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## **Theodore E. Boyd World War I Collection - Memoirs and Correspondence Sent to Family, unnumbered**

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We rode down slopes so steep that the horses often fell and rolled over. We rode hell-for-leather through woods, dodging the low branches as best we could. One of our instructors, a Lieutenant McLean, was killed doing that. A bough caught him under the chin and threw him against a tree. Next day his coffin was put on a caisson and drawn into Chattanooga for shipment home. We marched on foot as an escort while they band played Chopin's funeral march. I had never heard it until then. Later, in the AEF, somebody composed a lyric for it. The only line I remember was "Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks". Our training camp was renamed Camp Warden McLean in honor of the dead man. He was from a prominent family of publishers in Philadelphia.

It was noticeable that the men who were washed out from Sands's command were generally those who rode poorly. Some of them took a lot of punishment before they left. I hated Sands for his treatment of one in particular. His name was Blutenthal. He was a Princeton graduate, he came from Memphis, and I liked him. I suppose he had chosen field artillery without realizing what he was getting into. He had a pudgy figure, and he rode like a man who has never been on horseback before.

Along one side of our long parade ground was a succession of log hurdles. We had to jump those every time we went riding. Blutenthal made the jump successfully only at his first attempt, when he let go the reins and grabbed the saddle horn with both hands. Sands told him forcefully that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He was ordered to try again and to keep his hands off the saddle. He tried it and fell off. Sands made him remount and try again four or five times. I found it painful to watch him and looked another way, but I could <sup>hear</sup> his body hit the ground and hear Sands swearing at him. That went on for three days or so, when Blutenthal's name finally appeared on the list of those to be discharged. I had marvelled at the man's courage, getting up and trying over and over again after all those bruises. I heard later that Blutenthal had found a place in the intelligence service, where I am sure he did well.

^[[Love, Dad]]



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