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The Trail of the Buffaloes'

By CHAS. H. GARVIN †

VERYWHERE, hellish machines of war and wanton destruction. Camouflage! Ingenious and ghastly it stood against the horizon. Guns! Machine guns, partly hidden, with belts of cartridges partly consumed, many partly demolished. Trenches! Shell holes, half filled with slimy water. "Pill-boxes," "dug-outs," many demolished, mere heaps of concrete and stone. Here and there, piles of unused ammunition; empty shells, their deadly tasks performed. Wire! Wire everywhere, barbed and hideous. Rifles, abandoned and rusty; heaps of hand grenades, robbed by the Armistice of performing their deadly tasks. The stench of twisted, battered, decomposed men, long since dead, some crumpled, others with their faces to the sun. The penetrating odor of stale poisonous gases. Graves, hastily made and grotesquely marked, in grimy fields that for four years had literally been "no man's land." Hordes of German soldiers, happily scurrying here and there, preparing to move back across the line to the Vaterland. On either side, towering hills concealed the heavy detence guns of Metz.

This is the picture we saw as we rode along the banks of the tranquil Moselle, toward Metz, just a few hours after the cessation of hostilities -almost ten years ago-November 11th, 1918. The memory of that ride will never be forgotten.

DUT ten years make many changes. D Especially noticeable are the changes that have been wrought in the towns "at the front" of impregnable Metz-shell torn, devastated, and blood-soaked by the "Buffaloes." Wheat grows there now, to the right and to the left-precious grain fertilized by the blood of black boys. The old, muddy, blood-stained trenches, weed grown now, are seen scarring the hillsides. It is a tranquil countryside

During a recent European trip it was our opportunity to go over this area once again, almost ten years after the Armistice. Three of the most interesting days of our trip were spent "hiking" over those scarred hills of this sacred area around Metz, which had been occupied by the "Buffaloes" during those crucial days preceeding the signing of the Armistice. It oc-

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The Grave of Lieutenant M. W. Rush

curred to us that a narrative of our experiences and our impressions might interest you and be of especial interest to the many thousands of "Buffaloes" to whom this is hallowed ground, having fought here so valiantly during those closing days of the war. It ought to interest also those Mothers and Fathers whose boys still sleep "over there."

cessation of hostilities, we were in the city of Metz, evacuating wound- frontier guard for the Allies. We ed American and Allied prisoners of war. As you will no doubt Battalion headquarters and the medi-Division had been sent to this sector, along the Moselle river, in but now it is occupied by unfamiliar front of Metz, its front line defense faces; then it was an abandoned shell varying from ten to fourteen kilo- torn town behind the German lines. General Pershing as the next important tained an underground hospital, fully objective of the American Army and equipped and abundantly supplied. the Buffaloes had been selected to take it. The Buffaloes were to push along CROM Noveant we went through both banks of the river in the direction I Arnaville to Pagny-sur-Moselle. of Corny. Metz, because of its strategic Here as elsewhere the shell-torn fields position, was a base of the German are under cultivation and only now army and most powerfully manned by and then did we come upon a house heavy guns, trench mortars, numerous that had not been rehabilitated, its machine guns. Its approach was stone chimney and partly demolished fortified in concrete. Thousands of on the skyline, a grim reminder of the the French had died here in this war past. As we approached Pagny, and in previous wars and the "poilu" (Will you please turn to page 385)

thought this fortress impregnable.

Now, ten years later, we are along this same route. Coming suddenly to the crest of a hill as we drive along, we look down upon fertile valleys, little villages clustered here and there. What a change! Gone are the hellish implements of war. Instead plows. This time our course along the valley is the same, except that we are coming from Metz toward Pont A'Mousson, and our trip, instead of being made in a shell-marked army ambulance, is in two dilapidated Ford taxis, one driven by an Alsatian who had served with the German army and the other by an "ex-poilu."

TETZ, as you know, is in Alsace-VI Lorraine and has been restored to French rule. It has lost, it appeared to us, much of its modern-city-atmosphere, which we noted on our first visit. Even in 1918 it appeared to us as one of the most modern and thriving cities that we had seen in France. We had not been to Paris then. Metz is not a tourist center and the Grand Hotel where we resided—and by the way, we were informed by the concierge that the suite that we occupied had been occupied by the Kaiser on his numerous visits to the Metz front -was almost empty.

From Metz we followed the banks of the Moselle through Ancy-sur-Moselle to Corny—the objective of the "Buffaloes" on that last drive; thence to Noveant-sur-Moselle. It was to N Armistice Day, November, Noveant that the 1st Battalion of the 1918, just three hours after the 367th Infantry moved after those furious days of fighting to establish a visited the houses in which had been recall, in October, 1918, the 92nd cal corps headquarters. Its winding streets are just as narrow and muddy, meters. Metz had been selected by It was here that the Germans main-

heavily wired, trenched, mined and walls standing ghost-like, silhouetted