



COMPLETE HISTORY
OF THE
COLORED SOLDIERS
IN THE
WORLD WAR

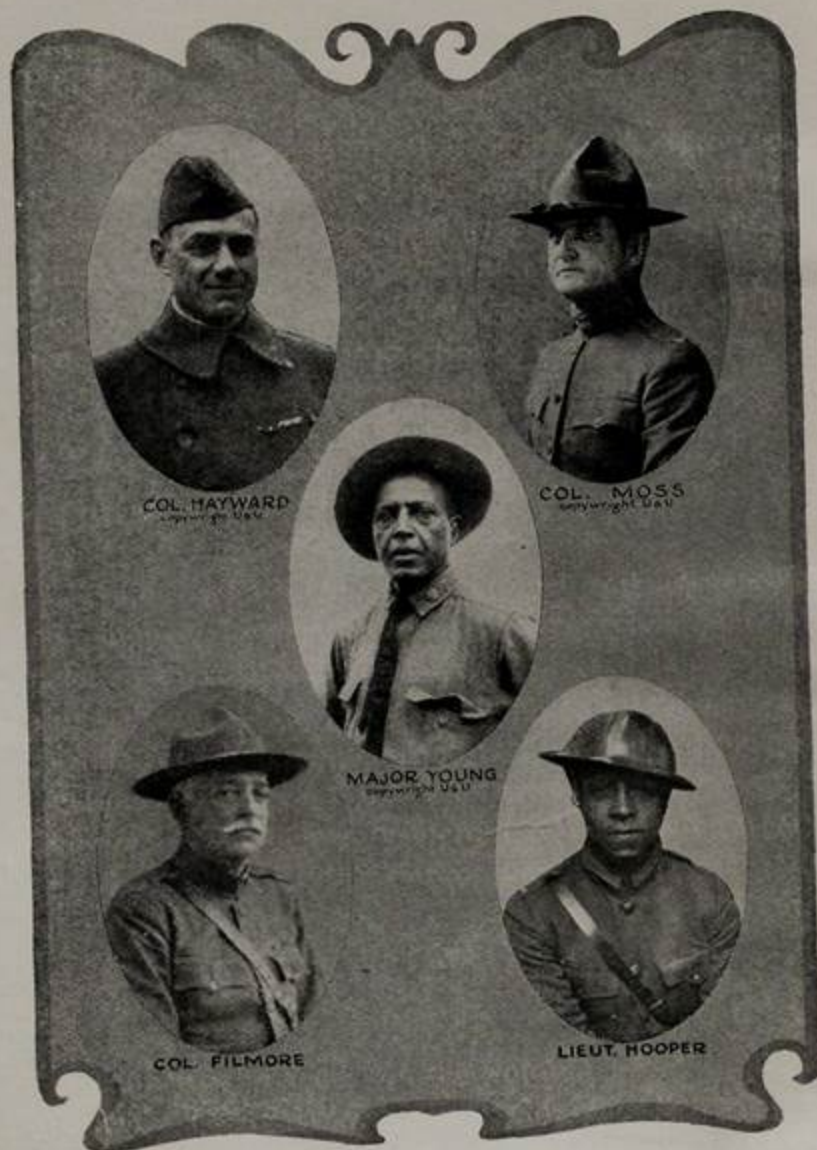
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COMPLETE HISTORY
of the
COLORED SOLDIERS

Sgt. John J. Harrison



COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE COLORED SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD WAR

AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE GREATEST WAR
OF CIVILIZED TIMES AND WHAT THE
COLORED MAN DID TO UPHOLD
DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY

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FOREWORD

We, the undersigned, "Colored Boys" who have been over seas with both the Ninety-Second, and Ninety-Third Division, and have seen and were in some of the fiercest battles that were fought in France, made up our minds while in the thick of battle that our people throughout the country should have a true history of what our boys have done right from we men who went through every part of the war. A great many of the histories today contain only official reports. Of course in a book of that kind you do not learn of the hardships, and privations, nor how the men fought individually, that Prussianism and uncivilized tactics might be wiped out forever.

In this history you will find our individual stories, regimental histories, and pictures taken right on the field of battle. In short, this book tells you only about the colored people's part in the world war.

The contents of this book are absolutely true.

SERGT. J. A. JAMIESON
SERGT. G. I. WILLIAMS
CORPL. H. WHITE
PRIV. JACK ALLEN
PRIV. JOHN GRAHAM

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CHAPTER I

WAR DECLARED

War declared. Emmett J. Scott's talk. How colored forces were organized. How colored boys were trained. Rattlesnakes. Colored boys never retire. Johnson and Roberts. Colonel Hayward's letter of praise to Johnson's wife. Complete history of the 15th Regiment. 15th Regiment's honor roll. Reproduction of Croix de Guerre. Only one company left out of a whole battalion.

After calling Congress into session, President Wilson addressed a joint session of both houses in which he asked for a declaration that a state of war existed with Germany on account of the lawless and unrestricted submarine warfare. He recommended the utmost co-operation with our Allies in every way and asked for an immediate army of 500,000 men to take up arms. This number to be increased at a later date by an additional army of equal size. Our President made it clear that in declaring war against the German Government, the United States had no controversy with the German people because they were victims of the lawless acts of their Imperial Government.

The United States desired only to uphold Democracy and Liberty. After due debate, a resolution adopted by the Senate and House of Representatives declared war with Germany. This act was signed by the President, April 6th, 1917.

Just as soon as this declaration was made, the Federal authorities seized all German vessels which had been interned in our ports. There were approximately 100 of the enemy's ships in our waters, with an approximate value of \$100,000,000. The German crews on these vessels, anticipating a state of war between the United States and Germany, tampered to a considerable extent with the mechanism on these vessels, and it was necessary in a great many instances to place the boats in drydock for repairs. Eventually, the majority of these ships were used to transport troops, munitions and supplies to Europe.

Our entrance into the war was hailed by the various Allied Governments with tremendous enthusiasm. They realized that in the American forces, they had men who would never stop until they had gained their goal, and well they might feel this way as later events proved.

Our First Steps Toward Raising a Large Army

Of course, it is well known that previous to the declaration of

war, our fighting organizations were at peace strength and our Government realized that it was necessary to increase our forces by millions just as quickly as possible. Things move very rapidly in the United States when we once make up our minds to do a thing. Improvements are rapid. Our Allies, after years of fighting, were pretty well posted on the various methods of warfare, which it was necessary to pursue in combating the barbarous methods of the Central Powers. But we in the United States were new to the game, and ordinarily one would think it would take a considerable length of time to become acclimated to conditions. This was not so however. Every loyal American was on his tiptoe, anxious to see the war through to a finish at the earliest possible moment.

Conscription was decided upon, and every town and hamlet throughout the country, contributed its quota of men toward making a gigantic army. Our standing army was increased by voluntary enlistment, likewise, our National Guard units. Men flocked to the Navy. In order that we might take our soldiers across the sea in comparative safety, it was necessary that our sea forces convoy the troop ships, and we are proud to say, that considering the vast numbers of men who were carried back and forth, very few lost their lives while on the high seas. Our armies did wonderful work in every section of Europe to which they were sent, and the Navy did wonderful work in seeing these men cross with few losses, and in driving the Hun undersea pirates (submarines) from the sea. Our battle ships also acted in concert with our Allies' ships in bottling up the German high sea fleet so that they were unable to fight.

EMMETT J. SCOTT

Wonderful Talk on the "Negro in the World War"

Dr. Scott in speaking at the Dixwell Avenue Church, New Haven, Conn., said it was in New Haven, Conn.—this city of culture and refinement, that the late Dr. Booker T. Washington delivered his last great public address, at a meeting held in the interest of the American Missionary Association, October 25, 1915. * * * You can imagine then some of the feelings of emotion that well-up in my heart as I come here to New Haven in response to the invitation of the Men's Club of the Dixwell Avenue church, and how proud I am to be among those who honored that great leader, whom it was my privilege for so many years to serve. You have asked me to come to New Haven, I presume, to give an account of my stewardships (if I may put it that way) because, during the past 18

months I have been serving in the war department, as special assistant to the secretary of war, and have been endeavoring to look after and safeguard the interests of colored soldiers and colored Americans generally. * * *

"When war was declared April 6, 1917, colored Americans quickly recognized the fact that it was not to be a white man's war nor a black man's war, but a war of all the people living under the Stars and Stripes for the preservation of human liberty throughout the world. * * *"

Colored Regiment Nearest Rhine

Dr. Scott called attention to the fact that it was a colored regiment (the 369th Infantry of New York) that was nearest the Rhine, of all American troops, when the armistice was signed, and that they were the first of all the allied troops to reach the Rhine.

He also said that this regiment, composed of colored soldiers, mostly from New York City and State "never surrendered a prisoner of war nor a foot of ground nor a trench to the enemy. One hundred and seventy-one officers and men of this unit received individual citations for bravery, aside from the decoration conferred upon the entire regiment." He also stated that "four regiments, composed of colored soldiers from the United States, received the Croix de Guerre (the Cross of War). Dr. Scott paid glowing tribute to the men of the 372d Infantry Regiment (a colored military unit) who came to be known among the French as "Red Devils;" this regiment, of which the colored company of Connecticut was a part, was in the thickest of some of the heaviest fighting of the war and were especially cited by the French general under whom they served for their dare-devil courage and bravery in the face of fire." He also spoke in detail of the 92d Division, composed of colored draftees, the line officers of which were colored men, and who served as such until the end of the war.

Further referring to the Negro's part in the Great World War he said: "In the matter of the relative number of men of both races who were drafted into the American army, it is highly significant that although Negro men represented only 8 per cent of the total registration, 15 per cent of the total number of men who were called to the colors under the first draft were members of the negro racial group. * * * During the recent war, the American negro was represented in practically every branch of military service, including infantry, cavalry, engineer corps, signal corps, medical corps, hospital and ambulance corps, stevedore regiments, labor battalions, depot brigades and other essential branches of the United States Army.

"The wonderful adaptability of our race to our nation's needs in the critical time of war, as artisans, as mechanics, as patriotic civilian workers and as soldiers and military officers, will furnish the historian of the future, a fertile subject for treatment. Whether brigaded with French troops or fighting as an American division (the 92nd and 93rd Divisions, for instance), our men met the tests of bravery, fortitude, loyalty, intelligence, and endured hardships and privations with good nature and even good humor. Truly the black troops fought nobly, and truly Abraham Lincoln's prophetic words have been realized, for the negro has helped to save to the casket of freedom the precious jewel of liberty!

"During the great World War, as in many other crises of our nation's history, the negro race in this country laid upon the altar of their country's need, their strength, their skill, their influence, the limit of their means, the uninterrupted loyalty and, in many cases, even their lives—in order to bring victory to the Stars and Stripes, the only flag they have ever claimed, or will ever claim as their own. The determination of the war department to give colored officers a chance in the army has been more than justified, and the experiment has not been a failure, for these colored officers have stood up bravely under their baptism of fire and many of them, together with a number of colored privates, have won the Croix de Guerre and many citations for gallantry in action. The splendid record of these colored officers, many of whom remained in active command during the war, effectually refutes the fallacy that colored men will not follow and obey military leaders of their own race. * * *

"The four colored regiments awarded the Croix de Guerre as units were the 369th, 370th, 371st and 372nd Infantry Regiments. Approximately 400,000 colored American soldiers participated in the Great World War, about 1,200 of whom were commissioned as officers in the United States Army, as first and second lieutenants, captains, including one major, Milton T. Dean, who was promoted from the ranks overseas, and who is now the highest ranking colored officer in the 92nd Division.

These facts and figures not only show the negro's eagerness to serve his country as a soldier, but dissipates the ancient yarn about the black race being a deteriorating or decadent people, for the draft law called for men who were physically fit."

"He laid stress upon the necessity of providing for the negro people of this country better schools, better opportunities for securing homes and employment, better wages, improved working conditions and the full protection of the law." * * * In concluding, he said:

"The negro American (soldier and civilian alike) looks forward

to the future, confident that the same principles of civilization and humanity which are to be applied to weaker nations and weaker people throughout the world are also to be justly applied to him, for he feels that he is entitled (like others) to the full product of his patriotism!"

HOW THE COLORED FORCES WERE RECRUITED

When war was declared we had in the United States about ten millions of colored people. The race contributed to the Army and Navy approximately 400,000 boys. Had the war kept up any longer than it did, it is more than probable that we would have had over 1,000,000 colored boys in the United States service. When war was declared we had as standing organizations in the United States the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry. These organizations were doing general detail work throughout the United States and some of our foreign possessions. We also had as National Guard outfits the 8th Illinois and the 15th New York. A separate battalion from Washington, a battalion from Ohio, the 9th from Ohio, and a company from Connecticut and Massachusetts. These organizations were State units, doing no service other than going to camp for two weeks in the summer.

The regulars, of course, remained intact, but even before the ink had dried on the Declaration of War, the State organizations had set about to bring their units up to war strength. The enthusiasm and response was instantaneous. Colored boys came from every quarter to enlist. It was the first real opportunity they had had to show and prove their loyalty since the days of the Civil War, and while speaking of the Civil War, it is well to mention the address which Gen. B. F. Butler made at the time he was about to retire from the command of the departments of Virginia and North Carolina. Gen. Butler recruited and commanded thousands of colored soldiers during the Civil War.

January 8th, 1865.

Headquarters Department,

Virginia and North Carolina, Army of the James.

To the colored troops of the Army of the James:

In this army you have been treated not as laborers, but as soldiers. You have shown yourself worthy of the uniform you wear. Your bravery has won the admiration even of those who would be your masters.

Your patriotism, fidelity and courage have illustrated the best qualities of manhood. With the bayonet you have unlocked the iron-barred gates of prejudice, opening new fields of freedom, liberty and equality of right to yourself and your race forever.

Comrades of the Army of the James, I bid you Farewell.

BEN. F. BUTLER,
Major General Commanding.

What Gen. Butler said more than a half a century ago has been true in the struggle through which we have just passed. Our colored citizens have sustained America's honor, no less loyally and efficiently than their white comrades. This is the unanimous opinion of not only our American officers, but also the Allied commanders.

Then, in addition to the Regulars and National Guard units, we had thousands and thousands of drafted boys from all over the country.

The North, East, South and West contributed its quota from every town. The drafted boys, you will remember, had never had any military training whatsoever, and it was, of course, a little harder for these men to become acclimated than their more fortunate brothers who were members of military organizations.

Nevertheless, when it came time for them to fight, they were no less efficient nor brave than any of the other men in the service. They never feared the Hun and were always ready to carry out any command, no matter how great the danger.

HOW THE COLORED BOYS WERE TRAINED AT HOME

In March, 1918, we decided to visit Camp Funston where a great many of our colored boys were in training. Our purpose was to learn all about the methods of training, discipline, and the general treatment of the lads who were about to make history. The majority of boys at this camp, were drafted men from various parts of the country, brought together as a unit under the heading of the 92nd Division.

The regular colored National Guard outfits were trained at different camps, but much under the same conditions, except that they had had previous training which made their period of preparation much shorter than the untrained men.

We were met at the train by Lieut. J. T. Whittaker, who will be remembered by our many readers in Kansas and Oklahoma as one

of the most prominent surgeons in this section and who incidentally holds the important position of "mess" officer of the medical corps. He guided us through the long unending rows of barracks, stretching one after the other like great two-story wooden tenement houses, plain and unpainted and so much alike that only the numbers can distinguish one from the other, to the west end of the cantonment, where "our boys" were domiciled. The immensity of Camp Funston is staggering. It is a veritable city, the largest cantonment in the country, covering several square miles and housing at present about 40,000 soldiers, 3,500 of whom are colored and members of the 92nd Division, commanded by Maj.-Gen. Charles C. Ballou, famous as the head of the Des Moines Officers' Training Camp, from which were commissioned some 600 officers. Four thousand more men were expected in a few days, when the next call is made; in fact, there is a persistent rumor afloat to the effect that the entire Colored Division will be assembled at Funston in order to better facilitate divisional unity and movement.

The Ninety-second Division

The Nine-second Division is composed exclusively of race troops and various units of its total strength of approximately 30,000 men are scattered throughout other camps. The units here are known as Headquarters' Trains and comprise the Headquarters' Troop, Military Police, 317th Ammunition Train, 349th Machine Gun Battalion and 317th Sanitary Train.

Men Learn Quickly

The outstanding feature of the work at Camp Funston is the marvelous progress which is being made in whipping raw material in the shape of men who a few weeks before had never seen a gun or realized in any way what military discipline meant, into a fighting machine, the superior of which we venture to predict will not be found in the United States Army. Everywhere are men in olive-drab or overalls, the latter uniform being the result of the much discussed failure of the War Department to get supplies to the camp. You can fairly see the change which has been wrought from the slow ungainly farmer, the swaggering callow dude, or the ordinary chap whom we all knew into the soldier, erect, shoulders thrown back, an air of purpose on his face and who obeys his officers' command with snap and precision.

Officers Use Psychology

The men are being molded into soldiers through a definite

psychological process. These are not ordinary soldiers, who have gone into the army because they did not fit anywhere else; they are, for the most part, men who were not concerned with war and who were playing their parts in the life of a nation at peace. To keep them contented and optimistic, to keep their morale up to the highest notch is a task which requires insight into their minds and character. Each company is like a great family, with the captain in the role of father. The men are encouraged to be loyal to their company and officers, to take a pride in the organization and its achievements. They are taught discipline and order. Their quarters, beds and belongings, must be kept just so. Their clothes must be kept clean, their hats on straight, and those who may have been inclined to be lazy or slovenly are learning naturally to be neat and tidy. They have work to do. Their drills are most exacting; there is the digging of ditches, washing of pots and pans, scrubbing of floors, cleaning up generally, and they are required to do it well. It cultivates thoroughness and they learn the satisfaction which comes from a task well done and in knowing that it benefits others as well as themselves. After all, it's the way a man thinks that counts, and when he has the interest of his company and his fellows at heart, he has gone the first step toward that larger service for his country.

Pleasures of Camp Life

All is not work for the drafted man. In the evening and on Sundays he is at liberty to spend most of his time as he chooses. The Y. M. C. A. offers a congenial quiet atmosphere, where a man may write a letter, read the numerous books, magazines and newspapers, attend religious services or mingle with his fellows generally. The secretaries in charge, under the leadership of Arthur W. Hardy, make the organization fill quite a niche in the lives of the men and do everything possible to make them feel at home and that "somebody cares." In the evening, twice a week, moving pictures of the best variety are shown, and some rattling good boxing matches pulled off. Another interesting organization is the Knights of Columbus, who maintain a building in the 92nd Division. This is the only building furnished by them exclusively for colored soldiers, and it is dedicated to much the same sort of service which the Y. M. C. A. offers. Professor Guillot, of Howard University, where he has been head of the French department, is the secretary, and has thrown himself into the work with an enthusiasm which is certain to provide many pleasant hours for the men.

Relations Between the Races

Be it understood that two divisions occupy Camp Funston, the 89th Division (white) with about 35,000 sharing the camp with the 92nd. The relations between the races at this camp are all that could be expected, in fact there is little chance for friction, separated as they are by an imaginary line, yet a thoroughly distinct one. So much so in fact that non-coms and privates, save when on some mission, are not seen in the white portion of the camp and vice versa. There is an amusement zone in the white section of the camp to which the men of the 92nd never have the slightest inclination to enter, in fact they are barred and this has been largely responsible for the recent appointment of a Director of Camp Activities whose constant service is being utilized in looking after the recreational side of the men of the 92nd Division.

Camp Activities

Football and basketball teams, singing and boxing classes have been organized. The Camp Funston basketball team which is being coached by Lieut. B. G. Mosely, assistant to the Director of Camp Activities, and a former teacher in Sumner High School, in St. Louis, is arranging a schedule which will take them to St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis, and other cities, where it is proposed to play the leading teams and perhaps the teams from other camps. Bob McAlester, a well known white boxer from the Pacific coast connected with the 89th Division comes over to give the boys boxing lessons, and has found many embryo champions. A singing class has been organized under an expert teacher and in the brief space of ten days is showing a mastery of melody and harmony which is most pleasing to the ear.

The Singing Ninety-second

Singing is encouraged in every company, both in barracks and when on the hike. Indeed the government has instituted singing as a part of the training in the National Army, giving the leaders special positions in the line of march known as file closers and the order "sound off" now receives the same amount of immediate attention as "squads right" or any other command which may be given. It goes without saying that the 92nd will surely shine in this particular.

Officers Prove Worth

The race can in particular take great pride in our officers commissioned last October at the Des Moines O. T. C. Their bearing,

their efficiency, their perfect poise, the respect which they command from their men and yet the helpful friendly spirit in which they guide them merits only the highest praise. The record which these men are making will surely bury forever the bugaboo about their officers not being able to lead their own. However, it should occasion no particular surprise that these keen, capable young men should have made good in the signal manner which they have.

Maj. Gen. Ballou Speaks

Maj. Gen. Ballou, who was away on an inspection tour of the other units of the division while we were in Camp Funston, spoke before a colored mass meeting in Kansas City a few weeks ago which our correspondents attended. He made a splendid impression not only because of his soldierly bearing and democratic simplicity, but also by reason of his clean cut straightforward speech in which he said that this chance to demonstrate their right to leadership, which our young officers had, meant the opening of another door of opportunity for the race. He admitted that his own rapid rise in a few months from colonel to major general, was caused largely by his success with the camp at Des Moines, which many enemies and even friends of the race predicted would be a dire failure. In fact he said that he was selected as the goat and this particular can tied onto him at the same time putting the colored people in a position of having been given a chance to make good or fail, with the belief that the latter would be the result.

Camp Could Not Fail

It is hard, however, for race men to see how the camp could have been a failure. With 250 of the finest non-commissioned officers of the Regular Army and 900 more of the cream of our youth of this country we venture the assertion without fear of successful contradiction that Gen. Ballou had the best material to work with of any similar camp in the country, no matter from what angle it is viewed. The splendid record made at Des Moines bears out this thought and we look to our young colored officers to demonstrate it still further.

Daily Routine

Of course the training differs somewhat each day, but the day's training as mentioned below will give you some idea of how the boys are conditioned:

5:00 A. M. Reveille.

- 5:15 " " Gymnastics.
- 5:20 " " Washing.
- 5:30 " " Breakfast.
- 5:45 " " Inspection.
- 6:15 " " Cleaning Rifles.
- 6:30 " " Hospital Call.
- 6:35 " " Morning reports signed.
- 6:50 " " First call for drill.
- 6:55 " " Assembly.
- 7:10 " " Reports of day, pasted on board.
- 7:15 " " Drill, one quarter mile run.
- 8:30 " " Games.
- 8:50 " " Manual of Arms.
- 9:20 " " Classes for instruction of rifles, rights, trench rights.
- 10:30 " " First call for retreat.
- 10:40 " " to 11:30 Parading in companies.
- 12:00 M. Lunch hour, rest hour to 1:00 P. M.
- 1:30 P. M. Bayonet drilling, lunging the bayonet to the mark.
- 2:10 " " Lecture on the physical building up of the body.
The lectures generally last one hour or longer, after which the boys then would drill again.
- 4:30 " " Assembly would blow and they would line up for the final review of the evening.
- 6:10 " " Chow or supper call sounded.
- 7:30 " " to 8:00 P. M. School for non-commissioned officers.
- 8:00 " " to 8:30 Lectures.
- 8:30 " " to 9:00 P. M. Recreation period.
- 9:00 " " Tattoo.
- 9:15 " " Call to quarters.
- 9:30 " " Taps, or lights out and all to bed.

RATTLESNAKES

In bringing the National Guard outfits to war strength it was predicted by certain prejudiced people in New York State that a colored regiment of three thousand intelligent men could not be raised, but thanks to the love of the negro for his country, this prediction failed to come true.

Take for instance the old 15th of New York. This guard's outfit had twelve hundred members when war was declared, but through the untiring efforts of Capt. Filmore, known as the father

of the regiment, their war strength was increased in short order to three thousand and five men. While the majority of these men came from New York and Brooklyn, there were also troops from Jersey with the organization.

The fighting that these boys did in Europe will go down in history as one grand achievement of their loyalty and love for their country and flag.

After these men had had considerable training in various camps in the United States they sailed for Europe, but it was necessary to make three attempts before they finally cleared American waters. A great many of the boys thought that the regiment was hoodooed before they finally got away.

Their first start was made November 10th, but when two days at sea the transport's engine broke down and they were ordered to return to port. Another start was made December 3rd, but a mysterious fire sent the vessel back once more. On December 12th they made another start and the transport met with a collision, but rather than turn back, Col. Hayward and his black dough boys repaired the damage themselves and proceeded. They arrived in Brest on December 27th, 1917.

It is well to remember that in the days of fighting the old 15th was known officially as the 369th Infantry, part of the 93rd Division, and when the consolidation in Europe was made, they formed part of the 16th Division, 8th Corps of the 4th French Army. Every man in this unit had occasion to be proud individually and collectively of the record they made. New York State may well turn her attention to the deeds of these brave men. Approximately one-third of the men of this body of fighters wear decorations for bravery given by the French Government, and the regiment as a whole received many citations.

You have no doubt noticed the various insignias which the overseas men wear on the upper part of their left arm. The 15th's insignia is a rattlesnake, curled and about ready to strike. This name was given the men by the French, the title arising from the fact that the 15th took a certain piece of ground from the Germans known as Rattlesnake Hill. Possession of this territory had passed back and forth several times, and it seemed that the French were unable to hold the hill. However, when the colored boys heard about this, they made up their minds that it was not the likes of any German who could hold a piece of ground against their wishes, and they proceeded to capture Rattlesnake Hill. They not only captured the hill, but they kept it. This is how the French came to give them their title.

At Main-de-Massiges, Champagne, the entire 15th Regiment was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French authorities for operations in the offensive of September and October, 1918, and the regiment was the first unit of all the Allied armies to reach the Rhine River.

On Sunday, November 17th, 1918, the 15th left its trenches at Thann and marched as an advance guard of the 161st Division, 2nd French Army, reaching Blodelsheim, on the left bank of the Rhine, Monday, November 18th, 1918.

It is believed that they were under fire the greatest number of days of any American unit, 191 days in the front line trenches and in battle. The combats in which the regiment suffered losses were the battles of Main-de-Massiges, Butte de Mesil the Dormois, Sechault, Argonne Forest, Ripont, Kupplinase, Vosges mountains, the Aisne, the Tourbe, Maison-en-Champaign, Fontaine, Bellevue Ridge.

After capturing a great number of prisoners, cannons and machine guns and penetrating 14 kilometers (9 miles) into the enemy's positions, the regiment never lost a prisoner, a trench or a foot of ground. This is a remarkable record in itself.

Col. Hayward was in command of the 15th boys, and the praise which has been given these men by this noted leader could not be greater. The colored troops in general were given the name of Hell Fighters by the Germans.

The other units which made up the balance of the 93rd Division were the 370th Infantry, or "Old 8th Illinois," who were given the name of "Tin Helmets" by the French. The 371st Infantry consisting of drafted or replacement troops from the South, and the 372nd, made up of men from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Washington, D. C., and the 9th Ohio. These men were given the name of the Red Hands. The name arising from the fact that the boys captured a valuable piece of ground called Red Hill. There were also several machine gun companies. The French supplying the heavy artillery.

COLORED BOYS NEVER RETIRE

As an example of the spirit shown by the men of this regiment, they were called upon to throw back a terrific counter attack with Col. Hayward leading them, through a heavy barrage. A French general, waving his arms, shouted, "Retire! Retire!" "My men never retire," Col. Hayward said, "they go forward or die, and we

go through here or hell," and the regiment, with a yell, went forward, and the Germans went back.

JOHNSON AND ROBERTS

The first men to be decorated in the regiment were Sergt. Johnson and Sergt. Roberts. On a very dark night in May, Johnson and Roberts were holding adjourning posts in Mount Plaiser, out in front. A German sniper took a shot or two at the two sentries and they reported that the Huns were busy somewhere in No Man's Land. Fortunately nothing happened of this incident, but shortly after the sentry heard a German patrol cutting the American wires. Johnson put his hand grenades, about a score of them, where he could dispatch them without delay. When the patrol came through the wire Johnson let go his grenades and Roberts emptied his rifle into the party of Huns. Roberts was wounded a moment later and fell into a shell hole, but Johnson, still on his feet, was fighting like a whole platoon. He was hit several times but kept on fighting, swinging his rifle and laying the Germans out with the butt end of it until it splintered. Then he took his bolo knife and kept on fighting until help came. His comrades found him on the ground but still full of fight, with four dead Germans and thirty-two wounded men lying about. The ground was completely littered with equipment thrown away by the Huns in their haste to retire.

COL. HAYWARD'S LETTER OF PRAISE TO JOHNSON'S WIFE

"Your husband, Pvt. Henry Johnson, is in my regiment, 369th United States Infantry, formerly the 15th New York Infantry. He has been at all times a good soldier and a good boy of fine morale and upright character. To these admirable traits he has lately added the most convincing numbers of fine courage and fighting ability. I regret to say at the moment that he is in the hospital, seriously, but not dangerously wounded, the wounds having been received under such circumstances that every one of us in the regiment would be pleased and proud to trade places with him. It was as follows: He and Pvt. Needham Roberts were on guard together at a small outpost on the front line trench near the German lines

and during the night a strong raiding party of Germans, numbering from twelve to twenty, judging by the weapons, clothing and paraphernalia they left behind and by their footprints, stole across No Man's Land and made a surprise attack in the dead of the night on our two brave soldiers.

"We had learned some time ago from captured German prisoners that the Germans had heard of the regiment of Black Americans in this sector, and the German officers had told their men how easy to combat and capture them it would be. So this raiding party came over, and on the contrary Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts were very strictly to the duties. At the beginning of the attack the Germans fired a volley of bullets and grenades and both of the boys were wounded, your husband three times and Roberts twice, then the Germans rushed the post, expecting to make an easy capture. In spite of their wounds, the two boys waited coolly and courageously and when the Germans were within striking distance, opened fire, your husband with his rifle and Pvt. Roberts from his helpless position on the ground with hand grenades. But the German raiding party came on in spite of their wounded and in a few seconds our boys were at grips with the terrible foe in a desperate hand to hand encounter in which the enemy outnumbered them ten to one.

"The boys inflicted great loss on the enemy, but Roberts was overpowered and about to be carried away when your husband, who had used up all of the cartridges in the magazine of his rifle and had knocked one German down with the butt end of it, drew his bolo from his belt. A bolo is a short heavy weapon carried by the American soldier, with the edge of a razor, the weight of a cleaver and the point of a butcher knife. He rushed to the rescue of his former comrade, and fighting desperately, opened with his bolo the head of the German who was throttling Roberts, and turned to the boche who had Roberts by the feet, plunging the bolo into the German's bowels. This one was the leader of the German party, and on receiving what must have been his mortal wound, exclaimed in American English, without a trace of accent, 'Oh, the son of a — got me,' thus proving that he was undoubtedly one of the so-called German-Americans who came to our country, not to become a good citizen, but to partake of its plenty and bounty and then return to fight for the Kaiser and help enslave the world. He was doubtless selected as a leader of the party to speak English and perhaps to fool my soldiers, calling to them in English not to fire, that it was a friend.

"Henry laid about him right and left with his heavy knife, and

Roberts, released from the grasp of the scoundrels, began again to throw hand grenades and exploded them in their midst, and the Germans, doubtless thinking it was a host instead of two brave colored boys fighting like tigers at bay, picked up their dead and wounded and slunk away, leaving many weapons and part of their shot-riddled clothing, and leaving a trail of blood, which we followed at dawn near to their lines. We feel certain that one of the enemy was killed by rifle fire, two by your husband's bolo, one by grenades thrown by Pvt. Roberts and several other grievously wounded. So it was in this way the Germans found the Black Americans. Both boys have received a citation of the French general commanding the splendid French division in which my regiment is now serving, and will receive the Croix de Guerre (cross of war). The citation translated, is as follows:

"First—Johnson, Henry (13349), private in Co. C, being on double sentry duty during the night and having been assaulted by a group composed of at least one dozen Germans, shot and disabled one of them and grievously wounded two others with his bolo, in spite of three wounds with pistol bullets and grenades at the beginning of the fight; this man ran to the assistance of his wounded comrade who was about to be carried away prisoner by the enemy, and continued to fight up to the retreat of the Germans. He has given a beautiful example of courage and activity.

"Second—Roberts, Needham (13369), private in Co. C, being on double sentry duty during the night was assaulted and grievously wounded in his leg by a group of Germans continuing fighting by throwing grenades, although he was prone on the ground, up to the retreat of the enemy. Good and brave soldier. The general requested that the citation of the division commander to the soldier Johnson be changed to the citation of the orders of the army.

"Some time ago the great Gen. Gouraud placed in my hands the sum of 100 francs to be sent to the family of the first one of my soldiers wounded in a fight with the enemy under heroic circumstances. Inasmuch as these boys were wounded simultaneously, and both displayed great heroism, I think it but fair to send to each one-half of this sum. Accordingly I am enclosing New York exchange for the equivalent of fifty francs. I am sure that you have made a splendid contribution to the cause of liberty by giving your husband to your country, and it is my hope and prayer to bring him back to you safe and sound, together with as many of his comrades as it is humanly possible by care and caution to conserve

and bring back to America. But it must be borne in mind that we cannot all come back, that none of us can come back until the job is done."

IN DESCRIBING THEIR 191 DAYS OF FIGHTING, "ONE OF THE 15TH COMMANDERS" SAID:

"We got our first taste of trench life on March 12, last year, when we occupied dugouts in the Amree sector with Gen. Gouraud's 4th French Army. The discomforts of traveling did not bother the boys. There was little sleep for anybody and the only rations were 'corned Willie,' hardtack and cold beans. The one characteristic of my unit was their good humor. They had no sooner settled in the dugouts when several games of 'craps' and poker started and some of them began to do a buck and wing dance.

German Positions Strong

"Little did they think of the German dugouts at Maison en Champagne several feet in front of us. They were a marvellous system of military field fortifications that we were later called upon to break through and demolish. For a time we thought they were impregnable. My right battalions were resting on the Aisne River just a little east of Argonne Forest. My regiment was assigned to Gen. Gouraud's 4th French Army, which extended from the Armee sector to Rheims.

"My men were filled with war fervor and spirit. They joked and laughed and were ready at any time to show the Huns what a bunch of scrappers the Harlemites were. We were in the trenches for weeks before we saw any real action. There were a few skirmishes which resulted in some of my men being killed and wounded. Occasionally an enemy aeroplane would come swooping down from the sky and drop a bomb in our trenches. These incidents caused a considerable measure of contempt for the enemy. The high explosive shells fell all about our dugouts.

"Gen. Gouraud and the General Staff expected a final offensive on the part of the enemy on the night of July 4 while the French soldiers were helping to celebrate our Independence Day. But not a shell fell in the lines all day. We then prepared for a mass attack on July 15, which was a French holiday. Sure enough we learned from several German prisoners that the looked for offensive was to start with a terrific barrage fire late that night. But Gen. Gouraud beat them to it.

"He ordered the artillery companies behind us to cut loose an hour before the time the Germans had scheduled to renew their drive toward Paris. There was a terrifying whistling of high explosive shells, to say nothing of the tumultuous whistle of the machine guns. Action was constant for several hours. And then for the first time we went 'over the top' with the French Army.

Four Day Bombardment

"There were veterans across the way who did their best to take the heart out of us. We were in exposed positions. There was a sharp give and take with a great deal of artillery activity. The French batteries opened up with all they had. It was really a terrific bombardment and undoubtedly even more terrific to withstand. It kept up for four days.

"The Germans were at their maximum strength, while numerically the Allied forces were at a minimum, because only one per cent of the American forces were on the firing line. When the Huns failed to break through on July 16 we knew we had them beaten and the final Allied victory would be soon close at hand. The Germans poured an enfilading fire upon our men.

"Our objective was Maison en Massieges, a graduated hilly section. We got the jump on the enemy. Behind us were the mangled forms of our comrades, victims of the deadly and terrific shells and machine gun fire.

"We found the enemy withdrawing, but he had left behind many strong machine gun posts which were subjecting the terrain to intense fire. The men of the 3rd battalion, under Maj. David A. L'Esperance and Capts. William B. Crawford and George M. Allen, fought heroically. When the offensive was over Lieut. Jimmy Europe's band played 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River,' which echoed over the hills of France.

"We reorganized our shattered battalions and again took up formidable places in the front line trenches. We then took part in the battles of the Vosges Mountains, the Aisne, Argonne Forest, at Tourbe, on the Bellevue Ridge, at Ripone and the Champagne.

Made Good in Test

"In the offensive of July 15 the old 15th had its first real test and made good. More than that, the losses suffered had sent through the regiment a resolution that these losses should be avenged. In all the following battles the men displayed the same courage and bravery despite the terrible losses inflicted upon them.

At one time when we reorganized there were but enough troops to make out of what was once a solid regiment but a provisional battalion. Later we were sent over a thousand replacements. Of the original regiment when we returned home there were but thirty officers and 952 enlisted men. Lieut. Col. Lickering, Lieut. L. Hanstein, Lieut. E. A. Walton and Lieut. Lockhart and Capts. McLoughlin and Gutwater were some of the officers who returned after being through all the battles.

"Every possible advantage was with the Germans, but we never stopped to consider that. We knew we had them licked after July 16, but they never realized they were licked. No words can do justice to the way my 'Black Devils' fought. Every nook and cranny, every shell hole was a German fortress. The trenches were a network that was hard to pass over. The ground in all battles we participated in was fairly honeycombed with enemy trenches. The Harlem boys simply mopped them up. As they continued to advance in all battles we left Germans behind.

"I received many commendations about the wonderful fighting done by the regiment from Gen. Gouraud."

Col. Hayward's story of the big battle in Champagne is perhaps the most vivid yet told to date. He had hardly recovered from a severe attack of influenza when the Allied offensive on the Champagne sector began on the morning of September 26.

Had Worst Sector

"During the Champagne offensive," he said, "we had conceded the worst Boche stronghold from Switzerland to the sea, just a few kilometers west of the Argonne Forest. The 'Hell Fighters' were still with the French division under Gen. Gouraud. We knew in advance that we were to attack, and we were all tuned up for the occasion. I was glad, because we needed the time, and it also gave us a chance to see the wonderful preparations, the assemblage of the shock units of infantry, of pontoon trains, aviators, artillery and ambulance.

"For days ammunition trains and supplies poured in. The various units had time to take stock. Mere skeletons of regiments were given replacement troops. The enemy land opposite us was high and gave the Huns absolute control, for the time being, of the surrounding country. The engineers came up, and were ready to follow our advance and clean up the roads and bridges. There were strong German machine gun posts ahead of us.

"It appeared the Boche was aware we were preparing, for their airplanes hovered over us. Well, anyhow, the eventful time drew

near. One of our men in an observation balloon was shot down by an enemy airplane. Some of the aviators flew so low we were able to throw hand grenades at them.

"The men were loaded down with emergency rations, blankets, rolls, hard tack, assault equipment, besides carrying hand grenades, ammunition, cartridges, wire cutters, gas masks and water bags, besides their heavy guns.

"The artillery preparation of the French was to be for about seven hours, starting about midnight. According to Gen. Gouraud, it was the greatest assemblage of artillery in any one spot in the world's history.

Hundreds of Big Guns

"There were hundreds of big cannons. The roads were congested with big guns, motor trucks and wagons. Field and horse artillery were also in readiness, and back of all was the monster American naval guns with their snouts up in tree tops.

"My troops were happy as they waited in the dugouts, trenches and tunnels for the signal to go over the top. Of course some of them were a bit nervous. But who would not be? Some knelt down and prayed to God that they were back at Lenox avenue and 135th street, while others dreamed of sitting in a cabaret in San Juan Hill section with their sweethearts. In fact, I would have just as soon been sitting in the Union League Club in Fifth avenue watching the shopping throngs passing by, or else trying a case before the bar of justice. But still there was justice to be done on the battlefields of France, and I was glad to be ready to give my life for the freedom and civilization of humanity.

"Whitey Nichols, one of the comedians of the First Battalion, told me he would rather stand any place in Lenox avenue for ten years trying to dodge the bullets from a policeman's thirty-eight than face machine gun fire for a minute. But he got all over his nervousness and was one of the bravest fighters.

"While we were all waiting for our barrage fire to start one of the Big Berthas whizzed over us and exploded behind our lines. We all jumped. The night lit up like Luna Park, Coney Island, and the Great White Way combined.

"The riot started. Suddenly there was a burst of flame. A storm of machine gun bullets cut the air like rain and hail. Many concrete walls several feet thick were blown to pieces, tiny orifices for machine guns inside were blown to bits, blockhouses with glorified pill boxes were blown to atoms.

Barrage Tremendous

"It is unbelievable to hear the roaring sound of our artillery and see them burst on the German lines. Our barrage seemed to be fired but a few feet over my head, and at times I believed I could have put up my hand and touched the shells. One could actually feel them whiz by one's hair.

"Some of my lads went to sleep despite the terrific thundering of the guns. But when the time came to advance everybody was ready. For twelve consecutive days we crossed rivers, captured towns, stormed bluffs and slopes, ridges and hills, and captured tremendous strong enemy positions. We only had the sound of our barrage fire to guide us. The Germans did not know that a force was finding its way into their midst until our force was actually on top of them. We captured hundreds of prisoners. For twelve days our shell fire was completely lambasting them and we gained about fourteen kilometers. The sight of German prisoners proved an inspiration. In some places, where we were of the opinion there were enemy mines, we made the prisoners jump on the ground. In most cases there were no explosions and in other cases some of them were blown to pieces.

"We met irresistible waves of infantry at times, but after hand-to-hand encounters managed to sweep them back. The Germans were tired out and were afraid of the 'black demons' during the last days of the onslaught. They got cold feet. But the enemy artillery still continued to be effective as was the machine fire of the Boche.

"I saw much and endured much, worried so much I cannot remember half of it. We slept sometimes in holes like foxes for a few minutes, sometimes in German dugouts.

Shelled by Enemy

"When we crossed the Darmois River, where it widened into a swamp, the Huns shelled us industriously, and it looked like a rainstorm on the surface of the water. Shells broke from percussion when they hit the water. To be heard we at times had to shout in one another's ear.

"Many gruesome sights confronted me. I saw my men, together with the French, killed and wounded. The Germans were sprawled all over. Many bodies were mutilated by shells. I will never forget the time we passed over an old cemetery. Both the enemy and our artillery pounded the earth until the graves were literally blown out of the ground.

"We gained our objective after four days and nights and surmounted a great ridge known as Butte, overlooking towns, lakes, farms and a wonderful valley dotted with chateaus.

"From here I witnessed the most wonderful sight of the battle. It was four enemy divisions attacking in perfect liasion. They covered a front of four miles. The 'Hell Fighters' were in the centre of the Allied division, which was the right centre of the four attacking divisions. The artillery was close behind us, and the German artillery behind their troops, and what a battle it was! Each artillery was firing on the advancing infantry.

"This made a double belt of flame, smoke and tossed up men. The sky was full of aircraft. We were constantly in the atmosphere of gas, but fortunately it was phosgen and arsene, and not the deadly mustard or yperite gases. But, nevertheless, it took the lining out of our nostrils, throats and lungs, and we cried like onion peelers.

"When the offensive at that time was over we came out with but twenty officers. The loss in troops was exceedingly heavy.

"Major Lorillard Spencer was hit several times with machine gun bullets.

Cited for Gallantry

"The regiment received the Croix de Guerre after the battle and was again cited for gallantry in action in October. I think 132 officers and men were individually given Croix de Guerre for exceptional bravery.

"Perhaps New Yorkers are not aware," continued Colonel Hayward, "that the Old Fifteenth was the first entire regiment of the Allied forces to reach the Rhine. They left Thann on November 17 and with a French division reached Blodesheim, on the left bank of the Rhine, the following day."

But a few original 15th Regiment men who left here in the latter part of 1917 paraded in the wonderful demonstration of last Monday. Most of the men were replacement troops. Their home towns are scattered all over the country. Col. Hayward was unable to give any statistics about the losses inflicted on his command. However, the percentage of killed and wounded is known to be high.

The returning men were in good physical condition and were mustered out Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Col. Hayward said he is going to lead the "simple life" for a time, until his wounded left comes around in good condition.

"It sure is a great thing to be back in God's country and see something other than manslaughter," he said. "I am a lawyer and

hope soon to continue my practice. Fighting is all right, but, as Harry Lauder says, 'It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in yir bed.'"

Shell Disturbs Crap Game

One man who earned at least the Croix de Guerre, but did not get it for a certain rescue he made was Pvt. Peter Sands. The inevitable crap game was in progress up in the foremost trench when down drops a Hun shell. It did not hit anybody, but it blew the only set of dice in that section out into No Man's Land. Pvt. Sands, who had been winning at that moment, volunteered to rescue the dice.

All the German machine gun fire in that sector and all the snipers failed to stop him from bringing them back, and the game was resumed.

One, Pvt. Nichols, according to Maj. Lorillard Spencer, was the champion crap shooter of the outfit. He and his friends managed to keep a game going even when the regiment had not seen the least sign of pay for eleven months. In fact, the paymaster was so long overdue that no one even had the heart to start a rumor he might come again some time.

After a while the regiment found it could keep itself in funds by teaching African golf to the Poilus and the Moroccans. The French troops, especially the Moroccans, took to the game like ducks to the water. For a while they paid high for their lessons, but finally they became so adept that this source of revenue was lost.

"Grenading" the Rats

Then there was Pvt. Lionel Rogers, of Company L, who dreamed of being the most expert grenade thrower in the whole outfit. He used to spend every hour off practicing, instead of grabbing the chance to do a little bunk fatigue. He found that throwing light grenades at the trench rats offered good practice, and he soon was causing the most awful casualties among them, although the rest of the regiment protested the rats offered altogether too big a target.

One day, as he was blowing a few hundred rats to pieces, he paused to eat, and got some butter on his fingers. When he resumed practice a grenade slipped out of his hand, and Lionel went to the hospital. Fortunately it held only a light charge.

Also there was Pvt. William Jackson, of Capt. Outwater's company, who was too proud not to fight. Gen. Gouraud one time

was holding a big review, and Jackson was detailed to be among those to represent the old 15th. He flatly refused to go, although there was chicken and any quantity of vin ordinaire promised.

The result of this, of course, was a court martial, with Col. Hayward presiding.

No Closed Season for Him

Jackson pleaded that if he had gone to the review he would have missed a chance to fight, and anything that kept him from killing Huns was contrary to the rules of warfare as he construed them, and he did not intend to lose a single day's hunting while the open season for "Jerries" was on. The court let him go, and the officers presented him with a new bolo knife and a whetstone as an aid toward helping his ambition along.

One of the officers who got the Croix de Guerre was Capt. Edward Shaw. He won that when he saw Maj. L'Esperance caught between the German and the American barrages, and got his machine gun section working to such good effect that the major got out of his predicament all right.

Lieut. Whitney Keronchen got the Legion of Honor for investigating a tunnel which Col. Hayward thought might at any moment disgorge attacking Germans.

The lieutenant went out, slipped up the side of a hill, put his head into the tunnel and discovered it was a piece of camouflage. The fire he had to go through going and coming, however, was just as heavy as though he had been reconnoitering the Hindenburg tunnel defenses.

THE "HONOR ROLL" OF THE OLD 15TH

The men who were awarded medals by the French for extraordinary valor in action were:

Sergt. A. A. Adams	Pvt. D. M. Link
Corp. John Allen	Maj. Arthur W. Little
Lieut. R. R. de Armond	Lieut. Walter R. Lockhart
Lieut. G. A. Arnston	Sergt. B. Lucas
Corp. Ferrandus Baker	Pvt. Lester A. Marshall
Sergt. E. W. Barrington	Pvt. Lewis Martin
Sergt. M. W. Barron	First Sergt. A. J. McArthur
Sergt. W. D. Bartow	Capt. Seth B. MacClinton
Capt. Aaron T. Bates	Pvt. Elmer McCowan
Corp. Fletcher Battle	Pvt. Herbert McGirt

Corp. R. Bean	Capt. Comerford McLoughlin
Corp. J. S. Beckton	Pvt. L. McVea
Pvt. Myril Billings	First Sergt. H. Matthews
Sergt. Edward Bingham	First Sergt. Jesse A. Miller
Lieut. J. C. Bradner	First Sergt. William H. Miller
Pvt. Arthur Brokaw	Sergt. E. Mitchell
Pvt. E. D. Brown	Pvt. Herbert Mills
Pvt. T. W. Brown	Corp. M. Molsen
Lieut. Elmer C. Bueher	Lieut. A. D. Morey
Pvt. William H. Bunn	Sergt. W. Morris
Sergt. William Butler	Sergt. G. A. Morton
First Class Pvt. J. L. Buch	Lieut. E. A. Nostrand
Sergt. Joseph Carmen	Sergt. Samuel Nowlin
Corp. T. Catto	Capt. John O. Outwater
Corp. G. H. Chapman	Lieut. Hugh H. Page
Sergt. Maj. Benedict W. Cheeseman	Lieut. Oliver H. Parish
Capt. John H. Clarke, Jr.	Sergt. C. L. Pawpaw
Lieut. P. M. Clendenin	Pvt. Harvey Perry
Capt. Frederick W. Cobb	Sergt. Clinton Peterson
Sergt. Robert Collins	Lieut. Col. W. A. Pickering
Lieut. J. H. Connor	Lieut. Richardson Pratt
Sergt. William H. Cox	First Sergt. John Pratt
First Sergt. C. D. Davis	Sergt. H. D. Primas
Lieut. Charles Dean	Pvt. Jeremiah Reed
Pvt. P. Demps	Sergt. N. Roberts
Wagoner Martin Dunbar	Lieut. Durant Rice
Corp. Elmer Earl	Pvt. John Rice
Pvt. Frank Ellis	Sergt. Samuel Richardson
Sergt. Sam Fannell	Sergt. Charles Risk
Capt. Robert F. Ferguson, Jr.	Pvt. F. Ritchie
Capt. Charles W. Fillmore	Lieut. G. S. Robb
Capt. Edward J. Farrell	Corp. Fred Rogers
Capt. Hamilton Fish, Jr.	Pvt. Lionel Rogers
Capt. Edwin R. D. Fox	Pvt. George Rose
Lieut. Conrad Fox	Lieut. R. M. Rowland
Sergt. Richard W. Fowler	Sergt. Percy Russell
Pvt. Roland Francis	Sergt. L. Sanders
Pvt. B. Freeman	Pvt. William Sanford
Pvt. L. Freeman	Lieut. H. J. Sargent
Sergt. William A. Gains	Pvt. Marshall Scott
Wagoner Richard O. Gins	Capt. Lewis F. Shaw
Pvt. J. J. Gordon	Capt. Samuel Shethar
Lieut. R. C. Grams	Lieut. Hoyt Sherman

Pvt. Stillman Hanna	Maj. G. Franklin Shield
Pvt. Hugh Hamilton	Pvt. A. Simpson
Pvt. G. E. Hannibal	First Sergt. Vertrand U. Smith
Pvt. Frank Harden	Pvt. Daniel Smith
Pvt. Frank Hatchett	Sergt. Herman Smith
Corp. Ralph Hawkins	Corp. R. W. Smith
Col. William Hayward	Maj. Lorillard Spencer
Lieut. E. H. Holden	Sergt. J. T. Stevens
Supply Sergt. William H. Holliday	Corp. Dan Storms
Corp. Earl Horton	Lieut. George F. Stowell
Pvt. G. Howard	Corp. T. W. Taylor
Lieut. Stephen H. Howry	Lieut. Frank B. Thompson
Sergt. Maj. Clarence C. Hudson	Sergt. Lloyd Thompson
Pvt. Ernest Hunter	Sergt. A. L. Tucker
Sergt. S. Jackson	Sergt. George Valaska
Sergt. H. Johnson	Lieut. D. H. Vaughn
Corp. Clarence Johnson	Capt. Edward A. Walton
First Sergt. De Forrest Johnson	Corp. Charles Warren
Pvt. Gilbert Johnson	Sergt. Leon Washington
Sergt. Hezekiah Johnson	Pvt. Caspar White
Sergt. George Jones	Capt. James D. White
Lieut. Gorman R. Jones	Sergt. Jay White
Sergt. James H. Jones	Sergt. Jesse J. White
Pvt. Smithfield Jones	First Sergt. Clarence E. Williams
Pvt. J. C. Joynes	Pvt. Robert Williams
Sergt. J. A. Jamieson	Sergt. Reeves Willis
Lieut. W. H. Keenan	Pvt. H. Wigginton
Lieut. Elwin C. King	Sergt. O. Wilson
Lieut. Harold M. Landon	Pvt. Tim Winston
Lieut. Nils H. Larsen	Sergt. E. Woods
Maj. David A. L'Esperance	Pvt. George Wood
Lieut. W. F. Leland	Lieut. A. D. Worsham
Pvt. D. W. Lewis	Sergt. E. C. Wright

REPRODUCTION OF CROIX DE GUERRE CITATION GIVEN 15TH REGIMENT BY FRENCH

Citation for Croix de Guerre, awarded the 369th Regiment d'Infanterie, U. S. (formerly the Fifteenth New York Infantry), for its operations as a combat unit of a French division in the great offensive in Champagne, September and October, 1918, by the French Command-

ing General. Under command of Col. Hayward, who, though injured, insisted on leading his regiment in the battle; of Lieut. Col. Pickering, admirably cool and brave; of Maj. Cobb, killed; of Major Spencer, grievously wounded; of Maj. Little, a true leader of men; the 369th R. I., U. S., engaging in an offensive for the first time in the drive of September, 1918, stormed powerful enemy positions energetically defended, took after heavy fighting, the town of Strucburg, captured prisoners and brought back six cannons and a great number of machine guns.

At the time the Croix de Guerre was presented to the regiment at La Marns there were 23 of the boys in the hospital wounded. Of course these men were honored with their medals after being discharged from the hospital. The award being made by Lieut. Col. Pickering.

ONLY ONE COMPANY LEFT OUT OF A WHOLE BATTALION

After the great fight of September 26th, at P. C. Fontaine, fewer than a company of men survived from the entire battalion which took part in the battle. When you stop to think that a battalion consists of one thousand men and a company of two hundred and fifty, you will just begin to realize the total numbers of casualties. In speaking about the colored troops, Maj. Spencer said that the French were amazed with the work of the colored boys, not only in their fighting qualities, but also their all around ability in laying railroad tracks. This is one of the first duties to which his regiment was assigned. The work being near one of the French ports. The French could not believe that the tracks were safe, so fast did the men work, and would not run their trains over them until they had assured themselves that the tracks would bear up. The troops laid long stretches of track, pushed them into alignment, gave some twists to the bolts and proceeded a half a mile further down to repeat the performance.

'Magnifique,' exclaimed a party of French officers watching the work.

CHAPTER II

HEROES WHO LIE BURIED ON FRENCH SOIL

Heroes who lie buried on French soil. Brooklyn boy who helped down the Huns. Jersey boy who helped make history. California hero. Private James Turpin's tragic death. Graves of the old 15th Regiment heroes. Captain Marshall's gallant fight. How Butler out-guessed the Boche. Sergt. Jamieson's story. New York State Buffaloes. 92nd Division heroes. West 99th Street does itself proud.

It would give us considerable pleasure to publish in this book a complete list of each and every man who sacrificed his life or was wounded in battle. This is impossible at the present time, however. First of all, because, as far as we know, a complete list has not been published by the War Department, and, secondly, lack of space prevents a list of this kind in this book.

However, we do give you below the names of a few boys who died under the most heroic circumstances:

J. J. Hamilton,	Allen Heson,
E. E. Jones,	Mr. Robinson,
Howard H. Streadrick,	Sims Belcher,
Harry T. Dudley,	H. Payton,
Robert Knight,	Mr. Robert,
R. C. Reid,	Arthur Morse,
George Sealy,	Mr. Mayfield,
Fletcher Battle,	Henry Stokes,
James Holmes,	W. A. McCray,
Dorance Brooks,	W. Fountain,
V. Harrigan,	Charles Crisp,
W. H. Johnson,	Lieut. Robb,
Sergt. Stephens,	Capt. Sebell,
Arthur Moore,	Maj. Cobb,
Mr. De Forest,	Lieut. Werst.

Later on we hope to have an honor roll made up in such form that it can be pasted right in the back of this history. If you are interested in such a list, get in touch with us, and we shall glad to give you full information.

BROOKLYN BOY WHO "HELPED DOWN THE HUNS"

Pvt. Granville Robinson, 271 Bergen st., Brooklyn, a member of the old 15th. Pvt. Robinson had his right foot blown off and his skull

fractured in the Argonne drive on Sept. 28. He had no complaint about his ill luck, other than one against the army mail service. The wounded soldier said he wrote thirty-six letters home, to which he received no reply, so concluded they were not delivered. His only relative is his mother, to whom the letters were addressed, and he does not know whether or not she is still alive.

JERSEY BOY WHO HELPED TO MAKE HISTORY

Among the enlisted men of the 369th Infantry, the old 15th New York Regiment of colored troops to receive the Croix de Guerre and special citation for bravery in action is a former Elizabeth boy, Corp. Ralph Hawkins.

According to the information of the award, Hawkins received the honor for leading 100 of his comrades in an assault that recaptured a French village from the Germans during the closing days of the war. Many German prisoners were taken and the citation was later conferred by General Pershing.

Hawkins was born in Elizabeth, N. J., about 21 years ago, a son of Fred Hawkins, who now lives in Philadelphia. The soldier is a grandson of C. R. H. Hawkins, a Civil War veteran and former newspaper man. The family lived in High street when residents of Elizabeth.

CALIFORNIA HERO

Carl Jackson, a negro of Long Beach, Cal., has been cited for bravery. He was a member of an American scouting party when he encountered three Germans. One of the Boches brought him down with a bullet in his right leg. However, when the Germans least expected, he raised up and with three shots from his revolver wounded the three Boches and took them as prisoners.

PVT. JAMES TURPIN'S TRAGIC DEATH

You will notice in this book, a picture showing one of our colored heroes after he was struck by a German 77 shell. Turpin was a member of the old 15th Regiment, now known as the Rattlesnakes. He was attached to the Observatory Department, and was working under Sergt. Jamieson. At the time that he met his death, he was taking a survey of the German operation as they were advancing at P. C.

Marson, Argonne sector. The shell which struck Turpin took his head right off and dropping about forty feet from his body exploded. The concussion tore his body, limb from limb, and left it in such a mangled condition that it was very hard to remove his remains for burial. The death of this man removed from the ranks a person whose spirit remained with him to the last. There was no command, no matter how dangerous, that Turpin ever hesitated to do. He loved his country and flag and was glad to pay the supreme sacrifice in order that Democracy and Liberty might live.

Mr. Turpin lived with his father on Lenox Ave. between 132nd and 133 sts., New York City. Turpin was born in Washington, D. C. Sergt. Jamieson was standing very close to Turpin when he was struck and to this day he cannot explain how he escaped the same fate that befell his comrade.

GRAVES OF THE OLD 15TH'S HEROES

Amongst the pictures in this book, you will find one showing the graves of some of the 15th boys who died in action. In these graves were placed the bodies of 208 New York City boys. We at home have never realized the severity of the war because we were thousands of miles away from the conflict itself. It takes a picture of this kind to bring us to a full realization of what the boys went through that we might live and enjoy liberty. Just think how sad it was for boys who were comrades in civil life and pals in war times to see each other killed and wounded. When the men sailed for France they realized that they might never return, but there was always that hope among us who remained behind that they would all come back in safety. This was not to be however, and today you will find thousands of graves out in No Man's land of the gallant colored boys who fought so nobly for their country and flag.

It has been said that approximately 1,002 colored boys of the 15th regiment alone died in battle that militarism might be wiped out forever and that we might enjoy democracy in its highest sense.

CAPT. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE MARSHALL'S GALLANT FIGHT

Capt. Napoleon Bonaparte Marshall, a lawyer of this city who has been overseas commanding Co. I of the old 15th Inf. (now the 365th), returned with his body trussed in a steel corset because of several shrapnel wounds in his ribs and lungs. Capt. Marshall was a noted

athlete at Exeter and Harvard and in 1897 ran the quarter mile in 50 seconds. He said he was much pleased at being back on home soil once more, and in his own congenial way exclaimed: "Do you remember the days when I used to have to go around talking on the corners to get recruits for Col. Bill Hayward's 15th Regiment. But we got them, and they fought some fight. The French wanted us to stay with them all the time. On the night of Oct. 21 we were ordered to make a raid to feel out the enemy preparatory to a drive on Metz. We were just twelve miles south of Metz, on the Moselle River. I took thirty-one men along. We crawled into No Man's land and blundered into a German patrol party. The enemy sent up a rocket signal and the next instant the Germans showered us with an artillery deluge, shrapnel shells, high explosives and a few bullets for good measure. We were cut off from our own lines. We were up against it bad. There was only one thing to do. We advanced toward the enemy lines and thereby got under their range. Then we detoured and in three hours got back to our own lines. We were commended by the brigade commander." Harlemites will greet the captain with open arms, as they have always held him in high esteem.

HOW BUTLER OUT-GUESSED THE BOCHE

Wm. Butler, a sergeant, who before his enlistment in New York was an elevator runner. Sergeant Butler distinguished himself so as to win the distinguished honor of the Croix de Guerre, which places him on the roll of honor with Roberts and Johnson. Butler's act of bravery took place on the morning of Aug. 18 in a sector near Maison de Champagne. There had been a lively artillery firing which presages a violent attack of the enemy. A strong raiding party, cutting in from both sides, with the aid of a barrage, managed to isolate four of the Allies' combat posts. In one of these posts was Lieutenant A. M. Jones of Butler's company. He stepped over to light a star shell. Five Boches sprang upon him. He and four of his men were pulled from the trench and shoved towards the line of Germans, along an old trench in disuse, which had been used for communication purposes in No Man's Land. Right here is where Sergt. Butler got onto the job. He with two of his comrades were crouching. Seeing the predicament of his lieutenant, Sergt. Butler yelled in good Lenox Ave. style, "Look out, you bush hikers, I am coming." This coming to the ears of the captured lieutenant, he sang out, "Don't fire, sergeant." "Not yet, sir, but soon," was the reply. This colloquy, unknown to the Germans, got them into a most excited state and thinking they had fallen into an ambush, they wheeled towards Butler's hiding place. As the five fell

back toward the American lines, Lieut. Jones cried, "Now let them have it, Sergeant." Well did he let them have it. You better guess he did! He aimed his automatic rifle so accurately that he killed four Huns and badly wounded an officer who died later, besides the valiant sergeant put a score or more to a disgraceful rout. This is why Sergt. Butler had the Croix de Guerre bestowed on him.

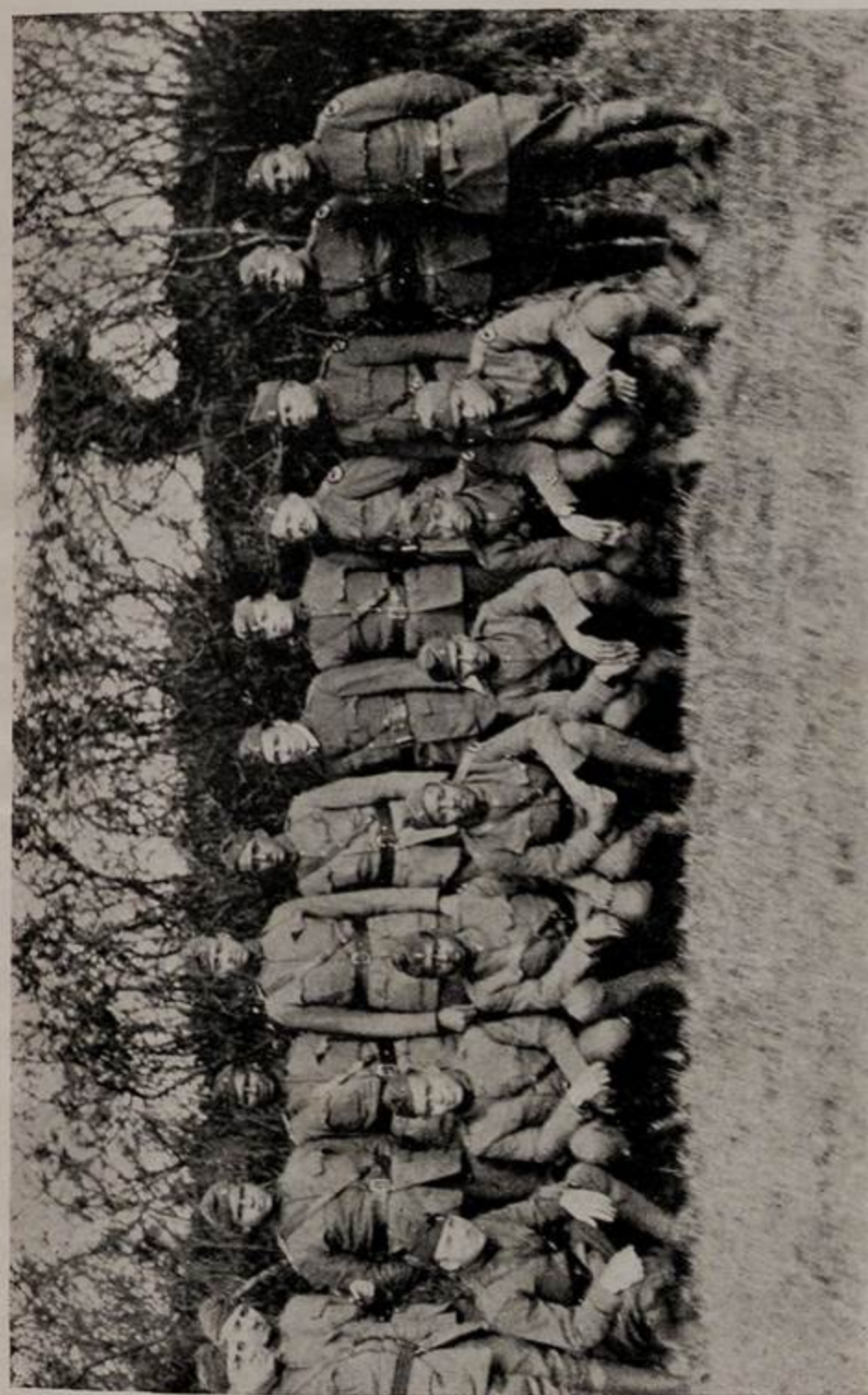
SERG. JAMIESON, THE FIGHTING COLORED BOY OF THE OLD 15TH, TELLS HIS STORY

After considerable training in the U. S. during which we had our ups and downs, we sailed for France. It was necessary for us to make three different starts before we finally cleared American waters. While on the subject of our training in America, I am going to tell you of a little incident which took place at Camp Mills, Long Island.

We had only been in camp a short time, when we learned that our military pals of the 69th National Guard, New York, who were also in the same camp, were being shamefully treated by some of the soldiers from the state of Alabama. Of course, the 69th and the old 15th were on the best of terms, and we felt it our duty to take their part as much as possible. It was here that Capt. Hamilton Fish, Jr., showed his real love for the colored soldier, taking with him an enlisted man by the name of Cotton who had for many years previous to his enlistment trained the world's greatest pugilist "Jack Johnson." Capt. Fish, Capt. Napoleon B. Marsh and Cotton went over to the tents occupied by the Alabama regiment and said, "Of course it is against military rules for an officer to engage in any battle or fight with an enlisted man, so I have brought with me a private who will fight any two men in your organization, and any officer who thinks he knows how to scrap can come by and settle his argument with me, as I will be glad to entertain him." No one accepted his challenge and they all gradually drifted away. Nine o'clock the next morning we were removed from Mineola and sent to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, where we stayed until we embarked for France.

We sailed from America, December 12th, and our ship dropped anchor in the harbor of Brest, December 28th. On the morning of December 31st, we disembarked, and after an all night ride in side-door Pullmans, "box cars," containing 40 men and 8 horses, we arrived at St. Nazaire at 3:00 A. M. It was at this point that we saw German prisoners for the first time.

On March 3rd, we were ordered to get together our paraphernalia and start for the trenches. We did not go directly to the trenches as

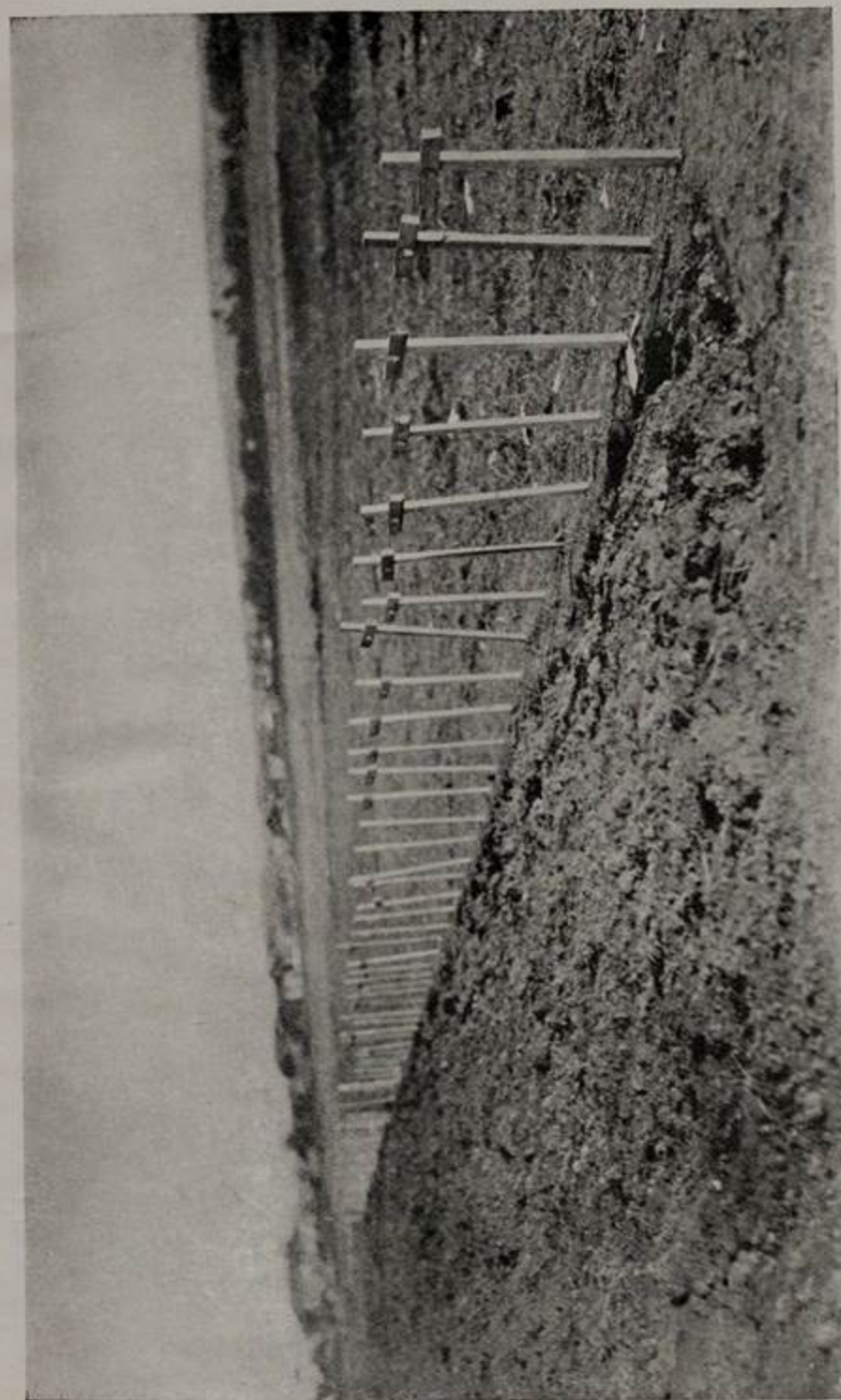


A GROUP OF COLORED OFFICERS
Can you pick out your loved one?



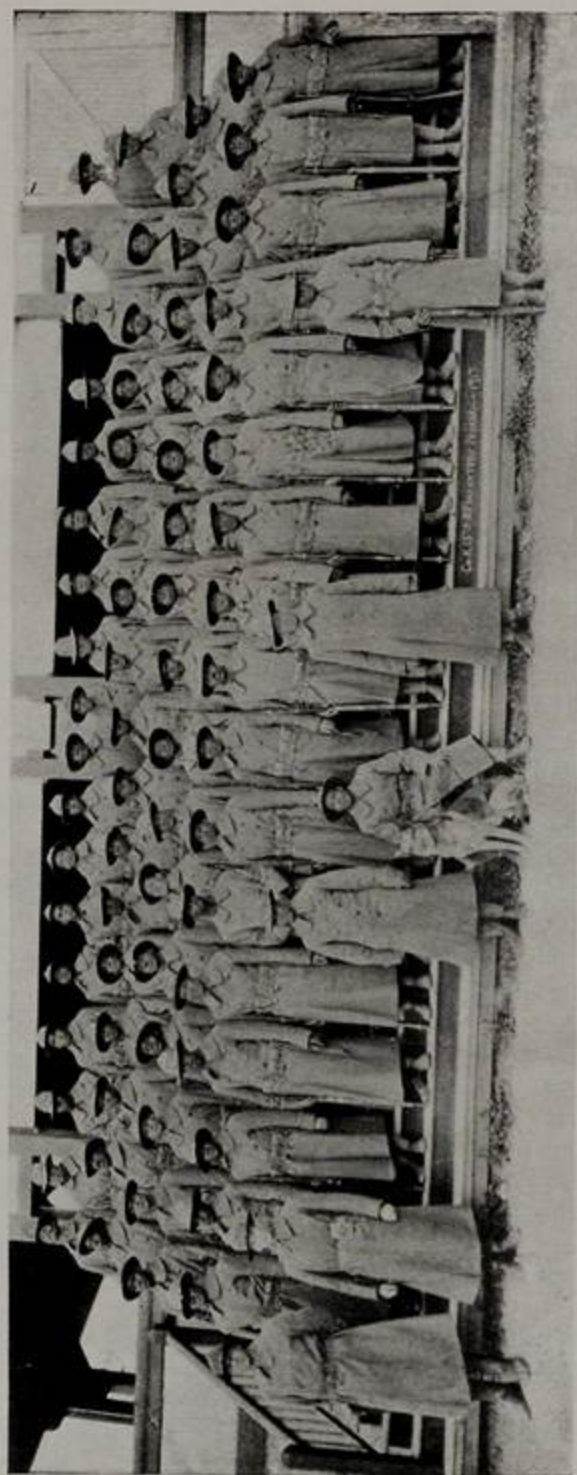
SERGT. JAMIESON

This Sergeant is waving to President Wilson. Standing alongside of him is the President of France's daughter.



GRAVES OF 15TH REG. BOYS OUT IN "NO MAN'S LAND"

Here is where our New York colored boys were buried after being shot down by the Germans.



BOYS IN TRAINING AT PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
These are Some of the Boys Who Helped to Make History.



LIEUT. EUROPE
Here stands the famous bandmaster. The boy who put the P in pep.



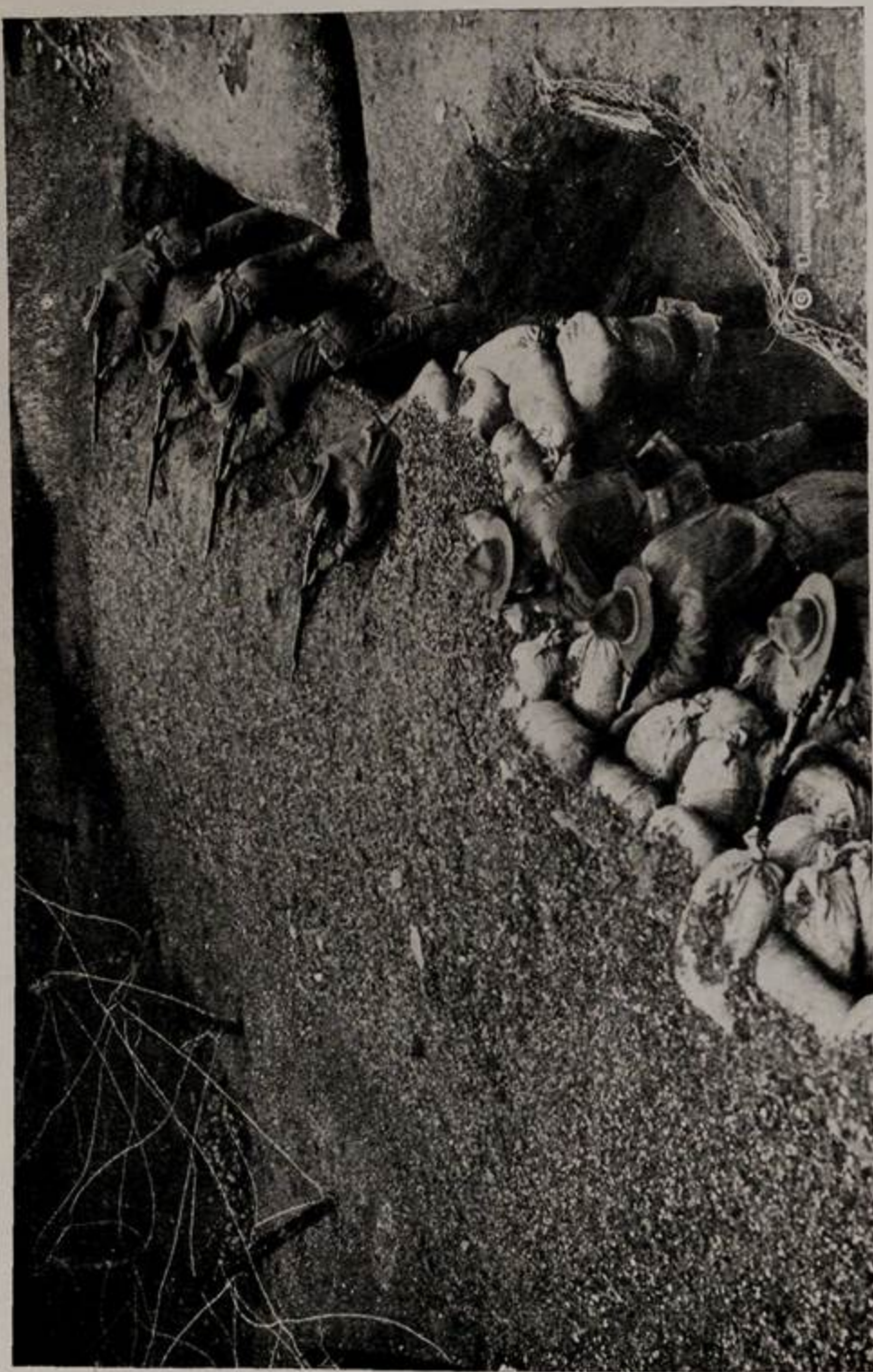
SHELL HOLE

Here is where a large German shell struck. Notice the depth of the hole.



JOHNSON, THE MAN WHO CHOPPED THEIR HEADS OFF

In the centre of the auto standing up is Johnson. Read about him in the book.



TRENCH WAR-FARE

This picture will give you some idea of trench life.

expected, because another order came in, whereby two companies of the third battalion were sent to Gonrechure to take up guard duty. The balance of our regiment was sent to New-Aeoulia. It was in this town that the majority of boys began to appreciate that war was a serious proposition. Instead of our little crap and card games, there were prayer meetings and an outsider could have heard songs with a harmony that was equal if not better than that rendered by some of our greatest artists.

On March 14th, a wagon train came in looking like our Fifth Ave. Bus line coaches, covered with mud. It was at this point that our Springfield rifles were taken from us and in their stead we were given French guns. We did not mind this, but when rumors came up that they were also going to exchange our uniforms for French outfits, we were up on our toes. We would have all rather died than to give up the last thing identifying us as U. S. soldiers as far as wearing apparel was concerned. This rumor however, never came true and the uniforms we all loved, remained with us to the end. However, with our French rifles, French helmets and American uniforms, we appeared to be one-half American and one-half French, and we were known throughout military circles as the "lost children." On March 12th, we joined the 16th French Division, 8th Corps, French Army, and began drilling day and night that we might be prepared to take our places in the trenches. It was while at New Airlei that I was sent to a machine gun school at Jesechore where I remained for fourteen days. While at the school, I was taught the use of the hand grenade, machine gun mechanism, the use of the rifle, also the trombalian, a device that fits the muzzle of a French rifle and will throw a grenade from 150 to 250 feet in the air and fall to the ground with a velocity that is equal to 220 lbs. killing and mangling as many people who happen to be within thirty feet of the falling grenade. I was also instructed in assembling and disassembling the rifle both day and night. All this was done under actual gun firing. I was also instructed in the art of trench duty, trench wireless, training dogs and pigeons to carry messages and bayonet work.

On April the 18th, 1918, we were the first negro troops in action entering the trenches for the first time. It was during this occupancy that the Germans who were facing us on Main-de-Massiges, Le Champagne, who were known as the "green goats" of Germany thought they would spring a little surprise on us. After lunging what they thought would be a victorious offensive, they received the surprise of their lives. They were not only driven back to their own lines, but some of our boys secured valuable information from the prisoners who were captured. This information resulted in our artillery doing very effec-

tive work. The bombardment lasted about 36 hours at the end of which the Germans realized that they were up against real Americans.

We stayed in this sector about 30 days, not only holding our own position but protecting the positions of the Morrocans who were at our right and the French who were at our left.

Trench life has its comic side as well as its serious side, there is always something happening which helps to keep up the spirit of the men. So it was when the French issued us two quarts of wine to each drinking canteen and told us it should last 24 hours. Our boys felt that this information was all wrong and it took some of our men just about 10 minutes to dispose of their share. Of course, after this free indulgence, some of our boys thought they saw Germans in the trees, in the trenches and in fact everywhere. Some of our sentries were firing at the twigs on the trees when they happened to be blown by the wind thinking a German was concealed in the foliage, and of course there were numerous other things which happened after the boys had drank their wine. So the precious wine had to die a natural death and we had to go without it.

It was while holding the sector opposite Butte De Misil, that we heard that the chief of staff of the Germans had offered a prize of 100 marks for every black soldier captured. Up to this time they were not aware of the fact that we were Americans because we wore French helmets and American uniforms. Of course 100 marks appealed to the German soldiers and it was quite often that we had to break up their little raiding parties.

It was also at this point that we began to get our real taste of cooties, this being the American name. The French name being totoes. These little bugs seemed very anxious to defeat us and it seemed as though when you killed one a whole regiment came after you, and they selected no other time than in the wee hours of the morning when you were drowsy and sleepy. It was while fighting with the cooties that I scratched these few words in dedication of them in my note book.

They ran wild simply wild over me,
They're as reckless as reckless can be,
No matter where I'm at, when I take off my hat,
There are little ones, and big ones, you could pick them off like that,
Oh, how they bite, oh, how they bite all over me,
They made me just as sore as I could be,
But at night when I lay down, each little coot would seek a crown,
Oh, how they crawled, how they crawled all over me.

At Dormis, Rechault and Ceuppnise, the Germans were surprised and shocked by the powerful inroads made by us during our stay.

We were removed from this sector to Repont. It was while at Repont that I was placed in an observatory tower. The duty of an observer is very serious and dangerous. It is necessary for the man in observation to report everything that he sees and hears, and it was while in this position that I was able to study more closely the tactics of the Germans who were facing us.

That you might get some idea of a man's feeling while in an observation post, imagine yourself standing beneath a tree in late Autumn, with the leaves showering down on you. This is just the way it felt to me, only instead of harmless leaves falling about, there were shells and bullets. It was while doing this sort of duty, that I saw my first comrade killed, "James Turpin." We had just taken our places for duty in an observation post and I had warned Turpin about putting his head out of the door. I was standing inside looking through my glasses, watching the Germans who were mending their barb wires, when the Germans suddenly began to shell our sector very heavily. We could not locate the angle from which they were fighting because they were using gas, and we were forced to put on our gas masks. At that moment, there was no way to get the information back to the intelligence department where such information was always wanted, so we were forced to remain there. I had just told Turpin that we would lose our dinner because we could not go out on account of the heavy bombardment. Turpin replied, "All right, Buddy, I will stay." The shelling kept up two or three hours more, and just when we thought they were through, Turpin said that he wanted some water. He started out of the door, but I called him back. He turned around to me and said, "Are you afraid Jimmy; those are only little ones," referring to the shells, "and none of them have my name marked on them." These were the last words he uttered. Handing me my glasses, he stepped outside and the next moment I felt something warm splashing over my body. There was my comrade lying a short distance from my feet. His head had been shot from his body and lay to one side. The poor boy's blood was spattered all over my body. The shell which struck him fell a short distance away and the concussion blew his body apart. I was forced to remain on the post alone for the next 12 hours. We buried poor Turpin on the hill amid shots and shells. War for him, however, was over. He had given up his life for Democracy and Liberty.

During one of our engagements, I was shot twice by indirect firing. Both injuries happened the same night. With a pen knife I extracted one of the pieces of cartridges that had penetrated into my flesh and by administering to myself from my first aid package, I was able to resume my duty until I was sent to the sanitary department. It was

while in this sector that we lost Corp. Stevens of "D" Company. I had reported previously to Major Little that the Germans were throwing grenades in our direction, but he regarded it as a little matter. It was on the next morning that I heard the same thing, and we started to report it, when the corporal left his dugout, going to see who was throwing the grenades. He thought possibly that some of his men were throwing them. As he rounded the corner of the trench, he walked directly into an Austrian 77 shell, the concussion of which broke him up into wee bits.

A few days later, another one of my comrades of "D" Co. was killed directly in front of Willy Missey. He was standing on duty in the trenches, when struck by a "minnie waffle." We were forced to shovel this poor boy up, as the pieces of his remains were too small to put together.

We moved out of this sector and was sent to our final sector, the Champagne front. It was here that the greatest of all battles was fought. Credited with being the best trench diggers and fighters and that our marching and endurance was a marvel, we became very popular with the French. They never failed even in the trenches to praise us. You will bear in mind that up to this time, we were 181 odd days in the trenches and under shell fire. Still, we realized that our greatest duty laid before us and we were willing and glad to stick until the very last. It was while here that our regimental song was composed. It goes something like this:

Oh! Kaiser Bill he was a mighty man,
He sent a message back to Uncle Sam,
Just to keep the 15th off of 'No Man's Land,'
And we will show you how to hold a winning hand,
Old Sammy said that he didn't understand,
Why they didn't want the 15th on 'No Man's Land,'
But he just thought that he would take a chance,
That's just why the 15th sailed for France,
It took the Buffaloes, the Red Hand and the Fighting 15th,
To make the Germans lay their rifles down,
For many years past fighting for,
We are going to fight 'em now until we die.

We always thought that neutral was our style,
But since we met Kaiser Bill we changed our style,
It takes the Buffaloes, Red Hand the Fighting 15th,
To make the Germans lay their rifles down.

It took the 9th and 10th and the Fighting 15th
To make the Germans turn their tables and run.

You could see them going across the hill just like the shot of a gun.
Woodrow Wilson said, "He didn't want no shines,"
But when he met Kaiser Bill, gee, but he changed his mind,
And kept the 9th, the 10th and the Fighting 15th,
Right on top on the firing line.

JAMIESON.

At story as told by one of our men who was doing sentry duty. It is about a hog who had roamed around in some of our trenches for some time.

As C. I. Brooks tells the story, the sentry heard grunting and thinking it was a German, crawled into the grass calling out, "Halt!" The hog not understanding, kept crawling around in the grass and grunting, but was challenged again. After the final challenge, the sentry fired. His aim must have been true for he walked slowly into the kitchen pulling what he thought was a German. It made a delicious dish for us. Just before preparing the dish, we found that there were 14 shots in Major Hog's side.

On the morning of the 29th, the final word came that we were to move into the death valley sector. Severe fighting followed and in the last big drive of September, after we had been pushed for days and days, I was wounded and forced to go to the rear. On September 28th, some machine gun bullets entered my body along with a piece of shrapnel. This resulted in the fracture of the upper part of my left arm, leaving that arm two inches shorter than the right. However, if the call should come again tomorrow, I would again gladly volunteer my services.

My regiment after I left it, was repeatedly under fire and was in the great drive and assault on Metz. After this victory, the regiment was relieved and sent back to the rear.

In January my comrades were again at Brest, and while at this port, they again exchanged their French equipment for the American. Smiles of before came back. The boys returned to the U. S., the 10th day of February, and were greeted with cheers upon their return.

Sergt. JOHN A. JAMIESON,
369th Infantry, R. I. W. S.

"NEW YORK STATE BUFFALOES"

367th Infantry Made Boche Feel Like "Unwelcome Guest"—
Helped to Save 56th Regiment in Marbache Sector—Cited
by Maj.-Gen. Ballou, Division Commander

It is an interesting thing, this question of decorations for colored troops, found again in the case of the 367th Infantry, and

the opinion is held generally that if the white troops find themselves as well supplied with medals, they may be said to have measured up to their full duty.

As has been pointed out, the 92d Division, under Maj.-Gen. Ballou, was the first combat division to return from France. It was also one of the first to get there, and many of its units were serving with the French brigades before being organized into a regular part of the American Army.

Receives Special Mention

Although Gen. Ballou cited the entire division in a very unusual and flattering way, the 367th Infantry was picked out for special mention too, and the general, in his letter to the commander of the regiment declared that "the Germans knew that they were unwelcome visitors whenever they came into territory held by the 367th." This was after the actions of November 10 and 11.

The entire first battalion was cited in glowing terms by a French general after the battles in the Marbache sector, from October 25 to November 5. It was then that the 56th Infantry, on the left of the 367th, was badly hammered by the Germans, and, according to the 367th's officers, forced to retire. The first battalion went to the rescue of the 56th and held its own ground as well. The Germans did not follow up this retreat.

As the 367th was an important part of the 92d Division, the divisional citation from Gen. Ballou is a part of the treasured possessions of the regiment's personnel.

Text of the Citation

It said:

Headquarters of the 92d Division,
American Expeditionary Forces,
A. P. O. 776.

18th November, 1918.

Memorandum:

Five months ago to-day the 92d Division landed in France.

After seven weeks of training it took over a sector in the front line, and since then some portion of the division has been practically continuously under fire.

It participated in the last battle of the war with creditable success, continuously pressing the attack against highly organized defensive works. It advanced successfully on the first day of the

battle, attaining its objectives and capturing prisoners. This in the face of determined opposition by an alert enemy and against rifle, machine gun and artillery fire. The issue of the second day's battle was rendered indecisive by the order to cease firing at 11 A. M., when the armistice became effective.

The division commander, in taking leave of what he considers himself justly entitled to regard as his division, feels that he has accomplished his mission. His work is done and will endure. The results have not always been brilliant and many times were discouraging, yet a well organized, well disciplined and well trained colored division has been created and commanded by him to include the last shot of the great world war.

May the future conduct of every officer and man be such as to reflect credit upon the division and upon the colored race.

By command of Maj.-Gen. Ballou:

Official:	ALLEN J. GREER, Colonel, General Staff, Chief of Staff.
EDW. J. TURGEON, Major, Infantry, U. S. Army, Acting Adjutant.	

Individuals Commended

As these men had done exceptionally fine work under trying conditions, the following were specially mentioned by Gen. Ballou in a letter to the regimental commander:

Second Lieut. Nello B. Greenlee, Company B, regimental gas officer; First Lieut. Everest B. Williams, Company C, first battalion, gas officer; Pvt. Bert Walker, Company B.

The Croix de Guerre, the great French war prize, was won by Capt. Thomas Johnson, of Company C, while the first prisoner taken by the regiment was brought in by Pvt. Lindsay Farr, of Company I. In the Champagne sector of the Argonne Forest Lieut. Eugene Gordon has the distinction of having captured, with the aid of soldiers, nineteen Germans. On one occasion, with seven men, he captured seven Boche fighters, while at another time, with the assistance of a corporal, he brought in two more. The second time was the more exciting, as the corporal was left on the outside of a large chateau with one prisoner while the officer entered the building and brought out another.

Spent Thirty-six Hours on Patrol

Another feat of meritorious character was accomplished by

First Lieut. Charles E. Lane, who was sent forward to the town of Senons, in the German lines, to discover if the place had been evacuated by the enemy. He remained with his patrol thirty-six hours and finally entered the town to find that the Germans, except one soldier, had departed. The Boche got away through some subterranean passage.

The regiment was brought to Meade under the command of Col. Erskine B. Bassett, and information regarding the work of the troops was furnished by Lieut. William Bowman, assistant personnel officer. Col. Bassett was formerly a National Guard officer from the Middle West.

New York negroes comprised 60 per cent., of the personnel of the regiment. The South furnished 20 per cent., New England 10 and the West 10 per cent. The enlisted men were all negroes. The officers were all negroes, with the exception of the colonel, lieutenant colonel, three majors and the regimental adjutant and regimental personnel officer.

Col. James A. Moss, a regular army officer, was placed in command of the 367th in Camp Upton November 2, 1917. He trained the regiment and took it through its trying campaigns until October 24, 1918, when he was succeeded by Lieut. Col. William G. Doane. Col. Moss is said to have made the suggestion that the regiment be called the "Buffaloes," as the term had been applied to colored troops by the Indians in the old days of Western uprisings when the black soldier proved a hard scrapper and reminded the redskins of the buffaloes of the prairie days.

Later the title "buffalo" was applied to the entire 92d Division, although the swastika design is used by the artillerymen.

When the regiment reached France it went through a period of intensive training, and the first company to see active service was Company D, which went into the line at La Foraine August 19 and the rest of the regiment on August 22. They remained here and in the Mère Henry sector until September 18.

Serves as Advance Guard

The regiment was moved up then to guard the Argonne Forest, back of the vicinity of Montfaucon, and stayed in reserve there from September 22 to October 4. From September 26 to October 2 the 367th was used as advance guard for the artillery of the 35th Division. The third battalion was used here and was commanded by Lieut. Col. Fitzhugh Minnegerode, who, when transferred to the 28th Division, won the Croix de Guerre, the

Distinguished Service Cross and two other medals. It was while acting as advance guard for the artillery that the boys covered many miles in a big advance on the Germans.

After the regiment was joined to the other colored regiments of the 92d Division, and the advance was begun on Metz, in the Marbache sector, the troops distinguished themselves for valor and were ready for a big advance when peace was declared.

The armistice did not result in a letting down in the morale of the soldiers, according to the officers, and it was a source of pride to them that in three towns they were invited to return by the mayor, as their behavior had been so excellent. They were complimented, too, for the manner in which they served the French civilians who were left by the Germans at Noveant, eight kilometers from Metz. The civilians were destitute and the colored soldiers gave them kind treatment. The good behavior of the regiment was noted by seven towns in addition to those mentioned.

The people of France were pleased with the 367th, and particularly so because of the excellence of its band, which frequently played French tunes, directed by Lieut. Egbert E. Thompson, the drum major being Leroy Randall, formerly of the 10th Cavalry.

In the entertainment field the boys were not amiss, and this fact was noted by Secretary L. B. Roberts, Jr., of the "Y" at Challes les Eaux, a rest centre. He wrote a letter to the colonel in which the following men were given special praise: Sergts. Battle, Pendleton, Dines, Robinson and Randall, Corps. Chadwick, Williams, Phillips and Hall and Pvts. Burse, Bradley, Scott, Molloy, Fitzgerald, Franklin, Knox and Austin.

Four Men Long in Service

Among the colored officers are four men who have served their country nearly thirty years in the regular army. These are Capt. Williams, who just lacks six months of having served thirty years; Capt. Russell, Capt. Thomas Johnson and Second Lieut. Baxter Watson, all of whom have a record of twenty-nine years in the United States uniform.

Among the treasured mementoes of the war belonging to First Lieut. James E. Scott, of Headquarters Company, is a banner just given him by the members of his command, which was made in France. It is embroidered in silk and bears the insignia of the regiment.

The friends of the 367th declare that its record will show that it lived up to its motto, adopted by Col. Moss, who, it is said,

declared when asked who started the war, "I don't know who started it, but the 367th will see it through!"

And it did see it through.

Regimental Officers

Following were the principal officers of the regiment when the troops were in action: Col. James A. Moss (until October 24); Lieut. Col. William G. Doane (in command from October 24 till remainder of the war); Maj. Charles L. Appleton, 1st battalion; Maj. Fred Bull, 2d battalion; Maj. Ray D. Dillen, 3d battalion; Capt. Elmer A. Brueit, regimental adjutant; Capt. Jacob J. Pfenniger, personnel adjutant; Second Lieut. William Bowman, assistant personnel adjutant; First Lieut. Victor R. Daly, 1st battalion adjutant; First Lieut. Lucian B. Alexis, 2d battalion adjutant; Second Lieut. Herbert H. Gippy, 3d battalion adjutant; Chaplain William S. Bradden; First Lieut. Barton W. Conrad, regimental intelligence; Company A, Capt. Peter McCall; Company B, Capt. Alonzo B. Campbell; Company C, Capt. Thomas Johnson; Company D, First Lieut. Eugene L. C. Davidson; Company E, First Lieut. Benj. H. Mills; Company F, First Lieut. Charles E. Lande, Jr.; Company G, Capt. Robert H. Chubb; Company H, First Lieut. James P. Nobles; Company I, Capt. William F. Scott; Company K, Capt. John Russell; Company L, Capt. Edward L. York; Company M, Capt. Reuben Horner; Headquarters Company, First Lieut. James E. Scott; Machine Gun Company, Thomas E. Merris; Supply Company, First Lieut. Osceola E. McKaine, First Lieut. E. B. Williams, Second Lieut. R. E. Fearing.

92D DIVISION HEROES

While Lieut. Eddie Brown was commanding a supply train of rations moving along a road that was being heavily shelled by the Germans, in order to prevent the food from getting up to the Buffaloes in the front line, who had not had anything to eat for twelve hours, his horse was hit by a bursting shell. The animal became wild with fright and pain and ran madly down a ravine that was full of shell holes and covered with bobwire entanglements. It was only Lieut. Brown's expert horsemanship that enabled him to cling to the animal as it jumped from shell hole to shell hole. Finally the horse came to the edge of a large mine

crater, paused a moment and then with one mighty leap attempted to reach the other side. The horse fell, pinning Lieut. Brown's limb to the ground in a mass of heavy wire entanglement.

Fortunately Lieut. Charles Tribbett was on his way from the front to battalion headquarters. He saw the horse and rider fall. Rushing down the draw to the place of the accident, he speedily released his fellow officer's limb by cutting the wire.

Except for a few minor bruises, Lieut. Brown was uninjured. He changed horses and continued on his way to the firing line with "eats" for the boys.

Lieut. Brown, better known as "Eddie" to his host of New York friends, said on his return: "Fellows, this was no stage stuff this time; it was really a show with ball ammunition."

Lieut. Benjamin Wright, while endeavoring to maintain liaison with our advanced infantry and make maps of the German front line from a battle plane driven by Lieut. Bernard Granville, who will be remembered by his prominent rôles in Ziegfeld's Follies, met with a hair-raising experience. After flying over some French villages which stood in ruins as a result of the terrific bombardment, the plane turned toward the German lines. The German anti-aircraft and machine guns immediately opened fire on it, and the left wing of the machine was damaged by the bursting shrapnel. It was only the skillful handling of the plane by Lieut. Granville that averted what might have been a fatal accident. Lieut. Wright said that it all had happened so quickly that he hardly realized what had taken place when he again found himself safe on mother earth just behind our front lines. The aviator endeavored to reach the huge hangar, but the damaged wing caused him to make an immediate landing.

When asked how he enjoyed the ride, Lieut. Wright said: "It's great! You haven't lived unless you've sailed about in the clouds. You feel as if you're master of all you survey." Another fellow officer interrupted. "But what about your narrow escape?" Whereupon the American officer replied, "That fades into insignificance when you've enjoyed the exciting and delightful exhilaration of a trip in the sky."

Lieut. Octavius Fisher and four or five non-commissioned officers also made flights for the purpose of mapping. These officers and enlisted men were eager to make other flights, notwithstanding the great danger involved in flying over the German lines at extremely high altitudes and in being subjected to heavy shelling.

WEST 99TH ST., NEW YORK CITY, DOES ITSELF PROUD

How many of you colored folks living in New York know of the distinguishing feats which the race accomplished in the war through which we have just passed?

How many single blocks in the whole country can boast of sending 136 men to the colors? Not many that we know of. Still, this is what West 99th street, New York City, did. Just think of it—136 men from one block who went forth at the call of the nation to do and die that democracy might live.

Below is a list of this distinguished body of men:

George Sealy,
Fletcher Battle,
James Holmes,
Lieut. Earl Pugsley,
Lieut. Buddie Overton,
Sergt. Rudolph Forster,
Sergt. Preston Downs,
Clarence A. Gover,
Aubrey Holmes,
Norman F. Gillis,
Paul Anthony,
H. H. Hickson,
Stewart Wilkins,
James Elmor,
Clarence Fields,
Alfred D. Lee,
Cornelius Medovan,
William Foust,
Marion Smith,
George Peters,
Louis Hughes,
Nathaniel Franklin,
Ernest Pickerman,
Percival West,
George W. Scott,
S. Munroe,
Charles McCoy,
Blane Brown,
William Solomon,
Edwin Brown,
S. W. Newman,

Edward Hill,
John Winston,
James B. Branch,
Willie Edward,
James P. Newton,
Thomas Magz,
Joseph Covington,
Buff Sealey,
Archibald Lowman,
J. C. A. Biggs,
Stanley Hewan,
Cecil Reed,
Philip Spence,
G. Petty,
C. Thorne,
G. Thorne,
A. Johnson,
Jasper Hynes,
W. Hynes,
F. A. Brown,
William Johnson,
John W. Johnson,
Joe Frazer,
Cham Frazer,
Pagton Frazer,
George Gilhams,
Harvey Buller,
A. W. Shoates,
Louis Dannelly,
Edward Barnes,
John Nason,

A. J. Letwitch,
H. T. Johnson,
James Puree,
Maxwell Smith,
Benjamin Wallace,
Charles Harrison,
Casper Holder,
Elton Brown,
Dominico Umbornd,
Charles W. Welch,
Joseph J. Wiggins,
Jose J. Figuerra,
Micken Sanderson,
Charles Hatchett,
Thomas Johnson,
Sims Belcher,
Wallace B. Lee,
James Gibbs,
Ollie Robinson,
Moses E. Brown,
H. B. Hollerman,
Robert E. McVan,
Henry Catscart,
William H. Turner,
Andrew Trent,
Henderson Kelly,
William E. Smith,
George Tuckett,
Johis Velez,
John Gerrald,
John Davis,
Geatah Nelson,
James White,
Frank Rocco,
Allen Francis,
Dennis Flemming,

Joseph E. Butler,
Jimmie Saddles,
Thomas Jennings,
George Jennings,
Eddie Jennings,
Bennie Singleton,
Henderson Kelly,
Charlie Budd,
Clarence Johnson,
Edward Howe,
Alfred Johnson,
William Cozens,
William Roy Thorpe,
Gus Errico,
Harbut Mallin,
Rufus Boston,
Horace Bridgeman,
Purnell Peoples,
George Tue,
John Marshall,
Dave Smith,
Mr. Morrison,
Charles Ferguson,
Maj. Jones,
Lehland Rhodes,
Frank Robinson,
Eugene Robinson,
Fred Bolden,
Fred Williams,
James Parker,
Lawrence Joaquin,
Mr. Hall,
Clement Morse,
Ernest Elliot,
Leon Fraiter,
John Crosby.

CHAPTER III

INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE

Influential friends of the colored people: Theodore Roosevelt, General Pershing, ex-Governor Whitman. 15th Regiment's State Regimental flag. Commissioned colored officers. Poem. How the colored race backed the boys buying Liberty Bonds. Col. Hayward's letter to his former law partner. Our colored chaplains. Our colored nurses. Strength of army corps. Colored women's part in World War.

Col. Roosevelt

Amongst the stoutest supporters of the colored race are ex-President Roosevelt, Gen. Pershing and ex-Governor Whitman.

Col. Roosevelt being a man of extremely broad conception, and a firm believer in equality, always chaperoned the rights and privileges to which the colored people throughout the country were entitled. They could go to him with their troubles, no matter how small, and he was always ready to listen. It is safe to say that, were the colonel alive to-day, now that the war is over, he would be fighting for the same recognition for the colored people throughout the country that the whites enjoy. In a speech at Carnegie Hall during the war the colonel said, "The white people, being prejudiced, always judge the whole race by a few criminals, and the greatest thing the colored people can do for their race would be to run down the criminals whenever possible." He further said that after the war he would do everything within his power to get a square deal for the colored race. He said that the colored people should not only get the material things, but also the same respect that is given the white people in aiding them to maintain their dignity.

Col. Roosevelt's death was a severe blow to black and white alike. The colored people, however, felt this blow to a greater extent because they were counting on Col. Roosevelt to help them in securing undivided opinion throughout the whole country. At Col. Roosevelt's funeral there were fifty boys from the old 15th. They carried with them a large wreath which they placed on the colonel's grave. The men stood at attention while the wreath was being placed in position, and there were many tear-filled eyes amongst this group of gallant men who had fought for the same principles that Col. Roosevelt loved.

Gen. Pershing's Love for the Colored Men

Gen. Pershing in a regimental address in France said: "When this expedition was first started the question was asked, 'Do you want any colored men over there?' and I said, 'Yes, of course I want colored men. Aren't they American citizens? Can't they do as much in the line of fighting and as much work as any other American citizens?'"

The general said he was reared in a town where three-fourths of the people were colored. He was proud to say he was reared by a colored mammy and equally proud to say he commanded a colored troop during the Spanish War, and that "they did splendid work then and they are doing splendid work now!"

"I used to wrestle with a colored boy named Dave Robertson," said Pershing, speaking of his boyhood days, "and Dave used to throw me as often as I threw him."

The general was cheered enthusiastically by the colored regiment and by the other service of supply men he addressed on his tour. The cheers were loudest when he promised to give the men at the bases "a chance at the boche" up at the front.

"I expect to come back here," he said, "and organize a few volunteer units, and give you guns and let you go up to the front and try your hand at it."

Whitman's Praise of the Colored Troops

Ex-Governor Whitman, while in and out of power, has always been a staunch supporter of the colored cause and right. Whenever it was possible for him to do something which would be to their advantage, he was always ready and willing, and it was by a stroke of Whitman's pen which made the old 15th part of the State Service.

When still Governor of New York State, and while speaking at the Metropolitan Church, 130th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, he said that he was mighty proud of the record the 15th was making in forcing the Huns to do the Turkey Trot back towards the Rhine. It was Governor Whitman who presented the 15th boys with a State Regimental flag.

THE 15TH'S STATE REGIMENTAL FLAG

Before the 15th boys sailed for the other side, they were presented with a regimental flag by Governor Whitman. At the time

that the flag was accepted by the men, they promised that it would be returned, to be hung in a conspicuous place in the Capitol. The flag was loved and cherished by every man in the organization, because it represented the feelings and respect of the people throughout the State. No matter how important the battle, the flag always occupied a conspicuous place.

When it was returned, it was battle scarred and torn. Nobody knows not even the troops themselves, how many bullets passed through the fabric. Nevertheless, one look at what remained of the flag, would convince anybody that it had shared the hardships with the men.

Everybody in the organization would have rather laid down his life than sacrifice this flag to the enemy. They protected it to the very last, and returned it to the Capitol as promised where it now occupies a prominent position.

COMMISSIONED COLORED OFFICERS

The colored commissioned officers in the old 15th did wonderful work in helping to maintain the morale of the colored dough boys.

The white officers in charge, of course, were always respected and obeyed, but then it is only natural that the boys should feel that officers of their own color, would understand their ways better than the white officers.

A great many of these men commanded other units in the 93d Division.

Some of the prominent colored officers were:

Capt. C. W. Filmore, now Lieut. Col.

Capt. N. B. Marshall

Capt. Parks

Capt. Tandy

Capt. Toney

First Lieut. James Reese

First Lieut. George Lacey

First Lieut. G. Gee

Second Lieut. D. Lincoln Reed

The following officers left the States as privates and received their commissions in France:

Lieut. F. Slade

Lieut. C. Hooper

Lieut. Howe

Lieut. Desvernay

Lieut. Cheeatam

Lieut. N. Sissel

Lieut. Eugene Rhodes

Lieut. George Butler

Lieut. Eddie Brown

Lieut. E. T. McKaine

Lieut. Bradley

Lieut. G. McLaine

Lieut. Ben Wright

Lieut. Paul Roberson

Band Master Eugene Nickels

Colored officers of the 92nd division are shown in another part of the book

THE COLORED REGIMENT

They were calling for men; more men to enlist;
More food for the cannon; more boys to be missed
When the carnage was over. The whites thought it fine,
But the brave laddie were first in the line.
The skeptical laughed and said when they knew,
"They know naught of fighting; now what can they do!"
But they went to the front, these boys of the South,
Through the shot and shell to the cannon's red mouth,
While the star-spangled banner, above them unfurled,
Carried courage and hope to the rest of the world.

They were soon in the heart of the melee, the fray
Seemed just about over and going their way.
The white man and Colored, all quarrels forgot,
Were fighting as one, 'midst the shell and the shot.
When a cry rent the air, "They have captured the flag!"
Though in each heart was born the courage to drag
Its folds from the enemy's clutches, 'twas they
Of the brave Colored squad who battered their way
To the star-spangled banner and brought it safe back,
Though a score of their comrades were left in its track.
When Peace sent them home, weary, wounded and spent,
The city went wild o'er the brave regiment.
There wasn't an eye in the crowd but was wet

As the hands of the white and the Colored men met.
 There wasn't a hat but came off to the flag
 And the men who had rescued the dear tattered rag.
 There wasn't a heart but beat faster that day
 For the few who out there in the rude trenches lay.
 Brave boys, may the tale bring new courage to you,
 And make other men just as loyal and true.

EDNA PERRY BOOTH (White),
 814 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW THE COLORED RACE BACKED THE BOYS BY BUYING BONDS

While the colored boys were in France thrashing the contemptible Huns the folks at home were backing them to the limit by buying Liberty Bonds. They did not stop after they had subscribed their quotas, but spent every cent they could beg or borrow to help buy guns, ammunition and food for their loved ones in Europe.

We mention below some individual and collective subscriptions to the fourth loan:

\$700,000 Memphis, Tenn.; \$202,000 Muskogee, Okla.; \$350,000 New York City; \$200,000 Nashville, Tenn.; \$60,150 Dallas, Texas, a surplus of \$10,150; 2,950 employees of the Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard, \$180,000 the Brown Savings Bank, Norfolk, subscribed four times its allotment of \$22,000; in two weeks colored citizens of Berkley, Va., raised upwards of \$50,000; a \$250,000 quota for Pittsburgh, Pa., brought \$1,006,200; the North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company has a total of \$160,000 for the four loans; 2,106 persons subscribed \$115,600 through the Mutual Savings Bank, Norfolk, Va., nine and one-half times their allotment; pupils of the Stowe School, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$15,000; Walter M. Meade, a twelve-year-old orphan in Hartford, Conn., who has four brothers serving in France, as a Boy Scout sold \$1,600 worth of bonds; 36 coal-miners at St. Clairsville, Ohio, \$4,050; 34 employees of the Big-Four Roundhouse, New York Central Lines, at Columbus, Ohio, \$5,000; Paul Quinn College, Waco, Texas, \$12,000; in Oklahoma City, Okla., colored worker, under Roscoe Dunjee, sold \$44,000 worth of Liberty Bonds and negro employees of industrial plants bought \$33,500; Red Caps of the Grand Central Terminal, New York City, \$20,000; at Colon, Arthur Tamarerac, a colored

clerk, \$500; Thomas Motley, a driller at Cristobal, \$600; Women's Liberty Loan Committees accepted the offer of the N. A. A. C. P., of colored women speakers as follows: Mary B. Talbert, of Buffalo, N. Y., in Louisiana and Texas; Lizzie B. Fouse, of Lexington, for Kentucky; Addie W. Dickerson, of Philadelphia, Pa., for North Carolina; Nannie H. Burroughs, of Washington, D. C., for Maryland and Virginia.

David H. Raynes, of Vivian, La., bought \$100,000 in Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds. He is the largest individual buyer in the state. Mr. Raynes is a colored farmer, and is the largest individual buyer in the state.

Colored people of Maryland subscribed \$1,000,000 to the first two Liberty Loans, and \$1,000,000 to the third; \$10,000 to War Savings Stamps through colored agencies.

WHAT COL. HAYWARD HAD TO SAY TO HIS FORMER LAW PARTNER WM. H. PITZER, OF NEBRASKA CITY

"Well, we are at rest." A few days ago a tired, ragged, lousy, battled-scoured regiment trudged out of a sector after being under fire every day for 129 days, after being through the greatest battle in the world's history and after holding what was at one time (14 months after the United States declared war on Germany), one-fifth of all the ground the whole American Army was holding when that army had about ten times as many commissioned officers in France as we had enlisted men.

"The French general, from Gen. Gouraud down, say that we did our work as well as the veteran French infantry regiments on either side of us. We captured prisoners, including a German officer and lost none of them. We killed many of them in their trenches and inside our own lines. We were never driven from our front trenches, although assaulted repeatedly. 'No Man's Land' soon became the 15th B. Y. land after we took over each of the sectors we held, the last one being the most active and dangerous sector from Switzerland to the channel, so the French tell us.

"On total killed and captured we are away ahead of the boche—maybe 100. And we did what we were given to do with a minimum of losses.

"Gen. Gouraud has inscribed to me a copy of his now famous

address to his soldiers before the great battle in which he expresses his great esteem 'Au Col. Hayward et son brave regiment.'

"So as we tramped away to the south in the sunshine and dust of the late days of August and the sound of the damned guns grew fainter and fainter, and we took off our steel helmets and put away our gas masks, temporarily, you can imagine how the spirits of the men grew high and how they sang marching songs lustily and what our thoughts were.

"And when one remembers the beginnings of this little old handpicked, home-made regiment of Harlem colored boys and that we were never inspected, never trained, never coached by an officer outside the regiment, that we were never in an American brigade or division, that we never had a training period, even ever so short, as all the other American regiments had, but instead were the cheerful and efficient chore boys of the War Department until coming to France—well, it's done, and that's the answer, and now we're looking toward bigger and better things, after a few weeks' rest and training, in open warfare. Pray God we may never again have to go back to permanent trenches in a stabilized position.

"Many acts of individual bravery stand out conspicuously, even in this gallant army of French and veterans. At least thirty Croix de Guerres have been awarded officers and men (subject to approval of A. E. F., H. Q.). On the other hand we had, as I presume, every regiment must have, some men whose conduct in line and out was not at all credible. But they couldn't all be heroes on \$30 a month, could they?

"We have been here several days. You should see my bullies now. All clean, de-loused, new uniforms, spick and span and happy, and how they can drill and manoeuvre. I enclose copy of letter from Gen. Chabard, the French general, who commanded the infantry of our division so long leaving us to command a division. He seems to think well of us, n'est ce pas?"

Praised by Chabard

Enclosed in the letter was the following commendatory communication from Gen. Chabard:

"I thank you for the fine things contained in your letter. Be assured that on my part I have kept very pleasant memories of the 369th R. I. and of its brave and excellent officers and particularly of their commanding officer.

"We should have been happy and proud to fight in open war-

fare, side by side with such marm-hearted collaborators; we would have gone to battle with absolute confidence.

"You have your share in the big battle with the French army, which stopped abruptly the enemy offensive and which enabled us to counter-attack somewhere else, on a large scale.

"My division has been engaged in this counter-offensive and has achieved some good work. For my debut I prepared and carried out an attack supported by an American artillery brigade under command of Gen. Bowley. The success of this attack is chiefly due to the co-operation of your compatriots, who displayed the finest military qualities. 'All right, Colonel, we shall get them.' They have led in the wing. Let us not be sleepy, but let us be also foresighted against the kicks of the animal at bay.

"My friendly regards to Col. Pickering and to all your officers.

"With a friendly hand shake and with the expression of my entire devotion."

OUR COLORED CHAPLAINS

With all that has been said about the colored troops, colored nurses, and the part the colored men and women who remained at home played in the World War, very little has been said about the colored chaplains, and we propose right here to tell you all about the heroic work that these men did.

In army life, the chaplain is known amongst the dough boys as a "sky pilot," not as an act of discourtesy, but in army life, most every branch of the service has its own peculiar nick-name.

Whenever it came time to go Over the Top, you would always find the men out amongst the leaders that they might administer to the dying and wounded, and aside from all this, these men were a grand body of fighters in themselves. They knew their country was battling to right a wrong, and it has often times been said, that the Germans realized the power of their strength. The colored chaplains did their work nobly.

OUR COLORED NURSES DID HEROIC WORK FOR OUR WOUNDED TROOPS

For a considerable length of time, after the United States had entered the European struggle, there seemed to be a feeling that colored nurses would not be able to accomplish the good

results that our white girls did. The colored women throughout the country were more than anxious to cross the seas that they might administer to the colored boys who had been wounded in battle. They felt that they were just as much entitled to this privilege as any one else, and as a matter of fact they were.

After a considerable length of time, Secretary of War, Hon. Newton D. Baker, convinced the surgeon general of the Army that it was our duty to send registered colored nurses to the other side. Just as soon as this decision had been made, a call went out for volunteers for immediate over seas service. The response was instantaneous. The colored women from all parts of the country flocked to the service and it was not long before the colored dough boys had colored nurses at their bedsides.

How well these women performed their duty, is best proven by the stories you hear on every side from the returned troops. Their praise is very high, and even though they had the best of care at the hands of white nurses, they seemed to think and feel that their period of confinement and convalescence was shortened to a considerable extent by the careful and motherly treatment that these colored nurses gave them.

It is safe to say that should the United States ever enter another war, the colored nurses of this country, will play an important part in the medical routine.

STRENGTH OF ARMY CORPS

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 corporal's squad is eight men.
A field battery has 195 men.
A supply train has 283 men.
A machine gun battalion has 296 men.
An engineer's regiment has 1,098 men.
An ambulance company has 66 men.
A field hospital has 55 men.
A medicine detachment 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 lieutenant heads a platoon.
A sergeant is next below a lieutenant.
A corporal is a squad officer.

COLORED WOMENS PART IN THE WORLD WAR

When the Government started to organize our armies, it was only natural that the service should take millions of our men, colored and white alike from various industries. Of course it was just as necessary to keep our factories in operation as it was to send men to the other side. If our industries were crippled, we could not take care of the wants of the men in Europe and for that matter our Allies as well. There was only one solution to this problem, and that was to recruit female labor. The recruiting however, was only carried on a very short time, because the women of our country volunteered for laborous work, the same as our men volunteered for over seas service. In this direction, the colored women of our country played a very important part. You would find them by the thousands in every sort of manufacturing plants, and they did their work equally as well as the white women did it. In fact no duty was too hard for them to undertake. They realized that upon their efforts depended to a considerable extent, the welfare of our soldiers in general.

Years ago, it was thought that the colored woman's place was in the household as maids, cooks and general housekeepers. But today, this has all been changed. A new area has been opened to them and we hope the race will avail itself of the opportunity which has been spread out before them.

CHAPTER IV

SOUTHERN STATES

Southern states: Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Washington, D. C., and Pennsylvania. Southern editorials. Southern heroes. Southern officers. Southern cantonment named after negro. "The old 8th" Illinois. Robert's and Duncan's story of the 8th Illinois in France. Editorial comments on return of 8th Illinois. Honor roll of 8th Illinois. 8th Illinois' citations. Battle-scarred hero's story. Western colored boy's story.

"Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Washington, D. C., and Pennsylvania" each contributed its share toward the marking of the 349th and 350th Field Artillery, 366th and 368th Infantry, and the 317th Sanitary, Ammunition, Military Police, Engineers' and Supply trains. The 367th Infantry being made up of New York State drafted men entirely and the 365th men coming mostly from Chicago, Ill., and the state of Ohio. All of these regiments combined were known as the 92d Division. Of course, drafted men from other states helped to make the total strength of this division.

Among them in that black phalanx that is grimly fighting, and stoically dying—glad of the opportunity, for a New Freedom, are men from the cane brakes of Louisiana, the rice swamps of the Carolinas, the cotton fields of Mississippi, and the coal fields of Alabama whose ancestors, and themselves, drank to the dregs from the cup of bitterness—race discrimination. But they, these black soldiers, are giving every ounce of their patriotism, courage and valor.

Originally, the 367th Infantry was the only regiment known as the "Buffaloes", but later on all other regiments of the 92d Division adopted the same insignia. The name arising from a title which was given one of their commanders Col. Moss, while in the West. Col. Moss was known as a Buffalo in military tactics and the same name was passed to his men.

The total casualties of the 92d, colored, Division has been estimated at 1,478. Among the killed were six officers. One officer and 31 enlisted men died from wounds received in action;

40 enlisted men died from diseases; 28 enlisted men are listed as "missing"; 16 officers and 543 enlisted men were wounded; 39 officers and 661 enlisted men were gassed. The division's number of gassed is unusually large. A reason is, perhaps, that the colored soldiers in the front-line trenches of this division were unusually daring in making raids into the enemy's territory.

There were numerous other colored organizations unattached acting as labor battalions. These boys came from various parts of the country, but principally from the South and West.

The majority of men in the 92d Division, were trained at Camp Funston, but various other camps were also used. The 365th, 366th, 367th and 368th Infantry were all given their finishing touches at Camp Upton, L. I., and the 317th Supply, Ammunition, Military Police and Engineers also at Camp Upton. The boys were sent to Hoboken to embark for France.

The entire 92d Division went through some of the severest fighting and could always be depended on to keep the Germans on the run.

No objective was too hard for them to take, and their officers to a man knew that the 92d could always be depended on.

What Germans thought of Buffaloes:

A regiment of these "Black Devils," as they are called by the Germans, known as the "Buffaloes," alone captured three hundred Germans. The Germans apparently seemed fearful of their safety when they faced these shouting colored boys, and in many cases gave themselves up without conflict as prisoners.

When informed they would be relieved by fresh troopers after holding their line for nearly thirty-six hours of continuous fighting, the Buffaloes reported that they needed no relief, but began pressing "Heinie" back farther.

"EDITORIAL COMMENTS IN SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS"

The following comments were made while we were still actively engaged in whipping Germany, but it will give you some idea of the Southern sentiment:

The Savannah (Ga.) Morning News reports that "from every section of the state come reports that negroes are meeting the demands of war with a spirit and devotion that prove them worthy American citizens * * *. This is no more than Georgia expects of her negro population. Just as with the white citizens, the

negroes have their work cut out for them and they have gone about it in a business-like and patriotic manner."

The same may be said of the negroes of this state. Let us demand, then, that the spirit of intolerance and race hatred that shows itself in lynchings and the burning of negroes shall be stopped, the negro himself having earned such consideration, whatever may be said of our obligations to law and humanity.

The State Journal of Raleigh, N. C., writes:

Troop trains that weekly go through Raleigh carrying help to our allies, have been accustomed along the route to drop the heroic boys down in the cities where the populace could briefly see them and cheer them as they leave their country.

Nobody, save the soldier, can tell how much this means to the men who bear arms for us in another world. They stop and gather loving symbols from a people aroused to highest enthusiasm, and parading the streets the boys in uniform make those of us who imagine a sacrifice, feel a lasting shame while sitting back enumerating items of expense and counting the cost in comforts.

But there is one black hero who goes through every time two whites do and we hear nothing of him. That is the chocolate soldier who sits wedged into a stuffy day coach and waits until snail-like trains back him from the station to put out on the main line. Nearly all of these black boys have been drafted and put into uniform to fight across a trackless waste of water for an abstraction which is well-nigh stranger to them at home. A few colored friends may know of their coming and there is a short good-bye at the stations. But the great heart of a municipality is lost to them and they must go to war without any of the cheers that so freely and lovingly are given to the white men with whom they eventually will fight.

It isn't right and it should be ended this day.

The colored troops should be allowed to get off the cars, march through the city and receive the plaudits of all the people for whom they fight. If there be white people who feel as the fool Baird of Abbeville felt before he got into the Federal penitentiary for his feeling; if there be whites who withhold their own enthusiasm lest it spoil a "dam nigger," then let the colored soldier have the public streets for a moment while his own cheer him as he puts out to war. There are black people who have souls and sentiment and whose hearts thrill and ache for their own. Let these black people see their boys and give them mementoes of the land to which thousands of them will not return.

The white people owe it to themselves to give all the comfort and cheer that they can. No race can be happy long surrounded by those whose happiness has been destroyed either by indifference or by wilfulness. Much has been written of the "problem of the negro soldier." We are always making a "problem" out of a simple justice to the colored man who has risen in earnest striving by the might of his merits. The "problem" now before the negro soldier is helping us to kill Huns. Let us make the job easier for him by giving him a little heart for his work.

The *World News*, of Roanoke, Va., says:

The same newspapers that bring news of this fine heroism that wins honor for our whole country tell of the lynching in Georgia of three members of this same race, one of them a woman, suspected of murder. Of course there was no excuse for this, as the courts are in full power and operation in Georgia. Equally, of course, nobody will be punished. We predict that one of the results of the war will be that the negro troops will acquit themselves so well that the United States Congress will interfere in this lynching business, of which negroes usually are the victims. Evidently in this regard there is no use clinging to the doctrine of States' rights and trusting weak and cowardly local authorities and sympathetic juries to punish mob murders. We have been trying it now fifty years and after hundreds of such murders there is hardly a record of a conviction. The States have failed to maintain within their own borders decent respect for the lives of citizens and residents of the United States. The war will hasten the time when members of murdering mobs will face the Federal Courts and serious punishment, even if an amendment to the Constitution is required to bring that result. The country is sick and tired of having to bear as a whole the shame of the lawlessness of bloodthirsty rowdies and the miserable truckling to it of small and cheap county and town politicians who value their little jobs more than the honor of their States and country and their allegiance to their own oaths of office and duties.

Following this comes the Northcliffe international prize of \$125 to Charles Knight, a negro, for the riveting record on ship-building.

Each in his own way contributes to the cause of democracy. Each performed his particular task better than his fellows. Each acquitted himself as best sustains the traditions of America.

The foundation of patriotism, builded by their fathers at Fort Pillow, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, underlies a structure of achievement that constantly grows more imposing.

The negroes of America have kept the faith and bared the strong arm in defense of the liberty they have themselves known but a short half century.

SOUTHERN HEROES

Of course it goes without saying that all of the boys fought gallantly and we would like very much to give you all their names, but then lack of space prevents our doing this. We do, however, give you a few names of boys who received honorable mention:

Lieut. A. R. Williams

Lieut. G. Canaday

Sergt. Goodgame

Sergt. Thomas Frazier

Pvt. H. W. Richardson

Corp. M. H. Davis

Among the heroes it is well to mention the name of the Rev. R. H. Windsor, of Rayville, La., who contributed twelve sons to the army. His boys have all made a wonderful record, and Rev. Windsor can well afford to feel proud.

He was presented with a twelve-star service pin by the American Red Cross.

Mr. Windsor also received a letter of congratulation from President Wilson.

"92D DIVISION OFFICERS"

Capt. Aaron Day, Jr.

In the galaxy of commissioned officers of the 92nd Division, none are more deserving of special mention than the dignified gentleman, scholar and soldier, Aaron Day, Jr., commanding Co. B. Capt. Day, who comes from the Lone Star State, received his early training at the Houston High School, Houston, Tex., later graduating from Prairie View and special work in chemistry at the University of Chicago, and is exceptionally well qualified for the duties imposed upon him as company commander. At the time of his leaving for the training camp he was holding the chair of chemistry at Prairie View. His eminent fitness for leadership is readily recognized in the respect and confidence in which he is held by the men under his charge.

Capt. Samuel Reid

in command of Co. B, 349th Machine Gun Battalion, is the senior ranking negro officer in the division. Of his career sufficient matter to make a book could be compiled. Since his first enlistment, in 1893, his service has been one of much variety, in Cuba, the Philippines and other of our possessions. At present not only is he commander of above company, but due to the absence of Maj. Robert Sterrett, he is serving in the capacity of battalion commander. In the latter part of the year, as a result of tenure of service, Capt. Reid will be entitled to be placed on the retired list. Many of those most intimate with his past life and history and of his ability to render efficient service during this crisis, are predicting that he will not retire at this time.

Capt. Eugene Harris

commanding Co. B, Headquarters 317th Troop and Military Police, is a soldier of Virginia stock, his early life being spent in and around Hampton. He is a veteran soldier, and his reminiscences are most interesting. His first enlistment was in 1899, and singular as it may seem from that day until June last, when he entered the training camp at Des Moines, he had served constantly with one company, climbing round by round to the highest non-commissioned promotion in his regiment. Doubtless in his selection to command the 317th Troop and Military Police his peculiar fitness for this line of endeavor was considered; and his efforts are being daily commended by the officers of the division. Capt. Harris is at present enjoying the bi-weekly companionship of his devoted wife and son, who are stopping at Junction City, a few miles away.

Capt. Lewis W. Wallace

is the commander of Co. B, of the 349th Machine Gun Battalion, and responsible for the enthusiasm, aggression and determination of this organization. He is a Chicagoan typically, and while he has engaged in extensive endeavors which have necessitated his absence, he is none the less a native of the Windy City. He entered the United States Army a young man, after having engaged in many diversified pursuits. Being desirous of going through the "school of hard knocks" he deliberately enlisted in what was reputed at the time to be the roughest and toughest fighting organization in the Army, the 9th Cavalry. Later he was transferred to the 25th Infantry, and had, what to him was, the pleasure of going through Mexico. After this the then Sergt. Wallace entered the training camp at Fort Des Moines

and received a commission as captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps. Although still in his twenties, Capt. Wallace has engaged in almost every legitimate occupation not requiring technical skill, from a bank clerk to timekeeper for a construction company. With this remarkable asset in a man of his age and with his knowledge of men, their strength, their weaknesses, their capabilities and their limitations, he has set out to perfect in his company those characteristics, ambitions and attributes necessary to make a fighting unit worthy of the name. And his success is evidenced by the love and respect both officers and men have for their leader.

Capt. Abram L. Simpson

attached to Co. B, 349th Machine Gun Battalion, has the distinction of being the youngest captain in the 92d Division, if not in the entire national army. It is not his youth, however, which attracts immediate attention to him, but his keenness and capability as an officer. Although only 23 years of age, Capt. Simpson, who is from Louisville, Ky., graduated from Wilberforce, further pursued his studies at the University of Chicago and was a member of the faculty of Morris Brown College, Atlanta. He went from this institution to the training camp, where he was commissioned.

Capt. Lee J. Hicks

the only captain from the State of Kansas, is a native of Ottawa. He finished high school at that point, also Ottawa University, and completed the commercial course at Western University, Kansas City, before launching into the world. After being connected with Anderson's bank at Jacksonville, Fla., he accepted a position as secretary to J. H. Washington, superintendent of industries at Tuskegee Institute. He served in that capacity until he entered the training camp, from which he was commissioned as captain at the age of 24 years. Captain Hicks is in command of Motor Company C, 317th Ammunition Train.

Capt. William E. Davis

was born and reared in the nation's capital, Washington, D. C., where he attended the Armstrong Technical High School, where his connection with the crack cadet corps of that city probably awakened his first ambition to be a soldier. Graduating from Armstrong, he entered Howard University, where he finished the pharmaceutical course and became pharmacist in the hospital at

Tuskegee. He is another of the youthful officers, being 24 years of age, and received his commission last October in Des Moines.

Lieut. Benjamin E. Ammons

Every inch a soldier. A native of Texas, he finished the public schools there and graduated from Tuskegee. Impressed by his ability, Dr. Booker T. Washington retained him as a member of the faculty and assistant commandant of the school's military department. Later he became commandant at Western University, Kansas City, Kan., being commissioned in the State militia. At the Des Moines camp he won the position of first lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps and is now serving with the Headquarters' 317th Troop and Military Police, 92d Division.

Lieut. Tacitus Gaillard

hails from Savannah, Ga. He is a graduate of Tuskegee Institute and received his first military training as a captain in the cadet battalion of that school. After graduation he was employed by the Board of Education at Kansas City, Mo., as instructor in brick masonry at Lincoln High School, where he supervised the construction of several buildings. Aggressive and enthusiastic, coming from business and civil life, he quickly adjusted himself to the military environment and fills an important place in Co. D, 340th Machine Gun Battalion.

Lieut. James Edward Fladger

is second lieutenant in Co. B, 349th Machine Gun Battalion, and was born in Summerville, S. C. Receiving his early training there, he went to Kansas City, where he has developed under the direction of his uncle, a prominent physician at that point, and by constant application was constantly a winner of honors in the schools there. He entered the training camp among the first from Kansas City and was commissioned on October 15.

Prof. Clarence A. Guillot

is now in charge of the Knights of Columbus War Activities among colored soldiers at Camp Funston. He is doing a splendid work and has made the large, well appointed building which this organization has provided for the boys of the 92d a headquarters for athletic activity and social recreation.

Prof. Guillot comes to his new work well prepared. He has

held the chair of French at Howard University until granted a leave to serve here. He is a graduate of Fisk University, 1911; was a graduate student at Harvard University and a special student under Prof. De Champs, University of Toronto, in 1916. While at Harvard he was admitted to the Circle Francais, being the first and only race man admitted to this organization.

Lieut. Arthur Hubbard

is one of the able officers at Camp Funston. A regular army man, he was commissioned as first lieutenant at the Des Moines O. T. C. and is now serving in the important positions of adjutant of the 349th Machine Gun Battalion, supply and ordinance officer. A native of Alabama, he left Birmingham to enter service. His unusual ability in office detail and administration or, in the language of one of the junior officers, as a "paper man," has won the genuine respect and confidence of his fellow officers and comrades.

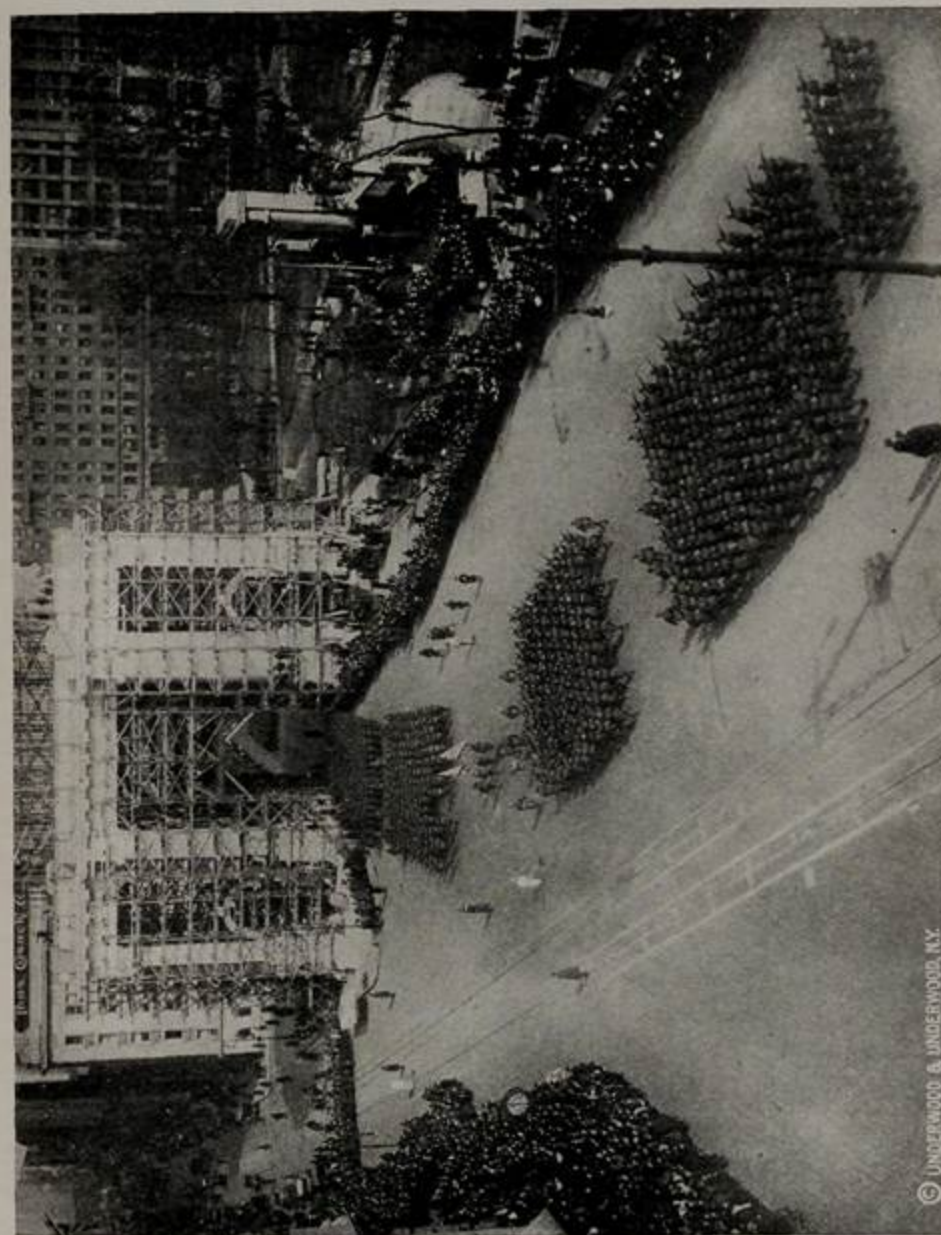
SOUTHERN CANTONMENT NAMED AFTER NEGRO

The Stevedore Cantonment and the Labor Encampments in the vicinity of Newport News, Va., will hereafter be known collectively as Camp Alexander, in honor of the late Lieut. John H. Alexander, 9th U. S. Cavalry, a negro graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, who served from the time of his graduation until his death as an officer of the U. S. Army.

This certainly should impress the race not only in the South but all over the country. We can all look forward to other such testimonials. The colored boys have given their best, and this is the least the people of our country can do.

THE OLD 8th ILLINOIS OR "TIN HELMETS"

In writing about the old 8th Illinois, we know the people of the State are vitally interested in this regiment from the time they were organized in 1892. The men of this regiment have always been numbered among the finest fighters in the country, and in the war through which we have just passed, as well as the Spanish-American War and the Mexican troubles, they have lived up to tradition in every way.



COLORED SOLDIERS ON PARADE
Here are the boys on parade after their return from France. They are passing beneath the Victory Arch on Fifth Avenue, New York City.



ON THE BATTLE FIELD
These boys are on a scouting trip

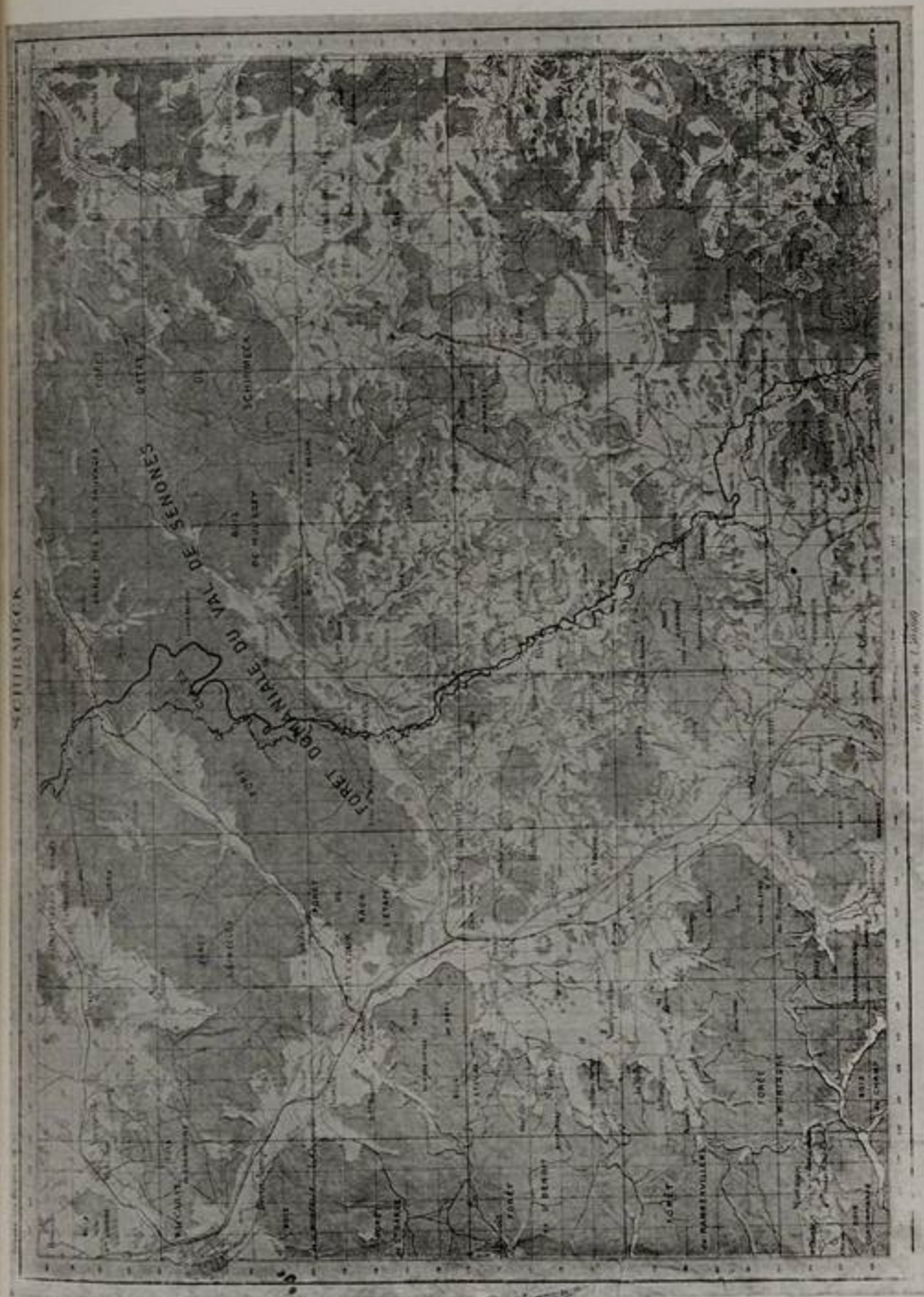


BARB WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS OUT IN "NO MAN'S LAND"
This is what the boys had to go through to reach the "Huns."



GERMAN FEMALE PRISONER

This woman was operating a machine gun when our colored boys captured her. It has been said she was chained to the gun when the Germans retreated.



BATTLE FRONT FROM NAIRES CALAS TO WISENBACH
Along this line our colored troops continually pushed the Germans back.



COLORED BAPTISM AT CAMP
Colored deacon baptizing soldier boys at southern camp.



"SHELL SHOCKED" TREE
A German shell struck this tree breaking it right in two.



The old 8th Illinois, when they were federalized, were known as the 370th Infantry and part of the 93d Division. Upon their return from France they paraded down Michigan avenue with their colors flying, flags that never touched the ground, and in their ranks marched twenty-six men who wore service crosses and sixty-eight with Croix de Guerres. This is a magnificent record and one that the State of Illinois and America might feel proud of. No regiment of all the Allies fought braver without complaint than these noble sons of Chicago and Illinois. The State may well honor these heroes. They created a record for daring on the battlefields which has never been excelled, but then the 8th as a regiment is known for its daring and deeds. This is the second time since its organization that it has brought lustre and honor to the grand old State of Illinois. Back in 1898 it marched down Michigan avenue amid the plaudits of all Chicago.

History of the Eighth

It was about 1892 a small group of men banded themselves together to organize a battalion of our race. One company was formed, Company A, of which B. G. Johnson was captain and the late Maj. John C. Buckner first lieutenant and Col. John R. Marshall second lieutenant. An additional company was added, and in 1895 they had an entire battalion, with John C. Buckner as its major and Col. John R. Marshall as captain of Company A. During that period they were admitted to the State militia as the 9th Battalion, I. N. G. For several years the 9th Battalion was the West Point of the members of the race of the country. It was in this battalion that they learned the knowledge of military tactics, hard drilling, marching and manœuvres. Marshall and Buckner were the men who manned the battalion and many give the credit to Col. John R. Marshall.

War with Spain

In the spring of 1898 the world was expecting Congress to declare war on Spain. The press clamored for war and no diplomacy could stop the sentiment for it. War was inevitable, and the citizen soldiery was preparing for it. It was on April 25 that Congress declared that "a state of war existed between the United States and Spain." This was the 9th Battalion's chance. The President's proclamation called for 175,000 troops, and under the allotment Illinois was to furnish seven regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, no battalion mentioned. The State's seven

regiments left for Springfield, all except the old 8th. The question arose was misfortune or prejudice.

Governor Calls Marshall

Governor John R. Tanner, one of the best friends the race ever had and Illinois' war governor during the Spanish-American War, called Col. John R. Marshall to Springfield and told him if he could organize a regiment that he would be the first man of his race to become a colonel of an outfit. Other men, such as Maj. Robert R. Jackson, Col. Franklin A. Denison, Hon. E. H. Wright, Editor S. B. Turner, Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom and Rev. J. F. Thomas, proceeded to Springfield to ascertain from Governor Tanner why the battalion had not been called. He told the committee if a second call was made, "I will put the regiment into service." Two companies were formed in Chicago, one at Springfield, Cairo, Mound City, Litchfield and Bloomington. There were the usual pessimists who declared the English would never fill up or go to the front. Capt. John R. Marshall showed splendid ability as an organizer. He was aided and given counsel by Col. James H. Johnson, then adjutant of the battalion, and Maj. R. R. Jackson, captain of Company D.

June 30, 1898, the Day

It was on May 25 that President McKinley issued the second call for 75,000 men and twenty days later Governor Tanner issued the order commanding the 8th and 9th regiments to proceed to Springfield, Ill. June 30, 1898, the regiment marched from their old armory to the station. At night it was on its way to Springfield. Other companies from the State assembled at the camp, then called Camp Tanner. About 1,000 men were in camp. Col. Denison, Maj. Jackson and Lieut. Hawkins were dispatched to various parts of the State for recruiting, and a few days after this the regiment was filled. July 23 John R. Marshall was sworn in as colonel of the regiment. The muster roll was 1,195 and 76 officers. Early in August the 9th Regiment (white) received word to prepare for Cuba. This brought great rejoicing in the camp and much sorrow to the 8th. The 9th left and there was the same pessimistic cry prejudice. At this stage Governor Tanner visited the camp and in a speech said: "Even from the very doors of the White House have I received letters asking and advising me not to officer this regiment with colored men, but I promised to do so, so I have done it. I shall never rest until I see this regiment—my

regiment—on the soil of Cuba, battling for the right and its kinsmen." To Governor Tanner belongs the honor of the birth of the 8th Regiment. This brought joy to the regiment, and it knew then there was a chance for them.

"Dandy First" Recalled

The 1st Illinois, the "Dandy First" of Chicago, were dying like poisoned sheep in the hot climate of Cuba. They could not stand it. Every tent became a sickroom and the dead march was heard at every mess call. Col. Henry Turner (white) implored Governor Tanner to have the 1st recalled. Col. Marshall was called by Governor Tanner to ascertain the sentiment among his men to go to Cuba. Speaking for them, Col. Marshall said, "Every man is ready." When the colonel told the regiment the news the whole regiment said: "Let's go." This is the spirit that has characterized every soldier in all the wars of the United States, from Crispus Attucks to Col. Otis B. Duncan. Governor Tanner sent the message to H. C. Corbin, adjutant general, Washington, D. C. The Secretary of War sent a message back the next day that he had directed the regiment be sent to Cuba on the steamer Yale, leaving New York the following Tuesday.

On August 14, 1899, the regiment arrived in Cuba. It was in this country that the gallant 8th won its spurs, that it proved that our sons were as brave and patriotic as their fathers in the War of the Rebellion. No daring was too great for them around San Luis Hill, Cuba. For military precision and cleverness Gen. Ewers (white) said that the 8th was the first on the island. The planning of the camp, the execution of its details was the handiwork of Lieut. Col. James H. Johnson and the splendid hospital work under Maj. Allen A. Wesley, Col. Franklin A. Denison and Maj. R. R. Jackson were valuable aids to Col. John R. Marshall. During the major portion of his time Col. Denison served as judge of claims, sitting at Santiago. Gen. Lawton appointed Col. Denison president of a general court martial, being the only member of his race at that time thus appointed.

Returns from Cuba

The regiment returned from Cuba on March 17, 1900. Great preparations were made for them and a wonderful reception given them at Tattersall's hall. President McKinley said when the 8th volunteered to relieve the "Dandy First" "that it was the proudest moment of his life."

Casualty List—Heroes of the 8th, 1898

Walter Johnson	George Patterson
James Baker	Frank Richards
Paul Smith	Simon B. Peters
Lawrence Micheaux	George Farris
Willis Garrett	Charles Early
Byron L. Lakeman	Aldnza Parks
Samuel Nickens	William Jones
Sylvester Johnson	William Sparks
Burt Whitworth	Benj. Hollins
William Thomas	John Combs

Always a Crack Regiment

For years the regiment was under the command of Col. John R. Marshall since it left Cuba. It was through his hard work and military sagacity that kept the outfit together. On many an occasion we have traveled with it to Peoria and Springfield when it was in camp, and there saw them go through their military maneuvers and dress parades, the latter under two governors, Deneen and Lowden. One of the prominent figures of the outfit was Sergt. William Berry, who was bandmaster from 1904 to 1917. Under him the band made a national reputation. It was under Col. Marshall's regime that great friends were made to secure money for the purchase of the old and new armory. His record is cherished by all Chicagoans. He has the honor of being the first colonel of the race and is known all over America. See him once, you will always recall his military bearing. Col. Marshall resigned, much to the regret of his regiment, on January 1, 1914.

Too much credit cannot be given its former colonel for his patience and hard work in giving to the world this brave and heroic body of fighting men.

Col. Denison in Command

Col. Franklin A. Denison took command of the regiment on January 12, 1914. The old armory at 37th street and Wabash and Michigan avenues was sold to the Catholic school and it had to move to a livery stable on Forest avenue, north of 35th street. In this stable the election of Col. Denison took place. Lieut. Col. James H. Johnson, who had served nobly and honorably under Col. Marshall, remained lieutenant colonel. Then came the task of securing a new regiment. This is fresh in the memory of those living to-day. Senator Samuel Ettelson, a member of the State

Legislature, offered a bill in the Senate for an appropriation for an armory and Hon. S. B. Turner, then and now a member of the Illinois Legislature, offered a bill in the House. Governor Dunne favored the bill and money was appropriated for a new armory, the first of its kind for the race in the United States. No one denies the heroic work of Col. Marshall in securing money to help buy the ground for the new armory.

It was the crowning effort of Col. F. A. Denison to see that a new armory was erected. The cornerstone was laid in 1915 by Gen. E. S. Burt.

At no time did Col. James H. Johnson, Maj. Robert R. Jackson, Maj. Otis B. Duncan or Maj. C. L. Hunt relax their interest in the regiment, nor did any officer of the staff or enlisted man in the outfit lag in their duty when the campaign was on for the new armory. Before the Mexican imbroglio Maj. Jackson resigned as major and Louis B. Anderson as regimental adjutant. Maj. Stokes succeeded Maj. Jackson and Capt. John H. Patton succeeded Adj. Anderson. The late Rev. Jordan Chavis, chaplain, was succeeded by Rev. Bradden. Capt. C. L. Hunt succeeded Maj. Franklin A. Denison.

Sent to Texas

It was in 1916 that the Mexican imbroglio occurred. President Wilson declared war on Mexico. Among the national guards of the country to respond to the call was Illinois, and the 8th, true to its colors, was ready. The regiment, under the command of Col. Denison, made a favorable and honorable record while on the Mexican border. The chase for Villa was finally given up and the President of the United States sent the National Guard back home.

COL. T. A. ROBERTS AND LIEUT. COL. OTIS B. DUNCAN'S STORY OF THE OLD 8TH ILLINOIS IN FRANCE

The old 8th, or 370th Infantry Regiment, as part of the 93d Division, arrived at Brest April 22, 1918, and spent two days in Pontanezen Barracks, an institution built by Emperor Napoleon, and from there entrained for camp, where they were destined to receive their first European training. They traversed the beautiful country of France on their journey lasting three days, arriving at Grandbillars, a little village situated about three miles from the Swiss border and fifteen minutes' ride from the town of Belfort,

which was made famous by Bartholdi, the creator of America's Statue of Liberty, in his production of the masterpiece, "The Lion of Belfort." For six weeks the regiment went through intensive training by French officers, seasoned by four years of conflict. Thus they underwent a change from city spoiled to accomplished soldiers, armed and equipped with all the modern implements and methods of warfare. It was also during this period that the regiment was changed from an American regiment to a French regiment in everything except salary and color of uniform. French rifles, French machine guns and French gas masks formed part of the equipment with which the Chicago 8th was destined to do its part in the great battles which were to come.

Goes to French Village

At the end of this period of training the regiment was marched to a nearby French village where it entrained for a position nearer the front lines. It disembarked at Ligny en Barrowis, in the Department of the Meuse, and went into billets in three of the beautiful hamlets which surrounded the famous town of Bar le Duc. Having been declared by the generals under whom they had trained to be fit for active service, they were soon placed in a sector in front of the now famous St. Mihiel district, where our boys received the experience of facing a real live German and real front line trench. As was the custom of all troops, the French had seen fit to place them in a quiet sector, therefore happily there were no casualties during their first fourteen days of French warfare. At the conclusion of that time they were taken out and marched approximately twenty-five miles to rest billets for two days, after which they entrained for the now famous Verdun sector, arriving at Les Islette, where the battalions were distributed—1st to Barvent, 2d to Lochers, 3d to Vraincourt. From these three places parts of the regiment were sent into line July 19 on the plateau of Gorgia, Hermont and Mont des Allieux. On July 24 they received their first casualty in action when Pvt. Robert M. Lee, of Machine Gun Company 2, was killed in action on Mont des Allieux. Their regimental headquarters during the period from July 16 to August 15 was stationed at Vraincourt, which is known as the sub-sector of Aire.

Start Fighting

On the 4th of August the Stokes mortar platoon under command of Lieut. Robert A. Ward took part in a raid in the sub-

sector of Vauquois, which was the first offensive operation in which the regiment took part. Three hundred rounds were fired, the mission being to fill up the gaps of the artillery barrage. On August 15 the regiment was relieved from the sub-sector Aire and proceeded by way of Camp St. Pierre to three villages—Fains, Combles and Veel—where it was placed at the disposition of Gen. Mengin, commander of the 10th French Army. After resting for thirteen days, at which time the regiment was reviewed by the commanding general of the Second Army, Gen. Hirschauer, and many field manoeuvres were executed.

At Soissons

On August 31, pursuant to the orders of Gen. Mengin, the regiment took station along the Curcq River in the reserve of the army. On the 15th of September the regiment was taken by motor trucks to within thirty kilometers of the front lines in the Soissons sector. The particular position to which the regiment was assigned is known as the hinge of the Hindenburg Line and lies to the front of Vauxellon with the Ailette Canal and Alizy chateau as its strong salient. It was in this sector that the regiment had its hardest battles, its greatest losses and also the deed in which a great number of men were cited. Three attacks on the Ailette Canal were unsuccessful on account of the superior strategical condition and strong fortified machine gun emplacement.

Smash Hindenburg Line

Col. Otis B. Duncan, in command of the 3d Battalion, on the afternoon of the 15th, succeeded in taking the southern boundary of the Ailette Canal and thereby breaking for the first time in that sector the tremendous Hindenburg Line. Sad, but true, that thirty officers leading their men in attack became casualties, notably among whom were Capt. Samuel R. Gwynne, who was wounded twice before he would allow himself to be removed from the field of battle; Capt. Horace M. Burke and Lieut. Robert L. Chavis, at that time commanding Company I. This position was held defensively for twelve days and it was during this battle that the first machine gun was captured by the regiment on Oct. 12. The regiment then joined the rest of the division and assisted in pushing back the German line a distance of seventy kilometers. During this time they captured the cities of Laon and Crepy. In the latter was found a long range gun which had been used by the Germans for months in harassing the city of Paris.

Repair Roads

Having opened its objective on October 13, the division to which the regiment belonged was given a rest, during which time it was only required to perform such duties as repairing fifteen miles of road. On October 18 the first decoration received by the regiment was bestowed by Gen. Vincendon, commander of the 59th French Division, upon Col. T. A. Roberts, Capt. Chester Saunders, commanding Company F; Sergt. Cecil Nelson, Company L, and Sergt. Jenkins, of Company F. On October 27 Sergt. Howard Templeton, Company C, was decorated for distinguished service, rendered while attacking the Hindenburg Line. On October 28 the regiment was called to the pursuit of the enemy. The 2d Battalion marched twenty kilometers to a support position and the 3d Battalion marched to the reserve position, about twenty kilometers north of Laon. On the 30th of October the 1st Battalion took part in the position in the line north of Granlup, and on November 2 the division was instructed to follow the enemy in case of retreat. On the same day Sergt. Matthew Jenkins, Company F, was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross.

35 Killed, 50 Wounded

On November 3, at Chantreud, the mess line of Company A was struck by a shell from the enemy's fire, killing 35 men and wounding 50. So severe was this blow that it was necessary to withdraw this entire company from action, and on November 6 the 1st Battalion was ordered to move out and flank the rear guard of the enemy, which had been left to harass the forward movement of the division and met with a stubborn resistance at Tavoux. The resistance was of such violent nature that the town had to be encircled, and Capt. Smith, in command of Company C, maneuvered his company with such precision and accuracy that made it possible to attack the town at three sides, forcing the enemy not only to retreat but to leave behind them several field pieces, machine guns and dead Germans.

Fought with the French

The 8th participated in the final drive against the Germans on the French sector, advancing in the final stages of the war as far as 35 kilometers in one day. They were the first Allied troops to enter the French fortress Laon when it was wrested from the Germans after four years of war. The 8th won 26 service crosses

and 68 Croix de Guerre. "The Fighting Devils" fought the last battle of the war, capturing a German wagon train of 50 wagons and crews a half hour after the armistice went into effect. They even refused to fraternize with the Germans after the armistice was signed. Col. Roberts (white) and Lieut. Col. Otis B. Duncan were in command at the time of the fighting. Gen. Vincendon, the French commander, said he never saw a braver regiment. One date will always stand out in the history of the 8th Illinois—September 30, 1918. That was the day they smashed the Hindenburg Line, driving back the crack 3rd Prussian Guard, the flower of the kaiser's army. Owing to an order being late in reaching the 8th, the advance started in broad daylight. Cols. Roberts and Duncan personally led the regiment, all officers being in front with them. Over 300 yards of shell-torn land through a ravine dominated by a plateau from which the Germans rained machine gun bullets. The 8th hit the line and passed it. It was fighting of the most gruelling sort and in the end was a hand-to-hand struggle. France will write the name of this regiment and its bravery and heroism in their history. What will America do?

Regiment Celebrates

On November 10 the regiment in parade marched in triumphal entry into the French village of Signy le Petit with the band playing French music and the Stars and Stripes carried by a French soldier and the French tri-color carried by Color Sergt. Mark P. Freeman, celebrating the delivery of the town after four years of German occupancy only ten hours after the German had left its bounds. On November 11 all commanding officers received telegrams that at a certain hour firing would cease on all lines, which ended the bloodiest battle the world has ever known.

On December 19 the regiment was ordered to base for America. The same day general order, known as 4785, directed to the 59th Division of the Army of France and read at first formation, addressed to the officers and soldiers of the 370th R. I. U. S., reads as follows:

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 Amer-

ica. 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 12 you occupied the enemy trenches Acier and Brouze. On the 13th we reached the railroad of Laon-LaFere—the forest of Saint Gobain, principal centre of resistance of the Hindenburg Line, was ours.

November 5 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 11, after the armistice.

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

As Lieut. Col. Duncan said November 28, 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 fullness 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 ray of a common grandeur.

A last time—Au revoir.

All of us of the 59th Division will remember the time when the 370th R. I. U. S., under the orders of the distinguished Col. Roberts, formed a part of our beautiful division.

GEN. VINCENDON,
Commanding the 59th Division.

Signed: VINCENDON.

EDITORIAL COMMENT ON RETURN OF 8TH REGIMENT

The "Black Devils" are coming home.

The latter part of this week or the first part of next these colored men from Chicago—members of the famous old 8th Regiment—will carry their colors down Michigan boulevard, covered with the glory of the deeds of heroes. They said when they left that they would bring the old flag back or stay with it in France forever. And they made good.

They are also bringing on their proud breasts twenty-two American Distinguished Service Crosses and sixty-eight Croix de Guerre.

No American regiment has done better.

They are the first Illinois regiment that was actually in the fighting to come back to the city as a body. And, true to the characteristic good nature of the race, they are coming back as they went away—without a whimper or without a complaint.

Out in that section of the South Side where most of them live they are preparing for them a reception that will outdo the welcome that our fighting men received in France. Some of their relatives have been saving ever since they went away to make the homecoming all that money can provide.

But these men went out to fight for the white race. They went over to help France and Belgium.

And when they come back, not only their own people, but all of Chicago should go out to do them honor. They have added a bright chapter to the history of Illinois at arms, and they deserve all the honors that a grateful city and State can give them.

Furthermore, their people have made a proud record while they were away. Not a man of their color went to an internment camp for disloyalty. Not a man or woman of their race gave the Government any trouble during the period of the war.

They are hard working people, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, and out of their small earnings did their share in Liberty Loan, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other drives.

Their war record as a race is enviable.

Their soldiers went out to fight the fight of men; they died the death of heroes; they were Americans to the core.

They proved themselves, and Chicago should show its pride and appreciation as they pass by.—Editorial, Chicago American, February 11, 1919.

The Eighth

Chicago to-day greets the first of its battle-scarred volunteer regiments to return from France—the old 8th Infantry. With a record of ninety-six killed and 500 wounded, with ninety decorations for individual valor, these smashing fighters have proved themselves citizens and patriots of the first degree.

Their homecoming reminds us of the days when they stormed the armory, struggling for a chance to don the uniform and hurl their dusky American bodies into the breaches the Hun was tearing in humanity's front line. We have forgotten whether they succeeded in subscribing for more Liberty bonds than any other regiment in service—but we know they tried.

Splendid as were their victories upon the battlefields, however, the old 8th accomplished more in the time since we saw it last than the regiment itself realizes.

Its first triumph was at Houston, and it was a triumph the effects of which cannot be measured, because they are illimitable.

Following the deadly race riot at the Texas camp, the country rang with protests against sending the Chicago colored troops there, although they naturally belonged there with the rest of the Illinois National Guard. Threats and fears were voiced.

But the country, especially the Texans, did not know our Chicago blacks. They did not realize that these were intelligent, picked young men with big town training, whose one object in life was to get a crack at an enemy of their country that was striving to enslave the world.

The 8th went calmly into nervous, hostile Houston and proceeded about its business with its head up and eyes front. Its escutcheon was white when, some months later, admiring Houston God-speed on its ways with cheers that were at once a tribute and an apology. The Texans knew manhood when they saw it.

And so did the Germans when they got up against it.—Editorial, Herald-Examiner, February 17, 1919.

The "Old Eighth"

Chicago can take real pride in the return of the 370th Infantry, made up of the men who, as National Guardsmen, were the 8th Illinois Infantry. It can be said of the regiment that its record is not doubtful.

Negro fighters as a rule have made good in this greatest of all struggles. But the "old 8th" is signally destined for continued applause. The regiment was sent into the South by an order that

was not particularly notable for its wisdom, but the men went without a murmur. They were billeted in a city that was not disposed to felicitous reception. But these Chicago fighters conducted themselves with such admirable decorum and military propriety that they were roundly applauded when they took up their arms and marched off to battle.

In France the "old 8th" sustained a heavy casualty list, but carried on regardless. The regiment well merits the applause of Chicago; the city is proud of its soldiers; they are brave men of whom it may be said that they did their duty as citizens of America. Chicago is glad to say that the "old 8th" went forth Spartan-like and brought back the shield.—Editorial, Chicago Tribune, February 13, 1919.

THE HONOR ROLL OF THE "OLD EIGHTH" ILLINOIS OR "RED DEVILS"

Men of the "old 8th" Illinois decorated with the Croix de Guerre at the request of the commanding general of the 59th Division, French Army:

Lieut.-Col. Otis B. Duncan	Corp. Wm. Stevenson
Maj. Jas. R. White	Corp. Emla Laurent
Capt. John H. Patton	Corp. James Brown
Capt. John T. Prout	Corp. Charles T. Brock
Capt. Samuel R. Gwynne	Corp. Lewis Warner
Capt. Devere J. Warner	Corp. Trevalon Maceo
Capt. George M. Allen	Corp. Joseph Henderson
Capt. Jas. H. Hall	Pvt. Howard Shelfield
Capt. Stuart Alexander	Pvt. Ulysses S. Akers
Capt. Mathew Jackson	Pvt. Wm. Cuff
First Lieut. Park Tancil	Pvt. (first class) Robert Pryor
First Lieut. Osceola A. Browning	Pvt. Bee McKizzie
First Lieut. George Lacey	Pvt. Olbert Dorsey
First Lieut. Frank Robinson	Pvt. Arthur Johnson
First Lieut. Claudis Ballard	Pvt. Charles T. Monroe
First Lieut. Charles C. Jackson	Pvt. Jonas Paxton
First Lieut. William Warfield	Pvt. Rufus Pitts
First Lieut. Samuel S. Gordon	Pvt. Wm. Hurdle
First Lieut. Robert L. Hurd	Pvt. Pearson Harry
First Lieut. Harry W. Shelton	Pvt. Paul Turlington
Second Lieut. H. P. Cheatham	Pvt. Cornelius Robinson
Second Lieut. S. B. Norvell	Pvt. (first class) George B. White

Second Lieut. Roy Tisdell	Pvt. Paul Johnson
Second Lieut. T. A. Painter	Pvt. Ira Taylor
Second Lieut. Lawson Price	Pvt. Leroy Lindsey
Second Lieut. Lincoln L. Reid	Pvt. Reed J. Brown
Second Lieut. Elmer J. Meyers	Pvt. Hugh Givens
Sergt. Norman Henry	Pvt. Josiah Neeves
Corp. James P. Brown	Pvt. Alonzo Kellar
Pvt. Nathaniel White	Pvt. Henry Jones
Pvt. Robert Pride	Pvt. Jesse Ferguson
Pvt. Ulysses Sayles	Pvt. Lavern Massey
Pvt. Hugh Givens	Pvt. Deny Brown
Pvt. Reedy Jones	Pvt. (first class) N. C. White
Sergt. Clarence B. Gibson	Pvt. Johnson

Along with the above men, the following have been given honorable mention:

Chaplain W. S. Braddon	Lieut. B. A. Browning
Maj. Hunt.	Sergt. Jackson
Capt. Smith.	Sergt. H. C. Washington
Capt. Johnson	Sergt. E. I. Tidrington
Capt. J. Morgan	Sergt. O. W. Carter
Lieut. Chavis	Sergt. R. Taylor
Lieut. Ward	Corp. F. Carrington
Lieut. Moss	Corp. R. Breckenridge
Lieut. Hinton	Corp. R. S. Ellington
Lieut. Stearls	Pvt. Russell Jones
Lieut. White	Pvt. Lawrence Chavis
Lieut. E. F. Williams	Pvt. Lloyd McCoy
Lieut. Price	Pvt. Richard Courtney
Lieut. Bates	Pvt. Elmer Nelson
Lieut. B. Dismond	Pvt. Paul Martin
Lieut. Warren Williams	Pvt. Henry Barnett
Lieut. Giles	Pvt. Asbury Wilson
Lieut. S. C. Dickerson	Pvt. Edward Dobbins
Lieut. H. J. Taylor	Pvt. Fletcher Phillips
Lieut. E. D. Maxwell	Pvt. Leroy Owens
Lieut. J. R. Wheeler	Pvt. Horace Jordan
Lieut. R. J. Ward	

8TH ILLINOIS CITATIONS

The 370th Illinois Infantry was twice cited for valiant conduct, twenty-five members were recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross and 100 men were decorated for bravery.

BATTLE-SCARRED HERO TELLS OF TRIALS ON FIRING LINES

Back with the story of bleeding France, whose fertile fields now lay waste with dead and dying, whose once rich cities are now marked with naught but stricken ruin, wrecked and mutilated by the wanton hand of the enraged Hun, whose air is filled with the noise of roaring cannon and whose soil echoes and will still echo with the tread of the millions of Allies that are massing and driving these "mad dogs of war" back to their lairs. This is the yarn Pvt. David Meadows, who saw fighting in the Champagne district, brings to us.

"I was a cook on the B. & O. line when I suddenly became seized with a desire to join the army," he said. "I cannot describe those days when I was tortured with the stories of the fearful outrages of German culture and their heinous outrages against womanhood. There was an issue that I must decide, and I did. In October, 1917, I enlisted here and was sent to Jefferson barracks, Missouri, where I was placed in the 3—rd Regiment, then forming.

France Heroic Through Grief

"On the 1st of December we arrived in France. Not the gay France such as described in stories, but France the horrified and sad at the destruction of her manhood, her cities, her homes. But with heroic patience she bears on. I shall never forget that day. The snow was just beginning to fall and a pale haze hung over the city, but this fact did not dampen the enthusiasm of that vast throng that lined the quays to pay us homage. Those were breathless moments for me and all of us. Right into the hearts of the people, their homes, we went. Truly when Robert Burns wrote his poem, 'A Man's a Man for a' That,' he must have been thinking of France. But more exciting moments than these were in store for me.

A Nightmare of Ruins

"Not long afterward we were on our way to the front, and as we moved up we met heartless scenes of devastation. The grim trail led through village after village which had been pillaged, districts where the earth, furrowed by big shells, was bleeding; while smoking ruins still tottered under the heavy explosions; wheat, corn and oat fields wasted by the trampling of huge armies that swayed back and forth in their death grapples; here and there parts of equipment strewn the road; forests were stripped naked by shell fire. Hell. More than that, this hideous nightmare, a one that served to fire our determination to 'see it through.' And we were determined.

"Imagine a thousand explosions at once, a million noises in one grand chorus, and this is the calm serenity of battle, and at night the sky lit by rockets and signals of a thousand fireworks. My life in the trenches was exceedingly exciting. One incident I will relate. My comrades and I had just arrived at our dugout and had thrown our tired bodies down to snatch a bit of sleep, when we heard a German 'Katy' strike. The force of the explosion buried us beneath a pile of debris, but we were lucky, and after we dug our way out you can wager some Boche paid dearly for disturbing our beauty nap.

Withering Fire Cuts Boche

"It was in that fierce fighting around the Champagne district that I was wounded.

Great masses of those gray hordes came against us liken to waves, but they rolled back under the withering fire of our machine guns. And then our counter attack. It was glorious, as we attacked them across desolate fields, honeycombed by shell fire, through barb wire entanglements, with cold steel, and those Boches shuddered. Many of our prisoners were glad to be captured. Among some we found boys around the age of 16, hungry, gaunt and wild-eyed creatures.

"It was on the morning of March —, a dense barrage preceding us, as we awaited word to go over. It never came for me, for out of that cloud of fearfulness came gas. In the midst of this and bursting shells we were, and then I forgot. All about me was the dim outline of moving figures. I struggled to go on, but something uncanny restrained me. I was wounded."

WESTERN COLORED BOY'S LETTER HOME

First Line Trench, Somewhere in France, July 24, 1918. My Dear X:—I am writing you today from the first lines and have the satisfaction of knowing that I am the first of the replacement commanders to be called. I am in G company, with Bunn, Giles and Capt. Allen. For months I have been hearing the big guns belching forth their fire, but I am to pick my way between their shells for the first time tonight. There is much delight in knowing how wonderfully our boys are facing the fire. Almost every officer has led a patrol through No Man's Land and no one has been touched by the Huns, and even as I turn my face toward the rat-tat-tat of machine guns

I cannot force myself to believe that I have a rendezvous with death. It seems more like one is hunting the Hun than fighting him.

Comrades Fight Bravely

I shall not say that our gallant French comrades are fighting brilliantly—there is no other way that they can fight; but I will confirm what you must have read in the papers—the Americans are terrible; their onslaughts are unstoppable. The Germans are so impressed with the fierceness of their attacks that their journals are saying, "The Americans are ferociously scalping their victims, as is the American custom." We are believing that the beginning of the end is at hand. We have started to push the Hun out of beautiful France, and now that the inertia has been overcome there will be no stopping. I predict that we who meet with no accidents will be showing our Easter clothes on Thirty-fifth Street next year. Some even go so far as to say that we may eat our Christmas dinners in Illinois; but whenever we do come marching up Michigan Avenue, "won't that be one mighty day!"

Trenches Dangerous

We have had to amuse ourselves since leaving the instruction depot. How would you like to be aroused at 3:30 by an alarm for gas? But my debut was not half as bad as I expected. We had a seven-course French meal last night, and, can you imagine it, we have electric lights in our dugout. I am sleeping with a fine young Frenchman, very amiable and jaunty. I did not fall off to sleep, however, as easily as usual. The rats, the grenades and the automatic rifles awoke me several times. It rained just before we arrived and all is mud. As Masefield says, the trenches are damn dirty, damn dull and damn dangerous.

As I am writing you the bursting of shells is punctuating my sentences. I am afraid that after the war we will have to live in Gary in order for me to go to sleep at nights. Nothing has become so soothing as the noise of bursting steel.

Give my regards to every one. Tell them we have lost no one so far to my knowledge, but, of course, even before this reaches you the entire regiment may be a thing of the past. With much love.

BINGA DISMOND.

CHAPTER V

Colored boy of Gerald, Kas., wins service cross. How E. E. Nelson met his death. King George's greeting. 8th Illinois mustered out. Jack Johnson wanted to fight. Washington, D. C., New Haven, Conn., Boston, Mass. and 9th Ohio troops. Butler's gallant fight. Cleveland's welcome to the old 9th. Cleveland boy honorably mentioned. Red Hand heroes. 365th Infantry. Trials and tribulations of the 365th Infantry.

COLORED BOY OF GERALD, KAN., WINS SERVICE CROSS

The story of how Corp. Isaac Valley of Gerald, Kan., won the Distinguished Service Cross is an inspiration to every man in the country. Valley is one of the few soldiers who won that honor. He served three years in the 24th Infantry before he was transferred to the Illinois regiment. A private in attempting to throw a grenade dropped it in the trench in the midst of his comrades. Valley had no time to pick it up and throw it out. He, therefore, put his foot on it and shoved it into the mud. The grenade exploded and tore off part of his foot. His only comment as he was carried back was, "I saved the others, even if it did get me."

When Gen. Pershing heard of the incident he awarded the ribbon which is the ambition of every fighting man to possess. "That man will be back in a few days," said the colonel to me today.

One night a big German raiding party came over and penetrated behind the first lines of this unit before the Americans opened up and, without the loss of a single man, drove them back.

Chicagoans Repel the Foe

Good fighters from Chicago—Sergt. Robert Taylor of 3520 Forest Avenue, Corpl. Fred Carrington of 3145 Wabash Avenue, Pvts. Fletcher Phillips of 4048 Indiana Avenue, Edward Dobbins of 3755 Wabash Avenue, Leroy Owens of 2825 Federal Street, Corpl. Robert Breckenridge of 63rd Street and Cottage Grove Avenue and Pvt. Horace Jordan—were at an advanced listening post when the raiders passed overhead, leaving a guard which the men drove away and then joined in the attack that repelled the raiding party. The raid was in revenge for a successful attack made by the Americans on the previous night.

Sergt. Norman Nelson of 3538 Dearborn Street, Chicago, on

another night was one of a patrol party of forty scouting within the German lines. A flare disclosed the presence of the patrol, and Nelson dropped behind a bush. The Germans opened up with their machine guns, and the bullets, coming thick and fast, cut the bush like a scythe, and dented Nelson's steel helmet.

"HOW SERGT. ELMER E. NELSON MET DEATH"

Pretty two-year-old Edna Nelson, chubby, bright-eyed, and with two shadowy dancing dimples hidden in her cherubic face, is so lonely for her daddy, who went across with the victorious 8th, now the 370th Infantry. Each night at prayer this babe asks God to "bring back my daddy to me"—and each night her mother, Mrs. Helen Nelson, chokes back a heavy sob and wipes away a mist of tears, for she knows that baby's daddy can never return, since she received a dispatch from the War Department that—but she must not bare the truth to her innocent child, who is looking for daddy with a little heart full of stored up rapture in vain.

Was True Soldier Type

Baby Nelson's father was Sergt. Elmer E. Nelson of Co. G, of the old Illinois 8th. At the time of his departure with that regiment, the Nelson family resided at 3544 Wabash Avenue. Since that time his family moved to a modest residence at 5020 Federal Street.

Nelson was one of the true soldier type, unfaltering in courage, and filled with the inspiration of sacrifice. From the days of the bare-foot boy in knee trousers his ambition was that of a soldier and a leader. Six years' enlistment he spent with the 8th, and was a veteran of the Mexican trouble. His last letter, written to his wife, was about September 24, in which he said that he was in the trenches, and was anxious to go "over the top." Four days later he was killed while leading his platoon in a charge on the outskirts of Argonne sector.

Wounded, Urged Men in Fray

Realizing he was mortally wounded, he refused to be moved to a first aid station in the rear, but by sheer strength he supported his body on an arm and shouted commands to his men until he was exhausted. This shining example of endurance, the dispatch reads, fired the determination of his comrades to take the costly objective. Dying, he shoved a letter into the hands of a comrade to be delivered to his wife. This letter Mrs. Nelson received the day the armistice was signed.

HOW KING GEORGE GREETED THE OLD EIGHTH REGIMENT

Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you and bid you Godspeed on your mission.

KING GEORGE V.

"EIGHTH ILLINOIS MUSTERED OUT"

The 370th Infantry, or the old 8th, was mustered out of service at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

"JACK JOHNSON WANTED TO FIGHT"

Jack Johnson, the American pugilist, now in Madrid, wanted to fight for his country. He wrote the following letter to Capt. E. H. La Guardia, Representative in Congress from New York:

"After my talk with you it occurred to me to ask you to use your good offices in my behalf. I am as good an American as anyone living and naturally I want to do my bit. I firmly believe I wasn't fairly treated at home.

"All I ask now is a chance to show my sincerity. There's no position I would consider too dangerous. I am willing to fight and die for my own country. I cannot offer any more.

"Will you kindly make my offer known to the proper authorities? I am anxiously awaiting a reply.

Capt. La Guardia referred the letter to the adjutant general.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW HAVEN, CONN., BOSTON, MASS., AND THE NINTH OHIO TROOPS

National Guard Units from Washington, D. C., New Haven, Conn., Boston, Mass., and the 9th Ohio, with a few men from other parts of the country, made up the 372nd Infantry as part of the 93d Division. These men were given the name of the "Red Hands" by the

French. The name arising from the fact that the 372d captured a valuable piece of ground called Red Hill. This hill had passed back and forth between the French and Germans several times, but when it was taken by the 372d it remained the property of the Allies.

These men fought in practically the same engagements as the 15th New York and 8th Illinois.

One hundred and twenty-four members of the 371st and 372d Infantry were decorated. Four of whom were awarded the War Cross.

The Medaille Militaire was awarded to Sergt. Depew Preyor, Corp. Clifton Morrison, Pvt. Clarence Van Allen and Kenneth Lewis. The second of whom was killed by hand grenades.

"Leroy Letcher Wounded"

While trying to hold a position in the front line trenches Corp. Letcher was struck by a German shell. He was badly wounded, and forced to retire from the lines. However before he was injured he distinguished himself in many ways and received honorable mention.

RUEBEN BUTLER'S GALLANT DEEDS

Reuben Butler, Company L, 372d Infantry, fought on the Champagne front. He says that although he was not absolutely scared stiff he did feel somewhat doubtful of the outcome when he first entered the front line trenches. Butler's command relieved the 15th N. Y. Infantry. Shortly before they marched to the front, new canteens of the French model were issued them. The metal of these was not covered and as the men hiked along, the reflection of the sun's rays on the canteens could be seen for many yards. Naturally they made a most excellent mark for the Germans and as a result a number of Butler's comrades were killed.

Our hero's position was beside his platoon commander when his company went over the top. He was carrying the signals. They had not advanced many yards before the lieutenant fell dead with eight machine gun bullets in his body. The company was ordered to lie down. On one side of Butler lay his best friend; on the other side was his corporal. Both of them were killed. Butler still wonders how he escaped.

The company finally rushed the German trenches. The enemy, realizing they were defeated, arose with upraised hands, crying "Kamerad! kamerad!" The Americans at once ceased firing. One

sergeant advanced with his squad. He had nearly reached a German when a sound of a machine gun was heard. The poor fellow pitched forward on his face. He had been shot through the legs by a concealed machine gun which the treacherous Hun had operated with his feet. With a howl of rage the company pushed forward. You may imagine the rest.

CLEVELAND'S WELCOME TO OLD NINTH

Washington's Birthday, 1919, will go down in the annals of Cleveland as a most glorious and memorial day for two reasons: First, the tens of thousands of citizens turned out en masse to greet the "Old 9th Ohio Battalion," battle scarred but beaming with smiles, returning from shell-torn France as heroes of Verdun, Champagne and the Argonne; secondly, it was the twentieth anniversary of the return of the same unit from the Spanish American War in 1898. Early Saturday morning, three hours before the arrival of the two special trains bearing the 897 heroes, union passenger station and the hillside overhanging the station was jammed with fathers, mothers, wives, brothers, sisters, sweethearts and other loved ones and admirers who were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Ohio's "fighting 9th" on the New York Central, which was scheduled to arrive a little before noon. There were also waiting at the station the reception committee of citizens of one hundred, with William R. Conners, secretary of the Negro Welfare Association as chairman, including Mayor Harry Davis, Harry L. Vail, secretary of the mayor's war advisory board; Lieutenant Harry E. Davis and many other prominent citizens; the Soldiers' Aid Girls headed by Miss Early, the Autumn Leaf Culture Club, representatives of the K. of P. and other secret organizations and Jackson's military band of fifty pieces.

"CLEVELAND BOY HONORABLY MENTIONED"

Silas Davis, 19 years of age, residing at 2248 E. 40th St., Cleveland, a member of Company H, 372d Infantry, "Old 9th Battalion" was badly injured while battling the Huns out in No Mans Land, dying later from his wounds.

Davis enlisted April, 1917, and after a thorough training in the United States sailed for France.

This boy received honorable mention for his gallantry.

"RED HAND" HERO

Sergt. Sylvester Meyers, formerly of Lincoln, Ill., upon his arrival in this country was taken to Plattsburg, N. Y., where he spent several weeks at the base hospital recuperating from a gun wound received at the battle front in Italy fighting with a British unit under the command of Sir Douglas Haig, and under the immediate command of Capt. Louis DeVile. Sergt. Meyers left the United States with the 372nd Infantry and was transferred with the first 5,000 men to a British unit who were sent to Italy under the command of Sir Douglas Haig, at which place he spent four months, receiving on two occasions severe wounds, the result of which compelled him to spend twenty-one days in Base Hospital No. 5, after which he returned to the front and was gassed in the battle of the Marne.

Sergt. Meyers was sent home for recuperating purposes with the same convoy of ships in which the Covington was sunk. He wears a badge of honor presented for meritorious service which was the killing of ten Germans in a hand-to-hand combat. He enjoys the distinction of having gone over the top on three different occasions. He also wears an insignia which denotes that he accomplished expert service as a rifleman. He expressed himself as being highly in accord with the great struggle now in operation, and hoped to soon regain his health, that he may speedily return to the scene of action. He looked forward to an early termination of the war and said that his one desire was to be numbered among the last soldiers to leave the field of battle. The sergeant spoke in the highest terms of treatment accorded him while abroad.

371ST INFANTRY

The 371st Infantry also formed part of the 93rd Division. This Division consisted of drafted men, mostly from the South, but there was a scattering of men from different parts of the country.

Their insignia was also a red hand, as they shared the glory of capturing Red Hill with the 372nd. A number of boys from this unit were also given the Croix de Guerre.

365TH INFANTRY

The 365th Infantry were part of the 92nd Division and con-

sisted of men mostly from Illinois and Ohio. The 365th were given the name of the Buffaloes along with the various other units which made up the 92nd Division.

The 365th Infantry left Camp Grant May 26, last, and sailed for France June 19. In the fighting in the Vosges in September and from October 8 to November 11, fighting its way from Pont a Mousson to within ten kilometers (six miles) of Metz, it lost 62 dead and approximately 550 wounded.

The entire regiment was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French for their gallant fighting.

No command was too hard for them to carry out, and they were always out in front when the opportunity presented itself.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE 365TH INFANTRY

The Chicago boys who made up the 365th Infantry were very much downhearted when they arrived in New York City aboard the steamship Olympic.

Many of the men had tear-stained cheeks, and officers of the regiment charged that they had been "Jim Crowed" and that their regimental flag, presented to them by Robert S. Abbott, editor of a Chicago newspaper, at the Lincoln-Douglas celebration in Chicago on February 12, 1918, prior to their leaving for France, had been "junked" by an order said to have come from Col. George H. McMaster (white). One of the officers in commenting upon the action of the colonel, said:

Officers Ashamed

"We are coming home filled with chagrin and ashamed to face our friends in Chicago, who presented us with that beautiful stand of colors. We have no heart to parade, as the regiments that have gone home before us have done. We would have to march without a flag, for the only one in the regiment is a little one Chaplain Robinson carried in his pocket through the nine weeks we were continuously at the front in Vosges and in the Argonne fighting. When Gen. Pershing reviewed the troops at LeMans and commended the 365th for its valorous deeds, ours was the only regiment which did not have a flag; it had been sent to the "scrap heap." A written protest was filed on the ship before it landed, seeking to have the segregation order rescinded, but Brig.

Gen. Charles Gearhardt, commanding all troops on the Olympic, turned the committee presenting the petition down flat. He is a Southerner of the old school.

Locked Out

The door to the main dining room was slammed in the officer's face when they endeavored to gain entrance. British naval officers told the men that the commanding officer had instructed them to bar all men who were not white. The rejected officers were led to a side dining room, a room set apart from them, but refused to eat. A round robin was drafted and presented to Brig. Gen. Gearhardt, who paid slight attention to the plea, but said that the order was not issued as a matter of segregation.

Where Is That Flag?

"There was no segregation on the battlefields of Europe. We all fought together as Americans through and through, all intent on bringing victory to the American arms and peace to the entire world," said one of the officers to Gearhardt. Every officer who had been slighted by the commanding officials stated that as soon as they reached home a concerted effort would be made to determine who was responsible for the order, and why it was issued. The regiment was greatly embarrassed as it marched through the streets of New York. Yells greeted them in this fashion: "Where is that regimental flag?"

Congressional Probe Asked

Upon learning that the regiment had been stripped of its flag, prominent Chicagoans flooded Senators and Representatives at Washington, asking that an investigation be made, and that the officer who "pulled the bone" be made to suffer. Penalty for such un-American acts while serving the stars and stripes is a reduction in rank or a sentence by courtmartial. Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, Congressmen Martin Madden and William E. Mason, all of Illinois, have pledged themselves to ask for a Congressional investigation.

CHAPTER VI

Colored Canadian honored by King George. Somalis and South African negroes good soldiers. Unflinching bravery of Moroccans. How the colored boys from British West Indies fought. Colored seaman hero in U-boat raid. Lieut. James Reese Europe. Corpl. White's story. Jack Allen's story. Graham's experiences. Battle-scarred Brooklyn hero tells of his experiences in France. What the colored boys did. A negro woman to her adopted soldier boy. Frenchmen from Africa do their bit nobly. A funny story. More Brooklyn heroes. Race superiority. How negro officers felt about fighting. Self-segregation not patriotic.

COLORED CANADIAN DECORATED BY KING GEORGE

In this history you read not only of the American colored soldier, but also colored troops from every part of the earth.

This chapter tells you all about James Grant of St. Catharines, Ontario, who as far as is known is the first colored Canadian to be decorated for bravery by his majesty, King George.

M. J. Gordon, in writing to Grant's parents, recently said:

"It is absolutely impossible for me to give you any particulars, but we have done some traveling of late. I have seen more of France and Belgium within the past few weeks than I have seen of the whole of Canada in comparison. Some day I will be able to tell you all about it.

"I am sitting at present in John Miller's and Tom Bradley's dug-out. Tom Bradley is acting sergeant major, as Sergt. Maj. McLaughlin is on leave in England. We have a little quartette in the battery now, and I am the lead of it. Three other chaps, Bugg, Lee and Watson, are the other members. We generally divide our boxes from home up among us, so often I have one when they haven't and vice versa, and after each one we have a little sing, and we have some little quartette, too. When we were on the road traveling we would strike a town where we would stay overnight and would then strike out to see if we could find a piano. Watson plays exceptionally well on the piano, and Bugg is a fine violinist and leading the solos.

"The General"

"Old 'General' Grant is an honorary member and goes all around with us and gets his old bass voice working away at times.

"Long before you get this you will likely know that 'old Gen. Grant' had been decorated with the military medal, and we are all

quite proud of him. The story is as follows: The gun of E subsection was put out of action when we were in Belgium, and another gun had to be sent up to replace it. So a six-horse hitch under Col. Morris and Bombardier Miller, with drivers Buschlem, Lee and Grant, were detailed to pull a new gun into action through a spot which was always pretty hot, and it just happened so that the road was blocked with motor lorrie, blown-up wagons, etc. Fritz was shelling very heavy, and when they got to the point (a cross-road) where it seemed like almost suicide to pass, it looked as if they were stuck as a couple of vehicles were blown up across the road and there was the smallest kind of space to get through. Corp. Morris ordered the lead and center teams, driven by Lee and Buschlem, to unhook and go back to where they would have more cover for the horses and themselves, as it was utterly impossible for a six-horse hitch to get through the space. But there was a chance that the wheel team, driven by 'the general,' might make it, so John Miller and 'the general' stayed with it while Boyce and Morris went to get assistance to manhandle the gun, if necessary. He returned without any success, as no one would help them or could help them, and although he had been gone hardly more than ten minutes had hurried right back.

Grant, the Man

"'Old General' and John Miller had manhandled the gun through the small space, and it was quite simple to pull the limber through with the wheel team and bring the center and lead teams up, limber up and carry on. Of course, every one of them did as much as the other, but there was only one to be decorated, and as 'the General' had done several little things before this, Corp. Morris, when asked by the major who he thought the man should be, said 'Grant.'

"They are going to prepare a big dinner for all of our brigade, and the boys tell us if it is anything like last Christmas it will be as good a meal as you can buy in London or Paris."

SOMALIS AND SOUTH AFRICAN NEGROES GOOD SOLDIERS

The Somalis and South African negroes have covered themselves with glory:

The Somali battalion, recruited in Somaliland, are strict Mohammedans, never touching wine or alcohol. The Somalis are

very independent in character and hard to deal with, but their French officers are accustomed to these freedom-loving tribesmen, and by appealing to their pride of race and their self-respect obtain their devoted obedience. They learn to handle modern infantry weapons quickly, and excel in grenade-throwing and in rifle and machine gun practice, for these are men of intelligence and full of initiative.

Two hundred and sixty-four personal citations for bravery were won by the negro soldiers of a single Somali battalion since it landed in France, June, 1916. Of these 190 were gained in the fierce battles along the Aisne and the remainder in the vicinity of Verdun.

In South Africa 40,000 negroes were serving in Botha's command, while in the winter of 1916-17 there were between 6,000 and 7,000 Kafir-Zulus and Basutos laboring in France.

THE UNFLINCHING BRAVERY OF THE MOROCCANS

The Moroccans, like all French colored troops, wear yellow khaki instead of the usual horizon-blue uniform. Members of the Foreign Legion wear the blood-red shoulder braid of the Legion of Honor. Their division has been four times cited as a unit for bravery in the field.

But even the spectacular Foreign Legion pales beside the Moroccan Division:

The French troops which last May barred Von Arnim, the German general, from debouching from Mt. Kemmel against Mt. Catz, included the famous Moroccan division which formed a part of the wonderful Iron Corps brought up from the Nancy region. Foreign soldiers and Algerian Tirailleurs are brigaded in the Moroccan division, making it one of the choicest and hardest fighting units of the Allied arms.

The Moroccan division has seen more fighting than any other French unit during the war, particularly in Joffre's Champagne offensive in 1915, and at Verdun where it took part in the desperate Fleury and Thiaumont attacks which raged for weeks incessantly.

It executed a mammoth raid at Flirey, north of Toul, just before Americans took over that sector, and afterward supported the Americans stationed in their rear. At the beginning of Hindenburg's offensive last May the Moroccans were shifted northwest, seconding Chasseurs and Alpine troops, and later were

rushed to the north to take part in the struggle for possession of the ridges guarding Ypres and the channel ports.

HOW THE COLORED BOYS FROM BRITISH WEST INDIES FOUGHT

On the morning of the 12th Capt. (temporary Lieut. Col.) F. C. Bryant, the officer commanding the British forces, landed at Tome with 57 Europeans, 535 native soldiers, two 2.95 guns and 2,000 carriers. The 12th and 13th were occupied in organizing the base, and on the 14th the forces advanced inland along the line of railway, the bridges of which had been broken down by the retreating Germans to Toglekove, where the wireless installation which had been erected there had been destroyed. At about 3 p. m. on the 15th touch was made with the enemy at Lilikove, the bridge over the River Tili being blown up as the British troops approached. The advance was delayed by the extremely difficult nature of the country, and Lieut.-Col. Bryant found it necessary to bivouac at Ekuni, the enemy having been driven back. The loss on the British side in this skirmish was one native soldier killed and one European non-commissioned officer and two native soldiers wounded. A long train of twenty vehicles was found wrecked on the railway bridge at Ekuni.

In the meantime a smart little action had been fought by the C Company of the Gold Coast Regiment under Capt. Potter. At about 4 a. m. on the 15th, when the company was halted close to Ekuni, a train was heard to pass down the line in the direction of Tsevie. Steps were taken to block the line near the bridge, and soldiers were disposed in a position to attack the train as it approached, while the rest of the company advanced on Agbelufoe Station. Another train now approached, but succeeded in escaping to the north. Agbelufoe Station was occupied and Cap. Potter disposed his forces so as to intercept the enemy's retreat to the northward. Attacks were made by the enemy during the evening and night, but by this time the advance of the main British force was making itself felt, and they fled back to their train and surrendered to Capt. Potter. The number of the enemy was reliably computed at 200, greatly outnumbering the British forces opposed to them. Out of 30 Germans with this force 25 were killed and captured. As a result of this action 30 miles of the railway to the north of Agbelufoe were captured intact, including the important bridge over the River Haho, seven miles north of Agbelufoe, besides the wrecked train at Ekuni, two engines, one Maxim gun and a quantity of arms and ammunition.

At 7 a. m. on the 16th two European prisoners were brought in, one of whom proved to be Baron Codelli, the designer of the great wireless station at Kamina. The advance of the main force towards Agbelufoe was continued and contact made with the enemy at Gani Kofe, from which point the road was encumbered by arms, equipment, bicycles, ponies, etc., thrown away and abandoned by the enemy in their hasty retreat.

From the 16th to the 18th the troops were halted for a rest, but on the first day strong officers' patrols were pushed up the line to seize the important bridge of Haho. As the enemy was reported to be advancing in strength a company of the Gold Coast Regiment was sent up to reinforce the patrols, which were further strengthened by a force of 150 Tirailleurs Senegalais under Capt. Castaing, which came up on the 18th from Anencho. On the same day half of the C Company was sent on to Adakhe, four miles north of the Haho bridge. The bridge at Togblekove was repaired and rail-head brought up to Tilikove, and the telegraph line was restored as far as Agbelufoe.

On the 19th the British advanced guard occupied Nuatja. Messages were despatched to Capt. Elgee, commanding the Krachi column, and to Major Maroix, commanding the French column at Tchetti, instructing them to be within two days' march of Kamina on the 26th when the British forces would be at the Ammutshi River. Ho had been occupied on the 17th by District Supervisor Saich, with 46 preventive service men, without opposition, and another column from Gambaga, under Lieut. Grattan-Belleu, was within a day's march of Sansanne Mango. On the 18th Yendi was occupied by Captain Marlow and the Northern Territories constabulary, amid enthusiastic demonstrations by the people. The Germans were thus being surrounded and placed in a hopeless position.

On the 20th the whole of Lieut.-Col. Bryant's force was concentrated about Nuatja, with advanced troops in and in front of Kpe-dome. Reports having come in that the enemy was strongly entrenched at the village of Chra, 400 yards north of the railway bridge over the Chra River, patrols were pushed forward. These were met with a hot fire from two Maxims, the enemy blowing up the bridge and exploding mines on the railway. The most advanced troops got into touch with the enemy, numbering 60 Europeans and 400 native soldiers, early on the morning of the 22d, in an entrenched position. While part of the forces held the enemy in front the two wings were told to work around the enemy's flank. The French troops, who were on the right wing, worked right round on to the enemy's left, and up to within fifteen yards of the trenches, but after fighting with extraordinary bravery, were compelled to retire with the loss of Lieut. Guillemari of the Tirailleurs and Lieut. Thompson of the Gold Coast

Regiment, who had been placed in command of a company of the Tirailleurs. After the fight Lieut. Thompson's body was found surrounded by the bodies of a Gold Coast non-commissioned officer and the sergeant, two corporals and nine privates of the Tirailleurs, who had died in his defense. Thompson and his brave defenders were buried on the spot, with Thompson's grave in the center.

The left wing worked its way round the enemy's left flank in spite of heavy fire, but also had to withdraw from lack of support. The troops were ordered to entrench themselves for the night, and at dawn preparations were made to renew the attack, but patrols brought in the news that the enemy had abandoned the position during the night.

The casualties on the British side were two officers and 21 native soldiers killed and two officers and four native soldiers wounded. On the German side two Europeans were killed, but their losses were probably small owing to the strength of their entrenchments.

As the result of the fight was fairly equal on both sides the enemy's retreat was probably caused by the advance of Maj. Maroix's column which was threatening Kamina, which the German governor had been so strictly instructed to defend. A strong French force was also approaching from the north. Capt. Bouchez, of the 2d Tirailleurs Senegalais, with 630 rifles and a body of Mossi warriors under their own chiefs, had marched 210 miles over inundated country and under continuous rain in fifteen days and driven the German garrison over 400 strong, from Sansanne Mango, 180 deserting to the French on the second day of their retreat.

The village of Chra was occupied at 8 a. m. on the 23d, and that and the following day were occupied in evacuating the wounded, organizing transport and supplies and sending out patrols to feel for the enemy, who were reported to be rallying.

During the night of the 24th loud explosions were heard in the direction of Kamina, and on the morning of the 25th the masts of the wireless station, which had been clearly visible the previous afternoon, had disappeared. At 10:30 a. m. Gleis was occupied, and at 4 p. m. Maj. von Roben came in under a flag of truce and offered to capitulate on terms, if granted the honors of war. It appears that there had been a good deal of dissension among the Germans gathered at Kamina, and Maj. von Goring had abandoned his intention to resist to the last. Lieut. Bryant replied that the Germans were not in a position to treat and that the surrender must be unconditional.

The next day the Germans accepted the position and surrendered unconditionally. The Europeans who surrendered numbered 206. The material included the entire rolling stock with four engines of

the Togoland Railway, three Maxim guns, over 1,000 rifles and 320,000 rounds of ammunition and a quantity of native and European stores.

Thus within three weeks, by a campaign brilliantly conducted in a country admirably adapted for defence by the difficulty of maintaining communication between the various portions of the attacking troops, the enemy had been completely defeated and the great wireless installation, which was no doubt intended to play a prominent part in the war, destroyed and communication between Germany and her African colonies cut off. The hostile attitude of the people of Togoland had considerable influence in inducing this submission. It was reported that the clerks in German employ refused to take up arms against the British, and though many of the natives were compelled to accept arms they speedily deserted, carrying their rifles and ammunitions with them. All along the line of advance the French and British troops were welcomed by the people as deliverers. At Yendi the chiefs and people poured out of the town to meet Capt. Armitage and his troops and escort him into the town. The King expressed his desire to be taken under the British protection and to be reunited with the Dagomba country, of which the Yendi district ethnically forms a part, but which had been cut into two parts by the delimitation of the British and German territories. A form of treaty to this effect was signed, but cannot take effect till the conclusion of peace.

A serious charge lies against Maj. von Doring of having used dum-dum or soft-nosed ammunition, which on impact, expand and cause wounds of extreme severity. Dr. Claridge, the Senior Medical Officer with the British field force, states in his report that without exception all the wounds hitherto treated in the force by the medical staff have been caused by soft-nosed bullets of large calibre. The injuries caused by these projectiles are severe, shattering bones and causing extensive damage to the tissues. This is a breach of the Hague convention of July, 1899, while the arming of natives not under control was a breach of the Hague convention of October, 1907.

The attitude of the native peoples under French and British protection was enthusiastically loyal to the protecting Power. Offers of assistance came from every part of the British Protectorate of the Gold Coast Colony and the only difficulty of the British officials was to temper the enthusiasm of the chiefs and people without hurting their feelings.

With the full and joyful consent of the people the Gold Coast Government defrayed the whole cost of the campaign, amounting to pound 60,000 and undertook the cost of administration, pound 3,000



REMAINS OF JAMES TURPIN

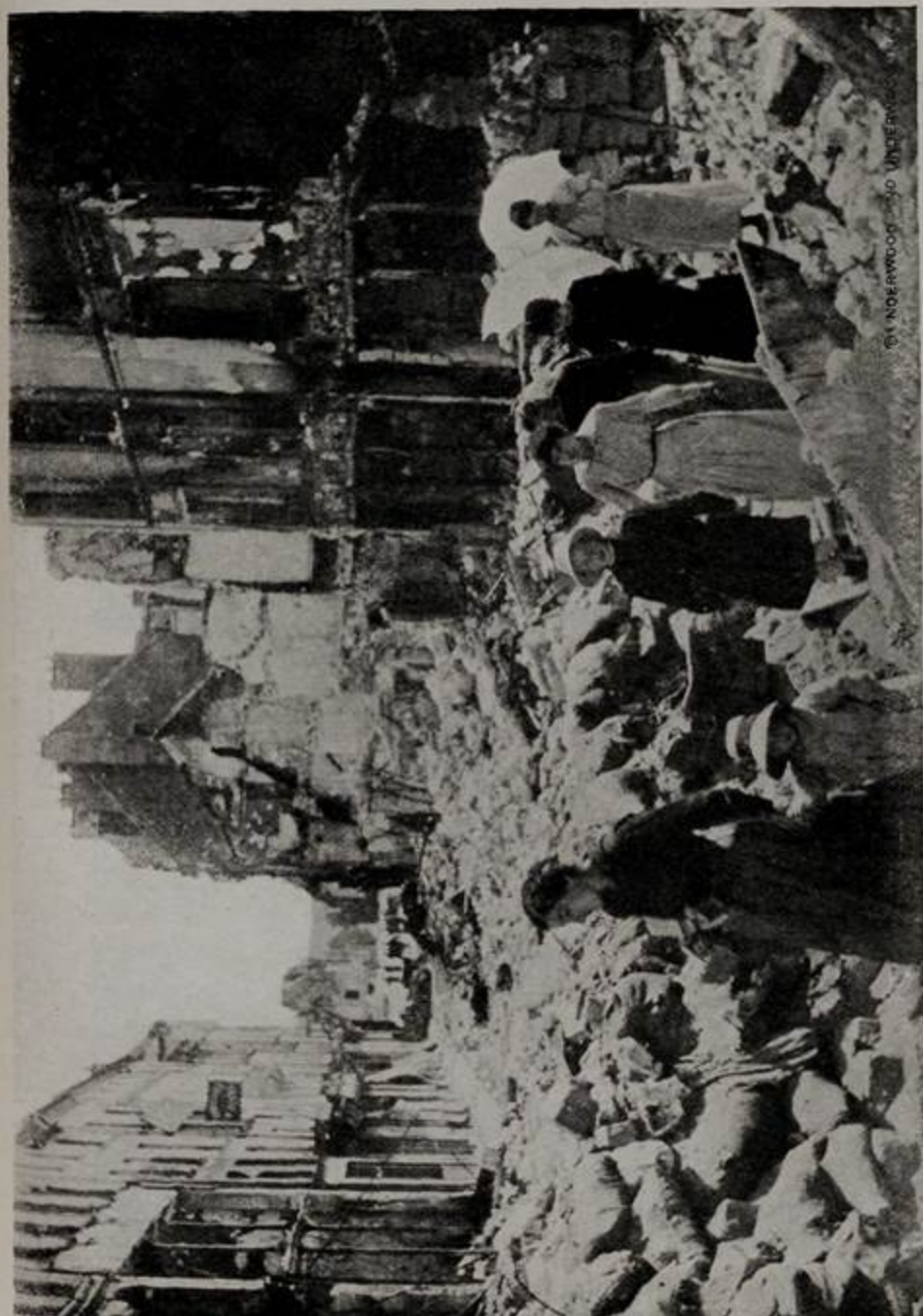
You will read in this book of this boy's tragic death.



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GAS ALARM

This soldier is sounding a gas alarm. The Germans are shelling the sector with gas shells.



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RUINS IN BLEEDING FRANCE

Study this picture carefully. What punishment do you think Germany deserves after this kind of work.



MORE MEDAL MEN

These boys also were awarded medals for extraordinary bravery while facing the Huns.



DRAFTED BOYS

These are drafted boys who later helped to make history.



ARRIVAL OF LA FRANCE

Colored boys arriving in New York on board the steamship La France.



GERMAN BATTLE PLANE SHOT DOWN BY OUR BIRDMAN

This Hun machine fell within the allied lines after a thrilling battle about a mile in the air.



PARTS OF FRANCE THROUGH WHICH OUR COLORED BOYS FOUGHT
Study this map closely and then ask your soldier boy to point out the places of interest.

per month, until the fate of the country is finally decided on the conclusion of peace.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Walter Long, stated in January of this year, with reference to the captured German colonies:

"Let no man think that these territories shall ever return to German rule."

To return Togoland to the Germans would be to surrender to their vengeance the helpless people who welcomed the invaders, a vengeance which would be surely wreaked with ruthless and appalling cruelty in spite of any paper guarantees which might be given.

COLORED SEAMAN IS HERO IN U-BOAT RAID

Enroch Roker, a colored boatswain on board the steamer Edna, along with other members of the crew, was given ten minutes to take to the boats when his vessel was stopped in mid-ocean by a submarine. Roker says it only took them five minutes.

After clearing their own boat they were ordered aboard the submarine. In relating his experiences Roker says:

"Believe me, that sub was some craft. Guess she must have been 350 feet long. Had one large conning tower. She had two six-inch guns, one forward and the other aft. We were ordered to go below into a small room near the engines. It was terribly hot, phew! We found other prisoners from American ships there when we got there.

"There must have been seventy-five members of the crew of the enemy sub. Our sleeping quarters were poor. Every one was compelled to sleep on his side—so crowded were the bunks. Eight days of this. We were allowed liberty of the ship in the rear when running on the surface. Below decks it was stifling hot. I don't see how those Germans can stand it. Some of the sleeping bunks and bedding was lettered 'U-151.' The small steering wheel bore the number 'U-153.'

"That evening at five o'clock we tasted food for the first time. It was black bread and tea without milk or sugar. We saw lots of good food around us, but didn't get the chance to taste any. It was our stores from the Edna. The Germans enjoyed it, however. The next morning we were handed out small slices of the black bread. This time it had some cheap jam on it. Also coffee

without sugar. Noon came and we were doled out some beans, a little potato and a mixture of chopped pork—and what not.

"Aboard the Edna I had two discharges from the English coast trade ships. Before I stepped foot aboard the sub I destroyed them. If those Germans had known my status, good night! I had picked up a few German words while sailing into German ports years before and I began to get interested in what the crew were saying. I learned they had sailed from Kiel six weeks ago. They had been cruising around Cuba, the Bahama Islands and the West Indies before they were sighted off Cape Hatteras. I overheard one sailor tell they were out for a six months' cruise and had provisions and supplies for such a visit.

German Crew Talks About Incidents in America

"Many of the crew spoke good English and often talked about incidents in Baltimore, Philadelphia and other ports. The German storekeeper had lived in America for eight years. At one time he had served an enlistment in the United States Navy. Occasionally we were allowed to go on deck, but when anything was sighted we got our orders and they were 'Rause mit un.'

"One night—I can't remember which—we were ploughing along on the surface. I was aft of the rear hatch. I could just see a light about eight or ten miles away. I believed we were in the vicinity of the New England coast. Perhaps it was a lighthouse. When the officer of the sub caught it we were immediately ordered below. We stayed for a couple of hours. The sub's wireless was cracking overhead all the time we were below. We got chummy with members of the crew. Two of them showed me photographs of their sweethearts. One of them lives in Philadelphia. I saw photographs of two of the members taken with Iron Crosses pinned to their breasts.

"Sunday morning the chief engineer said: 'Nigger, rause. America ga come.'

"By golly, that sounded good to me. Pretty soon from below we heard the boom-boom. That meant, we learned afterward, that the Winneconne had been hit. We were then loaded into two boats with the other members of the Winneconne and set adrift. Some of the crew shook hands with us and hoped to see us soon in America. They gave us water and black bread. I have got a souvenir—a piece of the cork lifebelt from the U-boat. Once I sat down in the small boat I didn't even turn my head to see what became of the sub. I had enough."

LIEUT. JAMES REESE EUROPE

In writing this history it would be hardly fair not to tell you about Lieut. Reese Europe.

The lieutenant at one time conducted the orchestra on the Forty-fourth Street Theatre Roof Garden, but when war broke out the boy felt it his duty to enter the service. This he did, and there is many a man who was inspired to greater deeds, even though dead tired, when Lieut. Europe's good old jazz music struck up.

Mobile, Ala., should be particularly proud of this man, because part of his boyhood days were spent in this State.

Col. Hayward claims the lieutenant was the best band master in France.

HERBERT WHITE, OF THE 369TH INFANTRY, FORMERLY THE OLD 15TH NATIONAL GUARD, NEW YORK, TELLS A FEW OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR

On April 6, 1917, I enlisted in the old 15th, New York National Guard. After my enlistment I was sent to Peekskill, along with the rest of the men of my regiment for preliminary training.

On May 30 my whole regiment returned to New York. I was again called for active duty June 5. On July 15 I was called into the Federal service. On July 16 my regiment entrained for Camp Whitman, where we were to be made into real soldiers.

After about one and one-half months of hard drilling and hiking I was pretty well seasoned, as were the rest of the men in my company. On August 16 the 3rd Battalion of the old 15th was sent to Camp Dix, N. J., for guard duty, where we relieved the 2nd New Jersey Infantry.

After one month of continuous guard duty at Camp Dix we entrained for Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, S. C., where we were to take up training for overseas duty.

Our next move was to Camp Mills, Long Island. It was here that we had our first race differences. We were only at Camp Mills twenty-four hours when we were moved to different armories in New York City, where we rested and were equipped for overseas.

After three different attempts to sail from New York we finally got under way and arrived in France the latter part of

December. After leaving our ship we entrained for St. Nazaire. It was at this point that we had our first taste of real laboring work. We spent about two and one-half months doing all sorts of laborious detail. We built dams and railroads, and we were complimented many, many times by the French on our all around ability.

On March 12 our regiment was brigaded with the 16th French Division, and in the latter part of March we entrained for Remingcourt. Bayonet drilling, grenade throwing, machine gun operation and one hundred and one other different things were only part of the instruction that we received. It was shortly after that when we turned in our American equipment and were in turn given French outfits.

On April 20 the 3rd Battalion was ordered to the Champagne front. All of our boys had smiling faces, because they realized that they were at last going to show the Germans just what they were made of. Reaching the third line trenches, a few of the boys were very nervous, as the Germans had commenced throwing over a terrible bombardment. On reaching our positions we were assigned to our dugouts and received one hour rest and we were then instructed by the French to patrol and protect our sector.

At seven o'clock the same evening we were ordered to take our positions for the first time in the trenches. The Americans were instructed by their French comrades when, where and how to fire upon the enemy and protect themselves when attacked by the Germans.

A few days passed when my captain asked who would volunteer to form a platoon of thirty-two men. Three-quarters of the company were very anxious to join the platoon, and my captain had to pick the thirty-two men, and I happened to be one of the lucky ones. At three o'clock in the morning we were ordered "over the top" for the first time. We were to patrol from our front line to the German front line and get all the information and prisoners possible. After five minutes of patrolling we were discovered by the German sentries and fired upon. The machine guns started to bark and the only thing we could do was to stick to the ground. The Germans kept up their firing for about ten minutes, but none of our men were even struck. We were then ordered to crawl back to our trenches. But this was a very hard job, because the Germans about this time started to shell our front lines. After crawling a little way we went astray. I finally crawled into a shell hole where I was greeted by a French lieutenant and four of my comrades. There we had to stay until the

Germans ceased firing. At about four a. m. it began to rain very hard and there was a let-up in the shelling. We then crawled back to our first lines, where we went to our bunks and went to sleep in our wet and torn clothes. The following day the boys were highly praised for the work they had accomplished in the early morning and my battalion was ordered to the reserve line where we rested for five days.

In the early part of May we were ordered back to the trenches. For ten days we not only held our position, but made several raids and secured valuable information. On May 10 the Germans decided to find our weakness and made a heavy attack on us, this being the first real attack that my battalion had been in. The captain ordered every man to his post and shouted, "Boys, you have got to fight and fight like h—." After three-quarters of an hour the enemy withdrew to their position, leaving behind them many dead and wounded. We were praised very highly by the French general for our part in the action and we were then relieved by the first battalion of our regiment. At this point I was taken sick and sent to the camp hospital, where I stayed for three weeks.

About the middle of May my battalion was ordered to the Argonne Forest, where they were doing some fierce fighting. Time after time the Germans bombarded our position and tried to gain ground, but they failed and lost at each attack. On June 12 the Prussian Guards made a great and determined attempt to cross our lines. They threw a terrific barrage but were met with a strong defense. Every man was at his post until the Germans finally retired. The machine gunners stuck to their posts and mowed down the advancing Germans with their guns burning hot and the ammunition nearly out. After all this action we had not lost a single foot of ground and there were comparatively few of our men injured. It was in this battle that many of our boys were cited for bravery.

On July 14 the Germans made another determined effort to win the war. This fight was known as the second battle of the Marne. About midnight the Germans threw one of the heaviest bombardments of their four years of warfare. Our third battalion was ordered to the front lines and the night was terrible. For miles and miles all you could see was the flash of big guns and the continuous roar of cannon and bursting of shells. We finally started for the front, but had an awful time getting under the German barrage. Shells were bursting all along the roads, killing men, horses, and blowing up wagons. As we moved toward the front we could hear nothing but our comrades lying on the ground

crying, "Help me, boys." As the battalion got nearer the front at the cross-road stood Maj. Spencer directing and encouraging the boys. Shells were dropping all around him, but he never moved a muscle. Shells were falling very fast and it was so dark that the platoons were losing each other. At daybreak shells were still falling as fast as ever. Nevertheless we reached our position and, together with our French comrades, we not only held, but drove the Germans back a few kilometers to Bellecouridge, which the boys held for some time.

Between the latter part of August and the early part of September our regiment was again ordered out of the trenches where the battalions went to different little towns for rest. After a short period of hard training and good rest we were again ordered to the front. Arriving at Camp Rougone we were replaced with several hundred new men as we were then training for action. The French at that time were preparing for a terrific drive in which we were to take part. On September 18 we were ordered to carry ammunition to the front. At eight o'clock we started on the mission, reaching P. C. Reny two hours later. After walking about three hours we were checked by the Germans throwing gas shells. Several men in my platoon were gassed. For two hours the Huns bombarded the road where we were working. After a while the bombardment ceased a little and we continued to work. About this time a shell hit our ammunition train and tore up everything around it. Two men of my platoon were killed, and we had to go in a dugout for safety. There we remained until four o'clock in the morning. This sort of work we had to do every evening for five days.

On September 23 another call went forth for replacement and fourteen men of my platoon were sent to different companies. On September 25 my regiment was in position and in readiness for the big drive which was to begin at twelve sharp that night.

At twelve sharp the bombardment started. Every gun along our front opened. There was a continuous roar and bursting of shells. On September 26, at five a. m., order came for the boys to go "over the top." Our first replacement company was ordered to the front line with ammunition, machine gun strips, grenades and other explosives. The second replacement company were to carry "minnie-waffles" and assist the heavy artillery. In my company, the 3rd replacement, we had different details, such as carrying wounded, fixing roads and pioneer work. My platoon was ordered to the front lines to repair torn up roads. The roads were all torn to pieces and it was necessary to repair them before

the artillery moved. We were given shovels, picks and spades and started to work under heavy shell fire. As we advanced along the road a terrible air battle was being waged over our heads and it was necessary for us to take cover in the ditch for one-half hour, and the result was the falling of two German planes. We had only resumed work about five minutes when a German airplane flew over us, at the same time turning his machine gun loose. We again had to take to cover, but did not lose a man. As we set to work again to repair the road there was a thick passing of cavalry in the midst of which a shell burst, killing eight horses, which meant another hard job. The roads had to be cleaned up within a few minutes, for the boys advanced fast and the artillery had to move up. I sent to the rear for more men to strengthen my platoon. We then dragged torn up horses and our dead comrades to the side of the road. As the artillery advanced the bridge over which they were to pass was blown up, and with our French comrades, we immediately rebuilt it. However, we worked very fast and the artillery was soon able to pass on. We were then called on to help the stretcher bearers. This was where I got the worst feeling in my life. As we marched across the recaptured ground all we could see was wounded and dead. Men with their legs torn off and heads crushed in could be seen and heard crying for help. We lost many a man for the want of medical attention, and while bringing the wounded to the rear we were passed by another colored regiment. We returned to the front and were ordered by a French soldier to go back quickly. Not paying any attention to him, we went to the left of the other outfit.

After moving from our positions a shell fell in the midst of another platoon which was advancing and killed all except one sergeant and three privates. At this point our men were crying for food. We had no water and no bread. The men were roaming around looking for food. We finally met some French comrades with some captured bulls and German bread. We asked our comrades for a piece of bread, as we were hungry. With a smile they handed us some, and then asked us to follow them to their dugouts. We then knocked one bull in the head with a hammer, killed, skinned and cooked him. It was here that we got our first meal during the whole drive. We boys were now at the famous piece of ground known as "Snake Hill." This is the hill that the French had been trying to hold for years. Our boys did the job in one day. As the boys advanced over "Snake Hill," losing many and capturing hundreds of prisoners and machine guns, I lost

two of my pals, Frank Demsy, a comedian, and William Stout, a comedian and boxer, and it was here that Maj. Spencer was seriously wounded.

It was about this time that we got our first taste of liquid fire. The Germans started throwing it over, and the fire crawled to a nearby hill, striking a mine, and destroying everything around it. Shortly after this, we were relieved and sent to different towns for a good clean-up and rest. Of course there had been heavy losses of men in our regiment and a call went out for replacement. In transferring the men, I was attached to Company "K." At that time, this battalion was camping in the open field with no tents or shelter. It was raining very hard, and of course our clothes were soaked. Nevertheless, we slept right out on the wet ground.

A few days later, we were ordered to Alsace. Arriving in Bellfore, we were taken in trucks to the town of Alsace and from there again started for the trenches in the mountains. It was while en route that I was again taken sick. I appealed to my sergeant, but he was unable to help me. After three miles of walking in the mountains, I became very weak and when our company stopped for rest, I could not get up. I was lying there until two French comrades brought me to the hospital. There I was treated for the grippe and rheumatism, and later they found out that I was suffering from a heavy attack of gas. After three weeks of treatment, I was sent to the classification camp. It was shortly after this that the armistice was signed and oh! how happy the boys were.

In the course of time my regiment did guard duty in the Rhine district. Our next move was to entrain for Lemans. We were there one week, cleaning up and getting rid of the cooties. A day before we left Lemans, my battalion was called for dress parade. As we marched along the field and lined up in company formation, we were called to attention. Not knowing what was going to happen, my captain, some non-commissioned officers and myself were called to the front of the battalion. It was then that I was cited for bravery in the Champagne drive.

On the 2nd of February, we were bound for the good old U. S. A. on the La France and landed in New York, February 9th. After our parade we were mustered out of service at Camp Upton.

CORPORAL HERBERT W. WHITE,
2 West 137th St., New York City,
Co. I, 369th Infantry, formerly the old 15th N. Y. N. G.

JACK ALLEN'S STORY

While working at No. 1038 Fifth Avenue, New York City, I read about the Germans' progress in sinking our ships and their barbarous treatment to the innocent people of France and Belgium. I thought that the good old U. S. A. would not tolerate such tactics and that sooner or later war would be declared. With this in my mind, I decided to enlist, which I did a day before the Declaration of War. It is a well known fact, that when the United States entered the war, there were people who claimed that the colored troops would never rally to the colors the way the whites did. But this dope was all wrong, and as a matter of fact some of the greatest and best fighting that was done in France was carried on by the colored men. Most every regiment of colored boys who fought were given some sort of a medal for their valor, and the courageous manner in which they fought has proved beyond a doubt that the black man is no slacker when it comes to defending his country and flag.

We went through all sorts of hardships and were given many insults by the officers who cast aside the rules and regulations of the U. S. A. Nevertheless, we have proven beyond doubt that we can be depended on in any crisis, and no matter how great the danger we are always ready to take our chance with every other true American in wars' gamble. Our race has helped to make history and we were glad of the opportunity.

PRI. JACK ALLEN,
Machine Gun Company,
359th Infantry.

GRAHAM'S EXPERIENCES

I was working as a shipping clerk at 1667 Broadway, New York, when I heard that the old 15th New York was looking for new members. Being a lover of Democracy and Liberty, I decided to join the organization at once. This I did June 2, 1917.

After my enlistment I was sent along with the regiment to Camp Whitman to be Federalized. From this camp we were sent to several other camps to do guard duty and to train for Over Seas Service.

On November 12th, I sailed for France. After two days' sailing, our ship met with an accident which caused us to return back to Hoboken, where we entrained for Camp Merritt. After ten days in camp, I was taken ill and sent to the hospital. Here I spent nine

weary days because I realized that my regiment had already sailed for Over Seas. Leaving the hospital December 15th and being too late to rejoin my regiment, I was sent to Camp Merritt to a casual company, and was placed in charge of the 16th casuals. After a week or more of continuous routine, I was given one day's rest for Christmas. While we were eating our Christmas dinner, one of our southern officers called the boys to attention and announced, "There are some packages for you darkies and don't A. N. touch them until I give the orders." I approached the officer and told him in a military manner that there were no "N's" in the company, and for telling him this I was given extra work the next day.

On January 13, 1918, I went aboard the "Agamemnon" to sail for France, and after arriving there, I was put to work along with my comrades cleaning up the camp. Of course, we all know that there is no such thing as discrimination in army life, black and white being treated equally alike. But then, on every occasion that presented itself, the southern crackers took occasion to make us feel that we were not on the same par.

One day while standing in line waiting to get some candy and cakes from the canteen, we were ordered by one of the southern guards on duty to move back and let his friends in first. Of course, there was some objection to the obedience of this command, and without another word the guard drew his gun and said, "You N. S., move to the rear." Sergt. White, who was in the same detail with myself, with a quick movement took the gun from the guard. We were then warned by a dozen or more of the guard's comrades to get to h—— out of there. After Sergt. White had unloaded the guard's gun and returned it to him, we got out of the line. Downhearted and disgusted, Sergt. White and myself looked at each other with tears in our eyes. A captain by the name of Robinson asked us what was wrong, and I told him. After hearing my story, he told me to leave it to him. The captain then told our troubles to the colonel of the ship from whom he received orders to put the sentry in the brig for the remainder of the trip.

Day after day, Capt. Robinson put us in a position where we were treated like soldiers should be treated. We had plenty to eat and enough sleep, and enjoyed ourselves as the rest of the men on board the ship did.

On January 23d, we entrained for Bloise, and believe me, it was some ride. We were placed in a small box car holding 48 men. Nevertheless, there were more than this number crowded in the same car. The weather was extremely cold, and you can imagine the hardships we went through. Open cars, and no place to lie down

and not permitted to make a fire. Our rations consisted in part of a small portion of corned beef. At that time, the Germans were poisoning the water all along the line, and we were not permitted to drink in any of the towns at which we stopped.

Arriving at Bloise, three nights later, I was sent to a casual company. A few days later, my company was ordered to do engineer work. We were at this detail for three weeks. In the meantime, a few of the officers violated every army regulation with their insults to us. I tired of this sort of treatment, and asked one of my superior officers if I could not be sent to my outfit. Even after I made this request, I was detained two weeks longer.

About the early part of March, I was sent to our regiment which was doing labor work in St. Nazaire. I stayed with the outfit one week. About the 20th of March, I rejoined my company at Remicourt where we all underwent intensive training for duty in the trenches. It was here that we exchanged our American equipment for that of the French.

On April 20th, our company went to the trenches for the first time. I was very happy, but shaky. After engaging in many thrilling patrols, raids, and in the September drive, I was taken ill and sent to the hospital in the town of Marns, where I received much needed treatment. I was restored to my former health through the careful nursing of the girls who treated everybody alike and under the watchful influence of officers who felt that we were all created equal and men who lived up to the spirit and rules of the U. S. Army.

Upon my discharge, I was sent to La Marne, where my regiment was preparing to return to the good old U. S. A. While in this camp, the conveniences were not all that a New York hotel would offer. We had mud and water aplenty and there was many and many a night that we worked from sunset to dawn, and to stand in line from one to one and one-half hours for something to eat was a common occurrence. Of course, I realized that this part of our experience was part of the soldier's life. But then I do say that some of the officers with our forces used very little consideration.

Finally my regiment received sailing orders and we left France February 2nd, landing in New York February 7th. Arriving in New York, we were sent to Camp Upton where we were mustered out of service. With all the hardships we went through the abuse we received, we are still true Americans and love our country and flag.

Were another war to break out tomorrow, we would again be ready to defend our country with our life.

JOHN GRAHAM,
Company "K," 369th Infantry, formerly the old 15th,
New York Nat'l Guard.

BATTLE-SCARRED BROOKLYN HERO TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN FRANCE

Like a great many of my military pals, I received my first training at Peekskill, New York. Army life at first was very hard for me, but after three four days of good hard work, I was thoroughly acclimated. Of course, while training in Peekskill, we were in reality a state organization, but there was so much war spirit in the air that we really felt that we were full-fledged soldiers and not mere rookies.

After our training at Peekskill, we came back to New York and were not called into service again until August, 1917. We then went to Camp Whitman where we had some real, honest-to-goodness training and manoeuvring.

After a time, my battalion was called to Camp Upton, Long Island, to do guard duty. When we arrived at Camp Upton, we found that the camp was not as yet built up, the roads still being uncut in many places and the so-called Main Street knee deep with mud. In addition to this, there were millions of mosquitoes and it was necessary for us to wear mosquito net masks while doing guard duty. There were times when you could take your hands and wipe them across your mask and get a handful of mosquitoes. All this was very uncomfortable, but then it was part of the soldier's life. While at Upton, we had to contend with all sorts of disturbances, such as riots, fights; and forest fires were not an uncommon occurrence. Our work consisted of general policing.

After leaving Camp Upton, we went to Spartansburg, and to show you the various climates, I might mention that when you went to bed at night, the thermometer would be between 65 and 70 degrees, and when you woke up in the morning, you would be glad to put your overcoat on and wear it until the middle of the day.

After leaving Spartansburg, we came to New York presumably to embark for France, but through some sort of misunderstanding, our plans went astray and my battalion was sent to Van Cortlandt Park where we were stationed for ten days.

Our next move was to the Armory where we were again prepared to sail. I will never forget the day of our expected departure for France. We were taken in automobile buses down to the foot of East 99th St., where we went aboard the steamer Republic. Very few people knew that we were going by that route because there were not many of our folks there to bid us "Good-bye." The Republic steamed around to the Hoboken pier and we went aboard our ship, the Pocahontas, formerly the Princess Irene, a German passenger liner.

As you have no doubt read in some of the other boys' stories about the different attempts we made at sailing before we finally got away, I will not go into this part of my experience.

However, we finally arrived at Brest, December 27th. We were then taken from our boat to a small English boat, and when I tell you that we were packed on board just like sardines, you can take my word for it, I will never forget my experience in disembarking. In going down the gang plank, we only had one rope to hold on to, and with the ice, sleet, and our heavy packs, it was pretty hard manoeuvring. From Brest we were taken aboard box cars which were marked eight horses and forty men and given rations of hard tack, jam, and tomatoes, which was supposed to last us through the trip.

We arrived at St. Nazaire about four o'clock. The next morning arriving at the camp, we were lined up and given hot coffee and then assigned to our billets with no beds or stoves, and to make matters worse we were not allowed to make a fire. However, an official order came to our rescue in the form of a call to arms. We were taken out into the drilling field and marched up and down for about three hours. This helped to get our blood in circulation, and as a matter of fact it warmed us up so that we were prepared for almost anything. While at St. Nazaire we had considerable labor work to do, such as building dams and railroads, etc. One week before leaving St. Nazaire, we were taken off this sort of work and told to get ourselves in readiness to become soldiers again. This we did with much zest.

Just before leaving, we were told that we were going to be brigaded with the French. We left St. Nazaire at 6:00 in the evening in three sections, one battalion to a section. We were put on a train which was the first decent train we had ever been in while in France, and still that train was what the people called third-class accommodation. We rode for three days, and our food consisted of jam, cold beans, tomatoes and hard tack. We disembarked at a place called Giverny Argonne. The regiment was

here split up, the 2d battalion going to St. Marns, the 1st to Norlew, and the 3rd to Remingcourt, the men being billeted in houses throughout the town. It was at this point that we were given a thorough schooling in the French system of training. After two or three more moves, we took our places in the trenches. The Germans in the meantime kept shelling us with gas, but we were very fortunate in having very few losses.

About the middle of July, the Germans started one of their great offensives. They gave us everything they had in the hardware line, and it was said that this was one of the greatest drives ever attempted. After the first surprise, the boys stuck to their positions like veterans. The sky was lit up for miles and miles from the shell fire. Even the veteran troops of the French Army and the Moroccans could not have shown any greater fighting spirit. When the order came to move up, our troops advanced with a zest that equalled the best fighting men in France.

After these experiences in the trenches, I was detailed to what is known in the French Army as the "Train-de-combat." This is a little unit of the regiment that you never hear much about, but one in which men very often work all day and even all night. You have to do all sorts of work, such as carrying food, ammunition and clothing to the boys in the front line trenches even though the roads were under heavy shell and gas attack. Nothing must hinder your work, because it is necessary for the men up front to have food and ammunition. I have seen men and horses blown right from their wagons. I must make mention of the Moroccan Cavalry and their chaired back saddles. I think they are one of the greatest and bravest fighting troops that I have ever come in contact with. Their one belief is that in going to their death, is going to Heaven, and that is one reason of their recklessness in fighting the enemy. Although we boys did not share this belief, altogether, we were not far behind the Moroccans when it came to fighting.

My next move was to get caught in a bombardment while working on an ammunition train. I saw men and beasts alike blown hundreds of feet in the air by the exploding shells, but fortunately I came through the whole thing without a scratch. Of course, we had to call for replacements time and time again and I am mighty proud to be able to say that every man was ready to take his turn no matter how great the danger. Next we were sent to the trenches in the mountains.

Of course I was in several engagements up to the time the armistice was signed, but none of them equalled in violence those

which I went through during my first few months' stay in France. Just about the time the armistice was to be signed, we were getting ready to take ammunition, gas masks and supplies to our comrades up in the front lines. Of course it is a well-known fact that after the armistice was signed, the 369th Infantry, formerly the old 15th, New York, was one of the first regiments to occupy territory on the Rhine. Our stay in the Rhine district was comparatively short because we were ordered back to Brest to embark for home waters.

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Company A, 369th Infantry, U. S. A.

CHAPTER VII

What the colored boys did during spare moments in camp. A negro woman to her adopted soldier boy. Frenchmen from Africa do their bit nobly. Race superiority. More Brooklyn heroes. A funny story. How negro officer felt about fighting. Self-segregation not patriotic.

"WHAT THE COLORED BOYS DID DURING THEIR SPARE MOMENTS WHILE IN CAMP"

Yes, of course, it was remarkable—so remarkable, so unusual, so distinctive that, might you have sat as censor over the outbound mail of the soldiers at Camp Sherman, Uncle Sam's monster cantonment near Chillicothe, you'd have found a thousand soldiers, without a doubt, enthusing wildly as to it, and hoping that the good Y workers who had the affair in charge would see fit to repeat it again and again.

It—to read the announcement in cold type—might not have attracted more than passing notice.

"A minstrel show was staged at the big Auditorium at Camp Sherman by members of the —th and —th and certain other regiments," the press dispatch no doubt said.

A minstrel show, given at an army camp, where all manner of sane and wholesome performances are now being given, either free or at ridiculously low cost, just to cover or near cover expenses, is hardly a matter of note. But in the giving of this particular minstrel show there went the talent of actual colored men throughout, colored men who were renowned for their wit, their song, their skill with instruments—colored men who were college men, no few; negroes who were glad of the chance to show a thousand of their white colleagues-at-arms what the race redeemed to freedom a half century before was now able to do in the cause of maintaining this world liberty.

Behind the mustering that talent, the drilling in rehearsal to round out the whole, there lies a wholesome tale—a tale filled with hints to workers for the soldiers otherwheres, and a story that gives its lesson of what the Y men are doing for the colored troops and what, in turn, these troops will do.

At Camp Sherman, to begin at the beginnings of the tale, there is an entire Y. M. C. A. building—"hut" is the word they apply to these, though they are far from "huts" this side of the seas, indeed—devoted to the colored soldiers.

This colored Y. M. C. A. unit comes in for its full share of whatsoever the others receive, and rest assured the bounty is a plenteous one.

Keeping 'Em in Good Spirits

Possibly as great a phase as any of it, in maintaining the contentment of the soldiers, keeping them in good spirits in playtime hours, keeping them from that bane of all camp commanders—the homesickness—is the work of the entertainment committee of the "Y." This committee divides its labors into three distinct sorts, each, then, with special eye to individual needs of the audience served. To develop the talent already in the camp is its first and perhaps most important phase. It is here that the colored soldiers will come to the fore, providing entertainment not for themselves alone, but for the entire cantonment.

Again, motion pictures are arranged for all parts of the big encampment.

Then, thirdly, outside talent is brought in.

To get the material for the programs built by the first of these has been no easy matter. The untiring Y workers assigned the especial task go through the companies, search over the regiments, and pick out all talent they may learn of. It isn't easy to get wind of these things; men are naturally modest, even about volunteering here; men will perhaps hesitate to perform in public, especially if they know officers will be in the audience gathered around, and particularly where they know that their audience will be with them for months and months, and so any slip-up won't be forgotten overnight.

However, when the Y workers among the colored regiments, stepping across the barrack room, happen to hear William whistling an old Kentucky lullaby, busy at kitchen police, singing in full rich minor keys, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," they linger and loiter and enjoy, and then show the two happy soldiers that to keep such talent from the other Sammies is selfish and not at all "doing one's bit" to the full. So, again, when a colored soldier sends home for his mandolin or banjo for whiling away the evenings on the company street or near quarters, it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to know that that man loves music and so find what he does best with these. And so with the other acquirements of the black soldiers.

This talent, squarely picked, is filed in a list that is carefully carded and organized.

From that list then is drawn what variety is required for any stated program, but especially for the minstrel shows. The black regiments are especially in demand at such time, for the colored Sammie is a happy, joy-loving soul, and he does know how to entertain, not only

his own regiment, his own race, but if any part of the camp wants entertainment it calls on the Y and the Y calls on these men. If any interest in the towns nearby wants an entertainment to raise funds for certain war ends, rest assured that the Y can supply and please them all.

Nor is it always only minstrel shows—not by a very, very great deal.

Give Operas and Class Plays

Out of the talent in the monster cantonment the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Sherman has given operas, middle class plays, such things as, say vaudeville sketches—that is, monologues, quartettes, and the like.

And if the colored soldier isn't on the program he is part of the audience, if open to soldiers at all. When the school of the line gives a smoker for company funds the Y will draw from this talent for variant to the chit-chat; if a negro regiment entertains it does the same.

But, to re-emphasize, aside from doing their own share in providing entertainment, these colored soldiers have "open sesame" to some splendid entertainments provided through the Y's themselves.

Men who have played on the big vaudeville circuits are far from rare here. Pat Stromberg and Callahan Brothers, notable contortionists, all have appeared.

Meanwhile, the Y. M. C. A. men are delving deeper, further. They are searching out that home talent to finer degrees still for overseas service or shipboard besides.

When Sammie gets "over there"—as he's so eager to do—the good French folk will do what they can for him; but customs and entertainments vary with countries, and so Sammie won't at all mind being entertained every so often by Americans, entertaining in American ways. "Over there" there may be movies, but not so many with American subjects; "over there" there may be jesting actors, but the wit is of a different type.

No Cause for Worry

But Sammie, white or colored, need not worry. Although the work is just in its infancy, the Y. M. C. A. has made such strides at it that it is already taking great proportions, and the soldiers can put on their own "shows" be they where-so-e'er. Company commanders, realizing the worth of recreation to their men, are advising of talent in their midst, and this helps much where men are too modest to volunteer.

One of these evenings drop in, if you may, at the entertainment the colored privates may be holding there at Sherman, or possibly for some organization to war purposes near. Maybe it's vaudeville, maybe it's

a minstrel show; in either case watch for a certain quartette there. There's a tenor who is worth going far to hear.

Drop in at the mess hall—perhaps in the squad room—and, proper hours, other entertainment is on. Some time ago the "school of the line" gave a dance in Chillicothe for which the Y put on a "bones" performance in intermission. The thing was such a stupendous success that when, shortly after, a full-fledged minstrel show was given at the camp auditorium every seat was occupied, and many others wishing simply couldn't get into the house.

Interesting features, born of military regulation, attend these performances, none the less. The men must, of course, be returned by 10:30, and so performances here do not await more fashionable civilian hours, but start at 6:30 or at latest 7:00 o'clock.

And the variety of good things open to the white man and the black man who care just to come in and enjoy them! Every one of the Y buildings has its own talent, puts on performances open to all comers again and again. Just the big "sings," as they're known—they are most delightful.

Again, twice a week, in each building, there are motion pictures. These "movies" are billed from building to building; things here are advertised as where competition might be most keen. Only down at heart Sammie knows this long, long time that, in addition to what the individual Y. M. C. A. "hut" of his sector may be providing, there is also "something doing" for him at the big auditorium every night.

At the camp, too, these sometimes aren't allowed to lose their interest because of using that home talent, excellent though it is, alone. In addition the Y. M. C. A. has provided for introduction of no end of outside talent.

Sunday Afternoons

Sunday afternoons, for example, two performances at least by outsiders are billed for the auditorium. Sunday night there's a "sing" and lecture. Special occasions they may vary on this; for example, at Christmas, in view of the big community "sing," under other auspices than the Y's, the latter arranged its plans as not to compete.

The outside talent is showing, if nothing else did, how the heart of the nation is with Sammie, and there is nothing it won't do for him. Great enterprises send entire troupes down there, they paying all expenses. Already the camp is hardly a three-month-old in its real magnitude; that is to say; and already they have had over \$4,000 worth of outside entertainment absolutely free of charge. One great vaudeville circuit—Editor Keith's—sent twenty-two acts in all, and the

Y. M. C. A. records show 25,000 men in different auditoriums came to see them.

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra has already been twice to Camp Sherman; prices are made to simply cover exact minimum costs of the trip.

Giant basket ball games to determine championships, notable boxing contests, are held that Sam may enjoy.

Where Sammie goes he is looked after, even when away out on the range. There, on the artillery ranges, two tents are provided the Y workers, that these may go about with the men. They not alone look after little practical needs of Sam, but they cheer him up, fill him with enthusiasm, "pep"—make him enjoy soldiering and feel the real lure and "thrill of it" that he does in the big work of peace time at home.

Results

And Sammie—well, he does feel results—quickly, keenly, and he does come to anticipate them, look forward to them.

Drop in at Camp Sherman, and the soldier you know, be he black man or white, is apt to suggest very first thing:

"Let's go down and see what's on next at the Y."

He wants you to stay, to attend, to enjoy with him. He knows it's a performance which is a treat. He knows that not alone he, but you, will never have an evening filled to brim the more fully with something so much the worth while. He—but go forth yourself and be witness.

Go when you will, where you will, at the big cantonment, and we are willing to guarantee that you'll return finding the soldiers contented, happy, eager for the day's work—and eager, too, for play hours, not because of wanting to be shut off the soldiering, but because of very pardonable eagerness for the rise of curtain on the evening's program down at the Y.

A NEGRO WOMAN TO HER ADOPTED SOLDIER BOY

FLORENCE LEWIS BENTLEY

My dear Soldier:

The post-card telling of your safe arrival on the other side came to me this morning, and the great relief which I feel measures the anxiety I had concerning your safe transfer. A friend said to me, "If the welfare of this boy whom you have never seen effects you

so greatly, how would it be if he were your real son?" When I answered that I could not feel more keenly if you were, in fact, the child of my body, of course, there were arguments to show I was mistaken. But you and I can afford to smile at such misapprehension. We, who have established a real kinship of the spirit—whose souls have met in an union which transcends that of flesh and blood—we two have a sweet knowledge not shared by many. Since our correspondence I have clearly realized that the travail of the body is not the keenest experience in producing life. The awakening of a young soul far transcends the material quickening so dear to the material mother. And I have seen your soul take life. This is our sweet secret now—but one of these days all men will know that spirit, not matter, is the true substance, and this very war, of which you are a part, is going to help along that day of clear vision. Such is my hope.

Our friend, on the very day of her return from Newport News, brought to me your last letter. You were very right not to send it by mail because, of course, much would have been censored.

I am very sorry that you had not left the country before you had heard of that terrible lynching, and of that humiliating order to the soldiers, in a western camp, to submit tamely to personal insult, from which the uniform of their country was powerless to protect them. You would be half a man if you did not feel the infamy of it all—if you did not feel the need to renew your grip upon your loyalty so sharply assailed by such dire happenings.

Now, my dear, dear boy, we have been all over this ground—have we not? And we have tried to place these American atrocities in their true relation to the Great World Upheaval. You say you read my letters all over again in order to quiet your thought and get a hold on yourself. I feel grateful for that. I send this one to emphasize all I have said, and to which you have assented. You do not "go over seas to risk your life in the defence of a country which crucifies your brothers and denies you the ordinary rights of citizenship." You go to help to protect from disaster the idea for which this country stands—that idea which, though maltreated and defaced by imperfect men, must ultimately be made manifest in all its glorious reality as Universal Freedom. Men call it Democracy, but it is really the Kingdom of Brotherhood whose basic law is love.

Get away from personality as much as possible. Don't look on yourself merely as a negro soldier, but see yourself a factor in a Magnificent Emprise, than which this old world has never known a greater. Enlarge the units of your thought. Cease thinking in persons, in races, in cities and countries. Think in worlds. Then you get hold of the principle which underlies all this upheaval, and whose

control reaches from little you and me up to the skies. It is only by seeing largely that you can act greatly.

After much thought I have come to the conclusion that the negro soldier of America is the most heroic figure in this whole war. He must be super-man, for the endurance of mere man has a human limit. There are negroes from other parts of the world doing tremendous things in Europe, and they with their white comrades are spurred on and strengthened by the admiration and loyal affection of their respective countrymen. It seems that the American negro soldier alone must do without this warm stimulus of a country's undivided love. He must cut his way through to attainment, leaning on nothing but a sense of duty, the passionate loyalty of his own little race group, and a reliance on God. He gives magnificently and receives what seems a reluctant dole. Well, dear son, let us face that stern fact, for we know that out of such stuff God makes his Great Ones, and we also know that in the inevitable summing up of things that same impartial God bestows rewards—and also punishment.

Let me repeat what I have so often written, my dear soldier. Your courage and strength are unassailable as long as you keep your vision. Heads up and eyes straight forward is required spiritually as well as physically in a true soldier. Let no happening distract you from the great thing to which you are called. When you have wiped out error in one shape, other forms of it will fade away. Such is the contagion of good. Try to make those friends of yours get this higher view and you will be helping them to a greater happiness and a higher manhood . . .

Because you wanted it, I am sorry that I had no photograph to send you before you left, but after all "the painted semblance" is no loss, dear, if you carry my spirit with you. Etch upon your heart, my dear soldier, the ideas, the hopes, the aspirations and—yes—the warm love I have tried to convey to you, and you will have a picture of the real me which no accident of war or any other thing can ever take from you. We will meet some happy day, we both believe, but if you are to make the supreme sacrifice you will always live for me in your beautiful spiritual reality. I will see you always as the gallant, brave, devoted soul who went—not because of draft or other compulsion—but willingly, knowingly and joyously to help free the world from error. I will remember that in so doing he laid his dear life, to rescue even those who "despitefully used him and persecuted" him. "Greater love hath no man than this," and in this way, dear son of my heart, you would be following the great example.

I kiss your cheek,

Faithfully,

MOTHER.

FRENCHMEN FROM AFRICA DO THEIR BIT NOBLY

The "Joyeux" did marvelous fighting on the French front. Their motto is, "To the last man if necessary."

They electrified the entire sector when on May 27 the Germans attempted to storm their defenses. Although the enemy attacked in vastly superior numbers, the "Joyeux," fighting desperately, with entire disregard to numbers, held their ground and every yard of the line of barbed wire entanglement fronting the French trenches was ornamented with dead Germans.

Some of the enemy elements which succeeded in penetrating the trenches were slaughtered with bayonets and grenades. Supreme abnegation was shown by the war-hardened "Joyeux," who checked the powerful German assaults. The line of trenches was firmly held and communication was kept open between the various defending elements.

In Heroic Night March

On the night of May 28 the First battalion of the Chasseurs d'Afrique fell back in an orderly manner, having fulfilled the mission intrusted to it and picking up the equally weary elements of the Third battalion, which had struggled no less gloriously. After an all-night march of twenty kilometers (twelve miles) they arrived at their destination without abandoning any material, the machine gunners carrying their pieces on their backs. Several of the "Joyeux" spoke to me of this moving night march with heroic simplicity.

"We were counted and reconstituted," said one of them. "About midnight of May 29, without taking time for repose, we again went to the front. One June 1 we launched an attack, making a formidable charge, which caused the boches to renounce their attempt to advance."

Multiplied acts of heroism were performed by these men. One of the battalions taking part in the action was composed of very young chaps who had arrived on the French battlefields as late as Jan. 3 last, after distinguishing itself in Morocco by its ardor and endurance. The esprit animating from this battalion is very chivalrous.

Recover Body of Commander

Four "Joyeux" in the night of May 28 saw their company commander, Lieutenant Marechal, fall in a boyaux, pierced by enemy bullets. Not wishing to lose the body of their chief, the valiant four resisted the Germans with grenades, holding them at bay. After they had recovered the body the same four "Joyeux" carried it all the way during the terrible, back-breaking twenty kilometer retreat. On the morning of May 29, although harassed by fatigue and lack of sleep,

they organized a short funeral service, glorifying the officer who had fallen at their head.

On June 1 the same battalion, supported by two companies of other battalions, after being almost submerged by the German waves, threw itself, the officers leading with drawn revolvers, into a hand-to-hand encounter with the Germans, who fell back in disorder, abandoning their field and machine guns.

"Frenchmen from Africa"

The Germans have applied the common name of "Frenchmen from Africa" for the soldiers of all the French regiments which in time of peace served in Africa, including legionnaires, zouaves, "Joyeux," colonials, mitrailleurs—Arab and black sharpshooters recruited in northern Africa—Spahis and African chasseurs. These corps are especially feared by the enemy and form one of the firmest bulwarks of the allied defense.

"RACE SUPERIORITY"

One of the issues of the war is race prejudice. The Germans have this trait in so marked a degree that it ought to share the growing unpopularity which now accumulates around things distinctively German, whether good, bad or indifferent. Ever since the Germans took from Frenchmen like Gobineau, Englishmen like Houston Chamberlain, and Slavs like Treitschke, the legend that the world's civilization was the creation of a single race—the Teutonic—they have been unendurable. The bulk of German books on history, politics and sociology for the last few decades have been devoted to the elaboration of this great Teutonic myth. Slavs were barbarians, Latin nations were decadent, Celts were futile, the yellow races were "monkeys," black men were not human, Jews were enemies of the state; only the Teuton was tall, blond, handsome, virile, virtuous, reverent, honorable, practical, idealistic, scientific, thrifty, continent, just, brave, self-respecting, and capable of self-government. The fact that many Frenchmen, Russians and Irishmen had all these qualities and that some Germans had none of them (not even the blondness) did not prevent the Pan-Germans from identifying the imaginary "Teuton" with the German nation.

The moral of this pitiful collapse of German humor and common sense before the mirage of Teutonism should keep us from similar follies. Let our enemies have a monopoly of racial egotism.

* * *

But the war raises the question of race prejudice also in a broader form; not merely the claims of the Teutonic super-race but the claims

of the "white race" itself to eternal and inevitable superiority. Germany has no doubt on the matter. Inferior as are the non-Teutonic peoples of Europe in German eyes, they take rank above the "native" races of Asia and Africa to such a degree that slavery or the sword is the just wage of the latter. Note the German fury at the Allies for seeking the aid of Japan and for employing African troops on European battlefields. Remember the day when the Kaiser preached against the "yellow peril" in the spirit of yellow journalism. Read any good book or article on Germany's system of rule in her overseas colonies. It is true that private plantation owners in Belgian and Portuguese Africa, and even in a few parts of French Africa, have been excessively cruel to the native laborers in their employ. But nowhere have the officials of a government been so systematically oppressive as in German Africa. The atrocities in the Belgian Congo were the work of a soulless capitalism. The atrocities in German Southwest Africa were the work of bureaucrats inspired by racial arrogance and measureless contempt of those whom they ruled. If the preacher of race hate from the Mississippi valley or the Pacific Coast were to migrate to the banks of the Elbe, he would not only relieve us of his presence, but would find an appreciative audience and a true "spiritual home." Race prejudice is pro-Germanism.

If the hideous example of racial arrogance afforded by Germany does not suffice to cure us of our prejudices, there is another fact which should make us reflect. Who are the Allies? At least five nations among them—China, Japan, Siam, Liberia and Haiti—have no white population worth mentioning. An absolute majority of the people of the British Empire live in India; "white" men certainly, but also "natives" and non-Europeans. France and its colonies, if taken as a whole contain nearly as much black as white, and French Indo-China contributes numerous yellow men to swell the total. Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Brazil, Cuba and others of the Allies have many non-white subjects and citizens. The United States, with its ten million negroes and mixed-bloods, its Indian tribes, its Pacific colonies, cannot claim to be a racial unity. If we sum together all the people who are fighting against Germany, it seems probable that at least three out of four of them are "natives;" that is, people not descended from the races of Europe. Of course, the white race is the most largely represented on the actual battle line, but, since an army is only the delegate of a people, we should learn to think of the war as a league of all the races of mankind against the common foe of all humanity.

"MORE BROOKLYN HEROES"

Thomas Ball
Frank Henderson
Granderson Smith
L. C. Cross
Robert Ransome
Roscoe C. Cooper
James Ransome
Thomas Sykes
Arthur Hacket
Thaddeus Butler
James Cooper

Fred C. Moultrie
Edward F. Simpson
Henry A. Weeks
Harry Kelly
Frank Dickerson
Joseph R. Mercer
Lewis Carey
Edward Bradford
David Sidney
Jesse James Burnett
James Hawkins

"A FUNNY STORY"

Lieut. Windshield Jackson's Recent Letter Showing That War Has Its Funny, As Well As Serious Side.

It has been so long since I wrote you that I guess that you have had an idea that myself and pal, Tomatto, had fallen victim to the Huns, but I assure you that such is not the case. We have been with a famous fighting French regiment for over nine months, and in the same company are the only five survivors of the regiment of the French Legion with which we originally enlisted. Just think, only five out of 1250, all the rest either having made the supreme sacrifice or invalided; I will not say that any have been held in the German prison camps, for the simple reason that we had a strict rule not to be taken alive, being the first of the allied troops to adopt the "ask-no and give-no" rule, and believe me, we lived up to it in the strictest sense of the word. It would take a book to hold a full detailed account of our experiences since I last wrote you, but through it all Tomatto and I have held steadfast with each other in a manner that would make Damon and Pythias look like a couple of bitter enemies. It is a peculiar thing when you come to think of it; here a short time ago Tomatto was notified that a Japanese division had been landed in Russia, and that provisions would be made to transfer him to it if he desired such a change. At about the same time word was delivered to me that a regiment of colored troops had arrived at a sector a short distance away, and that if I wished I could join them, and that arrangements could likely be made whereby I would hold the same official rank that I have here, being a lieutenant. Tomatto and I had a talk about the offer; he sat still and never said a word during the time that I was putting the idea up to him, and when I had finished, he stood up at salute and with tears in his eyes said, "Lieutenant, we have faced death a hundred times together, and when either of us have needed the other, we have always been on hand. My

place now, I think, is with you, just the same as your place is with me, and I think that both of our places are with the French army until the war ends." Well, Tomatto got rid of that speech in a look and tone that had my eyes all wetted up, too, and right there we decided to notify the commanding officer of our decision, which we did the following morning.

Maj. Peeknut Proud

"I am proud of you two," said Major Peeknut, "and I am sure that every other officer of our division will feel the same when I make my report as to your decision."

I will not be able to write in great detail at this time. You no doubt have been reading of the terrific fighting which has been going on, and believe me when I say that our early experiences are standing us in good stead. Tomatto and I raided a German trench last Sunday night all by our lonely. We noticed, from time to time, that there was light being moved in a section just opposite us, but divided from us by three lines of barbed entanglement. These flashes of light are common when machine rifles are being used, but the fact that only a light artillery fire was coming our way from the rear of the boche second line, we concluded that there was something doing that would be of interest. So we started across the top with a goodly supply of grenades and a couple of extra small arms, including a pair of new "bolos," or double-edged short swords, which have lately been adopted by the French army. I was slightly in the lead, snipping the wires, with Tomatto dragging along at my heels with a concussion bomb all ready to hurl at the slightest sign that the Huns were awake to what we were pulling, but they apparently felt as secure as if they were at home with their families, for they never even had a sentry on post; the constant roar of the artillery drowned out any noise that we may have made, and as a consequence, we were peeping over the edge of their trench and into the dugout that they were occupying before they had any idea at all that there was anything doing. Tomatto tossed his bomb in as we both ducked well down to the ground, and an awful explosion followed. Our close range bombs are smokeless affairs, so after waiting for a few seconds until some of the dust had settled, we jumped down into the trench and into the dugout, which was a room about twelve feet square. Well, they were laying all about the place, and the sight was one that made even us two old-timers clinch our teeth. We learned afterward that there had been ten men in the place, and all were either killed outright or were jammed out of commission except two, and these had their hands scratching the roof and were screaming in terror through the grime which followed the explosion, "Kamerad."

Old Tomatto Howled

Old Tomatto howled and laughed at these fellows until tears ran down his cheeks. He made a motion as if he was going to prod one of them with his bolo, and the look of horror on the boche's face actually startled me. We directed them over the edge of the trench and told them in our best German to crawl across the top; they sure were in a blue funk and away they started, unescorted, directly toward our lines. Tomatto and I then crept down the trench to another dugout, and without a word of warning we sprang in front of the opening and snatched an old chenille curtain down with which they had covered the entrance.

"Up with your bread-hooks," I commanded. "Do any of you hams talk English?"

"I do," replied one of the officers, a captain with about a dozen different kinds of decorations on his bosom.

"Well, tell the rest of these cradle-robbers to come out of here one at a time, and no monkey business, or we will have the whole gob of you shaking hands in hell before you can squeak."

These birds sure were scared. Tomatto stood at one side of the entrance and disarmed the bunch—twenty-one of them—as they passed out, and headed them in the direction of the first dugout that we had captured. One of them made a break toward the far end of the trench, but he didn't get far. Tomatto didn't even raise his gun, but fired from the hip, and the result was so effective that the rest of the Huns acted more like a group of Sunday school pacifists than anything else.

Well, to make a long story short, we got them started over the top and made them lie on the ground and worm it for our lines, and it is a good thing for them that we did, too, for we hadn't gone far before we came across the carcasses of the two that we had sent on before. They were riddled and seemed to never have had a chance to "Kamerad" their way to our trench in safety. We sent up a couple of short-life signal colors to insure against getting pills out of the wrong box, so landed our kraut-eaters home in safety. What the major said to us the next day I am too modest to say, but I am of the opinion that we are in line for some more jewelry, and just think, we have nine different decorations each, already, and just for doing our duty as soldiers.

Tomatto sends his best regards to you and all the readers of the Defender, and I do the same. I promise now not to let it be long between letters, and hope to do like so many of the others have done, viz., make the Old Roll Top Desk and a trip to the Trough. Your old friend,

LIEUT. WINDSHIELD JACKSON,
French Army, Somewhere in France.

"HOW NEGRO OFFICER FELT ABOUT FIGHTING"

"One of my men came to me several days ago," he said, "and asked me why I had joined the army. He reminded me that I was above draft age and he wanted me to tell him what I was fighting for. I told him I was fighting for what the flag meant to the Negroes in the United States. I told him I was fighting because I wanted other oppressed people to know the meaning of democracy and enjoy it. I told him that millions of Americans fought for four years for us Negroes to get it and now it was only right that we should fight for all we were worth to help other people get the same thing.

"We are supposed to have had equal rights for fifty years now, but many times we have thought that those rights have been denied us, and many times it has been held that we have never done anything to deserve them.

"I told him that now is our opportunity to prove what we can do. If we can't fight and die in this war just as bravely as white men, then we don't deserve an equality with white men, and after the war we had better go back home and forget about it all. But if we can do things on the front; if we can make ourselves felt; if we can make America really proud of the Ole—th, then I am sure it will be the biggest possible step toward our equalization as citizens. That is what I told him, and I think he understood me. The whole (censored) has the same spirit."

And so the strife for distinction has been inculcated to the ranks of the Old (censored). The men are looking forward to being known as the "Black Devils," the same as the Chasseurs have earned the right to the "Blue Devil" nickname.

These Negro officers and men have tasted a new equality since arriving in France. In the village square of a small hamlet serving as headquarters I saw them mingling on the easiest terms with the most cultivated French officers. And as officers they carry out their bearing in their personal appearance. Among no American officers in France now, even the nattiest, whose habitat is at G. H. Q., far from the dust and mud of the camps, have I seen more highly polished shoes and leathers or better pressed uniforms. Pride in the wearing of clothes is something which these Negro officers did not have to learn from orders.

SELF-SEGREGATION NOT PATRIOTIC

There have been many colored men during this world war who have done an unpatriotic thing—an un-American thing. They have

asked that their race be segregated, that their race be denied a place in the melting pot of all other races beneath the Stars and Stripes. While the hyphen has been buried with the oblivion of a divided allegiance; while the patriotic statesmen of this Republic have been thundering from Washington to the Golden Gates of California, from Maine to Oregon, for a fusing of all the peoples of the land into one American race, we find many pigmy black men seeking to have their race set apart in all the efforts for the common good. Selfishly for the most part they have sought for segregated camps, for segregated Y. M. C. A. huts, for segregated canteens and now for segregated Knights of Columbus huts. Either for themselves or some of their friends, like the black purblind leaders who ask for separate public schools in the Northern States, they have been looking for jobs.

The caste influence of segregation upon their race in the sight of all the foreign races being welcomed into the white American body politic, has made no appeal to them. The sure degradation of separate accommodations into inferior accommodations with the lapse of time has either not occurred to them or concerned them so long as they could get the jobs now. The unpatriotic thing which they do in striving to perpetuate race and caste lines in this Republic when it with liberty loving peoples the world over are fighting for Democracy and against caste and race barriers, has not penetrated the thick skulls of many of these blatant ignoramuses and demagogues. Unlike the other peoples of the world they have sought through hypocrisy and currish fawning at the feet of those in power, through base treachery to the cause of their own race advancement to postpone for their own people the thing for which they have been fighting and dying for others. But not all of the black men who have been seeking segregation for their race have been of the bread and butter brigade. Through their admiration for these leaders, a host of unthinking others have been misled. The efforts of both have been equally ruinous if not fatal to a square deal of democracy for their people when the deal is made at the peace table and the years thereafter. Both have gone up and down the country asking for "a Negro this" and "a Negro that" until white statesmen are beginning to believe that the race feels itself inferior and unworthy, that the race prefers to be jim crowed even in this crisis and even in the free States of this Republic. Many Caucasian bigots have added their dirty work to the slavish seeking of these black worthies. Together they have manufactured a self-segregation propaganda among colored people which is as dangerous to Democracy in the final analysis as the hyphen of the Hun. There can no more be a Negro nation within the nation, in this Republic if it is to endure, than there can be a Hun nation within the nation. There can be colored Americans,

there can be white Americans. But they must all be Americans and nothing else.

These are indeed the days of small men. What separate camps what separate Christian Associations, what separate Catholic canteens would Fred Douglass, John Mercer Langston, Blanche K. Bruce and James C. Price be asking for in this world crisis if they were alive today? What chains of slavery would the race still not wear had they not in those other days of chaos and confusion stood for the truth, the further freedom and equality of their people. On every hand we hear from leading white war workers that the colored men going forth for Democracy prefer to be jim crowed. How putrid is their patriotism, how hypocritical is their Christianity in promulgating such treachery. The truth is THE RACE DOES NOT WISH ANY MORE THAN IT DESERVES DISTINCT AND DIFFERENT treatment in this, their native land. We say to every patriot in this country: SEGREGATION IS WRONG. IT IS DANGEROUS. IT HURTS BOTH RACES—today and for all time to come. THIS GREAT WORLD WAR WILL HAVE BEEN FOUGHT IN VAIN FOR AMERICA IF IT DOES NOT BRING BLACK AMERICA AND WHITE AMERICA CLOSER TOGETHER RATHER THAN SEND THEM FURTHER APART. We ask the Commander and Chief of the Army and Navy to abolish every caste and color line among the forces of our common Uncle Sam. We ask the Director of the Railroads of the nation to abolish the hideous jim crow cars of the South as a matter of economy and of winning the war. We ask the American people to kill the monster of segregation gnawing at the vitals of the nation. WE ARE FIGHTING TODAY FOR AND AS ONE AMERICAN PEOPLE, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER!

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