

ACTION IN FIELD.....

In action in the field it was an eight man or squad deal! Gunner first and second loader; the rest "amo" carriers; Every man trained in the use of the gun, in case the "Roll was called up yonder" of any member of the squad!

It was a very slow firer; to use it at night in established line was an invitation to suicide, for Fritz would be sure to reply in kind! This with that powerful rapid firer, water cooled machine gun they used in World War I, American Troops had nothing to compare with it, till October 1918 when the Red Arrow Div. was equipped with them.

REVIEW OF 1918.....

Twenty six of us left Boot Camp May 23rd 1918. It was on June 21st 1918 that 26 of us joined up with the 95th Regiment. By July 4th 1918 we all well knew what it was to walk in the Valley of Death, many never to return! Total casualties 9,777; 1,260 killed in action; 1,500 severely wounded; 7,000 gassed and wounded!

FLEEING FRENCH REFUGEES.....

As we advanced, coming towards us, down the center of the highway, fleeing ahead of the German Army, were hordes of French Refugees, in ages from cradle to the grave! I hope that my grandchildren will never witness such a sight in this Great Country of ours! That the "Panty waist and Cry Baby Politicians" might never permit military strength to become weakened to the point where a similar situation might become possible! WAR IS HELL!

On our way to Vierys I told Don we would go down a short hill past a high walled cemetery. Why was a cemetery wall imprinted on my memory?

The morning of July 19th 1918, our First Aid Station was established directly in front of that wall right along the road. We had no Air Support on that day. A German Plane came over, spotted the aid Station; a few minutes later they put a Barrage thru the cemetery and the curtain was run down on our First Aid Station. Does that shock you? That is War, and WAR IS HELL!

We walked thru the cemetery gate and I showed Don how the shrapnel had riddled the walls, still visible 53 years later. We found German and French graves in one corner of the cemetery.

THE WHEAT FIELD.....

As we walked out of the cemetery gate we met a well dressed Frenchman who had just stopped, he was driving a pick up truck, pulling a horse trailer. He spoke good Americano. When I told him why we were there we received a warm welcome.

He informed us that he was seven years old at the time of the war, and remembered the event very well. His father had owned the land at the time. At this time he owned the 566 acres farm, and his brother the adjoining farm.