

**April 23:** Mother love and sweethearts' kisses smashed military regulations to flinders before the head of the 363d Regiment had even reached Beale Street. Tears and embraces overwhelmed the fighters who had licked the Prussian Guard. Military formations melted before the onslaught of mothers and sisters and sweethearts, military discipline went completely to smash as the waves of dear ones at home went over and submerged the returning heroes. There was a programme somewhere. The relatives of the men of the 363d were massed at Market and Beale Streets. The home folk of the 317th were given the space at Market and Spear. The regiments were to have marched up to these points, the 363d in the lead and being there, halted. Fifteen minutes were to have been given to mother and the rest. At the same time Mayor Rolph was to present to Colonel Cavanaugh a gold star service flag for the dead of the 363d. It had been all worked beautifully. But all these beautiful arrangements lasted just until one mother spied her son under his tin hat. Then it was all off. A shock division of mothers and sweethearts flattened out the 363d into one thin line of prisoner heroes, held fast with a pair of loving hands. Who would believe these boys had so many relatives and sweethearts? And then these warriors, who rushed the Prussian machine guns in the Argonne thickets, cried frankly and openly in their mothers' arms.

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