

CAPTAIN OVERTON.

This time I was detailed from battalion headquarters to the 76th Company Captain John Overton commanding. What a man! What a soldier! What an officer! If any man was sent on a dangerous mission and the Captain told you to go--please--one step front and center and give rank and serial number! With Overton--"We will go!" Take it from me MISSION WAS ACCOMPLISHED! I can hear him as if it were last night..When he briefed the officers that morning just before dawn..."We will have a good barrage of 6 inch and 75's with machine gun barrage at take off!" "Warn your men not to walk into that. Fritz has been very quiet; this may be a walk away or they may make a real stand!" Little did I think that within not more than two hours I would see this brave soldier die, with the top of his head shot off just as he was taking a cigar he was smoking, from his mouth!

ZERO HOUR.....

5:30 A.M. November 1st 1918:Zero Hour! Let's go! We had a very heavy tank with us in support. One heavy machine gun barrage covered us. No Man's Land was lighted again like Broadway at night. The 76th run into a very thick strip of woods which delayed us till tanks moved up and broke paths thru so we could advance. A rolling barrage never stops! We got behind the 8-ball. As we cleared the woods we found ourselves "sitting ducks" overlooking a small group of buildings on the edge of a narrow river, the small town of George. Our hosts of the day greeted us with aheavy machine gun fire! We did our very best "belly" pronto! The tanks moved up! Captain Overton and I slipped in between the rear tracks. The tanks opened up with a terrific blast from the machine guns. It quieted the guns in St.George. Overton walked out from behind the tank, turned around--the signal "lets go!" A machine gun opened up! Not ten feet from where I stood that fine officer of the First Battalion, 6th Regiment, 76th Co., was dead!

As word passed down the line that Overton had been killed, the rules of this game of "your life or mine" had been adhered too. Why was I spared to sit here to write "This is my life of 53 years ago, November 1st 1918?----I shall never know!"

IT WAS IN THIS AREA THAT THE 6TH REGIMENT

It was in this area that the 6th Regiment was in 3rd row front, center, in 1918! This from November 1st to 11th 1918:The wind up of World I, 1918.

Landed in Vereness October 26th, 1918. On the 27th left for Banley. Went to Nevilly. Here met Miller, Larry and Foch from Iowa with 42nd Division. Was detailed with Trout to reconnoiter our position in daylight to lead Company that night. A hell of a long hike. Nothing to eat. We arrived asking Army Brass Captain to use his map. We checked our position on the map. On returning the map we both saluted and said, "I. I Sir" "Don't you dam sailors "I I Sir" me", he snapped. Right then we knew how green he was, and forgave him for he knew not what this war was all about. But we were sure he would dam soon find out. We were lucky--we hooked a ride on an empty ammunition truck going back for seconds. Arrived back at Battalion. Headquarters just as the outfit was ready to shove off. Trout never rode a horse. This Hay Shaker was in his glory to ride...forward march! When the gang saw Buck Private Hintz riding the Major's horse the cry went out--"Hey Hintz, whats the dope?" The "Dope" referred to was the inside information you generally receive at the Head USA Marine Corp. Identification of an "Open Air Toilettee"where you also received the last word as to where we were moving to next. This was a night of October 29th.