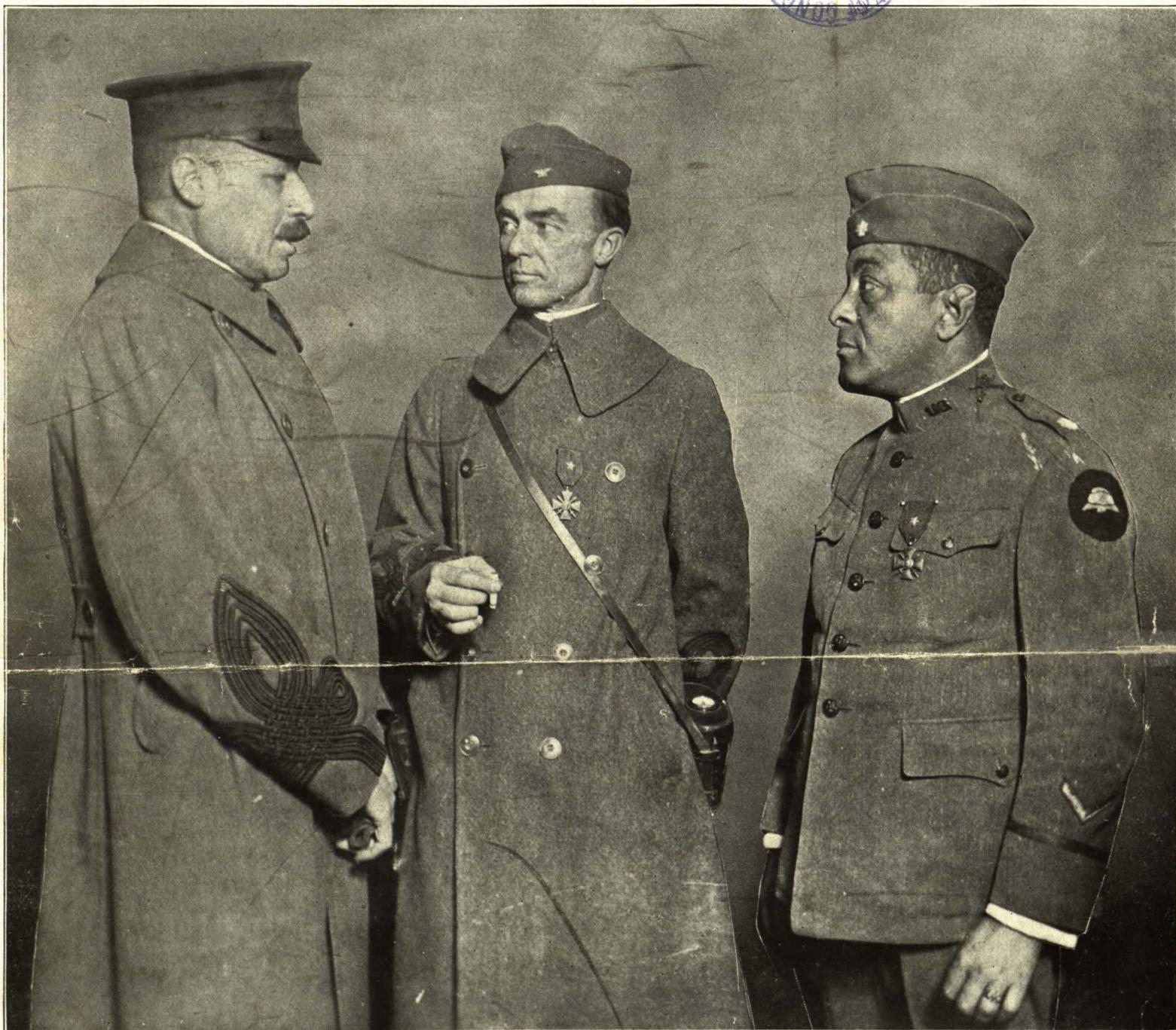


HEROES of 1918

BRARY OF CONGRESS
MAR 28 1919
OFFICIAL COPY



Col. Franklin R. Dennison

Col. Thomas A. Roberts

Lt. Col. Otis B. Duncan

Stories From The Lips of
Black Fighters

DEDICATED

To the Brave Whose Lives Have Made
Our Flag Immortal

Winning Glory for the Flag

By Z. Withers

Kind reader follow me:

The stories carefully compiled here for you, we hope will convey to your mind a faint knowledge of what our men suffered in winning glory and honor for the Flag.

These stories are taken from the lips of men who actually saw service in the trenches. It is something to know of their trials and struggles to sustain the ideals of this Republic.

They have fought, bled and died

for us and the world that the principles of the Just and Free shall rule the world.

The thought and spirit that actuated these heroes we should instill into the minds of our children in order that the nation shall remain forever the "Land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Lest we forget" the Negro's part in the great war on the Western Front or, perhaps, if you have read but little of the truth of his wonderful courage—preserve this

small volume and read the stories from his lips.

Every thought is Patriotism, every act is bravery and courage. He not only gave the Allied armies pep and ginger as an untiring worker, but the wonderful cheerfulness displayed by him under the hardest ordeals—inspired those who fought by his side.

Again, we might say, their deeds of heroism and bravery add additional lustre and brightness to our noble Flag.



Bayonet Fighters at Guard Position.

CONTENTS

The Eighth Regiment In France.

Ailette Dam, "Hells Half Acre."

Near Chateau Thierry.

The Fatal Mess Call.

September Twenty-eight.

Why We Are Permitted To Rejoice.

Capturing Hindenburg Cave.

By Sergt. Mathew Jenkins

Artillery Action.

Taking Machine Gun Nests.

The "Black Devils" of Illinois.

Hindenburg Cave.

By Sergt. E. A. Means

Poisonous Gas.

The Human Side of the Fighter.

Welcoming the Fighter Home.

The Fatal Mess Call

By Private Tony Smith, Co. A, 370th R. I.

This Story Brings Us Into Intimate Contact With Some of the Most Heartrending Scenes of the Battlefield. Let Us Hope for a League of Nations and the End of War.

On the last of September we were ordered to the front to check a supposed German drive. We arrived there safely, although under heavy shell-fire. The holes in which we had taken our position were not in the trenches, and we had to remove the dead Frenchmen that had been killed by indirect machine-gun fire to find cover for our-

Continued---Ailette Dam, "Hell's Half Acre."

is not a coward's job in the middle of a fight, when there are six to one against you and you have to stop and repair your gun, but this was done and another box of ammunition substituted; the one we were using contained bad stuff. The entire crew came to the gun and worked like demons and we gave those Huns h--l. The rapid firing gun that supported us was ordered to "burn the gun up" in order to draw the fire to him so should luck favor us we would have a chance to catch a flash from a Hun gun, which we did a few minutes later.

I saw the flash, turned the gun in that direction, took sight, and opened hell-fire on him. From right to left we swept a deadly accurate fire, until silence indicated the result to us. Gun number seven had opened fire on us, his range was a little too high to effect us. One of the Germans tried to advance to our position; he was stopped by an infantryman. Another attempt was made to reach us, with my gun in the right position, another rattle of the gun, another Hun was gone. At this moment a rocket went up; from this flare I could see another gun and before he could change his range I had mine elevated just six inches above the railroad track. With this advantage again I opened fire and the crew fought until the last man was killed. This ended the Germans' seven guns which were a constant menace to our position. Please remember this was one American Machine Gun and crew against seven German.

Next morning we received orders to go "Over the Top" at 9 A. M. All prepared, and with a yell the advance began. We went over in genuine Yankee fashion. There was no resistance—we found seven German guns and crews lying about the field.

selves. We held this line for 24 hours and were relieved.

In our reserve position we were placed between 4 batteries of artillery where we remained until the second of October.—that night we were moved 10 kilometers north to a large dugout—our mess-wagon



Private Tony Smith.

was left behind. On the third we were ordered to our former position for mess.

The hand of Fate is everywhere.

About this time the Germans began throwing a box barrage. We got no supper.

The barrage crept slowly to the ruins and shell-scarred buildings about us. The noise of shell screamed through the air in their hissing sound carrying the omen of death!

A flash of light! A stillness like death! A terrible noise and the earth rocks about us. The German devil had carried its mission! Behold! Around us lay the dead and dying! Deafened! Helpless; my ears are without hearing! O God! my comrades!

Like successive waves of lightning when the storm and thunder sweep the skies—again and again came these messengers of death and destruction.

The entire command was struck down as wind and storm bear to

earth the tiniest plant!

Crawling on my hands and knees in the darkness each moment my heart quivering like a leaf; I had gone but a short distance before I reached a battery of heavy artillery manned by Frenchmen. At that moment a German shot struck the muzzle of this gun, and again there was death and desolation—one gunner was killed and the powder magazine was exploded. I kept feeling my way and at length reached the dugout. Perplexed, confused, half-crazed, yet, determined and dogged in the determination to do my duty as a soldier, I made the best report that I could to the captain.

My first words were, "Captain, the company has been annihilated." Staring at me with eyes of living fire, his jaws set—he stood motionless for a second or two.

"Who is dead?" came sharp and quick from his lips.

"I can't estimate them, sir." I replied.

"Go quickly and take a check of the dead and wounded!" was the command.

Recovering from the shock as best I could, I hurried back to the command. Before me was the most gruesome sight that human eyes ever beheld. The dead and dying were everywhere. Fallen trees, buildings of every kind—complete desolation marked the scene.

"Halt!" commanded the sentinel.

"Who is there?"

"Soldier American" I replied.

"What do you want?" he inquired.

"I was sent here to check the dead and wounded comrade."

"Every body in here is dead. There is no use to check these."

"May I search for the wounded?"

I inquired.

"Yes, if you wish," he answered.

Before me, O God! rigid in death was Simon Monnd, my dearest friend. I could restrain tears no longer, the task of counting the unfortunate dead—O God, it was a terrible task. Mangled and bleeding lying before me with their ghastly wounds. Heaven forbid this scene again."

"Thirty-two of my comrades are dead and sixty-nine wounded.

Why We Are Permitted To Rejoice

The Victory Loan Must Be Used to Pay the Debt of
Bringing Our Fighters Home.. Read
Carefully Below.



Negro Band of the 814th Infantry Leaving the Celtic After Her Arrival.

Every one of our readers is exultant over the return of the noble Negro troops from the fighting front in far-off France and rejoicing over their victorious achievements, than which there is not a brighter page in America's part in the Great War. It is admitted by all that the dash and daring and superb fighting qualities of the heroes of the "Old Eighth" and the "Buffaloes," the remnants of which commands have but recently returned to us and been greeted with greater acclaim than any other of the returning heroes that the people have had an opportunity to honor.

No wonder the white race gave vent to their joy and wildly cheered our heroic boys. No wonder their multitude of friends and their kin wept for very gladness and gave them such a loving, tumultuous welcome that the whole city of Chicago fairly rocked because of the mighty demonstration. No wonder everybody, without respect to race, color or creed, idolizes our brave boys—our heroes—the men who never swerved from the path of duty, even though it lay through rivers of blood and

the Valley of Death.

History will award to these intrepid warriors of the "Old Eighth" and the "Buffaloes" the full meed of praise that is theirs and the honor that to them belongs for helping to bring to a victorious conclusion the greatest war of all history, with triumph crowning the American arms.

In your moment of thanksgiving have any of you stopped to give thought to what it was that ended the war and brought your loved ones and your dear friends back home?

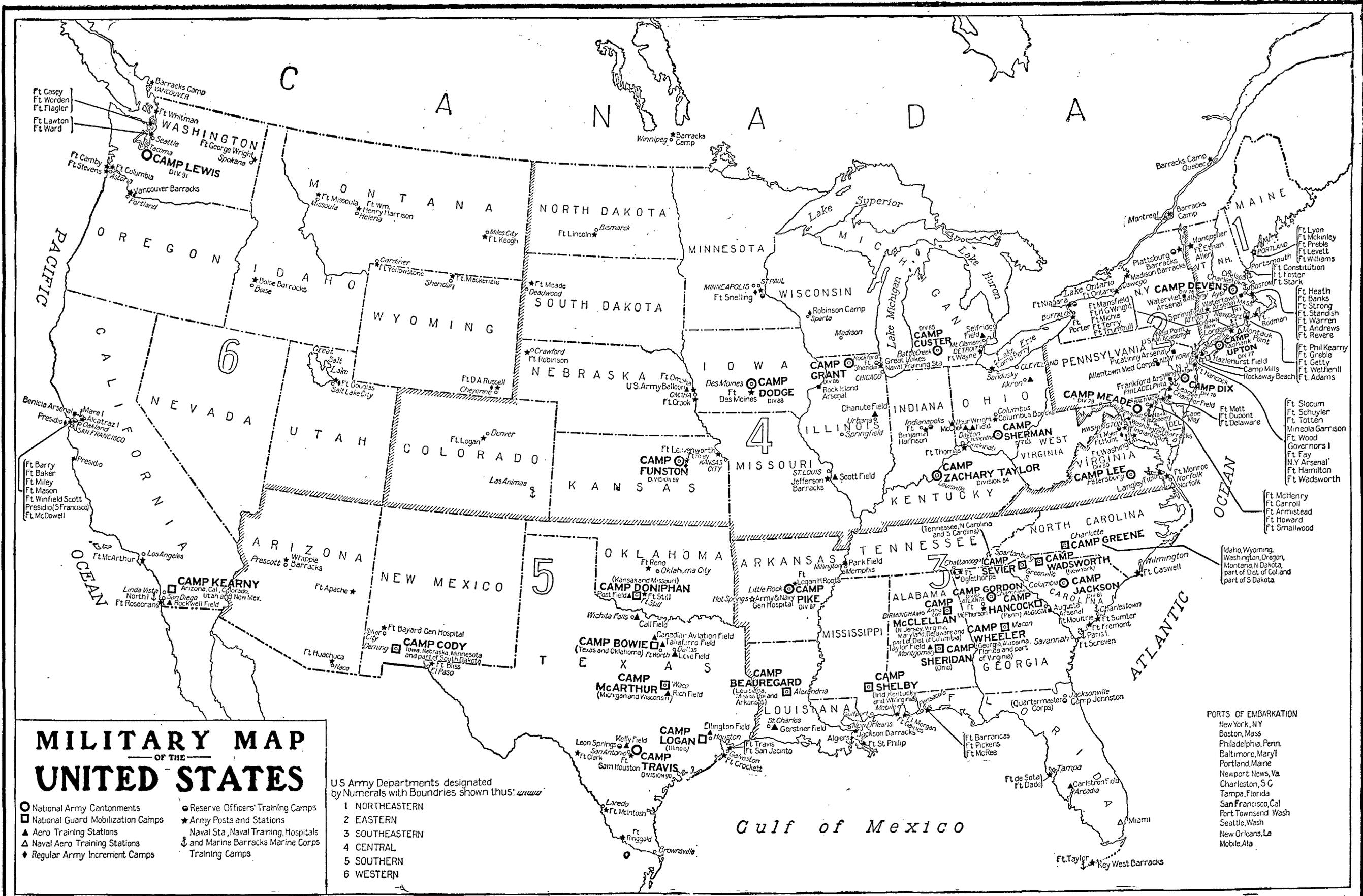
It was the money that Uncle Sam borrowed on the strength of it being paid back through the Victory Liberty Loan. The proceeds from the Fourth Liberty Loan was all used up as long ago as last December and the only way the Government could get funds to pay its war bills and furnish money to bring the boys home was by borrowing it. Already Uncle Sam is in debt more than four billions of dollars, which must be repaid by the Victory Loan dollars, and he expects you who have benefited by this vast expenditure of the Na-

tion's wealth to do his or her part in loaning him the money with which he may pay back the billions he borrowed.

It now develops that the thing that caused Germany to sign the armistice and confess defeat was the gigantic preparations being made by America to continue the war at least another year. The Kaiser and his fellow criminals saw their finish and the annihilation of the German nation if they continued the war; they at last realized that America with her millions of men and vast stores of ammunition of every kind would wipe the German army off the face of the earth, so to speak, so they threw up their hands and yelled, "Enough!"

The billions of dollars that went for these preparations in reality won the war without the shedding of a drop of blood after November 11, 1918, and saved the lives of 100,000 of America's bravest fighters, among whom are many of the boys we have just welcomed home.

Support the Victory Liberty Loan!



MILITARY MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

- National Army Cantonments
- ◻ National Guard Mobilization Camps
- ▲ Aero Training Stations
- ◆ Naval Aero Training Stations
- ◊ Regular Army Increment Camps
- Reserve Officers' Training Camps
- ★ Army Posts and Stations
- ⚓ Naval Sta., Naval Training, Hospitals and Marine Barracks Marine Corps Training Camps

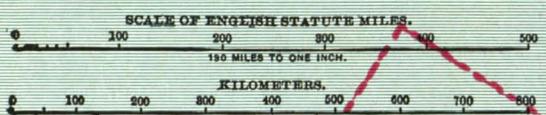
U.S. Army Departments designated by Numerals with Boundaries shown thus: *-----*

- 1 NORTHEASTERN
- 2 EASTERN
- 3 SOUTHEASTERN
- 4 CENTRAL
- 5 SOUTHERN
- 6 WESTERN

- PORTS OF EMBARKATION
- New York, N.Y.
 - Boston, Mass.
 - Philadelphia, Penn.
 - Baltimore, Md.
 - Portsmouth, Va.
 - Charleston, S.C.
 - Tampa, Florida
 - San Francisco, Cal.
 - Port Townsend, Wash.
 - Seattle, Wash.
 - New Orleans, La.
 - Mobile, Ala.



EUROPE.



Capitals of Countries: ● Secondary Capitals: ○
Railroads: — Submarine Telegraph Lines: —

The provinces of Russia are shown thus: LIVONIA, NORMANDIE; in the rest of Europe are medieval kingdoms and provinces, popularly used, but, in most cases, are not now legal divisions.

Comparative Area
PENNSYLVANIA
45,215 Square Miles.

Open Way to Falmouth

German Blockade

German Blockade

British Blockade

German Blockade

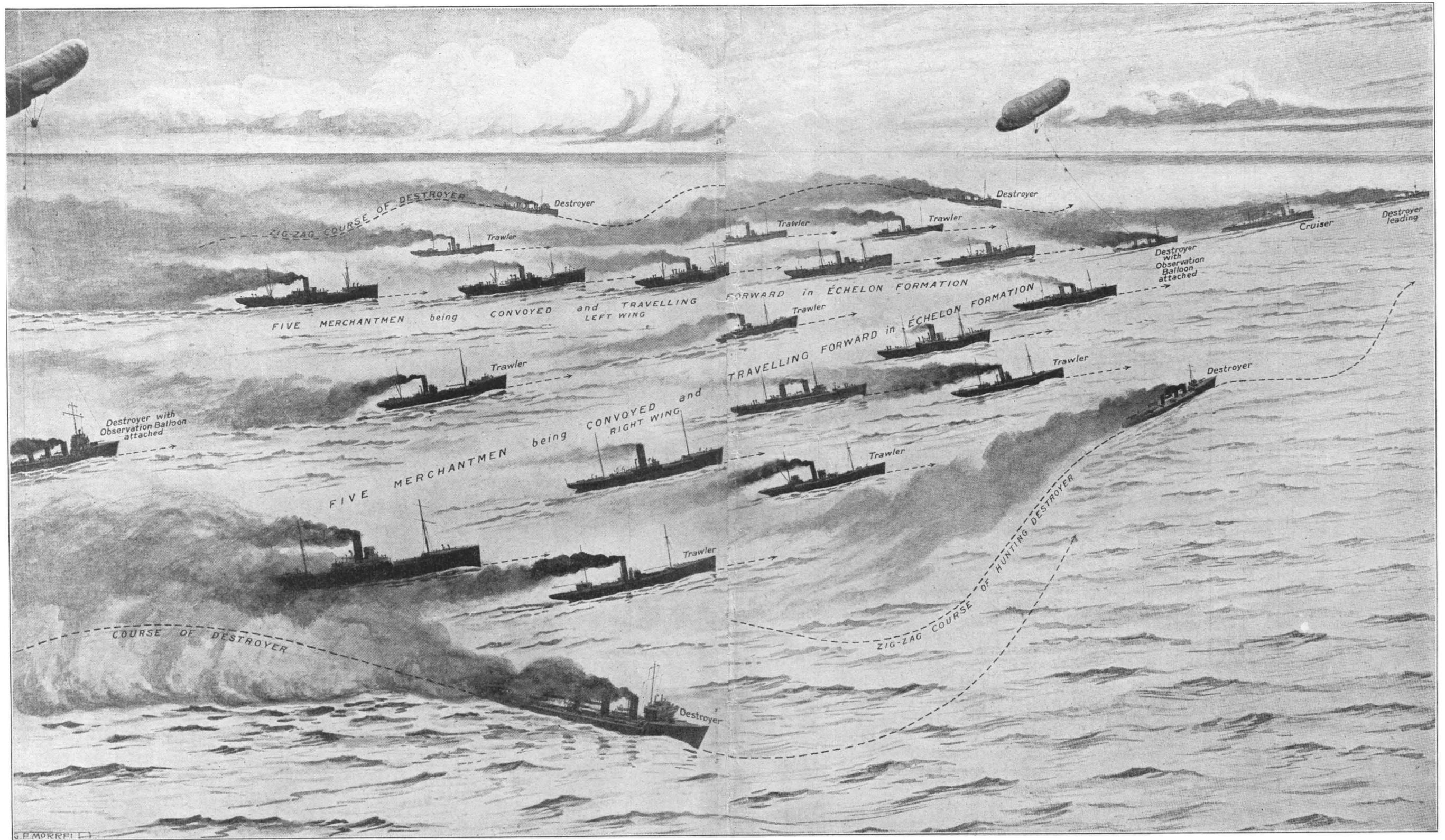
German Blockade



PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF EUROPE, WITH AREA

	AREA IN SQ. M.		AREA IN SQ. M.
ANDORRA, republic,	175	ITALY, kingdom,	110,646
AUSTRIA, empire,	115,903	LIECHTENSTEIN, principality,	65
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, empire,	249,942	LUXEMBURG, grand duchy,	998
BELGIUM, kingdom,	11,373	MONACO, principality,	8
BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA, governed by Austria-Hungary,	23,262	MONTENEGRO, principality,	3,630
BRITISH ISLES,	120,979	NORWAY, kingdom,	124,445
BULGARIA AND EASTERN RUMELIA, principality, tributary to Turkey,	37,860	PORTUGAL, kingdom, with Azores and Madeira Islands,	36,033
CRETE, under European control,	3,326	RUMANIA, kingdom,	43,307
DENMARK, kingdom,	15,289	RUSSIA IN EUROPE, empire, including Caucasus,	2,186,962
ENGLAND, kingdom,	50,867	SAN MARINO, republic,	32
FRANCE, republic,	204,092	SCOTLAND, kingdom,	29,785
GERMAN EMPIRE,	208,830	SERVIA, kingdom,	19,050
GREECE, kingdom,	25,014	SPAIN, kingdom,	197,670
HOLLAND (NETHERLANDS), kingdom,	12,648	SWEDEN, kingdom,	172,876
HUNGARY, kingdom,	125,039	SWITZERLAND, republic,	15,976
ICELAND, Danish,	39,756	TURKEY IN EUROPE, empire,	62,744
IRELAND, British,	32,583	WALES, principality,	7,442

EUROPE, continent,



GUARDING OUR FOOD SUPPLIES AT SEA: HOW IT IS SOMETIMES DONE BY CONVOY.

The development of the submarine has made the conveying of our food vessels an exceedingly difficult problem; but, in view of the comparatively small number of convoyed ships that appear to have been sunk, we may infer that the navy has it well in hand. This pictorial diagram gives a general idea of the component parts of a convoy, the details of which were obtained from a German source and published in the "Handelsblad" of Amsterdam, whose contributor states: "There are various methods of conveying transports and merchantmen. The importance of the craft, their length, their number, many circumstances determine the order in which the attendant ships sail." Balloons and other contrivances assist in detecting the presence of submarines, while the possibilities of camouflage are indicated in the drawing, in which the circumscribed space has made it necessary to show the vessels closer together than in practice. The distance between the ships must be 500 yards, whilst the leading destroyer is often some miles in advance.



NEWTON D. BAKER
SECRETARY OF WAR

U. S. Army Pay

Commissioned Officers

	Per year.
General	\$10,000
Lieutenant-general	9,000
Major-general	8,000
Brigadier-general	6,000
Colonel	4,000
Lieutenant-colonel	3,500
Major	3,000
Captain	2,400
First lieutenant	2,000
Second lieutenant	1,700

Noncommissioned Officers and Men

	Per mo.
Bugler, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	\$30.00
Private, engineers, ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster corps, medical department, cavalry, artillery and infantry	30.00
Private, first class, engineers, ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster corps, medical department, cavalry, artillery and infantry	33.00
Wagoner, engineers, field artillery and infantry	36.00
Mechanic, medical department, cavalry, artillery and infantry	36.00
Farrier, medical department	36.00
Saddler, engineers, medical department, cavalry, field artillery and infantry	36.00
Corporal, cavalry, artillery and infantry	36.00
Musician, third class, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	36.00
Corporal, engineers, ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster corps and medical department	36.00
Chief mechanic, field artillery	36.00
Horseshoer, engineers, signal corps, medical department, cavalry, field artillery and infantry	38.00
Cook, engineers, signal corps, quartermaster corps, medical department, cavalry, artillery and infantry	38.00
Musician, second class, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	38.00
Band corporal, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	38.00
Fireman, coast artillery	38.00
Radio sergeant, coast artillery	38.00
Sergeant, cavalry, artillery and infantry	38.00
Stable sergeant, cavalry, field artillery and infantry	38.00
Supply sergeant, cavalry, artillery and infantry	38.00
Mess sergeant, cavalry, artillery and infantry	38.00
Musician, first class, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	44.00
Sergeant, engineers, ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster corps and medical department	44.00
Stable sergeant, engineers	44.00
Supply sergeant, engineers	44.00
Mess sergeant, engineers	44.00
Electrician sergeant, coast artillery	44.00
Band sergeant, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	44.00
Color sergeant, engineers, cavalry, field artillery and infantry	44.00
Sergeant bugler, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	48.00
Master gunner, coast artillery	48.00
Sergeant major, junior grade, coast artillery	48.00
Assistant band leader, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	48.00
Squadron sergeant major, cavalry	48.00
Battalion sergeant major, field artillery and infantry	48.00
First sergeant, band, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	51.00
Electrician sergeant, first class, coast artillery	51.00

Assistant engineer, coast artillery	51.00
Regimental supply sergeant, engineers, cavalry, field artillery and infantry	51.00
field artillery and infantry	51.00
Sergeant major, senior grade, coast artillery	51.00
Quartermaster sergeant, quartermaster corps	51.00
Ordnance sergeant, post noncommissioned staff	51.00
Sergeant, first class, medical department	56.00
Engineer, junior grade, engineer corps	71.00
Engineer, coast artillery	71.00
Hospital sergeant, medical department	71.00
Band leader, engineers, cavalry, artillery and infantry	81.00
Master engineer, senior grade, engineer corps	81.00
Master hospital sergeant, medical department	81.00
Quartermaster sergeant, senior grade, quartermaster corps	81.00
Master electrician, coast artillery	81.00
Master signal electrician, signal corps	81.00
The pay of soldiers serving beyond the limits of the states of the union, with the exception of Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Panama Canal Zone, is increased 20 per cent. On this basis the pay of enlisted men on foreign service is:	
Private, private second class, bugler	\$33.00
Private first class	36.00
Corporal, artillery, cavalry, infantry; saddler; mechanic, infantry, cavalry, field artillery, medical department; farrier, wagoner	40.20
Corporal, engineers, ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster corps, medical department; mechanic, coast artillery; chief mechanic, field artillery, musician, third class, in infantry, cavalry, engineers, artillery	40.80
Sergeant, artillery, cavalry, infantry; stable sergeant, field artillery, cavalry, infantry; supply sergeant, artillery, cavalry, infantry; mess sergeant, artillery, cavalry, infantry; cook, horseshoer, radio sergeant, fireman, band corporal, musician, second class, cavalry, artillery, infantry, engineers; musician, third class, military academy	44.00
Sergeant, engineers, ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster corps, medical department; stable sergeant, engineers; supply sergeant, engineers; mess sergeant, engineers; color sergeant; electrician sergeant, second class; band sergeant; musician, first class, infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers; musician, second class, military academy	51.20
Battalion sergeant major, field artillery, infantry; squadron sergeant major; sergeant major, junior grade; master gunner; sergeant bugler; assistant band leader	56.00
Regimental sergeant major; regimental supply sergeant; sergeant-major, senior grade; quartermaster sergeant; ordnance sergeant; battalion sergeant major, engineers; electrician sergeant, first class; sergeant, first class, quartermaster's corps, engineers, signal corps; assistant engineer; musician first class, military academy	60.00
Sergeant, first class, medical department; sergeant, field musician, military academy	66.00
Sergeant, field musician, military academy	66.00
Hospital sergeant; master engineer, junior grade; engineer	84.00
Quartermaster sergeant, senior grade, quartermaster corps; band leader; master signal electrician; master electrician; master engineer; senior grade; master hospital sergeant; band sergeant and assistant leader, military academy	96.00
Monthly pay is increased with successive enlistments. Enlisted men are provided with necessary clothing and equipment free. Officers are given fixed allowances for quarters, heat and light. Certain men because of special qualifications and service draw monthly pay beyond the regular enlistment rate, as follows:	
Mess sergeant	\$6
Case-mate electrician	9
Observer, first class	9
Plotter	9
Coxswain	9
Chief planter	7
Chief loader	7
Observer, second class	7
Gun commander	7
Gun pointer	7
Surgical assistant	5
Expert first class gunner F. A.	\$5
Expert rifleman	5
Nurse (first class private)	3
Sharpshooter	3
First class gunner	3
Second class gunner	2
Marksman	2
Dispensary assistant	2
Certificate of merit	2

U. S. Navy Pay

NAVY PAY TABLE.

	Per year.
Admirals	\$10,000
Vice-Admirals	9,000
Rear-admirals	8,000
Captains	4,000
Commanders	3,500
Lieutenant-commanders	3,000
Lieutenants	2,400
Lieutenants, junior grade	2,000
Ensigns	1,700
Additional pay for length of service and sea service and also certain allowances.	
CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS.	Per month.
Chief master at arms	\$77.50
Chief boatswains' mates	61.00
Chief gunners' mates	61.00
Chief turret captains	72.00
Chief quartermasters	61.00
Chief machinists' mates	83.00
Chief electricians	72.00
Chief carpenters' mates	61.00
Chief water tenders	61.00
Chief printers	72.00
Chief storekeepers	61.00
Chief yeomen	72.00
Chief pharmacists' mates	72.00
Bandmasters	63.20
All chief petty officers with a permanent appointment receive \$77 a month and allowances.	
PETTY OFFICERS, FIRST CLASS	
Masters at arms	\$52.00
Boatswains' mates	52.00
Gunners' mates	52.00
Turret captains	61.00
Quartermasters	52.00
Boilermakers	77.50
Machinists' mates	66.50

Coppersmiths	66.50
Shipfitters	66.50
Electricians	61.00
Blacksmiths	61.00
Plumbers and fitters	55.50
Sailmakers' mates	52.00
Water tenders	52.00
Painters	52.00
Storekeepers	52.00

PETTY OFFICERS, SECOND CLASS.

Masters at arms	\$46.50
Boatswains' mates	46.50
Gunners' mates	46.50
Quartermasters	52.00
Machinists' mates	52.00
Electricians	52.00
Shipfitters	52.00
Oilers	48.70
Painters	46.50
Storekeepers	46.50
Yeomen	46.50
Pharmacists' mates	46.50

PETTY OFFICERS, THIRD CLASS

Masters at arms	\$41.00
Coxswains	41.00
Gunners' mates	41.00
Quartermasters	41.00
Electricians	41.00
Carpenters' mates	41.00
Painters	41.00
Storekeepers	41.00
Yeomen	41.00
Pharmacists' mates	41.00

RATING WITH SEAMEN.

Seaman gunners	\$34.60
Seamen	32.40
Firemen, 1st class	46.50
Musicians, 1st class	43.20
Hospital apprentices	32.40

RATING WITH SEAMEN, SECOND CLASS.

Seamen	\$35.90
Firemen	42.00
Shipwrights	35.50
Musicians	41.00
Buglers	41.00
Hospital apprentices	35.90

RATING WITH SEAMEN, THIRD CLASS

Apprentice seamen	\$32.50
Firemen	32.20
Landsmen	32.60

COMMISSARY BRANCH.

Chief stewards	\$83.00
Commissary stewards	66.50
Ship's cooks, 1st class	66.50
Ship's cooks, 2d class	52.00
Ship's cooks, 3d class	41.00
Ship's cooks, 4th class	35.50
Bakers, 1st class	55.50
Bakers, 2d class	46.50
Landsmen	32.60
Stewards to commanders in chief	72.00
Cooks to commanders in chief	61.00
Stewards to commandants	72.00
Cooks to commandants	61.00
Cabin stewards	61.00
Cabin cooks	55.50
Wardroom stewards	61.00
Wardroom cooks	55.00
Steerage stewards	46.50
Steerage cooks	41.00
Warrant officers' stewards	46.50
Warrant officers' cooks	41.00
Mess attendants, 1st class	41.00
Mess attendants, 2d class	35.50
Mess attendants, 3d class	34.00



JOSEPHUS DANIELS,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

THE CONFESSION THAT GERMANY STARTED THE WAR

The deceived German people, hoodwinked for nearly four years into the belief that England started the war, are now being gradually permitted to learn that this is a slight error which can be corrected by merely substituting the word Germany for England. When that is done, perhaps the official German step will be to ask England what her peace terms are. At any rate, the first step has been taken. No less an authority than Prince Lichnowsky, Imperial German Ambassador to Great Britain in 1914, has given the whole case away and fastened the blood-guiltiness for the war irrevocably upon Germany, which did not merely permit Austria to start it, but insisted upon war when Austria shrank back. Even the German press now admit that Britain is cleared of blame for the world-conflict, and the German press supposedly take the hint in such matters from the authorities higher up. Ex-Foreign Minister von Jagow, too, agrees with Lichnowsky in acquitting Great Britain.

We have the secret memorandum which Prince Lichnowsky wrote to justify himself in the eyes of his intimate friends. This memorandum, to the discomfiture of the Government, finally became public, and it proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that Germany, headed by the Kaiser, was the "sole and only begetter" of the present world-conflagration. First of all he confirms the fact, so often denied by Germany, that the famous Potsdam conference really took place on July 5, 1914. At this conference, Germany and Austria decided upon war, which they would inaugurate upon any convenient pretext, and as a result Prince

Lichnowsky received his instructions with regard to his attitude in England. He says:

"I learned that at the decisive conversation at Potsdam on July 5 the inquiry addressed to us by Vienna found absolute assent among all the personages in authority; indeed, they added that there would be no harm if a war with Russia were to result. So, at any rate, it is stated in the Austrian protocol, which Count Mensdorff [Austrian Ambassador] received in London. Soon afterward Herr von Jagow was in Vienna, to discuss everything with Count Berchtold [Austrian Foreign Minister]."

"I then received instructions that I was to induce the English press to take up a friendly attitude if Austria gave the 'death-blow' to the great Servian movement, and as far as possible I was by my influence to prevent public opinion from opposing

Here are the most salient features of the Prince's revelations. He says:

"My London mission was wrecked not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our own policy. . . . I had to support in London a policy which I knew to be fallacious. I was paid out for it, for it was a sin against the Holy Ghost. . . . We pressed for war. We deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement. . . . Sir Edward Grey, throughout the whole of the negotiations, never took open sides with Russia or France in order that he might not supply any pretext for a conflict. The pretext was supplied later by a dead Archduke."

Under a heading entitled "The Question of Guilt," Prince Lichnowsky says:

"As appears from all official publications,

without the facts being controverted by our own White Book, which, owing to its poverty and gaps, constitutes a grave self-accusation:

"1. We encouraged Count Berchtold [the Austrian Foreign Minister] to attack Serbia, altho no German interest was involved, and the danger of a world-war must have been known to us—whether we knew the text of the ultimatum is a question of complete indifference;

"2. In the days between July 23 and July 30, 1914, when Mr. Sazonoff [the Russian Foreign Minister] emphatically declared that Russia could not tolerate an attack upon Serbia, we rejected the British proposals of mediation, altho Serbia, under Russia and British pressure, had accepted almost the whole ultimatum, and altho an agreement about the two points in question could easily have been reached, and Count Berchtold [the Austrian Foreign Minister] was even ready to satisfy himself with the Servian reply.

"3. On July 30, when Count Berchtold wanted to give way, we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilization by sending an ultimatum to St. Petersburg, and on July 31 we declared war on the Russians, altho the Czar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued not a man should march—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement.

"In view of these indisputable facts, it is not surprizing that the whole civilized world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world-war."

GERMANS TREAT U. S. PRISONERS IN CRUEL MANNER

American prisoners of war are being shamefully treated in German prison camps if all have had the experience of an American interviewed by a French soldier, also a prisoner in Germany, just before he escaped. The Frenchman's story, as told to American officers, follows:

"A short time before I left Hameln, Han-

over, I was able to have a few minutes' interview with an American soldier who was taken prisoner several months ago on the French front. Being unwounded, he was assigned directly to a prison camp. Weakened by excessive work he was forced to go in the salt mines and being unable to stay longer, he was sent to Hameln.



WHERE GERMANY IS KEEPING CAPTURED AMERICANS

The black squares show 27 of the German prison-camps. The chief camp is said to be at Tuchel, in West Prussia. The Red Cross reported 231 Americans in these camps at the beginning of June. Two hundred more American prisoners are thought to be on the way to camps. Our Red Cross has stored at Berne, or in transit, supplies enough to maintain 22,000 prisoners six months.

GREAT LOSS IN WEIGHT

"I do not remember the name of the man or the number of his regiment, but he had been among the first Americans in the trenches and his home was in New York. He told me that during the three months he was in the Harz mines he had lost thirty-three pounds. He was a man who was solidly built and it could be easily seen that he had been vigorous and healthy, but when I saw him he was incredibly thin and so weak that he could hardly cross a room without stopping repeatedly, leaning on pieces of furniture or supporting himself on boxes piled there.

"Englishmen also are badly treated in the mines. I found out that three of seven who were sent back to Hameln died. Package service does not exist in the mines and the prisoners receive practically nothing. Their only nourishment is from thin soup made of barley or cabbage, sometimes salted codfish eggs and those of other fish which it is impossible to eat.

BEATEN WITH BAYONETS

"There are few potatoes and very little bread. It is impossible for a man to work without becoming sick or weakened to the point of falling down.

"The men are struck with rifle butts and the flat side of bayonets and are placed in dark cells on bread and water. These cells are known to the mine prisoners as 'hot chambers,' as they are heated by steam to a high temperature. After the men are held in these cells they are turned out in the snow, where they are required to stand at 'attention' for a certain length of time. Needless to say, deaths are frequent.

"This American had been punished several times in this way, and he told me all that I am relating to you. I am able to confirm his story because other Englishmen and Frenchmen I saw at Hameln did not have the strength even to hold a cigarette."

DEPTH BOMB

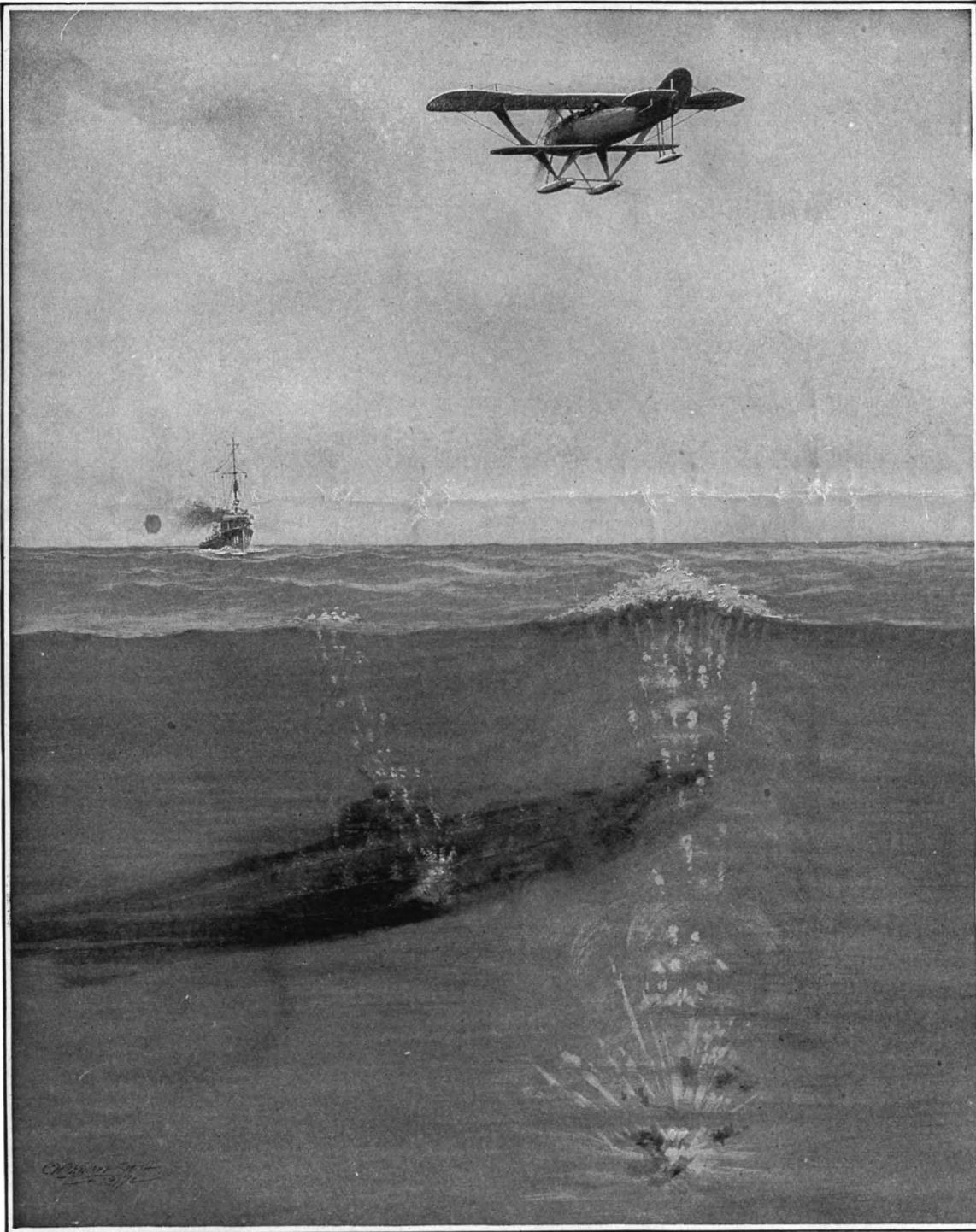
The "Depth Bombs," about which we hear a good deal in the newspaper accounts of naval fights with submarines, are simply charges of high explosive so arranged as to explode when they have sunk in the water to a certain depth. These can be made in any size desired, but the average type in use carries about 250 to 350 pounds of trinitrotoluol, which is about the charge of the modern torpedo. Their effectiveness consists in the fact that they do not have to hit the submarine to destroy it. We read:

"Its destructiveness is based upon the fundamental fact that water is incompressible, and that the shock of detonating a mass of high explosive under water is felt immediately in all directions—the effect diminishing, of course, with the distance from the bomb.

It was stated by Hudson Maxim that four cubic feet of trinitrotoluol at the moment of

detonation produces 40,000 cubic feet of gas. Now, when a mine or bomb, or torpedo war-head is detonated, the expanding gases seek the line of least resistance. In the case of a torpedoed ship this line leads into the hollow interior of the ship, the incompressible water forming an abutment in all other directions; but when a mine or depth bomb is detonated the line of least resistance is upward; and the gases quickly cut their way to the surface, carrying a fountain-like mass of water to a great height into the air. If the explosion takes place at a considerable depth, however, the resistance to the upper escape of the gases is greater and the shock transmitted through the water in all directions is proportionately increased. Failing to blow up the surface of the ocean, the bomb must blow in the submarine.

"The destructiveness of the bomb against the submarine will depend upon two things; first, the depth at which it is detonated, and, secondly, the distance from the bomb to the submarine. Manifestly then, it is advisable to detonate the bomb below the submarine, as the shock transmitted will be proportionately greater than if it were above it, other things being equal. As to the distance at which an explosion would be absolutely destructive, rupturing the plating and sinking the submarine, Mr. Hudson Maxim writes us that if 500 pounds of trinitrotoluol were exploded deep under water within 125 feet of a deeply submerged submarine, it would completely destroy it. Smaller charges would, of course, have to be detonated proportionally closer to the submarine to secure destructive action."



A Depth Bomb need not actually hit a submarine to destroy it.

NEW WEAPONS AND METHODS OF THE WORLD WAR

	Nation Which Invented or Introduced
Airplane	United States
Submarine	United States
Tanks	Great Britain
Zeppelin	Germany
Anti-Aircraft Guns	Great Britain and France
Giant Land Guns	Germany
High Powered Explosives	General
Trenches and Dugouts	General
Anti-Submarine Steel Nets	Allies
Anti-Submarine Depth Bombs	Allies
Hand Grenades	Germany
Steel Darts	France
Anti-Zeppelin Inflammatory Shells	Allies
Barbed Wire Entanglements	General

Poison Gas	Germany
Anti-Gas Masks	Allies
Tear Shells	Germany
Goggles	Allies
Star Shells	Germany
Flesh-Burning Gas Shells	Germany
Smoke Screens on Land and Sea	Allies
Liquid Fire	Germany
Bacteria	Germany
Poisoned Wells and Candy	Germany
Destruction of Land Fertility	Germany
Terrorism and Frightfulness	Germany
Slavery	Germany
Propaganda Sowing Treachery Among Opponents	Germany
World-Wide Spies and Plotting	Germany
Starvation	Germany

GREATEST BATTLES OF THE 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES

18th Century		
Name	Date	Men Engaged
Blenheim	1704	116,000
Ramilles	1706	122,000
Oudenard	1708	170,000
Malplaquet	1709	200,000
Dettingen	1743	97,000
Fontenoy	1745	90,000
Prague	1757	124,000
Kolin	1757	87,000
Leuthen	1757	111,000
Br iau	1757	110,000
Zorndorf	1758	84,700
Hochkirch	1758	132,000
Zullichau	1759	113,000
Torgau	1760	106,000
Castiglione	1796	90,000
19th Century		
Hohenlinden	1800	106,000
Austerlitz	1805	148,000
Eylau	1807	133,500
Hellsburg	1807	169,000
Friedland	1807	142,000
Eckmeihl	1809	145,000
Aspern	1809	170,000
Wagram	1809	370,000
Talavera	1809	109,000
Borodino	1812	263,000
Baptzen	1813	300,000
Vittoria	1813	143,000
Leipsic	1813	440,000
Le Rothiere	1814	120,000
Laon	1814	112,000
Ligny	1815	169,000
Waterloo	1815	170,000
Magenta	1859	108,000
Solferino	1859	295,000
Civil War		
Shiloh	1862	98,000
Seven Pines	1862	90,000
Gaines Mills	1862	90,000
Malvern Hill	1862	150,000
Second Manassas	1862	127,000
Antietam	1862	128,000
Fredericksburg	1862	190,000
Chickamauga	1863	128,000
Chancellorsville	1863	192,000
Gettysburg	1863	163,000
Chattanooga	1863	99,000
Stone River	1863	80,712
Spottsylvania	1864	150,000
Cold Harbor	1864	168,000
Wilderness	1864	179,000
Koenigsgratz	1866	117,000
Worth	1870	135,000
Vionville	1870	168,000
Gravelotte	1870	320,000
Plevna	1877	115,000

ABOUT THE ARMY

An army corps is	60,000 men
An infantry division is	19,000 men
An infantry brigade is	7,000 men
A regiment of infantry is	3,000 men
A battalion is	1,000 men
A company is	250 men
A platoon is	60 men
A corporal's squad is	11 men
A field battery has	195 men
A firing squad is	20 men
A supply train has	283 men
A machine gun battalion has	296 men
An engineers' regiment has	1,098 men
An ambulance company has	66 men
A field hospital has	55 men
A medicine attachment has	13 men

A major general heads the field army and also each army corps.

A brigadier general heads each infantry brigade.

A colonel heads each regiment

A lieutenant colonel is next in rank below a colonel.

A major heads a battalion.

A captain heads a company.

A lieutenant heads a platoon.

A sergeant is next below a lieutenant.

A corporal is a squad officer.



**AUSTRO-ITALIAN
WAR FRONT**

SCALE 14 Miles to 1 Inch

R. R. shown thus 
 Roads shown thus 
 Battle Line shown thus 

Published by The Geographical Publishing Co., Chicago
 Copyright, 1918, by The Geographical Publishing Co., Chicago

Capturing Hindenburg Cave

By Sergt. E. A. Means, Co. G. 370th R. I.

There are Few Incidents of the Late War so Extraordinary as the Capture of this German Stronghold. Daring, Courage and Bravery Did It. This Incident Marked the Beginning of the Crumbling of the Famous Hindenburg Defense.

The first trenches I was in was at St. Mihiel Front from there to the Argonne Forest, then Soissons Front where I was in the first battle.

I was ordered to take a detachment of men (32) and move to a position where there was a French platoon of 57 men waiting to make attack. It is useless for us to tell of the danger and hazard of our work—war means death almost certain, and our zones, it would be wasting time to tell you or to attempt description of the awful rate men were falling. Before we reached the French platoon, the enemy threw a shell killing three of my men. It is hard to say, but we could not care for our dead—a moment's stop perhaps would mean death for us all. We lost no time in reaching the position of which we were to attack.

Arriving I found that the French platoon had lost their officer in charge. I was ordered by Capt. Gonier to take charge of the French platoon, an honor that I did not expect. Fate often plays its part as events shape their course in human destiny. As a metaphor, I might say, the President of the United States occupying the highest seat of honor in the council of Allied nations, a quasi World's Republic, and two million American soldiers standing at his back dictating the law of a new civilization.

We made the attack at 9 A. M. Here the enemy lines were about 150 yards from us, and when we went "Over The Top" stern resistance was offered.

Shouting, and yelling, and firing our guns at the same time rushing like mad men we went for the objective "Hindenburg Cave." In shorter space than it takes time to relate we were on top of the enemy, and I want to tell you supermen could have did little less than these boys in destroying everything before them. Fighting like demons, yes they went a step beyond this. They threw themselves upon those Hun much in the same fashion as a well trained Terrior attacks a rat. No commands was necessary, we just fought and won the objective.

Inside of the cave there was about 275 Germans with hands in the air crying—"Kamrad!" "Kamrad!" "Kamrad!" "Kamrad!"

At this time we had forgotten

our German and I was asked by the men what to do. I told them that we did not have time to take prisoners.

You ought to see those boys "fix bayonets." There was no orders given. They began to sing, there always seemed to be a leader among them, while they were singing they were making the world safe for Democracy. Of course we thought of home, German mustard gas, German torpedoes, ruthless submarine, Belgian horrors, raped women, murdered babies, the desolation of France, atrocities in Ger-



Sergt. Mathew Jenkins.

man Africa—and behind each thrust of the bayonet was the spirit of a wronged civilization. Fritz may be cunning, but like all other rats their purpose was foiled.

We remained in the cave for 48 hours without food or water to drink, and the worst of all we could not get a message back to my regiment until the third day.

After capturing this cave our trouble really began. Three counter attacks were made upon us,—and of course you know being the "Brown Skin" boys of the 8th we had to make things good. Altho our ammunition gave out by capturing 17 German machine-guns and ammunition, we were able to make our enemies respect us. We turned these Hun guns against the Huns and the best execution I ever saw taken place. The Germans

could not get near the cave. We captured it and we held it.

On the night of September 22 we relieved. Out of the two platoons there were 23 men.

For my duty as a soldier the government of France has honored me with Croix De Guere and the American government, American Distinguish Service Cross.

Artillery Action

The 350th Field Artillery Proves Again the Wonderful Adaptability of the Negro to Military Knowledge. In Action the Men Were Excellent in Behavior.

The Negro artilleryman is a new and progressive step in our recent military organization. Not since the Civil War has the Negro been a part of this branch of the American army. Infantry and cavalry regiments were the only units of which he was a part, yet with wonderful aptitude and intelligence, when the opportunity came we were easily made fighters of this class of a high character.

We arrived in France June 28th and at Podi Usion Artillery Training Camp we put on the finishing touches, and soon became a dependable part of this branch of the American army.

September 18th we took our position in a sector at Belleau Woods and began shelling the enemy positions. Barrage from our guns covered the advance of the 371st and 368th Infantry, which were a part of the 92nd Division in their advance against the Germans in this great strong hold.

Our dual with the enemy lasted 72 hours during which time the conduct of our men under fire was admirable and a high commendation of the wisdom of the War Department, who saw fit to make no discrimination in granting to all races of America, equal honors in the various branches of our fighting units.

It would have made your heart glad to see these gallant boys (Negroes) in the height of supreme courage—alert, erect, matchless in their faultless uniforms driving before them the ruthless Hun.

Eighteen of our company were gassed and one received a slight wound. It can be said again—our pride in serving the Flag of our country is the german principal of ever black fighter in the Army.

Taking Machine Gun Nests

By Sergt. Lester Owens, Co. G. 370th R. I.

A Story of Hazard, Hardship and Bravery.

The use of the machine-gun in the army as a defensive and offensive weapon today has come to stay. No military organization is complete without it. In the great war against Germany, it was one of their principal weapons of effectiveness. This fact was well understood by the commanders of the Allies, and a machine-gun squad became a part of every company of infantry. Placing these multiple shooting machines in strategic places in concealment, perhaps added more men to the casualty list than any other agency.

German science never failed to be a part in the program of placing and concealing their guns, and hunting "machine-gun nests" became an important occupation for us. So dangerous was this work, volunteers often were called for. The lives of thousands of the boys who returned home to meet loved ones and friends are due entirely to the peculiar intuition of the Yankee soldier in hunting and finding these nests and destroying them. Rightly they should be called nests as often they were located in tree-tops. You might say, Amen! when the boys would find them "Hun squirrels" we assure you fared no better fate—than the squirrel when the good marksman has the range. The sharp eye of the American sharp-shooter and the ring of the rifle often brought these animals down head first.

"Hindenberg Line" and its invulnerable defense? It was impregnable until the Yanks came over, then we picked it up and carried it towards the Rhine. The memory of its human suffering—its cowardly defenders who attempt to use the "Flag of Truce" to conceal the spirit of murder remains vivid in my memory.

In order to get our position in the trenches where we were fighting, we had to cross a valley within the range of the German fire, and according to their plans German artillery was so placed that at intervals of two minutes, the entire valley could be raked with shrapnel, in addition gas-shell could be sent equally as effectively—nor was this all of the preparation for the boys—machine-gun nests occupied advantage points; thousands of French and Allied soldiers found this valley their grave—"Death Valley" aptly was given its name.

Beginning Sept. 24th we were in the first line trenches and for two weeks day and night we were in the fight without rest or sleep. Here the boys saw real war and many of my best friends were struck down by the enemy fire. I stayed with the boys, until I was forced to leave for the hospital. Returning I was ordered to take a platoon of men and destroy machine-gun nests near our trench. At 4 A. M. we began our perilous trip thru forests which contain every known method of destruction. On hands and knees we crawled until daylight. The sound of a broken twig or the least sound



Sergt. Lester H. Owens.

of a noise on our part might cause a thousand guns to be directed on us with deadly effect. This was one time the boys did not do any shouting or singing. Our path led thru water and mire, over obstructions of first one nature then another, almost without clothes, bleeding hands, and thirsty lips, I guess had anyone seen the desperation in the faces of these men—and the terrible appearance in that grim attitude silent, they could not have taken us for human beings. Our mission was a serious one. If we could get those "nests" our comrades' lives could be saved, and the regiment behind us could advance.

The morning sun came out and

as the rays of light spread over the great wall of green forest—its penetrating rays shifting thru the leaves, we lay upon the ground as silent as the earth scanning the tree-tops for "nests." One by one the animals we were looking for could be seen in their concealment. Each man was given a task. The sharp ring of the rifles—a dense silence and six nests lost their occupants—the seventh offered some resistance, but it was useless—we had orders to destroy them.

We captured seven nests without losing a man. Another patrol was sent to look for us, so long were we absent.

Each man in this detail was cited for bravery.

The Acme Club

The Most Encouraging Sign of Today is the Spirit of Returning Fighters Who Appreciate the Flag Under Which They Have Fought.

We, the undersigned persons honorably discharged from military duty in the United States army—"Over Sea" forces—for the purpose of aiding the government in its effort to instill in the minds of the people the higher aims of patriotic duty, and to place before them the spirit of valor with which the Negro fought for the cause of human liberty on every battle front in Europe; print and cause to be published stories from the lips of our heroes. There are thousands of these brave men today whose silent graves on yonder blood stained field of battle stand as the unimpeachable testimony of courage and valor.

The purchase of this book by you will aid the cause of the club and at the same time furnish employment to a large number of our discharged men, who at the present time are without employment.

The title subject of this book "Heroes of 1918."

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Z. Withers, Editor Pullman Porter Review, whose efforts contributed largely for this attempt.

We are yours for the integrity of the flag.

Sergt. Oscar Walker, Treas.
Corp. Stanley B. Haywood,
Sec'y.

The Eighth Regiment in France

By Sergeant Oscar Walker, Co. G. 370th R. I.

11639
N4H4
C.P. 13

A Graphic Description of this Wonderful Fighting Organization Full of Thrill and Interest, and How France Honored Them—Told in Pleasing Manner.

The little I will say, perhaps, will interest those who are my acquaintances and end there—so much has been said and written concerning the wonderful record of the famous 8th Regiment of which I am fortunate to be a part.

In the "Over Sea" forces they were a part of the 73d Division whose valor and patriotism in the great struggle on the Western Front writes again in our annals the truth of the Black fighter as a defender of Liberty and Law.

Perhaps it is well to say that the test of a soldier begins before he faces the enemy in battle. Our test was not first on meeting German soldiers but on the American soil—at home. Conditions at Houston tested the discipline of our fighters. Courage is the "sunlight" of the fighting man, an invisible something that beautifies the mental horizon and creates the superb ideal — patriotism — the spirit to suffer for another and die for that cause which you believe to be just and right.

Company G, 8th Regiment arrived in Houston, Texas, Monday, August 20, 1917. The day was one of beautiful sunshine, the atmosphere clear, and every man was cheerful and happy—our hope was "over seas." A company of the 24th Infantry was stationed at Camp Logan as guards. It was a great pleasure to meet the men of the 24th and we soon felt ourselves a part of them. Our pleasure was soon blasted. The unfortunate incident which shortly followed caused many days of anxiety to our boys, and incidentally a test of discipline on our part. Uneasiness akin to despair swept our ranks. Were we to be halted on the mission of the world's salvation because of the conduct of men, although our brothers, that we were not responsible for? The riot became the discussion of the Negro soldier; and the enemy propagandist eagerly seized this formidable means of attempting to rid the army of the Negro soldier. Against the wishes of the most hostile opinion South, Secretary Baker stood by the Negro soldier and in October, notwithstanding objections from every source, more units of the gallant 8th arrived in

Camp proudly carrying Old Glory, where they were received in fitting military manner. This ovation of itself placed us again in buoyant spirits and made us feel like soldiers and men. The order and discipline of the Camp became widely known from comment of the Southern press and our boys were received everywhere as soldiers and citizens of the United States.

A short stay in camp and we were rounded into first-rate fighting men and each day weighed heavily upon our shoulders—the souls of these anxious fighters ere



Sergt. O. Walker.

this had caught the spirit of the boys "over there." Don't be disappointed in our inability to describe the wild scenes of enthusiasm following the Order for Embarkation. Cheers, shouts, yells! filled the air. Never before had Camp Logan resounded with such joy. The boys in France must have heard us shouting and singing so great was the hope to share with them sorrow and sunshine, sacrifice and trial. I might add, it is too bad those Germans did not hear the boys of the old 8th Regiment as they rent the air with shrieks and shouts; if so, probably an armistice would have been signed ear-

lier. If there was any discomfort aboard "President Grant" from crowded quarters, never a word was spoken, not a murmur was heard. These men, seasoned to hardship and deprivation, were soldiers. A fourteen days' trip on the ocean never dampened their courage—mind, soul, heart and all combined for a noble purpose.

France was a new country to us, but the cause we represented was not new—Democracy. Deeds of heroism and valor—Ah! this was the spirit in the blood of the black hero and France welcomed us as defenders of home and fireside, women and children. Thanks be to God, the glorious records of our heroes, living and dead, is the unimpeachable evidence of the Negro as a soldier!

Arriving at Brest, immediately we were attached to the 73d Division of the French army. After camping at Brest about two days we entrained for the small village of Grand Villars. Here we became better acquainted with the French people and their customs. The camp life of the French is somewhat different from that of the American soldier. Sometimes you will find small units camping in barracks, while most of the soldiers live in homes with civilians, which is known as "billeting." This was our first experience of that kind of camp life. In the village there were few men, and there was no one who could speak English. We were prepared for this, however, as several of the boys with us were excellent French scholars. This added to the regiment's popularity, and much regret was expressed when orders came for our departure.

From Grand Villars to Tronville, and another order carried us to the "Front Line Trenches" on the banks of the Meuse. Here it was under the baptism of blood and fire the names of the men of this regiment with that of another thousand who fought side by side with us, shall live immortal. Here I ponder, for words fail me in the attempt to describe the awful carnage of human blood!

I ponder—could you who were not there measure the price of Freedom won in the face of the withering fires of hell, where a thousand

men died every minute as a million guns of every calibre breathed forth the missiles of death? I wonder do you at home appreciate this Freedom so dearly won at the price of the best blood of civilization! Think! You who hold so lightly the gallant Stars and Stripes. We were there, the black race with the white race, and baptised again in immortal glory the greatest flag of the universe—Old Glory.

It was here the Germans had put up their strongest defense. There was no part of the earth that was not organized. The thought staggers imagination. Millions of men, guns and equipage were assembled and with the careful calculation of the German War College preparations were made to resist the inexhaustible forces of the Allied nations. Looking from our trenches could be observed France's most battle-scarred hill, Saint Mihiel. It was at the base of this hill in 1914 the river Meuse was filled with French and German dead—for days this stream was the "River of Blood," its waters changed red from the flow of human blood! Everywhere there were double lines of barbed wire stretched in our path in every conceivable way, and the constant rattle of machine gun fire was like the constant raindrops in a storm. The hill afforded natural protection for enormous guns of every description and in unlimited quantities—they were skillfully placed. Saint Mihiel forest, here large trees of every description help to make this place the "Gates of hell!" It was through these lines and against the blackest type of cowards in the world that our boys gave their all for human Liberty, and the honor and glory of our Flag. Remaining here ten days we endured rigorous trench life and were relieved by the 125th French Regiment. Our duty was principally combat patrol. We hiked from here to Dagonville and after a night's rest, we proceeded to Loaxville and entrained for Vrain Court; this brings us into the Argonne Sector where heroes' blood in its fullest redeemed forever the sacred cause of human Liberty.

Fighting was very active at this time as the German offensive began the night of July 14th. After ten days of hard fighting we were relieved by the 18th French Regiment and it was here we lost the first man killed by a German, Robert Lee, Machine Gun Co. E. The lives of members of our regiment seemed to be charmed. The dead and dying were everywhere around us and our men fought like demons and were in the thickest of

fighting.

We can ascribe a small casualty, not to any human agency for the merciless fire of the enemy was poured out against us and we kept up a withering fire against them. So constant was some of the firing that rifles became so hot as to be useless.

We were next moved to the village of Bar-le-Duc and became a part of the 59th French Division 10th Army Corps under General Mangin, known to the French as the "Butcher." After review by General Vincendon, we moved into the final struggle which lasted for ninety days and we drove the enemy from Soissons to the Belgian border.

Grim as were these days of peril and hardship our men were always cheerful and happy. Not even the woe and misery about us seemed to mar the pleasant laughter and good-natured jokes and songs which seem to be a part of our life. The music of the band carried us back to home and fireside. The enthusiasm of our men, "spiritual" spread from one unit to another, and while there were times "Orders" kept every man silent, at all other times mirth and laughter made up for, perhaps, comforts we were denied.

So often had false reports come to us in the trenches about an armistice that when the news reached us from official sources there were few who showed the slightest enthusiasm. We had learned from bitter experience not to believe the Germans. The grim task before us, and every day was a severe task, made muscles and nerves threads of steel. The sense of danger was obliterated long ere this, and even when the armistice was proclaimed our men were restrained with great difficulty. Officially our story is confirmed:

HEADQUARTERS, 370th U. S. INFANTRY

American Expeditionary Forces
December 9, 1918

General Orders:

No. 19

1. The following order of the 59th Division, Army of France, is published to the regiment, and will be read to all organizations at first formation after its receipt:

59th Division,
Staff.

Quartier General,
December 8, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 4785

Officers and Soldiers of the 370th
R. I., U. S.

You are leaving us. The impossibility at this time that the German Army can recover from its

defeat—the necessity which is imposed on the peoples of the Entente of taking up again a normal life—leads the United States to diminish its effectives in France. You are chosen to be among the first to return to America. In the name of your comrades of the 59th Division, I say to you: Au revoir—in the name of France, thank you.

The hard and brilliant battles of Chavigny, Leury, and the Bois de Beaumont having reduced the effectives of the Division, the American Government generously put your regiment at the disposition of the French High Command in order to reinforce us. You arrived from the trenches of the Argonne.

We at first, in September, at Mareuil-Sur-Ourcq, admired your fine appearance under arms, the precision of your review, the suppleness of your evolutions that presented to the eye the appearance of silk unrolling its wavy folds.

We advanced to the line. Fate placed you on the banks of the Ailette, in front of the Bois Mortier. October 12th you occupied the enemy trenches Acier and Brouze. On the 13th we reached the railroad of Laon-Lafere, the forest of Saint Gobain, principal center of resistance of the Hindenburg Line, was ours.

November 5th the Serre was at last crossed—the pursuit became active. Prout's Battalion distinguished itself at the Sal St. Pierre, where it captured a German battery. Patton's Battalion crossed, the first, the Hirson railroad at the heights of Aubenton, where the Germans tried to resist. Duncan's Battalion took Logny, and, carried away by their ardor, could not be stopped short of Gue d'Hossus, on November 11th, after the armistice.

We have hardly had the time to appreciate you, and already you depart.

As Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan said November 28th, in offering to me your regimental colors "as a proof of your love for France, as an expression of your loyalty to the 59th Division and our Army, you have given us of your best and you have given it out of the fulness of your hearts."

The blood of your comrades who fell on the soil of France, mixed with the blood of our soldiers, renders indissoluble the bonds of affection that unite us. We have, besides, the pride of having worked together at a magnificent task, and the pride of bearing on our foreheads the rays of a common grandeur.

A last time,—Au revoir.

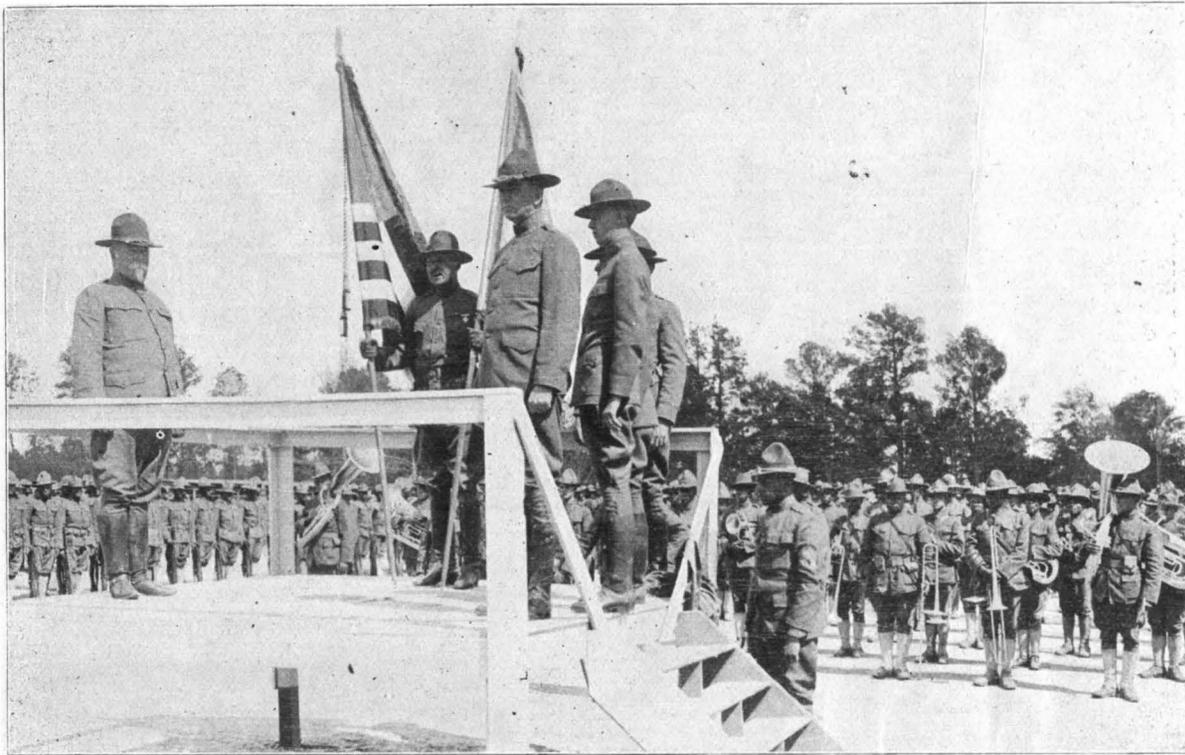
All of us of the 59th Division will remember the time when the

Continued on next page.

Ailette Dam "Hell's Half Acre"

By Sergt. Suesbury

A Narrative of Unusual Interest Showing the Daring and
Courage of the American Soldier—How One
Machine Gun and Crew Captured
Seven Germans.



Col. Dennison receiving Colors Presented by Major Gen. Bell, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas. "We will bring these colors back with honor or we will not come back at all."—Col. Dennison.

"The Eighth Regiment in France"—Continued from page 4

370th R. I., U. S., under the orders of the distinguished Colonel Roberts, formed a part of our beautiful Division.

General Vincendon,
Commanding the 59th Division,
Signed: Vincendon.

2. The eloquence and affectionate generosity of the distinguished General Commanding the 59th Division renders difficult the task of the Regimental Commander to adequately express the gratification that officers and men of the Regiment feel on reading his parting words. Not one of us can read or hear them without a deep sense of gratitude and pride that we were permitted to have a part in the task of the hard-working and hard-fighting 59th Division, and that our efforts have met with approval fills us with joy.

The 59th Division spared nothing to make our task easier; taking upon themselves the harder portions, they gave our inexperienced men the time to accustom themselves to the rigors of open warfare and to gain invaluable knowledge from observation of the soldiers of two of the best regiments of the incomparable infantry of France, until, during the pursuit so happily ended by the complete collapse of the enemy, our battalions

earned the commendation of their commanding officers.

For all the acts of courtesy, for the many aids rendered us, for the kind and generous words of the Commanding General, we thank the officers and men of the 59th Division. With pride we shall return to the United States,—pride that we shared the lot of this fine Division, and pride that our efforts—though not comparable with those of the veterans of four years of terrible war—were yet considered worthy of such words as are addressed to us above.

To the brilliant General Commanding, to his officers and men, we say au revoir with regret. As we have always admired their bearing in battle, we shall always remember with affection our comrades of the 59th D. I.

T. A. Roberts,
Colonel Commanding.
By Order of Colonel Roberts:
John H. Patton
Captain and Adjutant,
370th U. S. Infantry.

Five times the regiment was cited for bravery and there were fifty-two members who received the Croix de Guere.

God of Heaven watch o'er these men who sacrificed all that the world shall be free!

As you know, fighting with machine guns was the most dangerous and hazardous undertaking of the soldier. My squad consisted of James D. Steele, gunner; James Walker, loader; George Eskridge, loader, and myself. I could rely upon each and every one of them; they were among the best men that I have ever met. It has been said that the struggles of the men on the fighting fronts did much to develop character among them, but I wish to say this—if a man had no character when he went into the army, the army could not give it to him. There were times, and many of them, when the stuff of what you were made would come to the surface.

It was October 12th when the third section of the Machine Gun Company took its position in a shell hole just a few yards from the Hun position. This was necessary because under cover of darkness, the Huns would cross the Dam and take a position on the Loin Le Ferre railroad, which at this point was elevated to the height of twenty-five feet—such a position was dangerous for us.

On this particular evening—the darkest evening we ever saw in France—the Dutchmen with luck that favored them succeeded in passing my point of resistance which extended from the right wall of a torn white building to the left as far as I could fire. Here they placed a machine gun which I numbered seven, the other six advanced within twenty-five yards of my emplacement and opened a slow, searching fire trying to locate our machine gun.

Just about this time loader and myself had been relieved of watch and we were trying to take as much sleep as possible. We had not gone to sleep when we heard our machine gun reply to the Hun fire. The fight was a hot one, six against one. Just about three minutes later some one was calling me, telling me the gun was jammed. I jumped up without helmet, ran to the position and proceeded to fix the gun. One of the boys gave me his helmet as my head was above the shallow trench and shrapnel was falling everywhere. I cleaned the gun under fire, and I want to tell you that it

Continued on next page.

Near Chateau Thierry

By Erkson Thompson, Co. H, 370th R. I.

Altho War Is a Serious Occupation, It Has Its Many Laughable Incidents, so This Writer Puts it.—Shells on the Battle Front, Says He, Gives One the "Lonesome Blues."

We left Mareuil-Sur-Ourcq in trucks for the front, and we began to see that we were in for a hot fight. We were 28 miles from Chateau Thierry. We passed through the town of Villers Cotterete and some other places where the Marines had did some hard fighting. From appearance and condition of things, it looked as though the whole world was mad, and most of it had been in a fight or about to get into one. It was not long, however, before we got our share and plenty of it. I never expected to get back to America alive and don't see how I did get back. I can hear them shells busting over my head right now. I have never been shell-shocked, boys, but I will be searched for a nickel if I have not been shell-scared. When them big "Lizzies" start to pop and bust over you, your desire to run is heightened by natural instinct. It was that way with me anyway. You can say what you may but, boy, when them 77s and 102s start to fizzle and bust around you and the earth starts to shake under you, the best man on earth gits them "Lonesome Blues". After a journey of about 50 miles in trucks, we started on a hike—I should say five miles, and we struck a dug-out where we stayed two days and where our troubles really began. We had two enemies here, the Boches and hunger. I don't know how it was, but them Germans found out that we were there, and as they never slept they kept us awake all night with first one form of shelling and then another. This education was really good for us, because the shelling they gave us a day or two later when we struck advance positions required education. Most of the time we had to lay down flat, so accurate was the enemy's fire. We did not mind lying down as most of us needed the rest, but long before this we were separated from the commissary. If you know anything about arithmetic get your pencil and start to multiply. First, being shelled and required to lay on your stomach in a mudhole with neither water nor food for two days and the appetite growing constantly, meanwhile thinking of home and some of the good old juicy steaks you have had, and all the while the enemy's shells becoming more and more accurate. Why,—the orders were "No man shall smoke a cigarette or light a match!" I don't

know what your deductions are, but I am almost in the frame of mind to repeat the time-honored maxim of Sherman. I went to sleep? Of course, I went to sleep.

The next day we were advanced a little nearer the front and then really I was almost scared to death.



Private Erkson Thompson.

Before we got the packs from our backs there began those terrible explosions. Some of us fell on the ground—we thought it was an earthquake. Afterwards we learned that it was one of them big American boys bombing a German town 48 miles away. All I have to say is this if,—well,—if the effect on the Germans was half as great as it was upon me they would have sued for peace long before they did.

Our new position brought us near the trenches and for that reason I guess the Capital paid us off. That was about 4:00 o'clock, after which we ate supper, or the first meal that we had had for several days, and advanced to the front line. You can say what you please about what a man will do and will not do but, O boy! that is the best meal that I ever ate and the last one that I did eat for the next five days and I was not wounded or in the hospital or guardhouse either. I was in them trenches shooting at those Germans. That is what we all did. I will tell you, brother, we were so interested in our task that we forgot all about food or water. We sure did some shooting and some hitting too.

Talk about being bombed, brother, them Boches sure did some bombing. When we were coming up the road to the trenches I tell you what it looked like—shells were coming so fast that the earth ahead of us and behind us was being blow up just the same as if a traction plow was operating in both directions and the earth quivered and rolled like the tireless waves of the ocean. We passed some fellows who hollered, "Hello 78, how would you like to be in the Elite right now?" About this time we were relieving some French,—such relief as one unit could give another,—and I fear the impress is made only on those who were there. If you were not a good Indian when you went to them trenches, you sure would be one when you returned. The only thing I am sorry for is that some of those poor, disgruntled, half-baked-brained fools who are always kicking about the Government don't do this and the Government don't do that, and we are not getting living wages, were forced to do some of this trench fighting, or at least hear some of those big "Lizzies" that screamed against Democracy.

"Trench religion" yes! We who have been there know its meaning and terms. You sure will get next to God in them trenches, and if you have never prayed in your whole life you will find prayer to be very efficacious there. That is the place of all the places where the right to live is determined solely upon being 100 per cent. a man. It is too bad we cannot use this test in our every day practice. It is too bad some of these miserable people who hate a man or a woman because of the color of their complexion could not be trained in the trenches; it would really prepare them to meet the judgment of a just and righteous God.

When the victory was won and the Hun horde driven back over the Rhine, we could hear these would-be patriotis shouting "My country, 'tis of Thee," and under the same breath saying, "Look at those nigger soldiers," as they see the black hero honored with the emblem of the brave, the badge of honor, wearing the uniform of their country. Would to God that they could have been in the trenches so that they would know what it means to kneel at the feet of the Master.

The Black Devils of Illinois

By Isaac Fisher, Co. G. 370th R. I.

The 8th Regiment in France Were Made a Part of the Famous 59th French Division, Known as the "Blue Devils." This Regiment Received the Name of "Black Devils" From the Germans.

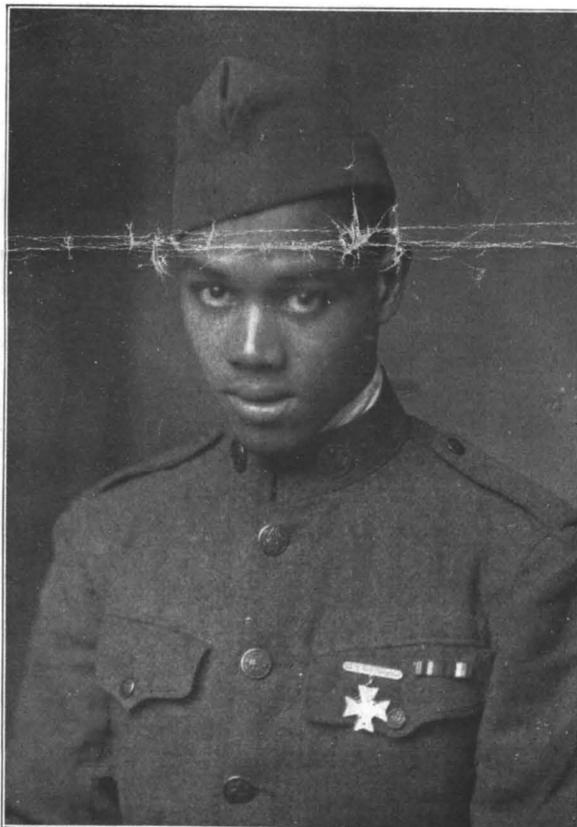
September 14th we were resting in a small village named Maroles, when we received the order to move on to Soissons front. That was a very hot front at that time. France had just started her 1918 fall drive. The next day (15th) they loaded us (370th) on trucks driven by Frenchmen and we were carried within 30 kilometers of Soissons to a small shell-shattered town, Ambreny. Here we rested over night. The next day we began the hike which carried us into the danger zone. We arrived there about 2:00 A. M. We were told to stay in the trenches by Captain Johnson until morning. It was dark and cloudy but no rain. At the end of the trench where I was there was a dead Fritz. Of course, I did not like him there but there was nothing for me to do but remain with him until morning. Being worn out and tired I fell asleep. In about an hour I was awakened—the Frenchmen were throwing a barrage. It was raining also and we were wet to our skins.

About 10 o'clock that day it cleared off and the sun came out. We climbed out of the trenches and laid on the ground to dry the best we could. In the afternoon 28 German airplanes hovered over our heads. They did not bomb us—they seemed to be trying to pry into our business anyway. From here we were moved to Soissons front. It was really a front too. I am glad that I had the experience, but I don't want it any more. Sometimes we had food and sometimes we did not have it. Often the Germans would destroy our supply train and we, of course, went without food. We were under constant fire all of the time. The Germans were not given any respite from the fighting—we made them fight all the time, day and night. In this fight men did not halt for food or clothes, all they wanted was ammunition and plenty of it. They got it and at the right time and we did the rest. I was one of the lucky boys—I could not catch cold—slept in water, on the ground, and anywhere.

October 11th the Germans could not stand our punishment any longer, and then began that fa-

mous retreat that carried these savage hordes across the Rhine River. Laon, Crepy, and on they retired while we followed them night and day, not giving them time to reorganize their forces and scarcely time to get anything to eat. It was a progressive game and we played it. Six kilometers north of Laon, November 3d the mess line of Company A was hit by a German shell; 34 men were killed and 51 injured. This incident heightened our desire to go to Berlin.

Following the retreating Germans from the north to Grandlup November 6th, we continued



Private Isaac Fisher.

through Aubenton into Signy le Petite. This was November 10th. The next day the Armistice stopped the fighting, but if any one supposes we were not on our way to Berlin they surely are mistaken, for we were.

December 14th was the first ride that we had since September 14th. We started to the Soissons front in trucks; all of the rest of the way we walked, and our hike carried us over the greatest part of France.

Three cheers for the Old Eighth!!! Three cheers for her Commanders! In the Hall of Fame they have made immortal their names.

Chicago Welcomes Heroic Eighth

Never before in the returning of victorious fighters from fields of battle did anything equal the arrival of the old 8th Regiment, Feb. 17th, in the city of Chicago. An attempt to describe the wild scenes of enthusiasm which ensued would be as miserable as human effort to describe the sublime of Nature's beautiful sunrise. Words of description—no words can convey the scene—so great was the demonstration given by the noble sons and daughters of Illinois as these black warriors bouyant and brave, fresh from the struggle of yesterday, so full of tragedy, horror and sacrifice where the blood of nations flowed freely on the altar of Liberty in defense of you and me and mankind—marched in honor and triumph upon our streets.

Enthusiasm knew no bounds! Utter abandonment was given to the freedom of pent up spirit and pride of exultation! Tears of joy and happiness, shouts of praise and glory, singing, laughter and prayer all mingled as one as a million people watched with intense eagerness the world's emancipators—these black heroes—alert, cheerful, courageous, noble and brave, marching in review.

The blood and hell-fire of war was their baptism—real men we were looking at who dared to die for Old Glory. Nothing equals this ovation of welcome. A holiday was declared, city, state and nation officially were represented and the entire traffic of the city was suspended for more than two hours while we used our streets in a fitting welcome of the honored heroes.

By this token the Flag has been honored, the Negro given rightful recognition for the man that he is, and the people of Illinois and Chicago among the greatest of American citizens.

This is your opportunity to serve your country.

The problem of readjustment is upon us. America and the civilized world needs the earnest, sincere help of every man and woman to assist that adjustment. Don't be selfish. Let us put the Victory Loan "Over the Top" and help the cause of humanity.

These stories you should read and reread. How much has been your part?

Hindenburg Cave

By Sergt. E. A. Means, Co. F. 370th R. I.

An Interesting Story of How the Americans Used German Guns to Defeat Germans, Also the Unflinching Courage of the Yanks.

There are but a few places on the Western Front which hold such peculiar interest to the Allied fighting man as the Hindenburg Cave. The Germans in preparing their elaborate defensive plans, prepared a submarine passage way from one line of trenches to another at this point—the most elaborate and colossal scheme of hiding places—cover or trenches were worked out. The German War College searched the world for its combined technic plans, and there was not a foot of land known to man on six continents that German military observers had not covered and made known their finding to their sponsor, the German War College. Hindenburg Line included, therefore, we might say, the combined wisdom of the foremost nations of the earth with energetic German par excellence.

Twenty-five miles of these trenches faced us with every foot laced with cannon and machine guns. There were two rows of these trenches averaging about a mile apart and some times only 150 yards and even nearer, for we could often hear the Germans in their trenches, you could stick your helmet on a bayonet and raise it only a few inches above your trench and in less than a second it would be as perforated as the collander that we use in the kitchen. One boy on out-post was lost in a barrage between the lines afterward dropped in a shell-hole for protection trying to get back to us; he raised his arm to the top in the act of lifting himself to the surface, and in less than ten seconds he received 27 wounds—his arm was completely shattered and his entire uniform shot away—every part that was exposed.

Hindenburg Cave was the depot at the extreme end of our sector. It was large enough to hold a regiment of soldiers and large stores of ammunition. It is said, that at this place the famous German commander from whom the cave received its name—often held elaborate banquets there, and it was a place of considerable social reputation with the generals of that army, and attacks upon Belgium, France and England were often planned at this point. However, its importance soon was known to Allied commanders. Through this place

you could travel under cover from the enemy trenches to our trenches.

It was a difficult place to hold. It was captured from the Germans by the French, and recaptured by the Germans, and taken again from the Germans by us, and by-thunder we held it, although they gave us hell.

I was the first sergeant of G. Company to be ordered "Over The Top." I received orders to report to the captain, and he said:

"Sergeant take your platoon and see that they are all properly equipped with ammunition and grenades, and go down the bayou (this is a part of the trench leading to the enemy trench) and get Laisson with the 125th Reg. on your left and 332nd Reg. on the right. The Germans have broken the front line trenches and have recaptured the cave from the French."

I ordered my men prepare and we started for the front line, and the cave, expecting attack every minute. Upon reaching the cave we found some French soldiers, Sergeant Duncan of F. Co. and Sergeant Jenkins, there was only a few of them left. They had captured the cave and destroyed the Germans. They were glad to see us for they needed our help.

There was not much time here for exaltation. About us lay our own dead and wounded and enemy dead were everywhere. It seemed to me at first that the German army had been annihilated there. We were not long without receiving German attention. Successive attempts was made on the part of the enemy to recapture the cave from us. It was a real fight. From our vantage point we poured round after round of rapid gun fire into enemy lines with telling effect. They must have thought the whole Allied army was there. Blow after blow was repeatedly thrust upon them. We fought with German weapons and ammunitions when our own gave out. It meant death to us and our comrades if we failed. Such dogged, determination, desperation with which the boys tenaciously hung on to their task,—and a glorious task it was. This was the opportune time to prove to the German the Negro fighting blood, if they did not know before. This was the time to nail the lie that

"Black men lack character." This was the time of the acid test of hell-fire where cowardice would perish, the time to put beneath the iron-heel, the spirit of wrong, the time to save the world's idealism of Justice, the time to write in history with un-erasable blood heroism of Negro fighters, the time to prove to the world the Negroes' un-dying love for Justice by giving his life that others might live, lastly, truthfully, and honorably the time—thanks be to God to make brighter and more glorious the Stars and Stripes.

With grim determination the boys resisted one attack after another. The fight got so hot one boy was throwing German grenades, did not have time to pull the string. He just kept throwing one after another and the enemy did not seem to know the difference. Another boy was shot in the bottom of the foot and a Frenchman on his right and left were killed. We were there three days without food or water and we fought like tigers day and night. I will never be able to tell how we kept alive.

I went through the entire war without even a cold. I was sick at no time. I have served in every engagement of the American Army since 1898 to the present time and hold an honorable discharge for every period of enlistment.

The Metz Front

By Corp Wilber Slaughter, 365.
Co. C. R. I.

We began our drive in the Argonne Forest, September 26th. Leaving the Argonne we entered the Morbache sector—remaining there until Nov. 10th. We went over the top on the 10th and took Hill 214, which was previously taken by the British, who held it 15 minutes, the Americans 12 minutes and the French 10 minutes. We took it on the 10th at 5 A. M. and held it until 11 o'clock of November 11th, when the German buglers called "Retreat."

We were complimented by the Germans for the fighting that we did.

When we went "over the top" November 10th, 65 men were killed and 400 men wounded.

Poisonous Gas

The Use of Poisonous Gases by the Germans is the Best Evidence of Our Right to Deny Them the Status of Civilized States. The Crimes Committed by Its Use are Too Hard and Bitter to Mention. We Conquered the Hun With Gas, the Weapon With Which He Attempted Our Defeat.

The cry of, Gas! in the trenches was a dreaded cry! one of horror and hate! We hated the gas and worst the black hearted enemy that forced its use upon us. Fighting fire with fire—we did it. We gave the Huns plenty of gas and they will testify to that themselves.

The Yanks are trained to adjust the gas-mask in 6 seconds or less. A small casualty list among our fighters is the best argument of the excellent training of each unit by gas expert before being allowed to do combat duty.

The Hun's most famous gas is Chlorine, it has the odor of peach seed, and is fatal in small quantities. One part of Chlorine in one thousand parts of air is said to be enough to kill. The effect it would have on a person—first it causes vomiting, then the gases in the lungs causes a strain of vomiting to tear the tissues of the lungs, these torn tissues causes the lungs to bleed freely, then one is drowned with his own blood. This death is one of the most horrible that I have ever seen. The thoughts of it makes the blood freeze in your veins. There are times when the agony of the victim is so great that the eyes jump out of the socket.

Remember this is a part of the unthinkable torture the German war-brain devised in its damable outrages on humanity and civilization. Of course President Wilson is in Europe, if thru any combination of states he will be instrumental in preventing another use of such uncivilized weapons—he has done more for the world than any of its greatest citizens.

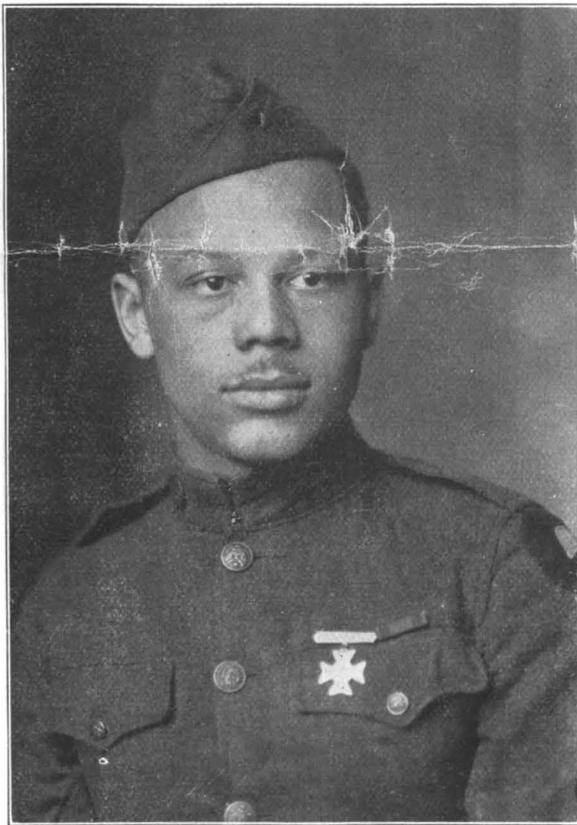
The Sneeze-Gas is the next in most common use. Sneeze is not really a gas, although it comes under "Chemical war-fare." It is the same as is used by the small boy in the theatre. It causes sneezing. The powder settles on the ground and when the Yanks walk the patrol, it gives him sneezing hysterics—Fritz, then can sneak some poison gas into his lungs.

Remember each one of these lines and every one of them, and every time you see one of our boys with the gold V on his arm—remember he went through this torture-chamber-of-hell to keep the

Huns from gassing us. If we gave everything we had to these boys, it would not be a compensation for what they suffered to save the world from ruthless murder and destruction.

Another death torture used by the Hun and one of his pets, "Phosgene" and they tried to slip it over on us, but they didn't. A government that would tolerate and institute these wrongs against society should be wiped from the earth. The truth of German wrongs are unbelievable.

Phosgene is the most treacher-



Corp. Jack Fehrs,

ous gas of them all. It has the odor of moulded hay. Its odor is not very distinct, especially when powder is around. One may breathe for a long time with no bad effect, because this chemical has a delayed action on the heart; but after it is inhaled, if one exerts himself freely, he drops dead with no previous warning.

The super-dreadnought of gases—mustard-gas. It is the devil's own discovery—the plan and idea was conceived in hell. It has the odor of nice spring vegetables, and is a heavy, oily liquid and it takes a long time for it to evaporate. It has the same effect as Chlorine gas,

and if any of this gas settles around or condenses on the fighter, it causes sores, especially around the neck and arms and between the legs. Mustard gas shell holes must be first neutralized with slack lime and covered with clean earth. It is especially important that the person doing the work be dressed in gas proof clothes. This gas may lay under the snow all winter and when the weather becomes warm become as effective as ever.

We beat Fritz at his own game by using a gas that would go through his mask.

Justice and humanity shall forever dictate the course of a free and honorable people. A man who hates another because of his complexion is an enemy to the principals of Democracy.

"The dead shall not die in vain," says the great Lincoln. Our boys have died for Liberty. They shall not die in vain.

SEPTEMBER THE TWENTY - EIGHTH.

A Few Brief, Short Sentences Here Tell One of the Most Tragic Events of the War.

It Is the Strongest Testimony of Negro Bravery.

By Marshall McNeal, Co. H, 370th R. I.

September twenty-eighth! The day is as vivid upon my mind as tho it were yesterday.

Looking out before me, behold a scene magnificent, grand!

The sharp note of the bugle calls—Attention!

The Stars and Stripes waves o'er us. A line of Negro soldiers stands motionless!—

One hundred and seventy strong. "Boys, take the objective!" was the command.

Not a hero faltered, but on to their doom they went.

The German's famous den was ahead, from it the constant battle of machine gun fire swept our lines.

We won the objective!

At the Roll Call, twenty-five comrades answered.

They died for Democracy!

Battle of Antioche Farm.

The Human Side of the Fighter

By Corp. Robert Heriford, Mail Orderly, 1st Battalion H. Q., 370th R. I.

The Work of Delivering Mail to the Boys in the Front Line Trenches Carried With it Equal Hazards With Those Who are on the Firing Lines. A Soldier's Life After All in Every Branch of the Army is Uncertain at Best.

"All right fellows, here comes the mailman."

How often have I heard that shout? I believe next to the paymaster, the mail-man is the soldiers' most welcome visitor. The most miserable soldier is the one on the day the mail arrives, who does not get a letter. He looks as if he had not a friend in the world, but there is always a comrade, who has received a letter he has to read it to someone—so from the "One Girl" and of course, he picks out the fellow who did not get a letter, and they get in a way-out-of-the-way-place or corner, and both read it over and over. And then, some lucky fellow has a copy of the Pullman Porter's Review or a Defender sent him, and he can hardly read it for telling the other fellow who is next "on it."

The mail-man starts out in the morning to the French Postal Sector with his little cart, rides about 15 kilometers, waits around about an hour, and five chances to one, there is no mail that day. If not, back thru the rain he goes to try it another day. The next day perhaps there are five sacks of first class mail, back to his hut he goes, —assorts the mail and gets ready to deliver that night to the trenches.

About 8 o'clock the ration train starts up the line, the battalion mail-man right along with them, they get half way and the Germans start shelling the road, but there is no turning back.

I remember the night Co. A. of the first battalion suffered such severe losses. I had been going up to Grandrup for three successive nights and every company I reached, I would stop and chat with the boys fifteen or twenty minutes, collect the out-going mail and be on my way. On this particular night I had some cigars for Lieut. Harry Jones at Headquarters, so I threw the mail into the building, where A. Co. were getting their meal, and hurried to B. Co. I had not been there more than five minutes, when a runner came in asking, that all available stretcher bearers be sent to Co. A. While the men were getting their

meal a shell crashed thru the building killing thirty-two outright, two died on the way to the hospital, and sixty-three were injured. You talk about a narrow escape—I often wonder now what kept me from stopping there that night and chatting with the boys as was my custom.

The day at Mont Des Singe, where John Shelton was killed, I went thru "Death Valley" (the name originated from the fact of the large number of men who lost their lives trying to cross it—this valley was under constant shell fire by the Germans and their artillery could sweep it from end to end). I received the mail and delivered it to the different companies, and had four or five different letters for Lieut. F. K. Johnson, who at that time had charge of the Ration-train which come up every night. I gave the letters to John Shelton to deliver to him, as John was stationed in Regimental Headquarters and would be sure to see the lieutenant when he came up.

It was hardly ten minutes later when Johnson's body was picked up in the valley—a piece of shrapnel had done its work. He died on his way to the hospital. From his pocket was taken the bloodstained letter for the lieutenant intrusted to his care. That was the price he paid in attempting to do his duty. He was loved by all and God only knows how we missed him. The story of the bravery and heroism of our boys may never be known—perhaps somewhere in the invisible world the Ideals of these noble men may be crystalized—transend, and back to earth, become visible forces in the lives of men.

Often I have started up the line with mail and got half way and they shelled so hard—I would start to turn back, and they would start shelling behind me, and as it was a case of fifty—fifty I would keep on my journey. You talk about a scared fellow, believe me folks—that horse and I just ate up the road, and when I delivered the mail, I believe you know that I was in no hurry to return, that is, until a shell came thru the house where Capt. Warner was sitting and took

away the piano that the Germans had left in their retreating. I guess they knew all about the piano anyway. It was awful funny—one of the boys was sitting at the piano playing "Home-Sick Blues" and the shell came thru the roof, carried the instrument thru the wall with it and left him without a scratch, his fingers in the position to touch the keys—you can say for me, there was no more entertainment in that building that day, and the horse and I did some traveling. He never did run so fast in his life. If, we could have been in a Derby at that time we would have beat the best-blooded animal in the world—the way I felt about the matter, if, that horse I was riding could not make the right time to keep out of that shell-fire—I could have got down on the ground and helped him. That night at Chamby, the German airplanes attempted to amuse us with their musical qualities. They came over the chateau which was our post-office and dropped 34 bombs and for a while we who were inside thought, that we were in a tree top and the wind was blowing.

Nov. the 11th I had just reached Laon going for the mail, when the wildest excitement I ever saw was taking place.

"Peace" "Peace" "Peace"
"Hurrah" "Hurrah" "Long live France"
"God bless America"
"God bless the Allies" "France is free"
"Vivi Wilson" "Three cheers for the Yanks."

It seemed that order of every kind had been abandoned and the people were unrestrainable. Every one was attempting to make some kind of noise with any kind of instrument that would produce sound. Women would not be out-done in this demonstration and they began kissing every man who wore a uniform—I had on my uniform and of course all I had to do was to receive the same high commune of praise as the other fellow. Armistice is not so bad after all.

The mail-man after all had his part to play in the great war, and altho he did not have much chance to shoot at the Germans, they had plenty of chance at him.

Welcoming the Fighters Home

A Short, Brief Sketch of the Effort to Make the Boys Feel at Home and that the Fireside Patriotism is Still Burning.



Lieut. L. T. Speed, Asst. Supt.

In the great plan of reconstruction following our part in the greatest war in history, it became necessary to organize a bureau with appropriate means and power to reach this phrase of the question.

There were a fraction less than four million men and many thousand women whose service became necessary in answering the call of the country.

A displacement taken place, new conditions came about—men and women were carried from their homes, away from friends and social surroundings, in military camps, ammunition works, factories, etc.

There was organized "War Camp Community Service" while independent of Red Cross, an extension of its work.

This extension plan to assist returning comrades, extending to them the warm hand of friendship, so essential and just, that further comment upon it is unnecessary.

Today in every city in America there has been established clubs for the soldiers and sailors of the most commendable character with an atmosphere unequalled. From a sociological standpoint they represent the greatest evolution in modern history. Here will be found blended in one the entire community spirit, unselfish bent, reaching out into the idealism of Justice to render a

service to humanity. Every social organization in each community does its "bit" in entertaining the boys. And God only knows how these boys fell ennobled and enriched by this dominant spirit of human kindness. They fairly love these clubs and gloom and despondency are dispelled and creeping into their hearts like the welcome rays of spring sunshine, hope, courage and happiness have come—three elements which are necessary in the foundation of our citizenship.

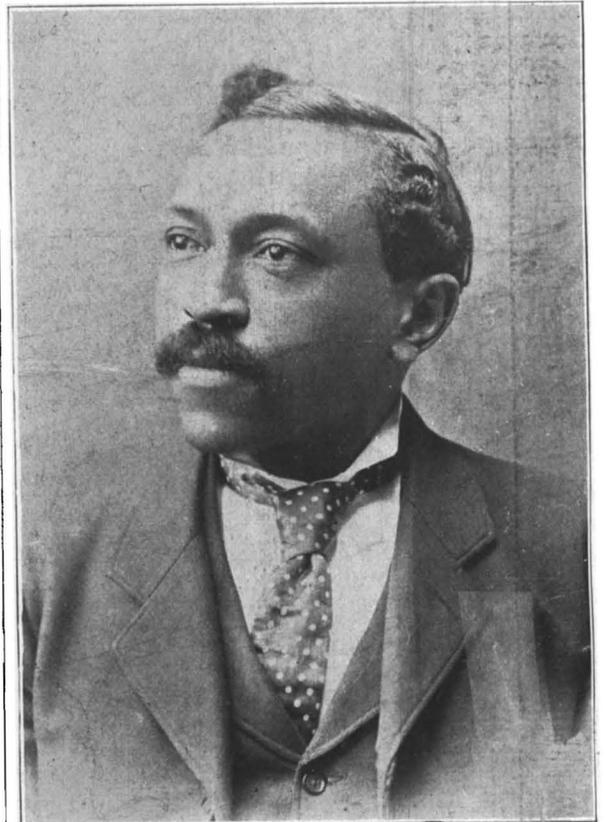
In this hopeful plan of our higher citizenship, the negro has not been neglected, nor could he be, for the great part that he played in the world's emancipation.

Located at 32nd and Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., a club has been established for him, known as the South Side Soldiers and Sailors Club, conducted by the "War Camp Community Service," under government control. Mr. Eugene T. Lies, Gen. Mang.; Mr. Frank D. Loomis, Sect'y of Cook and Lake Counties War Community Service. Those conducting the work are R. E. Moore, superintendent; Lieut. Speed, Asst. Supt.; Mrs. Ada McKinley, Hostess.

List of Committees—Advisory Committee: Mr. T. A. Hill, chairman; Mr. Rush Yerby, secretary; Dr. A. J. Carey, Rev. L. K. Williams, Editor R. S. Abbott, Dr. Geo. C. Hall, Mr. Chas. Duke, Mr. A. L. Jackson, Mrs. E. I. August, Mr. Morris Lewis, Mrs. A. Garnes, Mrs. W. Jameison, Mrs. D. Lawrence, Dr. R. C. Giles, Mrs. Helen Sayre. Program and Policy Committee: Mrs. Jameison, chairman; Mr. Morris Lewis, Mr. Chas. Duke, Mrs. Helen Sayre, Dr. R. C. Giles. Hostess Committee: Mrs. Helen Sayre, chairman; Mrs. David Lawrence, vice-chairman; Mrs. Olivia Bush Banks, secretary; Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mr. Julius Avendorph, Mrs. L. R. Henderson, Mrs. F. B. Williams, Mrs. J. Thomas, Mrs. E. L. Davis.

Reading the above names is the best guarantee of what the club is doing and what it means to the readjustment plan for the negro fighter.

The club occupies a spacious building of more than 10 large sunny rooms, cheerful and bright. Office, reception, reading room, dining room and kitchen are on the



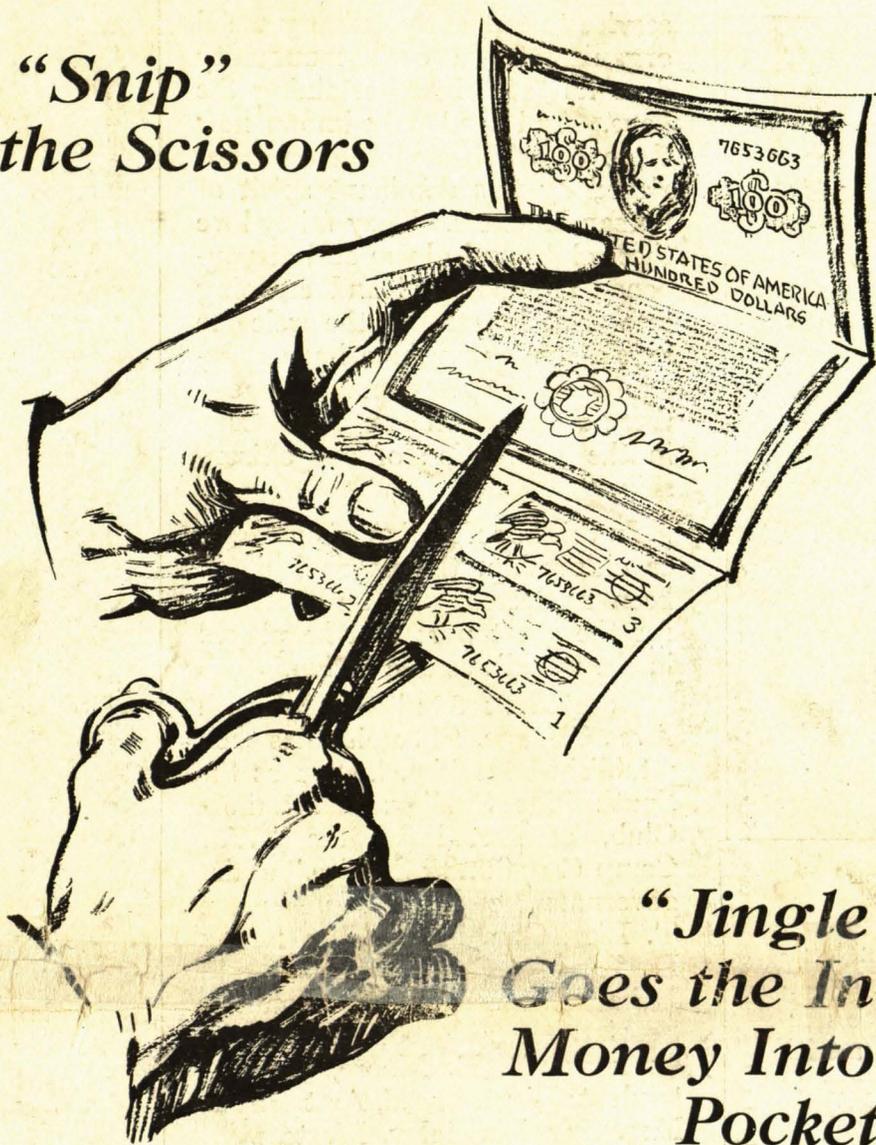
R. E. Moore, Supt.

first floor. The second floor reception club and sleeping room for the boys. Third floor, a large assembly room with a capacity of several hundred persons. Every Saturday evening this room is the center of considerable social activities—a ball for the boys and good music. On Sunday vesper service is held and well attended. Contributing to the helpfulness of the club activities, the following clubs deserve special mention: "Women's Service League," "Young Woman's Culture Club," "The Talladiga Club," "The Leaders Council of the King's Daughters," "Mayflower Club," and "Y. W. C. A." These organizations composed of colored women, they contribute more to the wholesome life of the Negro of Chicago than any other organizations.

With these facts before you some knowledge of what the Negro is doing in the great plans of a greater democracy is plain.

The daily attendance of the club has an average of 125, and the boys are happy expressing their deep gratitude for the effort of the community life of Chicago. One seldom comes to the club without meeting the smiling congenial Andrew Bryant, an assistant always ready to do something for the boys.

*"Snip"
Go the Scissors*



*"Jingle"
Goes the Interest
Money Into Your
Pocket*

I'm a bond-holder. Time was when I saved a few dollars, drew the money and spent it on some needless affair. It's quite different now—I own six Liberty Bonds. I collect the interest with the feeling of a youngster at a Christmas tree. I walk about among my fellow men with a well-founded pride. I'm a substantial citizen—I'm a bond-holder.

I'm going to subscribe to the Victory Liberty Loan—it's the best savings proposition I have ever heard of.