

105th MACHINE GUN BATTALION

FROM the satiated lap of ease in beloved Manhattan to the deprivations of the blood-stained, muddy battlefields of Flanders and Central France is a long cry to test and prove one's courage, fortitude, stamina and tenacity of purpose. Yet, without undue praise, it may be said that such was the accomplishment of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion.

The first machine gun unit of the division to go into the line everywhere, they stayed the longest and were the last to come out, adding to the distinction of their enviable operations the honor of being the only machine gun battalion to hold the line in the days of trench and machine gun emplacement warfare against the attempted advance of the enemy in the Dickebusch sector of the famous Ypres salient. Through their ceaseless and relentless harassing fire they ultimately helped to force the Boche to relinquish his iron grip upon Mt. Kemmel, thereby causing him to forever abandon his cherished hope of marching victoriously to the sea.

Although in the face of such laudable achievement further commendation for work well done seems almost unnecessary, there is to be added to the laurels of the battalion the flawless success which culminated in the historical smashing of the great Hindenburg Line between St. Quentin and Cambrai.

Of the two incidents above mentioned, too much could not be written, so let it not be misunderstood that this cursory reference to the two great outstanding milestones of this splendid battalion's operations in France covers all the activities attending those glorious victories; nor does it

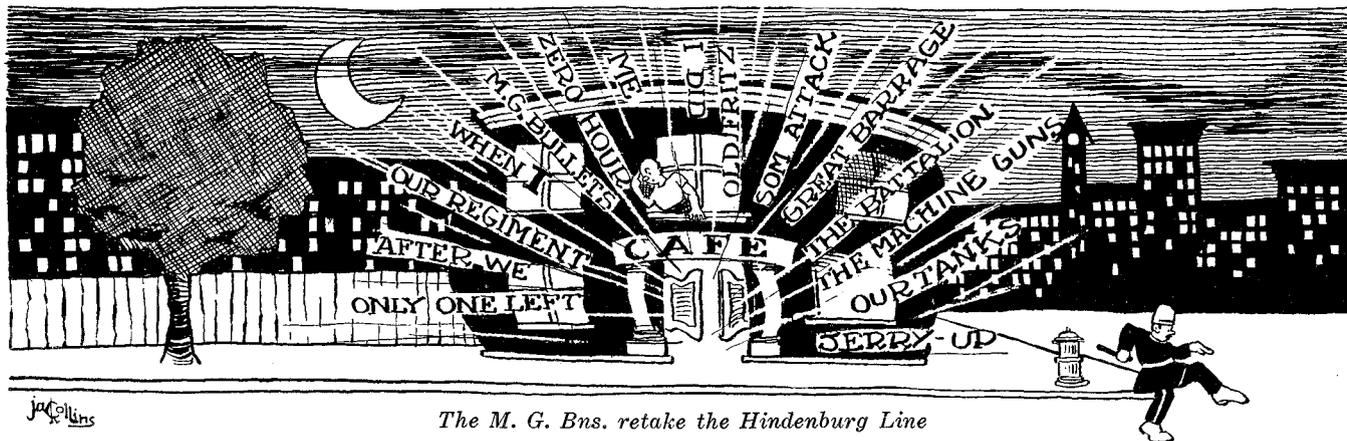
presume to attempt any description of former or later participation in several other battles of the World War, when on every occasion the same brilliant conclusion marked their stay in the line.

They have made nothing but friends throughout their stay in France, coming in for an equal feeling of gratitude, admiration and respect from the British and Aussralians with whom they fought, and the 105th, the 106th and the 107th Infantry regiments, whom they supported in all of their engagements, and the civilians who gladly welcomed them to their quiet little hamlets where the battalion retired to rest strained nerves and tired bodies after the excitement and hardships of a fight well fought—and won.

The 105th harbors the same feeling of pride in being of the 27th Division as the division so openly manifests toward the battalion, for it is because of such troops as these that the 27th will be able to march through the heart of the greatest city in the world, with heads erect, standards flying high, and a heartfelt knowledge that their homecoming marks the end of expectations fulfilled, anticipations realized and duty done.

To the competent command of Major Gardner; to the good-fellowship, fearlessness and leadership of the officers, to the high moral standard of the men and to the consequent unity and consolidation of purpose and determination, may be attributed the indefatigable spirit and stick-to-it-iveness that place the men of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion in the front rank of veterans to be proud of.

PVT. GEORGE ANDERSON.



The M. G. Bns. retake the Hindenburg Line

“DISPERSION”

Following is a portion of General O’Ryan’s letter to Major Gardner, dated Dec. 23, 1918:

“I think the excellence of conditions in your command, as manifested at the rigid inspection made by me personally on Saturday last, merits commendation in writing.”

We note with satisfaction that we have acquired a corner on the machine gun units of the division. Major Robert R. Molyneux, helmsman for the 104th M. G. B’n., and Major Nathaniel Egleston, now holding the crystal of destiny for the 106th, were formerly the respective buck-captains of Companies C and B of the good ol’ one-o-five.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“The animals of the entire battalion were not only carefully groomed, but showed continued care in relation to stable management.”

On Jan. 31 and on Feb. 1 we spent two m-e-m-o-r-a-b-l-e days waiting, fondly waiting, to be inspected by S-ometimes O-bviously S-carce. A good time was had by all.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“The transport, including rolling kitchens, were in condition fit to enter vehicle competition in a horse show.”

Now that we are home again, ain’t it great? (This was written on Feb. 1, at Le Luart, Department de la Sarthe—and a lot of other things—France.)

Some more of the General’s letter:

“The arrangements and police of picket lines and appurtenances left nothing to be desired.”

Everyone got an issue box of candy at mess this morning, and the Major can’t do anything with them—the men, not the boxes.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“Finally, the personnel, from their clean shoes to their properly worn caps, coupled with their steadiness in ranks, gave tangible evidence of the high standard of thoroughness and discipline which made your unit so effective in combat.”

If you expect to get on that transport alive, don’t tell any of our six-weeks-old replacements that we didn’t bust the Hindenburg ribbon.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“I have never seen in our own division, or in any other division with which we have been associated, including foreign units, anything to excel the standards of precision and disciplined excellence exhibited by your command on Saturday last.”

The end of the General’s letter:

“Sincerely yours,

“JOHN F. O’RYAN,

“Major General.”