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Theodore E. Boyd World War I Collection - Handwritten Memoirs and Rosters

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cut, jammed a hind leg under a rail, broke the leg, and had to be shot.

Sands was quite critical of our riding. His remarks were directed most frequently at Blutenthal again. Blutenthal evidently had ridden little or not at all, and his figure was a handicap. The first time he tried to leap a hurdle he grabbed the saddle with his hands. This did not help greatly, for he fell off anyway. Sands cursed him. Thereafter Blutenthal did not "grab leather," as the phrase was, and he invariably fell off- yet he would go back to his horse, and though obviously frightened, he kept trying. And Sands kept sending him over. Finally, I suppose, Sands became tired of hearing Blutenthal's body hit the ground. He reported to Colonel Slocum that Blutenthal was unfitted for the artillery. Instead of being dismissed from the camp, as others had been, Blutenthal was put into the intelligence service as an interpreter. This was probably the best use which could have been made of him.

In another battery there was one fatality a young reserve lieutenant, Warden McLean, was thrown by his falling horse against a tree and killed. McLean was a big, handsome fellow, the son of a wealthy newspaper man somewhere in the east. His coffin was escorted to the station in Chattanooga by a military formation of cadets- I remember being present, but do not recall whether the entire camp took part or only the artillery units. The band played a dead march and I was quite thrilled. The training camp was named Camp Warden McLean.

On the fourth of July we had a track meet in which athletes from the various units competed. Having no athletic ability of any kind,

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