

THE DIARY OF A DOUGHBOY

CPL. LAWRENCE P. KEEGAN. CO. L. 362d INF., 91st DIV. "WILD WEST DIVISION" INTERESTING DATES IN MY A. E. F. CAMPAIGN.

Sept. 7, 1917.—Arrived in Camp Lewis in very disagreeable weather and started training in civilian clothes. Oct. 1, 1917.—Still training in civilian clothes and getting into fine shape. Nov. 1, 1917.—Look like soldier now, and feeling fine; visit Seattle every week end. Dec. 1, 1917.—Still the same old thing—lots of drill. Dec. 25, 1917.—Xmas, and SOME dinner in camp; also, visited Seattle and had some fun. Jan. 1, 1918.—Another big feed, and spent three days in Seattle; visited Mrs. Marquette at the Mortimer Apts., and visited some Butte friends. Jan. 10, 1918.—On rifle range and qualified for the finals. Jan. 20, 1918.—Digging trenches and dug-outs—and always in mud. Jan. 24, 1918.—Broke my right ankle in a cave-in, and was packed two miles to an ambulance and then to the base hospital. Feb. 1, 1918.—Am in a cast and have three weeks yet before they take my ankle out, am having fine treatment. Feb. 20, 1918.—Still in cast; seven more days and I'll be out of bed; have been promised a furlough. March 1, 1918.—Am up and around; expect to leave hospital in a few days. March 11, 1918.—Am on my way to visit my baby in Butte for 30 days—and "some happy." March 20, 1918.—Am having the time of my life; the baby is very happy. April 1, 1918.—Went to Idaho Falls, and visited Baily and Grover; also went with a drink. April 8, 1918.—Bid my baby goodbye at depot; was sorry to leave her, as she was crying, "poor baby." April 9, 1918.—Spended in Spokane; visited my mother and sisters. April 11, 1918.—On my way to Camp Lewis, and am loaded with a few bottles for the "boys." May 1, 1918.—Have it easy; am not doing a thing—"pretty soft." June 1, 1918.—Still doing the same old thing—"nothing." June 20, 1918.—Packing up and already to leave. June 24, 1918.—On my way to France, and everybody happy. June 23, 1918.—Went through Malden, Wash., and Avery, Ida. June 26, 1918.—Went through Butte at midnight; train did not stop; everyone disappointed. June 27, 1918.—Went in swimming at Montivedeo, Minn., and a passenger train went by where we were along the track—"some sight!" June 28, 1918.—Chicago to Elkhart, Ind. Got off train and drilled on the main streets. June 29, 1918.—Going through Ohio—Toledo, Cleveland. June 30, 1918.—Went through Albany, Rochester, and finally reached Camp Merritt. June 31.—Rested all day. "Awful tired." Tuesday, July 1, 1918.—Called up my sister, Gladys, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Wednesday, July 2, 1918.—Clothes were issued to us for foreign service; my sis came out to see me with her husband, Allan Wentworth. Thursday, July 3, 1918.—Received a pass to New York; was with my sister and brother-in-law all the time; visited the Follies, Harlem, N. Y., Brooklyn, and a few other places; had a fine time; bid goodbye to my sis and Allan, and left for the boat. Friday, July 4, 1918.—Already to sail. We hiked to docks on Hudson river; to ferry boats, and then boarded the "Empress of Russia." July 5, 1918.—Slept on "Empress of Russia," laying in the harbor at Hoboken. July 6, 1918.—Left New York at 7 o'clock a. m.; passed the Statue of Liberty and the big ship, "Vaterland." July 7, 1918.—Report by wireless; Austria quit, and Turkey laid down; gun practice on boat. Wednesday, July 10, 1918.—Wireless: Death of Mayor Mitchell. Thursday, July 11, 1918.—Calm sea, but many of the boys seasick; inspection and physical drill. Friday, July 12, 1918.—Windy and cold. We are all anxious to see a sub. Saturday, July 13, 1918.—Same old water. Why did they build the ocean so wide. Sunday, July 14, 1918.—Very cold, but still anxious to see a sub. Monday, July 15, 1918.—Tired of the water—nothing in sight. Tuesday, July 16, 1918.—Now in Danger Zone; sleep fully dressed and with life preservers. Wednesday, July 17, 1918.—We are now in the Irish Sea, and the water is green. "Land!" Ireland on our left and Scotland on our right. Thursday, July 18, 1918.—Wonderful sight coming into Liverpool harbor; disembarked until midnight; am in charge of baggage. Friday, July 19, 1918.—We are billeted in an English camp called "Hotty Ash." Went through Liverpool in a truck and was begged for coppers by a million kids. Saturday, July 20, 1918.—Left Liverpool at 9 o'clock a. m., and glad of it, as it is some dirty hole; crossed England through Oxford. Sunday, July 21, 1918.—Arrived in South Hampton; the company marched to an English rest camp; I rode in a truck with the baggage through the main streets of the city. Saw huge ships that had been "subbed;" 6 o'clock a. m. embarked on an English transport, and great care is taken, as we are heading for the English channel. Monday, July 22, 1918.—Came in under cover of darkness to Le Havre, the ancient city; marched to an English rest camp. July 23, 1918.—Expected to be

bombed by Hun airplanes, but nothing turned up. July 24, 1918.—Marched to depot in darkness and got in boxcars; 40 men to a car—some crowded; passing through France; arrived on the outskirts of Paris; can see Eiffel tower. Thursday, July 25, 1918.—Went through Chaumont, General Pershing's headquarters; arrived at Audley at 8 o'clock p. m.; in charge of baggage detail; company on hike to Aver Court. July 26, 1918.—Arrived in Aver Court to settle down and stay for while; billeted in barns of the peasants. Saturday, July 27, 1918.—Inspection, and told to get ready for hard drilling. Sunday, July 28, 1918.—Looking the Frogs over and getting acquainted. July 29, 1918.—Starting to drill, and it is very hot and dusty. July 30, 1918.—Can hear German guns; drilling in gas, and doing bayonet work. July 31, 1918.—Boys drinking lot of wine and making merry. August 1, 1918.—My birthday, but I worked like hell. I opened up a few bottles of wine after supper and had a good time. Aug. 1 to Sept. 1, 1918.—Put into hard month drilling all the while. Have a maneuver at least three times a week. The French people like us fine; they all think we are millionaires. One thing we see here that we don't like, is a manure pile in front of every house. We are anxious to see battle. Sept. 1 to Sept. 6, 1918.—Preparing for our trip to the front. Sept. 6, 1918.—Left Aver Court on a truck, in advance of company, in charge of baggage; had a fine dinner at Langre; arrived in Chilandrey at a rain storm; saw trench tanks that were hit, and am glad I wasn't in one when it was hit. Saturday, Sept. 7, 1918.—Visited a beer garden in Chilandrey, and entertained at 9 o'clock a. m. in "side-door Pullmans." Sunday, Sept. 8, 1918.—Arrived in Houdelecourt at 6 o'clock a. m.; billeted; went in canal swimming—some cold. Monday, Sept. 9, 1918.—Had a party and we opened champagne. Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1918.—Left this town in darkness; lots of rain. Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1918.—Arrived in woods at 3 o'clock a. m.; camouflage tents, etc.; danger of air raid; raining like hell; airplane flight—one came down in flames. Thursday, Sept. 12, 1918.—Laying in reserve back of St. Michiel; big barrage put over; still raining. Friday, Sept. 13, 1918.—Big gain for us; our line straightened out and still pushing. Saturday, Sept. 14, 1918.—Start moving to another front, and everybody soaking wet; took trench trucks in cover of darkness. Sunday, Sept. 15, 1918.—Saw our new colonel, "Gatling Gun" Parker, and he is all man. Monday, Sept. 16, 1918.—Staying under cover, ready to move at a moment's notice; left Samaisne at 10 o'clock p. m., over battlefield of 1914. Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1918.—Six o'clock a. m., just arrived, after a hike of 30 kilometers, with heavy packs; rain again; camped in woods; breakfast at 3 o'clock p. m.; moved at 8 o'clock p. m.; arrived in Paris 12 o'clock p. m. Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1918.—Parcs entirely in ruins; moved out into ruins to woods; "gas alarm." Thursday, Sept. 19, 1918.—Moved 5 kilometers to Mere woods, Bois de Hesse, old trench systems. Friday, Sept. 20, 1918.—Holding down front lines; can't smoke at night time; enemy aeroplanes, and artillery activity. Saturday, Sept. 21, 1918.—Gas alarm sounded twice; enemy planes plentiful; K company man hit 30 feet from me. Sunday, Sept. 22, 1918.—We are only waiting now for our artillery to get into place, and—"Good night" Huns. Monday, Sept. 23, 1918.—Each man drew 220 rounds of ammunition; more shelling; wet and cold. Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1918.—Six different gas alarms; moving up in advance of our artillery; laid in crest of hill. Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1918.—More gas. We are told we go "over the top" in the morning. We are all anxious to start—"Goodnight, Boche." Thursday, Sept. 26, 1918.—3:00 a. m.—"We are off!" Say, man, the world is coming to an end; some barrage; can't hear yourself think; we are crossing No Man's Land, and we are "going some." Friday, Sept. 27, 1918.—Still driving them so fast we can't catch up; their front was blown to pieces; captured prisoners, and saw the first Yankee hero dead; strong Hun resistance; big shell nearly got Bower and I; we advanced 12 kilometers; took up outpost's duty away up in front—watch your step, boy; watch your step. Saturday, Sept. 28, 1918.—Advancing in thin lines through boche barrage; aeroplanes battles over our heads; enemy machine guns wound three; dug in for the night, but we are ordered to advance and we are all in; covered with mud and soaking wet; sprained my ankle. Sunday, Sept. 29, 1918.—What a terrible day! Never in my life will I ever forget it: Just after daylight, while waiting for orders to attack, big shells dropped in on us; 13 casualties from one shell; fighting machine gun nests and snipers; attack on Gesnes, our objective, at 3:40 p. m.; went through boche barrage; hundreds of machine guns; captured Gesnes at 4:30 p. m.; advanced to top of ridge; Captain Fletcher hit, and over 70 per cent of our company lost; I was hit by an explosive bullet by a sniper while trying to flank a machine gun; saw the snipper who hit me, but was too late to get him; crawled under brush to hide, as he kept on firing. Darkness came on, raining terrible, and orders came to move back to the town and hold it; couldn't get back—too weak to crawl. I dug in, put my automatic in my shirt and waited for daylight; and what a night I spent—fainted a

dozen times. "Daylight," and out in No Man's Land between the "boche" lines and American lines; can see German soldiers out on patrol; started to crawl back to our lines, but all in; met an American boy wounded and laid in a shell hole with him—he died an hour later. Still raining and cold, and unable to move; waited for aid but none came; in danger of being captured by German patrols. Another night spent in No Man's Land; made an act of contrition; German starting to pick up our wounded to get information, and I started dragging away, reached a shell hole with four boys wounded; we damaged each other under machine gun fire. Under cover of darkness we started moving towards our lines. Daylight came, we ran across an American patrol who picked us up; sure felt tough, but still had trouble in getting back; finally reached field hospital after five of the most terrible days I ever had. Oh! war is sure hell, and I was sure glad to get treatment and some good warm clothes—thanks to the American Red Cross. Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1918.—Finally reached Vittel to an American hospital. Oct. 9 to 12, 1918.—Feeling awful tough and am told by the nurse that I leave for Vichy in the morning where the bad cases go. Nov. 1, 1918.—Still in bed, but feeling much better; the Red Cross treats me fine. Nov. 5, 1918.—Am broke; no pay since last July; am going to have crutches tomorrow. Nov. 7, 1918.—Am out on crutches and taking in the town—a very nice place, noted for its water. Nov. 9, 1918.—Armistice signed came by wireless, but it was false; the Frogs were very disappointed. Nov. 10, 1918.—Am being transferred to a hospital in Paris; am having fine treatment. Nov. 11, 1918.—"Armistice signed, and some noise," but I didn't celebrate. Nov. 20, 1918.—Feeling fine and in Tours for a few days, on my way to Le Mans; "am still broke." Nov. 24, 1918.—In Le Mans and have complete outfit; am ready to join my outfit in Belgium. Nov. 27, 1918.—Had a bum day; no turkey, and very lonesome; Y. M. C. A. are sure a bunch of thieves. Nov. 28, 1918.—Set out to find my company and visited many towns, but finally came back to Le Mans, as I hear a report that my division was on its way to Le Mans. Dec. 12, 1918.—In Le Mans, doing nothing but waiting for my outfit; still broke, but am having a good time. Dec. 25, 1918.—Still no company; Xmas and no turkey—and broke. Jan. 1, 1919.—Went to Belgium camp and expect to be with company in a few days. Jan. 5, 1919.—Left for Le Ferte Bernard to join my company. Jan. 6, 1919.—Left Le Ferte Bernard for St. Cosme de Vair, and seen some old pals. Jan. 7, 1919.—Was in Monee; visited K company and Capt. Martin. Jan. 8, 1919.—Was sent to Chateau Pourvis as a casual to be in quarantine for 10 days. Jan. 9, 1919.—Nothing to do but visit villages in the neighborhood. Jan. 10, 1919.—Still broke. Jan. 11, 1919.—But independent. Jan. 12, 1919.—Had some good old champagne. Jan. 13, 1919.—Haven't received mail since last August, and am lonesome for my baby. Jan. 14, 1919.—Received new clothes. Jan. 15, 1919.—Mail came for us casuals, and I received 60 letters, and Oh, what wonderful day with all that mail! Jan. 16, 1919.—Still reading letters. Jan. 17, 1919.—Well, leaving in the morning for my company. Jan. 18, 1919.—Am on my way to my company. Jan. 19, 1919.—Arrived in St. Cosme de Vair, and went to Monee and visited Company K and visited some of my comrades. Jan. 20, 1919.—Arrived in St. Vincent de Pres, and had a great welcome with my pals—some party. Jan. 21, 1919.—Quiet little village, the only thing here that is alive is the church. Jan. 22, 1919.—Doing nothing. Jan. 23, 1919.—Still nothing. Jan. 24, 1919.—Nothing. Jan. 25, 1919.—Hurt my ankle; leaving for Belleme to the field hospital. Jan. 26, 1919.—Fine boys here; am being treated like a prince. Jan. 27, 1919.—Had an auto ride to Hogen Le Shell and Ceton. Jan. 28, 1919.—My wound is better but had a piece of bullet cut out today that was overlooked. Jan. 29, 1919.—Feeling fine and having a good time. Jan. 30, 1919.—Lots of snow today; saw a "wedding"—some class. Jan. 31, 1919.—Lonesome today. Feb. 1, 1919.—Wrote letters all day. Feb. 2, 1919.—Met Dr. Wheeler of Spokane. Feb. 3, 1919.—Snowing. Feb. 4, 1919.—Went to Le Ferte for a trip. Feb. 5, 1919.—Received a few letters. Feb. 6, 1919.—Took a ride around Belleme. Feb. 7, 1919.—Saw a funeral of an American officer. Feb. 8, 1919.—Feeling fine. Feb. 9, 1919.—But lonesome. Feb. 10, 1919.—For home and baby. Feb. 11, 1919.—Well, the rain and mud here is a foot thick. Feb. 12, 1919.—Met a few of the boys. Feb. 13, 1919.—Wrote a few cards. Feb. 14, 1919.—Am leaving tomorrow. Feb. 15, 1919.—Arrived at Company. Feb. 16, 1919.—Put in for a furlough. Feb. 17, 1919.—Lost our captain; he went to Germany. Feb. 18, 1919.—Saw a wedding. Feb. 19, 1919.—Still no pay. Feb. 20, 1919.—Boys all anxious to leave for home. Feb. 21, 1919.—Report that we leave

Feb. 22, 1919.—Holiday. Feb. 23, 1919.—Very quiet. Feb. 24, 1919.—Boys all drunk. Feb. 25, 1919.—Lonesome again. Feb. 26, 1919.—Received a 72-hour pass. Feb. 27, 1919.—Went through Bouneville. Feb. 28, 1919.—Saw an opera in Le Mans. March 1, 1919.—On my way back. March 2, 1919.—At home again. March 3, 1919.—Boys drilling hard. March 4, 1919.—But am still loafing. March 5, 1919.—Preparing for home. March 6, 1919.—Visited Morrell and Monhondou. March 7, 1919.—Visited Marners. March 8, 1919.—Visited St. Romy. March 9, 1919.—Still visiting—but broke. March 10, 1919.—Still loafing. March 11, 1919.—Signed up for pay. March 12, 1919.—Put in for pass. March 13, 1919.—Received all back pay. March 14, 1919.—Have 1,400 francs, and on my way to Rennes. March 15, 1919.—In Cannes; changed 1,000 francs into money order. March 16, 1919.—In Rennes—"some time." March 17, 1919.—Pass finished; going home. March 18, 1919.—Arrived in St. Vincent. March 19, 1919.—Part of Division has moved. March 20, 1919.—Final inspection. March 21, 1919.—Already to leave. March 22, 1919.—Waiting for trains. March 23, 1919.—"Let's go!" March 24, 1919.—"On our way." March 25, 1919.—To Port St. Nazaire. March 26, 1919.—Part of Division on its way home; we leave next. March 27, 1919.—Final inspections. March 28, 1919.—More inspections. March 29, 1919.—"Beau Coup" rain and mud; all anxious to leave. March 30, 1919.—Waiting to load. Sunday, April 1, 1919.—Saw a show; wrote letters home; raining like hell. Monday, April 2, 1919.—Leaving in the morning. Tuesday, April 3, 1919.—Finally on the boat, and everything working lovely. April 4, 1919.—We are sitting; the pond is calm so far. April 5, 1919.—"Coridian" is the name of our scow, and she has it on the "Empress of Russia;" "pretty soft." April 6, 7, 8, 1919.—"Beau Coup" water. April 9, 10, 11, 12, 1919.—Stormy weather; boys all sick. Monday, April 13, 1919.—Arrived in New York.

George D. Toole, former city attorney has resumed the general practice of law, with offices at 401-2 Daly Bank Bldg., Butte, Montana.



THE LIBERATOR for May Contains a wonderful portrait of Debs and two articles on Russia besides cartoons, editorials, a story, poems, drawings, book reviews and four other articles. BUY IT ON THE NEWS STANDS or send 20c. to the LIBERATOR, 34 Union Square, New York

ONE THOUSAND BILLION LOCUSTS HERE SOON

(By United Press.) Columbus, Ohio, May 9.—One thousand billion of 'em will be here in a couple of weeks. Great swarms of 17-year locusts, released from nearly two decades of sound slumber, will swoop through the air for a month or so, infesting field, orchard and forests, and then will die. Professor Raymond C. Osburn of the department of entomology at Ohio State university and government scientists predict that the periodical visit of the locust swarm will be made sometime in May. "It depends a great deal on the temperatures," Prof. Osburn said, "if it gets really warm the locusts will appear sooner." The cicada septendecim is a wonderful creature. For 17 long years it sleeps in dark holes in the earth—then comes to life. Its visits are tabulated with accuracy by entomologists and farmers and horticulturists have been warned of the onslaught. There should be no occasion for unusual alarm, however, at the appearance of the locust swarms, Prof. Osburn declared. Little damage will result, if proper precautions are taken. The chief injury the insect is capable of is killing young fruit trees. The locust chisels grooves in the branches of trees to deposit eggs. Young trees, the Ohio state scientists warned, should be protected with screens and netting and the visit of the cicada will pass by almost unnoticed. The government map shows that the cicada will appear this year in the greatest numbers in the following states: Ohio, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Georgia, New York, Illinois, Michigan, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and Vermont. During the last appearance of the cicada, a number of persons experimented with them as food, and it is said that palatable dishes resulted.

IN BUTTE CHURCHES

SHORTBRIDGE MEMORIAL. The Bible school of the Shortbridge Memorial Christian church will observe Mothers' day Sunday, May 11, at 11 a. m., when the following program will be given: Hymn, "Savior, Like a Shepherd" School Prayer. Rev. B. H. Lingenfelte; Hymn, "Love Divine" School Responsive reading. Solo. Cecil Bryan Recitation, "A Boy's Mother" Elkhien Sylvester Song, "Mother Knows" Choir Recitation, "What a Little Girl Thinks" Florence Darlington George, "Some Bible Mothers" Ten Junior girls Solo, "Mother Song" Mrs. Porter Recitation, "Mother" Rose Valk Song, "Spring" Primary Department Exercise, "Tribute to Mothers" Seven primary children. Song, "God Sees God Sees" Primary children Recitation, "Mother" Ida Ellis Hymn, "God Bless Our Mothers" Choir Dear Congregational church, Harrison avenue and Majors street, Berton Emery Crane, pastor. Preaching at 11 and 8; Sunday school, 9:45. Mothers' day will be observed at the 11 o'clock service. Floral Park Congregational, 2905 Phillips street. Sunday school at 9:30. Lectures in Swedish by Efrains Messinger, E. Smutsen and A. Waldman, will be given at Swedish-Finnish hall, Sunday, May 11, at 8 p. m., and at Scandia hall, 539 South Main street, Tuesday, May 13, at 8 p. m. Very interesting subjects. Free seats and no collection. Everybody welcome. DRAFT AUSTRIAN TREATY. (Special United Press Wire.) Paris, May 9.—The "big four" has ordered the drafting of the Austrian treaty to be stated. It is learned that the boundary question has been practically settled. The Bulletin is here to stay.

THEOSOPHISTS HONOR MEMORIES OF DEPARTED

Hold Interesting Program at Quarters in Leonard Hotel. Names of Those Gone Are Read. In commemoration of the passing of the founders of the movement, as well as of others of the society, members of the Butte Theosophical society Thursday gathered in their quarters at the Leonard hotel and held an interesting and impressive program. At the conclusion of the program refreshments were served. At the conclusion of his address on "Our Departed Members," M. J. Dunean read the following list of departed ones: The first to break the physical link was Miss Kersten Bergstrom, who died in France in 1904. The others are A. B. Keith, 1904; Oscar Wells, 1905; Gen. J. A. Harris, 1909; Miss Irene Hardy, 1909; John Bean, 1910; Nils Carlson, 1910; Mrs. Ella Knowles Haskell, 1911; Mrs. Blanche St. Charles, Mrs. Anna B. Wells, Chicago, 1912; Mrs. Letitia Russell, 1913; Mrs. Anna Nevada Decker, 1915; Miss Alice Warren, 1917; Max Gaddon, 1917; Charles Copenbury, 1918; Mrs. Katy E. Dennis, 1919; Mrs. Melissa Rinehart, Kane, Wyo., 1919.

POLICE SUBSCRIBE TO PRLJA DEFENSE

Members of the police department are subscribing to a fund to pay the expense of a new trial for Sergt. Philip Prlja, recently sentenced to from 18 months to three years in the penitentiary for shooting Mike Boraz, while the latter was under arrest. The list was headed by Chief Murphy with an subscription of \$25. No member of an appeal from the sentence was made by Prlja or his attorneys on the date sentence was passed.

The Butte Daily Bulletin

—Is the Workingman's Paper

The work of making this paper successful depends not so much on the management as it does upon the efforts of its supporters. The Workers should encourage the merchant whose advertisement is found in the columns of the Bulletin by giving him a liberal patronage. It requires some nerve these days of Iron Heel suppression to stand up and be counted. All lovers of liberty and a square deal must STAND TOGETHER

It Is Up To You, Mr. Worker