

## LEGEND & LORE OF THE COAST ARTILLERY CORPS

*In those years before the beginning of World War I, the Army was relatively small and the officers who served in the various arms—the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery and the other specialized branches— saw and/or corresponded with each other frequently. This enabled an efficient transfer of stories and other gossip. The men who served in the Coast Artillery Corps quickly began to develop an “esprit de corps” and a distinctive identity for their Corps. They scrambled to develop an “esprit” that was distinctive from that of the older branches, especially the rival Field Artillery Corps. They wrote coast artillery songs, they developed coast artillery punch, told coast artillery stories, and developed a coast artillery military etiquette. Here are a few examples to enjoy!*



### COAST ARTILLERY PUNCH

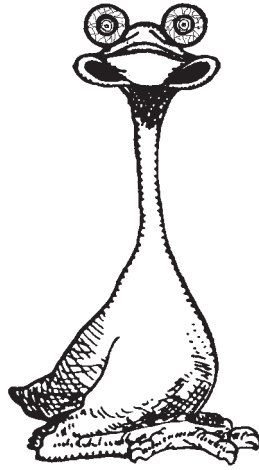
*A recipe found by Elliot Deutsch.*

#### *Ingredients:*

1 quart Rum  
 1 quart Sherry or Gin  
 1 pint Brandy  
 1-2 quarts Tea  
 1/4 to 1/2 pounds Sugar  
 2 Oranges  
 2 Lemons  
 1 quart Champagne

#### *Instructions:*

Mix rum, sherry, brandy, tea, and sugar.  
 Juice the oranges and lemons, grate lemon peels and add.  
 Chill with ice.  
 Just before serving, add champagne.  
 Enjoy immediately.



# THE OOZLEFINCH

## MYTHICAL MASCOT OF THE COAST ARTILLERY CORPS

a compendium prepared by Mark A. Berhow

By end of World War I the Oozlefinch was firmly ensconced as the mascot of the Coast Artillery Corps. The Oozlefinch was a fictitious bird born in stories told at the Fort Monroe Officer's Club during the early 1900s, and of which there is only one "official" image, a plaster statue that sat in a glass case for many years in the "Gridiron Room" of the officer's club. This happened during the early years of the Coast Artillery Corps, following the merging of all the Army's artillery regiments and batteries into a "Corps of Artillery" in 1901 and the separation of the units that manned the heavy fixed seacoast artillery weapons and units that manned the light mobile artillery units into the Coast Artillery Corps and Field Artillery Corps, respectively in 1907.

The Oozlefinch was a part what made up the distinctive "esprit" of the Coast Artillery Corps. Its story was spread by the close-knit group of officers who served in the Corps through conversation, letters, and most importantly for us latter day historians, military newspapers and professional journals.

By the 1920s the legend of the Oozlefinch had been set. There was only one Oozlefinch—the one resting in the glass case in the "Gridiron Room" of the Fort Monroe Officer's Club. The Oozlefinch spent much of his time in silent contemplation (after all, he was a statue). Occasionally during the 1930s and early 1940s he would stir and speak out on the issues of the day, which were then recorded in the Fort Monroe newspapers and in the *Coast Artillery Journal*. For example: "What I Mean, We gotta Keep Advancin'," by Oozlefinch, *Coast Artillery Journal*, Vol. 72, No. 1, Jan. 1930, pp. 49-52; and "This Man's Army" by Private Oozlefinch, *Coast Artillery Journal*, Vol. 72, No. 4, Apr. 1930, pp. 366-368.

His image was used for informal insignia, signs, lapel pins, paperweights, and earrings. Apparently, some of the Coast Artillery antiaircraft units used his image as an insignia during their service overseas in World War II. The Oozlefinch went on to become the patron mascot of the army missilemen of the 1950s.

The story of the Oozlefinch is best told by those who were there in their own words. The rest of this article will be composed of passages from the original articles—my comments are in italics, direct quotes are in regular text.

One of the members of the group of officers at Fort Monroe who developed the Oozlefinch story was E. R. Tilton, who was then assigned to the Quartermaster Corps. His story of the origins of the Oozlefinch and its association with the infamous "Gridiron Club" still makes for good reading. (From: "History of the 'Oozlefinch'," By Colonel E. R. Tilton, *Liaison*, June 21, 1919, reprinted in *Coast Artillery Journal* Vol. 69, No. 1, July 1928, pp. 60-63.)

### **The Origin of the Oozlefinch**

A number of years ago, I think it was about 1905, a certain officer of the Artillery Corps who was more or less famed for his sayings (then Captain H. M. Merriam), spoke often about the existence of the "Oozlefinch." When questioned about this bird, he was rather close about describing either its appearance or its habits, or where it could be found. All that he ever disclosed was that "the Oozlefinch was a bird which flew tail foremost to keep the dust out of its eyes."

Any naturalist, even a nature faker, having this much of a description to work on, would probably assume that the eyes of the bird were of such prominence that it had to fly in the manner described to protect them. Hence the eyes must be important, probably large and prominent and not otherwise protected, an assumption which proved to be correct. A little while before Christmas in the year mentioned above, Mrs. Tilton, while shopping in Hampton, came across the present "Oozlefinch" in a small shop, and being struck with the prominent eyes of the animal, bought him. I then took the bird over to the Fort Monroe Club and let him perch behind the bar. He, under the loving care of Keeney Chapman, retained his place behind the bar for many years.

The bird was almost lost several times, but when a shavetail lieutenant in the Coast Artillery School tried to steal him away, he was enclosed in a glass cage for safe-keeping.

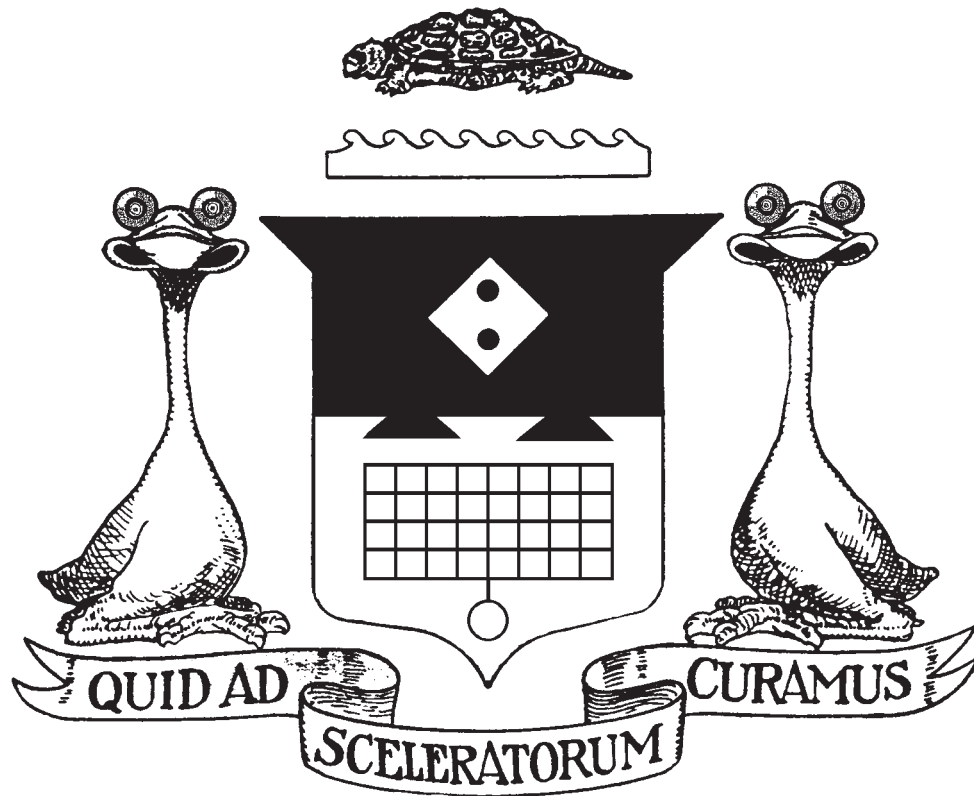
Early in 1908, the construction of the present Coast Artillery School was begun. The Torpedo School at Fort Totten, New York, was moved to Fort Monroe and consolidated with the Artillery School. When the consolidation took place, General (then Major) R. P. Davis came to Monroe as director of the combined schools and as President of the Artillery Board. The Board then consisted of Major Davis, Captain F. W. Coe (now *June 1919* Chief of Coast Artillery), Captain H. J. Hatch, and Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoody, Secretary. I was then Constructing Quartermaster and Captain Curtis G. Rorebeck was Post Quartermaster. During the building of the School the offices of the Artillery Board were in the second front of casemates. The office of the Constructing Quartermaster adjoined those of the Artillery Board in the same front. It was then the custom in those days to adjourn to the Club, not far away, after the labors of the day.

The "Oozlefinch" awoke from his sleep of several years, being aroused by the noise of the constant shaking of the dice box by members of the Artillery Board and the two Quartermasters. He insisted on joining the festivities and the location of his glass cage was changed from the bar to the mantel shelf of the second room from the bar. (In those days the bar was in the west end of the second front in the bastion under the flag staff.) This room became famous, not only from the fact that the "Oozlefinch" lived there, but because the sessions of the Artillery Board were held there every afternoon until long after retreat, winter and summer. The "Oozlefinch" with his all seeing eyes, took in all the work of the Board, and was so deeply interested in its proceedings that it practically became a member, and he never missed a meeting.

This room became known, eventually, as the "Gridiron Room" and the members who gathered there formed what afterwards became known throughout Fort Monroe as "the Club." The membership was limited, and woe betide the unfortunate who passed through the room to get a quiet drink, by himself, at the bar beyond. He generally had to pay toll, and was then allowed to proceed on his way.

It is a fact that the proceedings of the Board on Artillery matters of import in those days were discussed in that room. The present "Drill Regulations for Coast Artillery" saw the first light of day therein. It was natural for the "Oozlefinch" to absorb all the knowledge which was there, and he became the emblem of the "Gridiron Club" as well as a full-fledged member. (He has not a single feather on him.)

The Coat-of-Arms of the "Gridiron Club" came to life about this time, and after a course in Heraldry I designed the Coat-of-Arms and it was adopted. The Coat-of-Arms created quite a sensation amongst the non-initiated, and the secrets of its composition were never divulged to outsiders. There is no reason, now, why the heraldic story of the Coat-of-Arms should not be given to the Coast Artillery World.



The body of the shield "*parti per fess, dovetailed*" indicated the general woodenness, not of the Artillery Board and the other members of the "Gridiron Club" but of the passing throng who paid not their toll cheerfully in passing through the Sanctum to the bar. "*Gules and Sable*": The color of the shield, red and black—red for the Artillery and black, in mourning for those who lost at dice by throwing the lowest spots. "*In honor, a deuce spot of dice, lozenged, proper*": The honor point of the shield was given to the lowest marked dice, as it was the one which most frequently appeared to some members, the law of probability notwithstanding. "*in nombril a gridiron sable*": The lower half of the shield is given over to the memory of those who did not belong to the "Gridiron Club," who were constantly roasted by it, both when present and, I regret to say also, when absent.

The motto: "*Quid ad sceleratorum curamus,*" was the result of much thought and research. A visit to the Artillery School Library and a consultation with the then librarian disclosed the fact that there was no English-Latin dictionary in the Library, but they had a Lexicon which might serve that purpose. After an exhaustive examination of this lexicon for the Latin equivalent of the good old English word "Hell," the word "sceleratorum" was found. This word means the "place of the damned," which is as near as the ancient Romans came to the word desired. So the motto literally translated means: "What in Hell do we care!"

The supporters, "*two Oozlefinches, regardant, proper,*" were a natural selection, "regardant" meaning looking, or better, all seeing, with the great eyes that this bird has to protect while in flight in the manner described.

The crest, "*a terrapin, passant dexter proper,*" was selected owing to the great number of these animals, cooked to perfection by Keeney and served with great pomp to the members of the Artillery Board on occasions of state. This was always accompanied by libations of "*red top,*" red top being a now obsolete drink made in Champagne in France and once transported into the United States, in times gone by, that now seem almost prehistoric.

The wavy bar over which the terrapin is passing, represents the adjacent waters of the Chesapeake, the natural habitat of this animal.

This Coat-of-Arms that appeared so mystifying to the outside, was once stolen by a civilian gentleman from the Klondike who visited the Fort Monroe Club as a guest. He having been roasted by the “Gridironers” for his tales of great wealth, took this petty means of revenge. The Coat-of-Arms was recovered from his room in the Chamberlin Hotel, by strategy.

I think that on the back of the Coat-of-Arms appear the names of the original members of the “Gridiron Club,” but of this I am not, now, sure. In any event, it is a fitting memorial to those days in Fort Monroe when work was intermingled with joys and pleasures, and which produced as great results as can be expected even today, when the mind of the Artillerist is given great activity by absorption of cold tea, coca cola, and such other concoctions.

*To say that the Oozlefinch's origin was concocted in some sort of alcoholic haze may be a real understatement, as noted in this description of the habits of famous bird. Later, it was decided to sober up the Oozlefinch's image a little, so he was moved to another room away from the bar. (From: “Meet Mr. Oozlefinch,” *The Recoil*, the Fort Monroe R.O.T.C. Camp newspaper, June 29, 1923, reprinted in the *Coast Artillery Journal*, Vol. 59, No. 5, October 1923, p. 368.)*

During his captivity he has responded in diverse ways to his environment. At the time of capture his mouth was able to imbibe a quart per minute, and his protruding eyes were capable of discerning an approaching glass or bottle at an incredible distance in any direction whatever. During the three years that he was perched behind the club's bar he never refused a drink and in that period his mouth trebled in capacity and his eyes became greatly enlarged and increased in penetrating power. The neck, already of great length, elongated at the rate of one-eighth inch per minute, increasing the time of transit of the “likker” and prolonging the delightful taste.

These changes in the features of the mascot caused great concern among the club members. Although he always paraded his only feather with great gusto and abandon, his constant inebriated condition was a reflection upon the club, and so somebody devised the plan of turning his mind from drink to gambling.

In 1918 he was moved from the bar to his present position on the mantel, and was placed in a glass case to prevent his likkeriferious instincts leading him from the straight and narrow path, and also to secure him against the attentions of visitors who sometimes attempted to lure him away.

The Artillery Board met in the same room with Oozlefinch. He witnessed the compilation of the present Coast Artillery Drill Regulations. Once imbued with the spirit of the Artillery he forsook dice and “likker” forever. His service to the Corps as tactical adviser and builder of morale has been inestimable.

*This description of the Oozlefinch comes from a 1930 article. (From: “What I Mean, We gotta Keep Advancin’,” by Oozlefinch, *Coast Artillery Journal*, Vol. 72, No. 1, Jan. 1930, pp. 49-52.)*

The Oozlefinch is that strange bird known to the Coast Artillery for his peculiar appearance and habits. One of his most peculiar habits is flying backwards to keep the dust out of his eyes. We don't know whether this is due to the prominence of his eyes or the absence of feathers. While he flies faced to the rear, the direction of his movement is always to the front. Where he picked up his rough language we can't imagine. It probably came from association with some rough Coast Artillerymen who came back from service overseas after the war and gathered at the Club hoping for something that was not there. These days, the Oozlefinch maintains a morose silence. No longer are the affairs of the Coast Artillery discussed in his presence. The tinkle of feminine laughter has replaced other kinds of tinkle. The rattle of the dice box is gone. The Oozlefinch can't talk in this atmosphere.

## The Transplanted Oozlefinch

*During World War I there was a big controversy as another Oozlefinch was spotted among the rolling stock of the Railway Artillery Reserve of the A.E.F. and adopted as its mascot. This led to some interesting correspondence, some fine (?) poetry, and a further development of the Oozlefinch lore including his distinctive cry "gazook-gazoo." (From: "The Railway Artillery Reserve, American E. F." by Col. H. C. Barnes, C.A.C., Coast Artillery Journal, Vol. 71, No. 1, July 1929, pp. 1-33.)*

### HEADQUARTERS RAILWAY ARTILLERY RESERVE

France, 24 October, 1918

From: The Commanding General

To: The Chief of Coast Artillery, Washington, D.C.

Subject: Distinctive Insignia for Railway Artillery Reserve, American E. F.

General:

1. I have the honor to send you herewith, a design of the "Pochoir," which you will readily understand is the distinctive mark painted upon all transportation belonging to the Railway Artillery Reserve, American Expeditionary Force.

2. This design, which is the combined effort of all the genius contained at the present time in the Railway Artillery Reserve, is intended to represent as well as can be recalled by memory, the Oozlefinch, a rare bird which you will recall was incarcerated in a cage in one of the card rooms at the Fort Monroe Club. You will recall that this bird is a *sui generis*, and believed to be the only one in captivity, hence, after much reflection, I have concluded to adopt it as the emblem of the Railway Artillery Reserve, American Expeditionary Force, being symbolic of the only Railway Artillery Reserve known to exist in our service. You will note from examination of the accompanying drawing, that the Oozlefinch is very proud of himself. He wears a trench helmet, perhaps uselessly, but with effect. He has not many feathers, but in order to give a coquettish appearance, he has his left foot cocked up in the air. On his foot you will notice a wrist watch, which indicates 7:30. This is the hour for all hands in the Railway Artillery Reserve to begin work. On his right leg, he wears a *plaque d'identité*, which all chic soldiers are now supposed to wear in France. You will further notice that he is perched upon a section of rail, symbolic of the Railway Artillery Reserve, being surrounded by epis, which permits him to fire in any direction. The design is placed upon a white polygon, surrounded by red, suggestive of the Coast Artillery Corps, and having many sides, is supposed to be an allusion to the capabilities of the Coast Artillery Corps officers, who, in France, perform any duty but that pertaining to the Artillery Corps.

3. The motto of this design is "*Abandonné en France, sans ami*," which you will readily interpret, "Abandoned in France without friends."

4. I ask you to accept again the continuance of my highest esteem and beg to remain,

Very sincerely,

William Chamberlaine

(Commanding General, R.A.R., A.E.F.)



Office of the  
CHIEF OF COAST ARTILLERY  
Washington, D.C.

November 19, 1918

From: Chief of Coast Artillery.  
To: Commanding General, R.A.R., A.E.F.  
Subject: Distinctive mark for Railway Artillery.

1. The "Pochoir" of the Railway Artillery Reserve which you so kindly forwarded, arrived in perfect condition and at present adorns the wall of my office where I can gaze upon it with all the admiration and perfect understanding that it has awakened in me.

2. Feeling that such a work of art and genius should be embodied in the archives of the great war, I turned it over for a day to the Military Intelligence Bureau who, wishing to show their undying appreciation and gratitude for such an unprecedented honor, submitted the following information, which is, to my mind, both interesting and instructive:

The OZLEFINCH, a rare and almost extinct bird having but one feather, which it displays with great pride and gusto. This bird lives entirely on "hopes," which it forages from promises, rumors, mimeographs, and unconfirmed orders.

While ordinarily of happy disposition it has been noted that lately the OZLEFINCH has been plunged at times into the depths of despair, despondency and desolation, which is doubtless caused by the fact that it is unable to ascertain if the hour is 7:30, symbolic of the time at which all hands in the R. A. R. commence work, is a.m. or p.m.

The chief enjoyment of the OZLEFINCH is to sneak off to an artillery park and there to listen to an M. T. S. calling its mate, repeating to himself all the while, "gazook-gazoo"—which, when translated, means, "I DIDN'T KILL A SINGLE BOCHE 'CAUSE OUR POWDER DIDN'T COME."

3. As I remarked several times since its arrival, the "Pochoir" is not only interesting and instructive but inspiring, as can be well shown by the following "Ode to the OZLEFINCH," written by an Ordnance officer after a short glance at the wonderful bird, and anything that can inspire an Ordnance officer is indeed a thing to be marveled at and its glory should be sung in every publication from the COAST ARTILLERY JOURNAL to the *Police Gazette*.

### ODE TO THE OZLEFINCH

O ffensives, are his dotage, advancing foot by foot  
O riented, so to shoot "*Dans tous les azimuths*";  
Z ealous and Resourceful, and just 'twixt me and you  
L eave it to our warlike bird, is the word at G. H. Q.  
E very time he flaps his wings, the big guns go into action  
F iring from a railway track to get the proper traction.  
I n this war he was so young, Ah, yes it was too bad,  
N ever once could he flap his wings when one feather's all he had;  
C ome what may, however, this one fact is a cinch,  
H ere's to the R. A. R., by gosh, and its little—

F. W. Coe  
Major General  
Chief of Coast Artillery

HEADQUARTERS RAILWAY ARTILLERY RESERVE  
American Expeditionary Forces, France

6 January 1919

From: The Commanding General

To: The Chief of Coast Artillery, Washington, D.C.

Subject: Distinctive Insignia for Railway Artillery Reserve, American E. F.

1. The Railway Artillery Reserve is highly gratified to know its "pochoir," the Oozlefinch, properly placed upon the wall of the Headquarters of its parent Coast Artillery Corps, is receiving its due measure of respect and admiration.

2. It is a thought, perhaps, that the merits of this rare, noble and almost extinct bird are not fully appreciated, and that this failure is the result of a lack of sympathetic understanding on the part of your Military Intelligence Bureau.

3. It is true upon his arrival on the scene of action "over here," he had little else but "hopes" upon which to live, and further, that these "hopes" were only born and kept alive by his own foraging from promises, rumors, mimeographs, and unconfirmed orders—the latter being given at times "By direction." However, being a wise bird, and knowing that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," he bestirred himself and foraged, not only from "promises, rumors, etc.," but from other more tangible sources, with the result that as time passed and his development proceeded, he subsisted on a substantial fare of big guns and plenty of ammunition—"hopes" serving but to spur him on to added activities.

4. In fleeting moments of the past, shadows of despair may have clouded the countenance of the Oozlefinch, customarily so contented, yet expressive of punctilious pride and martial bearing; but this mental desolation, if in truth it ever really existed, other than in the minds of the uninitiated, did not reflect any indecision as to whether 7:30 is a. m. or p. m. Only one who views the struggle at long range from beyond the seas could fail to know that in the land of France, the military day contains but one 7:30.

5. In the days of his early development it is said that he did derive satisfaction from repeating to himself the refrain "Gazook-Gazoo." However, in his later days, it was noticed that this expression was entirely eliminated from his vocabulary. The fact that his foraging produced results in powder, as well as other necessities, and that evidence was not lacking to prove more than a "Single Boche" succumbed to his marksmanship would indicate that possibly your translation of the above refrain is made with a reasonable degree of accuracy. In this connection it might be interesting to record the fact that, among other Boche casualties which are to be credited to the Oozlefinch, he proudly plumes himself on having brought down one Boche airplane and having captured the occupants thereof.

6. The Oozlefinch of the Railway Artillery Reserve was born in time of strife and tribulation; but over this handicap he proved his mastery. After ten active months on the battlefield, he sent his last token to the Hun at 10:57, 11 November, 1918, and now that his part in this great war is over, he will fly back to his home with the Coast Artillery Corps and there reflect with satisfaction upon the fact that he deposited within the enemy lines five million five hundred sixty-eight thousand pounds of cold and convincing steel.



7. During the coming years of enervating peace, his faithful adherents will proudly call to mind his record which may be briefly stated as follows:

He left his home for “over there,” among the first to go,  
 Hell bent to give the cruel Hun a rocky road to hoe.  
 At first he fed on “hopes,” which he foraged, by direction  
 From orders, rumors, promises—all lacking confirmation.

The song he sang: “Gazook-Gazoo,” in those days of hoped deferred,  
 May indicate that despondency then gripped our sacred bird.  
 We’ll translate it into English, which may assist you some:  
 “I haven’t killed a single Boche, ‘cause my powder hasn’t come.”

His innate wisdom later on showed this to be wrong,  
 So he set his mind and heart and soul to find another song.  
 He saw the fields he foraged in were barren, save for “hope,”  
 So he looked about, in his wise young way, for fields of better dope.

He found these fields, and he foraged there—guns and powder galore.  
 And then his troops went to the front. Believe me, the Boche were sore.  
 For months and months our sacred bird harassed and harried the foe,  
 And did his bit to make for the Hun a rocky road to hoe.

Counter-battery fire! Interdiction fire! He was always in the fray;  
 And his last he fired at three minutes of ‘leven on that good armistice day.  
 So now he the song he sings to himself is bright and jolly and gay,  
 As he sends his troops, with hollers and whoops, back on their homeward way.

His faithful adherents will never forget him,  
 To do so would be absurd,  
 And they dedicate here, the following ode,  
 To their grand, resourceful bird:

O ffensives were his food and drink, he wanted but to shoot,  
 O riented, so to fire “*Dans tous les azimuths*”;  
 Z ealous and resourceful, and just ‘twixt me and you  
 “L eave it to our warlike bird,” was the answer over sea.  
 E very time he flapped his wings, the big guns got into action  
 F iring from a railway track, to get the proper traction.  
 I n this war he was so young, ‘twas wondered what he’d do,  
 N ot only did he do his bit, but he did it straight and true.  
 C ome all of you and join us. Here’s a fact that is a cinch—  
 H appy is the R. A. R. to toast its—

William Chamberlaine,  
 Brigadier General, U. S. A.

*This toast to the Oozlefinch comes from the same article that carried the above correspondence:*

### **A TOAST TO THE OOZLEFINCH**

1. You may sing of the EAGLE, that splendid bird  
    Who dwells by the sounding sea.  
Whose head is bald, but whose eyes are keen,  
    Whose sentinel form is but seldom seen  
        Keeping watch o'er the Land of the Free.  
Long—too long—has he watching perched  
    And slumbering seemed—perchance,  
Till he stretched his wings, as in days of yore,  
    for a flight which no eagle had ventured before,  
        To the battle-scarred land of France!
  
2. You may raise, Civilians, your hats to him,  
    While soldiers from every land—  
Conscript, volunteer, veteran grim—  
    Stand to salute when his myriads trim  
        Pass—then strike hand to hand!  
Yet, Bulldog Tommy and Poilu bold—  
    Ye who at naught would flinch—  
And sons of the Roman Legions old,  
    In our EAGLE'S BROOD you may not have been told,  
        Of his fledgling—the OOZLEFINCH.
  
3. Drawn by his snorting steeds of steel—  
    Like Titan of the ancient days—  
Beneath the tread of each chariot wheel  
    The strong earth trembles, as dreading to feel  
        The burden that on her he lays.  
Aloud when the storm of his cannon breaks,  
    With the blast of each thunderbolt thrust  
The foe's proud citadel shudders and quakes  
    While each stricken rampart totters and shakes  
        And crumbles to rubbish and dust.
  
4. A stout trench helmet is worn by him,  
    Protecting his massive pate  
(Full of trig. functions and logarithms);  
    His watch he wears on a nether limb,  
        He is ready early or late.  
Though nobody loves him, he does not cry,  
    But dances—his lone feathered tail  
He proudly raises, he cannot fly  
    To the rear, or retreat—he would scorn to try,  
        For he marches forward by rail.

5. You may sing of the bird-men, reckless and free,  
 Of Infantry, fearless and strong,  
 But what of the Railway Artillery  
 When the field guns fail, when the enemy  
 Has held his position too long?  
 And, comrades all, though with honors few  
 And with glory small, yet our part  
 We each of us did, though none others knew  
 To the BRAVE OLD FLAG how we were true  
 Both in deeds and thoughts of the heart.

6. So "HOW!" Here we drink to the Oozlefinch,  
 And the Railway Artillery.  
 They did their duty—it wasn't a "cinch."  
 With "Bière de Châlons" our friendship we'll clinch,  
 While we toast them and VICTORY!  
 And here's to our General, gallant and wise,  
 And to Mailly and Haussimont  
 And THAT LAIR whence the Oozlefinch shall rise  
 And smite our foeman betwixt the eyes  
 Should they e'er dare their faces to show!

ABRAHAM B. COX, Captain, Ordnance, U. S. A.

*The Transplanted Oozlefinch may have been a slightly different species of Oozlefinch as noted below. (From: "Meet Mr. Oozlefinch," The Recoil, the Fort Monroe R.O.T.C. Camp newspaper, June 29, 1923, reprinted in the Coast Artillery Journal, Vol. 59, No. 5, October 1923, p. 368.)*

In 1918 a strange bird with distinct Oozlefinch attributes was observed to roost at night upon the rolling stock of the Railway Artillery Reserves, A. E. F. This bird was equipped with trench helmet and wrist watch. He rapidly made friends with the personnel who named him the "Transplanted Oozlefinch" and adopted him as their mascot. Fort Monroe was somewhat disturbed at the first news of the discovery of a second Oozlefinch but the name "Transplanted Oozlefinch" was taken as an admission of the superiority of the original. Its eyes were not unduly prominent, nor did it fly backwards. In spite of the lack of prominence of eyes, he was capable of observing everything within many kilometers.

An artist fortunately made a drawing of the Transplanted Oozlefinch and incorporated it in the emblem of the R. A. R. He is depicted perched on a section of rail (symbolic of the R. A. R.) with his left foot cocked in the air, and wearing a wrist watch on his left leg.

After having fired 5,568,000 lbs. of steel into German territory the T. O. disappeared one dark night from his perch on an ammunition car and has never been seen since, but his memory is preserved to posterity by the R. A. R. emblem. We may still rejoice that the original Oozlefinch, the one and only "Coastillery Bird" remains in captivity as the celebrated mascot of the Coast Artillery Corps.

*E. R. Tilton thought the Transplanted Oozlefinch was the "spirit" of the Oozlefinch overlooking his men in France during their service there. (From: "History of the 'Oozlefinch'," By Colonel E. R. Tilton, C. A., Liaison, June 21, 1919, reprinted in Coast Artillery Journal Vol. 69, No. 1, July 1928, pp. 60-63.)*

It is a good thing that the Coast Artillerymen who were fortunate enough to cross the seas and go to war remembered the existence of the "Oozlefinch" (though not his shape) and took him as their sacred standard, as Napoleon did his Eagles. The "Oozlefinch" never crossed the ocean to France in person. His spirit led the Coast Artillerymen who went over, and it would be by all means proper to bestow upon him the required number of Silver Chevrons indicating his war service, and it is to be hoped that he will wear them with the same feelings of devotion to duty which causes those of us who stayed at home to wear them. Wound stripes, they are sometimes called, wounds to personal feelings and professional ambitions. Perhaps the Chief of Coast Artillery might be influenced to grant the "Oozlefinch" some special type of war chevrons, say two gold and two silver, on April 6, 1919, to indicate the bird's influence on the fortunes of the Coast Artillery Corps for service "over here" in the body and service "over there" in the spirit. He is certainly deserving of it.

### **The Missile Oozlefinch**

*In 1946 the Coast Artillery School was closed at Fort Monroe and its functions moved to Fort Winfield Scott at the Presidio of San Francisco as a part of the Artillery School and the School of Mines. The Oozlefinch was moved to San Francisco as well. This school was soon closed, and the Coast Artillery was officially abolished as a separate branch of the Army in 1950, all of its remaining units being integrated into a unified Artillery arm as antiaircraft artillery.*

*Some of the officers who served with the Coast Artillery Corps during World War II were involved with the growing air defense artillery function during the early 1950s. Somebody had retained the glass encased Oozlefinch statue after the close of the Fort Scott Coast Artillery School. And, in due course, the Oozlefinch was brought to the air defense artillery training grounds at Fort Bliss, Texas, where the Army Antiaircraft Defense Command (ARAACOM), was training its crews for the deployment of the new the surface to air NIKE missiles in its role as a continental defense system.*

*The Oozlefinch made the transition to the development of a new "esprit de corps" for the missilemen, who were bringing with them the roots from the old Coast Artillery Corps. The commanding general of the center was proclaimed "Chief Oozlefinchling I" and authorized to speak during the Oozlefinch's many absences to the missile ranges. The Oozlefinch became the guardian of those who trained at Fort Bliss and a new "club" sprang up. (selected text from: "History of the Oozlefinch," Fort Bliss, circa 1958, reprinted in the Fort MacArthur Alert Vol. 6, Issue 3 (July 1994) pp 1-3.)*

In 1946 the Oozlefinch finally became restless at Fort Monroe, and as all his friends began to depart to be replaced by individuals of various branches, he decided to move to Fort Scott, California, where the Seacoast Artillery Branch of the Artillery School and School of Mines were activated. When these schools were closed, about 1948, the Oozlefinch retired to some unknown cloister where he turned his eyes inward and engaged in deep meditation over the events of the times and need for modernization of the Artillery.

On 6 July 1956, the Oozlefinch, legendary featherless bird of the Coast Artillery Corps, awakened from his sleep of several years, tucked a Nike in the crook of his nude left leg, and traveling by ways known only to himself, arrived at Fort Bliss, Texas, the home of the antiaircraft and Guided Missile Center—there to become the guardian of all missilemen.

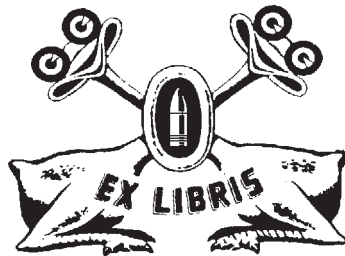
Since, as it is well known, the Oozlefinch always flies backwards to keep dust, trivia and other inconsequentia out of his eyes, the Nike is always positioned at the correct attitude.

He charged himself, in addition, with particular care for Very Important Visitors to the Air Defense Center and specifically, not only to protect such visitors from the long-winded, technical briefings and orientations to which they are subjected, but to accord them suitable recognition as “Oozlefinchlings” for their punishment.

To reward both these visitors and others, the amazing bird created the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Oozlefinch, directed its incorporation under the Laws of the State of Texas, and from time to time approved the “awarding” of degrees to those deemed worthy of this honor. Among the degrees are: Master, First Class, Gunner, Apprentice, 24 Hour Expert Oozlefinchling, and Charitable Oozlefinchling.

These degrees, carrying various qualifications as prerequisites for award, all require that the recipient be physically present at the Air Defense Center for induction. The Oozlefinch has also authorized still another degree, the coveted “Oozlefinchling, Old Timer.” This degree is bestowed upon persons who qualify by virtue of their association with the bird long before he took over his present job of protecting the men who man the missiles, as well as their dedication and faithfulness to the spirit of the Oozlefinch. This degree can be awarded to persons who are prohibited by age, space, or other ills, from journeying in person to the shrine of the Oozle at the U.S. Army Air Defense Center. One of the first “Old Timer” degrees was awarded to Capt. Ellis C. Baker, who retired shortly after World War I after service with the 42d Railway Artillery Regiment. It was a letter from Captain Baker to General Wood, promptly relayed to the Oozlefinch, of course, recalling the captain’s association with the awkward angel of the artillerymen during World War I, which prompted the establishment of the “old Timer” degree.

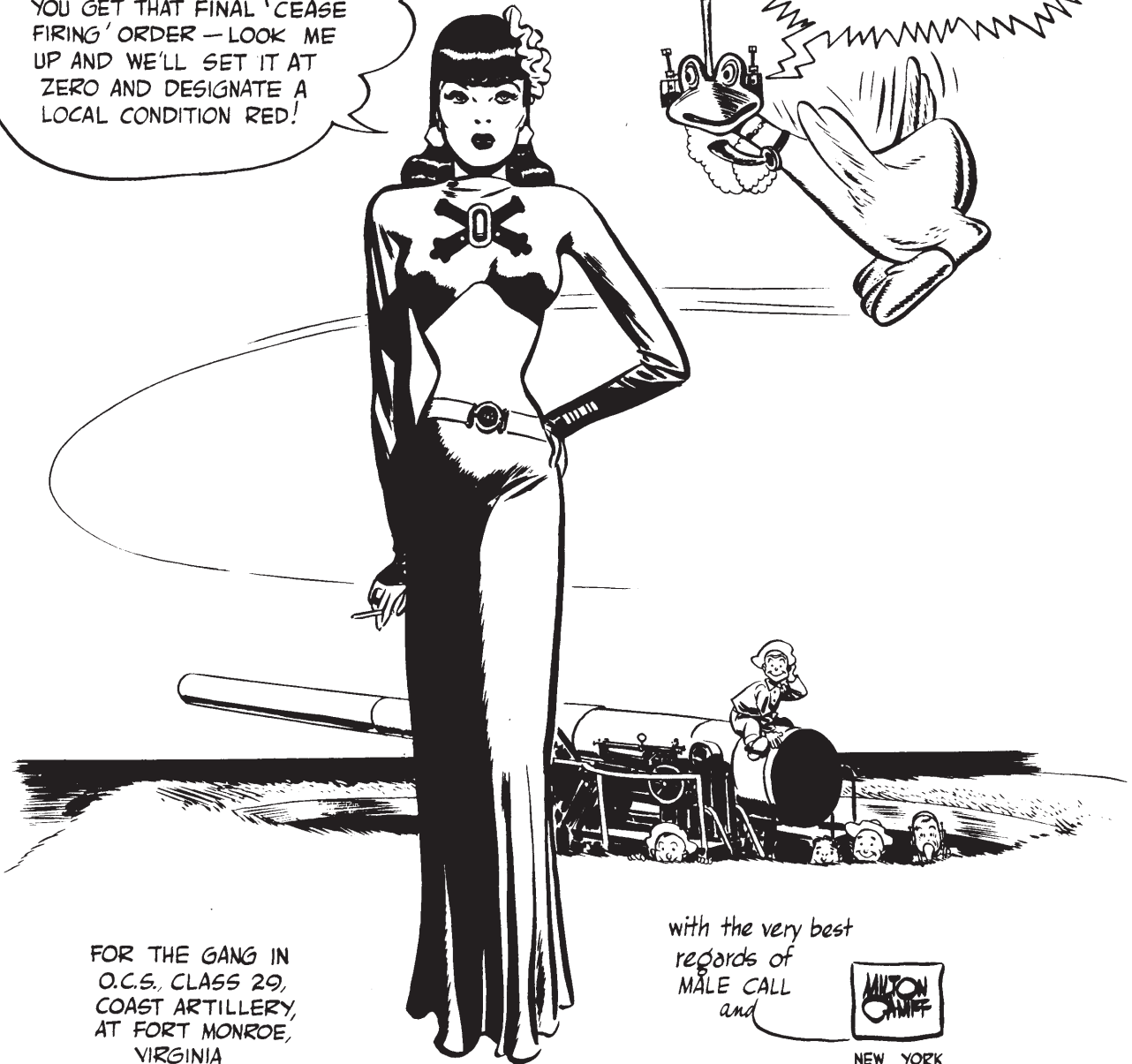
*The Oozlefinch currently resides at Fort Bliss, remembered fondly by the old officers of the Coast Artillery Corps and the men who have been trained at the Fort Bliss missile ranges. The Oozlefinch played an important role in the development of the distinctive spirit of men who served in the Coast Artillery Corps.*



Coast Artillery School Library marker

Y'UNDERSTAND, LACE DOESN'T WANTA KEEP YOU GENERALS OF O.C.S. CLASS 29 AT FORT MONROE AWAY FROM YOUR QUADRANTS AND STUFF — BUT PUT THIS DOWN WITH YOUR BASIC DATA ... WHEN YOU GET THAT FINAL 'CEASE FIRING' ORDER — LOOK ME UP AND WE'LL SET IT AT ZERO AND DESIGNATE A LOCAL CONDITION RED!

OOZLEFINCH! FORGET THAT OBSERVATION OF FIRE GUFF AND SNAG HER HAMPTON TELEPHONE NUMBER!



FOR THE GANG IN O.C.S. CLASS 29, COAST ARTILLERY, AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA

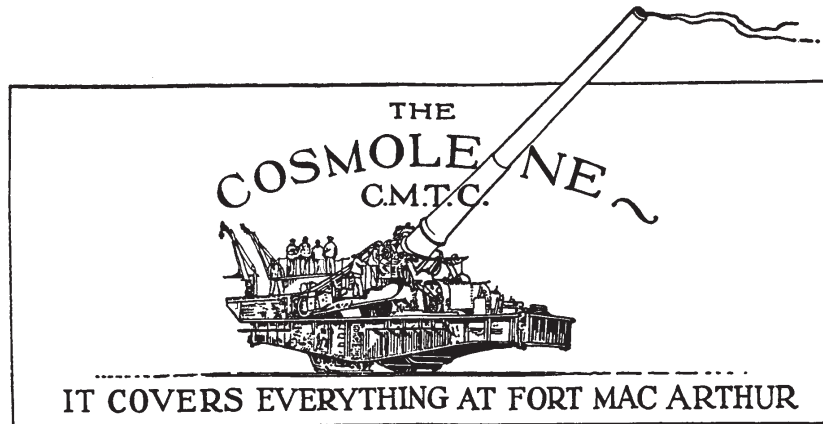
with the very best regards of MALE CALL and



NEW YORK JANUARY, 1944

Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff

The "Dragon Lady" from the "Terry and the Pirates" comic strip and the Oozlefinch from Coast Artillery Corps OCS Class 29 classbook, Fort Monroe, VA, 1944



**Ye Ryme of Ye Tyme-Raynge Boarde**  
**YE RYME OF YE TYME-RAYNGE BOARDE**

By MAJ. FRED M. GREEN, C. A. C.

(With usual apologies to T. Coleridge)

An earlier version of this poem, circa 1910 or so, was reprinted in the *CDSG Journal* Volume 9, Issue 1 (1995) and in the previous editions of this reference guide. This later version appeared in the *Coast Artillery Journal* Volume 73 (1930) pp. 495-498 with additional stanzas and a running commentary. It describes fairly closely the procedures involved in fire control in the early 1910s and voices the frustration that many soldiers must have often felt. The comment "I've just changed to blue" refers to the old army dress uniforms which were blue, the change to olive-drab dress uniforms occurred in the mid-1910s. The name "Erasmus" in the last stanza of the poem refers to Major General Erasmus D. Weaver, Chief of the Coast Artillery in the 1910s.

**(Original) AUTHOR'S NOTE:** *Seacoast gun batteries formerly plotted at fifteen-second intervals. No predictions were made on the plotting board; the correction for range-change during the time of flight was computed on the Pratt range board, and combined with the ballistic correction.*

*In 1913 it was required that set-forward points be plotted on the plotting board, a graphic time-range relation be maintained on a blackboard at one side of the emplacement, and a T-square and a stop watch be used to determine the proper corrected range for the instant of fire. At the command "Trip," this range was predicted a suitable number of seconds.*

*These requirements were heartily disliked by most officers. Under this system the inherent errors of prediction were made manifest, and the system was unjustly blamed for their existence. The emplacement pattern of time-range board was difficult to operate, and many delays and personnel errors resulted from its use. Also, the earliest boards were built without any protection from rain, and became inoperative in wet weather due to blurring of the chalk lines and figures.*

*To penalize unnecessary exposure of the piece to hostile observation and fire, a percentage deduction was made from the final figure of merit for each second the piece remained in battery after the lapse of a maximum allowable period—say ten seconds. I cannot now guarantee the accuracy of these figures but I can vouch for the possibility of the result indicated below. Each practice was supervised by an umpire detailed for that purpose.*

*Argumente*

A soldiere ben mournyng  
by ye sea-beache,

and seizeth another, a passyng  
soldiere, to whom hee  
purposeth to relayte hys  
tayle.

*Fytte Ye Fyrst*

Upon ye seashore, sadde and graye—  
Upon ye sandburred strand—  
There stood a dismalle soldiere  
With a peece of chalke in hande.

This saddened, weary cosmoline,  
Hee hove a mournfulle sighe  
And reachyng oute a skinnie clawe  
-grabbed a passer-bye.

Ye passer-bye he waxed fulle wode;  
"Holde offe your hande," quoted hee,  
"By thy oily, greasy denim pants  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

Ye bye-passer pleadeth a  
previous engagement,

but cannot escape

and so runneth an absence.

Ye aged cosmoline commencethe  
his recital,

note thye tyme-raynge  
board, and showeth ye confusion  
engendered therebye,

and ye difficulties of interpolaytion,  
to which ye operator  
succumbed.

He showeth further howe  
hys valiant captaine, doubtless  
a wiley manne in ye  
wayes of warre, avoideth ye  
need for interpolaytyng.

He relaytheth how ye  
raynge section laboured  
lugubriouslie

and were dyscomfytted by  
ye requirement of predyction  
when ye course was  
sinuous,

and of ye lamentable res  
gestae of ye plotter atte  
this circumstance,

“First call hath sounded for parade—  
I’ve just changed into blue;  
I wot I needs must runne lyke hel—  
Do you not stande it too?”

Hee holds hym with hys greasy hand:  
“Our batterye fyred—” quothe hee;  
“Hands offe— leggoe my dresse-coate sleeve,”  
Eftsoons hys hande drops hee.

Hee holds hym with hys glytteryng eye.  
Hys vyctym must stande stille,  
While loe! assemble for parade  
Ryngs clearlie from ye hille.

“Ye targette spedd acrossse ye baye-  
Ye Umpyre hee was there,  
Oure survisse practys for to see,  
To judge juste whatte was fayre.

“Our captaine gayzed with deepe dysguste  
Upon ye tyme-raynge boarde;  
Ye wyghte who posted raynges there  
Showed playnely hee wasy fflored.

“Ye curve ranne uppe-ye curve ranne dow  
Ye curve ranne all arounde-  
Ye raynge-boarde manne he beete hys bresste  
And rolled upon ye grownde.

“Our captaine was a hardy soul:  
Quothe hee, ‘Now .what ye hel?  
‘Goddame these syllie lynes of chalke  
We’ll fyre on ye bell’

*Fytte Ye Second*

“Alofte, behynde ye batterie,  
Ye gunne-shye braine-squadde satten-  
They soughte to trakke ye targette  
And to gesse where itte was atte;

“And when they could bocayte ye thyng—  
Ye orderes they were strykt—  
Ye plotter cryed, ‘Now cleare awaye,  
I’m going to predykt!’

“But when hee studied o’er yts trak  
Hee thoughte itte was bewytched;  
Loudlie hee rayved, and cursed, and swore,  
And eke he sonofabytched.



and how he was again baffled  
by each chaynge in  
course of ye shyppe.

And how sorrows multiplyed,

and how ye captaine, doubtless  
constrayned by ye cornell  
and other senytle warriors,

was dryven to extream  
measures; and how, just as  
ye gunne ben y-tripped  
into batterye,

ye whole system ben typed  
uppe by failure of ye tyme-  
raynge board,

thus leavyng ye gunne in  
batterye without data, so yt  
ye penaltie runneth.

Yet further delays are  
caused by a chause shower  
of rayne, thus makyng ye  
board alle

wette in every sense, and ye  
practysse is irretrievably  
ruined before a syngel  
shotte

ben fyred.

Despyte all interruption, ye  
cosmoline will shryve hym-  
self, for yt hee ben fulle

“At lengthe ye course was straytened out—  
Its wriggles he was learnyng—  
Anon cryed one from uppe above,  
‘Ye goddamdtargette’s turnyng!’

*Fytte Ye Thurd*

“Anon upon ye tyme-raynge boarde  
Wee see a course once more,  
But—marke how yon deflekshuns jump  
Ffrom two-pointe-fyve to foure!

“Ye afternoone is wayning faste,  
Ye captaine he is tyring—  
‘Oh, damine ye data!’ loude he yelles:  
‘Attention! Commence firing!’

“Ye shell was seeted from ye trukke,  
Ye powdurr home was rammed,  
Ye breache was closed, ye peece was trypped—  
And *then*, ye T-square jammed!

“Ye stoppe-watche stopt! He can’t predyct!  
When dyd ye laste bel ryng?  
Ye T-square’s stucke—he droppes hys chalke—  
‘To hel with thys damthyng!’

“Above ye lofty parapet  
Ye muzzel comes in syghte;  
Above yon parapet it stays  
‘Tyll raynges shalle come ryghte.

“Yet lo! upon yt fatalle boarde  
Straynge characters appeare:  
A ‘reeding loste,’ ‘corrected raynge’;  
Ye chalke begins to smeare

“As rayne-droppes smalle runne down ye walle—  
And also down our lynes—  
Ye figewers blurre upon ye arnie  
We can’t telle sevens from nynes—

“So consequentlie we have loste,  
Before our fyrste shotte wente,  
All of our figewer of meryt  
With a penaltie hundred purrent!”

*Fytte Ye Forth and Lasste*

“Passe in review”—parade is o’er—  
Ye menn will soone bee inne;  
“Stande faste,” commandes yt cosmoline,  
“I muste confesse my sinne!

to bustynn of griffe and wo.  
He recounteth ye harddshyppes  
and pryvations in-  
Separable

from mylittery servisse,  
and ye shocke to hys fynnickyng  
sensibylities atte  
seeing

a Model 1912 belte over a  
blew unyforme.

And how ye patiente soldiére

finally loste his patience

over ye tyme-raynge boards,

and dyd scoffe and flear  
vilaynouslie thereatte.

He showeth hys erudition  
by quoting ye equation of  
an inclyned straighte lyne

not passing through ye  
orygen, as set forthe in  
divers Godlye workes on  
Analytique Goemetrie.

He philosophyses bytterlye,  
and, desparynge of bettrye  
thynges, consyderethe putt-  
ing inne

for a transfer to ye doughs,  
as dyd many a poore wyte  
in that sadde tyme.

“For yeares I’ve patientlie endured  
A gun-mount weirde and straynge;  
“I’ve used all sortes of godamwayes  
Ffor ifyndyng outee ye raynge;

“I’ve cutte ye grasse; I’ve trymmed ye sodde;  
I’ve shyned electryk lytes;  
I’ve taken visitors ‘round, begodde,  
And showed them all ye syghtes;

“Wyth gaudie full dresse unyforme  
Of scarlet, golde, and blew,  
I’ve worn a woven pea-greene belte  
Of an appalling hue;

I’ve peeled ye spuds; I’ve scrubbed ye floore  
I’ve gladlie shyned my gunne;  
I’ve dusted oute behinde ye doore;  
I’ve ryssen ere ye sunne;

“Alle these-and more—have I endured  
Wythoute a syngle growle,  
But of contentement I am cured—  
I’m going to make Rome howle!

“I’m damned if I will goe to warre,  
And joyne in battle’s hel,  
Armed with some chalke, some cotton wayste,  
And a nickel-playted bel!

“Itte makes me sore to drille with them—  
Itte fylls my pants with payne  
To thynke how chalke-lyne systems fayle  
If it should chane to rayne.

“And when I fayce my maker  
And the Perly Gaytes I see,  
I wante some better laste wordes than,  
‘y is mx plus b’;

“Predyction is uncertaine  
In thys worlde, I always fynde;  
Perhaps they’ll sayle in a strait lyne-  
Perhaps they ain’t that kynde.

“A T-square’s not my weapon,  
And a doughboy bunch I’ll fynde;  
Insteade of chalke lynes, I prefer  
Ye good olde skyrmishe lyne

“Where they don’t fyte with erasers  
And a little tynklyng bel;  
May ye deville snatche Erasmus’ boarde  
And burne it uppe in hell!”



## COAST ARTILLERY SONGS

In keeping with efforts to keep the "esprit de corps" of the Coast Artillery Corps alive, here are reproductions of three "Coast Artillery Songs." The first was published during World War I in a "US Army Song Book" dated 1918 and based on a popular melody. The second comes from a soldier who was stationed at Fort Monroe during WWI. The third, an original composition, was published in 1934. These songs were a part of the efforts in the Corps to build a distinctive tradition for itself. Comments by Mark Berhow.

### Coast Artillery Song

Air: "The Son of a Gambolier"

1. Oh, they said the Coast Ar - til - ler - y would nev - er go to  
 2. When Bri - tish Tom-mies took the field to stop the bar - brous  
 3. So lim - ber up the six - es and the tens and oth - er

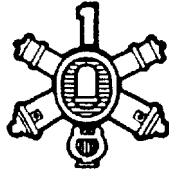
war; And all that they were fit for was to hang a - round the  
 Hun, They found their light ar - til - ler - y was beat - en gun for  
 ones, And brack - et on the O. T. line un - til you get the

shore But when in France they need - ed men to shoot the tens and  
 gun, So Mar - shal French got on the wire and quick - ly told the  
 Huns There may be ma - ny plans and schemes, to set this old world

twelves, Why they ca - bled to the Pres - i - dent to send our loy - al selves.  
 king That the Gar - ri - son Ar - til - ler - y would be the on - ly thing.  
 free, But you'll find in ev - 'ry one a part for Coast Ar - til - ler - y.

**CHORUS**

Then its home boys home, it's home that we would be, Its home boys home when the  
 na - tion shall be free. We're in this war un - til it ends, and Ger - man - y will  
 see That the end of all the Kai - ser's hopes is the Coast Ar - til - ler - y.



## COAST ARTILLERY MARCHING SONG

(Tune: "One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us")

Enlisted in the army, turned down the Field,  
Almost joined the doughboys —am glad I didn't yield  
Assigned to the Coast, I'm as happy as can be,  
For now I am a member of the COAST ARTILLERY.

*Chorus:*

Glorious, Glorious, We'll make our Uncle Sam victorious,  
Load her up with shell and we'll give the Kaiser hell,  
As we blast the bloody Germans out of France.

On to Monroe, then to France,  
Limber up the big boys and make the Boches dance,  
We'll clear the way for our gallant Infantry,  
For we are the gunners of the Coast Artillery.

*(Repeat chorus)*

Says von Hindenburg to Kaiser Bill,  
"Dam that artillery, it never will be still,  
They're shooting like the devil and it's very plain to me,  
That we're up against the Gunners of the Coast Artillery."

*(Repeat chorus)*

Black Jack Pershing, he says, says he,  
"Send along another bunch of Coast Artillery,  
They'll blast us a path through the lines of the huns,  
So bring along the mortars and the twelve inch guns."

*Submitted by Donald G. Cronan, who was given a copy by his cousin, whose father, Lt. Herbert Scholz, had it while stationed at Fort Monroe during World War One. Reprinted in the CDSG Journal, Volume 12, Issue 1 (1998).*

## The Coast Artillery Song, 1934

*This commentary was published in the Coast Artillery Journal, Volume 77, Number 5 (September-October 1934) page 376; the score itself was published on pages 348-351.*

In the preceding issue of the COAST ARTILLERY JOURNAL it was predicted that we would be able to make full pronouncements concerning the long awaited official Coast Artillery song. For once we are able to make good on a promise, and the song is reproduced elsewhere in this issue. We hope that it will speak for itself and will prove a boon to the Coast Artillery Corps for years to come.

It may be of interest to our readers to know something about the history of the project and the trials and tribulations through which it has passed. From the inception of the idea the pathway has not been strewn with roses. It has encountered some adverse criticism, it has met with procrastination, delay, inertia and a host of other enemies all of them bent upon delaying its progress or strangling it in infancy. The task that confronted Mohammed in moving the mountain was no greater in comparison than the difficulties confronting those whose task it was to bring the plan to a full fruition.

It will be recalled that other arms of the service have a distinctive song, the best known of these being "The Caissons go Rolling Along" and "O'er the Broad Missouri." It was felt that, in this respect, the Coast Artillery Corps should be on an equal footing with its sister arms. Several attempts have been made to bring out a Coast Artillery song; the best known of these compositions was one which made its appearance during the World War but this, like all the others, was open to the serious objection that the lyrics had been adapted to a well known and popular musical score; therefore, at best this song was only half "Coast Artillery."

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Association held in the early part of 1933 it was decided to offer cash prizes for the lyrics and music of a Coast Artillery song. A cash prize always stimulates human endeavor and it was hoped that something worthwhile would result. It was pointed out at the time that a musical hit to catch and hold the popular fancy and favor is more the result of accident than design. This is borne out by the fact that of the thousands of compositions produced annually only a very small percentage strike a responsive cord and are elevated to any degree of popularity. The announcement of the contest brought forth 18 contributions. Some of these consisted of lyrics only, others of lyrics adapted to popular musical scores. Several consisted of music only. A committee was appointed by the President of the Association to make recommendations to the Council for the award. This committee formulated the following hypotheses as outlining in a broad general way the requirements to which the winning number should conform.

- a. It should be an inspiring military march that would instinctively quicken the pulse, raise the head, expand the chest and cause tired soldiers to pick up their feet with less effort.
- b. It should be an original and distinctive Coast Artillery production. (Lyrics adapted to existing popular airs did not seem to fill the bill.)
- c. The score was considered to be more important than the lyrics, for the reason that it is easier to fit words to music than vice versa.

The words as published elsewhere in this issue are subject to change. It is not unlikely that they can be revised to more nearly portray the record of glorious achievements of the Coast Artillery. Will some poet laureate come to the front with his ideas as to what they should be? The JOURNAL will publish all helpful suggestions.

All entries, without name of author, were submitted to the committee on award. Each member of the committee reached his conclusion and recommendation independently of the others. Subsequently at a meeting of the committee the merits and demerits of the few outstanding numbers were considered. In this the committee had the benefit of the advice and suggestions of a nationally known musician. As a result of all of this painstaking effort the committee recommended to the Executive Council of the Association that the first prize be given to Messrs. J. H. Hewett and Arthur H. Osborn, the latter is a lieutenant of the New York National Guard. Their composition is dedicated to Major General John W. Gulick, former Chief of Coast Artillery under whose regime the project took definite form. It may not be amiss to record that the co-authors have produced a number of song hits among the better known of these are the following:

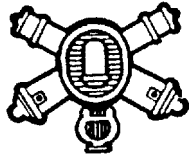
The Princeton Cannon Song,

The Guard of Old Nassau.

The Mummy March and a Brigade March, dedicated to the Coast Artillery Brigade, N.Y.N.G.

We are sorry that there is no second prize, therefore the best we can do is to give honorable mention, and all the distinction that this carries, to the composition entitled "The Coast Artillery," words by Major Edward B. Dennis and melody by Mr. Kurt Freier.

The committee on award desires to make due and grateful acknowledgment to Captain W. J. Stannard, leader of the army band, and to Major R. J. Hernandez, Editor of the *Quartermaster Review*, for their painstaking efforts, valuable assistance and helpful suggestions in assisting the Coast Artillery song to emerge from its cocoon and to develop the full statute of an accomplished fact. To Major Hernandez belongs the credit for the excellent band arrangement now in course of production. This we hope will become nationally popular; certainly it should be included among the repertoire of all Regular Army, National Guard and R.O.T.C. bands.



# CRASH ON ARTILLERY!

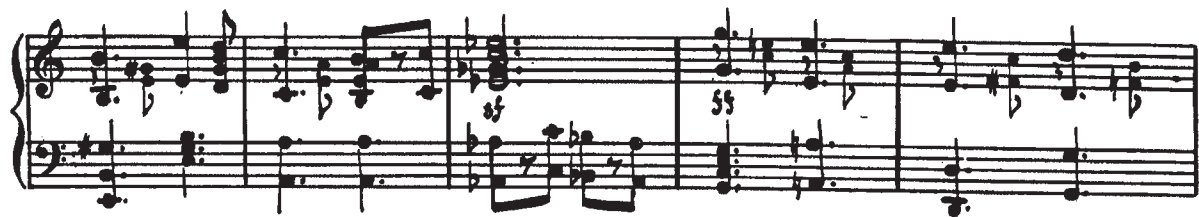
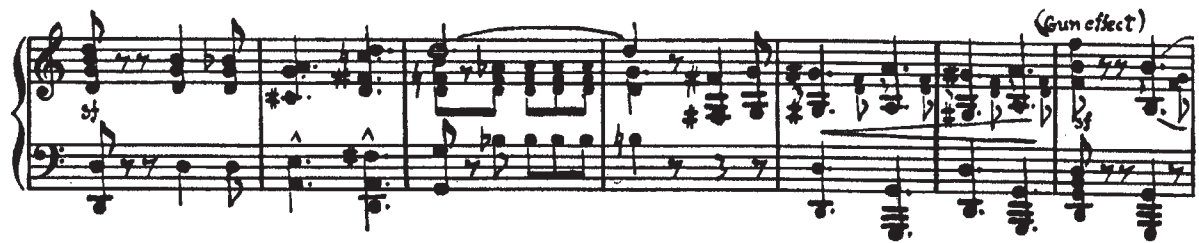
Words and music by J. F. Hewett and A. H. Osborn

*(Dedicated to Major General John W. Gulick)*

The musical score is presented in six systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of dynamic markings and performance instructions:

- System 1:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass line begins with a 5-measure rest. Dynamics include *f* and *sf*.
- System 2:** Features a *(Crash)* instruction above the treble staff. Dynamics include *sf* and *ff*.
- System 3:** Includes a *(Gun effect)* instruction above the treble staff. Dynamics include *sf*.
- System 4:** Contains a *cresc.* (crescendo) instruction below the bass staff. Dynamics include *sf*.
- System 5:** Features a *(Crash)* instruction above the treble staff. Dynamics include *sf*.
- System 6:** Includes a *(Gun effect)* instruction above the treble staff. Dynamics include *sf* and *sf*.

(Gun effect)



sf Bugle effect #

**FIELD MUSIC**

sf Drum effect #



I II



602 HARTMAN ARTILLERY GIRL G. H. K.

Crash, on! - - with your guns, boys - - - Let ev - 'ry -

- - shell tell - - - - - Push on! - - - to the

end boys - - Let your guns give - - - 'em Hell - - - - -

- Go on, and fight, on - - - for e - ver - - No mat-ter

(Gun effect)

## 2nd Stanza

Who backs the infantry when the fighting begins?  
 Who cracks the enemy with a fire that wins?  
 Who brings the planes down in flames, boys, o'er land  
 and o'er sea?  
 Ever and forever, it's the Coast Artillery.



where you - - - may be - - - - - Stand, pat -

- - for Un-cle Sam, boys - - And the Coast Ar - til - le -

ry - - - . Coast Ar - til - le - ry - - - .

INTERLUDE

3rd Stanza

Drink to the flag, boys, of the grand old C.A.  
 Here's how! to the men who will fight come what may.  
 And here's a toast to the gunners of each battery  
 Here's health! to the General, and the Coast Artillery.