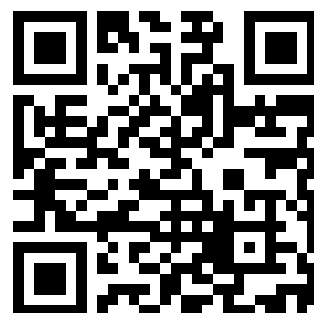

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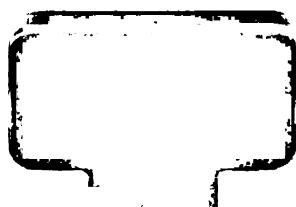


"M" Company

339th Infantry in

North Russia





“M” COMPANY
339th Infantry in
NORTH RUSSIA



By
JOEL R. MOORE
Capt. 339th Inf.



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Central City Book Bindery
Jackson, Mich.

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1920

Introduction

Here you are, men. The book is written to you and for you.

It is far from complete. Boastful it is in places, but there is no intent to brag over other companies.

We have a right to feel proud of our record. "M" Company, 339th Infantry, always delivered the goods.

You bore your share of the burden and caught your share of the griefs. You endured the great dark winter.

You showed the quality of your mettle at the end of the winter when the Bolo broke the Allied line at Bolsheozkerke and "M" Company men went into action on that forlorn-hope defense with a cheer. It shall always be a proud recollection to me.

I have worked long and carefully to make this history of the company complete and correct. I hope there is no material error in it. I thank the many men and officers who have contributed.

Take the book with the compliments of your former commanding officer and friend. My best wishes go with it.

JOEL R. MOORE,
Capt. 339th Inf., Commanding Co. M.

In Memoriam

ALVA CROOK

CHARLES OTIS DIAL

SCHLIOMI DYMENT

FRED L. HODGSON

WALTER MERRICK

MATTI NEIMI

ARTHUR P. NUNN

WILLIAM RUSSELL

FRANK E. SAPP

FLOYD A. SICKLES

Arriving at Archangel



THE grey, black striped "Somali" and consorts steamed slowly up the Dvina River and dropped anchor in the Port of Archangel. The American soldiers looked out upon strange sights and strange people. It was a grey day, the fourth day of September, 1918.

Rumor had been current for a day or two that the 339th Regiment of American Infantry was desperately needed by the little party of French Infantry and British and American bluejackets who had boldly expelled the Bolshevik forces from Archangel and were at grips with a growing Bolshevik army south of Archangel.

Rumor further had it that the need was so critical that the proposed parade in Archangel would not be pulled. Major Young lead his battalion directly to the relief of the French on the railway front. "M" Co. men who had been hard hit by the flu perked up to their best so as to get off the sick book and be available for the impending movement.

STRAIGHT TO THE FRONT

On the afternoon of the next day we disembarked from the "Somali" at Bakaritzza. It rained in a cold Novemberish way. Remember where the company formed under the long shed? And some of you were so weak from the fever that you could not stand in ranks, but you preferred to go with the company rather than to stay behind. And your choice was not unwise, for you came around all right at the front while many who stayed behind in the hastily improvised hospitals either died of the flu or were permanently weakened and sent back to England for treatment and thence to the U. S. A.

"M" and "K" Companies were ordered into one troop train. "I" and "L" into another. "M" and "K" were slated for an operation together. Who will forget those toy-sized freight cars that we crawled into that afternoon—just bare cars for transportation to the front? And all night long we jerked and rattled along or stood interminably at strange looking stations. In the night we met a train from the front with the story of a battle and a big bunch of prisoners to give credence to the story.

Morning found us a couple of miles in rear of the place where the previous day's battle had been fought. The day was spent in salvaging the small arms ammunition that the enemy had left behind, for he was using the same rifles and ammunition that we were—both made in America. Months before they had been shipped to Archangel to be used by the Russians in fighting our common enemy the Hun. Now we were to enter upon a campaign against the faction of Russians who had broken down their army's morale to fight Germans and had surrendered to Germany and, as we were told, were resisting the attempts of the Allies to protect Archangel from becoming a German submarine base. As we looked at those Bolo prisoners we failed to see any particular difference between them and the Russians we had seen at Archangel and Bakaritzza. In the months to come we were to find that it was by no means easy to tell them apart.



"SOMALI"

Thursday, September 5th, 1918, we docked at Bakaritzza. Who will ever forget the Somali? Cook Zech solved the no yeast problem. But sad the day when the "flu" broke out. It was in the section occupied by "M" men, on the day following their tour of guard, while the ship was far north of the Arctic Circle, when red sunset of the west moved northwest to north and so on around to the early sunrise of the east.

Somali of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," we were glad to leave you. Men weakened by fever staggered down the gangplank and piled cheerfully into the toy-sized Russki freight cars bound immediately for the railroad front.

"M" CO. TAKES THE OUTPOST LINES AT OBOZERSKAYA

"I" and "L" Companies of the battalion had gone on to Obozerskaya and relieved the French company holding the outposts after their battle and capture of the place.

On the afternoon of the next day "M" Co. moved up and relieved the two companies of the outposts. Do you remember the drizzly rain? Remember the cold water of the swampy pine woods where some of you stood on outguards those first days? "No fires" was the order from Major Young. Briggs ought to picture that scene as one of his "When a feller needs a friend."

Remember that long journey to the river for water and the big hand pump for filling the engines? Perhaps Old Joe thinks of the big Russki barrel on a cart that the boys used later to haul water from the forester's village.

WE MOVE TO TEMPORARY QUARTERS IN VILLAGE

On the tenth we were relieved by "I" Co. and moved into quarters in the village. Not much trouble finding room, for the Bolos had frightened many inhabitants away and carried off some of them. The company officers were quartered in the home of the former head forester. In a big front room with rubber plants and a mammoth hanging lamp. The mother and two daughters never saw the head of the house after the Bolos took him away.

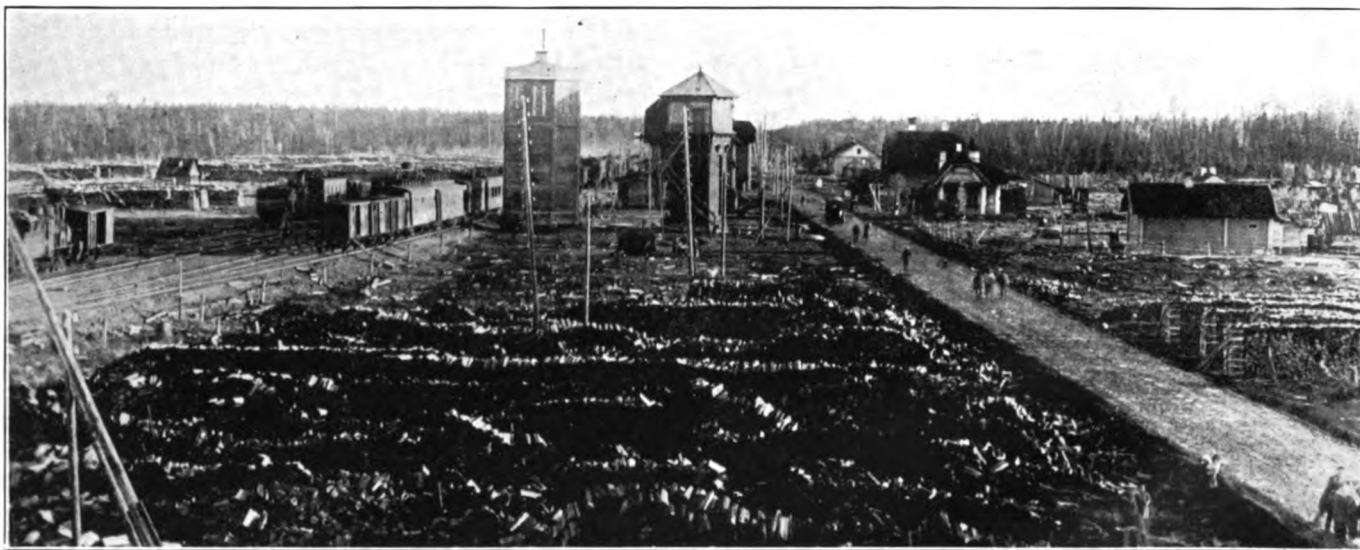
The sergeants under the leadership of their resourceful old top soon had a fine set of bunks and had solved the combination of the Russki brick stove that had given them so smoky a welcome.

Here Corporal Swift took over the duties of Company Clerk, Sgt. Huston turned the mess work over to Sgt. Page and he began helping Lt. Stoner teach the men how to handle the Lewis guns. We had left our light Brownings in England and were now obliged to learn to use the Lewis gun.

Off and on for about two weeks Obozerskaya village was home. Here in the peasant homes, where we saw washing and scrubbing, we came to tolerate the, at first, nauseating smell of their rooms—some rooms and some persons worse than the other, for we learned that it was because of the lack of real soap and their use of a combination of fish oil and crude oil in a substitute for soap that made their clothes smell so. Here the American soldier became accustomed to seeing women at hard manual toil, barishnas with leather boots on, and to the excited burr-burr-burrz of the droskie drivers trying to stop their fiery little ponies.

Here it was that the cooks made us pies on the anniversary day, September 22. Eight cans of peaches had come from Capt. Heil at Bakaritza.

Here it was that we entertained the first visiting airplane, who dropped a small bomb in our vicinity. Corp. Romanski's gang of laborers, mostly women and girls and old men, were just beginning our airplane field and so our planes had to fly all the way from Archangel to repay the Bolo's visit and drop him a present.



OBOZERSKAYA

Looking at part of Obozerskaya from the top of the house, old post No. 7, where Sgt. Getzloff and his men that rainy night, Sept. 7, that Co. "M" took over from "I" and "L" Cos. the outpost. Sgt. Walker can guess at the location of his post in the pine forest to the left. Sgt. Zapfe on the right. Lt. Donovan a mile down the track—and beyond him Sgt. Magin with a squad—Lt. Wieczorek on to the right on the Onega Road.

Pretty tough, that cold drizzly night. Sgt. Dundon's cracker-tin box-stove couldn't heat up the soles of the captain's trench boots. How did the men stand it in the swampy pine woods? They just did stand it. And worse later.

Look closely at the picture. See the old bathhouse? The ration house? Our old battalion Hq? The Red Cross field hospital? The blue car, that nearly blew, the day the Bolo cut us off?

Obozerskaya, you looked strange to us Sept. 7th. Your familiar sights at 2:00 a. m. after march from Verst 18 most welcome to us on April 5th. And you looked best of all to us from the rear end of our train bound for Bakaritza on evening of May 20th.



466

Here our first engagement with the Bolsheviks, Sept. 11. Home camp for "M" Co. whenever on the railroad front. Remember the protected cook shanty you built for the cooks? And the bunks with the flax mattresses you built for Co. Hq? And the old well?

Remember the bonfire the night the company came back from 445? Here Capt. Boyer "married" the French and American soldiers and we rehearsed our flank march and assault on 455. Here we always liked to rest secure. See the bathhouse in the foreground?

And on this front edge later was built the fateful barricade within which the Mills grenade, accidentally, through no fault of himself or anyone, took the life of Corporal Russell, April 19, 1919.

Our First Engagement

September 11, 1918

WE DRIVE BOLO FROM 466

Well remembers the Captain the night before the first battle the company was in. Lt. Stoner and I slept in an empty box car the night of the ninth. In the morning we broke ice to dip water for our hands. The men on outpost were stiff and sore. Then came the order that relieved us and allowed us to settle snug in the village. Everyone was comfortable and thankful. Along floated a rumor that evening that Lt. Danley, out at the "military crest" post, had already seen Bolos and had warning from an old man that the enemy was about to attack.

Sure enough in the morning came the alarm. "M" Co. was sent out hastily on the armored train to make reconnaissance in force. Of course, Col. Guard did not expect us to get into a fight but when we got the enemy's position he was pleased. We held it.

Remember the first shell? That thing far down the straight track which Col. Guard had called a saw mill, suddenly flashed—followed a boom—came then a whining, twisting, whistling shell that passed over us, broke, and showered shrapnel in the trenches where lay our reserves. And we hurried on lest he should shorten his range and catch some of us in the burst of fire.

We overtook a small combat patrol under Lt. Williams of "L" Co. which had gone out some time ahead of us but had not made contact yet with the enemy. Joined them to our force.

At the clearing where stood several buildings besides the telegraph station, we encountered the enemy. Corporal O'Connor leading the "point" of the advance on the left flank, had the honor of first receiving enemy fire and he promptly returned it. Sgt. Dundon with three squads went to the support of Lt. Wiczorek's platoon on the left. When the attack had fully developed on the left, Lt. Donovan pushed rapidly forward on the right of the railroad, skirting the clearing and fell on the enemy's flank 500 yards beyond the clearing. The main body meanwhile occupied the clearing at 466 and established liason with the reserve and with the armored train. The position was ours without the loss of a man.

Here it was that the Captain of the company unfairly earned the credit of great coolness under machine gun fire. The fact was that he did not know the difference between a Bolo "machine gun talk" and the "talk of a Lewis gun." He calmly rested his field glasses on the Bolos when Lt. Donovan made his attack and was unaware of the fact that the enemy was covering his retreat with a German Maxim and spurring the dirt all round him, till Sgt. Dundon informed him that he made an excellent target for the Bolo machine gun.

Perhaps Lt. Donovan would have captured that same machine gun if he had been permitted to press his flank attack faster and further, as he would have done except for previous orders. As it was, the company had gained the clearing at 466 and also gained possession of a bridge at 464 which the enemy had just repaired. And his attack on Obozerskaya had been discouraged.

FIRST NIGHT AT 466

Who does not remember that first night at 466? Cold and supperless. Oh, we almost got a big can of stew! But in his excitement, the battalion Adjutant, Lt. Jahns—good old hustler that he was, overlooked the can of stew and it went back to Obozerskaya—and spoiled. We did get our overcoats and a blanket apiece and some bully beef and hardtack and a can of “tic.” We got more ammunition and got a Vickers gun and crew consisting of one British sergeant and several recently recruited Russians. We posted our sentries and laid ourselves down on the soft plank floors to sleep. We had no fear of attack for in the evening our airplane had drawn enemy fire as much as six miles away and the enemy had blown up something on the track between us and him. We judged it to be the destruction of a bridge at 458. Later we verified this.

Remember the old man and the little boy who crawled out of the attic of the building which the sergeants and cooks took for their quarters? How thankfully the boy changed from his diet of oats, raw oats, to the proffered handful of hardtack that the boys chipped in and gave him. And how the old man showed you the well—one of the very few that you saw in the country. Water that night was precious, for your canteens had been drained in that hard day's work.

Next morning Corporal Montgomery's guard brought in a Bolo deserter. Sgt. Kantrowitz acted as interpreter. Enemy strength of preceding day declared to be 200, with promised reinforcements of 300 which had failed to come during the engagement.

Sgt. Walker patrolled forward beyond the bridge and found no traces of the enemy. Other patrols on the flanks found no roads or trails leading to 466, except a small trail to the west. We liked the place. We never did intend to give it back to the Bolo.

Battle of 458 and the Famous Night March

Space will not permit the continued story of daily events. The next big event was the famous night march of the 28-29th of September and the two days' fighting at 458, where the enemy had been holding the bridgehead.

“M” Co. had been several days at 466 completing the defenses and making patrols from 464 forward to the enemy position at 458 to observe his progress in repairing the bridge. It was understood that “K” Co. was making progress slowly on the left flank in the vicinity of Kodish and that some day a joint push would be made to roll the Bolo back and try to get his armored train, which had annoyed us almost daily with his long distance shelling, using the 4.7 naval guns that he had made off with from Archangel.

On the night of the 27th the “Australian forces” of the Allied expedition, our popular friend, Lt. Graham, who handled the Russian trains, tipped us off that we better look out for an advance. We could hardly believe that it was to be next day, as he said. But at noon next day, Colonel Sutherland, O. C. “A” Force, called conference of officers at Obozerskaya and gave order for a flank march and a morning attack on 455 and 458. The march was to begin at 3:00 p. m. from a point on the railroad near 461.

No one had been over the proposed route of march. No Russian guide could be provided. We must follow the blazed trail of an east-and-west forest line till we came to a certain broad north-and-south cutting, down which we were to march so many verst posts till we were past the enemy's flank and then attack him in rear. Lt. Chantrill, the pleasant British interpreter, was to act as guide, although he himself had no acquaintance with the area.

“M” Co. with half of “I” Co. struck into the woods late in the afternoon. There had been delay in the train. It was dark long before we reached the broad cutting. Who will forget that desperate night march? Could not see the man before you. Ears told you he was tripping over fallen tree trunks or sloshing in a knee-deep bog hole. Hard breathing told the story of exhaustion. Only above and forward was there a faint streak of pale starlight that kindly led us on and on south toward the Bolo camp.

Comes an urgent request from the rear to halt the column. We have lost three squads of “M” Co. and all of “I” Co. The Captain goes back to find them. There they are at a supposed fork in the road, fearing to take the choice. “Look up, Corporal Henning, at that streak of light. There lies the direction. We could not have gone off into that black cave. When you lose contact follow the streak of light.”

IMPASSABLE SWAMP

For more than two hours we have been striving to make progress through a great marsh into which the cutting has led us. To the right, to the left, in front, the tantalizing optical illusion lures us on toward apparently firm footing. But it is ever the same treacherous mire. We cannot stand a moment in a spot. We must flounder on. The column has to spread. Distress comes from every side. Men are groggy with exhaustion. Some one who is responsible for that body of men sweats

blood. How clearly sounds the exhaust of the steam engine in the Bolo camp on the nearby railroad. We wonder if their outguards will hear us passing. Courage men, we must get on!

This is a fine end. Some map that the Colonel has. It did not show this lake or he would not have marched us off down the cutting into a swamp that hugs an impassable lake. We are done for. A detour of the lake without a guide is impossible. (Two weeks later with two guides in daylight we thought it a remarkable feat.) Good judgment now dictates a return to 461 to be able to rest up and help in the direct attack on 458. We have failed but it can hardly be blamed upon us. We followed orders and directions but they were faulty.

But how shall we extricate ourselves? Who knows where the cutting may be found? Can staggering men again survive the treacherous marsh? It is lighter now. We will pick our way better. But where is the cutting? Have we missed it? Then we are done for. Where is "I" Co. again? Lost? Here, Corp. Grahek, Sgt. Getzloff, you old woodsmen, scout around for that rear party of ours and see if you can spot the cutting. Who is that dead to the world? Pvt. Starikoff? No, he is lost behind for good. What! No! We shall not believe it. And no trace of the rear part of the column!

There is no other way to do it. We must risk a shout. The enemy may hear. "Danley!" "Halloo!" "Yes, here on the cutting!"

Did ever the straight and narrow way seem so good? We are soon united again and the return march to 461 wearily begins. Bugler Garton and Pvt. Mills volunteer to run ahead with message to field headquarters at 461 to report our march. Daylight of a Sunday morning aids our footsteps. We cross again the stream through which in the pitch dark we had waded waist deep. And we wondered that no one had been drowned.

Zero hour arrives. We had thought we would be miles away at this minute standing in the woods near 455 to make our attack simultaneously with the attack the the French and Americans at 458.



AFTER AN ALL NIGHT MARCH IN THE SWAMP

This picture makes every one of you think. What a march that was! No map—no guide. No one sure that his strength would hold out. And then square up to the lake. Compelled to turn back. The cutting lost. Men falling. The column broken. Cold sweat on the man responsible for the party. Never to his last day will he forget the sense of relief and thankfulness when in response to a guarded hello he was answered by Lt. Danley. The rear part of the column had lost us but found the cutting.

Your physical strength was about gone when you reached camp.

Here are Sgt. Dundon and Hebmer and Pvts. Lewis and Stasiak and others of your mates at one of the many camp fires at the Field Hq. at 461.

In a few minutes 61 of them will be answering the captain's call for a volunteer platoon to go forward to cover the retreat and hold the bridge. In the next picture you seen them moving forward. Some of them never walked back. Lt. Donovan was wounded. Nine others killed and wounded, as related elsewhere. British Hq. went backward. This little party, supported by the thirty Co. "I" and M. G. Co. men, held the bridge two days and two nights. In that picture you see something J. Bolo never saw—their backs.

Now we listen to the artillery of both sides and listen for the rat-tat-tat of the Bolo machine guns which will talk spitefully when our Allies move on the bridgehead. We hurry on. The battle is joined. The pine woods roar and reverberate with roar. By taking a nearer blazed trail we may reach the scene of action sooner.

At 8:40 a. m. we emerge from the woods near our armored train. At field headquarters Major Nichols directs that every man at once be made comfortable as possible. Men build fires and warm and dry their clammy, water-soaked feet. Bully and hardtack and tea revive a good many. And well it may for the fight is going on against us. Help is needed and "M" Co. is asked to give a platoon.

VOLUNTEER PLATOON

No one platoon can do it. Too many men are all in from the night march. A volunteer platoon is organized. Sgts. Kantrowitz, Riha, and Zapfe are still strong on their feet, and volunteer. The men are all willing but the top sergeant moves among them and picks out 58 who are most willing and in best shape for the critical work ahead—to cover a retirement and hold a position commanding the bridgehead. All the junior officers want to go with the platoon but the captain takes Lt. Donovan. And inside of two hours Lt. Donovan and nine others are wounded—two to the death.

Remember the position we chose? In the short brush in line along the stream, with the two Lewis gun teams under Corporals Rahn and Grahek covering the right flank and the left side of the railroad along which the enemy might be expected. And the bridge was not 50 yards away, on our right. Early in the game we came under the machine gun fire of the enemy who was spraying our reserve positions with indirect machine gun fire preparatory to delivering his counter-attack upon the French and Americans who had pushed into his first line positions and were caught in a trap. It was a machine gun bullet that hit Lt. Donovan in the left side, followed a rib around to the backbone, just missed the vertebra and clipped through the thick muscles below the right shoulder blade. Fortunately the enemy's range was extended and no one else was hit by his machine gun fire.

Remember that grim-faint feeling you had when the Bolos charged with their devilish yell and won back their trenches and we saw the French and the Americans come running back along the railroad side! All the next hour we expected any minute to see their line coming toward us.

To the credit of the handful of American machine gun men and to the small detachment of trench mortar men and to the French company that had so gallantly taken and held the position for several hours, let it be said that they inflicted such losses upon the enemy that he did not attempt to retake the bridge in force that day, contenting himself with a smart artillery barrage and with sending a small force just at night to attempt to capture and blow up the bridge by surprise. And when they came they found Corporal Grahek's Lewis gun too deadly.

Meanwhile during the afternoon this platoon sat tight in its position commanding the bridgehead, annoyed but unscathed by the enemy's artillery, firing high explosive at the bridge and searching the vicinity of our position with shrapnel. But our own artillery gave us a nasty, disastrous barrage, by mistake or reckless order.

SEVERE CASUALTIES AT BRIDGE

I had sent a written message to field headquarters telling exactly the position my platoon was in and asserting that I intended to sit tight there and meet the expected attack of the Bolo. But the British officer in command there evidently lost his head. He heard that the enemy was at the bridge and issued an order to his artillery to fire at the bridge, which was 50 yards to our right and practically the same range. Capt. Allicz, the French officer in command of the ill-fated morning attack, and Lt. Costello, who had both seen our position when they retreated past us, quickly warned the British officer that his fire would get the Americans who were defending the bridge. But before the order



Forward to Hold Bridge at 458.

could be countermanded the damage was done. Nine men were wounded in the tempest of shrapnel and one was shell-shocked.

Pvt. Schliomi Dyment died on the field and Pvt. Matthei Neimi died en route to the base hospital as a result of that short barrage. And Corp. Rahn and Pvts. Drews, Jerrain, Karapuz, Yargas, and Smaglich were severely wounded. Sgt. Riha was slightly wounded and Pvt. Clarence Miller was shell-shocked. The latter was found crying beside his comrade Rahn and trying to get him away to safety.

It was Corporal Steinhauer's quick eye that discovered that the hot increase of artillery fire was due to the barrage from the rear. He warned the Captain of the fact and he immediately ordered the line to the rear at double time and formed a new line 200 yards in the rear of the first.

Luckily the artillery fire of both sides soon stopped and when Captain Alliez sent word for us to beware of an immediate enemy attack on the left flank, we hastened back to our former position and brought away our wounded. It was here that we found Corp. Grahek and Pvt. Miller had rushed back before the barrage ceased to bring to safety their wounded comrades. These deeds of conspicuous bravery were reported, and one night at 466 the company formed a hollow square by the light of a camp fire and witnessed the presentation to those two men of British military decorations, by Major Turner, acting for the British General commanding the Allied Expeditionary Forces.

We hastened to consolidate our position so as to hold the bridge. Remember how glad we were to find reinforcements from "I" Co. and Lt. Spitler with a pair of machine guns from the machine gun company and a French Chauchat rifle squad to help defend the bridge? And from the French we learned how to dig in. But it was weary work for our volunteer platoon that had been marching and fighting for 24 hours.

No wonder that the men between tricks on duty that night slept with their backs to the dripping pine trees and minded not the rain. No wonder that in the dusk of evening the artillery duel between our armored train and the enemy's could not keep them awake. And Major Nichols—always so human and practical—buzzing our field phone every few minutes to see if we were all right and keep us encouraged, consented to let the sleepy officer ignore the artillery and sleep. And well, for the morrow was to be another strenuous day.

SECOND DAY'S FIGHT

Sgt. Kantrowitz was first on the job in the morning. On this as on many another occasion the old sergeant eased the load for the officer in command. Remnants of the iron ration allayed the ravenous hunger. Men patrolled and began building shelters. The promised tea and rations from field headquarters arrived at 10:15 and just at the same time the enemy hit the bridge with a flank attack. During the next three hours the tea got cold while the engagement lasted. The enemy soon withdrew his infantry; it was little more than a raid, and then began again the artillery duel. This time the enemy made it warm for us but only one man was wounded, a Frenchman.

It was in this fight that Pvt. Marostica had his desire fulfilled "to be a regular soldier," for, sent up with rations party, he unslung his rifle and joined the firing line. For this he was given back his regular status as private in good standing. His original defection, anyway, had been more the fault of some shyster pro-German lawyer in Detroit. And the men were glad to see Marostica come through a good American soldier.

Remember how glad we were to get a half platoon reinforcements under Lt. Primm that noon? Remember well the nerve of the little Lewis gun squad of "I" Co. men who held to their position commanding the bridge even after the French Chauchat squad had "beat it?" Remember the H. E. shells that searched straight up the track toward our position, and remember that one cut off a tree top and dropped it into Pvt. Allen's face? Remember how the men continued their building of huts for the night. For the French were slow in coming up. The train service was demoralized. British headquarters still in doubt whether we could hold the bridgehead. So we were elected to hold the position for another night. And were relieved early in the morning.

Two days' rest at 466 and then the company went back to 461 and the next day took over the front lines at 458 from "I" Co. British were having trouble keeping French troops on the front line. Americans overworked in consequence. October 5th found the company back at 466 again. Next day Corporal Messersmith took his squad on its memorable march across forest country to Chikueva.

Next day came the first bag of letters from home. And same day we reorganized the platoons for the proposed amalgamation with Captain Boyer's French company. And next day with the assistance of Pvt. Roleau, our interpreter, Capt. Boyer "married" the French and American squads. Remember the daily practice for a week so that we could operate in the woods and make our proposed morning attack on the Bolo at 455.

"Handcuffed to Archangel, I go," said the veteran French captain, "before I will start off as did the Americans to make an attack with no guide and no knowledge of the ground." So we practiced the formations and Lt. Primm and Lt. Reese and Lt. Chantrill, Lt. Halock and Lt. Wiczorek

and Russian woodsmen made personal reconnaissance of the swampy trails on both sides of the railroad. And finally it was decided to try again the left flank and make simultaneous attack on 457 and 455 at daybreak of the 14th of October.

Meanwhile Lt. Wesley K. Wright arrived at 466 with 40 replacement men. They with "M" Co. flu convalescents from Archangel were to form the fourth platoon. It was October 8th that they arrived. And Pavlin and Zech were the main men of "M" Co. who were on the reception committee for the greatly welcomed newcomers. They had gone to France with the 85th Division as parts of the 337th and 338th and 340th regiments of infantry, had found nothing to do in France, and so were sent up to Archangel to replace the many men lost in battle or by disease and exposure by the 339th Infantry. And they soon took hold under Sgts. Gray, Hay and Grahek and became part and parcel of the regular "M" Company fighting machine. Even the "K" Co. replacement men who were attached for several weeks to the Company caught the spirit of the Company and we hated to see them go away to join "K" Co.

Flank March and Capture of 457 and 455

At last we are ready for the operation. Every man has had a chance at the "bahyna" and has on clean underclothing. Each man has gone with his French comrade to the big barrel and carries a pleasant canteen on his hip. Each carries in his pocket three or four V. B.'s for the French rifle men who will shoot the grenades from the tromblon. For Americans have not yet been armed with the French automatics and rifle grenade tromblons and rifles.

Lt. Primm with Pvt. Starikoff as interpreter will take the third platoon with Lt. Soyer's French platoon in the flank and rear attack on 457. Lt. Stoner shares joint command of the amalgamated 1st platoon, Lt. Wiczorek the 2nd, St. Kantrowitz the 3rd. Capt. Boyer with his four buglers and four runners and his Russian pack carrier and Russian guide together with Capt. Moore and his runners, First Sergeant Dundon, interpreter Rouleau, and Bugler Garton, constitute the headquarters detachment.

Lt. Stoner's Russian guide and point enter the woods near 461 at 9:55 a. m. on the long march to gain the rear of 455. Just as we feared, the enemy has information of our movements. Inside fifteen minutes the long thin column of blue and olive drab threading its way through the forest by aid of the blazed trees comes under the shrapnel fire of the enemy guns. He does not change the range. Evidently he has it set for that trail. The whole column must pass the spot. But fortunately his range is just right so that the shells do not burst till almost directly over the column. So we pass untouched.



BIG 155 MM. (SIX INCH)

We heard you many times. Hoarse, whining shell going over in a big curve toward the Bolo trenches. We listen a few seconds—then the earth thuds and shudders with the distant boom borne on the air.

Or from our "old pip" the O. P. at the top of the curve we look forward as the shell whines over and watch to see the earth and snow spout skyward as the big egg bursts on the Bolo line. Good hit, you Frenchie.

With what caution that long day's march. Remember how those helmets of ours would loudly ring in our ears when a branch came swishing back. Remember the peculiar bird call that the French runners used in locating a flank patrol that got lost as we marched along roughly parallel to the big cutting which we had used in the memorable night march? Remember the spooky feeling you had just at dusk as you passed the cap of the Frenchman that the Bolo had stuck up to test whether a French patrol had passed that way and taken the cap. And you wondered if the Frenchie were dead or a prisoner.

Remember the dead silence and absolute motionlessness of our column when the airplane passed over us twice in the woods that afternoon, for we knew not whether he were friend or enemy.

Remember the pleasant hour of rest for lunch that sunny Sunday afternoon as you ate and drank with the Frenchies and tried to talk parleyvoo, or gavareete with them?

How intricate and blind the trail that gives us passage between the two lakes. Good guides, without we could not make it even by day. We breathe a sigh of relief every time you go forward and return with a husky, whiskered "Koroshaw."

Too soon the night closes down. Our bivouac is made in a hollow square. We are near the enemy. His telephone wire we have crossed but are careful not to disturb. He must have a listening post out here somewhere. (Next day we find he had a machine gun out there commanding the cutting.) But we are inside the cutting. A long, rainy night is before us.

MORNING ATTACK OCTOBER 14

It is 5:10 a. m., dark and foggy. Men are stretching their cold and cramped frames. The rainy night has been interminable. Trying to lie on a log or recline against the side of a tree has been weary business. No smokes. No eats. In ten minutes the column is in motion. For some reason Capt. Boyer wants the second platoon to lead off.

Lt. Wiczorek's platoon leads off in the grey foggy dawn. The following platoon loses contact and has to wait for a guide. Too bad, for it sends the right flank attackers too far ahead. The two platoons which are to hit in the rear can not press forward fast enough to make up for the delay. The engineer detachment under Lt. Giffels can not get up in time to blow the track.

The Bolo's listening posts and his big tower on his left flank now stand him in good stead. He sees the little platoon creeping in and sends a force out to attack. There is ten minutes of stiff fighting. The other two platoons are hurrying forward. By the sounds from Bolo camp they are outnumbering our comrades on the flank. So we must make a rush for the railroad and play our part.

Oh, those bugles. Whoever heard of such a charge and such a melee? Firing and shouting and yelling the three platoons press on. The enemy opens fire in our direction with machine guns and with pointblank artillery fire. But he is rattled. His fire is high. After the first burst our line swarms on. Now Stoner's men are out where they can aid the men of Wiczorek's platoon. The enemy in panic leaps to his troop train and dashes away to the south.

Only a few Bolos remain to cover the rout with a pair of machine guns, but these they abandon easily to the yelling horde that debouches from the woods. We tremble to think what they could have done to us had they held their machine gun belts till we swarmed into sight.

In front of one gun falls Pvt. Merrick with a ball through his head. Sgt. Kantrowitz's men are over the track. A straggling shot or two from the woods and all is over. We count up our casualties. Marvelous! Only one American killed. Corporal Steinhauer is badly wounded. Pvt. Jondro is bad hit in the arm. Pvt. Keller smiles still with a shattered knee. Pvt. Lawrence is wounded in wrist and side by a bomb thrown by a Bolo machine gunner who runs away. Remember that Lawrence claims he shot the Bolo and went on with his platoon to help clear the adjacent woods and consolidate the position?

We have heard the artillery in the direction of 457 and the rifle fire and all is quiet now. So we trust that the other part of the attack has also been successful and send runners to make liason. Corp. Campbell, who used to be an "M" Co. man but is now one of Lt. Anselmi's efficient signal men, starts off with one man to patch up telegraph wire connections so as to restore connection with our field headquarters which is somewhere near 458 with Commander Young's armored train.

It is 7:45 when the place is taken. Before noon the French and Americans have arranged defenses for any possible counter-attacks and fires are burning cosily at each post where the olive drab and horizon blue comrades are drying their socks and waiting patiently for the chow sergeants to get up with the rations. Remember the rage of our mess sergeant Page when the chow train did come up only to have it pulled hastily back by order of the Br. O. C. because the Bolo chose to do a little long distance shelling? And it was four o'clock when the men finally got their hot mess from old Joe's car.

Lt. Primm and his men come on through from 457. The day has been highly successful all around except for the failure to catch the enemy's armored train. But we have inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. His men crowded into the troop train suffered heavily, as we learned afterward from prisoners taken.

Battle of 445, October 17

The company had a day and a half to rest up, bury the dead, and reorganize for the continuation of the push. Probably many friends and relatives have seen the moving picture scene of a strange military funeral in the wilds of North Russia where Americans, French and British and Russians gathered to do final honors to the brave dead. It is a view of a French bugler assisting the American bugler, George Garton of "M" Co., 339th Infantry, to blow taps over the grave of Pvt. Walter Merrick, of Sandusky, Mich. It was an American Red Cross film, taken at verst 455. Remember the way in which the French always assisted at the funerals?

Good old "I" Co. had gone on through 455 and taken 448 and a French company with them. The Bolo had retreated as far as 445. He was on the run. Stiff pursuit would perhaps have pushed him south of Empsa. But it was more than two American companies could do. The French had learned of the German peace overtures and were loath to fight further. "Le guerre finis," said the poilu. And so "I" Co. at 448 found itself unsupported by the French Co. and at 455 the doughty Captain Boyer had to break up a mass meeting of his French soldiers. Hence it became absolutely necessary to call on "M" Co. to move up to support of "I" Co.

Death in action and wounds and exposure had so decimated the four original platoons that it was necessary to reorganize the company into three platoon fighting units, commanded in order by Lts. Stoner, Wiczorek and Primm, leaving the fourth platoon still in its formative stage under Lt. Wright.

On the afternoon of the 16th we moved up as far as the troop train could take us, marched around the armored trains who were duelling with the enemy, and reached field headquarters at 5:10 p. m. and Lt. Primm's platoon at once relieved Lt. May's platoon badly wearied by the day's shelling.

Capt. Winslow was somewhere in the woods near 446 hotly engaged with superior forces of the enemy, and Capt. Moore and Sgt. Dundon went forward to look over the situation, by order of Col. Sutherland, with the view to an early morning advance by "M" Co.

"M" Co. men will not forget that night. Around their campfires they sat and talked of the strange campaign, talked of the rumors of German collapse, and speculated on the effect on their war. All night they sat with rifles in hand, for the Bolo and "I" Co. had several fire exchanges during the night.

Meanwhile plans were laid for the assault at dawn. The British artillery officer, Major Lee, was to give us a 30 minute barrage on 445 at 6:30 a. m. Contrary to our usual tactics of proceeding by the flank, we determined to push a frontal attack straight down the track to the clearing and not try to clear up the woods of Bolos as we went along as that would take too much time. And besides we did not have any information as to the nature of the ground any distance. If we stuck close to the railroad we could keep our lines in liason and when we got the clearing the Bolos we had passed would be in worse fix than we would be, as they would be cut off from their main body.

At 4:00 the company breakfasted and all plans were set for the movement. Lt. Wiczorek was to advance on the left side of the railroad, Lt. Stoner on the right, Lt. Primm's platoon which had been on duty all night was to move on the right side of the track 200 yards in rear of Stoner's column, as the enemy was known to have a considerable force somewhere on that side, having successfully disputed the advance of "I" Co. the preceding afternoon.

JUMPING OFF

Promptly at 6:25 the company relieved "I" Co. in its trenches which had been hastily thrown up the night before. And with the first shell thrown over by our artillery, the advance began in squad columns.

At 6:55 Stoner's men encountered a strong enemy outpost, the entrenchments which the enemy had thrown up the night before. Followed a short fire fight and then the cheers and yells of the doughboys as they rushed the enemy's works and drove him out. The luck with us. Not a man was hit.

Progress was now more cautious. The going was difficult. How, many a time since, we have looked at that swampy ground and wondered how men could carry a straight line of advancing squad columns, to say nothing about forming a skirmish line for fire and charge.

The second platoon encountered no opposition on the left. The enemy evidently thought that the ponds of water would discourage approach on that side. Lt. Stoner's advance was finally halted at the edge of a broad stream that flowed beside a big clearing about half a mile square and filled with wood piles and occupied by about a dozen houses. Careful reconnaissance by Corp. Magin, who crossed the stream on a log, disclosed the fact that the clearing was occupied by the enemy in considerable strength. We afterward found it to have been between five and six hundred, with a similar number of reinforcements expected that morning.

So it was found best to bring the reserve platoon up to the stream so as to be ready to join the attack on the right, where it was suspected, and correctly, that the engagement might be most hot.

And in case the enemy should play his old trick of retiring to the woods and staging a counter-attack it would be best to have the whole force in the clearing with Lt. Spitler and his two machine guns to make a tight little defense till the company of French should come on and support us.

Well, the scrapping was hot enough on both sides of the clearing. But we had the enemy's goat. The attack was so impetuous that the enemy's fire was wild and his lines broke from cover to cover frantically. What with the yelling Americanski devils led on by their officers Stoner and Wieczorek and Sgts. Hebner, Getzloff, Kantrowitz, and Corporals Magin and Pratt, and what with the bursting of hand grenades. Remember it was Stoner's faulty marksmanship at the door of a dugout that spared the lives of those 28 people in the dugout, only one of whom was a Bolo soldier, the rest being non-combatants, mostly women and children, one a babe eight days old.

Remember the vigorous chase the first and second platoons gave the enemy through the woods, while the third platoon was consolidating the ground and half of the French company under Capt. Apsche came up to take the defense of the east and west flanks of the long clearing?

Guess those two platoons would have chased the Bolo to Empsa that morning if the captain's runner had not overtaken them with an order to return and prepare to hold the line at the clearing. We had reached the objective set by the British Colonel. And it looked like a good place to arrange troop quarters for the near-approaching winter. In fact the line never did move further south.

Again Dame Fortune had been marvelously friendly to the attacking force. Not a man was wounded although several had their clothing and equipment riddled. Nine Bolo dead were picked and three wounded and one prisoner. But on the 19th and 20th the company had a little hard luck in the defense of the place. Corporal Bogacheff was severely wounded and so was Pvt. Ray Vicary.



TEMPORARY SHELTER AT 445.

Who built this shrapnel shelter? Here are some characteristic Frenchies. Or do you think of them with all their equipment and camp utensils on their backs? Do you suppose these are men from the company of French troops that tore up the Union Jack at 455? "M" Co. was at the front that night, several miles in front of the Union Jack that marked the force headquarters. Why did those French soldiers behave so toward British field command? You remember them kindly for their comradeship in the fall campaign. "Stand by your American comrades" was the effective command of good old Major Alebernarde in October.

Pvts. Oslund and Ora Dusseau were also badly wounded, and Pvt. Boysen was cut in the forehead by flying glass when a shell went through the old station where the men were stationed.

Remember those Royal Scots (most of them Russian recruits) who came to relieve the French troops? Fine young fellow that British officer who was killed in the trench by the direct hit of a Bolo shell. Three other casualties they had that morning.

Remember how the Scots began that battle by firing at "the Bolshevik dog patrol" at four o'clock in the morning. Can see those red flashes in the south now. And then the men huddling behind buildings and woodpiles waiting for the six shells to roar up to us and scatter shrapnel and whirring jagged pieces of iron.

Remember it was Sgt. Peterson and Corp. Nieman's squad that cleared up the front woods area with a reconnaissance. Remember that Corp. Nieman did not want his man out on listening post any longer after Scots got back to the line again. Afraid a jumpy Russki recruit might shoot by mistake "M" Co. men not accustomed to firing at stumps and dogs and shadows. Remember how literally Pvt. Senzik obeyed the order "No night firing" when he permitted and afterwards reported two Bolos to pass out of our lines the first night at 445. They had probably hidden in woodpiles during the battle.

Remember how the Canadian artillery officer showed us how to build temporary bombproofs at 445. Picture of one appears in the book.

445—it was here that the airplanes dropped the two 112 pound bombs on us by mistake and we picked up our popular company barber, Floyd Sickles, in a blanket and buried him in the bomb crater. And Pvt. Lachacke was crippled in the foot for life.

A New Commanding General

With the arrival of General Ironside upon the scene, things began to take on a more sane view. The advance into the interior of the great Russian forest land with a few hundred troops was seen to be extremely hazardous. He called a halt on the advances. The French battalion of infantry had been giving the British officers trouble. So a French Colonel was brought from France to take command of the allied troops on the railroad front. Hence the American troops now came under the third field headquarters flag, the colors of Col. Lucas.

But previous to his taking over from Col. Sutherland, the American companies were to continue their shifting around, rapidly.

The Company was relieved by "I" Co. on the 29th at 445 and went to 466 for much needed rest and to get winter equipment. Snow covered the ground on the 22nd and winter clothing—those sheepskin overcoats, and so forth, were issued to Sgt. Lietzell by your old friend, Lt. Carpenter, whose expertness as a company supply officer and whose physical condition too, had made it necessary for him to be permanently detached from the company for duty as battalion supply officer.

And then on the 24th the company returned to the front line to relieve the French company which had relieved "I" Co. Remember the shelling that day as you were taking over from the French. Remember that night that the Bolo returned the compliment of Capt. Alliez's night firing by opening on our front line trenches with machine gun fire. And you sat tight and did not scare a little bit.

And it was on this hitch at the front that by order of Col. Gavin we began the blockhouse building. And we stacked the logs up high before the south ends of all our quarters. Here Major Nichols made us acquainted with Major Alebernarde, who came to have so great a liking for the American soldiers. And you knew he was good to his men. The enemy was quiet and probably as busy working on his winter quarters as we were. So our hitch was lengthened out, and we were relieved on the 30th by "I" Co.

Remember that Hallowe'en joke the R. T. O. at Obozerskaya played on us the day we were relieved and were proceeding late at night to our next station? As usual the British order had been a verbal order and had not been definitely stated to your company commander. He was told to put his men on the train and let them rest till morning. Another American officer of the battalion sent us off from 455 expecting that the R. T. O. at Obzerskaya would shunt our troop cars off on to a siding there.

He failed and when the company opened its eyes in the morning it saw the village of Isaka Gorka, far in the rear. Business of trying to mix look of consternation with a look of amusement. We felt like a thief stealing a day of rest. But we paid dearly for it, as we had to go right back to Obozerskaya and take over the defenses from the French in the dark.

And the next day Sgt. Gray started off for Bolsheozkerke. Blue car was getting windy because of reported Bolos in vicinity of Onega Road. Sgt. Gray and his men had an easy time with the Bolo raiders in the village because the Russian peasant woman had presence of mind enough to greatly exaggerate the numbers of the Amerikansi—whose quality as fighters the Bolo had during the past month learned to esteem highly.

At this time we sent away the "K" Co. replacement men to join their company at Seletskoe. And same day Sgts. Dundon and Grahek and Leitzell and Cook Pavlin, while on a fishing trip with the Russki guide, were fired upon by a wandering Bolo patrol. Another shiver in the blue car and Lt. Primm took reinforcements to Bolsheozzerke and organized the defenses of that important road junction.

Under French Flag

November fifth finds us back at 455. Now we are under French command and they begin equipping us with automatic rifles and with rifle grenades. British had been stingy about supplying us with Lewis guns—only one to a platoon. French are liberal. And Maj. Alebernarde promises us more Lewis guns. Why keep them new and shiny for the Russian troops! Let the Yanks use them till the Russians have raised their Archangel regiments.

"ARMISTICE DAY" IN RUSSIA

Where was "M" Co. on Armistice Day? Crossing the Dwina River from Bakaritz. Just getting in from the front where we had seen continuous service since Septemer 7th. Major Nichols had arranged with the new British Commanding General to give the American Companies on the Railroad Force short relief at Archangel. Our company, which had been in every advance on the railroad in the fall campaign, was first to draw a vacation.

Remember putting those barracks bags off the ferry boat on the dock, and remember the first introduction to Smolny barracks? No place to cook. Had to bring your field kitchens in. Hey, Cook, some fritters. Capt. Wade sold us generous lot of flour, eh? Remember the Red Cross interest in our company?



BLOCKHOUSE IN THE PINE FOREST

Remember the ones we worked on? Cutting the fire lanes? And the ones you occupied in May when the Bolo celebrated "May Day" by shelling these blockhouses? Remember the warm, snug nights in these blockhouses, with the big sheet-iron stove in the center. Who has a candle? Here make these pieces into a new one. Where did that queen of hearts go? Deal 'em up, buddie. Hey, don't kill that canteen! Melt some snow for the gang. Corp. Neiman says he saw bear tracks on his patrol today. Walking in their sleep, eh? Miss deal. Aw!

CLOSE ORDER DRILL AT SMOLNY

And Col. Stewart ordered close order drill. Think of that Fire Station and the plank platform and the broad plank roads in the supply compound. It was not so bad a place to drill. Just right for a platoon at a time. And one day Gen. Ironside reviewed us. Told us of the fine work done by "I" Co. on November 4th in defense of 445, but he did not seem to remember that the company he was reviewing had done anything worthy of note. Men noticed it, too. Neither did Col. Stewart, on the day he visited the company, say a word of encouragement about the work of the company.

THAT ELECTRIC LIGHTED TRAIN

How you hated to give up your taplooshkas which you had fitted up for quarters, to the British unit that had been weeks at Archangel while we were overworked at the front. But Col. Stewart raised a fine hope. Company was to send a detail of men to Bakaritza to assist the American Engineer Company to make a protected string of troop taplooshkas for your company. And while they were at it the engineers "found" a motor-boat motor and rigged up electric lights for the entire train. You set up your tiny sheet iron stoves, built your three tiers of bunks and were snug, dry, warm and light for the winter. Some proud company that rode back to the front.

In this short stay at Archangel you learned that it was a half-modern city, with street cars, fire stations, etc. You learned the price of cigarettes on the streets of the city, how to say "skulka" on the market to buy at famine prices cabbage and potatoes for the company mess. You learned that all girls in Russia did not wear boots, that many of them were pretty and dressed daintily, and coyly attracted the attention of the American doughboys. You saw prosperous-looking men and women of intellectual and cultured appearance. You heard the chimes of many cathedrals. You saw the sawmills of the greatest lumber market in the world. Stately public buildings vied with the cathedrals in their imposing architecture. It was so different from the Russia you had seen at the Obozerskava front.

You visited your comrades in the hospitals, received books and records and gramophone from the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A., enjoyed entertainment given at the Y, accumulated a thousand rumors about the expedition, and went back to the front rested and cheered. Remember we had to go on the ice-breaker from Smolny to Archangel Preestlin and march down to Bakaritza. Winter was on.

On the 23rd we were back with the French at 455. Remember Col. Lucas broke up our lighted train for us. He had ideas of his own about the train quartering proposition. Mechanic Silvernail sure was some electrician.

Thanksgiving Day in Russia

On the 28th we celebrated Thanksgiving Day. Major Nichols and Major Albernarde, Major Moodie spoke briefly. Miss Ogden of the Y. M. C. A. read President Wilson's Thanksgiving Proclamation. We had roast beef at 455 and the platoon at 448 had Rabchik, the latter bought for us by Lt. Carpenter, at expense of the American Red Cross.

Then we put in an eight-day hitch at the front line. The French relief was a day late in reaching us. On the sixth day of December occurred the regrettable accident that cost us the life of Floyd Sickles, our very popular company barber. The story of it is told elsewhere in the Company Diary. We went to outpost duty at Obozerskava and Bolsheozzerke.

TO A THREATENED SECTOR

Then came the order out of clear sky that "M" Co. would move to another sector, the Pinega River valley. We did not understand it, but later learned that with the freezing up of the streams and marshes the Bolshevik army had been able to thrust a superior force down the Pinega valley and was seriously threatening the small force of Americans and Russian volunteers holding the city of Pinega and the lower valley. So "M" Co. was picked to make the long 150-mile march to the relief.

On the 11th of December the company was divided into two halves, the 1st and 4th platoons with Company Headquarters Lts. Stoner and Wright went with Capt. Moore to Archangel to prepare for the hike to Pinega. The 2nd and 3rd platoons, Lts. Primm and Wieczorek remained with Lt. Donovan at Obozersakaya and were to follow soon. This half of the company was slated for the advance on all fronts planned for the last of December but called off by British Command at the last minute—plans a-rye.

The story of the week of preparations at Archangel is told in the Company Diary. Somehow the rumors that flew around made the march look somewhat hazardous. The shortest days of the year and the longest nights were upon us. British GHQ granted every request for equipment and supplies except Lewis guns. (Remember you "found" four at Bakaritza in the car that had come up from the wreck at the front, and we took those with us to Pinega.) Capt. Marshall, the veteran transport officer from the Flanders front, came with his sixty Russian sleighs to load us up. But you put many things on the transport that he never dreamed were on it. Nor your own officers knew about, probably, for that matter.

March to Pinega

One of the most memorable events in the history of our company in Russia was the march from Archangel to Pinega, 150 miles in dead of winter. The 1st and 4th platoons made the forced march December 18th to 27th, inclusive. We were hurrying to the relief of Capt. Conway's two platoons of "G" Co.

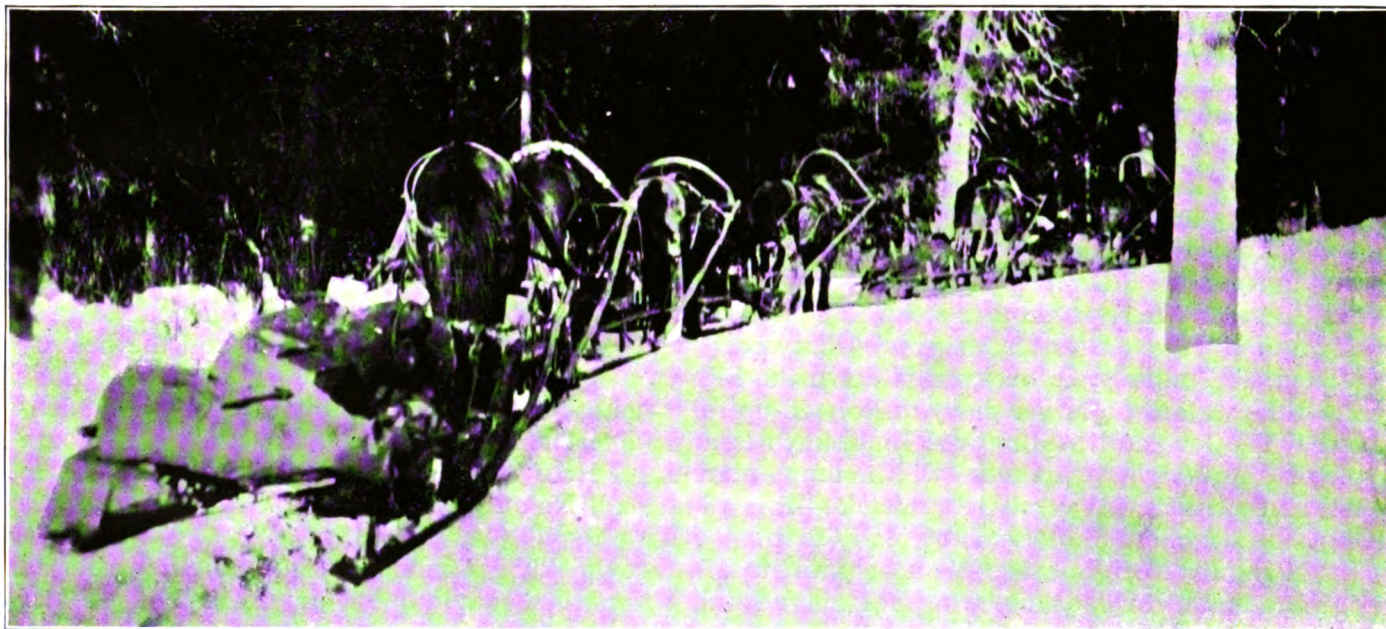
Two weeks later the 2nd and 3rd platoons came through the same march even faster, although it was 40 degrees below zero on three days, for you thought the other half of the company was in immediate danger of extermination.

Remember the last instructions for the march given in the old Smolny barracks? We march tomorrow on Pinega. Many versts but not all in one day. We shall quarter at night in villages, some friendly, some hostile. We may meet enemy troops. We march one platoon ahead, one behind, the 60-sleigh convoy. Alert advance and rear parties to protect the column from surprise.

Ours is a two-fold mission. First to reinforce a half of "G" Co. which is now outnumbered ten to one. Second, to raise a regiment of loyal Russian troops in the great Pinega valley where half the people are loyal and half are Bolo sympathizers. We hold the balance of power. Hold up your chins and push out your chests and bear your arms proudly when passing among the Russian people. You represent the Nation that was slow to wrath but irresistible in might when its soldiers hit the Hindenburg line. Make Russians respect your military bearing. These people will soon hear that it is the noted "M" Co. from the Railway Front. The loyal will breathe more freely because you have come. The treacherous Bolo sympathizers will be compelled to wipe off their scowls and will fear to try any dirty work.

And further, just as important, remember not only to bear yourselves as soldiers of a powerful people, but bear yourselves as men of a courteous, generous, sympathetic, chivalrous people. Treat these simple people right and you win their devoted friendship. Respect their oddities. Do not laugh at them as do untactful British. Molest no man's property except of military necessity. You will discover likable traits in the character of these Russians. Here, as everywhere in the world, in spite of differences of language and customs of dress and work and play and eating and housing, etc., strangers among foreign people will find that in the essentials of life folks is folks.

You will wear your American field shoes and galoshes in preference to the clumsy and slippery bottomed Shackleton Boot. Overcoats will be piled loose on top of sleighs so as to be available when



LONG, LONG MARCH TO PINEGA

Does this picture remind you of the long trail to Pinega? Patient ponies and stolid drivers. Queer-looking harness. Admirable sleds—the "sahnias." Couldn't they endure rough roads?

Remember the half-moon, half chirrip of the drivers—"Ugh-chee-chy! ugh-chee-chy!" What skill the driver showed—not. Yet somehow we felt that between him and his scrubby pony there was an efficient working understanding. They came through.

In another picture is a typical travel scene. Note the sleigh is built different. This might be Uzinga or Soyla but it is not. It is some village up the Vaga River and the passenger is Colonel Stewart. He never came to Pinega.

Here are the windmills. Idle last winter. Early frost, no crops. Remember them? Haystacks along the Pinega River, wood piles and windmills were evidences of the prosperity of the region which made Pinega the old time trade center.

delay is long. Canteens will be filled each evening at Co. G-I can. Drink no water in villager's home. You may buy milk. Everyone must protect his health. We have no medical man and only a limited supply of number nines.

Tomorrow at noon we march. Prepare carefully and cheerfully.

The following account of the march is copied from the daily story written in Capt. Moore's field message book:

DECEMBER 18

After the usual delay with sleigh drivers, with shoutings and brrs and shoving and pullings, the convoy was off at 11:55 a. m., December 18. The trail was an improved government road. The sun was on our right hand but very low. The fire station of Smolny at last dropped out of the rearward view. The road ran crooked, like the Dwina along whose hilly banks it wound. A treat to our boys to see rolling, cleared country. Fish towns and lumber towns on the right. Hay stacks and fields on the left, backed by forests. Here the trail is bareswept by the wind from across the river. Again it is snow blown and men and ponies slacken speed in the drifts. Early sets the sun, but the white snow affords us light enough. The point is out of sight in front, the rear party is lost behind the curve. Tiny specks on the ice below and distant are interpreted to be sledges bound for some river port. Nets are exposed to the air and wait now for June suns to move out the fetters of ice. Decent looking houses and people now face the strange cavalcade as it passes village after village. It is a new aspect of Russia to the Americans who for many weeks have been in the woods along the Vologda railroad.

Well, halting is a wonderful performance. The headman, "starosta," must be hunted up to quarter officers and men. He is not sure about the drivers. Perhaps he fears for the neat haystacks in his yard. We cannot wait. In we go, and Buffalo Bill's men never had anything on these Russki drivers. But it all works out. "Te deums" for army sergeants. American soldiers are quick to pull things through anyway. Without friction we get all in order. Guard is mounted over the sleighs. Now we find out that Mr. Poole was right in talking about "friendly Russians." Our lowly hosts treat us royally. Tea from the samovar steams us a welcome. It is a clean home that officers find themselves in. Clean clothing, clean floors. Oil lamps. Pictures on the walls.

TO LIAVLYA—SECOND DAY, DECEMBER 19

Crawled out of our sheepskin sleeping bags about 6 o'clock, well rested. Breakfasted on bacon and bread and coffee. Gave the host 3 roubles apiece, personal. Gave Headman 10 roubles. Every soldier reported very hospitable treatment. Tea for all. Milk for many. Some delay caused by the sledge drivers who joined us late at night from Bakaritzia with oats.

Left at 8:40. Lt. Wright, 1st Sgt. Dundon, Cooks Pavlin and Johnson travelling ahead of the point to get dinner arranged. Marching hard. Cold sleet from Southeast with drifting snow. The Shackelton boot tricky. Men find it hard to navigate. Road very hilly. Cross this inlet here. Down the long hill and up a winding hill to the crest again which overhands the stream that soon empties into the big Dwina. To the left on the ice locked beach are two scows.

It is warmer now for the road winds between the pines on both sides. The snow ceases gradually but we do not see the least brightness in the sky to show location of Old Sol. We are making 4 versts an hour in spite of the hills and the cumbrous boots. The drivers are keeping up well. Only once is the advance party able to look back to the rear guard, the caravan being extended more than a verst. Here is another steep hill. See the crazy Russki driver give his pony his head to dash down the incline. Disaster hangs in a dizzy balance as he whirls round and round and the heavily loaded sled pulls horse backwards down the hill.

Now we meet a larger party of dressed-up folks going to church. It is holy day for Saint Nicholas. The long hill leading into Liablskaya is a good tester for courage. Some of the men are playing out—eight versts more will be tough marching. Here is the billeting officer, Lt. Wright, to tell us that the eight versts is a mistake—it is 19 instead. No one is sorry to stop. There is the blazing cook's fire and dinner will be ready soon.

It is only 12:15 but it seems nearly night. Men are quickly assigned to quarters by the one-eyed old headman, Kardacnkov, who marks the building and then goes in to announce to the householder that so many Amerikanski soldats will sleep there. Twenty-five minutes later the rear guard is in. Our host comes quickly with samovar of hot water and a pot of tea. He is a clerical man from Archangel, a soldier from the Caucasus. With our M. and V. we have fresh milk.

It is dark before 3:00 p. m. We need a lamp. All the men are well quartered and are trying to dry their shoes. Lt. Wright and I find the Platoon Sgts. of Stoner's platoon in a fine home. A bos'n of a Russian vessel is home on leave. We must sit in their party and drink a hop-ferment substitute for beer. Their coffee and cakes are delicious and we hold converse on the political situation. "American soldiers are here to stop the war and give Russia peace" is our message. In another room we find a war prisoner from Germany. Back less than week from Petrograd front. He had come round the Bolshevik lines on the Vologda R. R. He says the B government is on its last legs at Petrograd.

THIRD DAY, DECEMBER 20—TO KOSKOGAR, 19 VERSTS

Oh, you silvery moon, are you interested in that bugle call? It is telling our men to come to breakfast at once—6:45, for the start for Koskogar at 8:00 a. m. or before. The start is made at 7:45. Road is fine—well beaten yesterday by marketing convoys and by Russians bound for church to celebrate Saint Nick's Day. Between the pines our road winds.

Not a breath of air has stirred since the fine snow came in the night and "ridged each twig inch deep with pearl." What a sight it would have been if the sun had come up! Wisconsin, we think of you as we traverse these bluffs. You tenth verst, you break a beautiful scene on us with your trail across the valley. You courageous little pony, you deserve to eat all that hay you are lugging up that hill. Your load is not any worse than that of the pony behind who hauls a giant log on two sleds. You deserve better treatment, Loshad. When Russia grows up to an educated nation, animal power will be conserved.

Here we see the primitive saw mill. Perched high on a pair of horses is a great log. Up and down cuts the long toothed saw. Up pulls the man on top. Down draws the man on the ground. Something is lacking—it is the snap-ring that we so remember from boyhood wood-cutting days in Michigan.

Here we are back to the river again and another picturesque scene with its formidable hill, verst 18th. But we get on fast for the end is in sight. The windmill tells us a considerable village is near. We arrive and stop on the top of the hill in the home of a merchant-peasant, Lopatkin. A fine home. House plants and a big clock and a gramophone. It is cold, for the Russian stove has not been fired since morning. Great economy of fuel in a land of wood.

TO KHOLMOGARO—FOURTH DAY, DECEMBER 21

Harbinger of hope, oh you red sky line! Shall we see the sun today? It is 8:00 a. m. and from our hill top the wide, red horizon in the south affords a wonderful scene. In the distance headlands on the Dwina cut bold figures into the red. Far, far away stretches the flat river. Now we are safely down the long, steep hill and assembled on the river. Sgt. Getzloff narrowly escapes death from a reckless civilian's pony and sleigh. We crawl along the east shore for a verst and then cross squarely to the other side, facing a cold, harsh wind.

What a wonderful subject for a picture! Tall pines—tallest we have yet seen in Russia—on the island lift their huge trunks against the red, the broad, red band on the skyline. And now, too, the upland village joins itself to the scene. The going is drifty and sternly cold. Broad areas allow the biting wind full sweep. Ears are covered and hands are thrashed. That barber pole there may be a verst post. Sure enough, and 5 it says; 16 to go. Look now for the barber poles. We are too late to get a glimpse of the sun. Red is the horizon yet, but the sun has risen behind a cloud screen.

The advance guard has outwalked the convoy and while ponies toil up the hill, we seek shelter in the lee of a house to rest, to smoke. The convoy at last comes up. One animal has a ball of ice on his foot. We make the drivers rest their ponies and look after their feet. Ten minutes and then on. It is desperate cold. A driver's ears are tipped with white. The bugler's nose is frozen on the windward side. Everyone with yarn mittens only is busy keeping fingers from freezing. Here it is good going for the long, straight road is flanked by woods that protect road from drifts and traveller from icy blasts. This road ends in a half mile of drifts before a town on the bank of a tributary to the Dwina. We descend to the river.

A steamboat is fast frozen in the ice. So there you are till the spring break-up frees you and then you will steam up and down the river with logs and lumber and hemp and iron and glass and soldiers, perhaps. But no Americans, I hope. What is this train that has come through our point? Bolshevik? Those uniforms of the Russki M. P.'s are alarmingly like those we have been shooting at. Go on with your prisoners.



One of the Rare Open Stretches of Country.

Now it is noon. The sun is only a hand high in the sky. The day has grown grey and colder. Or is it lack of food that makes us more susceptible to winter's blasts? A bit of hard tack now during this rest while we admire the enduring red of the sky. We are nearing our objective. For several versts we have skirted the edge of the river and watched the spires and domes of the city come nearer to us. We wind into the old river town and pass on for a verst and a half to an old monastery where we find quarters in a subsidiary building which once was an orphan's home. The old women are very kind and hospitable. The rooms are clean and airy and warm.

FIFTH DAY, DECEMBER 22—AT MONASTERY

We spend the day at rest. Men are contented to lie on the warm floors and ease their feet and ankles. We draw our rations of food, forage, and cigarettes. It is bitter cold and we dread the morrow.

SIXTH DAY, DECEMBER 23—TO UST PINEGA

Zero is here on the edge of a cutting wind. But we dash around and reorganize our convoy. Five sleds and company property are left at the Monastery in charge of two privates who are not fit to march. Five horses are unfit to go. Lt. Stoner leaves about 8:00 a. m. The convoy starts at 8:40. Along the river's edge we move. A big 12 verst horseshoe takes us till noon. Men suffer from cold but do not complain. To put up in the village. People are friendly. Officers are quartered with a good-natured peasant. Call up Conway on long distance phone. He will try to get sleighs for us to meet us 40 versts away. Maj. Williams, Red Cross, came in to see me after I had gone to bed. On his way to Pinega.

SEVENTH DAY, DECEMBER 24—TO VERKHNE PALENGA

At breakfast, telegram came from Conway promising 100 horses and Christmas dinners. Get away at 7:50 a. m. The lane is full of snow but the winding road through the pines is a wonderfully fine road. For 13 versts there is hardly a drift. The hills are very moderate. Wood haulers are dotting the river. Stores are evidently collecting for scow transport in the summer. No, we do not take the ice. Keep on the left, along the river. This hill is not so bad. We lose our point on a tortuous road, but find that we have avoided a ravine.

The 14th verst takes us across the river—follow the telephone wires there. Come back, you point, and take the road to the left that climbs that steep bluff yonder. What a sight from tops, the whole convoy lies extended from advance guard on the hill to rear guard on the river. Up and down hill our winding, pine-flanked road takes us. It is hard going but the goal is only a few versts away. Now we are in sight of the village and see many little fields. Suffering cats! See that ravine. This town is in two parts. Hospitable is the true word. Men turn out and cut notches in the ice to help the ponies draw the sleds up the hill. It is some show. Several of the ponies are barely able to make the grade. The big man of the village is Sikoff (Cukov). We stay in his home—fine home. Headman Zelemian comes to see me. Opened our Red Cross Christmas stockings.

EIGHTH DAY, DECEMBER 25—TO LEUNOVA

Up at 6:00 for a Merry Christmas march. Away at 8:05. Good road for 13 versts, to Uzinga. Here we stop and call for the Headman who gets his men to help us down the hill to the river. Not cold. Holes in the river for washing clothes. Lt. Stoner reported seeing women actually washing clothes. Found out what the high fences are for. Hang their flax up to dry. The 24th verst into Leunova is a hard drag. Quarters are soon found. People rather luke-warm. Forester, Polish man, who lives in house apart at north end of village, tells me there are Bolshevik sympathizers in the town. Also that Ostrov and Kuzomen are affected similarly. Gave householder 10 roubles for milk and services.

NINTH DAY, DECEMBER 26—TO GBACH

Delay in starting due to necessity for telephoning to Capt. C. in regard to rations and sleighs. Some error in calculations. They had sleighs waiting us at Gbach this morning instead of Friday morning. Snow falling as we start on the river road at 8:25. We find it "glada" (level) nearly all the way but drifts and hard walking. Nevertheless we arrive at end our 21 verst march at 1:25. Met by friendly villagers and well quartered. These people need phone and a guard the same as at Verkhne Palenga. Find that people here view the villages of Ostrov and Kuzomen with distrust. A prominent general, Kulikov of the Bolo army, hails from one of those villages. Spent an hour with the village schoolmaster. Had a big audience of men and boys. Sgt. Young and interpreter came through from Pinega to untangle the sleigh situation. We find that it is all set here for an early start with 100 sleighs. Capt. Marshall, Lt. Stoner, Lt. Wright, Stepanvski, all desperately sick. Gave woman 20 roubles for wood used in cooking with field range. "G" Co. men came with rations.

TENTH DAY, DECEMBER 27—TO PINEGA

Hard to get up this morning. Horses and sleighs came early as promised. Ten roubles for milk, etc. Put one man and his barrack bag and equipment into each sleigh and in many sleighs added a

light piece of freight. Got away at 9:00 a. m. Nice day for driving. The Russian sleigh runs smoothly and takes the bumps gracefully. It is mild. Light ball-snow falls. Much hay cut along this valley. We meet Maj. Williams, who passes out cigarettes to all the men. Arrive at Soyla at noon. The 100 horses left here yesterday and the Headman goes out to get them for us to go on this evening. Seventeen sleighs got away at 3:00 p. m.; 25 more at 7:00 p. m.. Gave woman 20 roubles for wood used by field range. Gave 10 roubles for milk.

At 9:30 we got away with the remainder of company. Have a good sleigh and can sleep. Here is Yural, and I must awake and telephone to Pinega to Capt. Conway. Lt. Higgins responds. Loafer in telegraph office informs us of the battle today resulting in rout of the volunteers. It is desperately cold. Not much more sleeping. The river road is bleak. In the frosty night the hulks of boats and the bluffs of Pinega loom large. We arrive at last—3:00 a. m.



PINEGA

How often after a patrol our eyes swept the horizon to find the towers of the cathedral. There it was, white of the universal white, except for its gold-starred blue dome.

The old photographer—he was bookkeeper at Valodian's saw mill—took this picture the summer before we went to Russia. To Roleau, the captain's resourceful orderly, the old Russki, gave a boxful of plates. This is a view of the main street of Pinega.

This was when in winter it was lined with traders come from Mezen and Petchora and other points "mnoga versti" away. There is the building where you drew rations for the company. Beyond is the white mansion of old Valodian which we used for Am. Hq. Far down the street is the technical high school where you made your company quarters. Down this street raced the reindeer sleds, pony sleds and horsemen. Up this street came long trains of supplies.

The company may well remember Pinega, its hospitable people and the patient, amiable, friendly villagers of the valley with pleasure. "Amerikanski dobrah."



Defense of Pinega

DECEMBER 28, 1918, TO MARCH 4, 1919

For their part played in the defense of the city of Pinega and the lower valley of the Pinega, a sector of the defense the loss of which would have seriously threatened the line of communications up the Dwina where the first battalion of Americans were furthest south, our company gained the admiration of the British and Russian CHQ. Capt. Conway and two platoons of "G" Co. were with us and should share in the credit for holding the area as big as the northern peninsula of Michigan. Lt. Sheridan, with one platoon of "F" Co., was also with us for a couple of weeks while we had only one-half the company with us.

Details of the days may be read in the diary. The purposes of the Americans in Pinega have already been told. Suffice it to say that the conduct of the men of "M" Co. in that region was a source of respect and confidence to the Russians and of pride to the officers of the company. Not a single complaint ever came to command headquarters about the actions of the American soldiers. I remember how pleased I was to learn that the men had taken up a collection to pay for the repair of a tank in the bath house which someone had burned out. I heard of the collection which the third battalion took up at Soyla for the orphans made there in a small engagement at Pochezzero. I saw American soldiers petting Russian children and cutting their hair. I knew you were using an awful lot of

Iodine at those outposts of yours, Sgt. Zapfe and Sgt. Magin. And the day that I helped old Capt.-Doc Laird to put the old lady's arm back in joint I could have sworn she had been given generously of your store of number nines.

What a lot of marching and maneuvering you did in those nine weeks! It was not so bad on the feet with those loyal Russian sleigh drivers to transport you. You were here today and gone tomorrow. Multiplied yourselves by the activity of your movements. Will you ever forget your three day movement up the Pinega valley in the operation we undertook to force the Bolo out of his stronghold at Trufanagora? The first platoon guarded the rear and the flank from attack by the Bolo at Vichtova, while the fourth platoon went with headquarters and artillery to Priluki. Do you remember the sled trail on the river itself, the steep bluffs of rock, on the summits of which were the fringes of dark pines through which moved the most brilliant stars you ever saw? Do you remember what a sight it was to see all those sleighs massed up there at Revpoli while we waited to see what the advance party of Russians was doing to push off the Bolos disputing our possession of the trail at Toromskaya?

Do you remember the artillery work of our Russian section of 75's? Some of you were with Corporal Russell on the other side of the river guarding against surprise of enemy attack on our artillery position and you saw much of the attack of the Volunteer companies under our Russian ally, Captain Akutin. You came to respect him as a real commanding officer and he was pleased to exchange salutes with you and mentioned the matter to me. Those Russian soldiers made good. They wanted to be in the front and did not want the Americans to fight their battles for them. Remember the two hospitals full of their wounded after that day's fight and after the succeeding days in which the Bolo came on in his drive at us? While you were with the Russians in those days they never needed you to take the casualty duty. Company horseshoe was on the job.

Do you remember the luck you played in when you supported the artillery at Pelegorskaya? Not a casualty. What a queer day that was!. How would you like to be that Russian company at Chertkova? They held out, and the day's work that had been planned for the fourth platoon went undone. The fourth will not soon forget that day's march they took to reach the supposed flanks of the advancing Bolo. Possibly it was the discovery of the threat on their flank that had something to do with the sudden retreat of the enemy to his base at Trufanagora. Anyway he went, and Pinega's defenders breathed easy again.

In Pinega you saw the coldest weather in your life—52 degrees below the zero mark. Many a day your guard tricks were less than half an hour. You learned how to handle the Vickers machine gun and the Colt. You drilled on the streets and square of Pinega to encourage the hundreds of Russian recruits who were drilling, "Shast, dva, drie, shast, dva, drie." Hear that peculiar marching chant of theirs, and see that new way of doing squads right.

Do you remember the procession from the cathedral to the monastery on their Christmas day, which was thirteen days after ours? All the first platoon will remember the trip we made to the 300-year-old monastery perched high up there on the hill overlooking the Pinega River.

Did you have any trouble keeping the crowd away from the fire the night of January 4th when your barracks burned? Not hardly any. The grenades bursting in that building drove all but the fire fighters away. Do you recollect the primitive fire equipment of the citizens? But they made good with those hand pumps and the drivers kept a steady string of water barrels coming up from the river. You remember it was Pvt. Sapp who was killed later at Bolsheozzerke road, who distinguished himself fighting the fire that night.

You remember the local Russian Red Cross entertainment in their community entertainment house. That drama—four hours long. Those husky artillery wrestlers who pulled tacks out of their anatomy so nonchalantly. Those small city ballet dancers of Pinega. And the folk dancing and the Russki eats afterward.

Some of you remember that cold dawn when just at sunrise, according to Russian military law, a young Russian officer faced a firing squad of his own men backed by American soldiers, because he had deserted his own troops in time of battle. And you remember about the two spies that were sent to Archangel "by water" the night that our doughty little Russian, Lt. Mazalevski, was shot in ambush by spies.

You remember the fire you had in the high school building that you used as barracks. And those were some bunks that you made for yourselves. From the top of the flag pole floated your colors every day, raised and lowered according to army regulations. On this front we were under our own colors.

In Pinega you saw a people change from a worried populace to a confident, cheerful one. The wretched, dispirited 300 White Guards who were so badly defeated the day we were arriving in Pinega in December, had gained confidence in themselves, they were over 1500 strong, had a section of efficient artillery, had an efficient machine gun company which had been trained by Lt. Wright, and had over 600 recruits in training. And all had been accomplished with very little friction. The

Russian civil authorities had not been deprived of scarcely an essential political activity, the military development of the Russian defenders of Pinega had proceeded along strictly Russian lines. And the American soldiers could call their job done and go.

In fact, the need of American troops on other fronts was so urgent that early in March "M" Co. was recalled to Archangel to be available for duty up the Dwina River. The company left Pinega with many regrets, for it had come to be like home to them. The people of Pinega sent the company away with blessings.

The Company Diary tells of the return march to Archangel, which was accomplished by sleigh.



Captain Moore and Captain Conway, Ready for a Ride Around the Pinega Outposts or to Visit One of the Many Nearby Villages.



Guarding Smolny

During the several days that intervene between the Pinega front and the new Bolsheozzerke front the company was at rest in Smolny. Of course, rumors were rife at Archangel and Smolny and the gloom was thick enough to cut. All the fronts were going to cave in because of Bolo pressure. A great Bolo sympathetic strike and riot was imminent. The electric light station at Smolny would be an object of attack, etc., etc. How sick we got of that stuff. And the battalion mess. Bet the commanding officer never knew that "M" Co.'s field range was doing duty, supplementing that mess.

Then came the special duty of "M" Co. outposting and patrolling Smolny. And one night fire destroyed the guardhouse and the barracks of "I" Co. Stone, the Y. M. C. A. man, was trying to make things agreeable for the men. But the Hostess House of the Y. W. C. A. was the favorite place of entertainment. Miss Taylor and Miss Dunham and Miss Ogden and Miss McDonald helped to make the hours pleasant.

This started out to be a story of guarding Smolny. What was the Battle of Smolny? Why, conquering the cooties, I guess.

TO ANOTHER FRONT

Our company was scheduled to go up the Dwina to aid the hard pressed Americans in that sector. But activities of the Bolshevik army of the North changed plans somewhat. The French with Russian supports were holding the Vologda Railway front during the month of March. Col. Lucas in November had been warned of the winter trail that leads from Empsa to Bolsheozzerke, and he

had been alive to the possibilities of a Bolo smash through at that time, but the inactivity for two months had dimmed the dread of that flank, till one day his forces at Bolsheozzerke were surprised and destroyed.

The enemy had made a long flank march of over 60 versts from his concentration camp at Shelaxa and taken the key to our overland communications with the Murmansk, only outside communications we had, and had rapidly concentrated artillery and infantry forces. This operation was said to be under the direction of no less a renowned old Russian officer than General Kuropatkin.

"H" Co. with Polish and British troops promptly brought pressure to bear from the Onega side and gave battle twice to the Bolos. On our side General Ironside called out "E" Co. and a company of Archangel troops and a half-company of Yorks, to move out on the Onega road from Oberzaskaya and attack the Bolos from the east side. This attack failed as the snow was too deep for "E" Co. to get into position till after the Bolo had repulsed "H" Co.'s attack and had thrown the Yorks and Archangels into confusion at Verst 18 by a well-directed artillery barrage laid on the road.

Then came the hurry-up call for the outfit that had been intended for service up the river. "M" Co. pulled out of Smolny at 4:30 p. m. on the 27th of March and had relieved "E" Co. before 3:30 of the next day. Who will ever forget that tented camp we went into that day? Not much had been done. Paths had not been shovelled to the outposts. In a day or two—lucky the Bolo gave us the chance—we had the positions consolidated. Barricades up at every post. Engineers built us two blockhouses on the road nearest to the enemy line.



VERST 18, BOLSHEOZERKE ROAD CAMP

Our friends, 310th Engineers. Guess you remember this camp, all right. How can it be described? Do you feel yourself floundering in five feet of snow? Hear the "big six" bellowing at the Bolo or the 75s barking furiously? Hear those "pineapples" that Sergeant Getzloff talked about? Do you see the "dud" that hit the tree behind which Cook Hines took refuge?

Hear old Joe bossing the job of replenishing his fire? Who won the money on the tree-falling job? Adams did.

Remember that grim feeling when you learned we were surrounded and no where to go? Your calm courage and your good use of your rifles and Lewis guns and rifle grenades are cherished memories. Your physical endurance and your moral courage and company spirit there stood the big test. You came through again with the goods and with the company horseshoe.

Three Days' Attack By Bolo

Then came the three days' continuous attack by the enemy in his determined attempt to gain possession of the road so as to be able to move his artillery over to attack Oberskaya and thus complete his flanking operation. He used three regiments for this attack: The 2nd Moscow, whose commanding officer we took prisoner the first day's fight, March 31; the 97th Saratov regiment, whose commanding officer was shot from his white horse on the second day's fight, whose sword was taken and presented by the fourth platoon to the commanding officer of the company. The third regiment in the attack was the 2nd Kasan regiment.

The first day's fight began with a surprise attack on the rear, where we had a pair of Russian 75's. This attack was repulsed by the direct fire of the artillery using muzzle burst shrapnel and by the good work of Corp. Pratt's Lewis gun team which engaged the enemy machine guns. The enemy succeeded in ambushing Sgt. Leitzell and Freeman Hogan and Mechanics Dial and Laursen. Brave, courteous, gentle Dial was shot through the head. The other three were taken prisoners, along with Mr. Ryal, the popular Y. M. C. A. man who had been helping Frank Olmstead serve the men in their tent in camp.

Meanwhile the enemy also attacked in heavy force at the front but was repulsed here also by the first platoon. The third had been at the rear. American soldiers could not say praises enough for the excellent artillery barrage defense given at the front and rear when the enemy attacked. Our communications were cut in the rear and it looked as if we would be in it when our ammunition gave out. But we had good supply and by the stories of prisoners we took and from what we could see before our lines, the men were using their arms to good effect.

The second day's fight began at daybreak, which was at 3:30, with a mass attack on the fourth platoon which was holding the west front line. Here he came on three times in determined assault and came up to within 200 yards of the barricade in the road and in good shooting distance of the blockhouses. Here on this day the "gold brickers proved to be good mettle, good metal, and Corporal Russell's defense of the forward blockhouse was reported to General Richardson for award. Corp. Schwabe and Pvt. Earl J. Smith also stood out prominently that day, as did Sgt. Grahek when he stood on the barricade and searched the stumpy foreground with his field glasses looking for the snipers who had crawled up after the repulse of the main attacks, and then called for a Lewis gun and steadying it against the telephone pole got the snipers.

The attack in the rear this day was as futile as it had been the first day's fight. And communications were resumed with Obozerskaya. Our dead and wounded were evacuated to base. Corp. Frank Sapp and Pvt. Cook were killed in action at the front line. Scores of enemy wounded and dead lay in close range of our guns. Eight prisoners were taken, from whom information was gained that the enemy was suffering severely from our fire and from the exposure in the snow. There was a disposition to make another big attack on our lines the next day.

The third day's fight was soon over. The enemy was repulsed. His artillery put over gas shells among the rest of the "pineapples" that he sent. The second platoon came through the barrage miraculously. Their barricade was blown up by a shell and the only casualty was the shell shock suffered by Corp. Ryduchowski. On each of two other posts a man was shell shocked—Pvt. Manders and Pvt. Nichols.

Two more days we held the position, with only occasional firing, but no attempt by the enemy to renew the assault. He had given it up. "H" Co. had gallantly come to our assistance the third day by attacking the enemy on the west side. From information gained afterwards when the bolo retired from Bolsheozzerke, he suffered very heavy losses. He came into the area with 7,000 troops. All told he lost in killed, wounded and frostbitten nearly 2,000 men. Because he could not budge the Allied forces that blocked his road to the railway his flanking operation that started so brilliantly was a failure.

Remember that General Ironside telephoned his thanks to "M" Co. for the gallant work of the three days. Remember that old Joe Pavlin got so had because the Bolo kept making him put his steel helmet and rifle on that we saw him one day messing around with gun on his shoulder and steel helmet on. Cook Hines, who had lost his helmet on the troop train, worked with one eye watching to see that nobody occupied his tree shelter. Remember that John Friday, our Russian recruit from Pinega, with Cook Zech and Pvt. Stepnavski had to drop their chow one time right in the road and take to the nearest firing line and get into the scrap. Remember that Sgt. Page got caught in a similar way. Remember how we hated to have the new Archangel company fire at night for we had practically "stood to" all the previous night waiting for the grand assault that soon petered out. How we did hate jumpy soldiers that fired at everything.

Who does not remember the march back to Obozerskaya the night we were relieved from our eight days' hitch? Somebody stole a jug of rum from the Russkis for we had had no rum issued for many weeks, not since the cold morning at 445 when the "liquid barbed wire" proved itself no friend to the soldier.

And the next morning those pictures were taken before you had time to shave and clean up. Elsewhere you will find the picture of the company admiring the big sword and a picture of Lt. Donovan and Pvts. Jensen and Jondro, the three hoboiest-looking members of the outfit. But the outfit was happy. They were back again on the Railroad Force under Major Nichols.



THE "BOLSHOI SABLA"

Obozerskaya, April 5, 1919. Some happy company exhibiting the big sword taken in battle from the body of the commanding officer of the 97th Saratov regiment. Regiment attacked April 1st. Fourth platoon held the front posts. The "gold brickers" won their spurs that long, long day. Did the enemy commander think his men had won the field? Why did he expose himself on his white horse? Who held the Lewis gun on him till he turned to flee? Sergeant Huston. Who proposed giving the big sword to the company commander as a trophy? Sgt. Gray, platoon sergeant of the battling fourth platoon.



Back on the Railroad Force

Next day after we had returned to Obozerskaya we were greatly relieved to learn from Father Roach, the British Chaplain who had been captured at the same time that our men were captured and who had been given his freedom by the Bolos, that Sgt. Leitzell, Mechanic Laursen, and Pvt. Hogan were not killed by the Bolos but were with Mr. Ryal en route as prisoners of war to Moscow. All were well. Later through the efforts of an American newspaper reporter in Moscow they were all allowed to go free and returned to America via Moscow and Brest. In another place will be found Sgt. Leitzell's and Mechanic Laursen's stories of their capture.

Soon we had another troop train equipped and the company moved to the old camp ground, 466. There we were on Palm Sunday when Father Landowski came to visit the company. And that week the snow gradually slipped away. What zest the men had in their practice daily with all arms. But the Russian rifle was too poor a weapon for accurate shooting. The old white "snowshoe rabbit" had many close calls but lived to scoff at the Yank marksmen who had tried to get him. One night he came up near to the barricade. But that was the night after the fatal accident. And you remember that no shot was heard at 466 after the death of Corporal Russell, the 19th of April. The next day was a sad Easter for us. Chaplain Watkins was with us but the anticipated gladness of the day had been blasted.

Then we moved to 455 and enjoyed the coming of spring, cleaned up the area, began breaking in the Russians to man the blockhouses, at every hour of the day made calculations over and over as to the probable date of the opening of the Dwina and the White Sea with its fifteen feet of ice.

UNDER FIRE IN MAY AT OLD FRONT 445

On the 20th the company went forward for the last hitch at the old front line. Each platoon had a platoon of Russian Archangel troops to break in at the posts at 448, 446, and two at 445. The ten days went by with no more serious incident than almost daily artillery duels and one or two raids by the Bolos on our position with the compliment re-turned to them. It was during this hitch that an exchange of prisoners was effected. And during this time that on May 5th General Richardson and a representative of the French army visited us at 455 and the French decorations were formally awarded to the company. On the 8th of May the company turned the defenses over to the Russians. Major Nichols had already turned over his command of the 455 sector to our old friend Capt. Akutin who had been promoted to Colonelcy in the Russian army. We moved back to Obozerskaya.

The rest of the story at Obozerskaya is that of a good-feeling outfit getting equipment cleaned up and ready for evacuation to the base. One of the pleasant memories is that of the words of appreciation spoken to the company by General Turner when he reviewed the company the day before our departure for Economie. Remember, also, the pow-wow the evening of our departure when Acting Cook Roy Fisher was presented with the big lead M. & V. medal? The boys at 445 had made it of shrapnel balls picked up on the field. That red-headed cook sure found out he was popular with the men.

And at Bakaritzka the ferry boat the next day, May 21, took us direct to Economie. The only events there worthy of note were the base ball game for the championship of the port, when we took



Lt. Donovan.

Pvt. Jensen.

Corp. Jondro.

THREE BUMS FROM BOLSHEOZERKE

Know these bums? Remember the day? Makes you laugh to think of it. Just back from that "hitch" in the woods. Almost as hairy as the Bolo prisoners we took. What are they grinning about? This is the cootie trio. The cooties are doing their best to break up their pose. Anyway, why not be cheerful? They are back to the railroad station they have saved. The bath house will soon be steaming hot. And the cooks have promised a big dinner.

ten thousand roubles from Hdq. Co. by a score of 5 to 2. The other event was the Memorial Day parade in Archangel, in which our company led. Genral Richardson, Colonel Ruggles and even Colonel Stewart praised the outfit for its fine appearance that day. Story of the exercises is told elsewhere. Twenty of the men were so hard hit by camp sickness that they had to be left behind when the company boarded the "Czar" on June 2.

The company went into Russia with 234 men. We received 45 replacement men. We left with 192 men. The remainder of the story may be found in the Company Diary.



MAJOR J. BROOKS NICHOLS

Here is our battalion leader. He came to us in the midst of a battle. He was with us in more than one. That chair pose is rather affected. We saw him more often coming and going in the field. He was with us at 466 in October when we worked up the drive on 455. He was with us at 461 when we jumped into the Bolo the next day at dawn. He was with us two days at 445 during that long shelling the Bolo gave us before we had time to dig our bomb proofs and helped dig the Hq. dugout with a will. And he went with us to Verst 18. He admitted frequently that he liked to be with Co. "M." Major Nichols sure did believe in "M" Company men. They did their best for him. Wonder why?

So did other companies. By all odds, our battalion commander was the most popular field officer with American troops in Russia. How often soldiers and officers of the regiment wished Major Nichols were commanding officer of the 339th. This is not saying anything against the officer who did command the regiment. But it is not half saying praises for the untiring, conscientious, thoughtful work of Major Nichols in looking after the health, feeding, clothing and equipping of the men in the companies under his command, and for his foresight, judgment, inspiration, and pep in handling in the field the troops entrusted to his tactical command. "M" Company men were proud to serve under Major J. Brooks Nichols.



Battle Record of Co. "M" 339th Infantry

1. Offensive Movement from Obozerskaya, Russia, to Verst 445, six miles north of Empsa, Russia, on Archangel-Vologda Railway, Sept. 5, 1918, to Oct. 17, 1918.
2. Defense of Railway front, Oct. 18, 1918, to Nov. 19, 1918, and Nov. 23, 1918, to Dec. 11, 1918.
3. Defense of Pinega and L. of C. from Ust Pinega to Pinega, 80 miles, Dec. 18, 1918, to March 5, 1919.
4. Defense of Obozerskaya, at Verst 18 on Onega-Obozerskaya Road, 4 miles from Bolsheozherke, March 28 to April 4, 1919.
5. Defense of Railway front, April 10, to May 8, 1919.
6. Battles, skirmishes, engagements—
 - (a) Engagement Verst 466, A. & V. Ry., Sept. 11, 1918.
 - (b) Battle Verst 458, A. & V. Ry., Sept. 29-30, 1918.
 - (c) Battle Verst 457-455, A. & V. Ry., Oct. 14, 1918.
 - (d) Battle Verst 445, A. & V. Ry., Oct. 17, 1918.
 - (e) Battle Ust Pocha, supporting Russian artillery and Infantry, Jan. 28, 1919.
 - (f) Battle Pelegorskaya, supporting Russian artillery and infantry, Feb. 4, 1919.
 - (g) Battle Verst 18, on Onega-Obozerskaya Road, March 31-April 1-2, 1919.

CASUALTY LIST

DEAD

Pvt. Fred L. Hodgson, September 14, 1918, Influenza, Archangel, Russia.
 Pvt. Arthur Nunn, September 16, 1918, Influenza, Archangel, Russia.
 Pvt. Schliomi Dymment, September 29, 1918, Killed in Action, Verst 458.
 Pvt. Matti Neimi, October 1, 1918, Died of Wounds in Action, Verst 458.
 Pvt. Walter Merrick, October 14, 1918, Killed in Action, Verst 455.
 Pvt. Floyd A. Sickles, December 6, 1918, Killed in Action, Verst 445.
 Mech. Charles O. Dial, March 31, 1919, Killed in Action, Verst 18.
 Pvt. Alva Crook, April 1, 1919, Killed in Action, Verst 18.
 Corp. Frank E. Sapp, April 1, 1919, Killed in Action, Verst 18.
 Corp. William H. Russell, April 19, 1919, Killed (Accidental in l. d.), Verst 466.

WOUNDED AND SHELL SHOCKED (ss.)

Lt. James R. Donovan, September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Corp. Frank Rahn, September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Sgt. Charles V. Riha, September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Pvt. John J. Jerrain, September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Pvt. William A. Drews, September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Pvt. Joseph A. Karapuz, September 29, 1918, Action 458.
 Pvt. Andrew Yasas, September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Pvt. Clarence A. Miller (ss.), September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Pvt. Paul Smaglick, September 29, 1918, Action Verst 458.
 Corp. Homer M. Steinhauer, October 14, 1918, Action Verst 455.
 Pvt. John Keller, October 14, 1918, Action Verst 455.
 Pvt. Benj. Jondro, October 14, 1918, Action Verst 455.
 Pvt. Ray L. Lawrence, October 14, 1918, Action Verst 455.
 Corp. Simon Bogacheff, October 19, 1918, Action Verst 445.
 Pvt. Ray G. Vicary, October 19, 1918, Verst 445.
 Pvt. David Oslund, October 19, 1918, Action Verst 445.
 Pvt. Owa C. Dusseau, October 19, 1918, Action at Verst 445.
 Pvt. John Boysen, October 20, 1918, Action at Verst 445.
 Pvt. Frank Lachachke, December 6, 1918, Action at Verst 445.
 Corp. Robert M. Pratt, March 31, 1919, Action at Verst 18.
 Corp. Joseph Ryduchowski, April 2, 1919, Action at Verst 18. (ss.)
 Pvt. Marion Nicholls (ss.), April 2, 1919, Action at Verst 18.
 Pvt. George H. Manders (ss.), April 2, 1919, Action at Verst 18.
 Corp. Norman C. Miller, April 19, 1919, Accidental in l. d.
 Corp. Frank J. Romanski, April 19, 1919, Accidental in l. d.
 Corp. Walter J. Picard, April 19, 1919, Accidental in l. d.

CAPTURED IN ACTION BY ENEMY AMBUSH

Sgt. Glenn W. Leitzell, March 31, 1919, Verst 18.
 Mech. Jens C. Laursen, March 31, 1919, Verst 18.
 Pvt. Freeman Hogan, March 31, 1919, Verst 18.

LOSSES FROM FLU AND EXPOSURE

Corp. Harold G. Montgomery, September, 1918.
 Corp. Cortland A. Neilsen, September, 1918.
 Corp. William J. Foreit, November, 1918.
 Corp. Clifford Dalton, February, 1919.
 Corp. David V. Sjolín, March, 1919.
 Mech. Charles F. Senzik, November.
 Pvt. Ray Austin, September.
 Pvt. Joe Devish, September.
 Pvt. Walter P. Jones, September.
 Pvt. Robert Hardy, October.
 Pvt. Frank Le Fevre, October.
 Pvt. Leonard Lovecchio, October.
 Pvt. Harold McCarty, October.
 Pvt. Frank McDonald, October.
 Pvt. Lawrence McWethy, October.
 Pvt. Golden C. Bahr, November, (Died March, 12, 1919, three weeks after discharge).
 Pvt. Allen Kaake, November.
 Pvt. Horace Kaake, November.
 Mech. John Kostuch, November.
 Pvt. Floyd R. Latta, November.
 Pvt. Stephen M. Maher, December.
 Pvt. Fred Freiberg, January.
 Pvt. Frank Karber, March.

CAMP DYSENTERY SICK IN JUNE WHO MISSED COMING WITH COMPANY ON "CZAR"

Corp. Frank L. O'Connor.
 Corp. Ross O. Walton.
 Corp. Edward J. Burrill.
 Pvt. John C. Adams.
 Pvt. Edwin W. Blades.
 Pvt. Herbert G. Eib.
 Pvt. Albert Kmeziak.
 Pvt. Oscar E. Lighter.
 Pvt. Charles McLeich.
 Pvt. Robert R. Mosher.
 Pvt. Charles A. Ordish.
 Pvt. Albert Patz.
 Pvt. Richard Perkins.
 Pvt. George H. Penoyer.
 Pvt. Orval E. Potter.
 Pvt. John Rompinen.
 Pvt. Guy Stone.
 Pvt. Donald Wilson.
 Pvt. Elmer Zander.
 Pvt. Julius F. Zilch.



Here is the Only Picture Group that Contains Our Much Lamented Comrade, Charles O. Dial.

“Life on Our Fighting Line”

AN UNUSUAL LETTER FROM A RED CROSS WORKER IN ARCHANGEL

January, 1919.

“I have just returned from a trip by sled up the Pinega River, to the farthest point on that section where American troops are located. The trip consumed six days and this, with the trip to the Dwina front, makes a total of twenty days’ journeying by sled and about eight hundred miles covered. Horses and not reindeer are used for transport. The Russian horse, like the peasant, must be a stout breed to stand the strain and stress of existence. They are never curried, are left standing in the open for hours, and usually in spots exposed to cruel winds when there is a semblance of shelter available within a few feet. The peasants do not believe in ‘mollycoddling’ their animals, nor themselves.

“On the return trip from Dwina, I had a fine animal killed almost instantly by his breaking his neck. It was about five o’clock in the afternoon, pitch dark, of course, and our Russian driver, who (clad in reindeer skin and hood) resembled for all the world a polar bear on the front of the sled, shouted meaningless and unnecessary words to our horses to speed them on their way. * * *

“All sexes and ages look alike in these reindeer parkis. We were in a semi-covered sled with narrow runner, but with safety skids to prevent it from completely capsizing. At the foot of every Russian hill the road makes a sharp turn. For a solid week we had been holding on at these turns, but finally had become accustomed, or perhaps I should say resigned, to them. Going down a long hill, the horse holds back as long as he can, the driver assisting in retarding the movement of the sled. But on steep hills, where this is not possible, it is a case of a run for life. * * *

“Our horse shied sharply at a sleeping-bag which had been thrown from a baggage sled ahead. The safety skids could not save us, but made the angle of our overturn more complete. I fell on the bottom. Kirkpatrick, several pieces of his luggage, and an abnormal quantity of hay added to my discomfort. His heavy blanket roll, which he had been using as a back rest, was thrown twenty feet. The top of the sled acted as an ideal snow scoop and my head was rubbed in the snow thoroughly before our little driver, who was hanging on to the reins (B-r-r b-r-r) could hold down the horse. It was not until an hour later, when our driver was bringing in our baggage, that I discovered that our lives had been in the hands of a thirteen years old girl. * * *

“After a trip of this sort one becomes more and more enthusiastic about his blanket roll. Sleeping at all times upon the floor, and occasionally packed in like sardines with members of peasant families all in the same room, separated only by an improvised curtain, we kept our health, appetites, and humor. * * *

“A small village of probably two hundred houses. The American soldiers have been in every house. At first the villages distrusted them. Now they are the popular men of the community with the elders as well as children. Their attitude toward the Russian peasants is helpful, conciliatory, and sympathetic. One of these men told me that on the previous day he had seen a woman crying on the street, saying that their rations would not hold out and they would be forced to eat straw. The woman showed me a piece of bread, hardly a square meal for three persons, which she pro-

duced carefully wrapped as if worth its weight in gold, from a box in the corner. They had been improvident in the use of their monthly ration of fifteen pounds of flour per person and the end of the month, with yet three days to go, found them in a serious dilemma. When the hard tack and sugar were produced, they were speechless with astonishment. And the satisfaction of the American soldier was great to see. * * *

HE MENTIONS "M" COMPANY

"Up the Pinega River, many miles from any place, we passed a considerable body of American soldiers headed to the front. Every man was a picture of health, cheeks aglow, head up, and on the job. These same men were on the railroad front—400 miles in another direction—when I had seen them last. They were just coming out of the front line trenches and blockhouses, wearing on their heads their steel hats and carrying on their backs everything but the kitchen stove.

"Now they were rigged more for long marching, in fur caps, khaki coats of new issue with woolen lining, and many carried alpine poles, for in some places the going was hard.

"From our sled every man was given a package of Red Cross cigarettes, and every man was asked if he had received his Christmas stocking. They all had. I dined, by the way, with General Ironsides last night, and he was very strong in his praise for this particular body of men who have seen strenuous service and are in for more.

Sincerely,

(Signed) C. T. WILLIAMS.

Capt. J. R. Moore
Commanding Pinega Forces,
Pinega.

Archangel, Russia, January 7, 1918.

My dear Captain Moore:

I am very sorry to hear that your barracks were burned just after I left Pinega, and that your men lost considerable of their effects. Last night one of your men came to my apartment and gave me this information, and also advised that you had wired me for such things as the Red Cross could spare for your men. The telegram has not been received, but your men, with sleighs, reported



Village Scene, Mid-Winter Travel. Col. Stewart on Dvina.

at our headquarters this morning, and we are furnishing them with a complete assortment of comforts for the men. In the comfort kits will be found many essentials, and in addition, we are including an extra supply of warm socks, with the usual supply of cigarettes. I have directed that a case of Ivory soap be included. Soap of the American brand I find very popular with the men.

It is my plan, within a week, to start overland by sled, en route to the Kola Peninsula section, and thence probably across into Finland and thence Stockholm en route to America, unless there should be some unforeseen happening to change my plans and route. I am leaving Capt. Lively in charge here, and the special function of the party we are leaving will be to minister to the comforts of the American troops. You will find Lively effective and responsive.

I dined a few nights ago with General Ironsides, who spoke highly of your company, which it was gratifying to hear. When you return to the States I shall be glad to hear from you, at Baltimore. Care The Maryland Club there will always reach me. In the meantime, take care of yourself, and your men, as I know you will, and believe me,

Very sincerely,
(Signed) C. T. WILLIAMS,
Deputy Commissioner.



In Their Sunday Best.



Did you ever wonder why the Red Cross Major was so keen to see all the fronts where were found the American troops? Ever think he was getting information? Wonder why he went out by sleigh-route across Finland? Did he go to Am. G. H. Q. in France and to President Wilson? Did he tell the facts about the Allied North Russian Expedition? Connect his visit to France with any mysterious events? Like the message that came to Archangel in mid-winter, "Just where is the Pinega front?" Did he suggest that a square-jawed American General be sent to Archangel? That American Troops be withdrawn as soon as possible to do so? Ever occur to you that a judicious statement of actual facts counts more heavily than exaggeration and vituperation? Perhaps the official reports of our own American officers sent by secret couriers and the reports of our Red Cross friend counted for more than the distorted statements and the threats of our self-styled saviours—senators and others!

Military Decorations

The American soldiers at one time or another served under the field banners of four nations—American, French, British, and Russian. And for their valor and greatly meritorious conduct mostly over and beyond the call of duty, many soldiers were commended by these American, French, British, and Russian field officers in their reports to higher military authorities.

And later many, but not all, of those officers and men so commended were cited in orders and awarded decorations. In the list of "M" Co. men below are the names of three who were recommended for the best decoration of all, the D. S. C., Distinguished Service Cross, of the U. S. Army. Nine of these much coveted medals were awarded to American soldiers in the North Russian Expedition. You will surely agree that Comrades Pratt, Russell and Grahek were deserving.

The Croix de Guerre decorations were the marks of esteem and admiration bestowed by the French officers under whom we served and are tokens of the affections of the French people for the Americans.

The Military Medal and the D. C. M. Cross were the British awards. In confidence let it be said that the British field officers always thought highly of "M" Co. but for a certain reason, which you know, failed to give individual credit and reward to the men. Elsewhere are printed British officers' commendations to "M" Co.

The Cross of St. Anne, the Cross of St. Stanislas, the Cross of St. George, the St. Anne Silver Medal, and the St. Stanislas Silver Medal are Russian old army military decorations awarded by General Maroushevski, Commanding Russian forces of the Northern Republic, of the All-Russian Government. These awards are high marks of admiration and esteem given by an old general who recognized the purity of purpose and the valorous manhood of democratic citizen soldiers fighting a strange war in a foreign land. Gen. Maroushevski thanked me personally with tears in his eyes for the patient and courteous and kind attitude of the brave American soldiers toward his Russian soldiers and his pitiful people—especially in the Pinega area.

Pvt. John C. Adams, Cross of St. George.
 Pvt. Harrison Bush, Cross of St. George.
 Sgt. Joseph Curry, Cross of St. George.
 Pvt. Fred De Laney, Cross of St. George.
 1st Lt. James R. Donovan, Cross of St. Anne, Croix de Guerre.
 1st Sgt. Walter Dundon, Cross of St. George.
 Bugler George Garton, Cross of St. George.
 Sgt. Frank Getzloff, Croix de Guerre.
 St. Mathew G. Grahek, D. C. M., Croix de Guerre, Cross of St. George, D. S. C.
 Sgt. John P. Gray, Croix de Guerre.
 Pvt. George Hanrahan, Cross of St. George.
 Sgt. Charles A. Hebner, Croix de Guerre, Cross of St. George.
 Corp. Fred Hodges, Cross of St. George.
 Sgt. William R. Huston, Cross of St. George.
 Sgt. Jacob Kantrowitz, Cross of St. George, Croix de Guerre.
 Pvt. Oscar E. Lighter, Croix de Guerre.
 Sgt. John W. Magin, Croix de Guerre.
 Pvt. Harold Metcalfe, St. Stanislas Silver Medal.
 Pvt. Clarence A. Miller, Military Medal, Croix de Guerre.
 Capt. Joel R. Moore, Cross of St. Anne, Croix de Guerre.
 Corp. William Nieman, Cross of St. George.
 Corp. Frank L. O'Connor, Cross of St. George, Croix de Guerre.

Sgt. Charles W. Page, Cross of St. George.
 Cook Joseph Pavlin, St. Stanislas Silver Medal.
 Sgt. Charles W. Peterson, Croix de Guerre.
 Corp. Walter J. Picard, St. Annes Silver Medal.
 Corp. Robert M. Pratt, Cross of St. George, Croix de Guerre, D. S. C.
 1st Lt. Clarence J. Primm, Cross of St. Anne, Croix de Guerre.
 Sgt. Charles V. Riha, Cross of St. George.
 Corp. Frank J. Romanski, Cross of St. George.
 Pvt. John Roppinen, Cross of St. George.
 Pvt. Ernest P. Rouleau, St. Stanislas Silver Medal, Croix de Guerre.
 Corp. William H. Russell, Distinguished Service Cross (post humous).
 Corp. Joseph Ryduchowski, Cross of St. George.
 Pvt. Leo Schwabe, Cross of St. George.
 Pvt. Alfred Starikoff, Croix de Guerre.
 Pvt. Frank Stepnavski, St. Stanislas Silver Medal.
 1st Lt. George W. Stoner, Cross of St. Anne, Croix de Guerre.
 Pvt. Walter Streit, Croix de Guerre.
 2nd Lt. Robert J. Wiczorek, Cross St. Stanislas, Croix de Guerre.
 2nd Lt. Wesley K. Wright, Cross St. Stanislas, Croix de Guerre.
 Sgt. Norman Zapfe, Cross of St. George.
 Cook Theodore J. Zech, St. Stanislas Silver Medal.
 Corp. Walter Zimmerman, Cross of St. George.



(EDITOR'S NOTE—Many deserving men of "M" Co. did not get decorations. Such is luck in war. No one was intentionally overlooked, but some were. I'm sorry. As commanding officer I tried to secure justice. Let me declare that all the decorations, etc., which came to me as Captain commanding Co. "M" 339th Infantry, were won for me by the valiant and loyal service of the company as a whole. And we may as a whole company look at the above list of awards with pride. Officers and N. C. O.'s and others on the list would not be there if they had not had their sturdy comrades of the company valiantly supporting and cheering them on. As a company there was no better feeling nor better fighting outfit in North Russia. And the "M" Co. roster is in itself one big honor list.)

Contributions

(EDITOR'S NOTE—"M" Co. men wrote comparatively little "sob stuff" home. Their letters had the hopeful, humorous ring for the home folks. Folks at home had as much grief as they could stand. Senators and other politicians and 2 by 4 reporters pulled off enough of the "sob." No use for manly soldiers to add to the fears of folks at home.)



One the Censor in England did not return, if you please.

Archangel, Russia, April 12, 1919.

Dear Friend:

I received your most welcome letter and was glad to hear from you. I am writing this letter at 2:30 in the morning, so you can see how early I get up. The other corporal just called me to take charge of the guard till six o'clock, so I have plenty of time to write to you. You said you had a nice little Hunk coming to see you now; well, you have nothing on Art and I. We have two of the nicest little girls you ever saw. My girl has just been promoted from a section hand to a switchman on the same railroad I am fighting on. You know we have woman suffrage here now, so the women have to work the same as the men. Art's girl is better looking than mine, but he always was a lucky boy to get pretty girls.

We are now fighting on the same front at last, only I am 11 versts behind him, so if he can hold the Bolos off I will be all right. Our company had a fight that lasted from March 31 to April 2nd. Three regiments of Bolos attacked us and after fighting for three days our aeroplane dropped a message over on the Bolo lines and told them that the famous "M" Co. was fighting them. So they sent a message back and told us to cease firing that they were going to retreat. They said they thought the Machine Gun company was at the front. Well, Rose, they say we are going to be relieved, but they have been telling us that for so long it is nothing new. We don't like to leave our girls now, anyway.

Well, Rose, I will have to close for this time. Answer soon.

Ever your friend,

CORP. NORBERT SCHILLINGER,

Co. "M," 339th Inf., Archangel, Russia.



MOZHNAH, BARISHNAH? SEVEN WAR BRIDES IN ARCHANGEL

There have been seven North Russian war weddings in the American Expeditionary Force. It is not known at present what arrangements have been made for transporting the war brides to America. The following American soldiers have been married in Archangel. If the list is not complete, it is because no other marriages have been recorded:

Oscar J. Conklin, "H" Co., to Christina Lupacheva.

Joseph Chinzi, Supply Co., to Elena Farizey.

John V. Karouch to Alexandra Kadrina.

John Vrahorit, "M" Co., to Maria Esyevileva.

Alex Muroshky, Hdq. Co. (Name of bride not available).

Frank K. Mikiewicz, 337 Amb. (Name of bride not available).

George Geren, "E" Co., to Nina Paloza.



BRITISH RATIONS

"Grass stew" was on the menu one day at Soyla. Pvt. Temple gave his portion to his Russian hostess. She tasted it and then threw it on some hay before the cow. The cow refused to eat either the "grass stew" or the hay.—*Contributed by Sgt. Zapfe.*



It was at 466 on Palm Sunday, 1919, on outpost. Pvt. Penoyer remarked to the squad:

"Next Sunday will be Easter and never an egg will we have."

"Yes," said Pvt. Bush; "but if we're at the front we'll have shells anyway, and then I'll scramble."

—*Contributed by Sgt. Zapfe.*



FAMOUS REMARKS

Corporal Neiman was too fat to get over the wall at Camp Custer in the tests, but was making his tenth trial. Capt. Moore was heard to remark, encouragingly: "You've got the guts, all right, Corporal, but too much belly."



OUR ARMORED TRAIN

Around the bend near 461 creeps our armored train. One-armed Commander Young, a hero of the Zeebrugge raid, with his motley Polish-Russian crew. Remember his first help to us, Sept. 11? He finally got over a few shrapnel at the enemy armored train that had shelled us.

Remember the ride on the armored train that you took with Lt. Stoner and the Cossack Chief the day Donnor got lost and single-handed went into the Bolo camp?

Remember how glad you were to have the old car come up on the morning of Sept. 30 when the Bolo threatened our left flank at the bridge 458?

And again how we shouted for joy when he sent a growling shell over us at 445 in long-awaited-for reply to the hot barrage old John Bolo was giving us Oct. 19th? Commander Young carried away good wishes from us all.



Officer—"What is the first thing a farmer boy does in the morning?"

Corp. Pratt, (after a silence)—"Sir, he shakes the sand from his shoes."



"We knocked the bow off the Bolo."—*Pvt. Russell Hill.*



During heavy enemy barrage the captain was heard to order: "If you come out of those tents, men, put on your steel helmets."



"Don't fire, we're Americans," commanded Maj. Young, as the Bolo aviator who was crashing let fly with his automatic.



FIRST IMPRESSION OF "M" CO.

I came with the replacement men from France. After two weeks' stay in Archangel and eating Bn mess, which consisted of "grass stew" and hardtack three times a day, and tea for breakfast only, I was transferred to "M" Co. Will never forget the first meal. A whole mess kit full of oat meal, dried apple sauce, bread and coffee.

When we were about half through eating, Captain Moore made a little speech. He said that if anyone wanted "seconds" he could have them. I was so full that I hardly had room for all the apple sauce. I said that anyone who could eat "seconds" after a meal like that was a hog.

Then I felt a punch in the back and turned around.

Pvt. Stone whispered, "Get it; if you can't eat it, I will."—*Pvt. Herman Yopp.*



ONE VARIETY OF BOLO

Getting used to Russian names for things afforded some humorous incidents.

The man on the extreme left of the advancing line was to keep in touch with the railway. Lt. Stoner ordered him to observe the verstopoles so that he could tell when he was near his objective. The soldier watched all right, but he astonished Lt. Stoner an hour later by replying to his question as follows:

"No, sir; I haven't seen any Verstbolo yet, but I'll shoot him if I do."



THE GENERAL WAS RIGHT

After reviewing the company at Smolny, General Ironsides gave us a short talk during the course of which he said, "I hope to be able to give you more bread and less hardtack."

Later when the 3rd platoon was relieving the 1st at Soyla, one of the men of the 3rd asked Pvt. Hyatt, "How is the chow up here?"

"Oh," said he, "the General was right. We formerly got two hardtacks a meal. Now we get one."
—*Contributed.*



JOE AND HIS K. P.'S

Here is the company's old head cook, Joe Pavlin, at Obozerskaya. Who is that little Russian boy? Remember how he carted water? How he begged to enlist?

Think of the sumptuous quarters you found there in the village after your first four days on outpost. The sergeants made them a real home. The officers had the palm room in the old head forester's home.

Good old G-I can. How faithfully you served. All up and down the railroad—in Smolny—in Soyla—in Pinega—at Verst 18. You were usually tough-looking on the outside, but inviting within.

How the British scorned our American field kitchens! But didn't we hang to them? Would you have traded with the French?

And when we think of perfect roast beef we have to think of the roasts that were browned and turned out by our old company cook, Joe. And at that Hines and Zeck and Griner and Fisher were not so far behind. Remember Joe's pies at Obozerskaya, Sept. 20, 1918?



FROM COOK FISHER'S PEN "OWED TO THE BAND"

By Fisher

Oh, Headquarters Band is boasting how they keep the spirit up
Of the boys that take the bitter and the blunt,
But it's a different kind of music that we got up in the woods
For Archangel is a long ways from the front.

Oh, we're short of Stretcher Bearers when we're doing up a job
And a ricochet just glances off your nut,
So we have to lay and suffer on the cold, damp snow
For the Band has got to keep the spirit up.

You have written home the easy side,
Never our side dare we tell;
The roses strewn in our path
They have a peculiar smell.

Don't think me such a cruel lad
When the truth to you I'll say,
Of the Band you boast so highly
I have never heard it play.

P. S.—With apologies to Corporal Myers.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Of course band men are not blamed because they were kept at Archangel. They could not help it.)



OLD ROUBLE

In the story of "M" Co. in Russia, our Captain may give the credit of the best man for patrolling to a sergeant or a corporal, but the one who deserves that honor is Rouble our big white and brown spotted dog.

In all our patrolling Rouble was far out in the lead and he always led us to the enemy's position. We were never afraid to go on patrol when Rouble was in the lead. For he always knew right where the enemy's position was and when there was danger ahead he gave us warning by giving a

low growl. He would then step lightly and slowly. We would follow him till we had crept up close enough to see what the enemy was doing and had got all the information we started out for. Then we would return.

And many a time at night when things began quieting down, Rouble would leap over the top and go scouting around No Man's land to watch the movements of the enemy.

Many times he would get so close to the enemy's lines that they would hear him and open fire. Once Rouble got wounded by some sharpshooter of the enemy, but he never gave up. He would do his scouting just the same. Rouble was a close friend of all the boys of Co. "M" and many a time they were seen dividing their dinner with their old comrade and guide.

—Corporal N. Schillinger.

(Yes, Old Rouble was almost human. Once he got in line at sick call. But the captain of the Royal Scots called him a Bolo spy dog October 19th and opened fire on him.—Editor.)

SNAPPY ARTICLE ON ARCHANGEL By Corp. Knight, Former "M" Co. Man.

Sometimes, about once or twice every now and then, copies of *The Stars and Stripes* find their way up here to No Woman's Land and are instantly devoured by the news-hungry gang, searching for information regarding their comrades and general conditions in France, where we belong, but through Fate were sent up to this part of the world to quell Bolshevism and guard the Northern Lights.

We are so far north that the doggone sun works only when it feels inclined to do so, and in that way it is like everything else in Russia. The moon isn't so particular, and comes up, usually backwards, at any time of the day or night, in any part of the sky, it having no set schedule, and often it will get lost and still be on the job at noon. Yes, we are so far north that 30 degrees below will soon be tropical weather to us, and they will have to build fires around both cows before they can milk



A CARTOON FROM THE OLD COMPANY BULLETIN BOARD

Going over the papers saved from the wreck of our Co. Hq. chest that smashed as it dropped into the hold of the ship, we come to two cartoons that used to attract you.

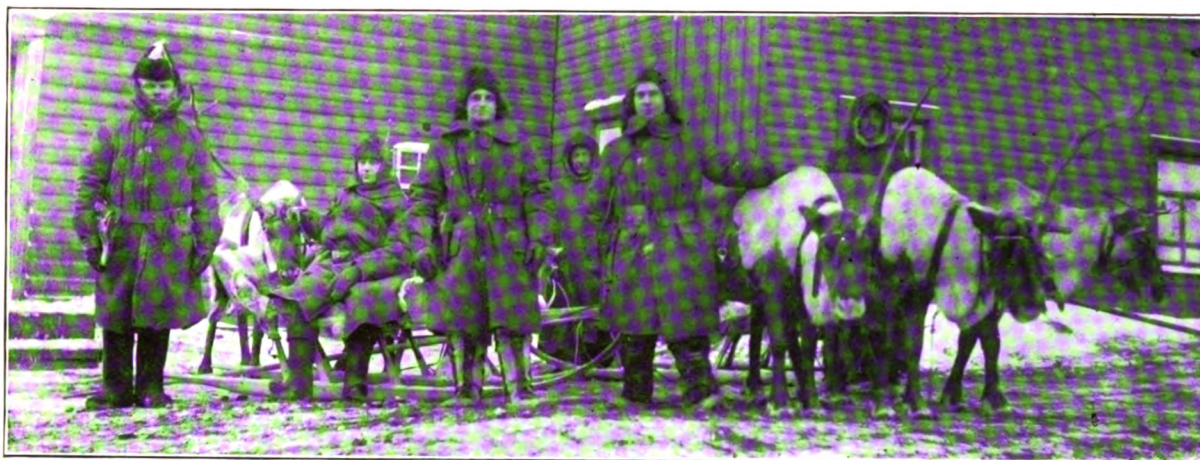
The cartoons are yellowed and tattered but they tell a lot.

"The Hard Job is to Let Go," is the heading of the one that pictures an Allied doughboy hanging desperately to the tail of a great bob-cat labeled Russia. Each is clawing gravel in a circle. Across the ocean on U. S. A. stands the little bald-headed citizen who is saying, "Come on home, Yank! What did you grab him for in the first place?"

The Detroit News printed the cartoon on Feb. 5. We got it in Archangel in March, just about the time the Bolo tiger began to claw and yowl on all fronts in North Russia. And you all seemed to see the justice of the remark the captain wrote on the margin of the cartoon, "It is hell to hang on, but it's death to let loose." We did hang on until Russian troops took over their own job and we all got away.

It may be of interest to you to know that in August the Russian troops of Archangel, or North Russian Republic, relieved the British troops. All Allied troops are now out of North Russia.

Whether we should or whether we should not have been in North Russia fighting for the Archangel people and fighting against the Bolsheviki, the fact is that so far as "M" Co. men were concerned they had the old Bolo bob-cat scared whenever they pinched his tail. No doubt at all that "M" Co. was known and respected by the Bolo.



ROULEAU, LINTS, FEDDER AND BROWN

Most of you one time or another got a chance to ride with the samaryat and his reindeer. Here is Rouleau and the other Hq. orderlies starting off for a ride, at Pinega.

Those of you in 1st platoon who were with the artillery day the enemy moved on Chertkva and threatened Pelegorskaya, can recall seeing the tandem sleds of reindeer that came flashing into the lines. Sgt. Kantrowitz will never forget that ride. He sat on the rear sled. We came from Pinega to Pelegor in an hour. The sergeant's sled was in the air two thirds of the time. The wise old buck reindeer who was hitched to the rear of his sled, would brace and pull back to keep the sergeant's sled from snapping the whip at the innumerable turns. And that would lift the light sled clear of the ground. And when the old buck was not steering, the bumps in the road were bouncing the sergeant's sled several feet into the air.

Remember how the reindeer travelled with his long tongue dangling out as if in distress? How he panted? How he thrust his muzzle into the snow? Remember the single rein fastened to the leader's horn? And the pole that the driver used either to prod or to direct by striking the leader's head.



them. Probably about next month at this time some one will come around and say we will be pulling out of here in a day or so, but then, the days will be six months long.

In one issue of your very popular paper we noticed a cartoon, "Pity the Boys in Siberia," but what about us, Ed? Now, up here in this tough town there are 269,831 inhabitants, of which 61,329 are human beings and 208,502 are dogs. Dogs of every description from the poodle to the St. Bernard and from the wolfhound to the halfbreed dachshund, which is half German and half Bolshevik and looks the part.

The wind whistles across the Dwina River like the Twentieth Century Limited passing Podunk, and snowflakes are as numerous as retreating Germans were in France a few weeks ago. We have good quarters, when we are here, thank Fortune for that, and good food, when it comes up. If we can stand the winter we will be all jake, for a Yank can accustom himself to anything if he wants to. But just the same, we would like to see your artists busy on "The Boys in Northern Russia" and tell them not to leave out the word "Northern."

We also read in *The Stars and Stripes* that the boys in Italy had some tongue twisters and brain worriers, but listen to this: Centimes and sous and francs may be hard to count, but did you ever hear of a rouble or a kopec? A kopec is worth a tenth of a cent and there are a hundred of them in a rouble. As you will see, that makes a rouble worth a dime, and to make matters worse all the money is paper, coins having gone out of circulation since the beginning of the mix-up. A kopec is the size of a postage stamp, a rouble looks like a United Cigar Stores Certificate, a 25 rouble note resembles a porous plaster and a 100 rouble note the Declaration of Independence.

When a soldier in search of a meal enters a restaurant, he says to the waitress, "Barishna, kakejetyeh bifstek, pozhalysta," which means "An order of beefsteak, lady, please." You see, you always say "barishna" which really means "girl," and until a young lady is married she is always a "barishna" and is always addressed in that manner. She will answer the hungry customer with, "Yah ochen sojalaylu, shto unaus nyet yestnik prepasov siechas" (a simple home cure for lockjaw), meaning, "I am very sorry, but we are right out of food today." He will try several other places, and if he is lucky he is apt to stumble across a place where he can get something to eat, but when he looks at the bill of fare and learns that it cost him about \$7.50 for a sandwich and a cup of coffee, he beats it back to the barracks.

Every time you get on a street car ("dramvay") you have to count out 60 kopecs for your fare, and most of us would rather walk than be jammed in the two-by-four buses and fish for the money. Before boarding a car each passenger usually hunts up a couple of five gallon milk cans, a market basket or two and a bag of smoked herring, so they will get their kopec's worth out of the ride, besides making the atmosphere nice and pleasant for the rest of the passengers. If you should see a soldier walking down the street with his nose turned up and his mouth puckered in apparent con-

tempt, you would be wrong in thinking he was conceited, for if the truth be known he has probably just got his shirt back from the washwoman, and she has used fish-oil instead of soap and he is trying to escape the fumes. When you take your clothes to have them laundered and tell the woman to please omit the odor, she'll tell you that she has no soap and if you want them washed to your satisfaction please send in a cake. Anything in the world to keep your clothes from smelling of fish-oil, so you double-time back and get her the soap, and then she gives the kids a bath, and that's the end of your soap.

When a Russian meets another man he knows on the street, both lift hats and flirt with each other. If they stop to talk, they always shake hands, even if they haven't seen each other for fully twenty minutes. Then they simply must shake hands again when they leave. When a man meets a lady friend he usually kisses her hand and shows her how far he can bend over without breaking his suspenders. "Ah," he will say, "yah ochen rradsveedyat, kak vui pazhavaetye?" which in the United States means "How do you do?" to which she will reply, "Blogadaru vas, yah ochen koro-sho," or "very well, thank you." It is the knockout. A fellow has to shake hands so much that some of them are getting the habit around the company.

And another thing, Ed, are they really holding a separate war up here for our benefit? Just because we weren't in on the big doings in France is no reason why they should run a post-season series especially for us. We appreciate the kindness and honor and all that, but what we want to know is where everybody gets that stuff. Believe me, after all the dope we got on the trenches, about pianos and wooden floors, steam heat, and other conveniences, when we see ourselves on outpost duty with one blanket and a poncho, sleeping (not on duty, of course) in 28 inches of pure ooosoozy mud, which before we awaken turns into thin, fine ice, it makes us want to cry out and ask the universe what what we have done to deserve this exile.

Now don't think, dear old Ed, that we are kicking. American soldiers never do. We just wanted to have something to write you about, to remind you that we ARE a part of the American E. F., although "isolated."

With best wishes to your paper and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the boys, I'll close with the consoling assurance in my heart that we'll meet you back on Broadway, anyway.

C. B. KNIGHT,
Corp. Hq. 339 Inf., American E. F.,
Archangel, Russia.
In a letter to *The Stars and Stripes*.



BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Wednesday afternoon, May 28th, was a half-holiday at Economic, by order of General Richardson. Never had fatigue work been done so willingly and so well as that bestowed on the saw-mill yard where the doughboys laid out their baseball diamond.

The championship of North Russia was to be played. Hq. Co. vs. "M" Co. It looked like the S. O. S. vs. Line, and most of the line troops put in their roubles on "M" Co. It was a fat pot—more than 20,000 roubles in the purse.

"Hq." Co. recalled a pitcher from Regimental Hq. and "M" Co. uncovered a dark horse in Corp. Bissonette. And it was a pitchers' battle most of the time. The box score shows 15 put-outs for Catcher Haynes, "M" Co., and 12 for Thomas, Hq. Co. Bissonette was nicked for a pair of doubles in the 5th and Huston, who relieved him in the 8th, was touched twice. "M" Co. found Crachat 12 times but could not bunch hits except in the 4th inning when two runs were earned and Hq. contributed a pair of errors that aided in piling up three more runs.

In the field, Cameron pulled a hard catch and Zisher and Temple showed great class. The box score follows:

"M" Co.							"Hq." Co.						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Zisher, 2b	5	2	2	1	3	0	Brabit, ss	4	0	0	1	1	0
Javorski, 3b	5	1	1	0	1	0	Kurth, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Bisonette, p-ss	5	0	3	1	2	0	Forth, rf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Temple, 1b	4	1	2	9	0	0	Thomas, c	4	0	1	12	0	0
Huston, ss-p	4	1	2	0	1	0	Wilbert, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Riha, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	Cramberg, 1b	3	0	0	8	0	0
Clark, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0	Sullivan, 2b	3	0	0	1	2	1
Haynes, c	4	0	0	15	0	0	Kelley, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Cameron, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0	Crachat, p	3	1	0	0	2	0
Totals	38	5	12	27	7	0	Totals	21	2	4	27	6	3
Score by innings—													
"M" Co.	0	0	0	5	0	0	R	5	12	0			
"Hq." Co.	0	0	0	0	1	0	H	2	4	3			

Umpires—Capt. Coleman, Lt. Formasa.

Morale of "M" Co.

By Lt. Stoner.

Webster defines the word morale as follows: "State of mind with reference to confidence, courage, zeal and the like, especially a number of persons associated with some enterprise, as troops."

So when we begin to talk of "M" Company's morale we have to take into consideration the fact that we had approximately two hundred and fifty men, each with a different state of mind in reference to confidence, courage and zeal. It is very interesting to know that the result of joining these minds and dispositions together under the able leadership of our gallant and respected Captain, was a unit that well earned the name of "Fighting Company M."

The fact that a great many of our men were practically strangers to the officers and "N. C. O.'s" when we left Camp Custer on July 14, 1918, only goes to prove that they had the proper spirit and qualities that are required to make up a successful fighting unit. Less than two months from the day we left Camp Custer these men received their Baptism of Fire, and from that day on "M" Co. was an organization always respected and trusted.

It is almost impossible for the average person to realize the bond of friendship that grew and existed among these men in so short a time. The succeeding days with our fights in the woods, and swamps, the short, cold gloomy days and the long, silent nights of sentry duty only caused this bond of friendship to grow until our company was second to none in Northern Russia. To mention any particular names would be unjust, for the highest N. C. O. to the lowest "buck" private the glory must be shared equally. Every man at one time or another accomplished some feat which caused him to be admired by his officers and fellow men. It is regrettable that proper recognition of each man's services cannot be given. However, the personal satisfaction each man received from knowing that he did his level best, is better than all the medals or citations that could be bestowed on anyone.

After a year of experiences and strenuous campaign we started on our long journey home. It was a place we had all longed for many times, but we realized that it meant the breaking up of our organization and the scattering of our various members over many states. But as all had done their duty in a most satisfactory manner, each man received an honorable discharge and could step back into civilian life without any apologies for himself or Company "M."

Monroe, Mich., October 5, 1919.

Pvt. Simon tells a good story of a patrol from 448 to 445 when Bolos were active. "There was an English guard on at 446 and we got nearly past him before we noticed him. Corp. Gramlich could see Bolos all around us. He wanted to go back and report, but Pvt. Mooney and I laughed at him, and to make sure it was a Britisher and not a Bolo, we charged on him and scared him half to death." The night before the battle of 445 the first sergeant and the captain, who were looking for "I" Co. in the woods near 446, were fired on by a nervous "I" Co. sentry.



"RABOTA" ON AVIATION FIELD

Here are the barishnas and malcheks and old men who worked the ground for the aviation field. The British interpreter had his troubles all solved for him when he got an American soldier to boss the job. "Penny-my-yet-see," Corp. Romanski?

(From the Company Bulletin Board.)

CO. "M" 339TH INF., AT 466
Palm Sunday, April 13, 1919.

QUOTATIONS

"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: because His mercy endureth forever."

—Psalm 98, verse 1.

"Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

—Luke 17, verse 33.

"The hard scrapping company, the outfit that dares and does not flinch usually suffers fewer casualties than the weak and hesitating."

The story of pluck always stirs our blood. The Man of Galilee had no luck. His fate was sealed. But he showed great pluck. He taught and he preached his eternal truths even while enemies sought his life. His pluck carried through. He lost and, losing, he won. Next Sunday we celebrate his Victory over Death.

Church today at 1:00 p. m. and 1:30 p. m.



HOME

What is the word most often heard,
Spoken with accent soft;
Breathed in a prayer at evening oft,
Falling with reverence on the air;
Filling the ear with concord dear,
Pushing the heart up tight
In the throat? Yes, you're right,
Where'er they roam,
Doughboy or off'cer
Speak fondly of home
Cheerfully, not tearfully,
Of home, sweet home;
Courageously, bravely
They yearn for loved
Ones far away home.

Verst 466, April 14, 1919.



IMPRESSIONS

By Sgt. J. Kantrowitz.

It is almost an axiom with the regular army of our own country and those of foreign nations that soldier and discipline are synonymous. Meaning thereby the blind discipline of the Prussian type.

That such an axiom is entirely wrong was shown us by the National Army. No one will affirm that the new-born army was a model to pass inspection even before our own High Moguls of the regular army. And yet, what splendid success has that sneered at, "undisciplined" army achieved!

And where is the cause of its success? The "uneducatedness" in the sense of the regular army. The American citizen in a soldier uniform acted like a free human being, possessing initiative, self-reliance, and confidence, which qualities are entirely subdued by the so-called education of a soldier. It is not the proper salute or clicking of the heels that makes the good soldier, but the spirit of the man and his character. And these latter qualities has possessed our national army. Fresh from civilian life with all its liberty-loving tendencies, our boys have thrown themselves into the fight on their own accord, once they realized the necessity of it. The whip of discipline could never accomplish so much as the conscience of necessity. And that is what the national army possessed. And that is the cause of its success. And, therefore, I love it.

So long as the United States remains a free country, there is no danger for the American people. That spirit which has manifested itself in the national army is capable to accomplish everything. It is the free institutions of the country that brought us victory; not the so-called "education" gotten in the barracks.

I admired the national army men in fight, because I loved him as a citizen. And unless he changes as a citizen, he will not change as a fighter. To me the citizen and soldier are synonymous. A good citizen makes a good soldier, and vice versa. Let the American citizen remain as free-loving and self-reliant as he is now, and he will make one of the best soldiers in the world. Let him lose that freedom-loving spirit, and he will have to be Prussianized.

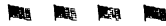
I have my great respect for the national army man because I have seen him at his best. In the moments of gravest danger he has exhibited that courage which is only inborn in a free man. And when I saw that courage, I said, "He does not need an 'education.'" Let him remain a free man, and God help those who will try to take away his freedom."

Graves of the First Three Americans Killed

On the 18th of September we buried our first men killed in battle—Philip Sokol, Pvt. Co. "L"; Ignacy Kuasntewski, Mechanic Co. "I"; and Anthony Soczkowski, Pvt. Co. "I." All fell at 466, September 16th, the day the Bolos attacked.

The funeral ceremony was performed at Obozerskaya by the Russian priest from the village. Do you remember the chanting in the service? The swinging of the burning censor over those rude caskets there there in the dusk? The deep homesick feeling that quivered through you as you listened to the last call and to the echo of it blown from the woods? Do you remember how you braced up as you looked at your comrades who formed a sturdy contrast to the stricken villagers who had come to help bury the strangers' valiant dead?

And now you think, too, of the "M" Co. graves at 455 and 445. How friendly those French soldiers were. Did it seem inappropriate to use the bomb-crater for the temporary grave of our beloved Sickles? And then because of our sudden shift to the Penega front, "I" Co. returned the compliment to "M" Co. by conducting the burial. Remember little Chaplain Watkins went down from Archangel specially to bury him?



In Memoriam

By Captain Moore.

Just a turn of the wheel of fate
Accidental, he met his death.
Brave, fine lad. Oh too late,
Warning was given. The breath
Came and went and came not again,
Hero he'd been in battle red.
Now lies he mourned by all the men.
Comrades and officers tonight are sad.

Weep not corporal and sergeant brave
Blameless you stand and none condemn,
Accident purely which none could save
Awful grenade you took from "M"
Soldier heroic and tried and true
Leader that was in combat stout
Master of men and weapons, too.
Corporal Russell, Fate "called him out."

Oh, sad fate, my boy, my corporal brave.
Bleed must the hearts of loved ones at home
Torn our hearstrings as to the grave
Escort and honors go slow with drum
Beating for you we loved full well,
Soldier and comrade, God rest you in peace.
Easter's message of Hope, full to tell,
Gently bids us mourning to cease.

Corporal Russell, fare-thee-well.



A Remarkable Memorial Day

From "The Sentinel"

American Memorial Day was celebrated at Archangel yesterday. Headed by the American Band, a company of American troops, and detachments of the U. S. Navy, Russian troops, Russian Navy, British troops, British Navy, French troops, French Navy, Italian and Polish troops, formed in parade at Sabornaya at ten o'clock in the morning and marched to the cemetery.

Here a short memorial service was held. Brief addresses were delivered by General Richardson, General Miller, Charge D'Affaires Poole, and General Ironside.

In his introductory address General Richardson said:

"Fellow Soldiers of America and Allied Nations: We are assembled here on the soil of a great Ally and a traditional friend of our country, to do what honor we may to the memory of America's dead here buried, who responded to their country's call in the time of her need and have laid down

their lives in her defence. Throughout the world wherever may be found American soldiers or civilians, are gathered others today for the fulfillment of this sacred and loving duty. I ask you to permit your thought to dwell at this time with deep reverence upon the fact that no higher honor can come to a soldier than belongs to those who have made this supreme sacrifice, and whose bodies lie here before us, but whose spirits, we trust, are with us."

Before introducing General Miller, General Richardson thanked the Allied representations for their participation in the celebration of Memorial Day.

Mr. Poole said:

"This day was first instituted in memory of those who fell in the American Civil War. It became the custom to place flowers on the graves of soldiers and strew flowers on the water in memory of the sailor dead, marking in this way one day in each year when the survivors of the war might join with a later generation to revere the memory of those who had made for the common good the supreme sacrifice of life. For Americans it is an impressive thought that we are renewing this consecration today in Russia, in the midst of a civic struggle which recalls the deep trials of our own past and which is, moreover, inextricably bound up with the World War which has been our common burden.

"This war, which was begun to put down imperial aggression upon the political liberties of certain peoples, has evolved into a profound social upheaval, touching the most remote countries. We cannot yet see definitely what the results of its later developments will be, but already there lies before forward looking men the bright prospect of peace and justice and liberty throughout the world such as we recently dared hope for only within the narrow confines of particular countries. To the soldiers of the great war—inspired from the outset by a dim foresight of this stupendous result—we now pay honor; and in particular, to the dead whose graves are before us.

"These men, like their comrades elsewhere in the most endless line of battle, have struck their blow against the common enemy. They have had the added privilege of assisting in the most tragic, and at the same time the most hopeful, upheaval for which the war has been the occasion. Autocracy in Russia is gone. A new democracy is in the struggle of its birth. The graves before us are tangible evidence of the deep and sympathetic concern of the older democracies. These men have given their lives to help Russia. They have labored in an enterprise which is a forecast of a new order in the world's affairs and have made of it a prophecy of success. Here within this restricted northern area there has been an acid test of the practicability of co-operation among nations for the attainment of common ends. Nowhere could material and moral conditions have been more difficult than we have seen them these past months; under no circumstances could differences in national temperament or the frailties and shortcomings of individuals be brought into stronger relief. Yet the winter of our initial difficulties is given way to a summer of maturing success. Co-operation begun in the most haphazard fashion has developed after a few months of mutual adjustment into concerted and harmonious action. It seems to me that herein lies striking proof of the generous spirit of modern international intercourse and proof of the most practical kind that, as nations succeed to doing away with war, they will be able to apply the energies thus released to common action in the beneficent field of world wide social and political betterment. If this ideal is to be measurably attained, as I believe it is, these men have indeed made their sacrifice to a great cause. They have given their lives to the progress of civilization and their memory shall be cherished as long as civilization lasts."

"The Northern Morning," a Russian daily of Archangel, reported on the Memorial Day Exercises as follows:

"In memory of the fallen during the Civil War in America, on the initiative of President Lincoln, the 30th of May was fixed as a day to remember the fallen heroes. In this year our American friends have to pass this day far from their country, America, in our cold northland, between the graves of those who are dear not only to our friends, Allies, but also to us Russians; the sacred graves beneath which are concealed those who, far from their own country, gave away their lives to save us. These are now sacred and dear places, and the day of the 30th of May as a day of memorial to them will always be to us a day of mourning. This day will not be forgotten in the Russian soul. It has to be kept in memory as long as the name of Russian manhood exists.

"After the speeches a military salute was fired. A heart-breaking call of the trumpet over the graves of the fallen sounded the mourning notes. Those who attended the meeting will never forget this moment of the bugle call. The signal as it broke forth filled the air with sorrowfulness and grief, as if it called the whole world to bow before those who, loving their neighbors, without hesitation gave their lives away for the sacred cause of humanity."

"Honor be to the fallen: blessings and eternal rest those protectors of humanity who gave their lives away for the achievement of justice and right. Sleep quietly now, sons of liberty and light. You won before the world never-fading honor and eternal glory."

—Copy contributed by Lt. Primm.

To Our Red Cross and Y. M. C. A.

Space in this book we gladly give to pay tribute to the American Red Cross. Below a statement from Gen. Richardson's letter. Also a statement from Major Lively, A. R. C., published in *The Sentinel* at Archangel, May 31, 1919.

"The American Red Cross has done so many things to soften the burden of hard service and help bring contentment to our soldiers in distant lands, that they can never be enumerated, and the publication of this little paper is one of them which I am sure has been very greatly appreciated.

W. P. RICHARDSON,
Brigadier General, U. S. A."

"The care of the American troops on this fighting front has been a task that has called for grilling hard work from every member of the attenuated personnel left in charge, but with the departure of the Yankee soldiers from here there is left a consciousness of no effort having been spared to bring about their well being.

To get things through the snow and ice, to make the best use out of the restricted transportation facilities, to treat the various companies alike regardless of their location and to get a renewal of supplies through the ice-choked seas has meant unending work and spirit, qualities that have been manifest in every member of the American Red Cross Unit.

"We would like to make public acknowledgment of our obligation to the American Army and of the splendid wholehearted co-operation we have received from the British Army and Naval Command in every particular.

D. O. LIVELY,
Major A. R. C."

"M" Co. had its share of those things essential that could be used at the front. And we thank the Red Cross for its kind attention.



Reminiscences

Pvt. Latta writes: "My thoughts reflected back to the cold, wet, uncultivated part of the world so-called Northern Russia. But for all of that there are many things for which we may be thankful and proud and to feel that every man of Co. "M" was at all times willing to give his all without a word.

I will long remember the words that you said over the body of one of our brave boys: 'He gave his life for a cause which he saw only through a smoky glass.'

I sure do feel sorry for Sgt. Dundon. His wife his buried near where I live."

Pvt. Carlton Brigham pleasantly recollects the Indian war dance we had at 466 the night we came from 445 and built the bonfire. Remember the singing, too, of the bunch and the solos by Adams?

Vicenty Grzelak writes: "When I think of Russia it gives me the shivers. All I can remember when I was on guard in Bolsheozzerke, I laid in snow. I was near frozen. I am not married yet. The girls call me Bolshevik, so I think I will have to go back for Russian girls."

Pvt. Boysen remembers blockhouse No. 4 at 455 where he nearly shot the captain for a Bolo spy when he came up in the dark.

Pvt. Lowe writes that his happiest minute in Russia was when he beheld the Statue of Liberty last June.

Cook Zech says our first trip to Archangel was a birthday present to him. He says Cook Pavlin on that journey declared he would sleep on the floor for life. He says a certain officer of the company once announced, "I'll do the swearing for this outfit. I may swear at you. You may swear back, but do not let me hear you do it."

Pvt. Herman recalls seeing Russian women chop a hole in the Pinega River to rinse their washing. Says the first word of Russian he learned to speak was "skoolkaroooble."



FRANK OLMSTED, Y. M. C. A.

Here is a man. You signed a big petition requesting company commander to forward a recommendation for a citation for Frank Olmsted. Maj. Nichols had already heard from other American soldiers and French soldiers and Maj. Alabernarde, C. O. French troops, Vologda force put through the citation for a Croix de Guerre.

You remember many pleasant things about our North Russian Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, but it is Frank Olmsted whose regular rounds at the front lines, in all kinds of weather, wearing that some honest smile, in times of action wearing that same friendly smile. Frank Olmsted it is, whose hand and heart served best of all his comrades and put the big C in Y. M. C. A.



Pvt. Duby promises to send the captain a pair of ducks next Thanksgiving. They are better than rabchik. Remember it was Duby who got those two stubborn Bolos at 445. He is some shot.

Sgt. Getzloff likes his farm horses better than the Russki ponies and declares no more Russia for him. He seems to have forgotten the battle of bully-beef tins, but Sgt. Magin writes me that "Tiny" Getzloff was a casualty.

Pvt. Drews writes from his home that the foot that was hit by shrapnel at 458 is giving him trouble and that the Compensation Bureau offered him examination at Cincinnati, which is the nearest post to his home in Brookville, Ind., and he is drawing disability pay.

Pvt. Starr, who helped Pvt. Herron bring Corp. Pratt in when he was wounded at Verst 18, writes of the battle of 455. How his teeth chattered in the cold, rainy night we slept within sound of the enemy's noisy camp. How the excitable Frenchman with the black mustache startled his squad at the bridge after the capture of 455 by firing at fugitive Bolos from 457 who came into sight up the track. "I'll always remember the day the Scotch relieved us at 444. We were put on the right flank and our post was pretty close to that old dugout of the Bolos. Friday evening Sgt. Kantrowitz came around with the mail. In every one it said I'm praying for you, or something of the like. The next morning old John Bolo started shelling. I thought he never was going to stop. Think he was trying to hit that old dugout and even had the nerve to tear a block of wood out of our little old protection and scatter stones, mud, and sticks all over us. No one was hurt, but it was quite a while before anyone moved or spoke, for each one feared he was the only one alive. Major Nicholls and the captain came around later and the Major bawled us out for not getting into better protection. No one needed to tell that squad to build a dugout thereafter."

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS

Pvt. Warner was married September 20. He writes about the fight at bridge 458, where the British artillery got so many of us.

Speaking of the enemy attack March 31, he says: "Pratt's Lewis gun team was in reserve that day and ordered to support Lt. Primm's platoon. No protection of any kind and it seemed as though about a million of those birds were shooting at us. Then when the guns (75's) began to fire point blank and knock the trees down we did not feel altogether safe yet. From that until the third of April, John Bolo tried his d—dst to get through that little bunch that blocked his way. But he finally gave it up and left us alone."

Starr writes, too, about the starved, piggish children in Archangel who fought greedily for the scrapings from your mess kits and said, "Amerikanski dobra." And he tells of the days of police and the cootie mill at Economic, and of the last mess on horse (it cost \$125.00). "It is still in my memory. I can still see it on the box back of those tents, black and moldy. Everybody ate it though, and no one was sick, either. We boarded the "Czar" on the second and set sail the third from dark old Russia, though I still have a lot of pity in my heart for some of those poor souls back there."

Pvt. Kreighbaum writes an amusing story of the last day's march to Pinega: "If you remember, we had sleighs the last day. I was fortunate in having a Barishna as a driver, but after riding with her several versts, I commenced to change my mind, for about every time she would round a corner in the road, she would stand me out on my ear in a snow bank. Then after getting up the road about a verst she would discover she had lost me and proceed to stutter loudly at the horse to stop and let me catch up."

Pvt. Herber, who was field telephone man with us in the attack on on 445 and later spent the winter with the signal platoon, writes: "To be a member of the company actually made me feel many times like putting out my chest and telling them all that I belonged to "M" Co."

Corp. Haynes mentions the "through train" to Isaka Gorka on Hallowe'en night and the "heart-breaking" disappointment when you learned it was not a relief but a mistake. And to add to the gloom, the brick stove in the troop car fell down because of the constantly umping cars, and the three squads shivered all the way back to Obozerskaya.

Pvt. Clark, who found a bouncing baby girl at his home, writes an amusing story. "You were reading us the story about the cooties and typhus fever. You said you hoped none of your men had any, and Corp. Schillinger said that they were so thick on him they were climbing down the strings to his identification tags and swinging back and forth."

Pvt. Arnold writes of first trip to Bolsheokerze with Sgt. Gray. When grenades failed to get fish in the stream, cigarettes magically produced rabchik. They slept in the "stable end of the house by preference" at Malozerke. "After we had partaken of our bounteous repast of tainted rabchik prepared by Fred Hodges, and the Russian family had drained the samovar innumerable times for us, the boys went in to look over the barishnas and pay their respects to the family in general. Cigarettes were passed around quite freely and soon the little room was as dense as a smoke-house. Everybody seemed to be enjoying the fog from the smallest urchin to the 80 years old great-great-great-grandmother, who with very little persuasion from Harry Bisonnette, soon lit up and was puffing away on the weed with the rest of the bunch."

Pvt. Zilch writes about his squad going with an officer up the railroad at 445 looking for snipers. It's a lot more comfortable looking for stock on his farm at Arcadia.

Corporal Zisherck was married Thanksgiving Day. He can remember only waiting for chow in the blockhouse at 455.

Pvt. Streit has had hard luck. Lost his arm in a corn shredder. Daughters of the American Revolution of Michigan have sent him twice to Chicago and he now has an artificial arm and hand. The Y. M. C. A. at Cadillac is helping him go to Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich., to learn telegraphy. He writes cheerfully in spite of his hard luck. Speaking of Russia, he recalls how the squad Bob Mosher was in used to kid him about the "two-inches" gun the Bolo used at Verst 18.



PART OF ALLIED TROOPS AT PINEGA

People in States and in England used to read about the thousands of British troops in North Russia. Fact was most of them were in the Murmansk area. We saw more British officers than privates for the first two months of the campaign.

It was not till March and April that "M" Co. men found themselves fighting shoulder to shoulder with British soldiers. Those were 80 Yorks at Verst 18. And you remember them with pleasure.

This picture shows Lt. Augustine, the Canadian Engineer officer, who worked so hard on our defenses at Pinega. You admired him and he thought American soldiers were about the best in Russia. Remember how you set the posts and stakes for the wire? Froze them into the ice on the ground and the river.

Sgt. Curry remembers the day he quelled the incipient riot in the Russian jail by going in single-handed with his Webley revolver. He drove the Bolo prisoners out to work on a "priznik" day. Some nerve.

Those were busy days at Pinega. You made the place impregnable to infantry attack. And the Bolo knew



Pvt. Lozo Obradovic is police officer in Duquesne, Pennsylvania. Pvt. Nally is back at his old job in rubber plant. Pvt. Klinkman is back on the farm. Adolph Johnson is back at Ford's. Pvt. Lucier's mother writes that Joe has gone north to work in the woods. Wonder if he will see the amount of pine he saw in Russia? Corp. Kearney is tailoring clothes again. Pvt. Machulis is back in the brass foundry at Kenosha, Wisconsin. Pvt. Linville went back to Paris, Kentucky, and raised 12 acres of plug tobacco, such as Red Cross gave you in Russia. Pvt. Hemingway mentions our bully Christmas dinner on the march to Pinega. He is now on a telegraph office job. Pvt. Mickeliunas is working for Armour's retail market in Chicago. Pvt. Kotzke is "glad to be working under Americans rather than under the d—d B. Seems he did not like the M. & V. Sgt. Hay "married the girl I left behind me" and went to Winnipeg to show his wife to home folks. Corp. Jondro has also married. Pvt. Langfitt is in Post Office service at Jackson. He claims he was first man who went on outpost night we slept in the woods close to the Bolos at 455. Sgt. Walker is making a barrel of money with the Foster Truck Company, Detroit. Pvt. Masson is with the Monroe Binder Board Company. Corp. Ryduchowski mentions the pond at 448 where he and Corp. Rosenau amused themselves Thanksgiving Day, 1918. Pvt. Joseph Eckert was true in spite of the Archangel beauties and married an Indiana girl last September. Pvt. Vincent Bracci went to Marine Hospital for appendicitis and died March 23, 1920. Good boy, he was. Corp. Fralick is busier now than with a squad of men, for he is on his farm milking fifteen cows. Remember the cow the Frenchies took from 445? Pvt. Maitland writes from Sandusky that the boys buried Walter Merrick there in November with military honors, Lt. Bricker in charge.

Pvt. Stringham, like so many others, mentions the battle of 455. Is it because it looked like such an impossible feat to us before we started? Pvt. Hanrahan mentions being with Lt. Donovan at a funeral in Racine for Lt. Collins, whose body was brought back from Russia. And the body of our comrade Charles O. Dial had been sent by mistake to Racine instead of Detroit.

Corp. Burill reminds the captain of a near-serious mistake in handling a compass: "Have often thought of the time the captain and myself were on patrol with a squad at 444, last April. On returning we followed the wrong point of the compass and almost went into the enemy lines." Burill is now foreman with the Automatic Sprinkler Company, Detroit.

Corp, Rankin tells a good joke on two of his comrades: "When we were at 448 the last time, I had to take the patrol on the right flank every day. I led, Ed. Miller followed me, then Joncas and Hemingway, who was get-away man. We could not cross the swamp. Miller and I sat down to rest and Joncas and Hemingway stopped back. I said to Miller, 'I wonder what they would do if they would hear the crack of a rifle?' We decided to try them out. So when I pressed the trigger we flopped over and rolled off the mound. The other two were getting away double time. We then started back and saw Hemingway only 200 yards back, peeking out to see where the Bolos were coming, and Joncas was circling back to see what he could see. He was sure ready for action and coming back to see if we were picked off. He sure was some pal."

Pvt. Carr relates as follows: "At Verst 445 we were on outpost. Haynes, Albertus Gray, Harper and myself on the center post on the right flank. Joncas, Sickles, Clark and Harkness on the rear post. Lt. Stoner and Sgt. Hay came with the rum issue and somebody on Sickles' post didn't want his drink. So Joncas took it, and I guess they were big rations anyway. Joncas got to "feeding the fish" and the nearest receptable was a mess kit and he filled it. At our post Haynes got Gray's and my ration and slept very sound in spite of the draft through our sleeping quarters."

Pvt. Dusseau mentions his first meeting with Pavlin, Hines and Zech at the cook's car door the night of October 8. And "Dynamite" Rankin corded them 16 deep in a car to sleep. He and LeBlanc were with third platoon as telephone men in the Battle 455. Mentions the Jack Pine branch bed he and Manders built at 448 night before Battle 445. He rejoined company in time for march to Pinega and says the month with first platoon at Soyla was the most pleasant month in Russia. Mentions the sudden attack of Bolos at Verst 18, March 31. He and McDonald and Hyatt and William Lewis and Herman were out cutting branches for their shelter. They hastened back to the barricade where Lt. Stoner was directing the artillery support and Sgt. Getzloff and Archer and Rompinen were doing good work with Lewis guns.

Pvt. Albertus Gray mentioned the arithmetic and grammar classes that we had up there in Pinega some of those long nights. Tells of the little Russki girl who scalded her leg by tipping over the samovar. The father first slapped her then started to put snow on the scalded place, but the boys produced some butter and made him put that on instead. Pvt. Klimson is earning big wages as a butcher in Chicago and says he never goes back to Russia. "For me good enough, U. S. A." Klimson was in "the bloody fight at 458," and used to kid the men about going over south to ask the Bolos to let him go see his father in Russia.



RUSSIAN FIELD PIECES

Here are our friends, the Russian artillerymen who earned our confidence and earned our friendship those eight days last spring on the Bolsheozzerke front. Who will forget their instant response with barrage whenever the enemy pressed on his attack?

We respected our Canadian artillery and our French artillery units on the railroad front. But we give our Russki comrades of the Bolsheozzerke front credit for even more sterling work. We like to recall the fearless, calm observer who exposed himself when necessary to direct the barrage upon the advancing enemy line.

We like to recall the memory of the Russian artillery lieutenant who reversed his two guns and gave the enemy point-blank fire down the road to the rear. He had perfect command of his guns. Remember how he saw Pratt wounded, held his fire and motioned Pratt to retire?

That was a hot place on the morning of March 31, where Pratt's Lewis gun team went forward to protect the guns and engaged the enemy machine guns while the artillery fired squarely over them. And old Pratt lives to tell the tale of that fight to save the two Russki field pieces the day we were cut off by the 2nd Moscow regiment.

Sgt. Zapfe writes a good story: "Here is one of a night spent in a small village a day's journey from Archangel by sled. We were returning from Pinega last March and had very pleasant weather for the journey. The days were growing longer and the sun seemed to shine to better purpose.

Lt. Primm had stayed in one section of the village with Lt. Wright and the fourth platoon. The third platoon was sent over the hill to the other section. After making arrangements with the drivers to start again in the morning it behooved Sgt. Peterson and I to find a resting place for the night. The other men had already done so. Corp. Sjolín, having found where the school teacher lived, applied there for admission for himself and Temple and Safer and us. We later learned that our hostess was the priest's widow, and besides the school mistress there was a daughter and two children.

Such hospitality as we received is seldom equalled anywhere. Our Shackleton's and lumbermen's socks and mitts were put over the stove to dry, the samovar was brought forth and tea made. After supper we repaid, or tried to repay, this kindness by entertaining them with a few American songs. They in turn sang for us and the evening passed very pleasantly. The parlor was cleared of its furniture and turned over to us for the night. It isn't difficult to believe that we were loath to leave in the morning, is it?"

MECH. LAURSEN A PRISONER

"The experiences I have had the last year is certainly one of the greatest experiences one ever could have had, and one that will not very easily be forgotten, especially the time when I was captured by the Bolsheviks on March 21, at 12 o'clock noon. After being searched they took me into the woods on the right flank, where there were about 100 Bolos, and there I treated some of the officers, who were on horseback, with what cigarettes I had with me. They seemed to have more respect for the Americans than the other Russians did. I was there just a few minutes and then two guards took me back to Bolsheí Ozerki. I was taken to a building where I found Sgt. Leitzell, Freeman Hogan and Mr. Ryall, a Y. M. C. A. man. The following morning we started on foot to Ymsie, which was their headquarters on the railroad, the distance being 90 versts, with one fish and a pound of Russian bread for our journey. On April 2nd, about 12 o'clock at night we reached their headquarters, where they took our heavy clothing away from us and were examined and questioned and given ragged clothing. Was then put into a box car, in which we stayed until the following night of the next day, and then were sent to another town down the line, in which we stayed in a box car and were given fish soup, and from there to Vologda; we were taken to the prison there, where we stayed four days. Then a Russian interpreter came and took us to Moscow, after which we were under no guards. We were taken to a building where the French and English were quartered and given the liberty of the city. Our provisions consisted of sour cabbage soup, 12 ounces of bread and horse meat once in a while. The Bolsheviks would come and take us to their Bolshevik meetings and tried to teach us the Bolshevik doctrine, and made us promise when we reached the States to preach and practice and promote Bolshevism at home (which we promised just then to get along).

Easter Sunday the Reds had a big parade in Moscow, after which Lenine gave a speech in the Red Square, where he told the people that the United States was sending food to their country. That was about the only way they could keep the people encouraged. And the Moscow papers also stated that they had great victory on all the various fronts.

Moscow is a city of suffering and disorder—people are starving from the lack of sufficient food. Homes and public places have been sacked of all valuables and furniture broken up for firewood. Horses dropping dead in the streets are butchered up and taken home by the people for meat. The remains are left in the streets and gnawed at by cats and dogs.

One weak link in the Soviet government was that they could not regulate the high prices. What food there was, was so high that only a few could buy it. This food was brought in by the people living outside of Moscow, who raised it on their land and brought it in the city to sell. The government first tried to seize this foodstuff and sell it at Soviet prices, but the producers stopped bringing in their products until the government was compelled to let them carry on their trade without any interference.

The Bolsheviks respected the Americans and did not treat them as captives, and when some American newspaper reporters communicated with the Soviet government that we were held in Moscow, we obtained our release, which came on May 18. Forty-eight days from the time I was captured, we left the barracks at 3 o'clock, and arriving at the station we met the American newspaper man, Mr. Taylor, who was taking us out of Russia. We left Moscow at 7 o'clock and arrived in Petrograd at 10 o'clock a. m., where we were taken to the Hotel Astoria and from there went to the International Red Cross of Petrograd. We were treated very good there. At 6:30 o'clock was taken to the depot in an automobile and left there for Finland, where we had a long wait and a hard time before the Bolos would let us cross the line. Although we were left without a cent, as the Bolos had taken everything away from us, we sure were a happy bunch when we got over the Finnish Front Lines to a little station. There we had a little lunch, the first real food we had tasted since we left the



CORP. BOGACHEFF'S SQUAD GUARDING AVIATION FIELD

Here is the squad of "M" Co. out on the aviation field. Plane is just discernable on the left. Notice the long Russian rifle comes up to the shoulder. Notice the men have on their steel helmets? Orders, you remember, to carry gas masks and wear steel helmets at all times, even on fatigue.

Corp. Bogacheff had a very good squad. Remember he and three others were hard hit by shrapnel burst on them at 445? They were standing outside during furious bombardment in obedience to an order to "stand to" at dawn. The corporal thought he must watch for infantry attack on his post.



company. About 7 o'clock p. m. a special train came for us and brought us to a little town called Terijoka, about 50 kilometers from Petrograd. Was taken to a quarantine camp, which laid on the coast of Finland Gulf. There were all summer homes along there. We had a good Russian bath and got a clean change of underwear that same night, and it sure did feel good. May 21st the news correspondent, Mr. Taylor, left for Helsingfors, and Mr. Ryal, the Y. M. C. A. man, gave us some marks. On Friday, May 23, we got our pass and discharge and boarded a train for Abo, Finland, where we took the boat for Stockholm, where we were treated very good and highly entertained. We were a great curiosity to the people. Stayed there for a week and from there we passed through Christiania and Bergen, Norway, Rotterdam, Holland, and through Antwerp and Brussels, Belgium. From there we went to Paris where we stayed on day, and then to Brest, where we were two weeks before we sailed for the Good Old United States.

CAPTURED BY BOLSHEVIKI

As Told By Sergeant Glen W. Leitzell.

"On March 31st, 1919, at 8:30, I left the front lines with a Russian driver and a comrade, Pvt. Hogan, on my way back to Obozerkaya for supplies. About a quarter of a verst from our rear artillery, I was surprised by a patrol of Bolos (Bolsheviki), ten or twelve in number, who leaped out of the snow banks and held us up at the point of pistols, hand grenades and rifles. They then stripped us of our arms and hurried us off the road and into the woods. To my great surprise, I was joined by Mr. Ryal, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who had been taken five minutes before.

At once they started us on the trail back to their lines with one guard in front, three in the rear and three on snow skis along the side. After walking through the woods for seven versts we reached the village of Bolshie Ozeria. On our arrival there we were met by a great many Bolsheviks who occupied the village and who tried to beat us with sticks and cursed and spat on us as we were shoved along to the Commandant.

One of the first things we saw on our arrival here was a Russian sentry who had gone over from our lines. They demanded our blouses and fur hats, also took our watches and rings. In a little while

we saw three others arrive—Father Roche of the 17th King's Company, Liverpool, Private String-fellow and Mechanic Laursen of our company—who escaped being killed by machine gun fire; his comrade, Mechanic Dial, the driver and horse being killed. One more prisoner arrived presently, Lieut. Tatham of the Royal Air Force, who was the only survivor of his lot; two men, the driver and horse being killed. The Lieutenant received an arm wound.

After our interview with the Commandant, we were escorted to another shack where we were billeted in a filthy room, with a lot of Russian prisoners. We were given half a salt fish, sour black bread and water for our meal. The bread was so hard and frozen we had to break it apart and cut it up with an axe. We managed to eat some of this by washing it down with water.

After this meal we stretched out on the floor and slept until morning which was April 1st (some April Fool Day, I said). We woke up rather stiff but somewhat rested after our tiresome day and very hungry. Our breakfast, however, was the balance of the fish and bread. The guard then relieved us of our small pocket change and trinkets, after which we received our rations for the day consisting of a half of a can of horse meat, 1 salt fish and 12 ounces of black bread.

We were then taken to see the Commandant who gave us a cigarette. This was very acceptable as we were quite unnerved, not knowing what would happen to us and fearing we would be shot as soon as they took us out. However, we learned we were to be sent to Moscow. The Commandant took out his pistol and showed us on the map how our forces were surrounded by his troops and how he was going to take our small band, and how he would walk up and down the road and clear away every obstacle the same as he had done at Shankhurst. According to the amount of men he had around there it looked as if it were possible.

Later on we were started on our journey to Emsta. That day we walked 35 versts when we reached a log hut along the road at 10 p. m. when we built a fire on the outside. We would sleep a half hour in the hut and then go out and warm ourselves and so on through the night.

On April 2nd at 4 a. m. we started again, after a crust of bread and a drink of water, and walked 27 versts to a village called Sheleska. Here we were searched properly and all papers thought to be valuable were taken. After a meal of salt fish, black bread and fish oil (for brease) and hot water, we were given a rest of one hour and then started on the road for Emsta twenty-four versts away, reaching there at 12 p. m. Here we were brought before the Commandant again and stripped of all our clothing and given their dirty rags. After this we were locked up in a box car with three guards and the next day the car was opened for the soldiers to see us and they had some trouble in keeping the Bolos from crowding into the car.

On April 3rd our track left for Plesaeckaya. At this place we demanded a bath which we received. We were fed some barley wash and rye bread which tasted a little better than our previous rations. I paid 2 shillings (which I had concealed in my shoe) for a tin can to put my food in and used a stick for a spoon. After our bath we felt better as we were able to shake a few cooties. That evening we were lined up along the box cars and asked if we knew we were to be shot—but this event I am thankful to say never happened. Father Roche was taken to the Commandant's car and we did not see him until the next morning when he told us he had had a good night's sleep and expected to be returned back over the lines.

On April 5th we started for Naundoma, reaching there the next morning after a very cold night and then for two days we had nothing to eat. On the 7th we reached Vologda and here we were locked up with a lot of Russians and fed with black bread loaded with sand, some sour cabbage soup (about 25 had to eat out of one bucket). We purchased a wooden spoon here which was quite a treat. We were questioned by a secret service officer who could speak English well.

After three days we started for Moscow, at 24-hour journey by rail. These trains were run only once a week as there were no materials to repair equipment. On our arrival we found the city streets muddy, heaps of snow and dead horses among the rubbish, no business places open, all stores having been looted, here and there a stand where horse meat, salt fish, carrots or parsnips and sour milk could be bought. However, there was very little to be had at any price. On our arrival at billets we joined the other prisoners, English, French and Scotch.

The next morning at 10 a. m. we were wondering what we would eat and the answer was twelve noon. When the rations came they consisted of some cabbage soup with a little dead horse meat or salt fish and 12 ounces of black bread. We had the same menu for supper at 5 p. m.. Conditions were very bad; no way of getting food into the city and many people were starving. All were rationed people. Those that did strenuous work got a half pound of bread a day; those who did light work got one-fourth pound, and they maintain their army this way, in other words, fight or starve. Liberty is unknown in Russia. Their motto from my point of view is "What is yours is mine."

We finally received our release in this way: Mr. Frank Taylor, newspaper reporter, helped us along by stating that American troops were withdrawing from Archangel and the Soviet Government was satisfied that we were good believers in Bolshevism. After a number of lectures and as they wished to be recognized by the U. S. they gave passports for Finland. The propaganda did not deceive us.

We were not delayed until we reached the Finnish border. Here a young sailor who was in command refused to permit us to cross the station, our papers did not satisfy him. The train pulled out for Petrograd carrying 400 women, children and babies, penniless, weeping and starving because a Bolshevik whim prevented them going. Under the influence of flattery he softened a little and agreed to let us go.

We were then stripped and searched inch by inch, all money and credentials, letters, propaganda and wireless proposals to our government sealed by the Bolshevik foreign office were taken. As we left the office the soldiers in command were eagerly grabbing for Mr. Taylor's American money—all they left us was Russian roubles which are of no value. After a two kilometer walk carrying a sick English soldier, we reached the little bridge which gave us freedom.

TWO COMRADES DIED SINCE DISCHARGE

Comrades Bracci and Bahr have both died since coming home—both have, like our brave comrades who died in Russia, gone to answer to Heaven's sad "Last Call. Streit lost an arm last fall in a corn shredder. Rouleau has recently buried his wife. Drews is bothered by his wounded foot. Keller is still in bad shape but hopeful, and Austin needs to go to New Mexico for his lungs. Pratt, who was given up for dead, survived his wound and is at Michigan Agricultural College.

Most of the men have written cheerful reports of good health and good luck.

COLUMBUS EVENING DISPATCH

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1919

AMERICA LOOKS MIGHTY GOOD AFTER YOU'VE SEEN EUROPE



CARTOON—RETURNED DOUGHBOY TO BOLSHEVIK

Another yellowed and tattered cartoon that hung on the bulletin board at 466 when the snow was slipping away.

"America Looks Mighty Good After You've Seen Europe," is the title.

On the right stands the Bolshevik orator on a soap box. His satchel bursting out with propaganda and pamphlets on Bolshevism from Europe. In his hand he holds a pamphlet that has a message for the returning doughboys. The agitator's hair and whiskers bristle with hatred and envy. His yellow teeth look hideous between his snarling lips. And he points a long, skinny finger for the doughboy to see his message, which is "Down with America, It's All Wrong." So much for the man who came from Europe to wreck America.

Now look at the Man Who Went to Europe to Save America, and is now back on the west side of the Statue of Liberty. Does he look interested in Bolshevism or downhearted over America? No. In his figure a manful contrast to the scraggly agitator. In his face no hate, no malice. He does not even hate the self-deluded agitator.

His clean-brushed teeth are exposed by a good-humored smile of assurance and confidence. He does not extend a fist but he waves off the fool Bolshevik orator with a good-natured but nevertheless final answer. And here it is: "GO ON—TAKE THAT STUFF BACK TO WHERE YOU GOT IT—I WOULDN'T TRADE A LOG HUT ON A SWAMP IN AMERICA FOR THE WHOLE OF EUROPE!"

I'm thinking the cartoon just about says it for all "M" Co. men. We want nothing to do with the Bolo agitator in this country who would make another Russia of the United States. Let them have passage in the Anarchistic Ark if they persist in trying to bring about destruction of our government. Treat all patiently but punish those who are proved to be trying to destroy our government and start class war in this land.

GENERAL IRONSIDE'S LETTER

Archangel, March 18, 1919.

My Dear Moore:

I want to thank you for all the hard work you did when in command of the Pinega area. You had many dealings with the Russians, and organized their defence with great care and success.

All the reports I have received from the Russian authorities express the fact that you dealt with them sympathetically under many difficult circumstances.

As you probably found, responsibility at such a distance from headquarters is difficult to bear, even for an experienced soldier, and I think you carried out your duties as Commander with great credit.

I am especially pleased with the manner in which you have looked after your men, which is often forgotten by the non-professional soldier. In such conditions as those prevailing in Russia, unless the greatest care is taken of the men, they lose health and heart and are consequently no good for the job for which they are here.

Believe me yours very sincerely,

(Signed) EDMOND IRONSIDE,
Major General,

Commanding Allied Forces Northern Russia.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—I thought you would pardon the editor for including this letter in the book. The general ought to have thanked the company instead of one member of it, but he meant it that way. He told me personally I was fortunate to have command of such a company of soldiers. And I was lucky, and I had also a fine bunch of officers to assist in commanding the company.]

CORP. BLACKBURN WRITES AS FOLLOWS

It seems natural to be back in civilian life and am working at my trade, Auto Trimmer. It was very hard the first couple of weeks, but am used to it now. I have to get up at 5:30 a. m., but have no bugle call.

Your letter reminds me of many little incidents that happened, while we were in Russia. One was while we were at 445 building the barricades. It was very cold and the Sergeant brought out a jug of rum and was giving each man his portion when the Bolos commenced shelling on us. We all beat it to the Station House, the Sergeant leaving the jug of rum on the ground. After the shelling ceased, one of my men went out in an awful hurry and got the jug of rum, while the Sergeant went to other posts to see if everything was O. K., and forgot all about the rum, but the man who left the Station House in a hurry didn't. We saw him with the jug in one hand and a big glass full in the other hand, drinking it as though it was water, and he was very thirsty. So we all went over and joined him and took our *big* share that was coming to us before the Bolos fired on us. The man who got there first did not care whether the Bolos fired on him or not and said, "Fire on me all you want to, I'm happy."

SPRING ON THE VOLOGDA LINE

Sunshine and balmy winds, warmth, and fragrance of pines,
On Verst 455 Vologda Railway.
Spring fever would get us within its confines,
Malady langorous, neither work nor play,
Protection would be if one certainthing
Lacking were not. Can guess, my dear?
Women. Our kind of women and girls, and spring
Captive would hold us, even out here.

Home, back home, we remember well
Spring fever "pushes" that hit us hard
And broke our lines. No words can tell
How apple blossom and verdant sward,
Sunny lane, and bursting bud,
And white dressed woman,—how, I say,
Feverish made our amorous blood,
When they were with us in April or May.

Four-fifty-five you're changing hue.
Pines are putting on fresher green.
Moss lifts tiny arms up to the blue,
Its white oppressor no longer is seen,
And stretches itself for a summer gay.
Gone is the deadening far-spread white,
Pine stems and birch now merge away
Into the grey-black shades of night.

Now the white-vested crow croaks coaxings soft
To his mate who sits in the white birch tree,
While he flirts his wings with preenings oft
And she croaks back admiringly.
Birch toward birch sways in the breeze
And pine to pine whispers low.
Mates in nature in spring aim to please
One the other. God made them so.

Bullfinch, newly come, sitting there still,
Handsome breasted and stylish of tip,
Trimly bodied and smart of bill
You of the graceful glide and dip,
Open your song and let's hear tell
How snow has slipt through tundra by stream
A-meandering 'round many versts to swell
Broad rising noble ships-carrier-Dvina.

Oh bird from the south, why silent sit?
All nature's emotions now swell to burst
And seek expression or ill of fit.
Spring has come and now you durst
Hop and dance and call and drum,
Serenade sweetly, pleadingly sing.
Oh, do you wait for her to come?
Or don't you know, sir, that it's spring?

A Clipping from Home

A blood-stained Oddfellow receipt is a sad remembrance of their son, Floyd A., which Mr. and Mrs. George E. Sickles have recently received from Capt. Joel R. Moore, commanding Co. M., 339th Inf., in Northern Russia.

It will be remembered that this young man was accidentally killed on Dec. 6, 1918, and while the Captain's letter does not specifically state, the recent government reports state that he was killed by a bomb accidentally dropped from an Allied aeroplane. Capt. Moore pays a splendid tribute to his soldierly as well as his social qualities. The receipt in question bears the stains of the young man's life blood which he gave in the cause of liberty, freedom and humanity. Notwithstanding the terrific explosion the treasured slip of paper is perfectly intact and as legible as the day it was written by J. F. Caswell, the local secretary, of May 23, 1918.

Floyd was a general favorite around town and his many friends deeply regret his untimely death. The letter which is highly treasured by Mr. and Mrs. Sickles is as follows:

Archangel, Russia, December 14, 1918.

Mr. George Sickles,
Deckerville, Michigan.

My Dear Sir:

This is the saddest letter which I have had to write since I brought my company into Northern Russia. Your son, Floyd A. Sickles, was instantly killed at Verst 445 on December 6th, 1918, by the explosion of a 112 lb. bomb, which dropped from an aeroplane. We buried him in the shell crater made by the bomb, and when the frozen clods of earth were laid tenderly over his remains there was not an officer or man in the company who did not feel that he was putting a good and true brave friend into his final resting place.

Your son was a universal favorite in the company. He always had a good word for everybody, and everybody had a good word for him. He was our company barber. Officers and men found it a pleasure to employ him. At the time he was killed he was acting as corporal of his squad. No doubt, if he had continued with the company he would have risen in the ranks.

You will receive, through the proper military channels, notice of his death, and also the personal property which I collected. I am sorry that I could not find it all. The terrific explosion totally destroyed his pack and haversack. His razor was in several pieces. His comb is gone. The stone which I am returning to you I am told he prized very highly because his father had given it to him. I thought also that you would like his shaving brush and mug.

I am enclosing in this letter one piece of property which I thought I would prefer to send to you direct. It is his last lodge receipt given by the Oddfellows, June 30th, 1918. I thought perhaps this might have something to do with insurance.

The death of your son has cast a gloom over our company. Men and officers have not ceased to mourn his loss. I assure you that you have my sincerest condolences.

I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

JOEL R. MOORE, *Captain*,
339th Infantry,
Commanding Co. "M."



THE STOUT-HEARTED AND THEIR FRIENDS BACK HOME

The sun,
It shines.
Oh, boy!
The snow,
It melts.
Oh, joy!
The ice,
Will soon
Be gone.
And boats will come
To take us home.
Gee, aren't you glad?
Nobody's mad
At anyone these days
Except the Bolshevík.

Be patient all
The while
We're getting ready to cut loose.
Complaining must give way
To cheerful views of things.
We'll prouder be this day a-year
If we can summon from our mem'ries back
The visions of ourselves in Russia drear
A-playing the game with manly heart
A-holding our own though others crack,
A-making the best of hardships' test
A-sticking it through to the end.

And we
Are men
That can
And will.

The above appeared on the company bulletin board in April, 1919, and fairly represented the spirit of the men of "M" Co.—EDITOR.

Company Diary from Custer to Russia and Return

Kept by Sgt. Dundon and Corp. Swift.

JULY

- July 14—Left Camp Custer at 4:00 p. m. on M. C. train. Red Cross served men at Detroit.
- July 15—Arrived at Weehawken at 6:00 p. m. Took ferry to Long Island City at 6:30 p. m. Long delay there. Arrived Camp Mills 1:25 a. m.
- July 16—Camp Surgeon's examination. Co. on guard.
- July 17—Company suffered casualty from Germans "German Measles" captured Corp. Weid's squad.
- July 18—Inspector paid "M" Co. fine compliment on condition of equipment.
- July 19—Old "Sarge" Tannihill visited company.
- July 20—Final inspection of men. Barrack bags loaded.
- July 21—By train to Long Island City. By ferry to Pier 61, N. Y. C. Red Cross service. Embarked on U. S. S. Harrisburg (the old Philadelphia converted into an armored transport.)
- July 22—Sailed for England. German submarine attacked our fleet of 16 troopships. No chance to get us. Navy protection tight. Alarm at night, also.
- July 23-25—Calm sea; warm.
- July 26-27—Rough seas.
- July 28-31—Cold, rough, rainy passage. Ships went far north. Lost course and went too near Iceland.

AUGUST

- August 1—Eleventh day at sea on the U. S. S. Harrisburg. Cruiser turned back to U. S.
- August 2—"M" Co. on guard. All up and in boat drill position at 3:30 a. m. In sub zone. Foggy. Our sub-chasers evidently caught a submarine with depth bombs.
- August 3—At 4:46 a. m. took on our pilot in the Mersey River. Lay at anchor all day and night.
- August 4—Disembarked at 8:45 a. m. for Liverpool. Marched over the cobble pavements to station. By Midland Ry. to Brookwood Station in Aldershot area, near London. Marched mile to Stoney Castle Camp. First taste of British army rations. "Baa, Baa, old sheep."
- August 5—Rest and cleaning up.
- August 6—Drill. March to Frimely Green.
- August 7—Lt. Primm, Corps. Rahn and Russell to Lewis gun school. Unofficially learned that 339th goes to Archangel, Russia.
- August 8-10—Drill.
- August 11—Sunday in "Merry England."
- August 12-13—Drill. Men on pass to London.
- August 14—Co. exchanged rifles for Russian rifles.
- August 15-16-17—Drill and drawing new equipment for Russia.
- August 18—Sunday, rest.
- August 19—Pay day.
- August 20—Fired men on 200 yd. and 300 yd. ranges.
- August 21-24—Drill and inspection and transportation of baggage.
- August 25—By train to Newcastle and embarked on H. M. S. "Somali."
- August 26—Sailed for Archangel. Co. on guard.
- August 27-31—On board "Somali" in Arctic Ocean. No incidents.

SEPTEMBER

- September 1-3—On board "Somali" in White Sea. "Flu" on board ship.
- September 4—Arrived port of Archangel on board the "Somali."
- September 5—Disembarked at Bakaritzia in the afternoon and left very hurriedly for the front in a train of taplooshkas, travelling in company with "K" Co. all night, but slowly.
- September 6—"K"—"M" train stopped in morning near siding south of Tundra for the day and night. Salvaged Saa.

September 7—Company arrived at Obozerskaya late in the afternoon and took over the outpost held by "I" and "L" Cos. Company weak owing to large number of men left at Bakaritzia sick with Influenza—178 men. No shelters on outposts except at three posts. Lt. Carpenter detailed for special duty with Bn. Hq. as Bn. Supply Officer. Lts. Stoner and Primm on special duty at machine gun schools at Bakaritzia, leaving Lts. Donovan and Wiczorek and Capt. Moore with Co. Took all officers and men for the outpost. Rain.

September 8—Lt. Stoner reported to Co. and was detailed as Bn. Lewis Gun Officer. Co. Hq. set up in small freight house. "L" Co. men took over the train of taplooshkas that "M" Co. had arrived in and fitted them for their quarters. "I" Co. men carried rations to our men on outpost. The outpost line was $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. A day's work for the outpost commander to inspect. 13 men to hospital, Bakaritzia—Influenza.

September 9—Lt. Stoner and Lt. Lipp worked on Lewis gun situation. Co. on outpost duty. Patrol sent in afternoon to investigate reported operation of enemy patrol on right flank south. No enemy found. Lt. Stoner and Capt. Moore moved quarters from guard house to box car.

September 10—Ice on ground this morning. Men on outpost wet and cold. "I" Co. relieved "M" Co. outpost duty during day. Co. found quarters in village on Onega Road. Officers given front room of fine home.

September 11—FIRST ENGAGEMENT WITH ENEMY. Alarm at the front this morning. Maj. Young sent Capt. Moore and Lt. Donovan, Lt. Stoner and Lt. Wiczorek and 104 men, all that were available, the rest being on interior guard duty and fatigue duty. Arrived by train at house near 468, passed through Danley's advanced outpost, with orders to move south and clear up the situation as to the advance of the enemy armored train and as to the presence of enemy infantry which was reported in strength 1500 yds. to the south. Overtook Lt. Williams of "L" Co. with strong patrol which had not made contact with enemy. Our progress rapid for from 468 to 466 we were advancing under shrapnel fire which followed us up. Enemy held south of siding at 466 and offered strong resistance to our envelopment of their left flank by Lt. Wiczorek's platoon. Corporal O'Connor's advance party engaged the enemy and after an hour's fight the siding was gained. Lt. Donovan took all but two squads and cleared the siding on the right flank and pushed on a verst to the south, driving the enemy before him. Enemy protected his retreat with heavy machine gun on the railway. Firing very wild on both sides. No casualties from shrapnel fire or rifle fire. Enemy infantry and armored train retreated at 3:30 p. m. By order of Maj. Turner, "M" Co. retired to 466 and organized the siding for defense. Two Vickers guns with Br. teams and two Lewis guns and seven other posts around the clearing for defense. Lt. Jahns brought out two boxes of corned beef and 2 boxes hardtack and a small quantity of tea. The stew he left on the train by mistake. He brought nearly enough blankets to go around. Cold night. No incidents.

September 12—Ordered by Maj. Young to hold in readiness for immediate return to Obozerskaya. Sent patrols to the flanks and forward. Sgt. Walker reconnoitered the bridge at 464 and found that the bridge was destroyed. Corporal Montgomery brought in a deserter who stated that the enemy force the day before at siding had been 200. This was corroborated by the statement of the old man and son, keepers of the siding, who crawled out of their garret after the battle and showed signs of relief when our men fed them and proved that American soldiers were protectors and not raiders. Company was relieved at 3:00 p. m. by "L" Co. and rode from 467 to 474 on the armored train. Col. Sutherland came this day to relieve Col.

Guard. Will not forget Col Guard's mean accusation against Lt. Danley.

September 13—Col. Sutherland went over the outpost with me. Maj. Young on sick list. The new O. C. peculiar in views of intrenchments. Old man cannot see that bush warfare should be different from No Man's Land on Western Front. Insists on "all round defense" of every little post no matter what its situation or purpose. Co. relieved "I" Co. on outpost duty in afternoon.

September 14—Co. on outpost duty. Stretched from 468 on south to 475½ on the north. Very difficult to get rations out to them. Water has to be brought a mile from the river. American soldiers seen daily pumping water from the river into the Russian locomotives by Russian workmen. Some management. Higher authority thinks the Americans "will get along somehow." Renike, American newspaper correspondent, arrived.

September 15—Maj. Young still on sick list, but better. He went to 466 to stay out all night with Capt. Cherry. Enemy airplane flew over 474 and dropped three bombs. No damage. He crashed to the railroad about 500 yds. beyond advanced outpost at 464. Aviator escaped. Maj. Young gave his famous command: "Don't fire! We're Americans." Co. still on outpost and building defenses.

September 16—M. G. Platoon arrived this morning and messed with "M" Co. Enemy attacked "L" Co. at 464 and two platoons of "I" Co. went to support Co. had taken over interior guard and was about to be relieved by "I" Co. when the mid-day attack came at 464. Co. had to remain on outpost.

September 17—Co. still on outpost duty.

September 18—Co. relieved from outpost duty in the afternoon by "L" Co. except at No. 2 and the interior guard. In the evening we buried the first three Americans killed in Russia. Col. Stewart visited camp but did not visit "M" Co. and did not stay for funeral.

September 19—Co. took over outpost again. Lt. Wiczorek and 25 men sent out on Tiogra Road 14 versts to relieve Lt. Williams, "L" Co. Lt. Primm reported for duty with Co. Started Lewis gun instruction.

September 20—Co. on outpost duty.

September 21—Co. on outpost duty. Moved outpost a verst further west on Onega Road by verbal order of Col. Guard, who returned yesterday. Outpost relieved by "I" Co. late afternoon.

September 22—"L" Co. left today. Lewis gun practice for "M" Co. men.

September 23—Co. took over outpost at 466 and 464.

September 24—Cossacks and Americans patrolled to 458, riding most of way on armored train. Pvt. Donnor got lost. Visited enemy camp by mistake, but escaped.

September 25—Col. Stewart and Maj. Young visited us. Brief shelling by enemy this morning.

September 26—Wiring our defenses. Lt. Stoner took patrol to 458. Sgt. Hebner took squad to 461, but was recalled by order Maj. Young.

September 27—Lt. Donovan took patrol to 468. Defense completed.

September 28—Co. started off late in afternoon on the memorable flank march at midnight into impassable morass.

September 29—Co. retraced its march to 461. One platoon in action at 458 bridgehead. 10 casualties as reported elsewhere.

September 30—Co. still at front 461 and 458. Action again.

OCTOBER

October 1—One platoon relieved from duty at front line, one platoon relieved from duty at 461 and from outpost duty at 470 and the Co. assembled at 466.

October 2—Outpost duty at 466, 464 and 470. Officer's patrol send to find route to 455.

October 3—Officer's patrol returned at noon. Prepared to move Co. to 461. Account deficient train service relief took from 12:20 p. m. to 2:00 a. m.

October 4—Co. at 461 constructing quarters. Relieved two "I" Co. Platoons at the front 458½ and 461. Relieved by "I" Co. and assembled at 466 at 3:30

p. m. Corporal Messersmith and four privates sent as escort to Lt. Ray Johnson on six-day trip to Chikueva.

October 6—First mail bag for "M" Co. Rest. Reorganized Co. into four sections for the coming "push."

October 7—Amalgamation of French and Americans for attack on 455 and 457½. Stoner and Wiczorek's platoons with Capt. Boyer's sections. Lt. Primm's platoon with Lt. Soyer's section. Drill on woods marching and approach.

October 8—Drill with French. Lt. W. K. Wright and 25 men joined Co.

October 9—Drill with French.

October 10-11—Attack formations practiced in woods.

October 12—Final preparations for attack. Corporal Messersmith returned with his escort. Thirty more casualties attached to Co.

October 13—Co. less 4th platoon left 466 with French at 8:30 and 461 entered woods for flank march to position near 455 under shell fire during first hour. Signal fired before shelling began. No casualties. Camped in Hollow square in woods near 454. Lt. Primm went to 456½ for night.

October 14—Up before dawn so as to reach our objective, the siding at 455 before zero, which was 6:30. Enemy evidently was tipped off. Our advance platoon was attacked and our whole body compelled to start the charge while still in the woods. Enemy position carried. Two machine guns taken. Very serious losses inflicted on enemy train that pulled out under heavy fire. Our casualties—1 killed "M" Co. and 4 wounded. French, 2 wounded. Consolidated the position. Meanwhile Lt. Primm and Lt. Soyer, who had marched by flank on 457½ after artillery preparation, carried the enemy positions there and joined the French-American combination at 455.

October 15—Outpost duty at 455 and rest. Buried Pvt. Merrick at 455.

October 16—Dissolved French-American combination and reorganized Co. into four platoons. Moved toward front at 3:00 p. m. to relieve "I" Co. at 466 "somewhere" in the woods fighting the enemy. Relieved May's platoon at 448 and rest of men slept on arms in the open. 4th platoon outpost at 466, 464, 458.

October 17—Three platoons moved forward before dawn to relieve "I" Co. at 446 and start forward at 6:30 under artillery barrage, to push enemy back from positions in woods and carry the curve in track beyond siding 445. Lt. Stoner and Lt. Wiczorek's platoons on right and left and Lt. Primm's platoon in reserve 200 yds. behind. Objective reached and enemy defeated before 9:15. French Co. under Lt. Apsche came on to support and helped consolidate position. Lt. Primm's platoon consolidated the advance outpost line at curve 444. 4th platoon as on 16th. No casualties. Enemy dead, 9; prisoners, 4. 28 civilian prisoners sent to rear. Safeguard put on Russian house.

October 18—Holding the position and preparing shelters for men on outposts. Royal Scots came and took over advanced outpost line.

October 19—At 4:00 a. m. Royal Scots precipitated rifle fire exchange. At 4:05 enemy began severe bombardment of our position. "M" Co. suffered four casualties—1 Corporal and three Privates wounded by shrapnel. Bomb-proofs constructed in afternoon. 4th platoon still on outpost duty 466, 464, 458.

October 20—Shell fire in forenoon, Pvt. Boysen wounded. Co. relieved in afternoon by "I" Co. Whole Co. except one squad at 452 assembled in Co. train at 455.

October 21—Co. moved to 466 for rest and outpost duty. One squad at 452.

October 22—Issued winter clothing to men. Squad returned from 452.

October 23—Co. rested at 466. Medals presented to Sgt. Grahek and Pvt. C. Miller.

October 24—Co. moved back to front. One squad left at 466, one at 452, remainder of 4th platoon at 448, three platoons to front to relieve Capt. Alliez. Enemy machine gun fire at 9:15 p. m.

October 25—Holding front line and 448.

October 26—Holding front line and 448. Desultory firing by enemy at random.

October 27—Holding front line and 448. Not a shot fired by "M" Co.
 October 28—Holding front line and 448. Daily patrols on Co. flanks.
 October 29—Holding front line and 448.
 October 30—Relieved in forenoon by "I" Co. Assembled Co. at 448, returned to 455 and started for 466 but by some blunder of trainmen or British RTO our train went through to Isaka Gorka.
 October 31—Co. awoke in Isaka Gorka, went back to Obozerskaya, arriving at dark and taking over the outposts from the French Co. First platoon went on to relieve French outpost at 466.

NOVEMBER

November 1—One platoon on outpost duty at 466. Glad to get back to bathhouse. Remainder of Co. very much occupied in outpost duty at Obozerskaya. Sgt. Gray with 10 men and 2 British telephone men sent to establish intelligence station at Bolsheozerskaya. He stopped at Malozerskaya for the night. "K" and "L" Co. men assembled with "M" Co., prepared for departure to Kodish. Lt. Hallock to conduct party.
 November 2—Disposition as day before. Sgt. Gray reached Bolsheozerskaya in afternoon. Enemy raided a distant part of village and retired in haste when informed that Americans were present. Sgt. Gray patrolled village as soon as informed, but enemy patrol of 28 men got away. Lt. Hallock left late in the afternoon for Seletscoe with only "L" Co. reinforcements, "K" men had to wait for transportation. Lt. Jahns here to conduct them tomorrow.
 November 3—Lt. Jahns took the 32 "K" men away to Seletscoe. This ruins the 4th platoon. Co. on duty as day before. Report from Sgt. Gray at Bolsheozerskaya that he had organized volunteer Russian home defense and intelligence force at Bolsheozerskaya. Information from escaped prisoner (Russian) that enemy was soon to make advance. (Next day enemy attacked 445.)
 November 4—Lt. Primm at 9:30, with 15 U. S. Troops, 6 U. S. Marines, and 41 S. B. A. L. went to Bolsheozerskaya. One platoon at 466. Sgt. Gray and 2 squads sent to relieve outpost at 458. Enemy attacked "I" Co. at 445 and were repulsed.
 November 5—Co. less Lt. Primm's detachment and the 2nd Platoon left Obozerskaya at 7:00 a. m. for front sector, picking up 2nd Platoon at 466 and making relief of French Co. at 455. Reorganized the outpost. 1 platoon of "I" Co. attached to "M" Co. at 455 on account of use of Lt. Primm's detachment at Bolsheozerskaya. This platoon held in reserve.
 November 6—1st Platoon cutting fire lanes for blockhouses. 2nd Platoon on outpost duty. Sgt. Grahek reconnoitered the trail supposed to lead west to a lake. Baffled by swamp 2 versts west. No dry wood in camp. Detail sent to 466 to load car. Lt. Wykoff re-enacted burial of Pvt. Merrick. Major Nichols left for Archangel.
 November 7—Lt. Primm and 26 men marched in from Bolsheozerskaya and Lt. Fistler's platoon joined "I" Co. at Obozerskaya. 1st platoon given V. B. instruction. Work by balance of Co. on blockhouses.
 November 8—4th Platoon cut fire lanes for blockhouses at 458. Balance men working on blockhouses. Lt. Wright and 4 squads sent at night to guard engineer crew cleaning wreck on front line sector of railroad. Admiral McCully and Colonel Ruggles visited 455 today. Lt. Ryan and Lt. Lennon visited Co. and stayed all night.
 November 9—Chauchot instruction Lt. Stoner's platoon. Maj. Alabernarde loaned Co. three French soldiers and a Chauchot gun for instruction. Sgt. Zapfe's outpost relieved at 3:30 p. m. Co. all together again. Capt. Prince guest of Co.
 November 10—Co. paraded for Gen Ironsides and to witness the bestowal of decorations on several British Officers, French and American soldiers. Co. entrained for Bakaritz, arrived at 8:00 p. m.
 November 11—Co. crossed river to Smolny barracks.
 November 12—Detail sent back to train to bring field range. Co. to bathhouse.
 November 13-14—Co. drilled 3 hours.

November 15—Co. drilled 3 hours. Deloused Co.
 November 16—Col. Stewart inspected the Co. Red Cross stores brought by detail.
 November 17—Detail of 27 men sent Bakaritz to work on troop train. Issue of Red Cross outfits.
 November 18—Close order drill 3 hrs. Physical exam. by Dr. Pyle. 10 men plucked.
 November 19—3 hours close order drill. Capt. Prince gave very interesting lecture to Co. on Bolshevism in Russia.
 November 20—Inspection at 11:00 a. m. by General Ironsides.
 November 21—Co. had second "Cootie" inspection. Bathed and washed clothes.
 November 22—Co. left Smolny quay about 12:45 p. m. Left Archangel Preestin about 3:00 and proceeded to Verst 46.
 November 23—At 2:30 a. m. at Obozerskaya exchanged Russian Lewis guns and equipment for English make, proceeded to 466. Left 466 at 8:00 a. m. and effected relief of French Co. Second Platoon went to 448 for outpost duty.
 November 24—One platoon at 448, one platoon on outpost 455. Remainder of Co. helping Engineers with wire and building.
 November 25-27—Same as 24th.
 November 28—One-half day fatigue. Y. M. C. A. put on Thanksgiving Day program.
 November 29—Relieved French Co. at 446 and 445.
 November 30—Fourth platoon at 446, 1 platoon plus two Lewis guns on outpost, 1 platoon on fatigue.

DECEMBER

December 1—Co. on front line. One platoon at Verst 446. 1½ platoons plus two L. G. gun teams on outpost duty. Remainder of Co. on fatigue, building block houses, wire entanglements, etc. Sgt. Zapfe patrolled right flank, Sgt. Hudson left flank.
 December 2—Still on front line. Disposition of Co. same. Usual patrols sent out.
 December 3—Still on front line. Chauchot instruction, patrols and fatigue. Lt. Donovan returned from hospital to duty.
 December 4—Still on front line. Disposition of Co. same as of 2nd. Enemy patrol fired on outpost just as Co. was lining up for chow, 8:00 a. m.
 December 5—Should have been relieved today. Orders changed, disposition of Co. same as of 2nd.
 December 6—Relieved at 12:00 noon today. Just before being relieved our position was raided by Allied aeroplane (British) killing Pvt. Floyd A. Sickles, and wounding Pvt. Frank Lachachke. Two bombs were dropped, one missing our position at bridge by about 20 feet. The other took northwest corner off of building occupied by 1st platoon, causing the above mentioned casualties. Balance of Co. had narrow escape from L. G. fire from aeroplane. Pvt. Sickles body was interred in crater made by bomb. Co. then started for Obozerskaya. Left one-half of 2nd platoon at Verst 458, other half of 2nd platoon and Lt. Wiczorek at Verst 466. Remainder of Co. went to Verst 455 arriving at 1:00 p. m., picked up seven cars of Co. train and proceeded to Obozerskaya, arriving at 7:00 p. m. Posted 64 men on outpost, relieving French.
 December 7—Lt. Primm and 26 E. M. left for Bolsheozerskaya at 8:00 a. m. Patrols sent out on left flank.
 December 8—One-half of 2nd platoon at Verst 458, the other half on 2nd platoon and Lt. Wiczorek at 466. Lt. Primm and 26 E. M. of 3rd platoon at Bolsheozerskaya, 65 E. M. on outpost at Obozerskaya. Balance of Co. on fatigue.
 December 9—Disposition of Co. same as of 8th. Court of inquiry today in regard to air raid on 6th.
 December 10—Disposition of Co. same as 8th E. M. and officer of "G" Co. arrived at Obozerskaya at 6:30 p. m. on A. & V. Ry.
 December 11—"G" Co. men relieved 1st and 4th platoons of "M" Co. from outpost duty at about noon. 1st and 4th platoons and Co. Hq. prepared to leave for Pinega. They left Obozerskaya at 10:00 p. m. on A. & V. Ry.
 December 12—Arrived in Bakaritz at 4:00 a. m. Turned in some clothing and equipment and drew

some supplies and left Bakaritz at 4:00 p. m. Crossed river on ice and went into quarters at Smolny Barracks, Archangel. Lt. Wright and men recrossed river tonight and got kitchen supplies.

December 13—Co. preparing for march to Pinega, 204 versts northeast of Archangel. Dental work, deloused, recrossed ice to Bakaritz and got remainder of supplies. The men pulled the sleds across the ice.

December 14-16—Men rested, bathed, dental work and drew equipment.

December 17—Today we drew some Red Cross supplies, made final preparations to leave for Pinega.

December 18—The Co., less three officers and 117 E. M. with Vologda forces. 37 men absent sick and one man in confinement, left Archangel at 11:55 a. m. with 65 Russian ponies, sleds and Russian drivers to carry supplies. Marched 16 versts. Put up for the night in Uima.

December 19—Arrangements made for one officer, 1st sergeant and two cooks to leave each station in advance of sled train each day in order to have quarters and warm meal ready when Co. arrived. It worked good the entire trip. Co. left Uima at 8:00 a. m., arriving Lyavla at 3:30 p. m. Distance traveled 17 versts.

December 20—Left Lyavla at 8:00 a. m., arriving Kuskola 2:00 p. m. Distance traveled 19 versts.

December 21—Left Kuskola at 8:00 a. m., arriving at Kholmogori at 1:30 p. m., drew five days' rations and men made themselves comfortable for a day's rest. Distance traveled 19 versts.

December 22—Today we drew more supplies. Issued gloves, etc. Men rested and prepared for balance of the journey.

December 23—Left Kholmogori at 9:00 a. m., arriving Ust-Pinega at 1:45 p. m. Distance traveled 21 verst.

December 24—Left Ust-Pinega 8:00 a. m., arriving Verkne-Palenga 1:00 p. m. Distance traveled 23 verst.

December 25—Left Verkne-Palenga 8:00 a. m., arriving Leunova at 1:00 p. m. Distance traveled 21 verst.

December 26—Left Leunova at 8:00 a. m., arriving at Gbach at 2:00 p. m. Distance traveled 22 verst.

December 27—Left Gbach at 8:00 a. m., arriving Soyalski at 11:30 a. m. Left Soyalski in relays from 2:30 p. m. to 8:00 p. m., arriving in Pinega from 8:30 p. m. to 3:00 a. m. Distance traveled 46 verst. The men rode the last 46 verst. Took station in Pinega.

December 28—Men cleaned equipment, drew supplies and rested.

December 29—Co. took over part of guard in village, outpost duty, and building defenses near village.

December 30—Lt. Stoner and 1st platoon left Pinega at 12:30 p. m. for advance outpost position some versts south of Pinega. Raiding party sent out to nearby village, and took four prisoners.

December 31—Disposition of Co. on last day of month: Three officers and 117 E. M. on DS with Vologda force. 37 men absent sick. One in confinement. One officer and 46 E. M. Soyla. Balance of Co. doing outpost duty at Pinega.

JANUARY

January 1—Disposition of Co.: Capt. Moore, Lts. Stoner and Wright, Co. Hq. 1st and 4th platoons stationed at Pinega. 1st platoon on line of communications at Soyla. 4th platoon on guard outpost duty and constructing defenses. Lts. Donovan, Primm and Wieczorek, 2nd and 3rd platoons (117 E. M.) still on DS Vologda force. 37 men absent sick, and one in confinement, 2 at Kholmogori.

January 2-3—Disposition of Co. same as of 1st.

January 4—This morning Co. barracks burned. Fire was discovered by fire guard at 3:15 a. m. The 1st Sgt., Supply Sgt., and one Cook, fire guard, and two or three men sick in qtrs., were practically the only men in building when fire was discovered, the balance of the men being on guard. By the time these few men succeeded in saving the ammunition and most of the supplies, there was no chance to save the barrack bags and men's personal equipment.

January 5-13—Disposition of Co. same as of 1st.

January 14—Today at 2:30 p. m. Lts. Donovan, Primm and Wieczorek, 2nd and 3rd platoons, less 13 E. M. who were left on DS with Vologda force V. O. Bn. C. reported for duty with Co. The detachment traveled 204 versts, marching most of the way, the men reported very hard trip, the weather being 40 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, most of the journey, but men arrived in good condition.

January 15—Lt. Stoner and 1st platoon at Soyla. Balance of Co. doing guard and constructing defenses in and around Pinega.

January 16-22. Disposition of Co. same as of 15th.

January 23—Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon (47 E. M.) left for l. of c. near Soyla at 6:00 p. m. today. Balance of Co. same as of 15th.

January 24—Lt. Stoner and 1st platoon (46 E. M.) reported in from l. of c. duty near Soyla at 10:00 p. m. today.

January 25—Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon on l. of c. duty near Soyla. Balance of Co. doing guard and outpost duty in and around Pinega.

January 26-27—Disposition of Co. same as of 25th.

January 28—Capt. Moore, Lt. Stoner and Lt. Wright, 1st platoon (44 E. M.) and 4th platoon (38 E. M.) left for front line to act as rear guard, and guard for Artillery for the Russian White Guards who were preparing for attack on enemy position at Ust Pocha. Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon at Soyla. 2nd platoon doing guard and outpost duty at Pinega.

January 29-30—Disposition of Co. same as of 28th.

January 31—Officers and men who for front line on the 28th returned at 10:00 a. m. today. The enemy was well fortified, and had us outnumbered two to one, so consequently attack proved unsuccessful. Disposition of Co. at midnight tonight. 37 men absent sick. 13 on DS Vologda force. 10 sick in hospital and one in confinement. The remainder of the Co. very much occupied in doing guard, outpost duty and constructing defenses in and around Pinega.

FEBRUARY

February 1—Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon on advance outpost duty at Soyla. Remainder of Co. less 16 men on DS and 1 in confinement doing guard, fatigue and constructing defenses in and around Pinega.

February 2—Lt. Wieczorek and 2nd platoon left for Yural at 10:30 a. m. today to reinforce 3rd platoon. Remainder of Co. same as 1st.

February 3—Disposition of Co. same as 2nd.

February 4—Lt. Stoner and 1st platoon left for Peligor at 9:30 a. m. Lt. Wright and 4th platoon left for Vonga at 10:30 a. m. today, to assist White Guards in repelling attack on positions in vicinity of Peligori. Lt. Wieczorek and 2nd platoon returned from Yural to Pinega at 9:30 a. m. today. This platoon held in reserve.

February 5—Lt. Stoner and 1st platoon returned from Peligori at 2:30 p. m. Lt. Wieczorek and 2nd platoon left for Kuligora at 8:30 a. m. today. Lt. Wright and 4th platoon to Peligori.

February 6—Lt. Stoner and 1st platoon left for Peligori at 9:00 a. m. today. Lt. Wright and 4th platoon returned from Peligori at 12:30 p. m. Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon still at Soyla.

February 7—Lt. Wright and 4th platoon left for Kuligori at 9:00 a. m. Lt. Wieczorek and 2nd platoon in from Kuligori at 10:25 a. m.

February 8—Lt. Wieczorek and 2nd platoon left for Pelegori at 8:30 a. m. Lt. Stoner and 1st platoon in from Pelegori at 10:25 a. m. Enemy retreated to Ust Pocha.

February 9—Second and fourth platoons returned from front at 10:00 a. m. today. Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon still at Soyla. Very cold, Enemy burned Priluki.

February 10—Three skeleton platoons (1st, 2nd, and 4th) in Pinega today doing street patrol, outpost duty and patrolling nearby villages.

February 11—Same as 10th.

February 12—The Russian White Guards are doing the Interior Guard in Pinega. This arrangement allows us to have a limited amount of close order drill, Lewis gun, machine gun and non-commissioned officers school, also Russian, Eng. and arith. classes in the evening.

February 13—Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon still at Soyla. Duties of remainder of Co. same as of 12th.
 February 14-27—No changes. Usual day and night patrols sent to nearby villages. 40 to 50 degrees below zero. 52 on 18th.
 February 24—Lt. Donovan and Pvt. Roleau left on Co. business at Obozerskaya.
 February 28—Disposition of Co. at midnight tonight. Lt. Primm and 48 E. M. on l. of c. duty at Soyla. The remainder of Co., less 18 men on DS, 16 men absent sick, and 1 in confinement, are doing outpost duty, street patrols, reconnaissance patrols. Attending schools and close order drill as much as circumstances will permit.

MARCH

March 1—Lt. Primm and 3d platoon outposted at Soyla. 1st, 2nd and 4th platoons relieving one another on outposts and street patrols. Inspection today.
 March 2—Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon still outposted at Soyla. Balance of Co. doing outpost duty, street patrols and patrols of nearby villages. Close order drill.
 March 3—Disposition same as of 2nd.
 March 4—Lt. Primm still outposted at Soyla. Lt. Stoner with 1st and part of 2nd platoons with companies equipment moved out at 5:00 p. m. for Kholomogori.
 March 5—Lt. Wright and 4th platoon plus Hq's. platoon left Pinega for Archangel at 1:00 p. m. Arrived at Gebach 11:45 p. m. Lt. Primm and 3rd platoon left Soyla at 8:30 a. m. for Archangel. Capt. Moore remained in Pinega.
 March 6—Left Gebach at 7:00 a. m. arriving at Ust-Palenga at 4:30 p. m. Lts. Wright and Primm and 3rd and 4th platoons were quartered in Gebach.
 March 7—Left Ust-Palenga at 6:30 a. m., arrived Kholomogari at 12:30. Drew rations.
 March 8—Left Kholomogari at 10:00 a. m., arrived at Lavalya at 4:00 p. m.
 March 9—Left Lavalya at 6:00 a. m. Arrived Archangel Smolny barracks 9:30 a. m. 1st and 2nd platoons had Cootie and Venereal Inspection.
 March 10—3rd and 4th platoons had Cootie and Venereal Inspection. Balance of Co. had Lewis Gun instruction in morning and usual drill schedule followed in afternoon.
 March 11—Usual drill schedule followed.
 March 12-19—Disposition same as of 11th.
 March 20—Moved entire Co. into one building today. Set up field kitchen.
 March 21-22—Disposition of Co. same as 11th.
 March 23—Gas mask inspection. Stood to at 9:00 p. m. 1st platoon put on an emergency guard. Fear of rioting by Bolo sympathizers.
 March 24—Usual drill schedule. 2nd platoon used as emergency guard. Patrols sent out.
 March 25-26—4th platoon used as emergency guard. Usual drill schedule. Sgt. Dundon to hospital for appendicitis operation.
 March 27—Guard house and Co. "I" barracks burned at 2:00 a. m.
 March 27—Left Smolny at 4:30 p. m. and entrained at Archangel Prestin. Arrived at Obozerskaya at 2:00 a. m.
 March 28—Had breakfast and hiked 18 versts to front and relieved "E" Co. at Verst 18 on Onega road from Obozerskaya, at 3:30 p. m.
 March 29—Stood to at 4:00 a. m. Outpost duty and patrols.
 March 30—Disposition same as of 29th.
 March 31—Stood to at 4:00 a. m. Enemy opened up at 9:00 a. m. with M. G. in rear of our rear outpost. Heavy barrage on front and enemy came up in skirmish line but were repulsed. Corp. Pratt wounded Sgt. Leitzell and Pvt. Hogan and Mech. Laursen taken prisoners. Mech. Chas Dial killed in action along road at Verst 16 in rear of rear outpost.

APRIL

April 1—Machine gun fire opened up at 3:30 with Trench Mortars. Enemy made three attacks, coming up in three waves, but were repulsed. Eight prisoners taken.

April 2—Stood to at 4:00 a. m. Enemy artillery fire opened up at 6:00 a. m. Heavy shelling and two or three attempts were made to get in but were repulsed.
 April 3—Machine gun fire opened up at 2 a. m. but nothing resulted. Stood to at 4:00 a. m. Outpost duty and patrols.
 April 4—Stood to at 4:00 a. m. Outpost duty and patrols. Started to be relieved at 3:00 p. m. Finally got away at 9:00 p. m. Arrived Obozerskaya 2:15 a. m. on 5th.
 April 5-6—Cleaning up equipment and "bahnia."
 April 7—Cleaning automatics. Fixing up Hqs. cars. Had first "shot" of vaccine.
 April 8—Filled Vickers gun belts. Carried lumber for Hqs. cars. Carried supplies to cars today.
 April 9—Details working on cars. Left Obozerskaya at 2:00 p. m. Arrived Verst 466 at 2:40 p. m. Two platoons outposted at Verst 466 and one platoon outposted at 455. The other platoon doing fatigue and patrols. Col. Stewart visited the Co. today.
 April 10—One platoon outposted 455. Two platoons outposted at 466. Fatigue and patrols. Machine gun practice.
 April 11-13—Disposition same as of 10th. Palm Sunday services.
 April 14—Patrol of Bolsheviks reported in Valsheniza. One platoon outposted at 455. Two platoons outposted at 466. One Sgt. and two squads outposted at 470. Fatigue and patrols.
 April 15—Disposition same as of 14th. Received second inoculation today.
 April 16—Disposition same as of 15th.
 April 17—Disposition same as of 15th. Cleaned up area at Verst 466.
 April 18—Outpost relieved at 470. Second platoon outposted at 455. Two platoons outposted 466. Fatigue and patrols.
 April 19—Rear outpost at 470 taken over again by one Sgt. and two squads. Cpl. Russell accidentally killed by hand grenade. Cpls. Picard, Romanski and Pvt. Miller wounded by same grenade.
 April 20—Rear outpost at 470 relieved at 3:00 p. m. Relief arrived 466 at 3:40 p. m. Left 466 at 4:50 p. m., arriving 455 at 5:50. Took over interior guard and some of the outposts. Two platoons took over blockhouses at 448. Fatigue and patrols.
 April 21-22—Disposition same as of 20th.
 April 23—Disposition same as of 20th. General Richardson visited and inspected us today.
 April 24—Lts. Stoner, Primm and 1st and 3rd platoons outposted 448. 2nd and 4th platoons outposted 455. Fatigue and patrols. Part of blockhouses at 448 taken over by Russians.
 April 25-28—Disposition same as of 24th.
 April 29—Two platoons outposted at Verst 445-448. One platoon moved out at 6:00 p. m. and took over the front line. One platoon at Verst 455 doing outpost duty and patrols.
 April 30—4th platoon outposted at 444. 3rd platoon outposted 446. 1st platoon outposted 448, and 2nd platoon outposted at 455. Patrols. Had inspection by the General Inspector, Maj. Scales.

MAY

May 1—Three platoons of "M" Co. outposted at 444-446. Part of the 2nd platoon outposted at 455 relieved by the Russians. Fatigue and patrols.
 May 2-3—Disposition same as of 1st.
 May 4—Disposition same as of 1st. Bolshevik plane flew over Verst 455, dropping bomb away to the rear of our position.
 May 5—Disposition same as of 1st. Decorations bestowed on the men today in the presence of General Richardson.
 May 6—Disposition same as of 1st. Enemy planes flew over our position at 5:30 a. m. dropping bombs in rear of our position.
 May 7—Disposition same as of 1st.
 May 8—Co. relieved from front lines and entrained at Verst 455 for Obozerskaya, arriving Obozerskaya 2:00 a. m.
 May 9—Co. taking baths and turning in winter equipment.

May 10—Co. resting and cleaning up.
 May 11-14—Co. doing fatigue in and around Obozerskaya.
 May 15—Fatigue. Inspection by Major Nichols.
 May 16—Inspection of equipment.
 May 17-19—Inspection and fatigue.
 May 20—Co. moved out at 8:45 p. m. from Obozerskaya arriving Bakaritz 5:15 a. m. next day. Cook Fisher awarded huge M & V medal.
 May 21—Left Bakaritz at 11:00 a. m., arriving Economie 1:00 p. m.
 May 22-27—Co. performed usual camp duties. Many sick with dysentery.
 May 28—Co. won baseball championship from Hq. Co., 5 to 2.
 May 29—Same as of 22nd.
 May 30—Co. paraded Memorial Day parade today in Archangel.
 May 31—Same as of 22nd.

JUNE

June 1—Preparations for embarkation. No darkness.
 June 2—Embarked on H. M. S. S. "Czar" 3:00 p. m.
 June 3—Sailed for France. Sea rough.
 June 4—In the Polar ice floes. Night cloudy but not dark.
 June 5—Still in the ice fields in morning.
 June 6-7—Rough riding. Good eats.

June 8—At anchor in harbor of Lerwick, the Shetland Isles, Scotland, till 3:00 p. m.
 June 9—Among the shoals off the west coast of Scotland. Into Irish Sea.
 June 10—In British Channel.
 June 11—Landed at Brest. Long, hot hill to Pontanezen. REAL EATS. "Bokoo seconds."
 June 12-15—Changing equipment and clothing.
 June 16—Corp. Rosenau and Corp. Merwin injured in collapse of K. of C. recreation building.
 June 17-20—Camp fatigue and waiting for ship.
 June 21—Embarked on U. S. S. S. "Von Steuben."
 June 22-27—Fine voyage.
 June 28—"21 guns" fired for signing of Peace Treaty. Exactly 5 years ago today Serbian student shot Prince Ferdinand and started this war.
 June 29—Storm at sea.
 June 30—Landed at Hoboken. Went to Camp Merritt.

JULY

July 1—At Camp Merritt. Inspections, etc.
 July 2—11:50 p. m. entrained at Dumont for Camp Custer.
 July 3—Train stopped at Detroit 11:00 p. m.
 July 4—Belle Isle parade and rest.
 July 5—Proceeded to Camp Custer.
 July 6—Handed in equipment, physical examination, etc.
 July 7—Final discharge and pay.

Russian Views Obtainable

The following are pictures which you may order from Signal Corps, Washington, D. C. Send 15 cents apiece, by postal order:

39135—Archangel Water Front. 28595—French Company at Obozerskaya Station. 39258—Disembarking at Bakaritz. 32057—View of Bolo dugout at Obozerskaya. 158882—M. O.'s Dugout at 445. 152813—Sentinel, Farthest South on the Voga River. 28590—Russian Engine and Cord Wood at Obozerskaya. 50103—Good View of Loaded Droskie. 158863—View of Sleigh Supply Train. 158864—Bridge on Corduroy Road near Malozzerke. 39242—Close up view of Barishnas on Aviation Field. 161721—Good Picture of Brick Stove. 39137—Another View of Water Front. 32074—Street Car and People. 39129—Market Scene. 39130—Doughboy Saying "Skulka." 161114—Very Good Winter Scene 445. 161086—Soldiers and Rouble, our "Spy Dog." 161094—Soldiers in Hostess House. 161718—View of "M" Co. Playing at Smolny. 158869—Shell Bursting Near Curve at Verst 18. 161725 Ball Room Scene Am. Hq., Archangel. 159507—Interior View Convalescent Hospital with Good Old Captain-Doc Greenleaf. 159453—Fine View of the Landing of Our Good Old General Richardson, April 17, 1919. 32075-466.

Many of the illustrations in this book show the Signal Corps Number.

When ordering give the numbers plainly. Be sure to put on your address plainly.

Guy R. Lanman, 522 S. Hadden Ave., El Reno, Oklahoma, who was a sailor on the Des Moines, has a fine lot of post card views. You would be interested in his list of views at 10c each. They are as follows: 431—Eagle 2 in Economie, Russia. 453—Russian Workmen, Salombala. 459—Old Prison in Archangel. 108—Cemetery, Kijo Island. 473—Schoolhouse on Banks of Dwina. 477—310th Engrs. After Their Barracks Burned at Salalombola. 451—The "Czar" at Anchor, Water

Front, Archangel. 492—Lt. Donovan and Maj. Young near Y. M. C. A., Archangel. 25A—Russki Sleigh Taxi in Bival. 43—A Good Birdseye View of Archangel. D6—Sea View of Murmansk, Russia. 454—Russki Bridge Builders. 7—Fine Close View of Windmill. 46—Jackies in Area of Archangel. 14—Haymaking Scene. 415—Gen. Richardson on Eagle 2 Seeing Americans Off from Economie, Russia, June 14, 1919. 462—Floral Arch of Welcome in Archangel. 426 Close View of Tall Bell Tower. D73—An Old Russian Sea Captain on the Desmoines. D76—Two Norwegian Fishermen on Desmoines. D74—Typical Russian Trader. 452—Sailors of the Des Moines, Who Paraded with Us on Decoration Day, 1919, in Archangel. 177—Birdseye of Archangel. 420—Fine View of the Church with the Outside Murals. 412—Woman Working in Paving Gang. 455—Primitive Saw Mill. B3—Eagle 3. 425—Train of Box Cars. 447—Typical Droskies. 432—Group of Russian Children. 474—Mill and Lumber Yard. D36—The Yankton. 460—Main Street in Archangel. 471—Bolshevik Prisoner. 414—House that Encloses Peter the Great's Cabin. 468—Russian Family. 404—Steigerwald at Anchor. 445—Allied Soldiers in Lumber Yard. 464—Women with Droskie and Wooden Shovels. 427—Cathedral. B25—Jack Has a Flying Fish. 456—Carriages for Hire. D423—Icebreaker in Russia in June. D66—View of North Cape. D63—Furthest North. D10—Murmansk Coast. 422—Harbor View of Archangel in June, 1919. D40—Picture of a Mine. D50—The Menominee Caught in Ice in White Sea, May. 472—U. S. Consulate in Archangel. 406—"M" Co. at Archangel for the Decoration Day Parade. 465—Col. Ruggles Watching Parade. 408—View of Memorial Service. 410—Another View of Same. 411—Blowing Taps Over American Graves. 466—"Czar" Ready to Sail from Archangel. 15X—Sun Shining at Midnight, June, off Murmansk Coast. 10c each.

Roster

For want of space it is necessary to put in a queer-looking roster, one with addresses, so far as known, of officers and men who served over seas with the company in the Archangel state of North Russia from September 1918 to June 1919.

OFFICERS

Capt. Joel R. Moore, 407 E. Porter St., Albion, Mich.
1st Lt. James R. Donovan, University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis., or Waupun, Wis.
1st Lt. George W. Stoner, 404 First St., Monroe, Mich.
1st Lt. Clarence J. Primm, 327 S. LaSalle St., Chicago,
Ill. Care Visual Education Society.

2nd Lt. Milton J. Carpenter, 537 Prospect Ave., Mil-
waukee, Wis.
2nd Lt. Robert J. Wiczorek, 6826 Fleet Ave., Cleveland,
Ohio.
2nd Lt. Wesley K. Wright, 350 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

SERGEANTS

Walter Dundon, 1st Sgt., 50 Cutler St., Detroit.
Glenn W. Leitzell, Sup. Sgt., Care J. L. Hudson Co.,
Detroit.
William R. Huston, Mess-Sup. Sgt., Chicago, Ill., Care
Yellow Taxi Co.
Charles W. Page, Mess Sgt., 298 Glendale Ave., Highland
Park.
Jacob Kantrowitz, Care N. Weingold, 501 E. 173rd St.,
Bronx, N. Y.
Charles A. Hebner, RFD 1, North Judson, Ind.
Ralph V. Walker, 88 Park Blvd., Detroit.

Frank Getzloff, Harris, Mich.
John P. Gray, 942 Hudson Ave., Detroit.
Norman H. Zapfe, 250 Davidson Ave., Highland Park.
Harvey B. Peterson, 203 Whitney Ave., Detroit.
Joseph P. Curry, 465 Baker St., Detroit.
Charles V. Riha, 582 24th St., Detroit.
William Hay, 1341 Theodore St., Detroit.
Mathew G. Grahek, 2401 "B" St., Calumet Mich.
John W. Magin, 1166 Concord Ave., Detroit. (Alpena,
Mich.)

CORPORALS

William J. Foreit, 1451 24th St., Detroit.
Walter Blackburn, 656 24th St., Detroit.
Emil H. Hardke, 1430½ Vinewood Ave., Detroit.
Harold Montgomery, 135 Rebecca St., Dayton, Ohio.
William J. Walsh, 200 Avery St., Tyre, Mich.
Simon Bogacheff, Detroit.
Edward E. Henning, 133 Williams St., Detroit.
Frank Rahn, 338 Arndt St., Detroit.
Walter H. Rosenau, 347 Maybury Grand Ave., Detroit.
Joseph F. Ryduchowki, 118 Maybury Grand Ave., De-
troit.
Jonathan Davis, 1419 Moobery Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Garry J. Rankin, 1139 N. Park Ave., Kalamazoo.
Walter J. Picard, 280 Helen Ave., Detroit.
William H. Russell, (KILLED); Sister, Mrs. Ana Butler,
384 Moore Place, Detroit.
Homer Steinhauer, Millington, Mich.
Horace R. Swift, 35 Washington St., Clifton, N. J.
Eugene A. Merwin, Manistique, Mich.
Frank L. O'Connor, 1103 Steuben St., Utica, N. Y.
Theodore J. Messersmith, 1462 Helen Ave, Detroit.
Frank Kanaby, 240 Hartford Ave., Detroit.
William Neiman, RFD 1, Berger, Mich.
Robert M. Pratt, Ashton, Mich.
Ross O. Walton, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
Edwin J. Zisherck, 752 McDougal Ave., Detroit.

Clifford Dalton, 313 Hammond Bldg., Detroit, Care
Thomas Dalton.
Norbert G. Gramlich, Maybee, Mich.
Cortland A. Nielson, Sandusky, Mich.
David V. Sjolín, 30 Marshall Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
Norbert J. Schillinger, 528 East Elm St., Monroe, Mich.
John H. Kearney, 173 W. Clay Ave., Muskegon, Mich.
Arthur B. Bitz, 441 N. Monroe St., Monroe, Mich.
Earl J. Laur, 22 Palms Ave., Detroit.
Edward J. Burrill, 879 Canton Ave., Detroit.
Harry Bissonette, 1104 Third St., Grand Rapids.
Fred L. Hodges, 526 S. Front St., Dowagiac, Mich.
Frank J. Romanski, 108 Andrus Ave., Hamtramck, De-
troit.
John E. Collier, RFD 2, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Leo Schwabe, Care Lt. M. J. Carpenter, 537 Prospect
Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Walter Zimmerman, RFD, Terre Haute, Ind.
Norman C. Miller, RFD 2, Crosswell, Mich.
Benjamin Jondro, 1010 Short Ave., Fremont, Ohio.
John E. Archer, 1642 N. 12th St., Tere Haute, Ind.
Russell V. Haynes, 118 N. Wabash Ave., Battle Creek.
Louis Fralick, Ellenberg Center, N. Y.
Edward E. Sapp, (KILLED), Father, Joseph Sapp, RFD
3, Rodney, Mich.

COOKS (and Three Acting Cooks)

Joseph J. Pavlin, 1117 Vinewood Ave., Detroit.
Theodore J. Zech, 490 Mt. Elliot Ave., Detroit.
Fred J. Hines, 38 Charlotte Ave., Detroit.
Milton R. Greiner, 251 Canton Ave., Detroit.

Roy J. Fisher, 308 Ingham St., Jackson, Mich.
Fred H. Johnson, Sparta, Mich.
Pietro Marostica, 381 Division St., Detroit.

MECHANICS

Charles Otis Dial, (KILLED); Wife, Mrs. Anna A. Dial,
1509 Mt. Elliot Ave., Detroit.
Arthur Silvernail, Cass City, Mich.
Charles F. Senzik, 607 Maybury Grand Ave., Detroit.
Jens C. Laursen, RFD 2, Marlette, Mich.

Henry F. Kraft, RFD 5, Marlette, Mich.
Henry A. Bartels, Coleman, Wis.
Henry Klinkman, Cass City, Mich.
Alfred F. Ruddy, 628 Lawton Ave., Detroit.
John Kostuch, Detroit, Mich.

BUGLERS

George Garton, 3157 Sheridan Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Columbus Le Blanc, 108 Godard St., Wyandotte, Mich.

RUNNERS (Pvts., 1st Class)

Harold C. Metcalfe, 1020 Western Ave., Pittsburg, Penn.
Ray L. Lawrence, RFD, Battle Creek.

Fred De Laney, Portland, Mich.
Gaylon Cameron, Mecosta, Mich.

CO. HQ ORDERLIES AND INTERPRETERS
(Pvts., 1st Class)

Ernest P. Rouleau, (French), 446 12th St., Detroit.
Alfred Starikoff, (French), Care D. J. Healey Shops,
Woodward Ave., Detroit.
Frank Stepanvski, (Russian), 891 Piquette St., Detroit.

Lazo Obradovic, (Russian), 8 Superior St., Duquesne,
Penn.
Sgt. J. Kantrowitz, (French and Russian).
Corp. Frank Romanski, (Polish and Russian).

PRIVATES, FIRST CLASS

John C. Adams, RFD 6, Charlotte, Mich.
Clyde E. Arnold, Middleville, Mich.
Elmer Brancheau, Care James Brancheau, 441 River-
view Ave., Monroe, Mich.
Carlton C. Brigham, RFD 1, Ewart, Mich.
William H. Braund, 22 Seventh St., S. E., Washington,
D. C.
Harrison Bush.
Harry C. Boroff, Mecosta, Mich.
James L. Clark, 188 Prospect St., Pontiac.
William H. Donnor, Star Greehouse, Big Rapids, Mich.
Harry E. Drackert, 575 State Line St., Hammond, Ind.
William A. Drews, RFD 5, Brockville, Ind.
William Duby, 1111 East First St., Monroe, Mich.
Owa C. Dusseau, RFD 2, Erie, Mich.
Arthur L. Eckert, 525 N. Monroe St., Monroe, Mich.
Fred Goll.
Albertus R. Gray, Box 324, Valparaiso, Ind.
Russell B. Hill, St. Louis, Mich.
Guy E. Honey, 92 West Forest Ave., Detroit.
Joseph Holmes, 26 N. Wabash Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
Gordon B. Hand, RFD 5, Niles, Mich.
George E. Hanrahan, 1422 Racine St., Racine, Wis.
Ira F. Herron, Care Fred Herron, Marlette, Mich.
Thomas Horton, Omaha, Neb.
Clifford Hughes, RFD 2, Jeddo, Mich.
Anthony Jasinkas, 3239 S. Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Henry Jordon, 2729 S. Thorpe St., Chicago, Ill.
Charles A. Joncas, Newberry, Mich.
Frank Karber, Box 492, Mason, Mich.
Henry J. Kindler, 706 N. Cherry St., Huntington, Ind.
Homer E. Knight, 613 Cooper Ave., Lansing, Mich.
John C. Korchnak, 313 Jefferson Ave., Detroit.
Charles G. Langfitt, 119 Blackman Ave., Jackson, Mich.
John E. Lowe, Snover, Mich.
Claude Linville, RFD 5, Paris, Kentucky.

James C. McKane, East Lansing, Mich.
Charles McLeish, Marlette, Mich.
Normal McColl, 228 Melbourne Ave., Detroit.
George H. Manders, Racine, Wis.
August P. Masson, 729 O'Brien St., Monroe, Mich.
Walter T. Mills, 136 Merchant St., Port Huron, Mich.
Clarence A. Miller, Nashville, Mich.
Thomas McElroy, RFD 1, Valley Center, Mich.
Lawrence E. McDonald, 2613 Dart St., Flint, Mich.
Lawrence McWethy, 83 South Ave., Battle Creek.
Loren Mooney, Dowagiac, Mich.
Robert R. Mosher, RFD 1, Casopolis, Mich.
George Nada, 3111 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Richard Perkins, Nevisdale, Kentucky.
George H. Penoyer, RFD 8, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Orville E. Potter, Box 117, Alba, Mich.
John H. Roppinen, Care Jacob Roppinen, Wolverine,
Mich.
Floyd A. Sickles, (KILLED); Father, George Sickles,
Deckerville, Mich.
Earl J. Smith, Box 110, Mecosta, Mich.
Stephen J. Starr, 921 Sheridan Ave., Ypsilanti, Mich.
Charles E. Stringham, 23 Graham St., Grand Rapids.
Edward Thomas, Dorr, Mich.
William Thomas, 1324 15th St., Detroit.
Ray G. Vicary, Care Gilbert Vicary, 401 Ward St.,
Saginaw, Mich.
Martin Van Dyke, RFD 1, Rothbury, Mich.
Samuel C. Wolson, 994 Michigan Ave., Detroit.
Frederick Westjohn, 217 Monroe St., Traverse City,
Mich.
Allen Leo Warner, Mecosta, Mich. (Army name Allen
L. W.)
William Yohnke, 1913 Heard St., Toledo, Ohio.
Herman J. Yopp, 120 S. Second St., Paducah, Ky.
Clement H. Zarek, 3222 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.

PRIVATES

Clement H. Zarek, 3222 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.
Detroit.
Ole Anderson, Detroit, Mich.
Richard Augustine, RFD 1, Sheboygan, Wis.
Ray Austin, RFD 1, Rodney, Mich.
Golden C. Bahr, RFD 1, Copemish, Mich. (Died March
12, 1919); Mother Ellen C. Bahr.
Edwin C. Blades, RFD, Pinckney, Mich.
John Boysen, Pleasant Prairie, Wis.
Oscar J. Butth.
Vincent Bracci, (Died March 23, 1920, at Marine Hos-
pital, Detroit.)
Harry Brunell, 576 Sylvester St., Detroit.
Russell A. Carr, Rodney, Mich.
William Comfort.
Christian Christianses, Blanchard, Mich.
Robert H. Clift, Mooresville, Ind.
Alva Crook, (KILLED); Father, Jerry Crook, RFD 3,
Lakeview, Mich.
William Derlicke.
Joseph Devish.
Schliomi Dymant, (KILLED); Friend, Jacob Guyer, 310
35th St., Detroit.
Joseph Eckert, RFD, Huntington, Ind.
Hans C. Ellefsen, Gillette, Wis.
Herbert G. Eib, 815 Mackinaw St., Saginaw, Mich.
Herman Engelberg, 220 Adelaide St., Detroit.
Harry Fina, Care Andrae Fina, 1440 12th St., Detroit.

Albert Fohl, Care Mrs. Nettie Fohl, Cedar Grove, Ind.
Fred Freiberg, RFD 4, Big Rapids, Mich.
Eugene Gitz.
Vicenty Grzelak, 1081 24th St., Detroit.
Howard L. Harkness, 125 Apple St., Muskegon, Mich.
Albert S. Herber, Washington, Mich.
Robert Hardy, Care William Hardy, RFD 1, Decker-
ville, Mich.
Charles C. Hawk, Orleans, Ind.
George Hemingway, Otter Lake, Mich.
Ernest F. Herman, 98 Fisher St., Pontiac, Mich.
Harry F. Hill, Care Mrs. Ella Hill, 73 W. Fountain St.,
Battle Creek, Mich.
Roy S. Hill, RFD 2, Palms, Mich.
Harold Holiday, Care Mrs. Sadie Holiday, Pottersville,
Mich.
Freeman Hogan, Detroit, Mich.
Fred L. Hodgson, (Died, Flu); Mother, Mrs. Richard
Hodgson, RFD 2, Casopolis, Mich.
Cletus R. Humphrey, RFD 6, Salem, Ind.
William Hyatt, 1505 Bush Ave., Flint, Mich.
John M. Jankowski, 929 5th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Vincent J. Javorski, 3313 Hillock Ave, Chicago, Ill.
Jens F. Jensen, 1220 Merryman St., Marinette, Wis.
John A. Jerrain, 1556 Levee St., Chicago, Ill.
Charles F. Jerry, 3323 S. Irving St., Chicago, Ill.
Max J. Joswick, 3330 S. Wall St., Chicago, Ill.
Walter P. Jones, Dowagiac, Mich.

Adolph Johnson, 355 Second St., Manistee, Mich.
 William Johnson, RFD 5, Marlette, Mich.
 Wallace Keeney.
 Allen Kaake, RFD 6, Brown City, Mich.
 Horace Kaake, RFD 2, Elk, Mich.
 Joseph Karapuz, 51 Grayling Ave., Hamtramck, Detroit.
 John Keller, Cross Village, Mich.
 Alfred E. Kienbaum, RFD 1, Sandusky, Mich.
 Joseph L. Klimson, 3430 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.
 Albert Kmeciak, Menominee, Mich.
 Herman F. Koenig, RFD 2, Burlington, Wis.
 Fred A. Koetzke, Sandusky, Mich.
 Charles E. Kroetch, Snover, Mich.
 William C. Kreighbaum, Cassopolis, Mich.
 Frank Lachachke, Kenosha, Wis.
 Floyd R. Latta, 48 Newark St., Battle Creek.
 Frank La Fevre, Indiana Ave., S. W., Grand Rapids.
 Oscar Lighter, Gasport, Indiana.
 Alfred Lewis, RFD 1, Hersey, Mich.
 William J. Lewis, 316 Bartlett St., S. W., Grand Rapids.
 Steve Lito, Care Lt. Stoner, Monroe, Mich.
 Leonard Lovecchio, Care Lewis Malalasta, 231 E. Congress St., Detroit.
 Joseph Lucier, 115 Fourth Ave., Gladstone, Mich.
 Michael Machulis, 429 Bronson St., Kenosha, Wis.
 Harold McCarty, RFD 1, Deckerville, Mich.
 Stephen McClure, RFD 1, Peck, Mich.
 Frank McDonald, Crosswell, Mich.
 Frank McGregor, McGregor, Mich.
 James E. McRae, Cass City, Mich.
 James Maitland, Sandusky, Mich.
 Stephen M. Maher, 41 Howard Ave., New Haven, Conn.
 Walter Merrick, (KILLED); Father, George Merrick, Sandusky, Mich.
 Alexander Miller, Remus, Mich.
 Edward L. Miller, Care Mrs. Irene Miller, Elston, Mich.
 Joseph A. Mickeliunas, 4410 S. Richmond St., Chicago.
 Irvin C. Morse, RFD 5, Lansing, Mich.
 James H. Nally, 1529 Quarry Ave., Louisville, Ky.
 Matti Neimi, (DIED of Wounds); Friend, John Tonka, Verona, Mich.
 Marion E. Nichols, U. S. Gen. Hospital, Ward E, Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.
 Arthur P. Nunn, (DIED of Flu); Father, William Nunn, RFD 6, Crosswell, Mich.

Charles A. Ordish, Decker, Mich.
 David E. Oslund, Care Myrtle Ellis, Princeton, Mich.
 Frank Paionk, Care Albert Osontobsi, RFD 1, Tyre, Mich.
 Robert E. Parker, RFD 5, Carsonville, Mich.
 Warren F. Parker, Lexington, Mich.
 Albert Patz, Ruth, Mich.
 John Pollich, 321 William St., Big Rapids, Mich.
 John Przybylski, Care Mrs. Stella Przybylski, Iron River, Mich.
 Charles P. Radjuinas.
 Charles V. Rock.
 Samuel Safer, 414 N. Saginaw St., Flint, Mich.
 Alonzo Simon, Remus, Mich.
 Paul Smaglick, Care Martin Smaklick, Stephenson, Mich.
 Harry H. Smith, Care Harry Hart, RFD 5, Salem, Mich.
 Max A. Smith, Care Mrs. Minnie Smith, Stambaugh, Mich.
 Willard H. Soper, RFD 5, Morley, Mich.
 Walter Streit, RFD 2, Merrick, Mich.
 Guy Stone, Care Mrs. Libby Libble, RFD 5, Cass City,
 Ludwik Stasiak, 625 Grandy Ave., Detroit.
 William H. Staub, Care Mrs. Julia Staub, 1053 N. George St., York, Penn.
 Joseph Szczesny, 749 St. Auburn St., Detroit.
 Frank Tauchus, 102 Beleous Ave., Montello, Mass.
 James C. Temple, Benton, Wis.
 Frank S. Teeter, Goshen, Ind.
 Albert H. Totch, RFD 1, Manistee, Mich.
 Charles L. Troupe, RFD, Stanwood, Mich.
 Constantinas Tsitouras, 618 Fourth St., Sioux City, Ia.
 Elsworth Vernier, 21 Schiller St., Detroit.
 Roy Tremaine, 2648 Second Ave., Highland Park, Detroit.
 John Vrahorititis, Box 235, West Branch, Mich.
 Simon Welser, St. Clair, Mich.
 Henry Wehlan, 499 Canton Ave., Detroit.
 Donald Wilson, Pierpont, Mich.
 William Wyant, Boyne City, Mich.
 Elmer Zander, 3553 S. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 John A. Zalewski, 1002 Orleans St., Detroit.
 Peter J. Zantiotis, 261 Monroe Ave., Detroit.
 Andrew Yasas, 3142 Auburn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Julius F. Zilch, RFD 1, Arcadia, Mich.
 Leo Kimny, 3211 Wall St., Chicago, Ill.

FORMER "M" CO. MEN

Sgt. Harold A. Swift, Commissioned Lt. of Engineers.
 Sgt. William J. Merz, Commissioned Lt. of Infantry.
 Corp. Edwin J. Zerkaloso, Commissioned Lt. of Infantry.
 Pvt. Nicholas Carras, who became Interpreter for Gen. Pershing.

Sgt. Mart Cox, old drill sergeant from the regulars, whose heart was broken when he left Co. to go to general hospital at Ft. Bayard, N. Mexico.
 Sgt. John C. Tannahill, popularist "crap shooter" in the 339th. Transferred to the M. P.



Greetings

As this copy goes to the printer, comes to ye editor an Easter greeting from Lt. Donovan, the sentiment of which ye editor passes on from him to each and every member of the company who may read these pages:

“At this time of resurrection
You have surely cause to sing
And be happy in the beauty
And the promise of the spring.”

Lt. Stoner writes: “Our privations and hardships all went toward forming a lasting friendship and filling us with memories that will always be pleasant to look back upon. I hope fortune will smile on each of you real often and that success will crown your efforts.”

Lt. Carpenter writes: “Many a time this past winter I have thought back to the days at Camp Custer when I was a part of “M” Company—the weeks we spent on the drill grounds learning discipline, the target practice on the range, and the Saturday afternoon boxing in the barracks, all of which makes me think that I had a part in making the men of “M” Co. the excellent soldiers they proved to be when put to the test in Russia.”

You will enjoy these words of greeting also from Lt. Primm and Lt. Wright. Am afraid Lt. Wiczorek's letter will not arrive in time to go to print, but I know his interest is keen in the old company.

GREETINGS to ALL FORMER MEMBERS OF CO. “M” 339TH INFANTRY AND ESPECIALLY TO ALL WHO WERE IN THE OLD THIRD PLATOON

When you sailed off from that old sawdust pile, Economic, last June, it was like the end of an act in a drama or the closing of a chapter in a book. There was a feeling of separation from the story and at the same time a looking forward to the next part.

Much happened after you left. The papers did not get it any more nearly correctly than they got the news when we were all there. Our English friends appeared in double the numbers of the entire expedition as it was constituted when we were last on the front. Friction arose between them and the North Russian Government and Army. Sacrifice advances were made, and then more ground lost than gained. North Russians registered relief when English organizations began to embark. Food enough was stored to last through February, 1920. If more could be obtained, Archangel Province would be independent; if not, Bolshevik. A very clear situation, so nichevo—why worry!

There were both radicals and conservatives all over Archangel Province in the summer of 1919, but members of both factions expected and desired American soldiers to be sent again to keep the peace—and (in whispers) to dish out the roubles, tobacco and food. I carry general greetings from many natives to all former members of A. E. F. N. R. wherever they may be.

The old fronts and lines of communication as you knew them were all changed during the summer. Pinega was held but the lines were cut in several places. The Dwina force backed up to Siskoe and the Vaga force came with it. North Russians commanded the entire Kodish lowland, but made their base at the bridge.

Emsta was captured and Plesetskaya became the Bolo front line. The Onega River district was lost. On the Muramnsk Railroad our Transportation troops reached nearly to Petrazavodsk, not far from Petrograd.

Between December 1919 and March 1920 the entire North Russian area fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks. There are remaining in that area more than a hundred of our fellows whose bodies could not be brought away. A few of us came out in October 1919 with over a hundred other bodies collected from accessible places. Let us never forget them nor their families! Hats off for a moment!

As the 339th book goes forth I repeat again “Greetings to you all.” And if the time ever comes when our land is in serious danger from the kind of thing which has torn the heart out of Russia, I hope to meet Under The Stars and Stripes every last one of you who can stand on his feet.

Yours for the land we live in,

C. J. PRIMM,

327 South LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois.



"Shot" at Obozerskaya, April 5th, 1919.



Chicago, Ill., April 8, 1920.

To Company "M" and the 4th Platoon:

Your friend and mine, Joel R. Moore, has asked me to write a greeting to Company "M" men, to be incorporated in a Company History, which I consider an honor—also my duty.

As one of the heartily disliked species of the bird minus tail feathers; i. e. a "Shavetail," as I was fortunate enough to be, I hardly know how to start. I say fortunate because it could have been much worse; viz.: to be a "Shavetail" without belonging to Company "M" and a member of the 4th Platoon.

We of the 4th Platoon had a few disagreeable times together, a few pleasant, and a whole heap of ordinary ones. And isn't it strange how we always think back to the pleasant ones? And it is right and fitting that we should.

Always look for the pleasant things in life, work for them, demand, and get them. We all know the "joykillers" were busy while we were gone. In fact they must have worked overtime, because there were quite a few things missing in the good old U. S. A. by the time we discarded our uniforms—things we looked forward to when we were "rarin' to go"—home.

Never mind! Just keep looking for the pleasant things in life, and life will be pleasant for all of you; at least I most sincerely hope it will. I mean every d—d word of this.

May the day soon come when we can meet again (with lemon pop).

Sincerely yours,

W. K. WRIGHT.

“Drahst Vie”

In closing the book allow me to thank you all for your loyal responses to everything I ever asked of you.

Think proudly of your record as a fighting unit.

Meet your duties as citizens with the same loyal spirit of service. Study to do your part intelligently. Before you shoot a ballot figure out the range and windage on the candidates for office. Stand for law and order. Speak up for fair trial of those accused. Give the weak and ignorant a lift.

We are in perilous times for the world. America must remain an example of intelligent government by the people. We must hold our ground. I think we will.

Some of you will meet hard luck. Call on your comrades for reinforcements if we can help. Mix some of the old-time company humor and grit with your determination. Make an attack on the impossible. Forward, march!

J. R. M.



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