

The Life History of Martin Emmet Quinn

An Autobiography

Prologue

I, Martin Emmet Quinn, was born March 22, 1894. My grandfather, Martin James Quinn, came from Ireland. His native home was County Galway near Galway Bay. He was born about 1836. He came to Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, in the early 1860's joining the police force there about 1864 and was soon married to Sarah Steppe. My father, Michael John Quinn, the second child, was born October 24, 1866. He went to sea at the age of 14 years as a cabin boy on an old windjammer sail ship between Halifax and Boston. He did not take to sailing well, so he jumped ship in New York and became a sparring partner for John Sullivan for some time. He then drifted down through Old Mexico then back north joining the old wagon trains going west. He worked at various jobs and fought Indians along the way. He drifted up into Iowa in the fall and went to work for a cattle rancher for the winter. The rancher had a man teacher teaching at the school, and he talked Dad into going to school. By spring he had a pretty good education. That spring he drifted farther north to Harlan, Iowa. He found work in the neighborhood and soon became acquainted with his future wife, Lucinda McAnelly. She was a school teacher in the area. Her great grandfather had come from County Antrim, Ireland, in 1793. They had settled first in Pennsylvania. The next generation moved to Ohio, and the family was now living in Iowa. My mother and father were married in Sioux City, Iowa, on December 7, 1890.

The Move to Nebraska

After their marriage my parents began to lay plans to go West to the territory of Nebraska to file on some of the free land and build a new home along with my mother's sister's family, Effie and Levi Billiter. They began to acquire the needed equipment to start a farm - a covered wagon, a team of horses, and other supplies. On April 29, 1891, they crossed the Missouri River near Sioux City. After joining up with another outfit or two, they were on their way to the Wild West. There was plenty of wild game and fruit, such as service berries and wild plums which were very sweet and juicy, as well as chokecherries to eat as they traveled along their way.

There was a larger group a little ahead of Dad's which had a very foolish man aboard. He bragged that he was going to "get himself an Indian." The folks did not pay attention to him and thought it was some more of his windjamming. Sure enough, when they went through an Indian village where all the braves were out hunting, there was an old Indian woman sitting on a log. He up and shot her dead. Along toward evening they could see the Indians gathering around them on every side. They formed the wagons into their usual circle for battle, but they knew it was useless against such a large gathering of Indians. The Indians sent their chief under a flag of

truce. He made a demand for the man that had shot the Indian woman. He told them if the man was not delivered, the Indians would kill every man, woman, and child and burn the wagon train. The settlers could see it was “one or all” so the man, screaming for someone to shoot him, was delivered to the Indians. The Indians took him down to the river where he was stripped and tied with rawhide strips until he could not move. They cut the skin on his back in strips, then they took the skin strips at one end and pulled them from his body. The people at the wagon train could hear his screams for some time. They gradually became weaker and then stopped, and they thought he was surely dead. They held the wagon train in a circle until morning in case the Indians changed their minds. In the morning the Indians had left, and some troopers found the nude man’s body lying on an ant hill. The wagon train continued on their way.

After several days of hardship, Dad’s little group finally reached the little town of Butte, Nebraska, near the Platte River, which was on the wagon road to Denver. The Indians were very bothersome, and the Whites had some fortified houses. They always had some riders out who would notify them when the Indians were coming. The settlers would try to get to a fortified place, but sometimes they did not make it.

They decided to take a little look around and found some ground that suited their taste, so they squatted there. They had to wait for the surveyors to survey it so they could file on it. The surveyors came in due time. They had their little sod house built by then, but it was on the wrong quarter of land. The barn was on the right quarter, so they built a small frame house near the barn and moved into that so they could file on the quarter they really wanted.

At Butte

I, Martin Emmet Quinn, was born on March 22, 1894, in a raging blizzard in a sod shanty with a dirt floor on the plains of Nebraska. There was only Dad, Mother, and the storm. Dad started out the next morning to find a neighbor woman to come and stay for a few days. The nearest neighbor was 20 miles away, but everything turned out all right. I was told several years later that the drifts were three to four feet deep, and he had to go on horseback. The neighbor brought his wife with a team and sleigh.

One night after the folks had gone to bed, Dad heard some stock and a couple of riders go by. One of the riders said, “There is a nice looking animal. We will just cut her in.” Dad jumped out of bed and took his horse and took after them. In less than a mile he overtook them. Riding up behind with his shotgun dead on, he said, “All right, boys. Cut her out and take her back.” There was no argument. They did just that. Those men were riding, picking up a few head here and there, and taking them to another state to be sold.

I was about five years old at this time. One night there came a knock on the door. Dad went and opened the door and there stood five or six of those cattle thieves. They said they wanted our supper. Dad knew that the odds were against him, so he said, “All right, come in,”

even though we were pressed for food ourselves. They all wore sheepskin coats that came halfway down to their knees. You could see their gun ends below their coats. I was fascinated by those guns, and I remember yet going around the table peeking under their coats at those guns. They did not take off their hats or their coats while they were eating. After eating about all that Mother had in the house, they tromped out the door, and there was not a “thank you” in the crowd. They paid for all their deeds the night the vigilantes caught up with them. All but two were given a trial and were convicted and condemned to death. The two that got away were not home at the time and were never seen again. The others were executed; some by being put under the ice in the Niobrara River, and the rest were hung from a bridge.

The Runaway

Early one morning when I was very young, I saw smoke on the horizon. I started out to see what it was. When I was not present at the breakfast table, my father went out to the stable to get his saddle horse to go hunting for me. Dad said he found me seven miles from home, but I doubt that because I usually had to have a nap before I could go that far.

The Last Time I Ran Away

We had a little wagon that I used to gather up buffalo chips for fuel for the stove. Buffalo chips worked very well when they were dry, and there was nothing else to use. One day I thought it would be nice to go over to the neighbors. They were a German family that lived about three miles from our place. The lady used to put lard on the bread instead of butter. I thought that was pretty good, so I put baby Cly (Cliola) in the little wagon with me pulling and Gene pushing, and we set off for the neighbors. I thought we were doing all right until, looking back, I saw Dad coming with a long stick with a knot on the end. He caught up with us in a short distance. He put Gene in the wagon, and he pulled the wagon. Every time he caught up to me, he would poke me with that stick. When we got home, he told me to take off my pants. Then he got his big razor strap and placed me across his knees, bottom up. He then raised up the strap and let it fall by its own weight and said, “Will you ever run away from home again?” I said, “No, no.” Dad said, “Do you promise?” I said, “Yes, yes.” Then he said to go get my pants on.

The Day I Got a Jag On

In those days it was customary for the man who had his threshing finished to furnish a keg of beer. The men had finished ours, and Dad had the beer for them. When he had to leave for some reason, the men were sitting around the keg in a circle drinking the beer. Before long I showed up, and one of the men gave me a sip of his beer. I seemed to like it, so I went to the next, who gave me a sip and so on until my legs were giving me trouble. Mother, who was in the house, heard all the laughter. She came out in a hurry and grabbed me by the arm, not gently. The men got a lecture that they would remember for some time. Dad got some of the same. She was slow to anger and very gentle, but that time she was furious.

The Dutchman

There used to be an old Dutchman who lived down in a coulee below us. He made moonshine and would put the mash in a trough for the pigs and chickens. They would eat it and get drunk. He would sit on his doorstep and laugh at their antics. The pigs would stagger around and squeal until they fell and could not stand anymore. Then they would wallow around in the dust. The chickens would go through the same performance. They could not stand up either. One day Dad was going by, and he had me on the horse with him. As he had to go on to a neighbor, he left me with Mr. Shultz, who had made up his mind to poison some gophers. When Dad came back he found me carrying the poison bucket. Needless to say, he did not leave me with Mr. Shultz again.

The Rattlesnake

When I was about five, we had company one day and all the adults were inside. They heard me banging on the doorstep with the coal shovel, which was a little iron shovel about thirteen inches long. We used it to put coal in the stove. The dog was barking and the rest of the children were making various noises. The folks came running out to see what was going on. They found me pounding on a snake. It was pretty groggy from the blows to the head with the little iron shovel. The snake was a large rattler and could have done a lot of damage to the kids.

The Move to Alberta

Dad sold his farm in Nebraska in 1900 and shipped their belongings to Red Deer, Alberta. At this time the area was part of the Northwest Territories. He filed on a homestead near Markerville. There he farmed for four or five years. My mother died in 1904. Dad then sold out and moved to Red Deer where he had a livery stable and hotel. Dad remarried in 1907 to Rose Koshman. He sold out there and shipped four head of horses and his household goods to the Crow's Nest Pass in 1908. He built a log house there and contracted to take out mining props for a time. Then he sold out again and went to work in the woods. After that he went to work in the coal mines as a carpenter. In 1910 I got a job as a miner's helper. My brother, Gene, got a job as a lamp boy. The miners went on strike in 1911 so we moved to Kootenay Lake and bought 20 acres of fruit land. We were there for two or three years, but it did not prove very fruitful. My sister, Alberta, had been staying with an English family and going to school during that time. Gene and I had been working out for some time. Dad and Rose and the new family of one girl and two boys moved to Spokane in 1913. Dad got a job with the Milwaukee Railroad where he worked until retirement. The rest of his life he had a little farm out in the Spokane Valley where they raised as much as five acres of strawberries and employed as many as a hundred pickers in the peak of the season.

Bonnors Ferry

In the spring of 1913 my brother Gene was working in the woods at Libby, Montana. I had gone to Bonners Ferry looking for work. I found a job shoveling fill dirt onto wagons, but it took all my wages to pay for my board and room. The boss said if I wanted to go out on a farm he could get me a job. I said I would go and try it. I went on the train to Copeland, Idaho, to the McAnelly place. Mr. McAnelly was running a dairy, and I was a good milker. He said he would pay me 17 dollars a month, board and room and washing, with Sundays off except milking. I thought I would stay a few days and earn a few dollars then go to Libby where Gene was. The few days turned into five years. There were five in the family living at home. The family consisted of Mr. McAnelly and his wife, his daughter, Alice, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Day, and a 10 year old grandson, Frank.

I had been there a few days, and one night at supper I said that my grandfather was a McAnelly. Mrs. McAnelly nearly jumped out of her chair, as McAnelly was not a common name. She wanted to know what his first name was and where they lived. I said I did not know but could write to my father and find out. She could hardly wait until I got an answer. When it did come, I told her that the first name was Moses and that they lived in Iowa. Then she did jump out of her chair. She said my mother and her husband were first cousins, and from then on I was one of the family.

One day when Mr. McAnelly and I were on our way to his office, we passed through a room where Mrs. McAnelly and Alice were quilting. I was looking at Alice. When she saw I was looking at her, she dropped her eyes real quick. Her eyes were real big and blue, and it was then that I was smitten, I guess. After meals Alice had to wash the dishes and do all the cleaning up. One evening as I passed through the kitchen, I said to Alice, "If you will get me a dish towel, I will dry the dishes for you." She seemed willing and gave me a towel. After that it was a usual chore, and I helped her with anything else I could. Of course, this did not escape the eyes of her mother, and I found myself doing things for her too. That was all right with me, as I found buttons and patches put on my clothes, ironing and washing done for me. I thought I was one of the family, and that was all right with me. I thought a lot of Alice's mother. You might say I never had a mother, and she never had a son. Alice always said she was going to be an old maid. One evening after dishes were dried, we were leaving the kitchen, and Alice put her arms around me and gave me a kiss. That was some encouragement.

One day Alice's mother wanted to go up on the bench in the mountains. For some reason, Alice, who usually took her with the team and buggy, was not home so Mrs. McAnelly told me to hitch up the team and buggy and take her, as it was some distance, and it would take all afternoon. On the way, the subject of Alice came up, and she said that she and her husband would not object to Alice and I getting married, and they would give us a farm they had across the river. They offered to help us in any way they could to get started. That was in the fall of

1917. The dark clouds of war were on the horizon. I told Alice what her mother had said about what they could do for us. She brightened up a lot, so I asked her if she would let me buy her a ring. She said that she wanted a few days to think it over, but by then I had received a letter from Bonners Ferry asking that I have an exam for the army. I knew then I would be called for active duty, so I asked Alice again to let me buy her a ring, and that time she said, "Yes." We had to give up any plans of getting a farm or building a home or getting married, but I got her a ring, and in a few days I got a card from the draft board to report for active duty May 29. That gave me a week to settle up any business. The time seemed to fly and when the week was over, I found myself on the way to town with Mr. and Mrs. McAnelly and Alice to catch a troop train on the way to Camp Lewis in Tacoma, Washington, along with 13 carloads of cheering men. I think the whole county was there to see us off.

The following was transcribed from M.E. Quinn's original war journals.

I will try and write down a few dates and experiences while in Uncle Sam's services dating from May the first 1918.

Copeland, Idaho, May 1, Wednesday, 1918

Mr. McAnelly returned today from Spokane in his new car, a Buick six.

May 2, Thursday, 1918

Made up my mind this morning to go to the Ferry to see how I stand in the Draft.

May 3, Friday, 1918

Left Copeland, Idaho for Bonners Ferry, Idaho on stage in afternoon.

May 4, Saturday, 1918

I am the fourth man on the list to be called. They say I can have a release to enlist, so I will go in on the eighth and enlist in the Navy as there are thirteen to go the next month.

May 5, Sunday, 1918

Folks have gone to the Ferry with Ed Maxwell's baby. I and Alice at home with Grandma.

May 6, Monday, 1918

Came into town a day earlier than I had planned, but I found I am too late as they have received their order for the men, and they will no grant my release.

May 8, Wednesday, 1918

I received my call today to report for duty May 29th at 5 P.M. Three more weeks, and then I must say good-bye to civil life.

May 10, Friday, 1918

Mrs. Dilhoon gave a party for Chance Guthrie and I. We had a nice time, games and music. Toasts given by Mrs. McAnelly and other guests.

May 11, Saturday, 1918

Went to a show with Alice in Ed Wilson's Hall.

May 12, Sunday, 1918
Went to Maplea with the McAnelly's in their new car. Had a fine trip. The roads were good, and it was a very nice day. Had a few thrills such as meeting trains and autos.

May 26, Sunday, 1918
Spent most of day talking with Alice. Two more days and then for the Unknown.

May 29, Wednesday, 1918
Mr. McAnelly took me to the Bonners Ferry in auto with Mrs. McAnelly and Alice. Reported 5 P.M. for active service. Alice and I had walked a mile back to say good-bye, then I walked on, and she went back to her folks and home.

May 30, Thursday, 1918
Left Bonners Ferry, Idaho, for Camp Lewis, Washington, 9:30 A.M. Missed seeing my folks at Spokane. Mrs. Greisinger met me with a nice lunch at Wilson Creek.

May 31, Friday, 1918
Arrived in Camp Lewis 4:30 A.M. A sergeant came on and gave us orders how to get off. We were taken through receiving station and then marched in columns of fours to barracks where they began taking our measure for clothing. 37 Co. 166 Depot Brigade.

June 1, Saturday, 1918
We were lined up this morning and taken over to the infirmary where they gave us a hypo in our arm for typhoid and a vaccination in the other for smallpox. Stood retreat tonight for the second time. A great many keeled over from effects of the vaccinations.

June 2, Sunday, 1918
Went to church today in Recreation Hall.

June 5, Wednesday, 1918
Received my uniform today. Had an awful time getting it on, and it feels very uncomfortable.

June 6, Thursday, 1918
Going through close order drill - squads right and left.

June 8, Saturday, 1918
Received rifle and bayonet, also second hypo in arm. Usual drill until June 18th. Camp has been full of rumors that we are going to move.

June 19, Wednesday, 1918
Orders to pack up our equipment. We entrained at 2 P.M. and left Camp Lewis, Washington, for Camp Kearny, California. 20th and 21st spent on the train.

June 22, Saturday, 1918

Arrived in Camp Kearny, California, at 12 o'clock noon. It is quite different to Camp Lewis being all tents and very little timber. Camp Lewis was barracks and plenty timber. Saturday afternoon and Sunday the 23rd spent with 160th Infantry.

June 24, Monday, 1918

Transferred to a regular outfit. 145 Machine Gun Battalion of the 40th Division known as the Sunshine Division. Company C is the Co. I am in.

July 2, Tuesday, 1918

First pay day. Paid \$22.40.

July 4, Thursday, 1918

Took my examination on rules and regulations, qualified, and got my pass.

July 6, Saturday, 1918

Went to San Diego, California. Took some snaps. Was at Balboa Park, the Naval training station. It was a very beautiful place.

July 7, Sunday, 1918

Returned to Camp from San Diego about noon. It was about an hour's ride from Camp.

July 21, Sunday, 1918

The usual drill from July the 7th to July 21st.

July 22, Monday, 1918

My first guard mount. Two hours on and four off for twenty-four hours.

July 26, Friday, 1918

The usual drill from the 22nd to 26th. Had the Co.'s picture taken.

July 27, Saturday, 1918

Orders to pack up to leave. Got on train and left about 8 P.M. Arrived at San Bernardino, California, about 10 P.M. Left 10:30.

July 28, Sunday, 1918

Arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada 2:30 P.M. Arrived in Caliente, Nevada 9 P.M.

July 29, Monday, 1918

Arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah 4:25 P.M. Train stopped by the Lake. We all got off and had a swim in it. Arrived in Ogden 6 P.M. Off for exercise. Evanston, Wyoming 9:30 P.M.

July 30, Tuesday, 1918

Arrived in Rawlins, Wyoming 6:30 A.M. Laramie, Wyoming 10:35 A.M. Off for exercise. Arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming 1 P.M. Thirty minutes liberty. Arrived in Julesburg, Colorado 5:30 P.M. Arrived in Sidney, Nebraska 6 P.M.

July 31, Wednesday, 1918

Arrived in Manilla, Iowa 8:30 A.M. Perry, Iowa 11 A.M. Off for thirty minutes exercise. Crossed Mississippi River into Illinois 5:30 P.M. Arrived in Chicago, Illinois 10 P.M. My turn standing guard.

August 1, Thursday, 1918

Pulled into Toledo, Ohio on guard 10 A.M. Pulled into station 12 noon. Had swim in Lake Erie. Water pretty cold. After the swim the Red Cross gave us pie and lemonade. Pulled through part of Pennsylvania between noon and 6:45 P.M. At this time we arrived in Dunkirk, New York. We got off and stood in ranks while train was cleaned up.

August 2, Friday, 1918

Arrived in Albany, New York 7:30 A.M. Arrived in New York City 11 A.M. Got off train and marched onto Ferry on Hudson River. I am feeling pretty bad. Crossed river about 4 P.M. where I saw Statue of Liberty, Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth building. Also several transports loaded with troops. One was the Fatherland, the biggest boat afloat, a German ship. Got off Ferry at 5 P.M. We were served coffee on Ferry with cake by the Red Cross. Also on train coffee and a sandwich before leaving at noon on Ferry and about seven on train at Long Island City where we left Ferry and got on train. Left Long Island City for camp 8:30 P.M. Arrived in camp Mills about 10 P.M. Got off train at Hempstead about an hour's walk from camp.

August 3, 4, & 5

Spent in getting our overseas equipment and turning in our old stuff. I have been feeling pretty bad ever since leaving Chicago.

August 5, Monday, 1918

Left Camp Mills for Minnesota Hospital. My temperature 103.2. Went over to hospital in Albany. W. Rucker went as far as there with me. Arrived at Hospital 9:30 P.M.

From the 5th to the 22nd of August, I spent in the hospital.

August 22, Thursday, 1918

Left hospital in morning by truck with a bunch of others for Camp Mariot. Passed through Brooklyn and New York City along River Side Drive where I saw Grant's tomb. Arrived in Camp Mariot at noon.

From 22nd until the 30th, I spent at Camp Mariot in Casual Co. I.

August 30, Friday, 1918

Orders to pack up. Left Camp Mariot after dinner for Camp Mills. After getting off train, we had pretty hard hike to our camp. Got in about ten. They had a hot supper for us when we pulled in.

August 31, Saturday, 1918

With a regular outfit again. 327 Machine Gun Battalion Co. B. 84 Division.

September 1, Sunday, 1918

Left Camp Mills 2 A.M. Arrived in New Haven 6:30 A.M. The Red Cross served us with coffee and cakes. Arrived at Hartford, Connecticut 8:05 A.M.

September 2, Monday, 1918

Arrived in Springfield, Massachusetts 8:40 A.M., Brattleboro, Vermont 1:15 P.M., St. Jonesburg, Vermont 4:08 P.M. Crossed boundary line into Canada about 8 P.M.

September 3, Tuesday, 1918

Arrived in Quebec, Canada, about 7 A.M. Red Cross served us with coffee before getting on boat at 9 A.M.

Embarked about 10 A.M. We were handed our "Landed Safely Overseas" card as we went on to be filled out by us. They were posted when we landed in England at Washington after they received cable that we had landed.

On board *S.S. Orita*. Quartered on upper troop deck, section 2, mess table 25. Dinner 3 P.M. 1900 men on board, 1100 white and 900 colored troops.

Fire broke out 10 P.M. next to a store room of high explosives, about 70 tons. The fire department got there in time or it might have been another Halifax affair.

September 4, Wednesday, 1918

Lying at anchor in the St. Lawrence River. Everything seems an awful muddle.

September 5, Thursday, 1918

Burial service for an engineer, one of ship's crew. We are now putting out to sea. She looks pretty big. Boat rocking slightly.

September 6, Friday, 1918

Lying in my hammock. Feeling pretty tough. Nearly rammed by cruiser this morning at Reveille. Pretty close call. Boat rocking more than yesterday.

September 7, Saturday, 1918

Sick all day. Sea running higher than ever. Didn't eat anything today. 10:30 P.M., just off guard. The toughest guard I hope I ever have to stand.

September 8, Sunday, 1918

Feeling some better. Sea calmer but awful foggy.

September 9, Monday, 1918

Fine day today. Feeling better. Only slight sea running but nothing tastes good yet.

Picked up another convoy at retreat. We are about twenty-two vessels now.

September 10, Tuesday, 1918

Cold rain with wind. Ship rolling a great deal. Feeling a lot better. Little headache.

Feeling chilly.

September 11, Wednesday, 1918

Cloudy. Not much wind. Boat rolling some. Ship crew getting boats in order. Feeling pretty good. Picked up a Quebec paper dated the third. Read it through and enjoyed it.

September 12, Thursday, 1918

Cloudy. Cold and wind with rain. Stayed below most all day.

September 13, Friday, 1918

Feeling pretty sick. Sea running higher than any time yet. I didn't eat any dinner today.

September 14, Saturday, 1918

Fine day. Picked up a convoy of sub chasers and destroyers. We are in danger zone now. I am on K.P. today. Feeling some better today. Orders to sleep on deck tonight for safety.

September 15, Sunday, 1918

Rain and fog. They say we are fifteen miles from Irish coast. Saw a lighthouse or the light last night.

September 16, Monday, 1918

Morning foggy and rainy. Sighted land, the coast of England, 10:25 A.M. Afternoon cloudy but no fog. Left steamer at 5 P.M. at Liverpool and took train for South Hampton.

September 17, Tuesday, 1918

Left train at South Hampton about 8 A.M. then hiked out to a little rest camp where we had dinner and inspection. Pretty hard trip for the conditions we were in. A very poor dinner too. Hiked back about 3 P.M. and got on boat, left dock 5 P.M.

September 18, Wednesday, 1918

Landed in La Havre, France, 1:40 A.M. No sleep last night. Everyone about tired out owing to close quarters. We cleaned up boat and started for a camp about 9 A.M., about five kilometers hike. The boys began falling out after first half hours tramp. They fell out all along - clear out. All uphill with full pack.

September 19, Thursday, 1918

Left camp for train 1 P.M. They loaded us on a boxcar 2:10 P.M. Left Le Havre about 5 P.M.

September 20, Friday, 1918

Rode on train all day, like riding in a pine box with about ten more. Awful crowded. No place to rest or sleep. The usual thing.

September 21, Saturday, 1918

Left train about 11 A.M. Arrived in our new quarters about 11:30 A.M. at an old Catholic Monastery in which we were billeted. It was built about 1600. That made it of 300 years old. It had been shot down in some of the old wars a couple times and rebuilt.

It had broken glass set in cement on the walls that surrounded it. Chancelade is the name of place.

September 22, Sunday, 1918

Sunday morning in France. Raining. I went to mass, 10:20. The priest gave us a little blessing. I noticed that all the paintings on the wall had been cut out of frames and sewed in again.

September 23, Monday, 1918

Blackberrying in morning. Hike in afternoon, rainy.

September 24, Tuesday, 1918

Squads right Co. Drill. Physical drill.

September 25, Wednesday, 1918

The usual drill in morning. Inspection by general. He gave us quite a little talk in which he told us we were to be a combat division.

September 26, Thursday, 1918

Usual drill in morning. Hair cut, bath in afternoon, then play hour which was harder work than drill.

September 27, Friday, 1918

Usual drill in morning. Hike to Parigo in afternoon.

September 28, Saturday, 1918

Singing and squads right inspection company drill.

September 29, Sunday, 1918

Bulgaria has capitulated. Beginning of the end, I hope.

September 30, Monday, 1918

Have had pretty hard drilling so far since our arrival here.

October 1, Tuesday, 1918

Signed pay roll once again.

October 2, Wednesday, 1918

After noon, four hours hike by battalion.

October 5, Saturday, 1918

Battalion review by Major.

October 6, Sunday, 1918

False report that Germany capitulated.

October 9, Wednesday, 1918

Have taken the dysentery. Awful bad from the 9th until 12th. A French lady called me in her house and gave me some peppermint tea on the 11th. On light duty.

October 13, Sunday, 1918

Feeling a little better. Another false report about Germany. Fired ten rounds on Browning machine gun.

October 14, Monday, 1918

Feeling pretty good although pretty weak. Fired 60 rounds. Received helmet and heavy underwear.

October 15, Tuesday, 1918

Big wreck last night at Chancelade. A lot of men killed and hurt. Rainy. Inside today spent on guns.

October 17, Thursday, 1918

Wrote Alice. Fired on range. Rained, so came in at nine o'clock. Inside the rest of the day.

October 18, Friday, 1918

Wrote Alberta.

October 19, Saturday, 1918

Beginning of the Spanish flu.

October 20, Sunday, 1918

Paid 391 Francs. Feeling pretty sick.

October 28, Monday, 1918

Quite a lot of the sick boys going to hospital and some of them dying. Makes a fellow realize how small, and he is. I am feeling pretty sick and discouraged. I wonder if I will ever get back home.

October 29, Tuesday, 1918

Over 100 of the boys packed up and left.

November 1, Friday, 1918

Paid 143 Francs 50 centimes.

November 3, Sunday, 1918

Have been pretty sick since Oct. 19th. Feeling better today although very weak. Marked duty today to keep from Hospital.

November 4, Monday, 1918

Drill in morning. Polishing billets in afternoon.

November 5, Tuesday, 1918

Same drill. Beginning to feel some stronger. Stomach out of order yet. Battalion review after noon. Banquet in French restaurant tonight, songs and speech by Lieutenant Nall. We are to leave in morning on our way for the front.

November 6, Wednesday, 1918

Rolled our packs and loaded them on truck at 8 A.M. Left Chancelade for Parigo on truck at three o'clock in afternoon. Arrived at Parigo 3:30 where we sat around for about four hours. Battalion band played some. Loaded on train about 8 P.M. on our way to front.

My equipment consists of:

4 pair heavy socks	1 canteen
2 pair heavy trench shoes	1 canteen cover
2 suits heavy underwear	1 first aid pack
1 pair spiral leggings	1 first aid pouch
2 O.D. (Olive Drab) shirts	2 magazine pouches
2 O.D. blankets	toilet articles
1 overcoat	1 Red Cross comfort kit: needles, thread,
1 O.D. coat	buttons, safety pins, straight pins, scissors,
3 pair gloves	trench mirror, tooth brush, tooth paste, comb,
1 overseas cap	two towels
7 pair shoe laces	1 razor, Gillette
3 collar ornaments	1 crucifix (given to each one of us before
1 tent pole	leaving by priest)
5 tent pins	forty rounds pistol ammunition
1 tent rope	six instruction books
1 waist belt	1 helmet
1 pistol belt	1 gas mask
1 shelter half	1 Red Cross sweater
1 rain coat	Extra:
2 lb. canned beef R. ration	5 cans sardines
4 lb. hard tack	1 lb. hard tack
2 oz. coffee	1 can tomatoes
2 oz. sugar	2 lb. sugar
1 oz. salt	6 packets tobacco
1 pack carrier	1 pair light socks
1 mess kit	2 towels
1 knife, fork, and spoon	1 big onion
1 canteen cup	mess kit full of lunch

November 7, Thursday, 1918

Rode on train all day. Left train about 9 P.M. at Le Mans. Hiked about 8 kilometers to a camp field. Hard hike up hill through the mud. Pitched our shelter tents in the mud where there was thousands of others. In them you could hear the men coughing. Everything wet and soggy. The men sleeping on wet ground. It looked pretty scary to me.

November 8, Friday, 1918

Just back from ration detail. Sitting in my dog tent. On detail and K.P. all day. Started raining about noon. Everything wet and muddy. More reports of war ended. All kinds of equipment lying around this camp.

November 9, Saturday, 1918

Fine sunny morning. Went over to Officers quarters and helped to roll up Lieutenant Nall's baggage, and he gave me a new rain coat. Fine day all day. Gave our equipment a chance to dry out. Hundreds of men coming and going here every minute.

Orders came in about 2 P.M. to pack up. Rolled our packs and left about 4 P.M.

Lieutenant Nall shook hands with us and bade us good-bye. He was the nicest man and officer I ever met.

We were marched 9 kilos. Got pretty warm then stood around in cold for two hours. No rain but plenty of mud. We were then marched through a big gate into a big camping field. Unslung our packs and laid them down in the mud. We then went to supper.

While at supper someone stole my outfit. I had no blankets so went over to a little camp fire and sat up all night. It was a long, cold night to me.

November 10, Sunday, 1918

Went through the mill and was issued a new outfit. This is a classification and forwarding camp. You can see thousands of men coming and going every minute. Laid around all day. Got a good bunch of straw and made a good bed and just got to sleep when order came in to pack up. Left camp for train. About 9:30 loaded on train. About 1136 men per car. Awful cold and crowded.

November 11, Monday, 1918

Spent the day on train pretty cold. Armistice signed today. French having a great time. Flags everywhere. They are happy as can be, and they are not alone.

November 12, Tuesday, 1918

Left train at Longville and hiked to Chardagne, about 14 kilometers. Arrived at Chardagne about 9 P.M. About all in when we arrived there. A long hard hike. I and several others got into an old French woman's hay. One good night's sleep. Next morning she ran us out. She was mad as a wet hen.

November 13, Wednesday, 1918

With a new outfit again. Co. B 111 Machine Gun Bn., 29 Division. They gave us the morning to clean up. Co. went out in afternoon, but I missed them. Went on guard 6 P.M.

November 14, Thursday, 1918

On guard today. Went out to airplane in afternoon to relieve Private Swisher.

November 15, Friday, to 16th, 1918

Drill. Policing. Cleaning up.

November 17, Sunday, 1918

Got Division insignia put on my shoulder. Bought a razor for 20 francs.

November 18, Monday, 1918

Packed up and hiked about 30 kilometers from Chardagne to Velarres.

November 19, Tuesday, 1918

Drill. Bad cold with cough.

November 20, Wednesday, 1918

Set up carts and hauled them to loading station.

November 21, Thursday, 1918

On loading detail with forty more. Rolled our packs and went to the next town and loaded our carts and wagons on train. No dinner or supper. We got on train. About 4:30 P.M. we left there. Straw in cars to sleep on for once. Ligne.

November 22, Friday, 1918

Pulled into Jossey 4 A.M. Unloaded our wagons. Hauled them out along road. After that we had breakfast and hiked 14 kilos to Fresnes.

November 23, Saturday, 1918

24 hours to bathe and clean up. Polishing and cleaning all day.

November 24, Sunday, 1918

Haven't done much since landed here. We are in barracks here. We had 20 minutes open air service by YMCA man. A gloomy day. Wrote Alice and Alberta today.

November 25, Monday, 1918

Cleaning up and getting equipment together. Rain and mud. This is sure a muddy place.

November 26, Tuesday, 1918

Drill, bathe, etc. Cloudy and muddy.

November 27, Wednesday, 1918

More rain. Mud, six inches deep. Inside Mess Hall on gun stripping and assembling, immediate action, etc.

November 28, Thursday, 1918

Thanksgiving Day off. Chicken dinner bought out of Co. fund. Wrote Alice and Alberta today.

November 29, Friday, 1918

Went downtown tonight. Got four glasses for serving, also something that was not issued.

November 30, Saturday, 1918

Inspection. Took bath and washed my clothes. Schedule for coming week. 4 hour drill, morning. 1 hour play in afternoon with the usual formations.

December 2, Monday, 1918

Sent Xmas cards to Alice, Alberta, and Mrs. McAnelly.

December 3, Tuesday, 1918

Issued a few pieces of candies. More rain and deeper mud.

December 7, Saturday, 1918

Big review and field inspection of equipment, billet, transportation and guns.

December 8, Sunday, 1918

Wrote Alice today and also Alberta. 19 men transferred today. 19 in and 19 out.

U. S. Casualties up to the signing of armistice

Killed and died of wounds	36,154
Died of diseases	13,811
Died of other causes	2,204
Wounded	179,625
Prisoners	2,168
Missing	1,160
Total	235,117

Later Report

Killed	58,478
Wounded	189,955
Missing	14,290
Total	262,723

Report on prisoners had been delayed at this time.

December 10, Tuesday, 1918

On K.P. for the next three days.

December 13, Friday, 1918

Big review of about 3000 men. Two men from D Co. were awarded the D.S.C.
(Distinguished Service Cross).

December 14 & 15, Sat & Sun, 1918

Wrote Alice two letters and Alberta one.

December 20, Friday, 1918

Big divisional field maneuver with equipment. About 20 kilo hike.

December 21, Saturday, 1918

Usual Saturday morning inspection. Beginning to get ready to move. Today drew a new razor. Mud a foot deep. Rain every day.

December 23, Monday, 1918

Left Fresnes for Corre 10 A.M. Drenching rain every few minutes. 18 kilo hike.

December 25, Wednesday, 1918

Xmas. Chocolate, candy, cakes, cigarettes, chewing gum for dinner.

December 26, Thursday, 1918

Small skiff of snow.

December 29, Sunday, 1918

Football game between B & C Companies. Score 1 to 1.

January 1, Wednesday, 1919

Football game via B & A Co.s. Score 2-0, favor A Co.

January 2, Thursday, 1919

Reveille 4 A.M. Big mass over at Martinsville about eight kilos away, excused from retreat.

January 3, Friday, 1919

Another maneuver at the same place as on the 2nd. Reveille 4:30 A.M. I went on guard after retreat.

January 4, Saturday, 1919

I was on guard, No. 1 post. I heard three court martial prisoners refused to get up this morning.

January 5, Sunday, 1919

Wrote Alice a letter. The rumor today that the lumber is in to crate the M.G. (machine gun) carts.

January 7, Tuesday, 1919

On range fired with Vicors M.G. - 25 rounds - bursts of 5. Also five shots with Automatic Pistol.

January 9, Thursday, 1919

A bunch transferred including Corporal Dixon.

January 24, Friday, 1919

1st and 2nd platoons less a few men in 2nd platoon on delinquent list for two weeks. No passes for a month, to do all extra duty.

January 27, Monday, 1919

Snowed about 2 1/2 inches.

February 7, Thursday, 1919

Letter from Alberta saying Eugene was killed Jan.9. 30

March 17, Monday, 1919

Brigade review. Hiked about ten kilos to be reviewed by Gen. Morton.

March 21, Friday, 1919

Inspected by Divisional inspector. Continued Saturday and Sunday.

March 24, Monday, 1919

Inspected and reviewed by General Pershing between Chatlon and in the vicinity of Fresnes, France.

March 27, Thursday, 1919

Check field inspection.

March 30, Sunday, 1919

Snowed six inches. Rained all day the day before. Nice and slushy.

April 4, Friday, 1919

Battalion Barrage 48 guns.

April 7, Monday, 1919

Transportation inspection.

April 8, Tuesday, 1919

Freddy Parks left this morning to look for billets. They say we move soon. Willie Christan fought out a grudge with Cook Peck.

April 9, Wednesday, 1919

Turning in guns and equipment.

April 14, Monday, 1919

Left Corre about 8 A.M. Entrained at Passvant about 11 A.M. where YMCA ladies served us hot cocoa and cakes.

April 15, Tuesday, 1919

Arrived in Creusot, France about 7 A.M.

April 16, Wednesday, 1919

Arrived in Tours about 7 A.M. Arrived in Lesnaus about 12 noon. Served hot coffee and cakes by Red Cross. Arrived in Beaumont, France where after leaving train about 1 P.M.

we were served hot cocoa and cakes by YMCA, then hiked about three kilos to Juille where we were billeted.

April 17, Thursday, 1919

Except for cootie inspection, off all day. Went into Beaumont. Bought a watch for 55 Francs.

April 18, Friday, 1919

Hike inspection. Went into Beaumont and got a ring for Alice and Alberta - 26 and 28 Francs

April 19, Saturday, 1919

Inspection in morning. Cootie inspection in P.M.

April 22, Tuesday, 1919

SOS equipment inspection.

April 23, Wednesday, 1919

SOS cootie inspection.

April 24, Thursday, 1919

Equipment inspection. The Skipper advises us to roll our bottom rolls today.

April 25, Friday, 1919

Left Juille about 3 P.M. Left Beaumont about 5 P.M.

April 26, Saturday, 1919

Arrived in St. Nazaire 4:30 A.M. Unloaded and hiked out to camp about four kilos. Billeted about 4 P.M. in Camp No. 2.

April 27, Sunday, 1919

On duty until 10:30 A.M. then moved to isolation camp No. 1.

May 8, Thursday, 1919 - 309 m.

Left Camp 1 about 7 A.M. Loaded on boat about nine. Pulled out at noon. 3 P.M. still in sight of land. A very slight roll to boat. Feeling fine to start with.

May 9, Friday, 1919 - 305 m.

Slight sea sick in morning. Feeling fine.

May 10, Saturday, 1919 - 228 m.

Fine in morning. Wind raising at noon. Everyone feeding the fish after dinner. Feeling pretty rocky.

May 11, Sunday, 1919 - 207 m.

Heavy sea running all day. Ate a little bite about 2 P.M. from canteen. Feeling tough.

May 12, Monday, 1919

Heavy sea running all day. Ate a little today from canteen. Feeling a little better.

May 13, Tuesday, 1919 - 208 m.

Heavy sea running. Ate breakfast. Feeling good on guard, 1st relief. Wind changed SW to NW.

May 14, Wednesday, 1919 - 286 m.
Raining. Slight improvement on water.

May 15, Thursday, 1919 - 228 miles
Fine day. Sea calm as could be expected.

May 16, Friday, 1919 - 297 m.
Fine calm day. Rainy in evening.

May 17, Saturday, 1919 - 290 m.
Fine day all day. Very hot. On guard.

May 18, Sunday, 1919 - 316 m.
Fine all day. Little wind and rain in evening.

May 19, Monday, 1919 - 307 m.
Fine day all day. On guard.

May 20, Tuesday, 1919 - 255 m.
Sighted land 5:30 A.M. Docked about 10 A.M. Loaded on train 3 P.M. Left NY 3:15 P.M. Arrived in Camp Dix about 8 P.M.

May 21, Wednesday, 1919
Went through delouser. Turned in wet equipment.

May 26, Monday, 1919
Transferred to the 50th inf. causal co.

May 28, Wednesday, 1919
Left Camp Dix for Camp Russell 11:15 A.M., Philadelphia, Penn. 12:30 P.M., Harrison, Penn. 4:30 P.M., Lewiston, Penn. 6:30 P.M., Altoona, Penn. 9 P.M.

May 29, Thursday, 1919
Pittsburgh, Penn. about 1 A.M., Mansfield, Ohio 8:25 A.M., Fort Wayne, Indiana 11 A.M., Chicago, Illinois 3 P.M., De Kalb, Ill. 7 P.M., Sterling, Ill. 8:30 P.M. Crossed Mississippi 9 P.M.

May 30, Friday, 1919
Missouri Valley, Iowa 7 A.M., Omaha, Neb. 8 A.M. - Red Cross. Fremont, Neb. 11 A.M., Columbus, Neb. 12 noon, Kearny, Neb. 2:45 P.M., Sidney, Neb. 7:30 P.M.
Arrived in Cheyenne 11 P.M.

May 31, Saturday, 1919
Left Cheyenne about 9 A.M. for camp. Took exams. Turned in pay book. Signed pay roll and discharge 5:30.

June 1, Sunday, 1919

Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming - snowed and blowed most all day.

June 2, Monday, 1919

Discharged 11 A.M. Left Cheyenne 11:20 P.M.

June 3, Tuesday, 1919

Arrived in Billings 9 P.M.

June 4, Wednesday, 1919

Left Billings 8:30 A.M. Arrived in Great Falls 7 P.M.

June 5, Thursday, 1919

Arrived in Bonners Ferry 1:40 P.M. Had bath and shaved beard. McAnelly's had moved. Went to show with Mrs. Chambels and Mrs. McAntre.

June 6, Friday, 1919

Left Bonners Ferry 7 A.M. Arrived in Spokane 11 A.M.

June 9, Tuesday, 1919

Left Spokane 8:30 A.M.

June 10, Wednesday, 1919

Arrived in Big Sandy 11 A.M. Back to McAnelly's at noon.

The folks were at the train to meet me. I stayed with them about a month then Frank, Alice, and I went out to Washington to take in the harvest and threshing. After that Alice and Frank went home, and I went to work in an elevator where I worked all winter. Then I went back to Montana. I worked most all summer for the McAnelly's and got ready to start on a place we rented from the Russell's. On June 12, 1920, Alice and I were married in Fort Benton. We had purchased 13 head of cattle, 6 milk cows, and the rest younger stuff, wheat, a sulky, 1 bottom plow, a six foot disk, 6 horses that were not much, and a couple sections of harrow. The house was not much, siding nailed on 2X4s and lined inside with cardboard. It was 20 below beside the bed. Tea kettle froze solid. Chickens all froze their combs. Not many eggs. I had broken out 50 acres of sod, planted to winter wheat. It was a beautiful stand of wheat just beginning to ripen. We were all in town for the Fourth of July. When we got home, there had been a hail storm that had mowed it off and washed it away, so I had to go out in the harvest fields and threshing to earn money to buy seed for the next year. We had to live off the garden, cream from the cows, and eggs from the chickens. That was a hard winter, a lot of snow and cold weather. There were a few cottontails that helped out at times on the meat bill. We had raised six pigs that summer. Sold four and butchered two which we put in the salt house for winter. We stayed on the farm for the first six years then we bought a six cylinder Chevy with a cloth top, and then we drove to Spokane to see the folks. Mack, our first boy, was six years old by that time if I remember right. We had about 3 head of cattle and purchased a half section of federal land which took ten more

years to pay for. It had more buildings and a livable house of about five rooms. Had a monarch range that burned oil. I had built a new cow barn. I still milked five or six cows and worked from five in the morning until dark. I never knew what it was to get tired. There were some good years but more bad ones - hot dry winds. By 1946, I had everything paid for, then I could sleep at night and not worry that every car coming down the road was a collector.