

Some Things to Remember

An angry sea -

Porpoises playing about
a ship at sea.

The feeling one ex-
periences the first day
all passengers carry
life preservers all the
time.

(No need to include
seasickness - one doesn't
forget it)

Winchester, with
its cathedral, its tower
with ancient relics -
its people, its ale,
and its money.

A dance with
British maids who know
only the waltz (?) and
Lancers.

A trip across the
channel in a cattle
boat, and twenty four
hours on canned meat
and hard tack.

Rest camps where
it rains and is cold.

Meeting friends from
the states in quiet
villages across the
ocean (Jack Collins &
Capt. Grant of Carson)

Paris —, with
Napoleons tomb, Hotel
des Invalides, Rue de
Rivoli, The Louvre,
Notre Dame, the
wine and cheese and
hard bread - ordering
a breakfast in French.
Seven days of surprises
in food, the franc,
the girls - la la, the
wonderful shops, the

taxis, the subway,
the railway compartments,
the tiny freight cars,
Oh! lots of things!

B- The ~~pretty~~ quaint
villages of France -
ancient and in beautiful
country, their churches,
narrow streets, peasants
in wooden shoes -
soldiers everywhere,
widows young and pretty,
and considerable of
wounded soldiers.

B- and mud.
A field barracks -
men happy under
difficulties, the Y.M.C.A.
with its huts and
concerts, your own
bed and equipment
that a loving wife
has insisted must be
complete.

Sunday → 27 Jan '18.

A month ago today by
the calendar I left the
sweetest wife man ever had.
in a Hotel in N.Y. to go to
the wars. I've tried to
realize her thoughts as
she gradually realized that
for months - more likely
years - maybe forever I
would be away. I've tried -
and always I've led myself
to honor.

And why should honor
come of it? She is as sensi-
ble as I - she has as
much patriotism as I -
and she is prouder than
I, perhaps, of the sacrifice
she makes for her country.
Surely she's all right - a
bit sobered - but certainly

as interested and whole-
hearted as I. I should
worry ^{!+!}, I should work.
Wonder if her head
would rest well if she
knew that for a week
I could hear the guns
rumbling at the front.
That right now some-
body is strafing hell
out of somebody else, and
that we can hear those
old guns a booming bull-
iantly. And if she (I know)
about the air raid scares.
About blowing out our
candles, and screening our
windows. Gosh, wouldn't
she worry. She won't know
till she sees this book,
and hears me tell her all
about it, so we sit to-
gether my arm about her, and
no war scare to worry me.

Fri. 1 Feb. 18
Whisper - we had had
today for some - few
enough to last a few
days at least.

Last evening we drew
a helmet - and a French
and English Gas mask. The
talk at the Y.M. and
around the stove at
#53 was all about go-
ing over the top the
next day - and how
Pershing would enjoy it.

We were organized
as two companies of
infantry for the assault,
and occupied a set of
simulated trenches three
miles east of here.

The morning was
bitter cold, with thins and
buckles (some of which)

Traced to the ~~lowest~~
detail with a half
inch of hoofrost!
A helmet, two pairs of
gloves, and the mass
of equipment made the
walk a warm one,
and thereby an en-
joyable one.

The rehearsal wasn't
much, a line up, a
deployment, a charge -
and the trail for home.
We gathered early
this aft. and were
ready for zero hour
long before we knew
when it would be.

Soon our aeroplane
came over circling low
and fired a rocket - at
the instant 0-2, Im-
mediately the Stokes

mortars at our right
and left started their
terrible blasts, and
the artillery a few miles
behind threw shells
over our heads a few
hundred yds. forward
and the heavy barrage
was down. The effect
was wonderful - the
bomb - the crash - the
zing - and the mountains
of earth flying ~~over~~ them
the air.

Zero hour came, and
we sprang over the top
to take fire column
across no man's land.
As we started the
machine guns started
their chorus, and we
with fire completely
traded

June. 3 Feb. '18.

on to the enemy
trenches 500 yds. away.

Perhaps if we
were being fired on
it wouldn't be so
much fun, but as it
was it was wonderful.

We took the trench
announced it with our
rockets - set to work
to consolidate, established
communications, and when
the counter attack came
we were able to answer
with the mortars and
the artillery. Great.

The ~~prettiest~~ part
of it all was the aer-
planes circling above
like guardian angels,
directing the artillery,
and making the whole
party seem real. Voilà!

I really should be
ashamed to trust this item
to the fair page I see now
before me. I'm not proud
of it but boys will be
boys - and the fellow
who can't be one of the
boys at certain appointed
times loses much that
adds zest to a fearsome
business.

Elementally I hate
booze - I'll preach against
it, and vote against it
every time I get a chance.
I'll never say I won't touch
it tho', nor will I ever
hit it he said that I
have sown it on
any one occasion. This
is not boast - It's call
it strength of will to

Last night we went to A —, a few miles distant to meet all available 1st Corps Signal Officers. Col. Barbee, Maj. Swartz, and one down were present, and some few made the trip from the front line for the occasion.

Madame had her place shined and heated beautifully for us. Of course everything outside was darkened, but one could see thru' the gloom a substantial stone farmhouse, of very ancient construction. Built for ~~us~~ posterity with no regard for their probable enlightened tastes. It was quaint, with all, and, again, very cheery inside.

Champaigne was the order for the evening. To make the first impression more awesome, the "Directors" had ranged the attractive green bottles with their gold leaf seals, on a table against the wall. It made a great old picture truly.

I arrived with the majority of the group. ~~As~~ we filed in each we saw the battery first thing of course, & we took proper cognizance of it. Estimated the situation, and before many minutes were duly organized.

That was mighty good wine — I know very little about such things but I do know

that I liked it very, very
much but -

There wasn't a
man in the crew who
disgraced himself. The
stuff was free - someone
was always insisting
that the glasses be
full, yet we were all
so busily engaged in
discussing signal corps,
giving experiences at the
front, and telling late
stories, that no one
was prompted to put
wine ahead of keen
interesting conversation -
It was truly a triumph
for in that bit demon-
strated the good breeding,
and stability of the men
in one the real technical
branch of a fighting force.

When there is a
fire who feels at ease
at the ropes watching
the fireman fight the
flames?

At a football game
who can enjoy it to
the utmost basking
or freezing on hard
bleachers?

The maid away -
a big dinner over who
feels content till all
is cleared away, and the
dishes lie gleaming in
the cupboard?

When there is war
who sleeps at peace
without the ~~sight~~
sound of the guns when
his friends, and com-
rades must keep the
night watch

No man's land?

No ONE -

And that is why I
am glad I'm with the 1st
Corps - the men spec-
ially chosen to lead
the way - the bunch
who will be in the
midst of it all - the
sportman's delight.

To go to the front
does not mean to die.
Some will fall - and
even now they are
chosen - but many will
go back to build ones,
and they will have the
high side of being in
the thick of a flat
old fight. It's great to
live in this day
and age.

Roosevelt says: -

The highest form of
success comes, not to
the man who desires
mere easy peace,
but to him who does
not shrink from danger,
from hardship or from
bitter toil, and who
out of these wins the
splendid ultimate tri-
umph.

We have but little
room among our people
for the timid, the
irresolute and the idle;
and it is no less true
that there is scant
room in the world
at large for the nation
with mighty themes

that dares not be
great.

Lat. Night Feb. 9, 1918.

One month ago today I
came into France - May I
come to the front line - a
member of the force who first
occupied a sector for Americans.
In one of the comparatively
few chosen to demonstrate
to the Boche what the U.S.
has to offer -

Am I glad? I ~~am~~ are glad
for us - few can say that
they look forward with zest
to the carnage that is to
come. Few love war - but
those who do have some
certain stuff in them, that
commands respect, cheerful
obedience, and what is more
attains something. They have

force.
Am I sorry? Never -
Never, never, and I say it
knowing full well that if
the one best woman in
the world asked it. I should
fudge a bit and perhaps
say a thankful yes. I'm
not sorry - (I can talk
truth to myself) - The job
has been put up to us,
and I'm glad to take my
part - to be a man among
strong men, ^{who will} see the
job through. There's a
lot that's glorious here, and
I meet more of it every day.
The cheer that bubbles
above inconveniences and
hardships, the mutual re-
gard ^{and concern} of man for man, men
for officers, and officers for
men, the planning - oh every-
thing - just man with all
the ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~pass~~ ^{pass} of his

leisure home - and the
sagacity of his women a
mere memory, and he
matching his wits and strength
against a warthy foe.

Am I Grand? The proud-
est youngsters in all the
Cavalry. In to serve with
an outfit that has been
tried many times and
therefore selected for this
job - They're a hard fisted
lot, and I'm to justify
my picking. I'm going to
do it, with all that's in
me. I'm at the wall now
make or break - which?
It's "make", by the Gods,
and here's for a good
night's sleep to start her
out.

14 Feb. 1918
St. Valentine's Day.

Leaving some mess - There are
Maj. Chapin and St. Jenkins
from the Cavalry, and they
measure up to tradition. There
are St. Smith, Perry and Canyon
and Capt. Crooks old time S.C.
men - Dr. Keweenaw, Maj.
Morrison of the staff a S.C.
Officers, also Meacham a
Reserve medic, Ed. and I.

Smith is the card -
His stories of Alaska, the
Philippines and Mexico can't
be beat. Here are two that
came out tonight.

Blanchette was an
operator at a small station
in Alaska. He telegraphs
over to Smith who was
operating some place else -
"Smith your father was a
preacher wasn't he?"

Answer - "Yes"

"well a couple of days ago I killed a squirrel - today I nailed three more and I have a bid to be christened. I don't know how to do these jobs and I want you to help me out."

Answers:- Bishop Rowe had been mashing an awful heavy trail for a few days - soft snow three feet deep and hard going. He met up with a prospector coming the other way. "How's the going I ricord?" "Why --- it's the worst --- trail I ever seen all my --- life. How is it from here on?" "Oh just about the same." answered Bishop Rowe.