

**ECHOES FROM
OVER THERE**

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Echoes from over there by Various

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VARIOUS

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OVER THERE**

ECHOES FROM OVER THERE



IRENE

GLADYS

From "The Friends in Need"

We girls feel that we know the American soldiers thoroughly, for we served with the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the National Army, and we served with them while they rested and played and while they fought and died.

Always they were true Americans, playing with zest and fighting with determination and invincible courage.

There is not a tribute too high to pay them and we feel that we were very privileged to have been with them at the front, from their first activity in the lines until the last gun was fired.

Very cordially yours,

IRENE McINTYRE.

GLADYS E. McINTYRE.

ECHOES FROM OVER THERE

BY THE MEN OF THE ARMY AND
MARINE CORPS WHO FOUGHT
IN FRANCE

Edited by CRAIG HAMILTON
and LOUISE CORBIN, Authors
of "The Sword of the Valley,"
"The Heart of a Regular," etc.

Illustrated

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New York City

TO
THE MIGHTY FINE CHAPS
WE LEFT OVER THERE

PREFACE

Ask a doughboy or an officer about "over there" these days, and nine times out of ten his answer will be, "Oh, what's the use of talking about it? Folks are tired of hearing about the war."

The boys, lately returned, are eager to tell us of what they have seen and endured. Is it possible there is no audience for the moving stories of our young heroes?

We believe that people, through the return, or non-return, of some loved one, are now so familiar with the reality of the Great War that they have little interest in war fiction. The day of the war play with its battle raging offstage, and the novel with its villain regenerated on the field, is past.

Instead, we long to look into the eyes of our young fighters and hear from their own lips, authentic details of what happened overseas.

Will you yawn and think of other matters when your boy stretches his legs before your fireplace once more and begins, "Well, Dad, it was this way. We went over the top at—"

Or, if your boy paid the supreme price and lies with lips forever sealed, would you not listen hungrily to the story told by a member of his own company, by his Buddy, perhaps?

Possibly, you had no one dear to you to send across. You must still be eager to learn all you can of that strange world of death, and struggle, and unimaginable bravery into which our untried youth advanced, and from which they have emerged, laurel crowned, our great, national pride.

We offer you in this volume, not the skillful work of fiction writers, but veritable human documents. The boys themselves wrote these stories, or dictated them from their hospital beds.

You will find adjectives and elaborate descriptive writing conspicuously lacking. But if you have imag-