

*The New York Tribune*  
April 25, 1914

***Galveston Cheers As 5<sup>th</sup> Army Brigade Sails For Vera Cruz***

***Enlisted Men Not Weary, Although None of Them Had Slept, Says Richard Harding Davis***

***Breaking Of Home Ties Hard Feature***

***Transports Convoyed by Torpedo Boat Destroyers Get Under Way,  
with Bands Playing and "Movie" Cameras Clicking.***

On Board Army Transport Kilpatrick, Galveston, Tex., April 24, 5:06 P.M.—Transport *Sumner*, with the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry, Colonel Van Vliet, is just pulling out. She carries the first of the army to leave for Mexico.

Ten minutes ago our convoy, the black, business-like destroyers, showed her the way. Nothing is lacking to make the departure brilliant. The sun is blazing; the people of Galveston in summer bravery cover every wharf and roof. They are cheering and the men on board are waving campaign hats and shouting. The band is playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and every moving picture company in America is perpetuating the scene.

The *McClellan* is now moving from the wharf. Her band plays "Dixie" and the people give the rebel yell. Our going-ashore warning is sounding and in five minutes we start.

***Action Quickens At DayBreak.***

After wiring you last night I drove to Fort Crockett to witness the scenes of excitement that should be evident when five thousand men simultaneously break home ties, but although it was 2 in the morning and they were due on the transports at sunrise there was as little excitement as when a circus folds its tents and silently steals away to the next village. Except for the big bonfires consuming the camp debris, there was no outward sign that a brigade was awake and on its way to war. But when daylight showed through the fog the action quickened and everybody was an actor.

If any citizen slept in Galveston last night, this morning he did not look it. Everybody was on the front porch at 5:30, unshaven, in wrappers and bath gowns, but awake to cheer the marching soldiers, to wave to the officers, to delight in the comic relief furnished by the teamsters and the army mule. Drawn up at two wharves, the transports rose out of the dripping fog all white and red, white and blue and gold.

Below them on the wharf thousands of men in khaki at the double quick unloaded wagons, passed ammunition boxes in cargo nets, hoisted officer's personal luggage, the quartermasters' typewriters, the band's big French horn, cook pots and pans, their own brown canvas cots and dog tents, the company tents, the headquarters tents. Donkey engines snorted;

winches creaked; the whistles of the boatswains and the rattle of the running chains were part of a chorus of haw-hawing mules and panting motor cars fighting for a place in the front row.

*Show No Signs of Weariness.*

No one had slept, and yet on the part of enlisted men there was no sign of weariness.

Hundreds of them stood in ranks still bearing on erect shoulders the heavy packs with which they had just hiked through the night and fog.

Their eyes as they gazed up at the great transports of white and gold were impatient, eagerly alert.

Before I arrived here I hated the idea that by the hands of our not too scrupulous enemy even one of our boys should lose his life, even in defence of the honor of the flag, but as I looked at them from the transport, at their broad shoulders carrying the packs as lightly as a lady carries her opera cloak, at their clean cut, tanned faces and steady, confident eyes, I found that my sympathy had been misplaced.

My sorrow is entirely for the Mexicans. At a moment of departure like this the women should keep away—they make a cruel assault upon their feelings. For one year this brigade has been quartered at Fort Crockett, and the families of officers and men have joined them.

*Wives And Mothers Say Goodbye*

In a year they have made this pretty city seem like home, so this morning those who are left behind are supplying a human note that keeps you completely miserable. It may be the white haired mother of an officer, she who arrived yesterday and who last night while dining happily with her son heard him ordered to the front; or it may be the young wife and the children of the captain, she trying to play the part of the soldier's brave bride, and making a rotten failure at it, and the children swarming up over his shoulders, utterly selfish, utterly unmoved, concerned only with the big white ships. Or, if you look the other way, you find the sergeant gazing unhappily at the sky, while his wife sobs on one shoulder, her mother sobs on the other shoulder and numerous female friends and relatives wail and weep.

They make him feel he is as good as dead already. In an hour he will be at sea, with his duties to perform, with his orders to give and to receive, but the woman, whether she lives on the line or near the barracks, goes from the wharf to echoing rooms filled only with ghosts and sits down to wait. Hers is the hardest part, and that fact casts the only shadow that fell this morning over a mobilization and embarkation that should properly bring pleasure and pride to every American.