

**SOUTHAMPTON  
HISTORY OF WORLD'S WAR WORK  
NEW YORK STATE HISTORY**

Name in full and rank *Mills, Harold Strycker, Corporal*  
 Organizations *Co. K - 107th Inf., 27th Division* Ship \_\_\_\_\_  
 Place and date of enlistment *Spartanburg, S.C., October 14th, 1917*  
 Place and date of discharge *Camp Upton, L.I., April 2nd, 1919*  
 Military camps with dates *Wadsworth, Oct. 14th 1917 to April, 1918 - Newport News until sailing May 10th 1918 - Camp Merritt + Upton short time before being discharged.*  
 Date of trip overseas and return *Left U.S. May 10th 1917 - Arrived U.S. March 9th, 1919.*

Describe below service as you saw it, battles and engagements, etc., also interesting items of historic value. Give account of all medals, citations and certificates of merit awarded you. Your photograph is especially requested. Are you a member of the Malcolm White Post, No. 433, American Legion? If so note it below. *not member of M.W. Post, but member of Ithaca Post.*

*East Poperinghe line, July 9th to August 20th, 1918.  
 Dickebusch Sector, Belgium, August 21st to 30th 1918.  
 Hindenburg line (Vicinity Bony), September 29th + 30th 1918.  
 La Selle River (Vicinity St. Souplet) October 17th, 1918.  
 Wounded in action at Bussigny October 18th, 1918.*

*Co. K was noted for its' appetite. On June 26th, 1918 when in France, one of our officers made the remark that if we went after the Huns the way we did after our food, then the war wouldn't last long. Well, we did - and the war didn't last long, either! I guess we were a hungry bunch, I was no exception. On August 10th, 1918, according to my diary which I kept all thru my part in the war, I ate the following: - some canned pears, preserved ginger, lemonade, kippered herring, 8 fried eggs, 10 roast potatoes, 5 tomatoes, + drank some coffee. That was a pretty fair meal purchased from a canteen + a French home. On Sept. 26th, 1918, we heard something important was going to take place, the whole company was highly hilarious over the prospects of a good fight. Most of us took Communion the following morning in an open field - a priest officiated - Religion didn't*

It was a wonderful sight to see so many men bowed to worship their God, a great many of them for the last time. Then we started for the front.

From the faces of the men and their high spirits, one would think we were going to a picnic.

On Sept. 28<sup>th</sup>, a shell struck top of the trench I was in, + completely buried me with dirt - Didn't get a scratch. The next day we went over the top, the Hindenburg line sunk. When my Corporal was mortally wounded (I was a private then) he told me to go on with the squad - but there was no squad, I was the only man left standing. I pushed on, attaching myself to another bunch until we were stopped by a officer + told to hold a trench - I was gassed, but managed to get to some Australians who told me where I could find our Company which I joined the next morning, going over the top with the Australians. ~~to~~ Volunteered for stretcher bearer and took some men to the rear. There were 50 men left in our Company of 180 men. Was taken back to the lines with a Sergeant to identify our dead + show our general where we advanced to. It was good to be alive.

I was in a building on Oct. 18<sup>th</sup>, when preparing to go over the top. A shell struck the building + parts of the shell struck me on the head, finger, and body. After crawling out of the debris from the fallen house, I ran to Battalion headquarters for help to dig the buried men out. The medical men wouldn't let me go back, as I was pretty well cut up, head, finger, + body. Had wounds dressed + was taken to the hospital where I stayed 6 weeks. Came back to the Company before my wounds were healed, the war was over + we were slated to go home. But it was March 9<sup>th</sup>, 1919 before we arrived in New York. My first child was born on the anniversary of that home coming, a glorious one.