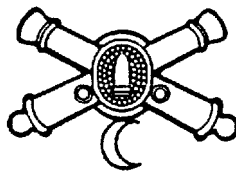


LEGEND & LORE OF THE COAST ARTILLERY CORPS

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. 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*, Volume 72, No. 1, Jan. 1930, pp. 49-52; and "This Man's Army" by Private Oozlefinch, *Coast Artillery Journal*, Volume 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. 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" follows, excerpted from "History of the 'Oozlefinch,'" By Colonel E. R. Tilton, originally printed in the *Liaison* newsletter on June 21, 1919, and reprinted in *Coast Artillery Journal* Volume 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.

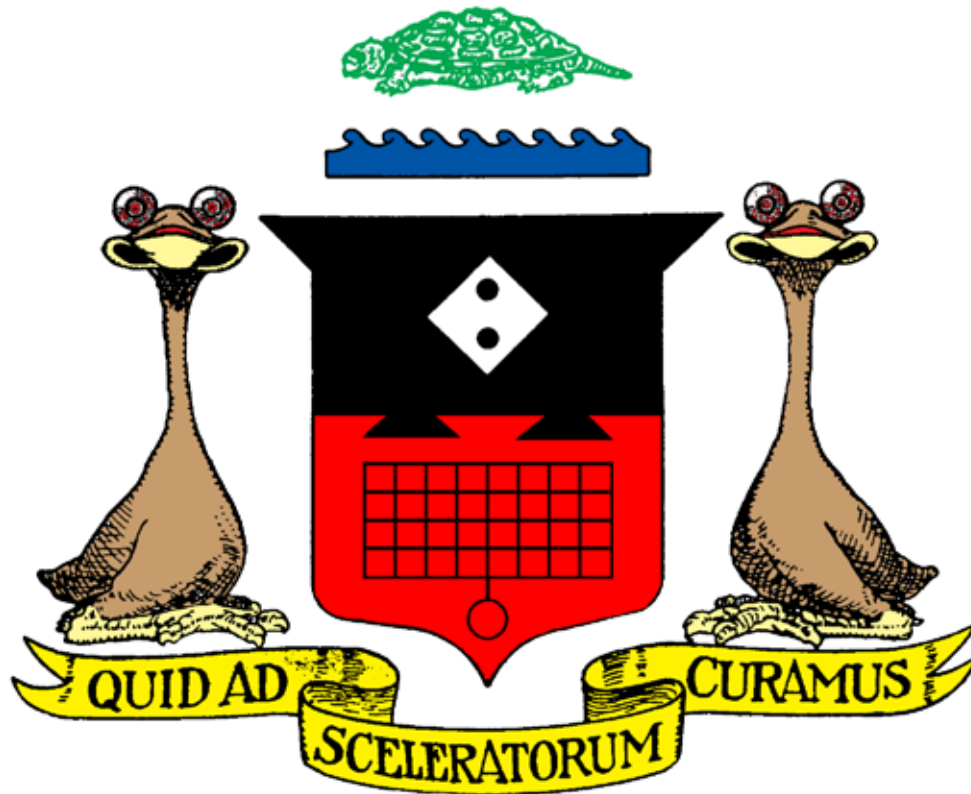
Early in 1908, the construction of the present Coast Artillery School was begun. The Torpedo School at Fort Totten, New York, was moved to Fort Monroe and consolidated with the Artillery School. When the consolidation took place, General (then Major) R. P. Davis came to Monroe as director of the combined 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. (From: “Meet Mr. Oozlefinch,” *The Recoil*, the Fort Monroe R.O.T.C. Camp newspaper, June 29, 1923, reprinted in the *Coast Artillery Journal*, Volume 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*, Volume 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, Volume 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, Volume 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 Volume 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 excerpts from: “History of the Oozlefinch,” Fort Bliss, circa 1958, reprinted in the Fort MacArthur Alert Volume 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.

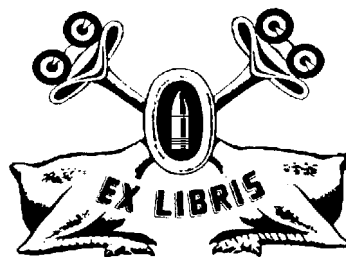
Since, as it is well known, the Oozlefinch always flies backwards to keep dust, trivia and other inconsequencia out of his eyes, the Nike is always positioned at the correct attitude.

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 original Oozlefinch is likely somewhere in a army cabinet either at Fort Bliss or Fort Sill. It was remembered fondly by the old officers of the Coast Artillery Corps and the men who have been trained at the Fort Bliss missile ranges and is still part of U.S. Army artillery legend today.

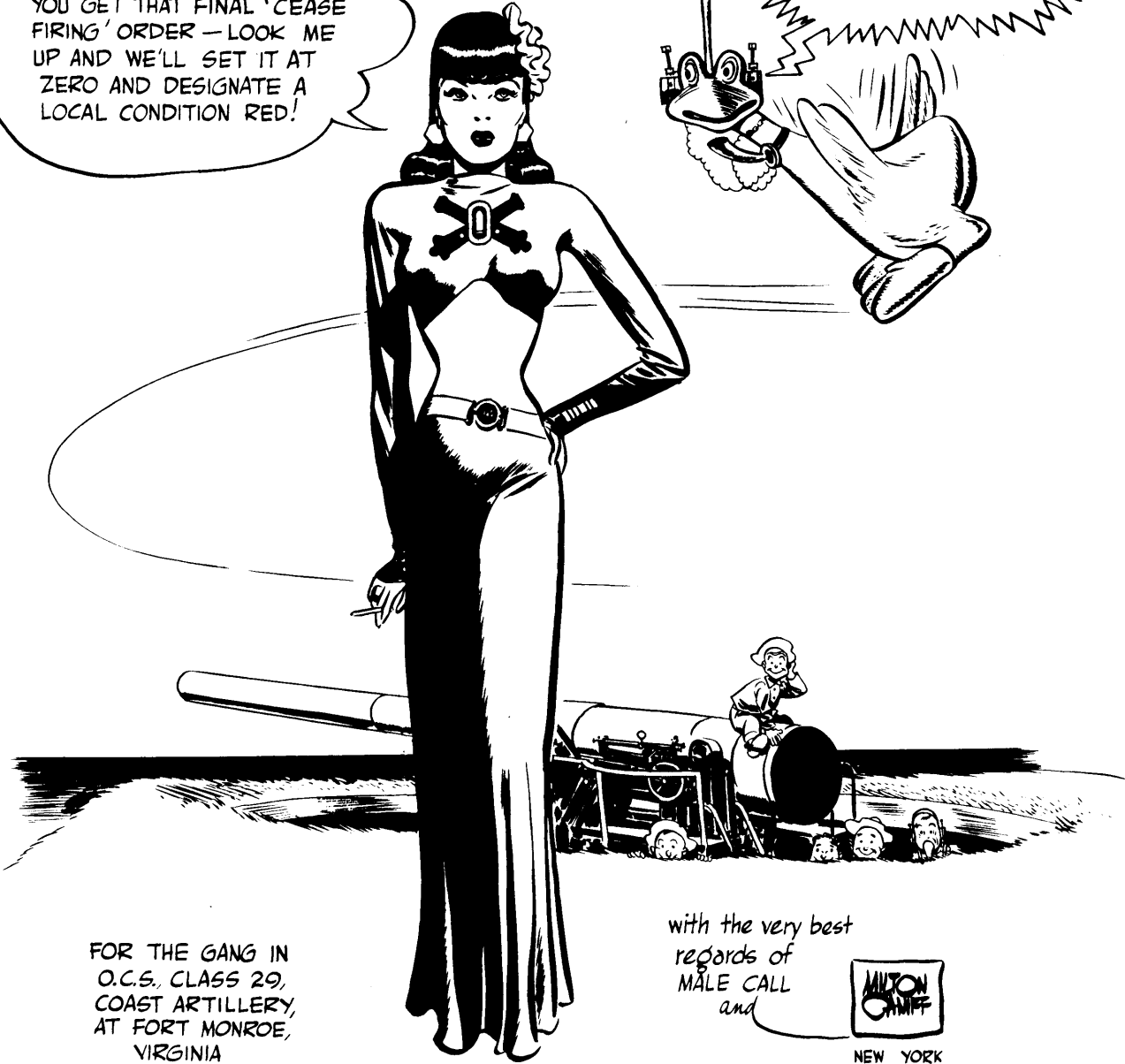


Fort Monroe's Coast Artillery School Library bookplate features two crossed Oozlefinches

Ex Libris (from *ex librīs*, Latin for 'from the books (or library)'), also known as a bookplate, is a printed or decorative label pasted into a book, often on the front endpaper, to indicate ownership. (Wikipedia)

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

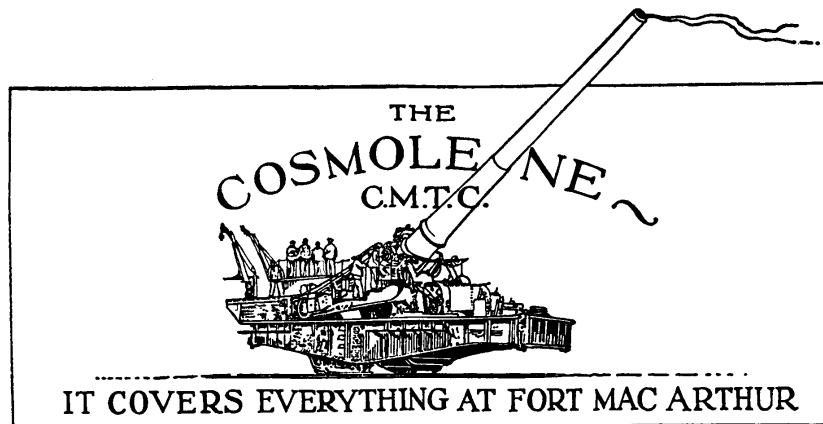
with the very best
regards of
MALE CALL
and



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

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. A later version appeared in the *Coast Artillery Journal* Volume 73 (1930) pp. 495-498 with additional stanzas and a running commentary in a "Old English" lyric, which has been edited here. 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.

Argument

A soldier was mourning
by the sea-beach,

and seized another, a passing
soldier, to whom he
proposed to relate his
tale.

Part the First

Upon the seashore, sad and gray—
Upon the sandburred strand—
There stood a dismal soldier
With a piece of chalk in hand.

This saddened, weary cosmoline,
He hove a mournfull sigh
And reaching out a skinny claw
-grabbed a passer-by.

The passer-by he waxed full woe;
"Hold off your hand," quoted he,
"By your oily, greasy denim pants
Now why do you stop me?"

The passer-by pleads a
previous engagement,

but cannot escape

and so runs an absence.

The aged cosmoline commences
his recital,

notes the time-range board,
and shows the confusion
engendered thereby,

and the difficulties of interpolation,
to which the operator succumbed.

He shows further how
his valiant captain, doubtless
a wily man in the
ways of war, avoids the
need for interpolating.

He relays how the
range section labored
lugubriously

and were discomfited by
the requirement of prediction
when the course was
sinuous,

and of the lamentable
register of the plotter at
this circumstance,

“First call has sounded for parade—
I’ve just changed into blue;
I need must run like hell—
Do you not stand it too?”

He holds him with his greasy hand:
“Our battery fired—” quoth he;
“Hands off— let go my dress-coat sleeve,”
And so his hand drops he.

He holds him with his glittering eye.
His victim must stande stille,
While lo! Assemble for parade
Rings clearly from the hill.

“The target sped across the bay-
The Umpire he was there,
Our service practice for to see,
To judge just what was fair.

“Our captain gazed with deep disgust
Upon the time-range board;
The writer who posted ranges there
Showed plainly he was floored.

“The curve ran up—the curve ran down
the curve ran all around-
The range-board man he beat his breast
And rolled upon the ground.

“Our captain was a hardy soul:
Quoth he, ‘Now what the hell?
‘Goddam these silly lines of chalk
We’ll fire on the bell’

Part the Second

“Aloft, behind the battery,
gun-shy brain-squad sat-
They sought to trak the target
And to guess where it was at;

“And when they could locate the thing—
The orders they were struck—
The plotter cried, ‘Now clear away,
I’m going to predict!’

“But when he studied over its track
He thought it was bewitched;
Loudly he raved, and cursed, and swore,
And he even sonofabitched.

and how he was again baffled
by each change in
course of the ship.

And how sorrows multiplied,

and how The captain, doubtless
constrained by the colonel
and other senile warriors,

was driven to extreme
measures; and how, just as
the gun been tripped
into battery,

The whole system been tripped
up by failure of the time-
range board,

thus leaving the gun in
battery without data, so yet
the penalty runs.

Yet further delays are
caused by a chance shower
of rain, thus making the
board all

wet in every sense, and the
practice is irretrievably
ruined before a single
shot

had been fired.

Despite all interruption, the
cosmoline will shrive him-
self, for yet he had been full

“At length the course was straightened out—
Its wriggles he was learning—
Anon cried one from up above,
‘The goddamned target’s turning!’

Part the Third

“Anon upon the time-range board
We see a course once more,
But—mark how yon deflections jump
From two-point-five to four!

“The afternoon is waning fast,
The captain he is tiring—
‘Oh, damn the data!’ loud he yells:
‘Attention! Commence firing!’

“The shell was seated from the truck,
The powder home was rammed,
The breach was closed, the peace was tripped—
And *then*, the T-square jammed!

“The stop-watch stopped! He can’t predict!
When did the last bell ring?
The T-square’s stuck—he drops his chalk—
‘To hell with this damn thing!’

“Above the lofty parapet
The muzzle comes in sight;
Above yon parapet it stays
‘Till ranges shall come right.

“Yet lo! upon the fatal board
Strange characters appear:
A ‘reading lost,’ ‘corrected range’;
The chalk begins to smear

“As rain-drops small run down the wall—
And also down our lines—
The figures blur upon the arnie
We can’t tell sevens from nines—

“So consequently we have lost,
Before our first shot went,
All of our figures of merit
With a penalty hundred percent!”

Part the Fourth and Last

“Pass in review”—parade is over—
The men will soon be in;
“Stand fast,” commands the cosmoline,
“I must confess my sin!

to bursting of grief and woe.
He recounts the hardships
and privations
inseparable

from military service,
and the shock to his finicky
sensibilities at
seeing

a Model 1912 belt over a
blue uniform.

And how the patient soldier

finally lost his patience

over the time-range boards,

and did scoff and jeer
villionously there at.

He shows his erudition
by quoting the equation of
an inclined straight line

not passing through ye
origin, as set forth in
divers Godlye workes on
Analytique Goemetrie.

He philosophizes bitterly,
and, disparing of better
things, considers putting
in

for a transfer to the doughs,
as did many a poor wyte
in that sad time.

“For years I’ve patiently endured
A gun-mount weird and strange;
“I’ve used all sorts of godamn ways
For identifying out the range;

“I’ve cut the grass; I’ve trimmed the sod;
I’ve shined electric lights;
I’ve taken visitors ‘round, by god,
And showed them all the sights;

“With gaudy full dress uniform
Of scarlet, gold, and blue,
I’ve worn a woven pea-green belt
Of an appalling hue;

“I’ve peeled the spuds; I’ve scrubbed the floor
I’ve gladly shined my gun;
I’ve dusted out behind the door;
I’ve risen before the sun;

“All these—and more—have I endured
Without a single growl,
But of contentment I am cured—
I’m going to make Rome howl!

“I’m damned if I will go to war,
And join in battle’s hell,
Armed with some chalk, some cotton waste,
And a nickel-plated bell!

“It makes me sore to drill with them—
It fills my pants with pain
To think how chalk-line systems fail
If it should chance to rain.

“And when I face my maker
And the Pearly Gates I see,
I want some better last words than,
‘y is mx plus b’;

“Prediction is uncertain
In this world, I always find;
Perhaps they’ll sail in a strait line—
Perhaps they ain’t that kind.

“A T-square’s not my weapon,
And a doughboy bunch I’ll find;
Instead of chalk lines, I prefer
the good old skirmish line

“Where they don’t fight with erasers
And a little tinkling bell;
May the devil snatch Erasmus’ board
And burn it up in hell!”

There are many coast artillery cement batteries that show the effects of modifications made during their service years, sometimes sympathetically and sometimes not. This poem records one engineer's attitude to the many changes. The author, W. L. Marshall, had charge of the construction of the defense of southern and eastern New York beginning in 1900; he was later Chief of Engineers 1908 - 1910.

-oOo-

TREATMENT OF GUN EMPLACEMENTS
PARAPHRASED AND SLIGHTLY REMODELED FROM A BRILLIANT WESTERN POET
BY W. L. MARSHALL, AN EXASPERATED DAUBER OF CEMENT

I take a little gravel,
And I take a little tar;
With various ingredients,
Imported from afar.

then -

I hammer it and roll it,
And when I go away,
I think they have a 'placement
That will last for many a day.

but -

I must come with picks and smite it,
To lay a water main;
And then I call the workmen,
To put it back again.
To run a hoist or cable,
I must take it up once more;
And then I put it back again,
Just where it was before.

but again -

I must take it up for conduits,
To run the telephone;
And then I put it back again,
As hard as any stone.
I must take it up for wires,
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then must put it back again,
Which is no more than right.

Oh! the platform's full of furrows,
There are patches everywhere;
I would like to swear about,
But 'tis seldom that I dare.
They are "very handsome" 'placements;
A credit to the Corps?
We are always digging of them up,
Or putting down some more.



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 WW I. 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

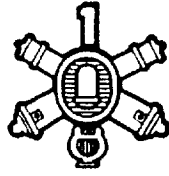
war;— And all that they were fit— for was to hang a - round the
 Hun,— They found their light ar - til - ler - y was beat - en gun for
 ones,— And brack - et on the O. T. line un - til you get the

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 tip 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:

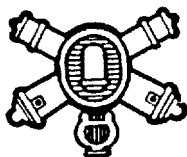
The Princeton Cannon Song.

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 first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G2. The system concludes with a dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando).

The second system continues the piece. It includes a dynamic marking of *sf* and a performance instruction *(Crash)* above the treble clef staff. The music features a series of chords and rhythmic patterns in both hands.

The third system continues the piece. It includes a performance instruction *(Gun effect)* above the treble clef staff. The music features a series of chords and rhythmic patterns in both hands.

The fourth system continues the piece. It includes a dynamic marking of *cresc.* (crescendo) below the bass clef staff. The music features a series of chords and rhythmic patterns in both hands.

The fifth system continues the piece. It includes a performance instruction *(Crash)* above the treble clef staff and a dynamic marking of *sf*. The music features a series of chords and rhythmic patterns in both hands.

The sixth system continues the piece. It includes a performance instruction *(Gun effect)* above the treble clef staff and dynamic markings of *sf*. The music features a series of chords and rhythmic patterns in both hands.

Musical score system 1, featuring piano accompaniment with a *(Gun effect)* annotation in the upper right corner.

Musical score system 2, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical score system 3, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical score system 4, including *Bugle effect* and *Drum effect* annotations, and the title **FIELD MUSIC** centered between the staves.

Musical score system 5, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical score system 6, concluding the piano accompaniment with first and second endings labeled **I** and **II**.



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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)

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note rhythm in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is written in a simple, rhythmic style with some slurs and accents. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. A handwritten-style 'sf' (sforzando) marking is present above the first note of the first system. A '(Gun effect)' marking is placed above the piano accompaniment in the third system, corresponding to a series of chords.

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 - - -

FINE

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.