

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

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 12:48:51

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 Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives 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 Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives website.
- If you wish to use this material in a for-profit publication, exhibition, or online project, please contact Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives or transcribe@si.edu

For more information on this project and related material, contact the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives. See this project and other collections in the Smithsonian Transcription Center.

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,

cut, jammed a limb leg under a rail, brops the leg, and had to be abot. His remarks was quite writing to our riding. at Blutenthal again. Blutenthal evidently had ridden little or not at all, and dis had ridden bills or not at all, and his figure was a handicape. The first times be tolded to leap a hurdle be glabbed the saddle with him hands their did not bely greatly, for he fell off anymon, and hursed bline thereafter Baltenthal did not grat leather," as the phrase was, and de unariably fell off, get he would go back to his dorse, and though obviously frightness, he rept tryings and sauds obviously frightness, he rept tryings and sauds super and the same war. trying and such legt sending him our. Thirdly, I suppose, Sands let come tired of heading thickentered to be hit the grounds. It reported to below that the thinks was implied for the critillery. Muteaf In the way in the sunge, in these and been, that the little was put into the intelligence service so on anterpreter. min was probably the heat use which could have been made of lime In another battery their was one fatality a young reserve lientenant, Warden M' Fran, was therem by his falling have against in the and willing. We have was a hig, hand-some fellow, the our of weathery, nempoper man somewhere in the east. his coffin was executed to the station in Chatter refuge by a military formation of codele-? remember being present, but do not reall whether the entitle camp took part or only the extellery units. He band played a seal march and I was quite thrilled. The Training comp was mined camp Warden M. Lan in which welleted from the various with competed. Howing ne artilate ability of any sind

Theodore E. Boyd World War I Collection - Handwritten Memoirs and Rosters
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Mar-28-2024 12:48:51



Smithsonian Institution

Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives

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