

Portrait



Portrait in a gas-mask.

# WITH THE RAINBOW DIVISION ON THE OURCQ

Gassed



Gassed artilleryman.



*"The last long mile."*

"The last long mile."

## LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF LIEUTENANT CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JR.

Of the 166th Infantry, 42d Division

**I**N these random impressions of a member of a combat organization we observe the ungarnished drudgery and lack of war-glamour in the infantry. The battle on the slopes by the River Ourcq when the 42d Division defeated the picked troops of the Prussian Guard is an historic event of the American participation in the war.

These sketches of the fighting during this engagement were done by Lieutenant Baskerville while in the base hospital suffering from the wounds he had received on this occasion.



The enemy artillery-fire did damage to the troops waiting to attack in the Forêt de Fère.



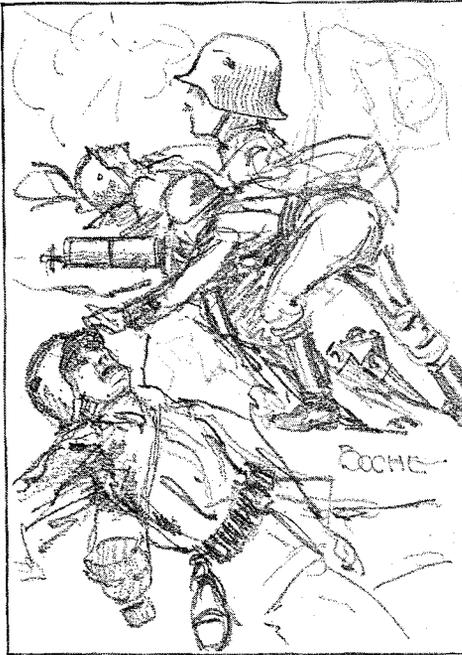
Dragging the wounded in through an area filled with gas thrown over in shells.



Sitting on the muddy banks of the Ourcq some protection from the "straffing" by low-flying enemy planes was gained by the over-all mud color of the troops.



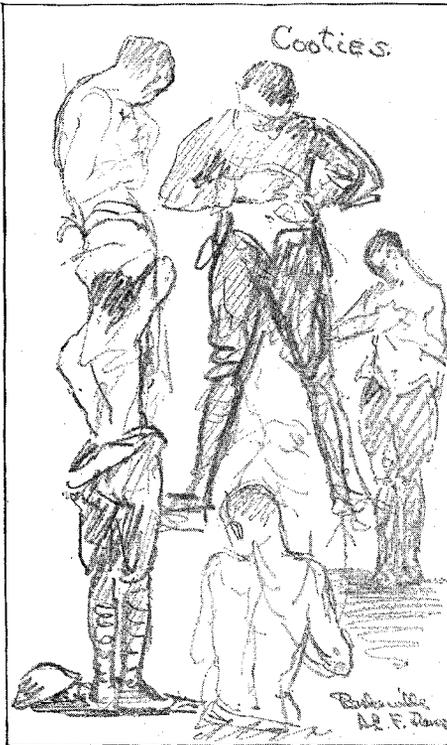
Whenever the attack was held up, it became necessary to "dig in" with bayonets and helmet brims, as shovels were not carried by all the men.



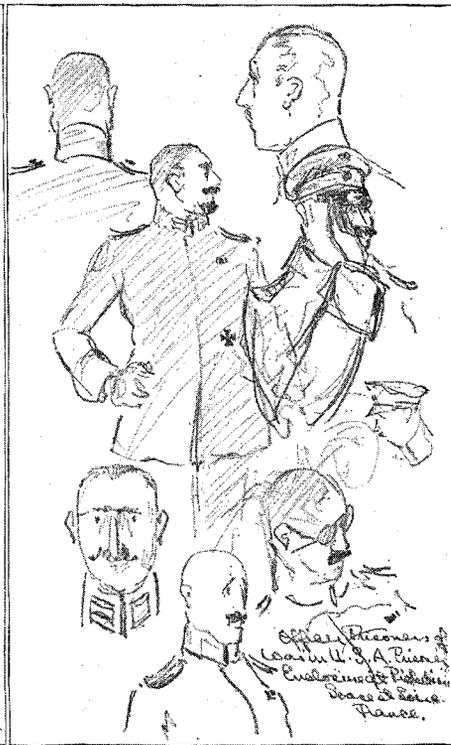
Boche machine-gunners.



"Mopping up" is done by the second assault line and consists of capturing or killing all the enemy passed over in the haste of the attack.



Cootie-hunts take place every time the dough-boys halt on a hike to rest.



Prussian officer prisoners at the American Prisoner of War Enclosure at Richelieu.



*Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

“And say, far as that goes, you had me guessing too. I was wondering—”—Page 52.

# THE HUNTING OF BUD HOWLAND

By Calvin H. Luther

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON



THE train for Seven Palms had come and gone, five sombreros waving farewell to me from the windows. It had roared out upon us, a fuming dragon, from the shimmer of a mirage, and now already had become a creeping lizard, black against the sage slopes of Stark Mountain—a thing worth seeing, especially to one who had been for weeks away from the miracles of civilization. I would wait for the north-bound train, soon due to pass; wait to see the lizard become a dragon, and the dragon plunge ravening into the mirage. Then for my horse, now drooping in the barred shadows of the cattle-pens, and the long trail westward.

There had been a raven to watch; there had been pillars and palls of smoke—but now there was nothing but sand, sage, cactus, and the pallid sky. The roar and echo of the train had long since fallen to a rustle, and finally to a special kind of silence. . . . Odd, to be so suddenly alone; odd, but not yet unpleasant.

I sat down in the sand and looked at the sand, thinking over that hunting trip. There had been game enough, good fellowship of a sort, and a pleasant tang of adventure—to visit an unmapped region with unknown companions. But, after all, it had been tame and profitless. There had been no thrills, no flashes of fear or moments of exaltation; I had learned nothing new about nature or the thing called human nature. For me hereafter, I resolved, the hammer and fossil-bag. A new crinoid, now; or a *phacops elegans!*

Just then a shadow moved out from behind the cattle-pens, and jolting along after it a bow-legged, sand-colored man, with a long nose and drooping mustache.

"Hank!" I cried. "What in the name of thunder?"

"Thought I wouldn't bother you, at first," he explained, calmly seating himself. "Reckoned you'd be going right soon." He turned his mild blue eyes

upon me. "What are you-all waiting for?" he asked.

"Just to see the up-train go by," I answered, still in a maze. "But— But say— You were with the others on the train; I saw you! How in the world—"

"Changed my mind, sort of," he answered, his lean hand waving aside the topic as of no importance. "I've got a little hoss over to Pedro's, nine miles from here. Thought maybe you'd edge over there with me—let me canter along on foot; and then we could go up-country together. That is, if you ain't particular."

"Fine!" I cried. "We'll start now."

"Might as well," he said, rubbing his square jaw; but he made no move to rise. "Sure you ain't particular?"

"Oh, come along!" I shouted, already half-way to the horse. "I'm pleased to death!"

"Well, I can stand considerable more of you, on a pinch," he returned, following along. "But the rest of that outfit—" He spat.

"Where's your pack? I'll carry it."

"Pack's on the train; I'm foot-loose, I am," he smiled up at me. "Nothing to tote but this 'ere," and he touched the holster of his forty-five. "I'll keep hold of that, if you ain't particular."

So men still carried revolvers, the holsters unbuckled and in reach of the hand!

That two-hour walk to Pedro's was hot and hard enough. It should have been measured by degrees, with a thermometer, as I suggested to Hank; or in shovelful, as he said, ploughing along by my stirrup. He would not change with me, though, but jolted steadily, patiently forward, his red face glistening with perspiration, dust marking out the wrinkles of his neck and jaw, hat tilted against the sun. Once or twice he nodded significantly at my canteen; but he would not drink. We weren't there yet, he cautioned; and you never could tell. . . . So, mile upon mile we fought it out, saying little and thinking less. Then—a leafless cotton-