

## THE WAR TO END ALL WARS

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Edited by Wilda Collier Dillion

Roy was twenty-four years old in the summer of 1918 and he had not been called in any of the earlier calls for men from Idaho County because of his connection with farming. There was an urgent need to replace the men who had fallen in the trenches of France so there was an increase in the number of men to be called, as explained in this item from the Idaho County Free-Press of June 6, 1918:

*"Idaho is called upon by the War Department for 2,000 draft men. They are to entrain for the cantonment at Camp Lewis, American Lake, during the five day period beginning June 24. This is next to the largest call for draft men in the history of the state. The quota came as a surprise, for a much smaller number was expected. The adjutant general's department is now working out the quotas for the respective counties.*

*Boise, the capital of the state, is likely to be hit hard by the call. This is due to the fact that at least one of the counties in the state has already supplied every man placed in class No. 1 and numerous counties have but a few left. It will therefore become necessary to reapportion the call among these counties and cities having large quotas to be drawn upon for all the class No. 1 men are to be called before the second classification is entered. District boards may also be called upon to reclassify married men or newlyweds who because of dependent wives were given exemptions. Where possible men engaged in agricultural pursuits are not to be included.*

*The heavy call came as a surprise. Before credits were allowed Idaho had in class No. 1 a total of 6,386. It has already drawn from that class 2,313 men and has a balance left in class 1 of 3,961. Subtracting the present 2,000 call there are but 1,961 men left in class 1.*

*The war department has also called for 103 volunteers among draft men from Idaho to enter the university at Moscow and take technical training. Volunteers are to apply to their local boards on or before June 7.*

*No word has yet been received from Boise regarding Idaho County's share of this draft call."<sup>2</sup>*

The following item appeared in the June 13th issue of the Idaho County Free-Press:

*"One hundred five men registered for military service in Idaho County have been ordered to report to the local draft board for Idaho County, in Grangeville, on June 23, and of these men ninety-eight will be sent into the military service. It is quite likely that they will go to Camp Lewis at American Lake, Washington. Idaho County's quota under the June call for men is eighty-nine. The county is short seven*

men at camp. These will be supplied, and two extras will be sent to take the places of any of the contingent who may be rejected after they reach camp. The remaining seven men who have been ordered to report in Grangeville are alternates, and from them men will be picked to fill any vacancies which may be caused by failure of any of the first ninety-eight men to report.

In addition to this contingent, four men are to report to the local draft board Friday of this week. They are volunteers, but are registered men. They go to a special training camp at the University of Idaho, Moscow.

Approximately 50 percent of the registrants called for service at this time are engaged in agricultural work, and their departure from the county it is felt will work to a disadvantage to many farmers. The local board has been instructed by the adjutant general to pick men from any or all divisions of Class 1. Heretofore, the board has taken men only from Class 1A, which does not include agricultural workers. Idaho County now has only about 130 men left in Class 1, exclusive of the 100 men registered last week. At the rate calls are being received at the present time, Class 1 would be exhausted in three months."<sup>3</sup>

The Grangeville Globe of June 13th had the following to say:

"Idaho County will send 102 young men to the colors through the medium of the local draft board about June 24. This is the largest quota to go from the county since the draft law went into effect, and is in fact nearly double the number of all men sent to date. So far 57 draft soldiers have gone into service on the Idaho County roster.

These young men are called to report to Grangeville on Sunday, June 23 at 2 p.m. This applies to 98 of the men. The remaining four have applied for the special training course at Moscow and have been accepted. They are Elmer and Christopher Hazelbaker of Grangeville, J.F. Millorn of Winona and Ralph Kennedy of Lewiston. These four young men report at Grangeville tomorrow and will depart Saturday morning to take up special training at the university at Moscow as government men.-----

General Crowder announced the class of 1918 registrants will not be allowed to enlist in the navy or marine corps, and no voluntary inductions will be granted until order and serial numbers are assigned. After that registrants may enlist if they obtain certificates from local boards that they are not within the current quota."<sup>4</sup>

*Near the middle of June there was an eclipse of the sun. On that day I went to Ferdinand and ran into Horace Quigley. He said he had just received his notice for enlistment, so I went to the post office and there was a notice for me to enlist. I went to Grangeville the 25th or 26th.*

"The 98 boys from Idaho County, called in the next draft, will

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all meet at Grangeville next Thursday and leave next morning for Camp Lewis.

The famous Cowboy Band of Grangeville has invited the bands from Cottonwood, Ferdinand and Ilo to come to Grangeville Thursday evening and all together - with 60 or more pieces - give the soldier boys a farewell send-off they will never forget. The three visiting bands have accepted the invitation, and it's a safe bet that "there'll be a hot time in the old town" that night.

The three bands will come with the soldiers on the train next morning and together play several patriotic airs at the depot in Cottonwood Friday morning.

Let everybody who possibly can go, be present at the depot to give the boys a rousing farewell."<sup>5</sup>

*We did not have a car in those days, but we had a good neighbor who had one. He took Mother and five sons, including me, to Grangeville. There was a big crowd there with people from all over Idaho County. There was 101 there for enlistment. They had a big picnic and then Mother and my four brothers went home in the evening. There was dancing most of the night.*

"With a very few exceptions the ninety-three draft men entrained this Friday morning for Camp Lewis, Washington from all outward appearances were the happiest bunch of people on all Camas and Nez Perce prairies.

One of the largest crowds that ever assembled in Grangeville was present to do honor to the husky bunch of registrants that was called for service. More automobiles were in evidence than on any previous occasion, it being stated that more than 250 machines were parked on Main Street Thursday evening when the entertainment that was arranged by the Commercial Club and the Cowboy Band was started off. The Cottonwood band, augmented by several members of the Ferdinand musical organization, came in on the evening train and was met by the Cowboy Band and all marched up town to the I.O.O.F. hall where a banquet was served the musicians.

At 8 o'clock the large assemblage enjoyed a band concert in which the three organizations took part, and between selections patriotic orations were made from the bandstand by Lieutenant Governor E.L. Parker of Cottonwood, F.E. Fogg and R.F. Fulton of this city, who were well received and encored to the echo.

After the speaking was concluded the draft boys and their relatives and friends were invited to Dreamland hall where dancing occupied the remainder of the evening, the music being furnished by the Cowboy Band and the Basil Harris Jazz orchestra.

There were so many people in the city that some unfortunately failed to secure sleeping accommodations, not having made their wants known in time, and occupied chairs at the hotel."<sup>7</sup>

*Next morning there was a big tent set up and about 6 a.m. coffee and hot cakes*



were served to us 101 who would be soldiers. The passenger train left Grangeville about 8 a.m. for Lewiston; they put on two extra cars for us.

"At an early hour Friday morning the streets were alive with hurrying people, and fully an hour before train time, 7:30, a parade was formed at the court house corner headed by the Cowboy Band with John Kee carrying 'Old Glory' waving in the early morning breeze, followed by members of the Cottonwood band, and our newly made defenders of our national honor, citizens afoot and in automobiles, they marched to the depot where it was almost impossible to get near the train. With some difficulty many relatives found their boys and in many instances the last goodbyes were painful to witness. As the boys took their seats in the car every window soon became packed and their smiling faces reflected real bits of comfort to those who were being left behind. The occasion was one that will long be remembered by all."<sup>8</sup>

When we got to Ferdinand my sister, May, was there to say goodbye to Horace and I.

"The greatest demonstration ever given in Idaho County was that given at Grangeville last night and this morning and at Cottonwood and Ferdinand this morning in honor of the 98 drafted boys from this county who left today for Camp Lewis. At least 3000 people were present at Grangeville, including 3 bands - the famous Cowboy Band and the two from Cottonwood and Ferdinand - making in all fifty pieces.-----

More than 1000 people - the largest crowd ever seen at Cottonwood depot, and 500 people at Ferdinand - were out to greet the boys and wish them success on their way to victory."<sup>9</sup>

The next stop was Craigmont in Lewis County. We picked up more men there. Then on to Lewiston where the town had fixed our lunch, sandwiches and coffee, behind the courthouse which is across the street from the depot. There was a large crowd assembled there. Uncle Al was there and I was glad he had come. Seems like Joe was there, too, but I don't remember if he was. We picked up more than a hundred men there and left Lewiston with a train of six passenger cars. We picked up more men and cars along the way.

We got into Spokane about 7 o'clock. They had a barbeque for us. Picked up more men at Spokane. Left about 10 o'clock with a train of about ten cars for Camp Lewis, Washington. We arrived there about ten a.m. We were assigned barracks. We had dinner at a table for the first time in three days.

I was enlisted or inducted on June 28, 1918 at Camp Lewis. They issued us blankets and a mattress for our cots. We had our first reveille; the first time we heard a bugle. It became a regular thing for some time. The evening of the second day Horace and I were walking around. We found George Carter.<sup>10</sup> He had arrived there before us. While we were talking he said, "Do you fellows have a B file?" We told him we didn't have one. "Well, come on and I will get you each one." He took us to the Red Cross and we were given a New Testament. I carried it in my pocket until I got to France and to the Argonne Forest.

I completed my typhoid prophylaxis on June 30th. We from Idaho County all passed the physical except for one Salmon River cowboy. Most of us were in the barracks when he came to say goodbye and he told us he hoped he would see us all again. He put his hand in his pocket, took out a lot of money and threw it all over the room. He said, "You can have it; I don't need it."

On the 4th of July a lot of relatives and friends came to visit. The cooks fixed a fine dinner for all. Horace's sister, Vata, who had only been married a few days, sat between Horace and I at dinner. I did not get to see her husband. I think he was in the remount.

Troop trains were coming in at the rate of three or four a day from Montana, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado. We were the first ones in so I guess we were the first ones out. In the afternoon we were put on a train headed south through Portland, Oregon. About 10 o'clock the next morning we were side-tracked at either Weed or Mt. Shasta City, California. We were all hanging out the windows touching hands with another train that was passing. Horace accidentally took a beautiful diamond ring from one lady. He thought he was in trouble, but I went to the conductor of our train. He said he would see what he could do. In about half an hour he returned and said he had the name and address of the lady and would send the ring to her.

We went on to Dunsmuir where the people had food ready for us. We had time to walk around for a couple of hours. I think our next stop was Modesto, where we stopped near a raisin factory. Women and girls in red shirts and white blouses (I think they were Red Cross ladies) came swarming through the cars with food, drinks and small boxes of raisins.

Our next stop was south of San Diego near Mexico. It was a tent deal; eight men to a tent. That is where we learned to be soldiers. The unit I was put in was from the Arizona National Guard called the Sunshine Division. We were issued blankets, shelter halves, uniforms, helmets, mess kit, knife, fork and spoon, drinking cup with canteen. Then we received a rifle and ammunition belt. The rifle was an English Enfield covered with grease that was very hard to get off. We got army chow from then on. That was where I saw the last of Horace Quigley. I think he got in a medical outfit driving an ambulance.

That evening they put us on a drill field in one long line. There was a look-out place with several officers in it. Us new recruits had our greasy rifles, which we didn't know what to do with. We started off eyes left. We hadn't gone very far when a couple of small airplanes flew over; the first planes I had ever seen. I'm sure the others were like me and had never seen them before. I'm sure those officers saw the crookedest line of their life.

We only stayed two days in that camp when we boarded another troop train. It consisted of six troop cars, then a car with the kitchen and another with the supplies, and then another six troop cars. We started east through California, Arizona, New Mexico, - I don't remember if we were in Texas - Oklahoma and then Kansas. They let us out of the cars at a park in the capital of Kansas (Topeka). We got to rest and walk around in that park for two hours. Then through Missouri and we crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis and went on to Chicago. They again let us out of the cars to run around the railroad yards. Then we went through Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania and

into New Jersey. We were seven days on the train. We got out of the troop cars and onto the ferry crossing the river to New York. We were there about one and a half days.

They put us on an old ship that I bet had been in dry dock fifty years. It was an old wooden ship run by Englishmen. We were put on the ship at night in the lowest deck. Next morning they let us come on deck. We were on the ocean with ships all around us; ships of all kinds. It was a big convoy. I think we were up north quite aways since we saw several ice burgs. We were fourteen days from New York to Liverpool, England. When we got off the ship it was raining.

We got on an English train that must have been a narrow gauge line. The cars were about sixteen feet long and eight feet wide with two compartments with a side-door on each. There were two benches facing each other with four people for each bench. The engine was small with no cover from the rain for the engineer and the women shoveling coal. We rode across England to a town on the east coast - I've forgotten the name of the place. We arrived about 9 o'clock in the morning and they said it was a rest place. They gave us a bacon sandwich for breakfast.

We got on a ship that took us across the channel to Bordeaux, France. We walked up a hill about one mile to a rest camp. There we were put in eight-man tents with cots. We had our own blankets. We were a pretty tired bunch so we all went to bed soon after supper.

The next morning we heard quite a commotion outside. We soon saw that there were 25 or 30 negro soldiers with a negro sergeant in command. There was a ditch about 3 feet deep and 2 feet wide with the dirt piled up on one side. The sergeant was trying to line them up on the dirt pile. When he said, "Fall in!" the soldiers would fall in the ditch. They were sure having fun! The sergeant finally got them lined up and they moved off down the street.

After we had our breakfast, about 9 o'clock, we started down a dirt road to a small camp where we were to stay a few days. This was in August and it was real hot. None of us had done much walking for some time, so some of the men began to fall out. There was a little sheepherder who was right in front of me. He wasn't but about four and a half feet tall. I made up my mind that I could last as long as that little sheepherder. By the time we got to the camp I was ready to quit but he looked like he could go on.

We didn't stay very long at this place. They got another place fixed up for us real nice. We thought we would stay at the new place and get some training, but they wanted us some place else. The fellows from the Arizona National Guard were to stay there and train new troops. I hated to leave those fellows; they were a nice bunch of men.

The rest of us were put on a train in box cars that held eight chevaux or forty hommes; that is eight horses or forty men. We couldn't see out. They told us that we went through Paris in the night. We went north and east from Paris to the Angonne Forest. We pulled in and got out of the cars in the black of night. We were told to not make any noise. There were a couple of officers there each picking men for his line. We were not asked what we wanted to do. I happened to get in the infantry. I was in Company B, 306th Infantry, 77th Division.



The 77th Division was the first National Army Division in Europe. That is it consisted of raw, untrained civilians who were inducted into the military service by draft boards after the outbreak of hostilities. The recruits represented all races and creeds which comprise the civil population of New York City. They were trained at Camp Upton on Long Island from August 25, 1917 until they embarked for France March 27, 1918. After further training they were placed in the Baccarat sector from June 19th until August 3rd. On August 11th they took a position along the Vesle River and were in the advance to the Aisne River. On Friday, September 13th they were relieved by an Italian Division and withdrew for a rest. It was during this period their units were replenished with new recruits.<sup>11</sup>

*We slept a little the rest of the night on the ground. Next morning we could see what was going on. We were told that the army was fixing up to drive the Huns out of the Argonne Forest.*

"Black, gloomy, forbidding, the Argonne Forest, the largest expanse of woodland from the Mediterranean to the Rhine, stretches a distance of thirty-nine kilometers from Passevant and Beaulieu in the south, with the big town of St. Meneshold in its southern confines, to Grand-Pre and the valley of the River Aire on the north. On the eastern edge of the forest are Varennes, Montblainville, Cornay and St. Juvin. On its western boundary are the towns of Binarville, Lancon and Grand Ram.----Their long proprietorship had given the enemy perfect knowledge of this wide terrain. A glance behind the curtain of trees would have shown their artillery in position to sweep all avenues of approach to every ravine and summit. It would have revealed their machine guns placed not only so as to command all roads, paths and trails traversing the forest, but also to furnish a series of interlocking bands of fire between the trees and along systems of wire that they had constructed, calculated to make a hostile advance humanly impossible. It would have disclosed look-out stations built in scores of favorable tree-tops, and other high towers constructed to direct the fire of artillery and machine-guns, and, threading in and out, an intricate and complete railway line supplemented by a telephone system, furnishing perfect means of supply and communication between all the units in this intensively defended sector.----But the capture of the Argonne Forest was imperative. It was the hinge of the great swinging movement that was to drive the Germans across the Meuse. It was the key that must be turned to open the way to Grand-Pre, Sedan and the great German communication centres along the Sedan-Mezzieres railway. The French said, "It can't be done." The Americans said, "It can be done." The 77th Division said, "We'll do it." And they did."<sup>12</sup>

*We got helmets, gas masks, ammunition for the ammunition belt and two bandoleers of ammunition. We were told to keep our ammunition, mess kits, canteen, helmet, gas mask and rifle. The rest of our stuff was to be put in duffel bags with our name on a tag and then placed in a pile to be taken along with the horse carts. I put the little Bible in the duffel bag. This was about the 26th of September,*

"On the night of September 25th the Infantry of the 77th Division

quietly moved into the front line. About midnight, the French outposts were relieved, and the Division was ready for the attack.---- The division was disposed in line, all four infantry regiments being in the front line, with the 305th on the extreme right, the 306th on its left, the 307th next and the 308th on the left of the line.--- The 28th American Division was on the 77th's right and the 1st French Division on its left. A Franco-American force intended to act as a combat liaison group on the Division's left flank was also organized, for the purpose of maintaining contact with the French on the left. This combat liaison group, consisting of a regiment from the 92nd American Division (the 368th), was to have advanced in conjunction with the left of the 77th Division. It did not so advance, as subsequent events proved, and, as a consequence, the left flank of the Division was exposed during the whole period of operations of the three weeks in the Argonne."<sup>13</sup>

*When it got real dark they told us to move out, one man behind another, and not to make any noise. We went into a trench. When we were all in we could sit down and sleep if we could. Along about 3 o'clock the big guns began to fire. Such a noise you never heard as the bombardment they had there.*

"The men began to grasp an idea of the varied assortment of "stuff" sent over by the Boche. Everything is "stuff" at the front. It's light stuff or heavy stuff, slow stuff or fast stuff; but all of it is undeniably mean stuff.

Here was a course in the ethics of high-explosive society. When a whizzbang makes an afternoon call, it whistles first, then knocks; and the best manner in which to receive it is by lying prone on the stomach. The acquaintance of other fast company was made. Herr Whizzbang brought along his "lady-friend", Minnie Werfer, whose custom it was first to burst into the most uncouth of caterwaulings, and then into splinters. The minenwerfers were known as "Iron Mermaids" because of the fishlike tails that keep them straight on their course. They are peculiarly disconcerting, as they come through the air with a wailing sob-like whistle, something like a mixture of a locomotive whistle and siren, and they are hard to "judge." That is, it is difficult to determine where they will land. The whizzbang travels at a high velocity, and the noise of the exploding shell is almost coincident with the shrill whistle that announces its coming. "Tons-of-Coal", "Jack Johnsons", "G.I. Cans" and "Whimpering Willies" are some of the names adopted for the German long-range greetings - the eight-inch and ten-inch howitzer and rifle shells which make craters as large as eighteen feet in diameter and ten feet in depth."<sup>14</sup>

*About 7 o'clock they gave the order to get out of the trenches. The Germans began to bombard us. We moved out a little ways. The Germans had us pinned down for awhile and one of our men got hit. I got elected to help carry him a little ways to where there was a car that took him to a field hospital.*

*We didn't make it to our objective that day but the troops on the left of us did. Their objective was kind of a cul-d-sac or a hole in the ground of about two acres. Well those Germans knew what they were doing. They just let those men walk into that hole. There were seventy men surrounded by*



the enemy. The company I was with was sent over to where these men were surrounded. We fought two days before we drove the Huns back. We were three days without sleep or anything to eat, but when we came out about 10 o'clock the cook had a meal all fixed up. There were seventy-seven men surrounded in that hole for nine days. Forty-three of them came out alive. They were called the "Lost Battalion" but that is wrong. They knew what was going on all the time.

About the middle of October we were moving along a trail in the woods and we heard a German plane flying low and slow. We all ducked under the brush. We had a new first Lieutenant. He fell on one side of the trail and I was on the other side. We heard something coming down and before we could move a piece of metal about sixteen inches long hit the ground and was half buried. We sure got out of there! The thing didn't explode so I guess it was a dud but we never stopped to see.

"Shells played a number of queer tricks. Most mysterious are those which did not explode at all, the "duds". A dud comes over with all the pomp, ceremony and animation of a regular shell, then suddenly loses all ambition, and lands with a dull, unsatisfying thud. The failure of a dud to explode sometimes depends only upon the movement of a tiny spring attached to the fuse, so that men are warned always to be careful in the vicinity of a dud. "You all cain't tell me that that boy ain't gonna go off sometime," a Kentucky lad told his associates one day while passing a dud on the road. "He's only playin' possum!"<sup>15</sup>

Another time, on a hot afternoon, a lot of the fellows were out of water. We were in a thick forest and there was a little stream of water nearby. There didn't seem to be much going on so I took six canteens and went down to the little stream. I was carrying three canteens on a chain on each side. A rifle was fired from a tall tree on the other side of the creek and the bullet went through the canteens on the right side. The boys back of me started shooting and that German came out of that tree screaming. He hit the ground and that was the end of him. We never heard a shot except for the fellow who fell out of the tree. I got the water and we were sure glad to get it.

The war was over the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month and everyone was happy. We chased the Huns right up to where we could look across the Rhine into Germany. The next morning the Germans sent out five hundred men - English, French, Americans, Italians, etc. - across the bridge. The Germans had kept the men in a pen with a high fence with their garbage. We got about a hundred of these men and I don't know where the others went. You never saw men so hungry. There was a pile of cans that had contained meat and other greasy food. Those men would take a can and run a finger inside to get what little grease they could. I don't know how they were fed because we left.

We were started on a walk that lasted fifteen or twenty days - I've forgotten how long it was. The kitchen went ahead of us to find a place to eat and sleep. We were given a bacon sandwich to carry until noon. We would walk an hour, rest for twenty minutes and go another hour. We walked south and west of Paris. Near Le Mans there were two villages where they found a place for the 306th Infantry. Company B, my company, got an old barn that was half underground. We got the loft. There was a floor on each side of the loft just

wide enough for a bed. I got the second bed from the door and the other guys had to go over the foot of my bed. We finally got an old chateau between the two villages. It was a very nice place with several rooms; generally four men to a room. We slept on the floor. There was a big yard with a lot of big trees.

We didn't have a place to drill, but our officers finally found a place. It was about fifteen acres. The thing about it was each month they took \$3.00 out of our pay to pay the rent on the parade grounds. (Soldiers pay was \$1.10 a day.) That was where I learned to be a soldier and there were several more just like me. It didn't take long for us to find out what to do.

I got to be soldier enough at Christmas time to go to a place where President Wilson and one of his daughters, King George of England, the president of France, General Foch of France, General Pershing and several more dignitaries were there.

"On Christmas he (President Wilson) will spend twelve hours in the Chaumont region where he will take dinner with the men at their mess and review 10,000 American soldiers. The forces taking part in the review will consist of one infantry battalion from each of these divisions; 6th, 29th, 77th (Upton), 80th and 82d. There will be an artillery unit from the 77th Division and two troops of the 6th Cavalry."<sup>16</sup>

About sixteen of us from our company went in a truck about twenty miles. It was raining all the way.

"All this part of France lay under a gray cloud, and a drizzling, cold rain fell when the President's train pulled into the station."<sup>17</sup>

The old truck had hard wide tires. The road was muddy and a good many times we had to get out and push the truck out of the ditch. Well, we finally got there to this field where the reviewing stand was. We got in our place, not very far back of the first rank and fairly close to the reviewing stand. This field had been plowed. About every twenty feet was a ditch. We had to walk through water a foot deep, but it was fairly close to the stand where I could see all the people that we came to see.

President Wilson reviewed the American troops at Langres, southeast of Chaumont, on the afternoon of December 25th. Chaumont had been the American's command center during the war. President and Mrs. Wilson were on their way from Paris to England. General John Joseph "Blackjack" Pershing, Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, accompanied the President when he reviewed the troops. Both the President and General Pershing addressed the troops at this time.<sup>18</sup>

About the 20th of April it was time to start home. The first thing was to get on a train and go north along the coast of France. We went to about twenty miles from Brest. There we got off the train in a small town and were taken to some barracks. The first thing was to get a good, hot bath to get rid of the nits. All the people in France had them. We would see little children sitting outside picking them out of one another's hair. We had our own shower that we made ourselves and used each Saturday, but the

bugs still came anyway. At this time we got new clothes, shoes and even new overcoats, which we didn't have before. They took our guns and bayonets away from us, which was good. Most of us got free haircuts that we needed.

We got on a train for Brest, a beautiful place and a busy port. There was a big ship docked there; a real beauty. There were two large German ships anchored in the United States when war was declared and the U.S. government took them over. The largest (this real beauty) was the Leviathan. The smaller of the two (Mount Vernon) was the one I got on at Brest. I had a picture of it but it has gotten lost. We got on this ship in the afternoon just about sundown. The ocean was calm, the sun shining and it was beautiful. We were on the ship four nights and three days. The morning after the fourth night, just as it was getting light, we saw the Statue of Liberty. We docked in New York.

To prepare the relatives and friends waiting the arrival of the 77th Major Joseph G. Fogarty of the Division issued a statement, including the following: "Men have fought for days without food, they have drunk half poisonous rain water from shell holes, have been indescribably dirty from living week after week in the field without even unlacing their boots, have shivered through long October nights lying drenched and without covering in the mud and rain."<sup>19</sup>

All the soldiers from the West were taken to barracks someplace outside of New York. (Camp Mills at Mineola where they were deloused, while the New York men were getting the same treatment at Camp Upton. No wonder they called their transport the Mount Vermin.) All the original soldiers of the 77th trained on Long Island at Camp Upton. We had to wait two weeks for the rest of the 77th Division to get there for the parade up through New York. It was a big parade.

"With more than a million spectators cheering and relatives and friends shouting personal greetings to individual marchers in all the modern languages, the 77th Division paraded in Fifth Avenue yesterday (May 6) from Washington Square to 110th Street, in one of the finest military spectacles which the city has ever witnessed." Major General Robert Alexander led the parade on a bay horse and carried across his saddle four long-stemmed American Beauty roses with which the Division was showered. At 110th Street he stopped and reviewed his men for the last time.<sup>20</sup>

The New Yorkers went to their camp after the parade and us Western guys stayed one night at the National Guard building. The next morning they lined us up on a street and a train pulled up along side of us. A first lieutenant with our outfit told us good-bye and said, "If it wasn't for you fellows the war would still be on."

We got on a train headed north through New York to Niagara Falls. They let us out there for a little while to see the falls. Quite a site! Then we headed west for Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was discharged from military service on the 22nd of May 1919 at Fort D. A. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

I boarded the Portland Rose at 6:00 p.m. for the final trip home. I had a nosebleed most of the night and got off the train at Green River, Wyoming to locate a doctor. I waited twenty-four hours before resuming my trip by



way of Umatilla, Wallula and Lewiston. I went to Uncle Walter's in Clarkston to spend the night. The next day Ethel and a friend went with me to Lewiston to catch the train to Ferdinand. While in Lewiston I had my picture taken.

When I arrived in Ferdinand none of the neighbors had anything to say to me. I walked to Uncle Gabe's<sup>21</sup> where he was eating supper with May and her children. Harry<sup>22</sup> was at another piece of land plowing. A neighbor, the man who ran the grain elevator (John Fry, manager of the Farmers Warehouse of Ferdinand), came running out to see me to welcome me home. He and his wife took me in their car out to the ranch.<sup>23</sup> Alfred came home in November and Ray was released shortly after the armistice.

Alfred Homer Collier hitch-hiked to Portland with a couple of friends to enlist. He signed up for four years on December 15, 1917. This was changed to the duration of the war. He was a Seaman 2nd Class in the United States Navy. He received an honorable discharge on 27 September 1919.

His ship, *U.S.S. Liberty*, sailed from San Francisco through the Panama Canal, up the eastern coast to New York; then across the Atlantic Ocean to Brest, France. He made eight trips over and back. One time they carried nothing but flour, another time potatoes and another time horses. On the return trips they brought troops home.

He had a couple of narrow escapes during his tour of duty. Once while sailing up the coast to New York in a convoy, the ship ahead of his was torpedoed and sunk.

On a return trip to New York a mast fell hitting him as he was working. He was knocked unconscious and was thought to be dead. It was a glancing blow and he came to okay. He was put in a hospital in New York for observation for three days.<sup>24</sup>

Ray Edwin Collier was inducted into the army on 21 July 1918 at Grangeville, Idaho. He was discharged at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington on 28 January 1919. He was a private in Battery D, 37th Field Artillery but never left Camp Lewis.<sup>25</sup>

#### NOTES

1. The military history of our family seems to center around Dad's "little Bible", an olive drab bound New Testament, which is one of the few items of his military career that survived the curiosity of six children. Although it did not travel all the miles my brothers traveled it began to symbolize the link between Dad's experiences in the Great War and the wars or police actions they were involved in. Dad began to wonder how far the "little Bible" had traveled so at the age of eighty-eight he wrote his memoir and ask each of them to do the same. He gave me fifteen hand written pages which I have edited and added to from subsequent inter-

November 20 to 24 - Division moves to the Les Islettes area. The 152nd Field Artillery and 302nd Ammunition Train moved to the vicinity of Grandpre.

November 26 to December 5 - Division moves to the 9th Training Area at Chateauvillain.

December 25 - One infantry battalion of the 77th included in the review at Langres by President Woodrow Wilson and General John J. Pershing.

February 7, 1919 - Division entrains to American Embarkation Center near Le Mans. (Here's where they finally got overcoats, new clothes and showers.)

April 14 - Division moves to Brest.

April 17 - Division Headquarters staff, Headquarters of the 153rd Infantry Brigade staff and 306th Infantry are first to sail.

May 9 - Last troops arrive in New York City.

Historical Section, Army War College. Order of Battle of the United States Land Forces in the World War: American Expeditionary Forces. Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1931.

#### SHIPS THAT BROUGHT THE 77TH HOME

Early in the twentieth century France, Germany, England and the United States were competing with each other to build the fastest, most luxurious liner to cater to the Bar Harbor and Newport set. They had lean, slim hulls, low super-structures and four tall, raked funnels. To get more speed they used as much as 250 tons of coal a day and left a long tail of black smoke behind them. Fortunes had been invested, won and lost, and famous steamship lines had been created and destroyed in the battle for the pennant which could be flown only by the fastest passenger liner.

These liners had varied careers during World War I. Many were sunk. Many of the German liners changed hands during and after the war.

The *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* was one of these. On a routine voyage to Europe in late July 1914 the passengers suddenly realized the ship had reversed its course. The only explanation from Captain Charles Polack was that war was about to be declared between the Central and Allied Powers. The ship carried twelve million dollars in gold and silver bullion in its strong-room. It was headed back to the neutral safety of the United States.

The liner was making its dash to safety through heavy fog without lights and with foghorn and wireless silent. On the morning of August 4th the liner was seen towering over the yachts in Bar Harbor. In the winter the liner was towed to Boston staying inside the three-mile limit to the frustration of the British cruisers patrolling offshore.

When the United States entered the war they took over the liner and it became the transport *Mount Vernon*. It was torpedoed by a German U-Boat off the French coast. The torpedo struck one of the engine rooms, which was immediately

sealed off by the closure of the water-tight doors. The screams of the trapped and drowning engine room crew could be heard throughout the ship. With the damaged compartment sealed off, the ship managed to reach Brest, where thirty-six bodies were removed from the engine room. The ship was repaired and put back in service.

The *Waterland* was launched in 1913 and it had reached New York on its third voyage when war broke out. It remained there until the United States entered the war. Then her German crew destroyed her blueprints, dismantled her engines and set about thoroughly mixing up her miles of fuel, water and steam lines. They hooked up pipes to the wrong outlets and then painted out the distinguishing colors. The American boarding party was perplexed to find toilets flushing live steam and the showers spraying fuel oil and bilge water.

The vast confusion was sorted out in a couple of months and the liner was re-named *Leviathan* and served as an American transport for the rest of the war.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm II* was launched 12 August 1902. It was seized by the United States in 1917, became part of the Cruiser and Transport Force, Atlantic Fleet, and the name changed to *Agamemnon*. Between 19 October 1917 and August 1919 she made 19 voyages to Europe transporting 78,249 passengers.

On April 24th the *Aquitania* arrived in New York with the first units of the 77th Division. It left Brest at 5:00 p.m. on April 18th with the *Leviathan* and made the trip in 5 days, 17 hours and 58 minutes. Because of the tide it did not dock until 11:00 a.m. The units on board belonging to the 77th were the 305th and 306th Machine Gun Battalions and 305th Infantry, complete, for a total of 118 officers and 5,050 men.

The *Leviathan* didn't arrive until the 25th and docked at 6:00 p.m. It had on board 10,888 men of the 42nd or Rainbow Division and 1,000 sick and wounded.

The naval transport *Mount Vernon* left Brest twenty-four hours before the *Aquitania* and arrived off Sandy Hook at 4:45 a.m. on the 24th and docked an hour and a half later. It made fast before the *Aquitania* only because it ran the quarantine station. Only a naval transport or warship would have been allowed to do this. The captain said it was to catch the tide, but it may have been because Major General Robert Alexander, commander of the 77th, and his staff were on board. It carried the Headquarters Company, the 306th Infantry, complete with 89 officers and 3,827 men, the theatrical and postal units for a total of 5,573 from the 77th.

The *America* left Brest on April 19th and docked at Hoboken at 9:00 a.m. on the 28th. On board were 6,000 members of the 77th including the entire 308th Infantry, the 154th Brigade Headquarters and the Headquarters Troop Supply Company; Companies A, B, C and E and the Machine Gun Company of the 307th Infantry.

The *Agamemnon* left Brest at 12:30 p.m. on April 21 and arrived at Hoboken in the early morning of the 29th. On board was the gunners of the 77th, including the 152nd Field Artillery Brigade Headquarters, the 304th, the 305th and the 306th Field Artilleries, complete. There was a total of 5,579 men from the 77th including 642 sick and wounded.

The *Louisville* left Brest on the 21st and docked at Hoboken at 7:00 a.m. on



the 30th. It had 2,000 men on board including Companies F, G, and H of the 307th Infantry, the 302nd Field Signal Battalion, the 302nd Motor Ordnance Repair Shop, the 302nd Mobile Veterinary Section, the 77th Division Headquarters Detachment and 307th Sales Commissary Unit.

The *President Grant* left Brest on the 22nd and arrived at Hoboken on March 6th, six hours after the parade was over. Before leaving Brest they had asked to be switched to the *George Washington*, which was in port at the same time, so they could be home in time for the parade. They were assured the *President Grant* would get them there on time. No matter how much coal they shoveled into the ancient boilers they could not make enough speed to attain their goal. On board was 2,000 men of the 77th including 302nd Train Headquarters and the 77th Military Police Company, 302nd Supply Train, 302nd Ammunition Train, 302nd Sanitary Train, 304th Machine Gun Battalion Detachment, 1 Motor Transport Office Quartermaster, and Railhead Detachment.

Troops of the 77th were also scheduled home on the *St. Louis* and *Nieuw Amsterdam*.

After the armistice the able bodied men of the 77th were 20,793 and 831 officers. The total casualties of the Division were 17,000 and of that number 1,600 were killed in action. There were 14,000 replacements. All were back in New York by May 9th.

"Log Book of the *U.S.S. Agamemnon*," Records of the Bureau of Naval Personnel (Record Group 24), National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.

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The New York Times. April and May 1919.



Alfred Collier (seated) and Horace Quigley met at Bordeaux and had this picture taken. Roy was to be there too, but was unable to meet them. He had his picture taken in Lewiston before going home.

