

## Horace Pippin's Autobiography, First World War, circa 1920s

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 04:34:04

The Smithsonian Institution thanks all digital volunteers that transcribed and reviewed this material. Your work enriches Smithsonian collections, making them available to anyone with an interest in using them.

The Smithsonian Institution (the "Smithsonian") provides the content on this website (transcription.si.edu), other Smithsonian websites, and third-party sites on which it maintains a presence ("SI Websites") in support of its mission for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge." The Smithsonian invites visitors to use its online content for personal, educational and other non-commercial purposes. By using this website, you accept and agree to abide by the following terms.

- If sharing the material in personal and educational contexts, please cite the Archives of American Art as source of the content and the project title as provided at the top of the document. Include the accession number or collection name; when possible, link to the Archives of American Art website.
- If you wish to use this material in a for-profit publication, exhibition, or online project, please contact Archives of American Art or transcribe@si.edu

For more information on this project and related material, contact the Archives of American Art. See this project and other collections in the Smithsonian Transcription Center.

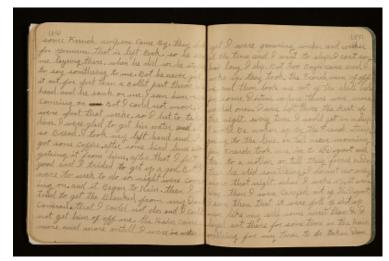
(54)

some French swipers came by. they look for Germens that is left bock. so he seen me layeing there, when he did so. he stoped to say sometheing to me. But he never got it out. for just then a bullet past throu his head. and he sank on me. I seen him ~ comeing on [[strikethrough]] me [[/strikethrough]] But I could not move, I were just that weeke. so I hat to take him. I were glad to get his water and all so bread. I took my left hand and I got some coffee, after some hird time ~ geteing it from him, after that I felt good and trided to get up a gan. But I were to week to do so. night were coming on. and it Began to rain. then I ~ tried to get the blanked from my Dear Comrad, that I could not do. and I could not get him of off me. the Rain came more and more ontell I were in water

[[end page]] [[start page]]

(55)

yet I were groweing weeker and weeker all the time and I went to sleep. I cant say how long I slep. But two Boyes came and I woke up. they took the French men of off me and then look me out of the shell hole for some Distens where there were more wonded ones. I were left there the Rest of the night. every time I would get in a sleep I would Be woken up By the French troops goeing to the line. on tell near morning four French took me in to a Dugout and then to a nother on tell they found a Dr. then he did somtheing, I do not no aney more that night. when I woke up, it were Day. then I were caryed out of the Dugout I seen then that it were full of shot up men like my self some wirst then I. I layed out there for some time in the Rain waiteing for my tim to be taken Down



Horace Pippin's Autobiography, First World War, circa 1920s Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers Approved by Smithsonian Staff Extracted Mar-29-2024 04:34:04



The mission of the Smithsonian is the increase and diffusion of knowledge - shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world. Founded in 1846, the Smithsonian is the world's largest museum and research complex, consisting of 19 museums and galleries, the National Zoological Park, and nine research facilities. Become an active part of our mission through the Transcription Center. Together, we are discovering secrets hidden deep inside our collections that illuminate our history and our world.

Join us!

The Transcription Center: https://transcription.si.edu
On Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/SmithsonianTranscriptionCenter

On Twitter: @TranscribeSI

Connect with the Smithsonian Smithsonian Institution: www.si.edu

On Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/Smithsonian

On Twitter: @smithsonian