plymouth avenue.
Gassed.
Private Carl A. Bishop, 201 Earl street.
Private Harry Handyside, Irondequoit.
Private Albert E. Smith, 707 Maple street.

Fred M. Wallace is reported to have been killed in action on October 16. He was a member of the class of 1919 of the University of Rochester and of Phi Epsilon fraternity and also of East Avenue Baptist Church. He leaves his wife, formerly Miss Florence Kincaid of 40 Poplar street; his parents, residents of Westfield; four brothers and six sisters.

Mrs. Mayer Kamm of this city has received word from the War Department that her son, Gordon C. Mayer, was killed in action in France on October 3. Private Mayer enlisted in the marine corps in the spring of 1917, being among the first Rochester men to volunteer for service. He was wounded last July, but recovered and returned to his company. Before enlisting he was employed by the Wolensak Optical Company of this city. He was a graduate of St. Bridget's School and a member of the church of the same parish. He was the son of the late Conrad Mayer, Jr., and is survived by his mother and two sisters, Evelyn and Bernice.

Private Martin Harold Laffin of 360 Bissel avenue, Buffalo, formerly of Rochester, was killed in action on October 6. He was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Laffin and leaves his parents, his mother, a brother, Private John Laffin, at Camp Dix, and a sister, Mrs. E. Goller.

Private Carl A. Bishop of Company H, 108th Infantry, has been gassed for the second time, according to a letter received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bishop of 201 Earl street. Although he is but 19 years old, he has received his service stripe which signifies six months' services at the front. After the second gassing he could not see for five or six days and his lungs were affected. In an earlier letter he wrote:

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County Historic Scrapbooks Collection



Left to right, C. A. Bishop, gassed; Martin H. Laffin, killed in action; Gordon C. Mayer, killed in action.

Lost for Two Days.

"We went over the top the other day and chased Jerry back a few more miles. It was 6 o'clock in the morning when we went over and we were on the top of a hill. It was some sight, just like a Fourth of July celebration at night. The sky was breaking with streaks of gray and the men could be seen black against it and Jerry's lights. We fought all day and continued for the next two days. The only souvenir I have of it is a bullet-hole through my mess-kit, put there by a sniper. I had always wondered what the sensation of going over the top would be now I know. I was not nervous, but had a queer feeling that I cannot describe. How I came out I don't know, for a time I thought I was the only one left alive in the United States Army, but I found out after awhile that I was all wrong. At one time I had to lay in a shell-hole all morning and part of the afternoon while the snipers and machine guns swept the hill with a regular sheet of steel. While I was in the shell-hole I was nearly run over by two tanks. For two days and nights I had nothing to eat because I was lost and could not locate a ration party. I captured a few prisoners and took them in.

"It was some sight to see the Jerries throw away their equipment and beat it up over a hill to the rear. Our wounded were a cheerful bunch. You would see them on the roads going to a dressing station. Germans helping ours and ours helping Germans.

"Gosh, but I was tired when I got back to a rest camp and after washing, shaving and picking off about a million cooties I slept my head off. On the way in the Red Cross had a shelter and gave everyone hot chocolate, smokes and some chocolate to eat."

Mrs. Handyside of St. Paul street, Irondequoit, has received word that her husband, Harry Handyside of Company H, 108th Infantry, was gassed in action on October 13 and is now in a base hospital in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Mooney of 262 Plymouth avenue recently received letters from their son, Robert E. Mooney of Company B, 106th Machine Gun Battalion, sent from a French base hospital. He says he was wounded in recent fighting, but expected to be able to rejoin his battalion soon. His letter says that it may be necessary for him to have an operation on one ear and that he will carry a scar for life. Private Mooney has brothers in the service, Lieutenant Clarence Mooney of the Aviation Corps and Corporal Oliver Mooney of the 309th Heavy Field Artillery, both in France.

Mrs. D. Clark of 707 Maple street has received word that her son, Private Albert E. Smith of Company G, 108th Infantry, was gassed on October 14 but is now recovering.

LIEUT. SIMES DROPPED WITH SMILE ON FACE

TV Nov. 16, 1918

Private J. W. Blythe Gives Vivid Description of Battle in Which Many Rochester Men Were Killed and Wounded.

A vivid description of the terrific battle in which Lieut. Frank L. Simes was killed is given in a letter from Private J. W. Blythe of Company H, 108th Infantry, written to D. L. Morris at the New York Telephone Company's office, 95 North Fitzhugh street. Blythe was formerly employed by the telephone company and lived at 7 Donlin street. He says:

"I suppose you have read and heard about this big and terrible drive we just made. It was awful and don't know how I managed to come out so lucky. I will try and tell you about it but don't know if it will get by the censor. We got our orders on



PRIVATE J. W. BLYTHE.

a Friday, so out we went with our pack on our back. Our first hike was not bad or not a long one, but our pack was a little heavy. We hiked 10 miles and on our way we went through some towns with not a house or a wall left standing. We made our home out in a big field where not a tree or bush was standing. Here we left our personal things and our overcoats, blankets and everything we did not need, or was in our way, so all we had was a pack carrier, rifle, belt, 200 rounds of ammunition, little shovel, mess pan, cup and water bottle and our old friend—the 'raincoat.'

"After we got all our things marked and our packs made, we made our camp for the night. It was a good thing it was not snowing or zero weather for we would have frozen. When bedtime came we went in all directions, so as to avoid Jerry drop-pin bombs on us.

"My little pal and myself found a spot under an Aussie (Australian) supply limber—that is, a two-wheel wagon. Here we stayed and tried to sleep. We stole some burlap bags from the kitchen and laid on them and for a cover we got a piece of the limber's canvas, then we put our raincoats on and buttoned them up and for a pillow used our pack carrier, which makes a nice one. We slept for only a short while. Woke up frozen and walked around to get warm and then went back to try and sleep again, but in the morning both of us were stiff so we started a fire and thawed out. All day long it rained and made everything muddy and sloppy and we got wet to the skin. We sat around the fire and dried one side while the other got wet.

"At night we received orders to be ready to move and here we got a lot of dope on what to do and where to go. At 10 or a little later, we got our traveling rations for three days. Some of the boys sat around and did some thinking of what was ahead of them, while others walked around to keep warm. It was a dark night with few stars out. At 3 a. m. the bugle sounded, indicating the time had come for us to move.

"We received orders to do no talking, light no lights or cigarettes while moving. We went down a road a short ways, then crossed a field to another road and here we made out a long line of trenches and big guns all around, with piles of rations for Jerry. They are known as iron rations and he gets a lot of them, too.

Ready To Go Over.

"A voice was heard to single out and not make any noise. Walking was bad and we had to step over a big gun now and then and some times would fall into a mud hole and go up to our necks in sloppy mud or else duck our heads for a shell that went over it. Some fun doing this. We kept on going until we met some of our other company that had gone on ahead and were then ready to go over the top. Here we had to squeeze and bend down to crawl over to get past them. Then we came to the spot where we were to go over the top. Still dark, but luck was with us, for it had stopped raining. The time had come, 8 a. m., our time to go over.

"Machine guns were tearing off clip after clip and the big guns roaring somewhat awful. You had to yell to make yourself heard and this was kept up for some time. The barrage was on and our company was on top ready to go. First Lieutenant Simes had gone forward and we followed close behind. It was beginning to look bad with dead bodies here and there. Now our bunch of signal men started

laying wires to keep in contact with the men. Had not gone far when one of the boys in our bunch got shot in the leg just below the knee. He got a nice trip to Blighty for a few weeks. This could not stop us from going on. At this time we got a dose of sneeze gas, so on went our masks. We stopped and cut on our line to get word back that we were in a gas attack. While we had the line open Captain Smith came over—he had been shot in the leg—we got his lieutenant and he told him to take charge of the company as he was done for.

"Now we were in No Man's Land and the shells began to come back to us in all sizes and some very close. We had gone nearly a half mile when we noticed our wire getting thin on the spool, so here we stopped to get a breath of fresh air and a short rest. We looked around, for it was getting a little lighter and we could see the spoils of the battlefield, all kinds of Jerrys and plenty of them. We were at a road now, a half mile from our starting point and right in the middle of 'Hell.' The machine gun bullets were whizzing by too close to make you feel good. The next thing I knew one of my pals from old Company H came over and told me that First Lieutenant F. L. Simes had been hit and hit bad and that they had carried him back on a litter. I will tell you about the last time I saw him. I did not get a chance to speak to him, for he was a busy man, having charge of the company. As he stood on the jumping off spot he was giving orders to his men how they should go. Then I saw that good smile of his and heard the voice we all loved, for it was always kind, although he meant what he said when he said it. Everyone in his company liked him and was with him to the last.

Had to Keep Going.

"In this same place several other officers were killed and lots of our boys were wounded. This was bad but the worst was yet to come. No stop, we must go on for it meant life or death to us, so we crossed the road only this time the big tanks went with us. The barbed wire was 100 feet deep in some places. One big tank was stalled a little further, so we used it as an advance telephone and dressing station and it was some busy place. We stayed there until the Australian troops came up to give us a hand. At 9 a. m. we went on and this time reached a German trench. There was some fighting. Here we cut in and gave reports back how things were going. Then we made another short advance. We got a lot of Jerry's big iron coal boxes, they are high explosives and carry a lot of junk in them.

"We had only just jumped into a big shell hole when my little pal was hit on the shoulder and put out. I helped him dress his wounds and took him back to shelter, then went back to the station. This time our line was cut, so we fixed it up and then Jerry saw us and started after us with machine guns. He cut the top of our shell hole, so he changed his range and so did we, but this time we were in the first line of machine guns and with the 'Aussies.'

"We stayed there until a shell annihilated a station, only to find it made (telephone) connection. He saw us so we spoke and there were two of us in two shell bunkers and the rest apart. He started to find us and dropped his first shell 60 feet too long and the next one 30 feet shorter and then one way back of us.

"Two of us thought it was getting too hot, so we moved back a little ways and we just got set when a shell dropped in the middle of the bunch we just left, five were killed and the rest wounded. I was thrown up in the air and covered with mud, but not a scratch on me. I lay stiff for a minute and one of my pals thought I was dead so went back to first station and reported. I didn't stay there long after I came to and sure did do some hurrying back to get help.

"When I got back to my post I was told to stay there and take charge of it, so I did not get a chance to see the wonderful Hindenburg line with all its fine dugouts, so I cannot tell you much about it, but I did get a Jerry and turned him over to my partner to take back. I don't think he got back for he returned in three minutes. We saw many prisoners and used them for litter carriers. They are good at that.

Three Days and Nights.

"This battle lasted three days and nights. On the second day while I was on a case of line trouble a shell broke close by and I ducked but not fast enough for I got a piece in the middle of the back. Luck was with me again for it only tore my raincoat and cut my belt. A piece hit my partner and knocked him down and out, so I was left alone again. I found the trouble and then went back and told my story to the sergeant. He told me to take a short rest and believe me I sure did cut some wood.

"When I woke up it was 10 a. m. and the first thing I looked for was eats and there was plenty of it so I filled to the rim. I heard shortly after that we had only seven men out of 30, most of them had been killed. I went to the advance station. Another company had advanced about 1 1/2 miles and were in Jerry's big and strongest trenches. At this very point the British had tried five different times and failed and this was our first time at them. It cost Jerry many lives and prisoners.

"In the afternoon we got orders to move out to rest and to reorganize. We came out at 5 p. m., coming down the new road we had captured we saw many, many dead Jerrys. We walked about two miles and then met our friends, the Red Cross. They gave us hot chocolate, cigarettes and candy. It sure was good. We sang a few songs, fell in again and went back a little further where we met our kitchens and had heavy eats, then went back to a field to sleep.

"The next day we got our belongings we had left behind and went out to get cleaned up and take life easy. They checked the company to see who was alive and who was missing and

"Sunday afternoon they held a special services for the brave boys who had died. The band played and a funeral march as the company marched into an old convent. We sang a few hymns, the colonel talked to us, telling us of the hard time we had had and of how the big officers of the English and Australian armies spoke of the good work we had done. He said we had not only taken our objective but had gone on and taken some other company's objective.

"While there the reports started to come in of the boys who died at the hospital and it was here that I heard that First Lieutenant Simes had died. That broke Company H up and every one who knew him.

"We did not stay in this town long for we moved up again and we are still on the move. The enemy are still going back fast and I hope they keep going. I wish this war was over and we were back home again for it is no good. All they do is to fight and hike.

"Tell Mr. Baxter I sent him a gas mask and also a Jerry helmet. They were both taken off a Jerry by Yours Truly on the Hindenburg line. Some class to me. The belt is also taken from a Jerry machine gun. I cut it in half to pack it. The bullets are what they call tracers. Hope they are received.

"We just got orders that we could send a few things so if I can find anything else that will pass I will send it to you.

"I hope you will get this young story. I will try and write again soon, but we are on our way back to the front again, so here goes to try my luck again. The weather is fair, only cold at night. We are sleeping in dog tents. I am writing this from the battle field not far from that big city we just captured."

SOLDIER WILL BE CHURCH MEMBER

Ddc Nov 23 '18
So Young Sergeant in 108th
Writes to Parents.

EFFECT OF FACING DEATH

Ddc Nov 23, 18
Robert M. Hicks Says Men Who
Have Been in Hell at Front Are
Church Members from Now On.
Tells of Wounding of Capt. Smith

"I can't describe it, for it was awful, but we took the Hindenburg line," writes Sergeant Robert M. Hicks, of the Headquarters Company of the 108th Regiment, in a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hicks, of No. 58 Avondale park. The young man was employed by the Lincoln National Bank. Part of his letter, which was written after the big drive of late September and early October, follows:

"At 5 in the morning the boys went over the top. I can't describe it, for it was awful, but we took the Hindenburg line. Running messages in the dark in that hell can't be described either. One of the fellows in my section was blown to pieces. He stepped on a bank mine. Another was shot in the leg with a machine-gun bullet. God was good to the rest of us for we came through O. K. aside from being nervous. It makes a man all over to go through this hell. It sure brings him near to his God to face death in the front line.

"The Germans got hell from the troops from New York state. The dirty tricks they played were awful. Four men were carrying a wounded man on a stretcher and a German saw them and turned a machine gun on them, getting them all.

"The Americans are too good a sportsman for the Hun, but we have learned now and trust none of them. It is better to kill them than to take prisoner. One of our boys was taking some back and they turned on the guard and killed him and jumped into one of their machine-gun nests on the Hindenburg line and stayed there until they were wiped out.

"The Austrians were with us and they are the most wonderful all-around men in the world, big, strong and great fighters. They are men every inch. They think the same of the Yanks.

"We were in four days and four nights, and it seemed as if it was years instead of days. When we got out of that place in the sunshine and back into town it seemed like a different world. I was slightly gassed and cough a little now, but will soon be over it.

"Our chaplain, Ward, is a great man. He worked with the wounded and buried the dead under that awful fire. He is a brave man.

"After we came out one company had thirty-two left out of about two hundred men. The fellows who are with me all worked like superhuman men without sleep or rest of any kind. They carried the messages through all kinds of fire, never complaining, always ready.

"No matter what a man has been or where he's been, he will never know what life is till he has been under conditions like those our outfit has been through the past week. Everybody is a church member from now on. One of our lads has not been to church in six years, but he says he will not miss any more church services if he can help it.

"Jim Getman and Oscar Knell have both made good at officers' training school, and I might go soon. They are second lieutenants.

"Captain Smith, of Company A, nipped up on top when they went over. I said 'Come on boys,' then he was. He told the fellows to go through the pockets for smokes and to give the Hun hell. He was unable to go on."

VALIANT ACTION OF MEN OF THIS CITY WHEN THEY DROVE HUNS FROM HINDENBURG LINE

Nov. 23, 1918

DTC.

Their Bravery in Capturing Sector That British
Five Times Failed to Take Is Described
by Captain A. M. Barager.

VIVID PICTURE OF DRIVE IN WHICH MANY AMERICANS LOST THEIR LIVES

Captain A. M. Barager, of Company A, 108th Infantry, who was wounded in the recent drive of the Twenty-seventh Division on the Hindenburg line and is in a hospital in England, has written to Henry W. Morse, colonel of the Home Defense League, a letter vividly descriptive of the battle in which his regiment was engaged. At the time that the latter was written, it is evident, Captain Barager had not been informed of the death of his brother officer, Lieutenant Frank L. Simes, for, although he speaks of having that officer with him at the time of entering the battle, he makes no mention of his having been wounded.

The letter follows:
"I received your last letter early in August. I well remember the night. We were then under the shadow of Mount Kimmell. My company had just taken over a sector of the support about 500 yards from Jerry's line. We could go in or out only after dark. On this particular night I had just been out around the posts, and had come back to our dugout about 1 A. M. It was raining and dark as hades. As I walked in, blinking at the candle light, somebody came forward and said, 'Hello, Skipper,' and there was Lieutenant Mosher. He had been at school and I had not seen him since we left the States. Anyhow, he had just come in from the rear and had brought the mail, and among the lot was your letter; that's how I remember the time.

"I wrote you a long letter in answer while at Doullens, a month later, but before I could finish it we were suddenly ordered to the front again. So far as I can, without violating the censorship, I am going to tell you of the movements of the regiment since our arrival in France.

Movement Toward Front.

"After landing at Brest we moved up through France to a city called St. Omer, and from there we marched from place to place, until early in July we were pretty close to the line at a place called Poppering, about fifteen miles from Ypres and about five miles from Mount Kimmell. From this place we went into the front lines twice. Of

course, things were quiet there—just an occasional raid and artillery shelling—but we had but few casualties.

"It was our division that was holding Mount Kimmell at the time when the Germans withdrew. The British claim that they took Mount Kimmell, but as a matter of fact the Twenty-seventh Division were the first troops to occupy the hill after the boche withdrew. We went about three miles ahead of Mount Kimmell when we were relieved by the Tommies.

"Shortly afterward we went further south and had a rest (?) of about three weeks. On the 25th of September we were suddenly ordered to the front again, about twenty-five miles, and arrived close to the front on the 26th. On the 27th we marched eight miles, and about 12 midnight took over a trench about 500 yards from Jerry's line. We stayed there that night, the next day and the following night, under a heavy shelling. We were in front of the famous Hindenburg line and had practically no shelter. We were in mud and water, and the landscape was dotted with dead animals—both mules and boches.

Unwilling to Bury Germans.

In marching in on the night of the 28th in darkness and mud and rain sudden-marching in on the night of the 28th in the darkness and mud and rain suddenly a shell struck quite near where I was marching. We all threw ourselves into the ditch on the right of the road, and as I struck the ground I saw by the flash that I had landed on a dead boche.

"I passed the place several times the next day, and there were about nine bodies in about 100 yards. There were the bodies of several British and one American. I went with the chaplain the next day (Chaplain Ward, of Buffalo) and he had the body of the American removed and buried. Nobody seems ever to remove the body of a dead boche. One lay near British headquarters where the limbers drove up with supplies, and they had driven over one of them until his legs were all ground up in the mud. The drivers didn't do it to be inhuman; they just wouldn't move the body.

"After the first night of the drive, which was a nice place to camp out. On the afternoon of the 28th all the commanders were told that we were to 'go over' the next morning. Lieutenant Simes was the only officer I had with me at that time and we were busy all night issuing ammunition, grenades, small-arms ammunition, Vary lights and rations, and instructing the men what they were to do. There was no excitement. Everything was arranged down to the smallest detail, and every man knew just what he was to do and how and when to do it. Lewis guns and rifles had been overhauled and cleaned during the day. Every man, except Nos. 1 and 2 of the Lewis gun teams, has 200 rounds of small-arms ammunition and five hand grenades.

Preparation for Drive.

"We had heavy artillery back of us, big and little. It had been massing for several nights. Dozens of heavy machine guns had been assigned to the infantry battalions from the machine-gun battalions. The one-pounders and the 37-millimeter guns had been assigned to their sector. There were to be five tanks to each battalion front, and a large number of airplanes were to assist us. So you see that all infantry had to do was to walk along and tap any Huns on the head that happened to survive the rest of them. However, it didn't work out that way.

"About 3 A. M. of the 29th the limbers brought up hot coffee and breakfast was

eaten. Each man carried two days' rations and two canteens of water. And then we waited for the zero hour. As you know, the zero hour is when the show starts. About 4:40 A. M. an orderly came over and handed us a sealed order from British headquarters, which read as follows:

"Destroy this immediately after reading. Zero hour will be at 5:50. Good-by and good luck.

"Lieutenant Mosher,
"Brigade Adjutant."

"I showed the order to Lieutenant Simes and then burned it in the candle light. Then we waited. That was the hardest part of the job. At 5:30 we crawled out of our trench—it was still dark—and the four platoons were arranged by the platoon sergeants. We were in four waves; that is, two waves or lines in front and two in the support lines, about fifty yards in the rear. My company's headquarters were about in the center. In absolute silence bayonets were fixed, gas masks were placed in instant readiness. Every man was in his place at 5:45.

Coming of Zero Hour.

"The next five minutes were longer ones. The rain had stopped and the stars were shining and dawn was just beginning to show in the east. Except for an occasional cannon discharge there was absolute silence everywhere. There was not a breath of wind, in fact, the entire universe seemed to be holding its breath awaiting the crack of doom. And it indeed was doom for a good many brave men that morning.

"The first thought seemed to be one of wonder. Then we moved forward, stumbling over barbed wire and into shell holes. It was still quite dark and the air was chilly, but it was not noticed. Then as we stumbled along we suddenly realized that everything was as light as day. At first we wondered why it got broad daylight so quickly, and then we understood. The boche had awakened. He was sending up his Vary lights, also numberless signals, S. O. S. signals of distress or for help, signal to their reserves or to artillery—hundreds of signals, but particularly Vary lights. (Vary light will light up the terrain for a mile.)

Regulation of Barrage.

"Still the khaki-uniformed line moved on. Our barrage started on Jerry's front line and held there three minutes, then raised and moved forward 100 yards. Every three minutes it was moved forward another 100 yards. Of course, our front lines must keep close to the tanks, and the tanks kept close to the barrage. The infantry is usually about fifty to seventy-five yards from the barrage. If the noise from our cannon and machine guns was not enough our shrapnel began to break over our front lines. (You know, shrapnel goes ahead of the explosion.)

"We moved forward another eight or ten minutes, when suddenly we realized that Jerry was now fully awake. His artillery had answered the S. O. S. signals; shrapnel was exploding that didn't go ahead, but came right into our lines. Some of Jerry's shells contained gas, high explosives and shrapnel.

"Whiz-bangs were coming thick now; smoke screens were in front, and some of the smoke contained gas. On went the gas masks, and then through shell and smoke and gas our men moved forward. There was no confusion, no panic, and if fear was in any man's heart he did not show it.

"A shell explodes. Three or four men fall; two do not rise; they lie motionless on the ground. The other two jump up, take a hasty look at their fallen comrades, and move on—always on! Stretcher bearers run up, give hasty first aid to one of the fallen men, who is carried to the rear. The other? Ah! he is beyond first aid. Another American hero has given his life for the old flag, but the lines move forward. Then suddenly a man grabs his arm and a look of wonder spreads over his face, blood trickling down his fingers. Another man drops and quietly says, 'I'm shot through the leg.' A third man is seen to fall. This all happens quickly, but now they realize that they are under fire from a machine gun nest.

Under MachineGun Fire.

"Everybody drops, in a shell hole if possible, and the first-aid man decides to crawl instead of walk. He finally reaches the wounded man, whips out his first-aid bandage and starts to bind up the leg. Suddenly he stops and a look of bewilderment spreads over his face. He sinks to the ground. A bullet has gone clear through his head.

"So it goes on. A squad is hastily formed. A Lewis gun opens on the nest, while another group, perhaps of five to eight men, crawl around and suddenly make a dash from the flank. Grenades are thrown; several explosions follow; they charge with fixed bayonets, and if any Jerry is left alive he is either finished or else taken prisoner—usually the former. And then the line again moves forward. As the men advance suddenly a trench is reached. No Jerry in sight. Then the entrance to a dug-out appears. Two or three hand grenades are dropped down the hole. In a few moments several explosions shake

the earth. If a boche was there hiding it spells 'finis' for him.

"Farther on several boches are standing with their hands above their heads. They yell 'Kamerad!' and are ordered to carry a wounded American to the rear. They obey gladly, usually in charge of a slightly wounded man.

"So the men advance. Airplanes are overhead like seagulls. They swoop down and skim along a Jerry trench and rake him with machine-gun fire. They locate our lines and carry back the message to the artillery. The tanks are slow, but as sure as the day of doom.

Objective Reached.

"Finally the objective assigned to our brigade is reached. The men, those that are left, dig in and await a Jerry counter-attack. We hold this position until relieved by a fresh division, and the same thing takes place again.

"So it goes on. I am sorry I cannot go into details, but you have probably learned long before this what happened to your old regiment on the 29th of September. Company G, your old command, came out under command of a staff lieutenant. When we finally went back to the rear and checked up our men that were left we found that more than one-half did not answer the roll call. Of course, the most were wounded and in the hospital, but the number that had answered the final roll call was very large. Many of our brave and gallant heroes had listened to taps for the last time.

"It was a pretty sad task for me. Some of my oldest and best comrades and friends had given their all for their country and their flag. Some I had served with for nearly twenty years; many had been through the Texas trouble in 1916 with me. When I found that so many gallant fellows had gone I felt as though a miracle had happened that I was alive.

Bravery of Americans.

"But the most wonderful thing of all was the absolute bravery, the gallantry of those men. No hesitancy; no looking back, and, I honestly believe, no fear. They were soldiers, well-trained, well-disciplined, and Americans. They were ordered to go and they simply went without thought of self. A sergeant of my company was shot in the arm, he received first aid and refused to go to the rear. Inside of ten minutes he received a bad wound in the leg. As he lay on the stretcher awaiting the ambulance I passed by and spoke to him. He grinned and said:

"I could fight with one arm, but couldn't walk with one leg."

"A few days previous I had nominated two sergeants for the officers' training camp and they would have gone the next day. One was killed and the other badly wounded.

"This sector we took has been attempted five times by British divisions, which failed each time. It was considered a bad place on the Hindenburg line. The troops were very highly congratulated by the brigade, division and corps commanders.

"I have been in an American hospital in England since the 14th, but expect to go back in a few days. Things look good here now, and I expect before you get this it will be over. So get that reception committee of yours ready."

108th Infantry Is Cited By Major-General O'Ryan

"Valor of Officers and Men and Determination and Accomplishment of Battalion Will Furnish Regimental History for All Time," Says Citation—Men Have Maintained Highest Standards of Discipline.

Nov. 23, 18

Chaplain John C. Ward of the 108th Infantry has written to his brother, Hamilton Ward of Buffalo, denying rumors to the effect that the 108th was practically wiped out in the engagements of September 29 and October 14. The regiment saw extremely hard fighting at that time and the bravery of the men is praised in the following citation by Major General John F. O'Ryan:

"Now that we have inspected the captured defenses of the Hindenburg line, the magnitude of the task assigned this division in the attack of September 27-October 1 becomes even more apparent than it then appeared. In the main attack on September 29 the 108th Infantry held the right half of the divisional front of 4,000 yards. The attack was made against what was probably the most highly organized system of field defenses ever constructed. That the 108th Infantry, after practically all of the tanks had been put out of action, should have broken through the maze of wire that existed, and in the face of machine guns firing from every trench and next, lodged one battalion in the main position, now seems an extraordinary feat. That this battalion, having gained the main position, should have captured prisoners equaling in number its own strength at the time, and for two days and nights have withstood bombing attacks and repeated counter-attacks supported by artillery, at the same time keeping its prisoners in subjection, is more extraordinary.

"The valor of officers and men of the 108th Infantry on that occasion and the determination and accomplishment of the battalion referred to will furnish regimental history for all time. As one captured German officer

said: 'If you can break through the tunnel sector of the Hindenburg line it will be impossible to construct any defenses to stop you.'

"Since that battle the division has been fighting and marching almost continuously. On the 17th inst. the 108th Infantry was one of the two regiments of the division upon which the task was imposed of forcing the crossing of the Le Selle River. In anticipation of this attack the regiment was directed to raid the enemy for the purpose of determining his strength and securing identifications of the enemy units opposing us. This raid was brilliantly executed by Lieutenant Christ R. Fritz and a small detachment of your regiment, which resulted in the capture of over 20 prisoners. On the 17th inst. your regiment, with the 105th Infantry, overcame all of the difficult features of the ground and in the face of heavy machine gun and minenwerfer fire, supported by artillery, forced the crossing of the Le Selle River and successfully assaulted the heights on the other side.

"Following this operation, the regiment fought almost continuously during the advance of the division and played a prominent part in the capture of Bandival farm, the town of Arbre Guernon, the farms of Jone de Mer and La Rue and the forcing of the enemy beyond the line of the Canal de la Sambre.

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

Bullets Graze Neck and Cheek, *Nov. 23, 18* but Rochester Soldier in Great Drive Is Not Seriously Wounded

Charles A. Amies wrote after taking part in a drive by the famous 108th Infantry that he believed God was watching over him, and he surely had good grounds for that comforting thought. Read this, from a letter to his family, whose home is at No. 287 Allen street:

"Two bullets struck me and drew blood, but neither wound amounted to much and I didn't even have to dress them. The first went through my steel helmet, cut a slight furrow across the back of my neck, struck my toothbrush, which I had in the pack on my back, and stopped. I found the bullet in my pack after the fight, and I am keeping it. The second bullet cut a little skin off my right cheek. I have nothing to worry about.

"I am sending you a shoulder strap that I ripped off the coat of a German who hadn't been dead ten minutes. It is a keepsake of my first time over the top. Put this in the paper if you like, to let the people know that the regiment that represents Rochester is showing the worth of Rochester goods."

Amies described the sensations when waiting to go over the top and his ex-

periences after the word to go forward was received. In this part of the letter he wrote:

"The hour set was 5:30 A. M. As it drew near my knees felt anything but firm and I was cold—with fright, or maybe it was something else. Fifty-three came and the barrage opened. Guns of all kinds and sizes and machine guns broke loose, and you would have thought the world was coming to an end. The men went over the top and started toward the Germans, and the sight was worth half a man's lifetime. The Germans sent up lights of all colors, lighting up the whole country, and our men advanced through the gas and smoke of bursting shells, with no moving to right or left, no thought but forward and let the Germans know what it meant to get Uncle Sam's boys riled up.

"After I once set my foot over the top my knees grew firm and I forgot the danger. I thought only of what I had to do, and I did it. We went through the Hindenburg line, capturing many prisoners, hundreds of machine guns and much material."

SITE OF ST. QUENTIN DRIVE IS DESCRIBED

Private J. B. Roy Gives Details of Engagement in Which He and Other Men of 108th Took Part on September 29.

Private J. B. Roy of Company H, 108th U. S. Infantry, who was gassed in action October 14, has written to his brother Peter Roy of 71 Carlow street, this city, giving details of the St. Quentin engagement. He is now in the 21st Southern General Hospital at Birmingham, England. He says:

"We sure did give the Huns some scrapping on September 29. The part of the line we stormed was attacked five times by the British and they failed to reach it. In our first attempt we reached and held it until October 1, when we were relieved by the Australians, and it took four divisions of Australians to finish the job that we started. The Australians are considered the best fighters of the British forces and they themselves were amazed at the way we advanced and fought those murderous Huns. A British general who has been in 81 battles witnessed our going over the

top and he said he had never seen anything like it.

"The point where the gas was delivered was the point where the Germans and everyone else must have known it had to be delivered. Seven miles north, the St. Quentin Canal, joining the Rives Somme and Scheldt, passes under the high, rolling upland between the two rivers by way of a tunnel three and one-half miles in length. The Hindenburg line, which to the north and south of this point ran behind the protection of this canal here bulged forward through a gap where the canal is beneath the hill. Two trenches, immensely strong and with many underground passages, ran in front of the villages of Bellecourt and Bomy. A second pair of lines ran between the villages of Gouy and Nauvray, a mile farther back. This tremendous position was our objective and we reached it in a few hours and held it until we were relieved by the Australians two days after. Beyond this line there was about three miles of open country, then another strong double line of trenches running from the village of Beaurevoir and Joncourt. After that there were no more trenches or fortifications until Le Cateau, where a line existed, but was not yet properly organized. The country near Le Cateau is the very country through which the British Army retreated from Mons. It had not seen any Allied troops since that wonderful episode. A tremendous task faced us and we succeeded in the magnificent work of striking one of the hardest blows yet delivered against the Germans on this front.

Throat Burned by Gas.

"As for myself, I was gassed with quite a number of others on October 14, fifteen days after our dash through the famous Hindenburg line. It happened while we were in the support line. The inhalation of the gas burned my throat and lungs to such an extent as to deprive me of speech besides causing general prostration. It also burned my eyes and the surface of my body, but the latter burns were of no great extent. I expect to recover my voice, although it may never be as good as it was. I can now speak above a whisper without its hurting me, though not very plainly. I am still a bed case in what seems to me to be one of the largest hospitals in existence. There are six other Americans in my ward, all gas cases. I don't



PRIVATE J. B. ROY.

know how many there are in the whole place. There are 32 beds in this ward, all filled but three. We Americans are mixed in with the Tommies and Australians who are fine fellows.

"Since having come overseas we have been almost continually under fire. That is, from about July 1. My first experience in the front line trenches was in the early part of July. Our first lieutenant and two sergeants were detailed to the front line trenches for observation and study and I was sent with them as orderly. We were assigned to a company of the 'Motts and Derby' Regiment of the British army, who were on the part of the line called 'Dickebush,' about half way between Ypres and Kemmel Hill. The line was in the form of a 'V' with the Germans' trenches on the high ground overlooking the rear of the British lines for miles back. Our destination was at, or in, the point of the 'V' and we had to reach it under cover of darkness while the Huns were playing their machine gun fire on us from all sides and a shell would come over our heads and burst a few yards away. It was a good half-hour's hike through this to reach our destination. The flare lights being sent over 'No Man's Land' were illuminating us and the ground we had to cover. The British-

er who was guiding us gave us instructions about dropping when he gave the word whether we were in the mud or water, of which there was a plenty, and when a flare light went up to stop dead still and not move a muscle no matter what position we were in. Then we were to resume our movement as the flare disappeared. Believe we, we could feel, as well as hear the closeness of the bullets as they passed us and by the reflection of the flare lights we could see the spitting up of dirt by the bullets not far from our feet. But I felt it to be a great game going through this for the first time and dodging shell holes as we went along. I felt more like laughing than being scared. To think how much ammunition they were spending without any of it taking effect.

"We were stationed with this regiment for three days. While there I went with the ration party way back to the rear of the lines to help bring in the rations for the next 24 hours. I did not have to do this but I went as it looked so much like sport to me. This time one of our party was hit in the leg and for the first time, as we were all lying down in what seemed to be a big, dry, shell hole, I saw wounded men on their way back from the lines. Three of them passed us within 10 minutes, the first being carried on a litter, the second on a comrade's back and the third limping and all alone.

"Our stay at this part of the line with the British was for three days, at the end of which we passed through the same zone of fire, no one being hit.

"First Lieutenant Simes with whom

we were with on this occasion was wounded at the Hindenburg line and, I understand, has since died. He was a fine officer, well liked by all who knew him and as smart as a whip.

"I nearly stopped a bullet in the same battle. It entered the left side of my haversack, passing through from end to end of my mess pan, putting the pan on the bum as well as a small bit of bread and cheese which I had in it.

"I am in hopes of being well enough soon to be back in the firing line to get more satisfaction out of those Boches, not so much for myself as for our loss in dead and wounded."

108th Infantry Commended For Its Part In Smashing Through Hindenburg Line

That the now famous 108th Regiment not only took an important part in smashing through the Hindenburg Line but also aided in a raid to determine the enemy's strength and to identify units opposed to the Allied forces, is attested in a commendation from Major-General John F. O'Ryan, Headquarters of the 27th Division, A. E. F.



C. M. Cellar.

Sergeant Chester M. Cellar, a Rochester boy, took part in the raid mentioned. He is a member of Company A, 108th Infantry, and has sent home a copy of the commendation of the regiment, which follows, being dated October 22:

"Now that we have inspected the captured defenses of the Hindenburg Line, the magnitude of the task

assigned this division in the attack of September 27-October 1, becomes even more apparent than it then appeared. In the main attack on September 29 the 108 Infantry held the right half of the divisional front of 4,000 yards. The attack was made against what was probably the most highly organized system of field defenses ever constructed. That the 108th Infantry, after practically all of the tanks had been put out of action, should have broken through the maze of wire that existed, and in the face of machine guns firing from every trench and nest, lodged one battalion in the main position, now seems an extraordinary feat. That this battalion, having gained the main position, should have captured prisoners equaling in number its own strength at the time, and for two days and nights have withstood bombing attacks and repeated counter attacks supported by artillery, at the same time keeping its prisoners in subjection, is more extraordinary.

"2. The valor of officers and men of the 108th Infantry on that occasion and the determination and accom-

plishment of the battalion referred to, will furnish regimental history for all time. As one captured German officer said: 'If you can break through the tunnel sector of the Hindenburg Line it will be impossible to construct any defenses to stop you.'

"3. Since that battle the division has been fighting and marching almost continuously. On the 17th instant the 108th Infantry was one of two regiments of the division upon which the task was imposed of forcing the crossing of the Le Selle River. In anticipation of this attack the regiment was directed to raid the enemy for the purpose of determining his strength and securing identifications of the enemy units opposing us. (This raid was brilliantly executed by Lieutenant Christ R. Fritz and a small detachment of your regiment, which resulted in the capture of over twenty prisoners). On the 17th instant your regiment with the 105th Infantry over all of the difficult features of the ground and in the face of heavy machine gun and minenwerfer fire supported by artillery, forced the crossing of the Le Selle River and successfully assaulted the heights on the other side.

"4. Following this operation the regiment fought almost continuously during the advance of the division and played a prominent part in the capture of Bandival Farm, the town of Arbre Guernon, the farms of Jono De Mer and La Rue, and the forcing

of the enemy beyond the line of the Canal De La Sambre.

"5. The valor of officers and men of the 108th Infantry has been exceptional. In spite of the greatest hardships and the continued strain, they have maintained the highest standards of discipline and cheerful determination. The record made by the 108th Infantry during the recent operations would indeed be hard to equal."

Saw Places Where Yanks Broke Hindenburg Line T.U. Dec. 6, 1918

Elmer H. O'Hara of Syracuse Herald Tells of Tribute Paid to American Troops by General Rawlinson—Rochester Men in Twenty-seventh Division Which Is Mentioned.

According to Edward H. O'Hara, publisher of the Syracuse Herald, who has arrived home after an extended tour of Great Britain and France, including a number of famous battlefields of the war, says a great tribute was paid to the American troops by General Rawlinson, British commander. Mr. O'Hara was one of a commission of American editors, guests of the British government.

General Rawlinson commanded in the attack on the Hindenburg Line and Mr. O'Hara visited the place where the supposedly impregnable Hindenburg Line was first broken and where the 27th and 30th divisions did such wonderful work. The 27th Division is the one which contains so many Rochester boys.

"The first break in the Hindenburg Line," said Mr. O'Hara, "came on September 27, when the 46th Division of the Fourth British Army crossed the St. Quentin Canal at Bellenglise, but the key to that break and to the other almost simultaneous break at the tremendously fortified village of Bony was Guillemont farm.

"That is a name which Sir Henry Rawlinson, commander of the Fourth British Army, and the man to whom Sir Douglas Haig entrusted the attack on the Hindenburg Line and, who, in smashing it, also smashed the German morale, says, will be one of the most splendid names in American history, when the story is rightly written. It was here that the 27th and 30th divisions operating with the British forces under General Rawlinson, attacked, and it is on the crest of Guillemont farm that hundreds of American boys are buried.

"With General Rawlinson and several American newspaper men, I walked over that terrifically-torn field, mangled and twisted by thousands of shells, and from the lips of the man who directed the attack heard the story. The ground is still strewn with the helmets and equipment of fallen American soldiers.

Where Americans Fought.

"You American correspondents," said General Rawlinson, "should not pass by this place without hearing what your men did here, and what it meant. That is why I brought you here. This is where two of your American divisions fought splendidly, and where many of them died. No troops ever fought more valiantly. Inexperience cost them more men than they should have lost, but their courage and determination in the face of tremendous obstacles was magnificent.

What they did here will make the name of Guillemont farm famous in American history. It was one of the vital spots of the war.

"As you see, this farm is higher than any of the surrounding ridges for miles. Over there five miles away was the main Hindenburg Line, running through the town of Bony, which was a regular rabbit warren of concrete Boche dugouts, trenches and tunnels. For two and a half years the Boche had been building and strengthening this line, and he firmly believed it proof against any army in the world. This place where we stand was the outpost of the main line. When, on September 25, the commander-in-chief determined that the attack upon the line was to be made, our first job was to take this farm, because this, as is very easily seen, was the only spot from which the main line could be effectively shelled at any point where it was not necessary to cross the canal. The Boche knew the vital nature of this farm just as well as we did. He knew we had to have it, and he had exhausted his ingenuity in trying to make it impregnable and untakeable. Line after line of trenches honeycombed the hill, and hundreds of big guns were trained on it, and it was literally covered with machine gun nests and barbed wire entanglements. It was mined and defended in a quite remarkable way. It is a fact that this farm was taken and retaken not less than seven times before we finally held it.

Failed To Mop Up.

"Once your American boys went clear through and over the hill, but they failed to mop up, and the Boche coming out of his back trenches after they had passed, counter-attacked, retook the hill and cut them off. Our attack was begun at 5 o'clock in the morning of September 25 with the two American divisions and the Australians. The French were on our right. The fight here lasted three days and in the end it was the tanks that carried the crest. Your troops had to come up these steep slopes from the valley under terrific machine gun fire and they behaved with the utmost valor.

"Knowing full well what the loss of this farm meant, the Boche defended it with tremendous force and determination, and it was only really captured when the tanks got into the guns. With this hill in our possession we gave the main line a 48 hour bombardment, and when our infantry attacked we went through and got Bony. The line was broken and the Boche has never been the same Boche since. His confidence was shattered.

"At the same time the other attack of the 47th British division succeeded and the St. Quentin canal was crossed, but that is another story. What I wanted you to understand was the significance of the Guillemont farm fight in the smashing of the Hindenburg Line, and to tell you of the part the Americans played in it. Every American should know about it."

"With General Rawlinson we walked over to the two American cemeteries where hundreds of American lads who fell in this fight that meant so much to the world, lie buried, their graves marked by little wooden crosses very close together.

"After we had separated one of our party had a talk with General Rawlinson, who again complimented our boys. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he expressed his profound sorrow at the mistake which cost so many splendid lives. Two days later in a Paris Opera House where I sat while General Campbell, the tiger, as he is called because of his wonderful fighting ability, spoke equally well of the wonderful valor of the 27th Division and regretted the error already mentioned. General Campbell was in full charge of that part of the American and British troops that smashed the line as described by General Rawlinson."

Heroes Of The 27th Division Are Arriving In New York

ROCHESTER BOY AMONG LIST OF MAIMED; EYEGONE

70. Dec. 12, 1918

Two Hundred Fifty Wounded Come Over on Empress of Britain — Lieut.-Col. Tuck of 108th Infantry Leaves for This Country.

Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Tuck, second in command of the 108th Infantry, sailed from a French port yesterday for home, still suffering slightly from the effects of the poison gas that caught him on October 1, but on the road to complete recovery.

No definite information whatever can be secured regarding the time of arrival of other officers and men of the 108th Infantry. No ward has been received from Major Couchman, who has been gassed, although the seriousness of his disability seems to have been greatly exaggerated, but he is not expected with the invalided troops now arriving at New York.

Two hundred fifty boys from the 27th Division landed in New York on the British transport Empress Britain, all of them seriously wounded, but all of them none the less cheerful. Among them was one Rochester man, Private Allen Valentine, who lost an eye. A photographer "caught" him and two of his companions, similarly injured, just as they stepped from the boat. The photograph shows that all of the boys are bearing up as cheerfully and bravely as they did under the fire of the enemy.

There was not one man of the 27th Division aboard the ship that had not taken part in or had seen the operations of the division before Cambrai and was not able to tell of the hardships it was called on to endure. From July until late October, when the battle-scarred remnant of the Empire Division was ordered to rest billets,

the full fury of German attacks was directed at these men from New York.

It was this New York division which co-operated with the French and British armies in driving the Germans back mile after mile and had them still retreating when the armistice was signed. The slope of Mont Kemel will always be a monument to the 108th Infantry, which gave its best.

Like all heroes, the 27th wounded who returned on the British transport sealed their lips when it came to telling of their own exploits.

That the Twenty-seventh Division may shortly be relieved from further A. E. F. service by Gen. John J. Pershing is the word brought home by Maj. M. C. Harrington, who, before he was invalided back, was assistant chief quartermaster of the American forces in Great Britain.

Maj. Harrington said when he ar-



Left to Right—Corporal William Mitchell, 105th Infantry of New York City; Private Allen Valentine, 108th Infantry, of Rochester; Private Harry Hughes, 106th Infantry, of Brooklyn. Each has lost an eye, but, nevertheless, they smile, because the war is over and they are back home.

rived on the Empress of Britain that General O'Ryan told him that he believed the boys of the Twenty-seventh would be back home within 36 days after the terms of the armistice had been carried out.

As many of the terms of the armistice have already been carried out and the Allied troops have occupied practically all the territory specified in the armistice, it would not be surprising if the Twenty-seventh Division began the homeward journey within the next few weeks, according to the major.

Major Harrington was enthusiastic in his praise of General O'Ryan, his division and the entire American Army overseas. "Better fighters never have been known," he said. "They do not know how to retreat. You couldn't get them to go back under any circumstances."

Heavy Casualties In 27th Division May Have Been Result Of Clever Gas Defense Developed By The Germans

70. Dec. 13, 18
Times Union Dec 13/18
Did the German defense against the tanks of the Allies in the last few weeks of the war cause the heavy losses in the 108th Regiment, of which three companies were from this city?

Every letter from Rochester men who took part in the great drive against the Hindenburg line speaks of the failure of the 27th Division to have any help from the tanks. The tanks that had been so effective in breaking through strong German defenses in other sectors were put out of business when the 27th Division, fighting with the British between Cambrai and St. Quentin, began their famous drive.

New light has been thrown on the failure of the tanks by the disclosure that the Germans developed a means of stalling the tanks by using a gas bomb. When the tanks advanced and reached a depression in the ground, the Germans would drop in front of them a harmless appearing bomb which would emit great quantities of carbon di-oxide gas. The tanks, not suspecting any trouble, would push on into this gas. Then they would stop suddenly. Their motors would die. The carbon di-oxide gas had simply choked their carburetors and made it

impossible for them to deliver to the cylinders a gas that would explode. Then when the big tanks thus were stopped, the Germans would have a fixed target and by using a high explosive shell would blow them all to pieces.

After a time the Allies developed a defense against the carbon di-oxide gas and either by putting a mask on the carburetors or by supplying pure air to the carburetors in some other way, were able to keep their motors going. But during the time that the 27th Division was fighting its costly battles the tanks of the Allies were useless. Thus the clever defense against the tanks cost the New Yorkers many casualties.

"O'Ryan's Rough Necks" Saved The Channel Ports

Great Feat of Twenty-seventh Division of September Declared To Rival That of Marines at Chateau-Thierry—
Big Tribute to Major-General John F. O'Ryan—

TV Dec. 30, '18
Marshal Haig Marvels at Discipline.

An officer of the former National Guard of New York State, writing for a Syracuse newspaper, pays big tribute to Major General John F. O'Ryan, the commander and organizer of the now famous 27th Division, of which former Rochester National Guardsmen are a part. O'Ryan was the only National Guard officer to be commissioned a major-general and retain his command in the great American army.

Because of the fact that his division was brigaded with the British and under the command of the British General Rawlinson, but little has been said of General O'Ryan's achievements in the field. His troops were never a part of the American army in battle, but little by little in fragments, as it were, the story of the 27th's wonderful work is coming to light.

Now the New York division is being referred to as the "savior of the Channel ports." And the message, "They stopped the Germans before Calais," spoke volumes. It indicates that the 27th performed one of the most heroic feats of the war, perhaps has won a name that will endure like that of the Marines at Chateau-Thierry. They are known as "O'Ryan's Rough Necks," a sobriquet born on the battlefield, and the bulldog tenacity they displayed in winning where others had failed is a credit to their training under a brilliant commander.

O'Ryan is credited with having one of the most versatile divisions in the American army, and great levies were made upon it by the War Department for men especially skilled. These levies took thousands from the division and compelled a new recruiting campaign to bring the division up again to full strength so that it might cross the seas.

Perfection of Discipline.

When the 27th landed in France the perfection of discipline amazed the Allied commanders. None was more amazed than Field Marshal Haig. He visited General O'Ryan's headquarters one day and the 107th was trotted out for review.

The men marched with such precision that Marshal Haig paid them what he thought the finest compliment. He told O'Ryan that they marched like seasoned British soldiers. While he was speaking an aeroplane descended over the head of the marching men. According to some of the observers, it passed within 25 feet of the helmets of the marchers in one battalion, but not one man looked up. No finer test could have been ar-

ranged and Haig could restrain his enthusiasm no longer, declaring it was almost inconceivable that these men, who only a few months before were civilians, could have become such splendidly disciplined soldiers. It is the proud boast of the men of this same regiment that they furnished more officers in the war period than West Point, in spite of intensive class work and short terms.

Because of the long delay in sending the 27th across the water, fear had been expressed that the division would go stale. However, O'Ryan utilized all of the time in perfecting his organization, which must now be rated the equal of any that fought for Uncle Sam.

Gen. O'Ryan counted his service as a soldier as the greatest privilege of his life. He wanted his men to feel the same way.

After he returned from Europe, having been under fire with the 27th British Division, he showed his intensely human side in a friendly talk with a group of officers.

Fascination Overcame Him.

"The first time I went out to the front line I did not feel any fear," he began. "Don't think this is bragging. Let me finish my story. Ever since I had become interested in the military as an officer I had been studying tactics and the problems of supply. Before me I saw all these problems being worked out on a grand scale. I had studied text books. I had dealt with maps and pins. Now was dealing with trenches and human beings. I was fascinated, and the fascination overcome every other emotion."

"The second time I was under fire I saw a man shot down right before me within a few feet. I saw a man's head blown off, and—well, gentlemen I will leave it to you to consider how I felt."

At the dedication of the Spartanburg Club for Enlisted Men on a Sunday in March a band concert was being held. Without announcement the general hurried to the platform from which he was to make the principal address.

Instantly every man was on his feet. There was no call. "The General!" It was the automatic response to his insistence upon the courtesy of the military. There was something so spontaneous about it, something so complimentary, that United States Senator Calder, who also was scheduled to speak, turned to an officer and said:

"Gen. O'Ryan will either be made or broken by this war. He will emerge a great figure or a great failure. He can do nothing by half measures."

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