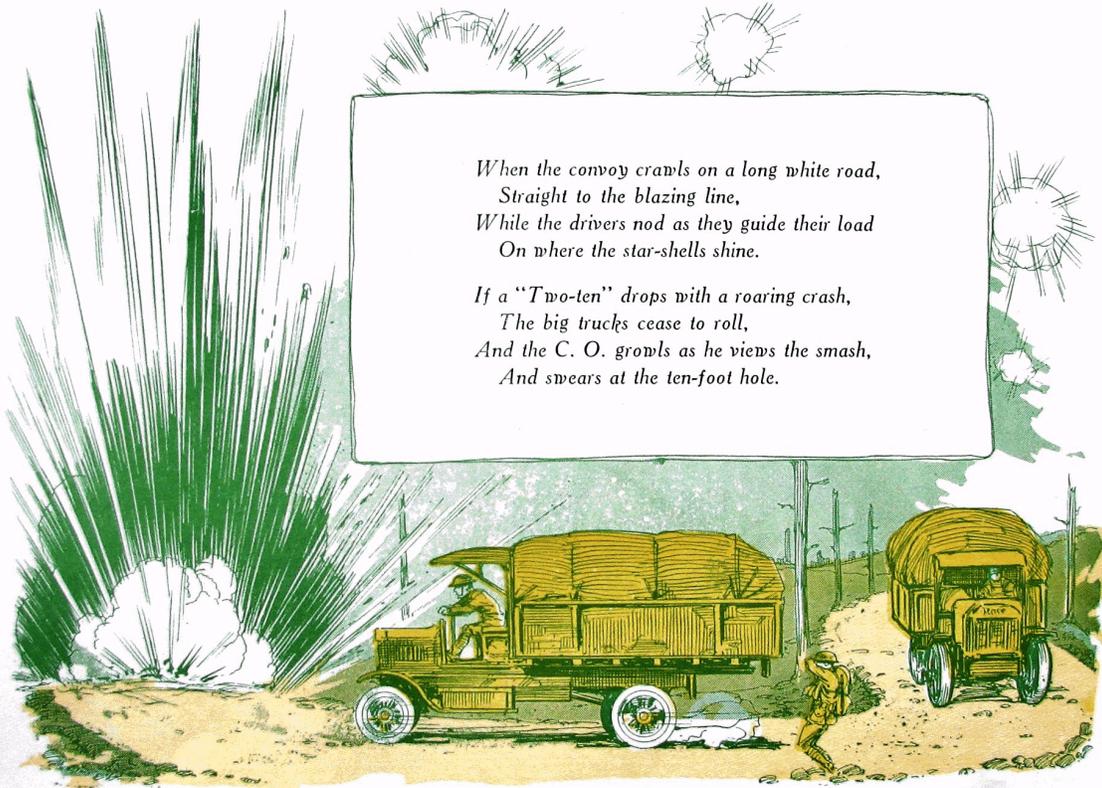


A YEAR AND A DAY



*When the convoy crawls on a long white road,  
Straight to the blazing line,  
While the drivers nod as they guide their load  
On where the star-shells shine.*

*If a "Two-ten" drops with a roaring crash,  
The big trucks cease to roll,  
And the C. O. growls as he views the smash,  
And swears at the ten-foot hole.*



# FOREWORD

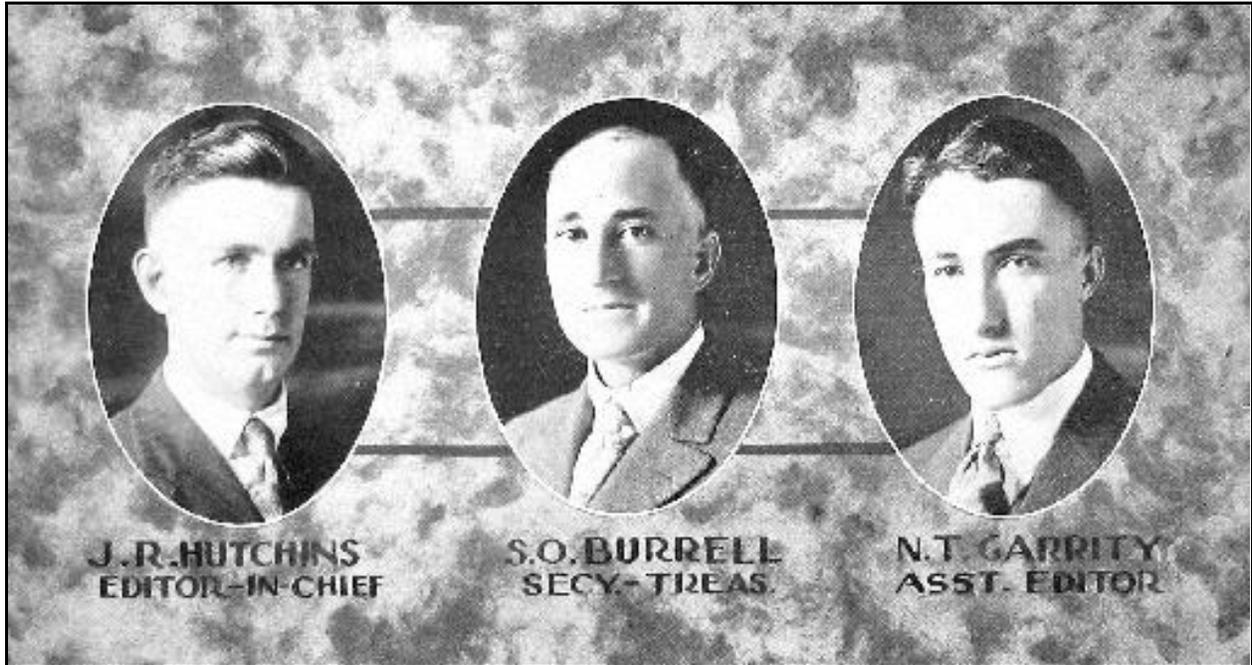
**L**EST you forget the three hundred and sixty-six days spent as a part of the American Expeditionary Forces, and in a sincere effort to help you call to mind, in the “Years and Days” to come, the experiences which came your way while helping “Uncle Sam” put the skids to Kaiser “Bill”, this publication has been brought about. If at any time you happen to glance through its pages and find something about which you had forgotten, then our mission will have been fulfilled.

## **DEDICATION**

**T**O our joys and sorrows; to our ups and downs; to the friendships formed and the fellowship experienced; to the days of hardship; to the memory of things we can never forget.

This volume is respectfully dedicated.

## EDITORS



January 14, 1919, the company having been called together by Captain Millender, and it having been explained to the assembly that it was necessary that a permanent staff should be selected in order to handle the publication of the company book in a business-like manner, 1st Sgt. Norbert T. Garrity was chosen as temporary chairman. The following staff was elected and given full authority in the publication of the book:

EDITOR  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

SGT. JOHN R. HUTCHINS  
1st SGT. NORBERT T. GARRITY  
SGT. SIMPSON O. BURRELL

The funds in the hands of Captain Millender were turned over to Sgt. Burrell, duly receipted for, and the meeting then adjourned.

# ROSTER



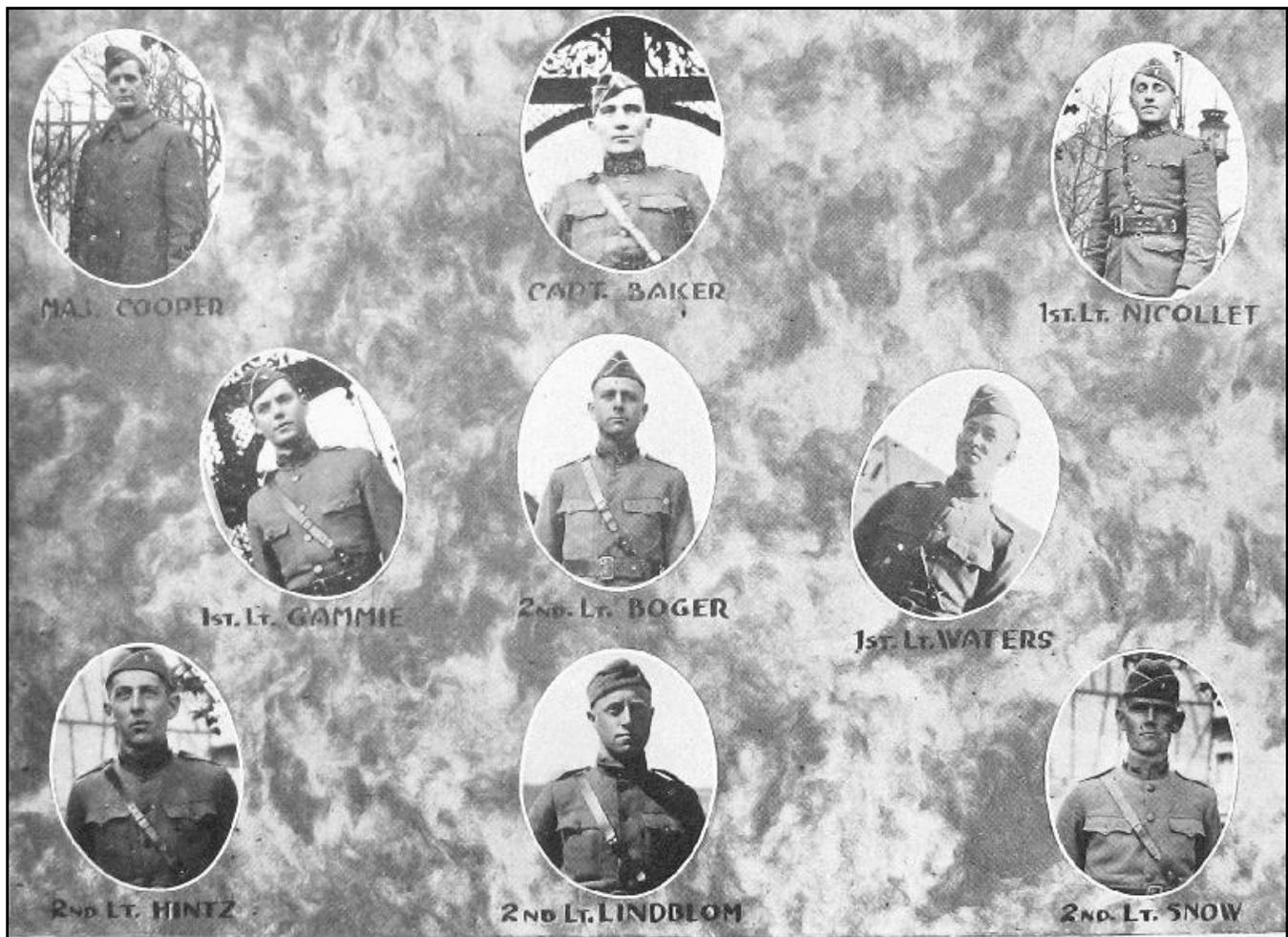
CAPTAIN J. E. L. (LINDY) MILLENDER

CORSICANA, TEXAS

Captain Millender is the man who put A. & M. College on the map in Texas. He became famous there as one of the best yell leaders said college has ever produced.

He entered the First Officers Training Camp at Leon Springs, Texas, in spring, 1917. He was later transferred to the Engineer Officers Training Camp at Leavenworth, Kansas. After a short course of instruction there he was commissioned First Lieutenant. He was then ordered to Camp Travis and assigned to Company "A" 315th Engineers. He has been with the company since its organization. Shortly before our departure for overseas, Lieutenant Millender became Captain Millender to the gratification of all who knew him.

As our Commanding Officer for thirteen months, Captain Millender emulated the high principles demanded by such a position. Every one of us considered him as a friend for he was never a hard taskmaster. He expected so much from a man and no more. One of the best traits of his character is the manner in which he always stood up for his men. He would not, under any circumstances, allow anyone to hand us something "shady." Captain Millender was one of the most popular officers in the Regiment.



MAJOR H. R. COOPER – Commissioned Captain in Engineer Officers Training Camp at Leavenworth, Kansas, in summer, 1917. Assigned to Camp Travis; later to 315th Engineers. Commanded “A” Company for a few weeks in Spring of 1918; received Majority shortly prior to our departure overseas and was made Commander of the First Battalion, 315th Engineers. Remained in this capacity until appointed Athletic Officer for 90th Division in January, 1919. Welfare Officer for Third Army since February, 1919.

CAPTAIN R. W. BAKER – Commissioned First Lieutenant in Engineer Officers Training Camp at Leavenworth, Kansas, in Summer of 1917. Assigned to 315th Engineers and later to “A” Company. Remained with us until appointed Assistant to Division Engineer in February, 1919. Promoted to be Captain Engineers, in April, 1919. Remained in France as assistant in office of Chief Engineer, Paris.

FIRST LIEUTENANT P. M. NICOLLET – Commissioned First Lieutenant in Engineer Officers Training Camp at Leavenworth, Kansas, in Summer of 1917. Assigned to 315th Engineers, “B” Company. Joined “A” Company a few days prior to leaving Camp Travis. Received Divisional Citation for work in St. Mihiel offensive. Transferred to 30th Division in January, 1919.

FIRST LIEUTENANT THOS. G. GAMMIE – Commissioned Second Lieutenant in Engineer Officers Training Camp at Leavenworth, Kansas, in Summer of 1917. Assigned to 315th Engineers, Company “A.” Promoted to be First Lieutenant in October, 1918.

FIRST LIEUTENANT J. S. WATERS. JR. – Commissioned Second Lieutenant in Engineer Officers Training Camp at Leavenworth, Kansas, in summer of 1917, and assigned to Company “A” 315th Engineers. Promoted to be First Lieutenant in November, 1918, at Stenay, France, and transferred to “D” Company.

FIRST LIEUTENANT VIVIAN J. LEWEY – Commissioned Second Lieutenant in Army Candidates School, Langres, France, in October, 1918. Later promoted to be First Lieutenant and assigned to “B” Company 315th Engineers. Transferred to “A” Company in April, 1919.

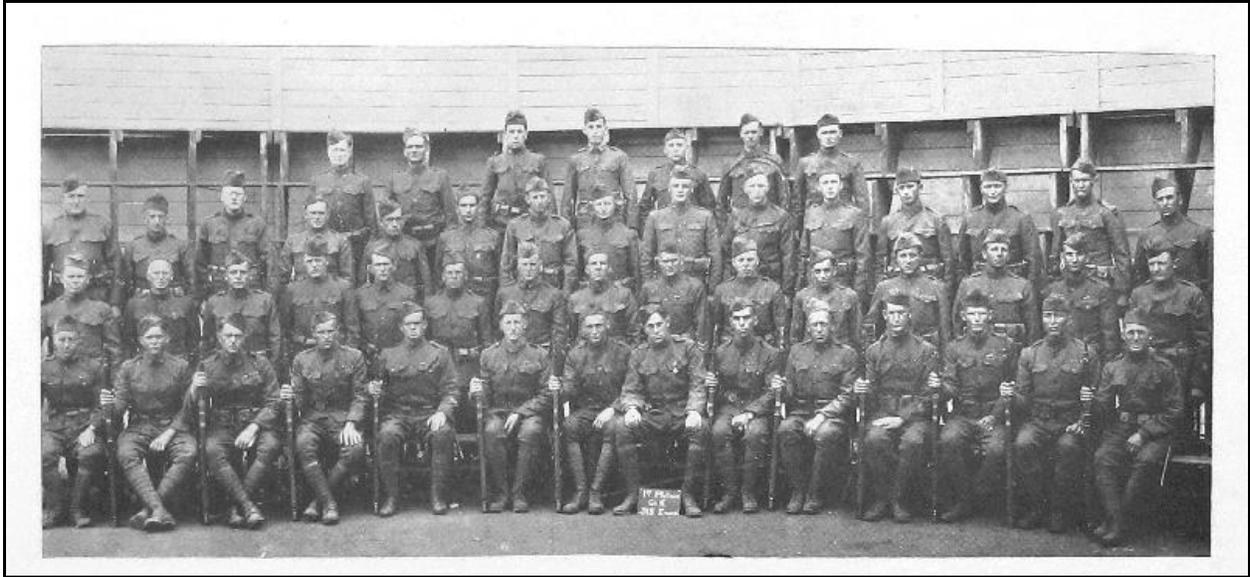
SECOND LIEUTENANT H. R. LINDBLOM – Commissioned Second Lieutenant at Army Candidates School, Langres, France, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company “A” 315th Engineers in October, 1918. Town Major at Daun for several months.

SECOND LIEUTENANT H. E. SNOW – Commissioned Second Lieutenant at Army Candidates School, Langres, France, in October, 1918. Assigned to Company “A” 315th Engineers, and ordered to Third Corps School at Clamercy, France. Rejoined Regiment in January, 1919.

SECOND LIEUTENANT W. E. BOGER – “Buck,” Corporal. Sergeant and Supply Sergeant in Company “A” 315th Engineers until ordered to Army Candidates School, Langres, France, in October, 1918. Received Certificate of Eligibility for Commission as Second Lieutenant December 1, 1918. Commissioned in April, 1919, and attached to “D” Company.

SECOND LIEUTENANT R. W. HINTZ – Sergeant 1st Cl. in “C” Company when sent to Army Candidates School, Langres, France. Received Certificate of Eligibility for Commission as Second Lieutenant on January 1, 1919. Commissioned Second Lieutenant in April, 1919, and attached to “A” Company.

SECOND LIEUTENANT GLEN H. HESS – Corporal in Headquarters Company when sent to Army Candidates School, Langres, France. Received Certificate of Eligibility for Commission as Second Lieutenant on December 1, 1919. Commissioned Second Lieutenant in April, 1919, and attached to “A” Company.



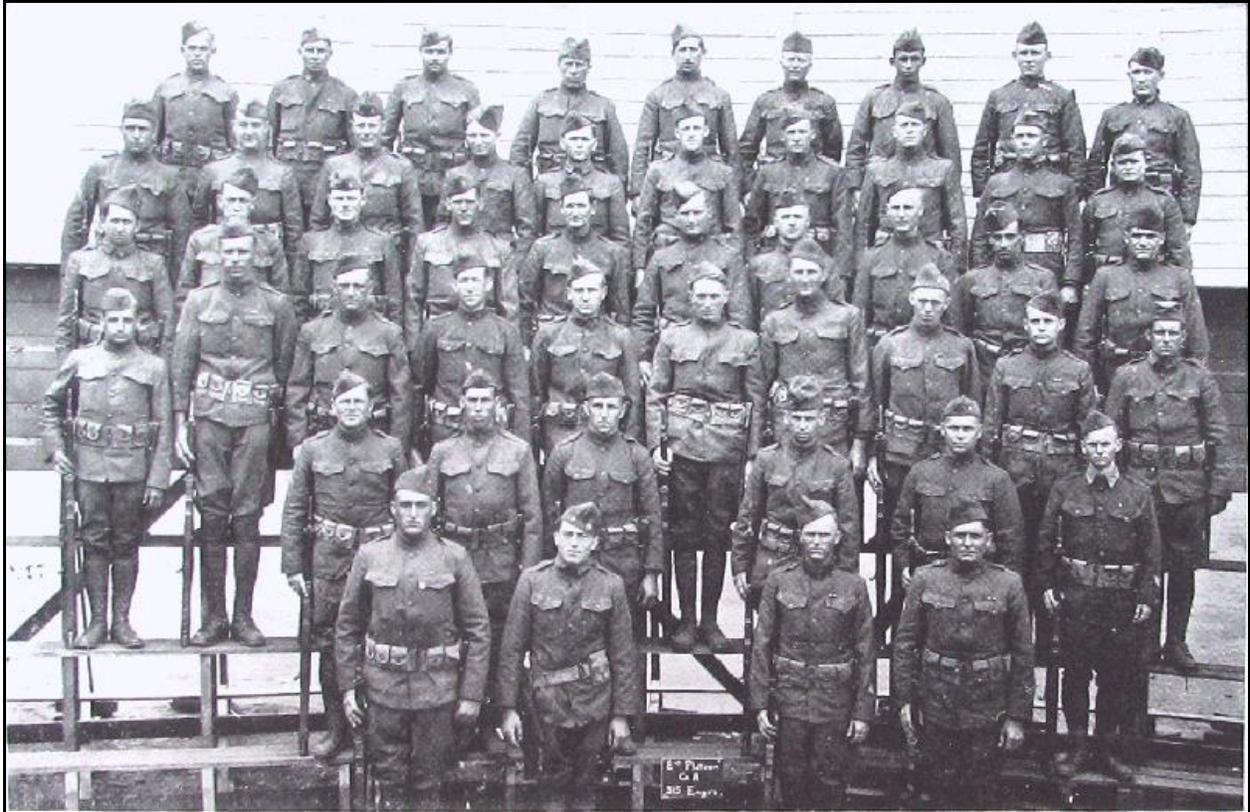
### FIRST PLATOON

Top Row – Left to right – Pvt. Elam, W.; Pfc. Cox. W. C.; Pvt. Lamb, C. R.; Pfc. McGraw, J.; Pvt. Morris. H. E.; Pvt. Jensen, H. W.; Pvt. Hagen, E. O.

Second Row – Pvt. Metzler, C. C.; Pvt. Boehm, H. J. ; Pvt. Romer, C. L. Pfc. Schmidt, J. H.; Pvt. Bembenek, W. ; Pfc. Canepa. S.; Pfc. Gaston. J. A.; Pvt. Ewing. C. ; Pvt. Anderson, M. A. Pvt. Thome, A. M.; Pvt. Trout, C. L.; Pvt. Wood, Cleo; Pvt. Warfield. A.; Pvt. Revill, A.; Pvt. D'Alessandro, A.

Third Row – Pvt. King, C.; Pvt. Skordahl, O.; Pfc. Thomas, C. C.; Pfc. Haladej, V.; Pfc. Jones, H. H.; Pfc. Anderson, H. A.; Pfc. Gilbert. W.; Pvt. Fisher, E. A.; Pvt. Johnson, L. W. ; Pvt. Wilkie, S. C.; Pvt. Hollingsworth, W. B.; Pvt. Petrillo. A.; Pvt. Lodien, A. L.; Pfc. Olson, E.; Pvt. Marcotte, M.

Bottom Row – Cpl. Dogila, A.; Cpl. Walton, W. F.; Cpl. Carmichael, E.; Cpl. Schlichting, C.; Cpl. Harrison, C.H.; Sgt. Williams, J. A.; Sgt. Boazman, A. S.; Sgt. 1Cl. Sartain, J. C.; Sgt. Hardaway, W. L.; Cpl. Minor, R. N.; Cpl. Ellickson, W. A.; Cpl. Barton, N.; Cpl. Savage, R.; Cpl. Crawford, J. E.



### SECOND PLATOON

Top Row – Left to Right – Pfc. Hansen, A. B.; Pvt. Erickson, A.; Pvt. Clearwater, G. D.; Pvt. Anderson, P. J.; Pvt. Milostan, E. G.; Pvt. Lokka, P.; Pvt. Hanson, N. A.; Pvt. Jester, G. D.; Pvt. Williams, D. J.

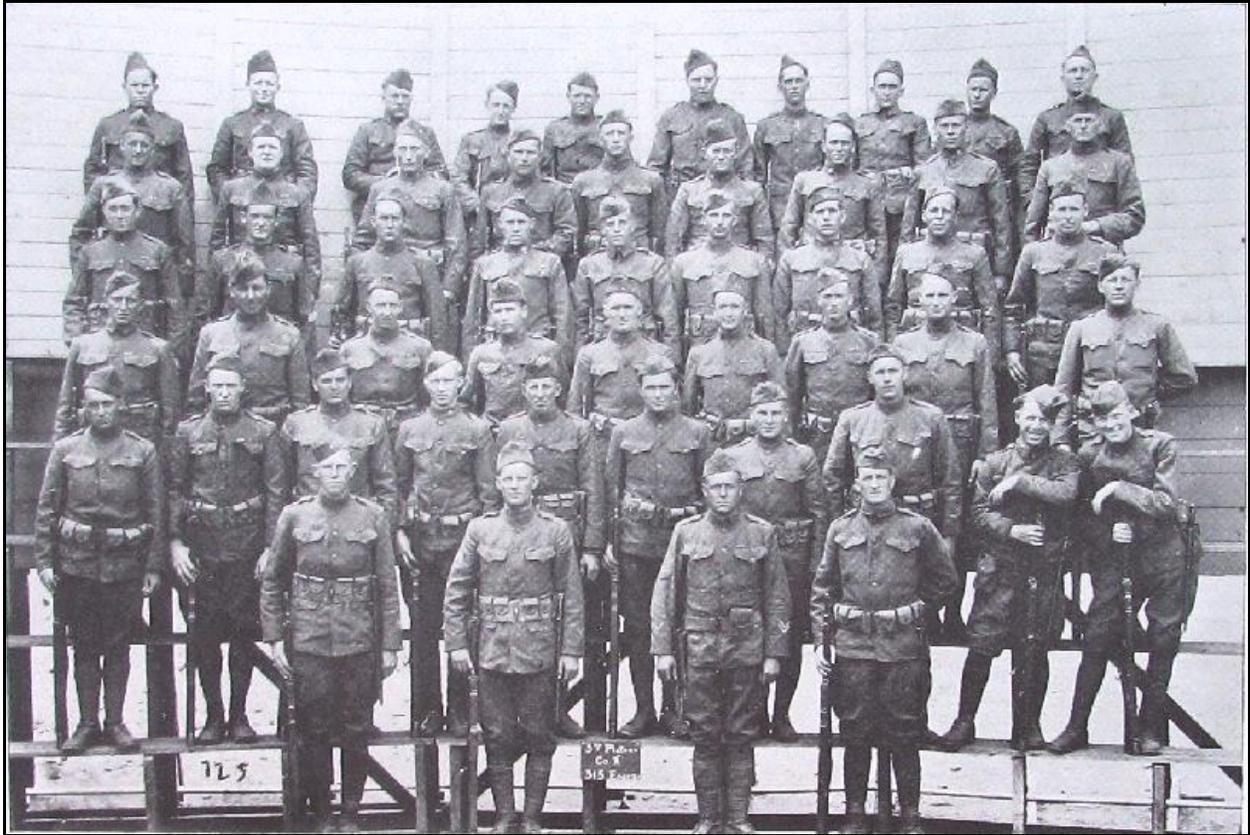
Second Row – Cpl. Jackson, A. D.; Cpl. Brennan, F. M.; Pvt. Tweedt, O. J.; Pfc. Barrett, D. L.; Cpl. Mueller, H. L.; Pfc. Stebbins, J. D.; Pvt. Dunn, D. A.; Pvt. Waye, L. B.; Pvt. Leutwyler, E. T.; Pvt. Brumit, E.

Third Row – Pvt. Hughes, T. N.; Cpl. Groom, C.; Pfc. Jones, L. B.; Pvt. Krings, A. J.; Pvt. Farms, C. F.; Pfc. Gillogly, L. M.; Pfc. Thompson, W. O.; Pvt. Potosnak, J.; Pfc. Oquin, S. J.; Pvt. Gillett, J. E.

Fourth Row – Pvt. Marino, N.; Pfc. Schroeder, H.; Pfc. Cromer, A. L.; Pvt. Bellefontaine, G. H.; Pfc. Carlson, C.; Pvt. Fisher, L. S.; Pvt. Rossman, R. E.; Cpl. MyFarlin, A. U.; Cpl. Scott, V. M.; Pvt. Opdyke, E. J.

Fifth Row – Cpl. Heins, F. C.; Pfc. Toller, O. E.; Pvt. Juras, J.; Pvt. Nickelson, I. I.; Pfc. Redi, C.; Cpl. Dennis, R. T.

Bottom Row – Sgt. Robards, F. A.; Sgt. 1Cl. Duke, J. C.; Sgt. Donham, R. L.; Sgt. Duckworth, F. M.



### THIRD PLATOON

Top Row – Left to Right – Pfc. Wimberly, R.; Pvt. Nygren, F. W.; Pvt. Graham, T. P.; Cpl. Fayle, J. J.; Pvt. Dickens, C. F.; Cpl. Daly, J. F.; Cpl. Archer, F. L.; Pvt. Lieuellen, A. C.; Pfc. Davies, T. W.; Pvt. Edler, H. H.

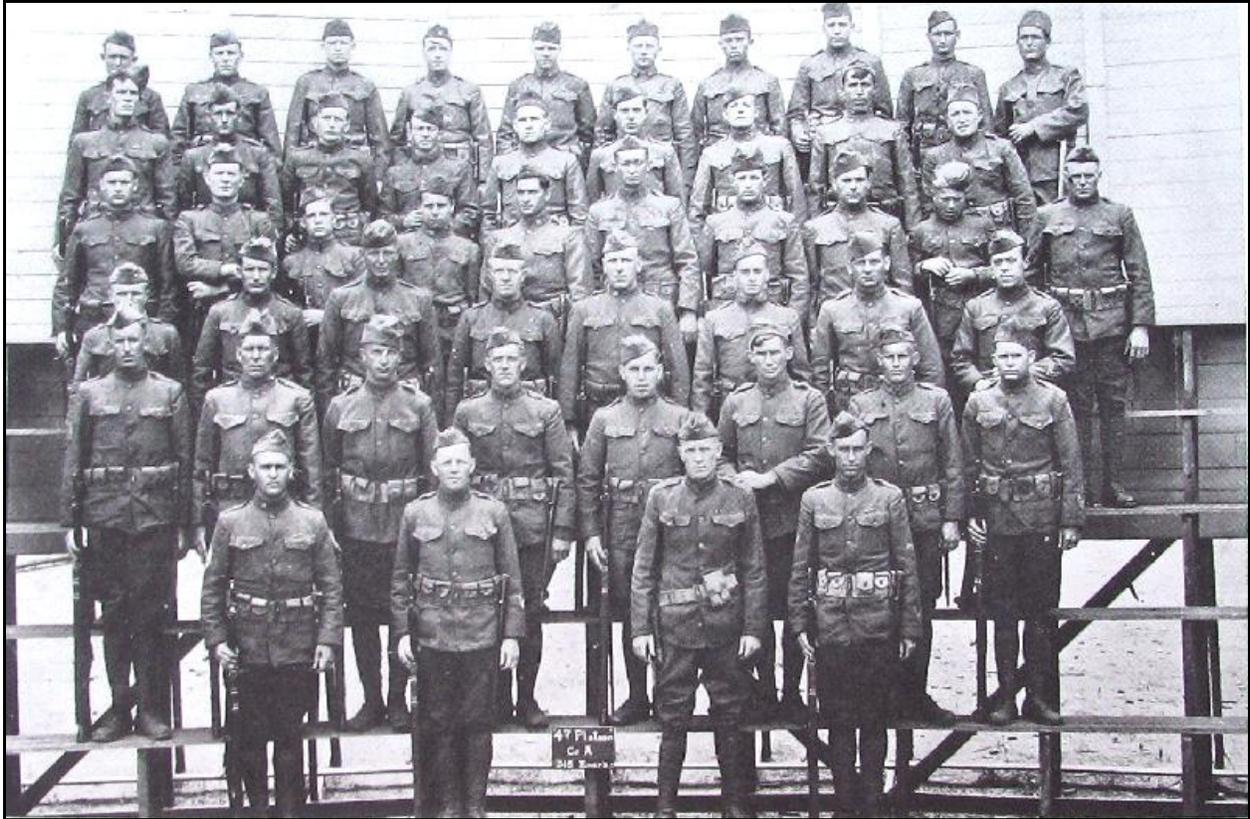
Second Row – Pfc. Hartman, F.; Pvt. Johnson, C. H.; Pvt. Borg, J.; Pfc. Snyder, H. O.; Cpl. Mathews, J. C.; Pvt. Holland, M. J.; Pvt. Waddill, F. V.; Cpl. Findeisen, A. H.; Cpl. Mackey, H. W.

Third Row – Pvt. Qualizza, M.; Pvt. Coen, D. E.; Pvt. Thompson, C. E.; Pvt. Schmidt, R.; Pvt. Rizzatti, G.; Pvt. Ingraham, L.J.; Pvt. Marvik, D.; Pfc. Rassmussen, R. C.; Pfc. Kroske, S. J.

Fourth Row – Pvt. Kennedy, S. L.; Cpl. Willims, H.; Pvt. Pearson, G. W.; Pvt. Franklin, C.; Pfc. Burgess, F. T.; Pfc. Childress, F. H.; Pfc. Lancaster, E. D.; Pvt. McPhillips, G. W.; Cpl. Henderson, W. E.

Fifth Row – Pvt. Cadle, O. R.; Pvt. Mitchell, H. S.; Pvt. Wesely, J.; Pvt. Stone, P. E.; Pvt. Farrell, F. L.; Pfc. Gross, N.; Cpl. Blanek, C.; Pvt. Erickson, E. R.; Pvt. Williams, L. R.; Pvt. Antrim, H. E.

Bottom Row – Sgt. Franks, B.; Sgt. Riker, E.; Sgt. 1Cl. Padgett, E.; Sgt. Burrell, S. O.



#### FOURTH PLATOON

Top Row – Left to Right – Cpl. Daly, M. F.; Pvt. McQueen, E. N.; Pvt. Crumbie, W. A.; Pvt. Redman, P. I.; Pfc. Swanson, J. E. ; Pvt. Gagne, E.; Cpl. Coley, I. G. ; Pfc. Peterson, E. B.; Pvt. Hollingsworth, B. F.; Pvt. Wilson, R. C.

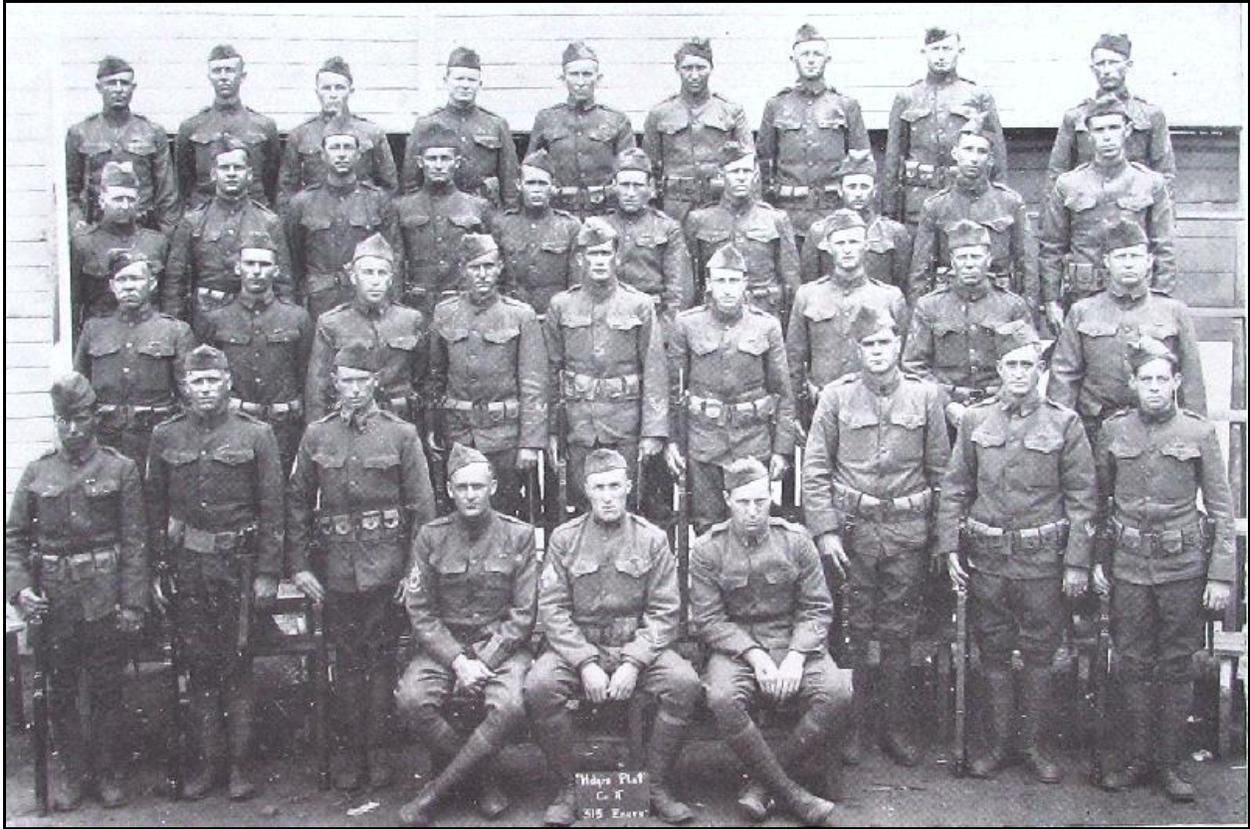
Second Row – Pvt. Westbrook, W. N. ; Cpl. Kipp, R.; Pvt. Morgan, A. E.; Pvt. Januchowski, F. J.; Pfc. Johnson, E. A.; Pfc. Lane, E. D.; Cpl. MacDonald, E. P.; Pvt. Eidson, V.; Pfc. Campbell, J. D.

Third Row – Pvt. Liepke, A.; Pfc. Guin, S. H.; Pvt. Caputo, P.; Pvt. Kerner, G. R.; Pfc. Kuhn, N. M.; Pfc. Wheelock, J. N.; Pvt. Berg, J. A.; Pvt. Arrighini, A.; Pfc. Douglass, M. Y.; Pfc. Clauson, O.

Fourth Row – Pvt. Sekusky, W. J.; Pvt. Tidwell, O. M.; Pfc. Schad, P. A.; Pfc. Johnson, C. G.; Cpl. Tullis, E. R.; Pvt. Walsh, E. M.; Cpl. Cox, A. W.; Pvt. Gruber, A. O.

Fifth Row – Cpl. Richardson, H. C.; Pvt. Oakley, S.; Pvt. Merila, A. A.; Pfc. Anderson, A. J.; Pfc. Stefanich, L.; Pvt. Etzel, R. A.; Pvt. Rogers, B. A.; Cpl. Gordon, R. W.

Bottom Row – Sgt. Dieter, E. G.; Sgt. Anderson, L. H.; Sgt. 1Cl. Donley, J. F.; Sgt. Hilton, W. H. S.



### HEADQUARTERS PLATOON

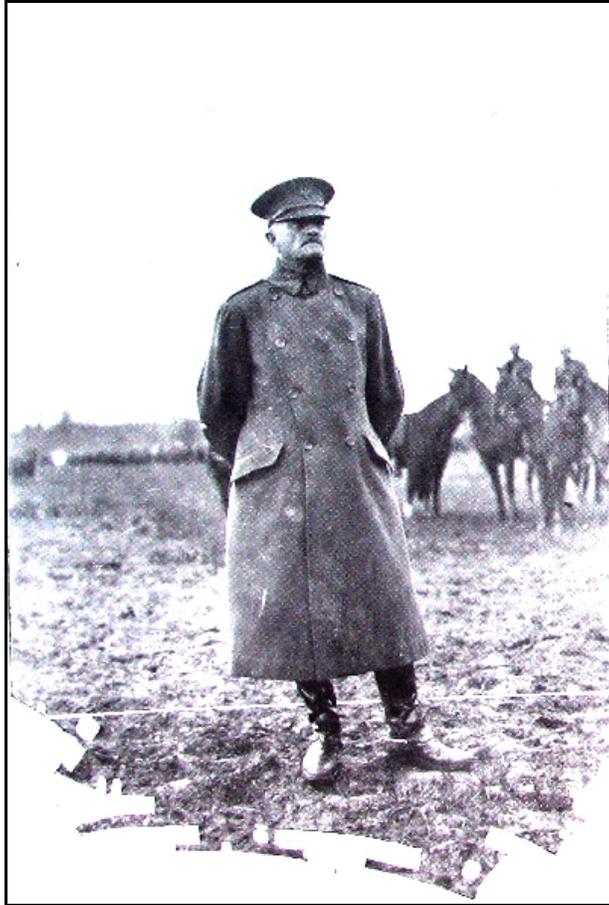
Top Row – Left to Right – Pvt. Waldrop, A. E.; Pfc. Leslie, L. H.; Wagoner Wolf, O. C.; Clerk Sliger, H. C.; Wagoner Wallace, W.; Historian Boldnan, P. C.; Wagoner Gibson, L.; Pvt. Rainosek, J.; Clerk Enders, O. P.

Second Row – Pfc. Gersch, T. E.; Cpl. Malsch, M. D.; Cpl. Edwards, J. W.; Wagoner Dills, M. J.; Pvt. Combs, J.; Sadler Johnson, H. M.; Pfc. Farnsworth, J. W.; Pfc. Gersch, W. C.; Wagoner Serrato, J.; Cpl. Thomas, J. R.

Third Row – Pfc. Sayre, L. A.; Cpl. Lewis, H. H.; Cpl. Rundberg, D. H.; Wagoner Owens, M.; Bugler Hensley, O.; Pfc. Maine, W. H.; Wagoner Dunn, D. P.; Wagoner Crenshaw, J.; Clerk Anderson, J. H.

Fourth Row – Mess Sgt. Noble, J. D.; Sgt. Erickson, C. J.; Sgt. Hutchins, J. R.; Stable Sgt. West, C. G.; Supply Sgt, Boesling, T. E.; Sgt. Odell, H. W.

Sitting – Sgt. 1Cl. Vance, J. A.; 1st Sgt. Garrity, N. T.; Sgt. 1Cl. Forster, J. H.; Clerk Mosel, W. A. was on duty at the time above picture was taken.



GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

General John. J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, next to President Wilson, represents our idea of the most important man connected with the interests of the United States during the European conflict. To attempt to eulogize him does not fall in our category. It is enough to say that we are proud to have been a part of the great army which he commanded; proud to have had him as our leader, and will always remember him as a great man who played a great part in a great war.

The picture above was snapped by Captain Millender when General Pershing reviewed the Ninetieth Division at Wittlich, on April 26, 1919.

# Complete Roster, Company A, 315 Engineers As of June 15, 1919

## OFFICERS

### CAPTAIN

J. E. L. Millender

### FIRST LIEUTENANT

Thomas G. Gammie

## ENLISTED MEN

### FIRST SERGEANT

Garrity, Norbert T.

### SERGEANT FIRST CLASS

Sartain, Jake C.  
Donley, Joe F.  
Vance, James H.

Duke, James C.  
Forster, John H.  
Padgett, Elmer

### SERGEANTS

Erickson, Cecil J.  
Robards, Frank A.  
Burrell, Simpson O.  
Hilton, William H. S.  
Hardaway, Weyman L.

Hutchins, John R.  
Donham, Robert L.  
Franks, Berry  
Anderson, Leslie H.  
Williams, James A.

Duckworth, Frank M.  
Riker, Elmer L.  
Dieter, Erwin C.  
Odell, Harry W.  
Boazman, Alvin E.

### MESS SERGEANT

Noble, Jefferson D.

### SUPPLY SERGEANT

Boesling, Thomas E.

### STABLE SERGEANT

West, Campbell C.

### CORPORALS

Crawford, John E.  
Dennis, Robert T.  
Wilems, Hector  
Richardson, Harvey C  
Minor, Robert N.  
Archer, Floyd L.  
Coley, Irwin C.  
Walton, William F.

Mueller, Henry L.  
Henderson, William E.  
Kipp, Robert  
Barton, Nolan  
McFarlin, Andrew U.  
Mackey, Huel W.  
Daly, Maurice F.  
Carmichael, Edward L.

Jackson, Arthur D.  
Blanck, Carl  
Barshop, Sam  
Savage, Ross  
Hems, Frank C.  
Fayle, John J.  
Tullis, Earl R.  
Ellickson, William A.

Malsch, Milton D.  
Groom, Cales  
Mathews, J. C.  
Gordon, Robert W.  
Schlichting, Charles  
Thomas, James R.

Scott, Vernon M.  
Findeisen, Arthur H.  
MacDonald, Edgar P.  
Harrison, Charles H.  
Brennan, Frank N.  
Rundberg, Donald H.

Daly, James F.  
Doglio, Albert  
Cox, Andrew W.  
Lewis, Henry H.

Anderson, John H.  
Edwards, Jesse W.

COOKS  
Enders, Oscar P.  
Mosel, Walter A.

Sliger, Henry C.

Crenshaw, John  
Dills, Marion J.  
Dunn, Doc P.

WAGONERS  
Gipson, Lee  
Owens, Monty B.  
Seratto, Jose A.

Wallace, Walker  
Wolf, Oris C.

HORSESHOER  
Bolduan, Paul C.

SADDLER  
Johnson, Roy M.

BUGLER  
Hensley, Otto

#### PRIVATES, FIRST CLASS

Anderson, Anders J.  
Anderson, Hildrum A.  
Barrett, Don L.  
Burgess, Floyd T.  
Campbell, Joseph D.  
Canepa, Salvatore  
Carlson, Gust  
Childress, Fred H.  
Clauson, Oscar  
Cox, William C.  
Cromer, Anthony L.  
Davies, Taylor W.  
Douglass, Malcolm Y.  
Farnsworth, John W.  
Freeman, William W.  
Gaston, Joseph A.  
Gersch, Theodor E.  
Gersch, William C.  
Gilbert, Walter

Gillogly, Lon M.  
Gross, Max  
Gum, Scott H.  
Haladej, Victor  
Hansen, Andrew B.  
Hartman, Frank  
Johnson, Conrad G.  
Johnson, Emil A.  
Jones, Hilliard H.  
Jones, Leroy B.  
Kroske, Stephen J.  
Kuhn, Edmund M.  
Lancaster, Elves D.  
Lane, Earl D.  
Leslie, Lynn H.  
McGraw, James  
Main, William H.  
Olson, Emil  
Oquin, Sevan J.

Peterson, Edwin B.  
Ranson, Fred B.  
Rasmussen, Robert C.  
Riedi, Christain  
Sayre, Louis A.  
Schad, Phillip A.  
Schmidt, John H.  
Schroder, Henry  
Snyder, Harry O.  
Stebbins, Joseph B.  
Stefanich, Louis.  
Swanson, John E.  
Thomas, Carl C.  
Thompson, Walter O.  
Toiler, Otha E.  
Wheelock, John N.  
Wimberly, Rubie

## PRIVATES

Anderson, Martin A.  
Anderson, Peter J.  
Antrim, Herman E.  
Arrighini, Artel  
Bembenek, William  
Bellefontaine, George H.  
Berg, John  
Berg, John A.  
Boehm, Herman J.  
Brumit, Ed.  
Cadle, Oliver R.  
Caputo, Pasquale  
Clearwater, George D.  
Coen, David E.  
Combs, John  
Crumbie, Watson A.  
D'Alessandro, Antonio  
Dickens, George F.  
Dunn, Drewery A.  
Edler, Herbert H.  
Eidson, Virgil  
Elam, William  
Erickson, Axel  
Erickson, Erick R.  
Oakley, Stewart  
Opdyke, Enos J.  
Pearson, Guy W.  
Petrillo, Albert  
Potasnak, John  
Qualliza, Michele  
Rainosek, Joseph  
Redmon, Pete I.  
Revoll, Aaron  
Rizzatti, Gino  
Rogers, Benjamin A.  
Romer, Charles L.

Etzel, Robert A.  
Ewing, Charles  
Farms, Carl E.  
Farrell, Francis L.  
Fischer, Emil  
Fisher, Louis S.  
Franklin, Claude  
Gagne, Ephram  
Gillett, James E.  
Graham, Thomas P.  
Gruber, Arnold O.  
Hagen, Elmer O.  
Hansen, Nels A.  
Holland, Malvin J.  
Hollingsworth, Ben. F.  
Hollingsworth, Warren B.  
Hughes, Thomas N.  
Ingraham, Lawrence J.  
Januchowski, Frank J.  
Jensen, Harry W.  
Jester, Gordon D.  
Johnson, Carl H.  
Johnson, Conrad G.  
Johnson, Lee W.  
Rossman, Roy E.  
Schmidt, Robert  
Sekusky, William J.  
Skordahl, Ole  
Stone, Percy E.  
Thome, Albert M.  
Thompson, Charles E.  
Tidwell, Oscar M.  
Trout, Chester L.  
Tweedt, Osmund J.  
Waddill, Frederick  
Waldrop, Amos E.

Juras, John  
Kennedy, John L.  
Kerner, George R.  
King, Carl  
Kings, Anthony J.  
Lamb, Clifford R.  
Leutwyler, Edward T.  
LieueIJen, Abe C.  
Liepke, August.  
Lodien, Aleck L.  
Lokka, Peter  
McPhillips, George W.  
McQueen, Elza N.  
Marcotte, Matthew  
Marino, Nicholas  
Marvik, Daniel  
Merila, Andrew A.  
Metzler, Carl C.  
Milostan, Edward G.  
Mitchell, Herbert S.  
Morgan, Andrew E.  
Morris, Hobart E.  
Nickelson, Isaac I.  
Nygren, Fred W.  
Walsh, Edmund R.  
Warheld, Albert  
Waye, Leo B.  
Wesely, Joseph  
Westbrook, Woody N.  
Wilkie, Clifford E.  
Williams, David J.  
Williams, Leroy  
Wilson, Robert C.  
Wood, Cleo

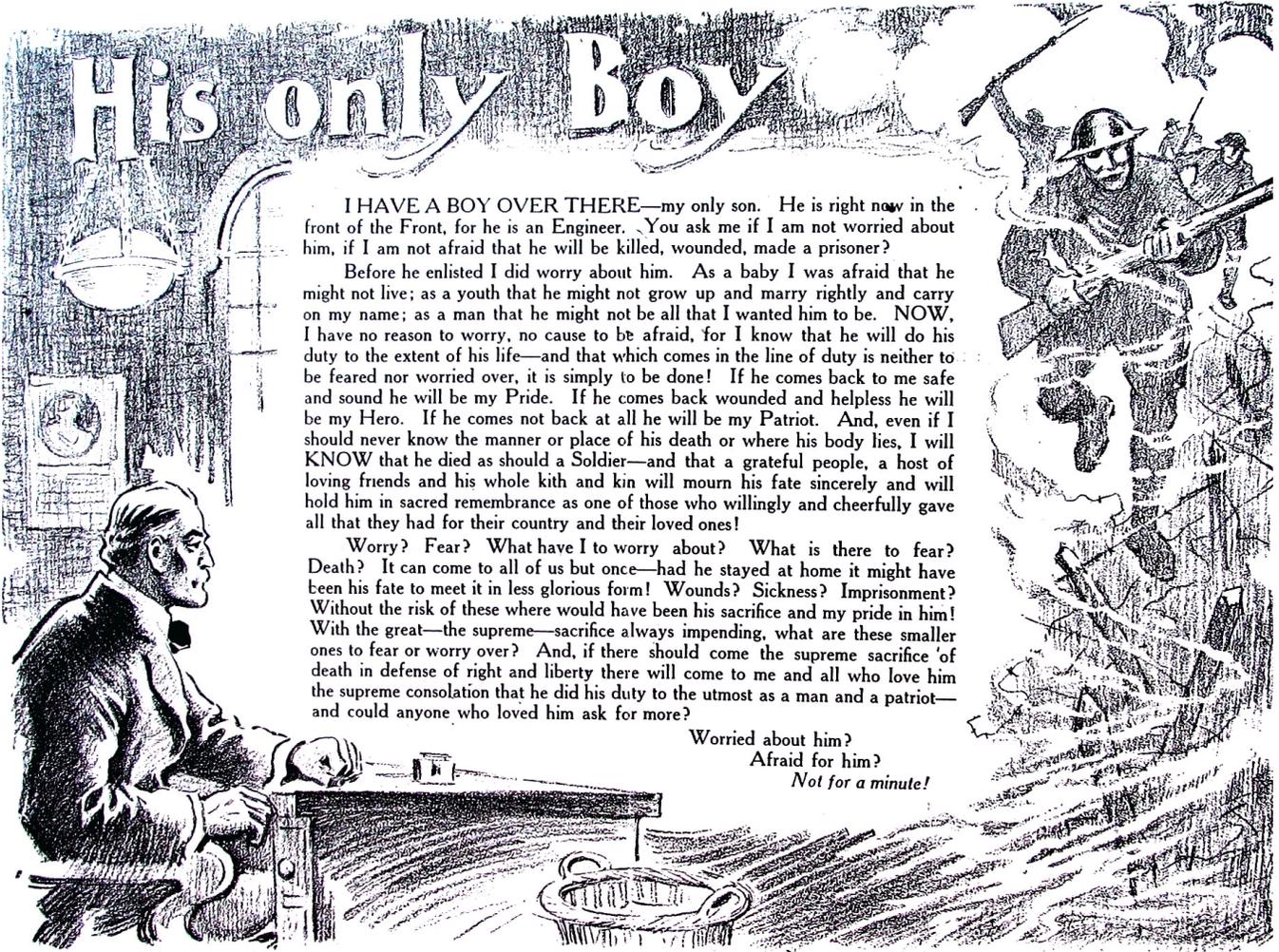
# His only Boy

I HAVE A BOY OVER THERE—my only son. He is right now in the front of the Front, for he is an Engineer. You ask me if I am not worried about him, if I am not afraid that he will be killed, wounded, made a prisoner?

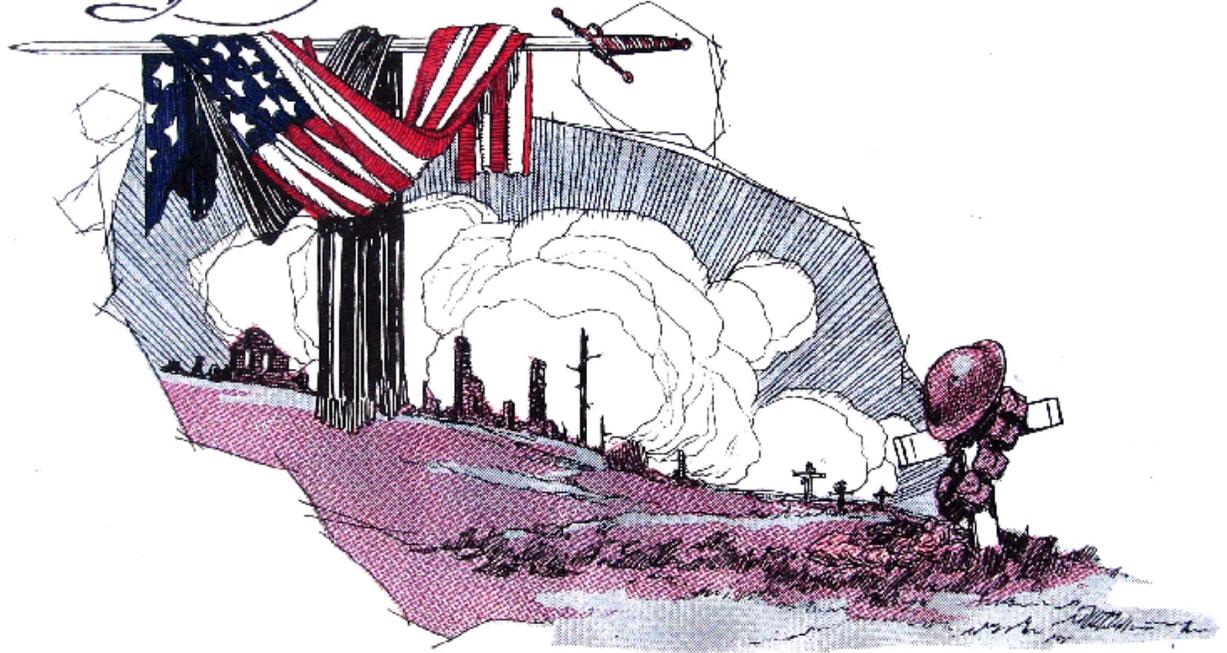
Before he enlisted I did worry about him. As a baby I was afraid that he might not live; as a youth that he might not grow up and marry rightly and carry on my name; as a man that he might not be all that I wanted him to be. NOW, I have no reason to worry, no cause to be afraid, for I know that he will do his duty to the extent of his life—and that which comes in the line of duty is neither to be feared nor worried over, it is simply to be done! If he comes back to me safe and sound he will be my Pride. If he comes back wounded and helpless he will be my Hero. If he comes not back at all he will be my Patriot. And, even if I should never know the manner or place of his death or where his body lies, I will KNOW that he died as should a Soldier—and that a grateful people, a host of loving friends and his whole kith and kin will mourn his fate sincerely and will hold him in sacred remembrance as one of those who willingly and cheerfully gave all that they had for their country and their loved ones!

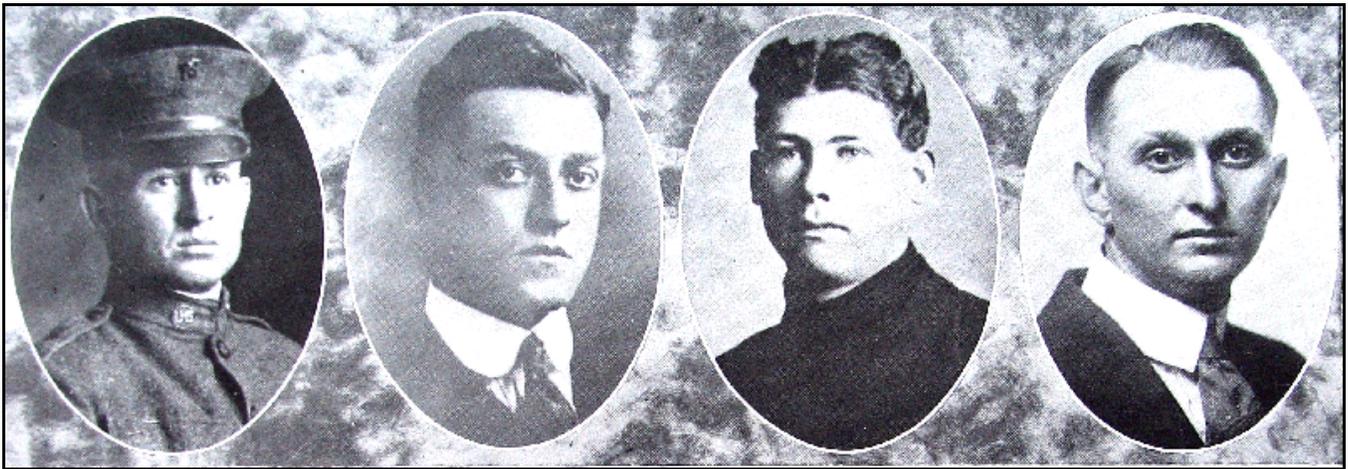
Worry? Fear? What have I to worry about? What is there to fear? Death? It can come to all of us but once—had he stayed at home it might have been his fate to meet it in less glorious form! Wounds? Sickness? Imprisonment? Without the risk of these where would have been his sacrifice and my pride in him! With the great—the supreme—sacrifice always impending, what are these smaller ones to fear or worry over? And, if there should come the supreme sacrifice of death in defense of right and liberty there will come to me and all who love him the supreme consolation that he did his duty to the utmost as a man and a patriot—and could anyone who loved him ask for more?

Worried about him?  
Afraid for him?  
*Not for a minute!*



# In Memoriam





WILLIAM C. JONES  
Fort Worth, Texas

LEO J. JAMES  
Buxton, Iowa

FRED L. DUNSMOOR  
Strawberry Point, Iowa

ERNEST W. MERKLE  
Cissna Park, Ill.

#### WILLIAM C. JONES, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Sgt. Jones was one of the original men of Company A. He joined us at Camp Travis, Texas, on September 19, 1917, and was with us continuously until he met his death near Montigny, November 8, 1918.

Jones was one of the best men in the Company, being always full of pep, willing and energetic. On the morning of November 8, 1918, he was in charge of a detail repairing the road between Villers-Devant-Dun and Montigny, about one and a half Kilometers south of Montigny. The road was under direct observation from the enemy, and was a very dangerous place, subject at all times to bombardment from a battery of Austrian 88's concealed in the heights across the Meuse, about three Kilometers distant. On this particular morning nothing happened until about eleven o'clock, when a Salvo was sent over. One of the shells hit in the midst of Sgt. Jones' detail, killing Jones instantly.

He was buried about fifty yards below the road opposite the spot where he met his death.

#### LEO J. JAMES, BUXTON, IOWA

Cpl. James joined us at Camp Travis during May, 1918, coming from Camp Dodge, Iowa. He was a quiet man, very efficient, and one of the best workmen we had in the Company.

On the morning of November 8, he was in charge of one squad of Sgt. Jones' detail repairing roads and was severely wounded by the same shell which killed Jones and Knox.

When first-aid men reached him, he had dragged himself to the shelter of the bank along the road and he told them. "Dress the other boys, they're hurt worse than I am." It was found, though, that he was severely wounded, and, after his wounds were dressed, he was placed in an Ambulance and sent to the Field Hospital.

His death came on the night of November 9th – 10th.

#### FRED L. DUNSMOOR, STRAWBERRY POINT, IOWA

Dunsmoor was one of the men sent to us from Camp Dodge, Iowa. He joined the Company at Camp Travis during May, 1918.

He served us faithfully until November 10, 1918, when he was missed. Little is known of his death. He was last seen on the evening of the 10th, while the Company was resting along the National Highway about two Kilometers south of Mouzay. When the Company was formed he was absent, and was carried as "Missing" until November 29th, when notification was received from Central Records

Office that his body was found and interred by a Chaplain of the 360th Infantry, who gave as the cause of death "Shrapnel."

His grave is on the outskirts of the town of Mouzay, where his body was found.

#### ERNEST W. MERKLE, CISSNA PARK, ILL.

Merkle came to us from Camp Dodge, Iowa, during May, 1918.

He was a mighty good soldier – modest, quiet and unassuming; always present when anything was to be done, and with no kicks to make.

He served with us during the whole of our operations, but in November, 1918, his health failed him and he was forced to go to the Hospital.

Nothing more was heard of him until we received notice of his death at Camp Hospital No. 52, LeMans, France, on January 12, 1919.

Cause of death: Complicated Lobar Pneumonia.

#### JOHN W. WEATHERLY, GARRISON, TEXAS

Weatherly was one of the original members of the Company, having joined us September 19, 1917, at Camp Travis. He was with us continuously from that time until September 13, 1918, and his never-failing good humor and willingness not only made of him an excellent soldier, but won for him a friend in every man in the Company.

On September 13, 1918, while the Second Platoon was taking a few moments rest in the Stumpflager, north of Fay-en-Haye, preparatory to relaying a load of ammunition to the front lines, the Germans swept the south side of the valley with artillery fire and Weatherly was hit with a fragment of a high-explosive shell. He was carried to the 357th Infantry First Aid Station, and from there sent to the rear. The next word we had of him was a notice of his death aboard a transport November 16, 1918.

Weatherly was the first casualty in the Company.

#### JASPER B. KNOX, SALINA, OKLA.

Knox came to us from Camp Dodge during May, 1918. His genial disposition, coupled with his willingness and ability, made him a general favorite with both Officers and Men.

At the front he was fearless and absolutely dependable. He was one of the explosive men who accompanied Sgt. Duke when they penetrated the German lines and blew up the enemy ammunition dump.

He was a member of Sgt. Jones' detail on the morning of November 8th, and met his death from the same shell which killed Sgt. Jones. Death was practically instantaneous.

He was buried alongside of Sgt. Jones, about fifty yards below the road, and opposite the spot where he lost his life.

#### FRANK B. RAY, WALKER, IOWA

Ray joined the Company while we were enroute from the St. Mihiel to the Verdun front, being one of the first replacements we received.

He was only with the outfit a short time, but proved to be a quiet, willing worker, and was making numerous friends.

On October 24, 1918, he was one of a detail sent to guard a captured German Engineer Dump near Nantillois. It happened that an American Field Hospital was right beside the Dump and the Germans, true to their habits, were shelling this Hospital at intermittent intervals. The shelling on the morning of the 25th was more intense and covered a greater range than it had previously, and several shells landed in the Engineer Dump. Ray was killed by one of these shells while in the act of lighting his pipe.

He was buried in the U. S. Cemetery at Nantillois.

FRANCIS W. STEELE, BOONE, IOWA

Steele joined us at Camp Travis during May, 1918, being one of the increment from Camp Dodge sent to fill the Division to war strength.

He was very popular in the Company, and, while we were stationed at Bure-les-Templiers, was wont to give a nightly concert with his mouth-organ.

On August 20th, he was sent on Special Duty with the Ration Detail, where he served efficiently until he met his death.

There were no eye-witnesses to his death. He was found near the Red Cross Station at Auberge-St. Pierre about half an hour after a particularly intense bombardment on October 2, 1918, had ceased. Death had evidently come instantly, because he still held, clutched in his hand, a bunch of letters which he had received about an hour previously.

He was buried in the 315th Engineer Cemetery at Fay-en-Haye.

RICHARD A. SWENSON, MELBY, MINN.

Swenson joined us at Camp Travis in May, 1918, being one of the men sent to us from Camp Dodge, Iowa. He was universally well liked in the Company, and served as Company barber during our training period in France.

On October 3, 1918, he was a member of a detail under Sgt. Duke, which was sent up to build a splinter-proof shelter for the Red Cross Station at St. Marie Farm, near Vilcey-sur-Preny. While the detail was crossing "Death Valley" a German plane swooped down and opened up on them with his machine gun. Swenson was the only member of the detail who was hit, but his wounds proved fatal in a few moments. An explosive bullet had entered his right shoulder, ranging downward and exploding in his left hip. His only words were, "They got me."

He was buried by members of the Company in the 315th Engineers Cemetery near Fay-en-Haye.

# Headquarters 315th Engineers, American E. F.

GENERAL ORDERS: No. 124. 18 December, 1918.

1. The following named officers and men of this Regiment, having been wounded in action either in the St. Mihiel or Meuse-Argonne operations, are hereby authorized to wear the Wound Chevron, in accordance with the provisions of G. O. No. 110, GHQ c. s.

2. Many of the officers and men named hereon have been so seriously wounded as to prevent their return to the Regt; many, less seriously wounded, are now with us. To all, however, the Regimental Commander with full knowledge of the spirit with which these officers and men are imbued extends his compliments and assurance of appreciation:

## OFFICERS:

Baker, Ralph W. 1st Lt. Co. A. 20 Sept. 18 Near Fey-en-Haye

## ENLISTED MEN

### COMPANY A

Cannon, Clement C.	Pvt.	5 Oct., 18 near Fey-en-Haye
Cox, William C.	Pfc.	17 Sept., 18 near Fey-en-Haye
Hedgpeth, James A.	Pfc.	1 Nov., 18 near Romagne
Hollingsworth, Warren B.	Pvt.	27 Oct., 18 near Romagne
Keeble, Walter E.	Sgt.	5 Nov., 18 near Montigny
Mitchell, Herbert S.	Pvt.	26 Sept., 18 near Fey-en-Haye
Neese, Paul M.	Sgt. 1Cl	5 Nov., 18 near Montigny
O'Quin, Sevan J.	Pfc.	20 Sept., 18 near Fey-en-Haye
Padgett, Elmer	Sgt.	17 Sept., 18 near Fey-en-Haye
Snyder, Harry O.	Pfc.	1 Nov., 18 near Romagne
Swanson, John E.	Pvt.	1 Nov., 18 near Romagne
Weatherly, John W.	Pvt.	13 Sept., 18 near Fey-en-Haye

JARVIS J. BAIN, Colonel, Engineers, Commanding.



*“Jobs for the Engineers—  
Bring up the wrecking crew,  
Shovel and pick will do the trick,  
Then we can go on through.”*

*They're on the spot, you bet;  
Soon, with a clash of gears,  
We're on the way, for the road's O. K.,  
Fixed by the Engineers!*

## **By Way of Explanation**

In the next few pages you will get the story of our travels. For this interesting article we are indebted to Captain J. E. L. Millender. Early during the period of our introduction to “Fritz” and his “G. I. Cans,” it became known that Captain Millender had been writing a diary of our trip for his personal use. While it had not always been possible to keep it entirely up to date, nevertheless, when opportunity presented itself, and with the assistance of Sgt. “Pete” Odell, Captain Millender would “continue the march” on this important document. Realizing that anything that the Captain might write would be interesting, many members of the Company tried to make arrangements to get copies of the diary when finished. This finally led to someone suggesting the publication of a book to commemorate our trials and tribulations. You now hold in your hands the finished product.

We would call to your mind that the narrative you are about to “take a whack at” may appear disconnected in spots. In passing out your condemnation or praise, kindly bear in mind that it was written under all sorts of adversities. You will find the facts clearly stated. They have been presented in a soldierly manner – exactly as we felt about things as they happened. In case you are timid, risk only one eye at a time.

The Staff takes this means of expressing its appreciation of Captain Millender’s sincere efforts to make our publication a genuine success.

# “The Way It Happened”

BY

CAPTAIN J. E. L. MILLENDER

ON September twelfth, nineteen-seventeen, the nucleus of the 90th Division was ordered to Camp Travis, Texas, the South's largest cantonment, and it was with great anxiety and enthusiasm that we awaited the arrival of the first contingent of civilians called to the colors by the draft, and it should be recorded that the men who a few days previous were civilians took hold of the new work with great enthusiasm and loaned every effort toward the organization of the vast army as planned by the War Department.

Our days here were spent in equipping the new arrivals and teaching them the intricate, yet difficult, Infantry drill regulations. This, in itself, was one of the greatest experiences of our life in the Army, for here we learned the rudiments of discipline and listened patiently to the teachings of our superior officers who had seen previous service. We had gigantic schedules, for it must be remembered that we were required to learn the work of the Infantry and master it as well as carry out our technical studies and practices.

Sometime in May, nineteen-eighteen, we had begun to get wind that our Division would soon move for a port of embarkation. As these rumors were quite prevalent at this particular time no one seemed to lay much stress upon the so-called “latrine” gossip. To sum the situation up, we were really glad of the news for we had been in training for a year at this cantonment, and it was work and drill from hell to breakfast. On June third, we received our final orders for movement, and our Regiment was in the first contingent which was to entrain for a port of embarkation.

On the morning of the fifth, at nine-thirty, we pulled out over the M., K. & T. for New York. There were many things which happened en route, both pleasant and unpleasant. In the first place, the Tourist sleepers were crowded, and the men had to sleep with discomfort. We stopped in St. Louis for three or four hours, and the Red Cross was the grand institution that fed us on cakes, chewing gum, cigarettes, etc.

At Mattoon, Illinois, the gang turned out for a general leg stretching. We paraded the town, but everything was eyes right and eyes left. The town is full of pretty girls and the old boys, after having ridden so far in the nice cattle cars were, indeed, glad of the opportunity. There were certain Sergeants, as well as Lieutenants, whom the writer happens to know have excellent wives at home, who were seen kissing the Mattoon girls as the train pulled out – of course, we are too proper to mention any names.

We could tell the minute we hit Arkansas because, upon passing farms and cultivated land, the manhood of the State was to be seen seated with the utmost ease waiting for some squirrel to pop his head out of a hole in some nearby tree, while the old lady and the barefooted kids acted as skipper for the plow fleet. Conditions were a little better in Missouri, because we saw two or three men really at work. Popular Bluff was quite an apple in our eyes, the natives were really “white folks.” The Regiment was assembled and the Regimental Songs were rendered in an excellent manner.

We arrived in Indianapolis about dusk. After a two hours' stay, during which we engaged in callisthenic exercises, we pulled out for Cleveland. Cleveland was the first place in which we saw women porters on Pullmans; this was really the first indication of our approach to the war industries; women could be seen working in munitions factories, etc.

Upon arriving at Buffalo we saw a section gang composed of women working on the railroad track. From Buffalo we went to Rochester and Rochester was the first Honest-to-God town that we passed through. The inhabitants turned out en-masse to greet us, and we in turn paraded the town with our band and sang for them. The Red Cross ladies were great! They supplied us with postal cards, chewing gum, flowers and cigarettes. We are all strong for Rochester.

Our trip through the Catskill Mountains, and on down the Hudson, was a beautiful journey, and the beauty of the mountains in the early morning while we passed through shall long be remembered. The river craft were plying to and fro through the cascades and yonder toward the East 'midst the first rays of the morning sun could be seen the historic and beautiful West Point.

We arrived on the New Jersey side, took the ferry at Weehawken, went down the river, and around the battery, beneath the five great bridges and landed on the Brooklyn side. From the ferry we were transported to a point close to Garden City, thence to Camp Mills.

Of all the places, from the cold Yukon, so fervent in the memory of one Robert W. Service, to the country once roamed by our old friend Stanley, this is the damndest spot for any government to put any bunch of men for rest. They called it a rest camp, meaning you arrive at eleven o'clock p. m. and work the rest of the night. It was raining, as always is the custom when soldiers have to move, and, in spite of all the clothing we possessed, and could steal, we nearly froze. Texans and Oklahomans in New York at this time of the year were entirely out of place. Some of us attempted a bath – to date we have not thawed out. We were told we were to remain in Camp Mills for a week or ten days, but were ousted out at two o'clock one morning when we had been there only forty-eight hours. This forty-eight hours was spent in issuing Quartermaster property to the troops and no one had enough sleep to speak of. So we left at two o'clock. We entrained at Garden City and proceeded to a point on the East River just above the Brooklyn Navy Yard, transferred to the ferry and again we rounded the battery and up the Hudson to Pier Fifty-seven, where we embarked on a British ship, the "Olympic."

We were tired and hungry, and the embarkation was slow for us, and the worst of it was the quarters we had for the men on board the ship. There was entirely too much distinction between the Officers' quarters and those of the Men, but, of course, we attribute this to the purpose for which the ship was built—she was originally a passenger liner. We went on board the Olympic at eight o'clock on the morning of June thirteenth. On the morning of the fourteenth at ten o'clock we cleared the pier and told the old girl in the harbor "Good-bye." At this time enemy submarines were active on our coast, in fact, they had sunk five or six boats off Nantucket on the thirteenth, and it was no trouble to keep the troops below. No one seemed to know where we were going, and we were without convoy. We regret that the "Olympic" was so large, for the space available invited the General to issue orders for daily drill to be held on board ship. Four times around the promenade deck was one mile. The 360th Infantry, two Companies, namely A and B, of the 315th Engineers, a detachment of one hundred and fifty Marines, two Companies of the Signal Corps, a Casual Detachment of Officers and Men, numbering about five hundred and General Allen and his Staff constituted the passenger list. The weather was fine, and the trip uneventful, so far as rough voyage was concerned and submarine attacks, and there was but little sea-sickness.

On the morning of the twenty-first we sighted the coast of the Isle of Wight. We passed St. Catherine's Point and had a wonderful view of Cowes City, which is a most beautiful place nestled in the hills of the seashore. This was at one time used as a summer resort for the German Emperor. Further up the river we passed Osborne Castle, a noteworthy place, for, at one time, this was the home of Queen Mary. Just before pulling into Southampton we viewed a spectacular fight between several British destroyers and an enemy submarine. We docked at Southampton at 10 p. m., June twenty-first. Disembarkation was begun at daylight, and this was our first real experience in the war zone. The docks were loaded with munitions and guns of all description, British troops hurrying to and fro, hundreds of steamers lying in the docks being loaded to cross the channel. We spent the day lying around the docks, and, finally, about six p. m. we were loaded on a smaller ship, the "Archangel," of seven thousand tons displacement. We had nothing to eat all day long save bully beef and hard tack, and we were crowded in this vessel like sardines. With a great convoy of British destroyers we started for Le Havre. The channel was very rough and we had more cases of sea-sickness in the thirty or forty miles than we had during the entire trip across the Atlantic.

Upon disembarkation at La Havre we proceeded to another rest camp. Here we brushed shoulders with practically every kind of soldier in Europe – British, Scotch, French, Canadians, Algerians, Italians, Australians – and, the most comical of all, the French territorials from Morocco – Algerians. They look just like Texas negroes, but they do not parley English. A nigger soldier, a member of one of our Engineers service Battalions, upon passing one of these Algerians, said: ‘Hello, Niggah, how long have you been heah?’ The Algerian stopped, looked at him and said: “No compre.” A negro Sergeant further back down the line laughingly said: “Yeah, I guess you know when you is noticed; that niggah done been ovah heah so long he got so high-falutin’ he won’t talk English no mo’. ‘These niggahs done got the swellhead.’”

La Havre is truly a cosmopolitan city – with the enormous influx of troops, some going home on leave, the majority en route to the front. One soldier in particular of this great cosmopolitan army appealed to us in that he was a unique character, a Scotchman, a true Highlander, with his kilts and paraphernalia of his clan. He had been with his Regiment, a bunch of Cameron Highlanders on the recent offensive in Italy. He was one of several who were en route to the Highlands for recuperation. He had been suffering with malaria, not being accustomed to the low marshy lands in the particular territory of Italy where he had been campaigning. He was a forlorn looking creature, but the best part about him was his smile. He carried a bucket about the size of an ordinary two-gallon pail. In this pail he had some spare parts for his dress. We don’t know what they were, but we guessed at it. He also had soap, sox, and a small wash tub. From his belt somewhere beneath the folds of his kilt there was attached a rope about one inch in diameter and on the end of it, was a shaggy flea-bitten cur. The cur didn’t savvy English, but he moved around when McPherson spoke. Upon the back of this odd person was strapped a British pack full of God knows what. With his rifle slung over his shoulder, a wash pan suspended from the bottom of the pack he presented, altogether, an appearance both amusing and distinctive. All of his front teeth were missing. From this we concluded that, being a true Scotchman, he had worn his teeth out biting necks off of Scotch whiskey bottles. Even at that, he was happy and contented. He handed us a blarney that was interesting – he had soldiered four years and a half as was evidenced by the red and blue chevrons on his sleeve.

We were accorded many courtesies at this place, but we cannot say much for the rest camp. We consider them quite a joke. No one rests. But still they afford an opportunity to quench one’s thirst. They have an enormous supply of good beer and wine. They issued nice blankets, seemingly made of Porcupine hair intermingled with cactus – which would have made mighty good beds for horned frogs, but we couldn’t say much for them for soldiers. They might have been all right if we had had a pair of scissors to clip them, but they sure did stick. We didn’t grumble when they said, “Turn them in.”

We suddenly got orders to entrain for parts unknown – nobody knew where we were going, not even the railway transportation officer. We had a jolly time just before entraining as a group of Scotch soldiers, keenly alive with good Scotch whiskey, sang several Scotch songs, and some of our boys still more alive with various brands sang any and every old thing. We hiked about six miles through the dark – it is remembered that on account of aerial raids the cities are without lights – through rat holes, up and down alleys, a regular bunch of alley rats, to a railway station.

We were loaded into cars in a worse manner than cattle could be loaded, forty-six men to the car. Incidentally, the French box cars do not compare favorably with any other vehicle on earth. They resemble a cracker box or a bird cage on rollers. They only have four wheels, whereas they need a hundred to make them comfortable. One good American locomotive could pull a thousand of them. We pulled out at 23:47 o’clock for God knows where, and nobody “gave a damn.”

The night on that train was some night. Nothing to eat save corned willy and crackers, so hard that they couldn’t be cracked. By the time daylight overtook us we were just about as sore as a fat woman with a busted corset string. Sleep? Hell! You couldn’t even sit down – we were lucky we didn’t fall out of the door. If you reached down to scratch your own leg you would be pulling some other fellow’s hair. Cooties? No! There was no room for them in that gang. We were just as crowded as a stomach

full of dried apples after drinking water. We traveled at the magnificent speed of a kilometer every now and then. The slow train through Arkansas was a lightning express compared to this outfit – it would make us look like we were backing up. There was one thing in our favor, however, we could see the country; in fact, we passed the same point several times. We saw one old man raise an Irish potato crop as we whisked by. We noticed that every foot of ground, valleys, hilltops and all, were under cultivation. We passed close enough to Paris to see the Eiffel Tower. At some place along here we were met by several girls of the French Red Cross who dished out a sort of bouillon that tasted like Octagon Soap, but wine was plentiful and Cognac more so, so we didn't care whether we had anything to eat or not.

After having ridden for twenty-four hours we were unloaded in some God-forsaken place. They call it "La Trecey," meaning "The Trace." Rightfully named, for all that remained of this burg was a mere trace. We had not the least idea of our latitude and longitude. We were hungry, cold and tired, and, to dishearten the entire gang, echoes of heavy cannonading were heard toward the East. We knew not our proximity to the front, and at daylight we discovered that we were lost – put off at the wrong station. We carried water for a mile and half and lived on hard tack and corned beef.

The French have a wonderful refrigerating plant, in the form of a stream, about six miles from this camp. We tried it once and the survivors have not bathed since. Upon emerging from this water, our pals had to beat the ice off with sticks, that is, those of us who were not frozen too stiff to wield a stick. We stayed in La Trecey eight days, trying our best to locate someone who could inform us of our whereabouts, or our final destination. Our Division had not arrived in France.

Finally we were directed to proceed to another God-forsaken place called Bure Les Templiers. This town was built by the sires of Caesar, and here we became acquainted with the typical French billet. These billets are great, more than that – they are glorious, that is, if one can succeed in scraping enough cow manure away to find the billet. A French peasant's wealth is computed from the size of the manure pile adjacent to his kitchen door. They wear wooden shoes, and it is amusing, indeed, to see them plying through the streets in these queer little boats. They steam up to their back doors through the liquid manure, disembark and leave the wooden shoes at the steps. This was the first time American troops had entered this town and all of the girls turned out to meet us. She was a beautiful maiden of the vintage of 1812. She didn't parley English, and we didn't parley her stuff.

The French farming system is different from ours in this respect: The farmers do not live upon their farms, they live in one central point which is one of these villages, and, using this as a radical point, they go to their farms daily, driving their stock, etc., to their particular plots of ground. From Napoleonic times the live stock has been trained in the conservation of excreta, and efficiency is their watchword. Thus we derive the why and the wherefore of the filthy condition of the village streets. Some system! The old ladies sewing circle serve as white wings in the conservation of the fertilizer. They know as much about sanitation as a monkey does about a munitions factory. This town, Bure-les-Templiers, is an historic oasis, as the church was built in the eleventh century by the Crusaders. We remained in this town from the second day of July until the nineteenth of August, when we received orders to move to parts closer to the front.

Bure-les-Templiers was known as the intensive training area for fresh arrivals from the United States, and our Regiment having received, just prior to leaving the United States, a bunch of recruits from Camp Dodge, Iowa, we were forced to carry out an extensive drill schedule.

For a period of six weeks we had four hours of Infantry drill each morning and each afternoon was spent in bridge building, erection of barbed wire entanglements, shooting on the target range, and practice in hand-grenade throwing. At times the schedule was varied in that we would have held maneuvers to practice in the capturing of enemy strong-points, and also during this period night exercises were thrust upon us in order that we might learn the erection of barbed wire entanglements in the dark. Twice each week the Regiment, with full packs, had to hike fifteen kilometers and, for disciplinary purposes, each man was allowed one canteen of water. We also began wearing our gas

masks five minutes at a time on these hikes, and at the end of a few weeks we had worked up to the point where we could wear the mask one hour without removing.

Here we were issued spiral puttees, overseas caps, steel helmets and were introduced to the hobnail express. Events happened with lightning-like rapidity. We were issued French horses, escort wagons, engineering equipment, gas masks, and our old Colonel had told us that as soon as we began to receive our equipment, then we might know that we were scheduled for an early tour of duty in the front line trenches. How true his prophecy was! For no sooner had we been equipped than we were ordered to entrain at Chatillon sur Seine.

From Bure les Templiers the Regiment hiked to Chatillon sur Seine, a distance of thirty-three kilometers, or about twenty miles. This distance was covered in one day, and, with full equipment. It made an exceedingly interesting hike. Upon our arrival at Chatillon sur Seine, we entrained in the customary "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8." and proceeded to Don Germain, a wee village near Toul, detraining at this point and marching the five kilometers to Blenod la Toul. We were billeted here and remained for a purposed rest of two days, but during this period we were busy checking over our Regiment, cleaning accouterment and making preparations for our tour of duty in the front line trenches.

We proceeded to a town named Jaillon, moving by night in a truck train and, on account of the liability of air raids and the usual nightly excursions of German bombing planes, vehicles traveled on the main highways with fifty meter intervals between trucks. We did not have animal transportation to draw all of our escort wagons and rolling kitchens, and this, of course, necessitated towing the escort wagons behind the trucks, and, after having traveled a few miles, the convoy was held up on account of hot bearings on the wagons.

Jaillon had been under enemy shell fire for many days, and, inasmuch as we had not been under fire, we entertained great anxiety relative to the subsequent experiences which we were to have within a few hours.

Everything moved in darkness. We were not allowed to smoke nor strike matches nor have flashlights, and, were it not for the fact that the highways of France were constructed of limestone principally, travel by night without lights would have been very difficult and quite a serious problem on account of the immense amount of the two-way traffic, but the white roadways in the darkness facilitated travel immensely.

Upon arriving at Jaillon we repaired to a nearby wood, under which we secured cover from enemy aerial observation, completing our bivouac just before break of day. We lay in hiding throughout the day, allowing only a few men at a time to move from the cover of the trees to the company kitchen which was hidden in a demolished stone building.

With the fall of darkness, we slung our packs and proceeded further toward the front by way of Domevre and Martincourt to the small village of St. Jean. Little did we know at this time the significance of St. Jean and the immense lessons which we were to learn on this, our first trip into the fighting lines. This march was made in a column of twos, with one hundred meters between platoons. We were met at St. Jean by our advance party whom we had sent to the front twenty-four hours previously to familiarize themselves with the lay of the land and facilitate our relieving the troops who were then in the line. We relieved the First Engineers of the First Division on the second line position in what is known as the Villers-en-Haye Sector.

By daylight we were housed in a system of splinter proofs, resembling the dwellings of the Cliff Dwellers' class of architecture. They were not half bad as they had electric lights and were situated on the side of a beautifully wooded hill overlooking a picturesque little valley, near the bottom of which lay the town of St. Jean.

Well, sir, of all the nightmares that a man could possibly have in one lifetime my experience upon my first arrival at the front will outclass anything that could possibly happen in many years of an ordinary life. We had been on the move for several days, and we were as tired as hell, and hungry, and, after hiking about twenty or thirty miles, we moved into a place called St. Jean, situated in a beautiful

little valley, and this was no lie, because it was a beautiful little valley, nice pine trees and fir trees clustered here and there around the hills, pretty winding macadamized roads and one of France's famous cold water streams winding its way slowly southward. This valley was situated on the second line of posts in the Toul Sector and outside of bombardment periodically from the German guns, was an ideal camp. We pulled into this place about two o'clock one morning completely fatigued. The men occupied splinter-proof shelters, which, in spite of the rats and cooties, was a pretty good place. Being a smart kind of a guy and my first trip into the trenches, I didn't much like the idea of flopping in the particular shelter which was assigned to me for quarters, so I made my bunk in a ration cart on a side of the hill. My faithful old Top Sergeant, never forgetting his duties, had posted the necessary gas guards, this from force of habit more than necessity. I was awakened with a start just before daylight, and, arising, half asleep, peered over the side of the ration cart to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and there, within two feet of my face, peering at me like a devil, was some object which at first I could not make out. The thing was mumbling to me in low tones which I could not understand. I grabbed my six-shooter first and in my fright I almost fired when, suddenly, it dawned upon me that it was a gas guard. I will tell you right now that was a fearful looking object, that man with a gas mask over his face and yelling frantically for me to get my gas mask on and me half asleep unable to comprehend the situation. Finally it dawned upon me that there was a gas attack; and then began the wild scramble for my gas mask. In the meantime, I was holding my breath to keep from breathing the deadly fumes, and, the more I hunted, the less I found. When, finally, I was about to burst for the want of air, I located the damned mask and got the tube in my mouth long enough to draw a breath. After adjusting my mask, I looked out over the valley and beheld a heavy white cloud, whereupon I thought: "My God! The Germans have put over a gas attack at high concentration." And I wondered if my Company had been wiped off the map. I wondered if they had been warned by the gas sentry. About this time I was wide awake to be sure and thought I would test for gas to determine its concentration, and whether or not it was chlorine or what the hell. I couldn't smell anything, so I took off my mask, got out of the cart and smelled all around and finally decided that it was nothing but a fog.

And so it goes – fortunes of war. There wasn't enough gas to kill anything; in fact, there had been no gas attack launched – no bombardment.

Our only trouble at St. Jean was spasmodic shelling three or four times a day from the German batteries. We had been told by the Engineers whom we relieved that this was a quiet sector, but the first day in camp the Huns threw into our area more than a thousand shells, mostly high explosive seventy-sevens and Mustard gas.

During the day the men were forced to keep under cover on account of direct enemy observation from observation balloons and aëroplanes. We proceeded to our work through groves and trees and were quite particular in camouflaging our roads and pathways over which we carried materials that were used in construction of combat positions. During the day we did not allow vehicles to approach our camp, nor did we haul wood or water, this being left until after nightfall when we could move without being seen.

We witnessed many fights between enemy aëroplanes and our own. The enemy, at this time, were particularly strong on observation and reconnaissance work, and we found that, when we had advanced during our attack of September twelfth, upon capturing a German artillery position, they had excellent pictures of the entire area around Martincourt, and particularly the camp in which we were billeted was marked on the German artillery charts which shows that, had they wished, they could have shelled our camp off the map. It was almost a daily occurrence for the enemy to come over and shoot down sausage balloons which were anchored in the vicinity of Martincourt. The strange thing to us was that it seemed that when the Germans were on patrol work in the air we seldom saw any Allied planes and vice-versa, when the Allied planes predominated one seldom saw German planes, but there were many times when they did make contact and invariably a spectacular aerial battle was the result.

The relief was affected, and we took over the second line position, and carried on the work of the construction of combat groups, strong points, dugouts, pillboxes, barbed wire entanglements and also aided the artillery in preparing positions for the big naval guns of the Sixty-first Coast Artillery.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of September the eleventh, we received orders to move forward and occupy the support trench immediately in the rear of the assaulting waves of the 357th Infantry. Under full pack we labored over the shell-torn roads past innumerable artillery emplacements of all caliber, slowly wending our way toward the long-since German-battered town of Mamey.

Everything was moving, dark as pitch, cold, and one of those old slow Texas drizzly rains. No lights could be shown as the enemy lay just to the north in his front line positions about three kilometers distant. We entered a communicating trench leading north from Mamey, and, of all the trenches that ever existed since Jacob built the ladder, this trench was the roughest, darkest, wettest, nastiest and "By Goddest" trench that any man in any army at any age, including Caesar and Methuselah, ever "did dam see." Stygian blackness would appear as an Aurora Borealis compared to the damnable darkness in these underground regions as we poor devils trudged along cussing everybody in Germany at each breath. Our load could be likened to the immense shells on the poor little snail's back and, indeed, our gait seemed many times slower.

We fell in holes, bumped into rocks, banged our heads on trench bridges, snagged ourselves on barbed wire and, at one place, after we had laboriously negotiated seemingly innumerable miles, we fell over what seemed to us a submarine. This proved to be a tank which had skidded into the trench sideways. We started again, wet as frogs, and madder than nine kinds of hell, until we decided we were lost.

From stumbling over rocks our feet were so sore that they seemed to be bleeding. To add to the pleasantness of the situation, the rain continued harder. God was with us, but the Kaiser controlled the elements.

After added prowling around, and stumbling over everything on earth, we located an old dugout into which we filed to escape the drenching downpour. This dugout was a unique mansion in itself, wet, musty, cold, and smelled like old socks. We arrived at this place at 12:15 a. m., September twelfth, nineteen-eighteen, concluding a six hours' combat between what at one time were good feet and the hell-fired rocks of France. We had been stumbling blindly forward, not knowing our mission other than the fact that we were to take up this position. No one was cognizant that an attack was to be made, nor did we know the zero hour, but while en route to this position we had passed a great many tanks moving forward. We knew from this preparation that the attack was coming before dawn.

We have read of the destruction wrought by Vesuvius, of the great San Francisco earthquake, and of the so-called drum fire of thousands of pieces of artillery in action, but at 1:15 o'clock these historical facts were as naught. Every piece of artillery in the St. Mihiel Sector, from Pont au Mousson to a point fifty miles northwest, opened up simultaneously for the artillery preparation preceding the "Over the Top." The roar was deafening, the skies were lighted as far as the eye could reach in any direction, and the whistling of shells of all calibers screaming through the air could be compared only to falling meteors.

The particular dugout in which we were sheltered had thirty feet head cover, yet the vibration of the detonations could be felt quite distinctly in our bunks. This intense roar of drum fire lasted until daylight, when we gathered enough courage to venture outside.

Upon emerging we found that the assaulting Infantry had gone over the top at five o'clock toward the enemy lines, and the artillerymen to our rear, a distance of a hundred yards, were clamoring and yelling preparatory to moving up. At this time we received orders from our Major to cut the barbed wire entanglements and clear the roads forward for the advance of the artillery. We moved out towards No Man's Land as far as the old city of Fey-en-Haye. This town had been in No Man's Land for more than four years, and one can imagine after four years bombardment to what extent the town was fit for

habitation. We found the enemy had barricaded the principal thoroughfares and built a veritable defensive system of trenches and barbed wire entanglements.

Glancing into a trench paralleling one of these streets we saw three of our poor boys who had been hit by a high explosive seventy-seven – a gruesome sight indeed, with their bodies mutilated beyond recognition and brains scattered and hanging by bits on the barbed wire entanglements, legs and arms blown entirely free from the body and the remains catapulted into the mire. Yet they carried the flag over the top and ran the Hun out of his lair. They had paid the price.

From this point as we worked forward building a road, we could see scattered here and there across the battlefield bodies of our own men and of the enemy. We saw, among other things, that the troops opposite us consisted of Austrians and the famous Prussian Guards. They all looked the same to these old Texans and Oklahomans for they bombed hell out of them just the same.

It was broad daylight now, and we perceived in the immediate foreground twenty-two airplanes which we thought to be ours. Intense machine gun fire was heard, and we saw the twenty-two planes split up into squads of seven each, and that one of these squads was in combat with another plane at an elevation of about three thousand feet. After much firing, the lone plane was seen to careen and apparently the pilot had lost control. We thought he was a German, the beastly devil, and great cheers arose from the throng for we were witnessing the first downfall of a German pilot. As the machine fell it turned on its side, both wings and the fuselage ripped and came apart and the motor, with the pilot and gunner, fell to the earth. Much to our surprise and our sorrow we learned that the defeated one was an American machine and had been destroyed by the famous “Flying Circus” – Germany’s crack gang of aerial cutthroats.

These devils infested the air, harassed the troops with aerial machine gun fire, and completely controlled the skies during the entire advance of our Infantry. They never split up, the cowards, they work in gangs. They are all aces and visit back and forth along the entire German front. The machines are painted all sorts of gaudy colors – red, white and black – from which they obtained the name of “The Circus,” and were organized by the German ace, Baron von Richtofen.

By ten o’clock our Infantry had advanced seven kilometers, over four miles, through what is called the “Stumpflager,” a place infested with machine gun nests, trench mortars and endless seas of barbed wire entanglements. The edge of the woods on the side from which we attacked was on the military crest of a hill lending every advantage to the entrenched enemy. The woods followed back to the north into a ditch or wide deep ravine in the form of a Y, and this ravine was strongly fortified as it had been the rendezvous of the henchmen of Kultur and the Potsdam gang for four years.

They had excellent dugouts of concrete. Their machine gun nests, strong-points and combat groups were magnificent in construction and position, but our brave boys waded into them, flanked them and killed them like rats. Our heaviest casualties were in the fight in this wood, for, incidentally, it is a man’s job to clean out machine gun nests. There were twenty-eight of these machine gun nests destroyed and their gunners were routed or killed at their posts, and here again the fiendish devils were found to fire hundreds of rounds of ammunition at our boys and, when the supply had been exhausted, hold up their hands and cry “Kamerad.” Little good did the “Kamerad” do, a hand grenade finished him.

As soon as the attack opened, hundreds of prisoners were to be seen under guard filing slowly to the rear, many of them carrying our wounded. We made them bury their own dead and so forth.

We labored throughout the day filling shell holes, trenches, clearing barbed wire entanglements and opening lines of communication. One platoon under command of Lieutenant P. M. Nicolett, trudged incessantly to and from the ammunition dumps carrying ammunition to the Infantry advancing waves. When the roads had been repaired sufficiently the entire Company carried on the work of getting ammunition forward. We labored like dogs without food, water or rest all day and throughout the night and continued for sixty hours. We labored without murmur, tired, hungry, wet, sleepy, but no one gave a darn, because the Germans were on the run.

Our troops were victorious, had gained their objective and three kilometers further. One company of Infantry advanced through our own barrage to a hill two kilometers in advance of the barrage zone, but they were Americans and, instead of fighting their way back, they fought on, driving the Hun before them, and, as a result when the attack ceased, these men had the outpost line established.

The German stronghold known as the "Stumpflager" was indeed a sight which can only be revealed by sudden calamities – earthquakes, battles and preeminently a surprise attack upon an enemy resulting in their defeat and rapid retreat. They left everything under the sun – horses, wagons, tailor shops, blacksmith shops, boot shops, ammunition depots, engineer dumps, hospitals, guns, food, clothing, kitchens, wine, beer – in fact, everything that an army of the German character can carry in the field.

Our Company moved into what twelve hours previously had been the quarters of a German Colonel and his regiment. Inasmuch as we found potatoes, cheese, bread, etc., together with the coffee carried in our men's condiment cans, we prepared what was to us a nice meal. Immediately our boys could be seen with every kind of souvenir that hands could pick up. We slept on German blankets, traded our wet shoes for nice dry German shoes; any number of our boys had German pistols, overcoats, belts, bayonets and various trinkets too numerous to mention.

Our Company salvaged eight machine guns, six trench mortars, fifty thousand rounds of ammunition. We immediately set up the machine guns as anti-aircraft weapons to shoot at the "Circus." A Medico from our detachment found a lovely fountain pen lying on a table in a dugout. He picked it up and upon unscrewing the cap met a disastrous explosion. He was wounded, perhaps fatally, another trick of Kultur. Still, another man in exploring these dugouts in quest of souvenirs in company with several men from this Company found a safety razor. He picked it up, opened the lid, and it thankfully shot off one hand. These are two of the many traps we have found in the existing German positions.

The fighting further ahead by this time had subsided materially, and all that remained was a continuous duel between the artillery. Here and there could be heard bursts of machine gun fire and detonations of hand grenades by mopping-up parties. Part of our outfit had gone ahead to the newly-made objective and were busily engaged in organization of the terrain, laying out strong-points for the Infantry to dig in while the rest of our Company was busily engaged in carrying ammunition and tools forward for the Infantry and barbed wire for making entanglements.

Indeed, many heart-touching scenes were encountered during these hours. While passing through the woods we heard moans from the darkness, and investigation revealed six or eight of our boys who had been wounded and had been lying on the battlefield since early that morning awaiting evacuation. Their wounds were painful and the night was cold, and still it rained, but they did not ask for comfort. They wanted water and to kill the Germans.

About dusk, after we had gotten located in the captured enemy positions we were subjected to heavy shell fire from the north. One of our boys, Private Weatherly, was hit by a splinter from a high explosive shell, this being our first casualty in action.

The following days revealed many incidents, both sad and amusing. We contented ourselves, though we had nothing to eat save bully beef and hard tack, with scouring the woods, getting material forward, searching newly captured dugouts and artillery emplacements. We found one machine gun which had been held to the last minute. Lying upon the piece was a German, apparently more than fifty years of age, who had been killed while feeding these fiendish death dealing weapons. About twenty yards distant lay the body of an American. It was apparent that, though mortally wounded by this machine gun, this boy had carried out his mission, killed the machine gunner and put the gun out of action. He died with his head towards Germany.

We found extensive engineer dumps, a Decauville railroad system and two German locomotives which were soon put into service hauling materials forward. This brings the Company in general up to the final stage of the action, wherein the front lines of our troops were consolidated and our unit divided

into distinct groups with more or less distinct duties. Many interesting and exciting incidents occurred from now on, but pertain to these individual units of our organization.

At this stage of the advance our lines had engulfed several important villages which were a few hours previous German territory. Refugees arriving gave information of enemy positions and a particularly large munitions dump two or three kilometers in advance of our outpost positions, and, indeed, in territory yet unexplored by our patrols. Incidentally, this dump was located within three hundred meters of the Hindenburg line, in the vicinity northwest of Preny, to which positions the Germans had retreated, strategically strengthening their lines and organizing new combat groups. It was the desire of the Army Commander that this munitions dump be destroyed. It was not definitely located on existing maps. Our aerial activity was limited on account of air superiority caused by the presence of the "Flying Circus," and, therefore, our artillery could not destroy the dump.

Engineers were called upon to reconnoiter because they, as specialists, could definitely locate the point by co-ordinates, and for this arduous undertaking Lieutenant Nicolett was detailed. His detail consisted of the following men: Sgt. James C. Duke, Corporals Frank M. Duckworth and Charles M. Harrison and Privates Albert Doglio, Rubie Wimberly, Jasper B. Knox, David J. Williams and Clifford E. Wilkie. As a protective measure, there was assigned to him a patrol of one Lieutenant and fifty men from the Infantry Brigade. A guide was furnished by the Infantry, as they had patrolled most of the forward areas.

As is customary, the guide became lost and our detail wandered in the woods the entire night. With dawn came the Engineer's intuition of aggressiveness and self-reliance. Lieutenant Nicolett assumed command of the party and proceeded to locate the supposed point on his own initiative. Upon emerging from a wood he, with his detail, started across a well defined road. One of the Infantrymen cried: "Down, Lieutenant! Look over there at your right!" Fifty yards distant there sat two Germans in front of a dugout who, apparently were on outpost duty from their lines, and, luckily, Lieutenant Nicolett was not discovered.

Our party crept past these guards for four hundred meters and succeeded in locating the enemy positions and a dump containing vast quantities of explosives, shells, small arms ammunition, lumber, Decauville track sections, frogs, switches and large quantities of giant shells known among Americans as "G. I. cans."

Upon exploring nearby dugouts containing ammunition the dump was found to be mined by the enemy, electric wires leading back to the enemy lines. Our boys succeeded in placing eight large charges of triton among the other explosives, proper arrangements were made for the retreat of the detail, the word was given and the fuses were lighted.

As the party retreated they were forced to emerge from the woods into an opening. This exposure drew enemy machine gun fire, several Germans appeared in a small system of trenches fifty or seventy-five yards to the right. Our party deployed as skirmishers and engaged the patrol in combat; two Germans were killed outright and our party lost one man killed and one wounded. No sooner had our party cleared the vicinity of the dump when the enemy opened fire with artillery. Our boys safely escaped the barrage, returning to our lines at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Speaking of rats – they have the most complete organization in the trenches today. Their organization is wonderful. Their strategy makes Hindenburg a regular sideshow. They have Brigadiers, in fact, they have rats in this army some of which wear six or eight service stripes, iron crosses and everything.

When you come plodding along the trench with mud up to your knees stumbling over the rocks you will find these rats building pontoon bridges. They stand up and salute just as smart. We saw one big gray backed devil about sixty years old wearing a German helmet. You hear them coming around corners of a trench and you think it is a German. They have guard mount, and all kinds of formations. We can't tell which is the worst – rats, cooties or fleas. We can't tell just how big the fleas are, because

no one yet who has encountered one face to face has ever lived long enough to describe him. We know, though, that they have bullet-proof hides because a forty-five won't kill them.

To alleviate the soldiers who have been occupying the trenches for some days they have a nice dipping vat arranged where you strip off your clothes and wade through the vat just like a bunch of cows, same as we used to do on the Capote Ranch. Here is where you put the gas attack to the vermin and emerge a clean man. They give you nice clean underwear that has been fumigated and you return again to the trenches.

Our dinner on the evening of September twentieth was a memorable affair. We had several most distinguished visitors who dropped in upon us unexpectedly. Some of the Kaiser's damned kinfolks in the form of seventy-seven high explosives. They were characteristically German. It was an excellent meal we had begun. The first one burst about a hundred feet south of the kitchen, the second one followed about two or three seconds, forty feet away, but the chow line was all safe. Our bugler, Gersch, said that he dived into a hole about 4x4 in dimension, occupied by thirty men, and there was plenty of room. Somehow, before these things came over we had been discussing shells and shell fire and Germans and Hell fire, among other things, saying that a man who claimed he was not afraid of them was an unsophisticated liar.

As the first shell burst we stopped drinking coffee, but at the second one we mounted helmets and at the third one there was nothing left in the kitchen except the butter dish; he, being the strongest, held his ground. Immediately adjacent to the kitchen was an old German trench; this trench had refuse of every description thrown into it, but it made no difference to that gang; we dived into it pell-mell and scattered east and west. Lieutenant Baker was wounded in the knee by a splinter and our cook, Oquin, received a nasty little gash in the jaw.

Somehow poets and historical writers always manage to write of the beautiful hills and flowers, and always mention "Sunny France." In this campaign, soldiers have long since classed this as the simplest form of bull; in fact, the country is built just backwards, for at night the skies are cloudless and the moon shines beautifully, but with the dawn comes a great bank of clouds and a slow drizzly rain, then it is mud all day. Our feet have been wet since the eleventh instant, and we are about to begin sprouting webs between our toes. They say that cleanliness is next to godliness. The fact is it is next to impossible. We haven't had a bath since the eleventh, and, at this stage of the game, we don't care whether we get another one or not. We were told today by our Major that in a couple of days we would be marched to some kind of a dump in the rear where we would be put through a regular old dipping vat with some kind of creosote or some dope to kill the fleas and cooties. This arrangement is quite unique, you take off all your clothes before entering the chute, wade through the liquor and upon emerging will be issued a new outfit of clothing. Some stunt! But it is good for cattle, and why not for soldiers? They are all in the same category, the fact is, livestock has it on us a thousand ways because the Government has to buy them and they get us FREE.

Another thing we want to mention which we consider the grandest institution connected with the American Expeditionary Forces – the American Red Cross. Our vocabulary will not permit of sufficient praise to give it due credit. The morning after the advance found them close upon the Infantry's heels, up close to where the shells were falling and the mustard gas yet lingered around the shell holes. When we were tired and hungry and had nothing to eat for two or three days we met a guy who asked us if we wanted some cigarettes. Of course, our answer was easy, and, with that, he produced cakes, chocolate and chewing gum. We learned from him that the Red Cross outfit had put a supply of these little luxuries in an ambulance and forwarded them onto the battlefield. They are ever watchful for our comfort, and with us it has always been and shall always be: "God bless the Red Cross."

Last night the Dutch shelled a little valley about three hundred yards on our right and killed twenty-two horses and five men and wounded eighteen men. Our batteries pounded the hell out of

them, and we hope that for every one of our men hurt there were a hundred Huns killed. We had to move our kitchen because we didn't like the idea of having the seventy-sevens mixed with our coffee.

Today I had the opportunity of putting into use a captured Russian Maxim machine gun which the Germans hastily left behind. We had it mounted as an anti-aircraft gun. This morning about eleven o'clock a lone Hun Fokker appeared, evidently bent on photographing our entire area. I opened up on him, running one belt of two hundred fifty rounds, but only succeeded in making him mad, because he turned and seemed to dive in my direction. I thought he was going to rake me with machine gun fire, but he was only trying to locate our gun. We loaded in another belt and started fogging away at him, and, inasmuch as other machine gun outfits adjacent to our area took up the fire, we succeeded in turning him back toward his own lines. Quite a pity I was such a poor shot with a machine gun.

We have been shelled daily and all night with Blue Cross and mustard gas.

We caught hell from the Major today because we didn't get some dope that he wanted on a map which we were compiling. We had to take it out on somebody so we passed it on to the Orderlies.

Lieutenant Baker just entered. He says this is the hardest damned hole he ever saw to find in the dark. He has been wandering around in the dark for two hours in a circle trying to find it. The above jazz applies to our dugout.

While we were occupying a position which had recently been taken from the Germans in the attack of September twelfth, Captain Timmons, with his Company, moved into the new system of German trenches to relieve Lieutenant Alger and Company C who had gone to the rear for baths and a three days' rest. The dugouts in question, owing to the topographical features of the country, were almost in direct line of fire of an Austrian eighty-eight which lay about eight miles across the Moselle River. This gun tormented the life out of us for the period of occupancy of this place with their harassing fire. They call these shells "whizz bangs," due to the high velocity. One hears the burst of shell almost instantly, with the whizz or whistling sound of its flight. This gun had been firing several hours when Captain Timmons journeyed through the Stumpflager. He heard an awful detonation close by and dropped on his belly in the mud. Arising, he proceeded further and the second explosion caused him to drop again; still a third and then he suddenly discovered that the detonations were merely blasts from a nearby rock quarry where some Infantry had been excavating rock.

One of the many amusing incidents encountered in the course of a days work in the front line where things happen with great rapidity – there is an old stone farm house situated in a little clearing within plain view of the Hindenburg line. This place was called the Soulevire Farm. A few days previous it had been German property, but during the fight the Germans were driven back and the house was occupied by our Infantry. I was sent up on the outpost line to rectify machine gun positions and locate co-ordinate points so that a line could be shown on the map. While in this immediate vicinity a patrol of Infantry was sent across No Man's Land to make contact with the enemy to determine just the exact positions occupied.

As the patrol deployed themselves, a Lieutenant of the 357th Infantry was seated at a German piano playing "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France." Without question the music could be heard by the Germans occupying the outpost position, but for some reason this house was never subjected to shell fire and even when we left the trenches several weeks later the house was still intact. In this place was found nice furniture, German officers' uniforms, women's clothing, wine, beer and other things which led us to believe that at one time this had been a lively farm, because we know that women haven't been fighting.

To the left of this farm in the outpost position we found a typical German recreation camp, moving picture shows, one of which contained a motion picture machine complete, and a chest of reels, three or four pianos, a dancing pavilion, beer garden, in fact, a regular Turnverein. Incidentally, this is the place where one could draw almost any kind of fire from the German lines by moving a bush or showing any activity whatsoever. They sniped at us with seventy-sevens, one-pounders, minnieverfers and practically everything they had which could be fired.

We had a place up in this particular vicinity which we dubbed "Gas Alley" for the Huns spent twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four shelling it with gas of all descriptions. Sgt. Duke went to this farm one day to get vegetables, having discovered a very fine garden having mustard greens, turnips, rutabager, cabbage, pumpkin, etc. He took four pack mules and, after having gathered very carefully in the wee small hours of the morning a sufficient quantity of vegetables to feed the Company, he discovered that the entire lot was saturated with mustard gas. The turnips proved to be Dutch sugar beets.

We were relieved on the eighth of October at 5:00 p. m. and began our toilsome march for a distance of twenty-seven kilometers to the rear. Immediately after that we received our orders to move; it began to rain and hail and of all sports both aquatic and otherwise, hauling a Company combat train through the muck across what at one time was No Man's Land, filled with shell holes and barbed wire entanglements, and especially at night, this is the limit. We pulled back seven kilometers and bivouacked at St. Jean for the night.

We left St. Jean at 8:00 a. m. the morning of October 9th and proceeded to Lucey. En-route we passed a French truck train which we mention because it was the longest truck train we have ever seen. They passed one point continuously at a speed of an average of eight miles per hour for six hours. These trucks were driven by French Mongolians.

We left Lucey on the sixteenth of October at seven o'clock in the morning. As we had some one hundred kilometers to move we were transported by French camions driven by Chinese coolies, and our move was uneventful save for the rain and cold. We arrived in a burg called Blercourt at 8:00 o'clock in the evening of the seventeenth. We were assigned a barn in which to sleep. It was still raining, and the roof leaked, and it lacked a great deal of being even halfway comfortable, so we deserted this manger and piled in with our Sergeants who gladly shared their blankets, and we managed to get by until dawn. We labored like a bunch of bees getting our quarters fixed up, rustled some tin stoves and laid in a nice supply of wood and, about the time we were fixed for a nice rest, orders came to move, so we left Blercourt that night and arrived in Malancourt at 3:00 o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth.

Incidentally this town is just north of Verdun, right close to Hill 304 and Dead Man's Hill, where for four years the German army had stormed at Verdun and laid waste the entire country. Here the ground is literally torn to shreds with shell holes, and, after having viewed the ground, one can hardly realize that a human being could ever have survived the conflict.

This town of Malancourt is merely a mass of debris, not one single building standing. It looks as though it had been run over by an immense steam roller. Our work here consisted of building roads into Corps Headquarters for the Third Army Corps. We left Malancourt at 5:00 o'clock in the morning of the twenty-fourth of October and marched to Nantillois, where the 90th Division relieved the 5th.

About the time we were settled in Nantillois we again had to move to Madeleine Ferme, arriving there on the twenty-seventh at 9:00 o'clock in the morning.

While we were camped at Nantillois every little valley and every ravine was simply alive with artillery, battery after battery. This place had been an old German engineer dump, and we began utilizing it for a ration dump. Somewhere east of the Meuse, flanking this location, the Germans had an Austrian 88 or whizz-bang which annoyed us beyond extremes with harassing fire.

Our Hospital Corps had erected four nice tents on the top of a hill and brazenly displayed the Red Cross sign. From my P. C., three hundred yards from this Hospital I stood one morning and watched the Germans deliberately put over ten or twelve ranging shots trying to locate this Hospital, and finally they scored a direct hit in the middle of one of the tents, killing one officer and wounding eleven men. The next shot missed the hospital about a hundred yards and hit squarely in the center of a group of four of my men who were guarding the old engineer dump, killing Private Ray, two Infantrymen and wounding five others.

Our kitchen was just around the hill, around which swung a draw, boggy and marshy from the continuous rains. Twelve shells of 155 caliber in rapid succession whizzed over our kitchen and landed

in the marsh two hundred feet distance. All were duds. The 360th Supply Train moved in next to us on the hill and proceeded to set up their kitchen alongside of ours. To set up a rolling kitchen we usually excavate a couple of little trenches in which to sink the wheels in order to lower the outfit to facilitate handling of pots and kettles. The first stroke of the pick in this soil unearthed a man's hand and thus we found that there were eight American soldiers buried in this spot, the graves unmarked.

Now, incidentally, Madeleine Farm was without doubt the worst hell hole that the First Battalion of the 315th Engineers had ever occupied. It was subjected to continual shell fire, both day and night, and, inasmuch as there were no trenches or dugouts in this vicinity, our losses were greater at this place than at any other camp. The Germans were using heavy artillery and shelled us with mustard gas and high explosives. "A" Company suffered less than either "B" or "C" because we moved over to one side of the farm and got on the reverse slopes of a hill where we dug in as best we could. They dropped quite a few shells on us right in the middle of our kitchen, but thanks to God most of them were duds.

One man in Company "B" lying under a shelter half at peace with the world, after having worked all day, had both of his feet shot off while his companion in the tent was untouched. Another instance: A man awoke at daylight and called to his companion who was sleeping by his side under a shelter half that it was time to arise. His pal did not answer. Further effort to awake the man disclosed that he had been killed some time in the night by a shell fragment. He had not made a sound, and it is supposed that he never knew when death came. We lost quite a few animals as the roads were under shell fire continuously.

Part of our Company was detailed to proceed to Romange, a town just a little west of Bantheville, to construct a P. C. for General Allen. The town had been under shell fire for some time and was practically destroyed. There had been heavy fighting in this vicinity as was evidenced by the debris of German machine gun nests, trench mortar emplacements and German dead strewn here and there throughout the town. We entered one building wherein lay four or five German soldiers who had been killed some weeks before by one of our high explosive shells having penetrated the outer wall. These bodies were in a bad state of decomposition, the flesh having turned almost black. It was gruesome beyond description. Rats had been gnawing into the flesh of these dead bodies and had eaten great holes in one corpse in particular.

Close to Romange there was an enemy machine gun nest neatly camouflaged by a natural growth of bushes on the side of a hill. The personnel of the gun crew had been protected by wicker shell cases filled with earth, and we found seated in a chair in front of this breastwork a German soldier. Nothing of his head remained save the lower jaw. The body was seated in an upright position with a Mauser rifle lying across both knees. This baby-strafer didn't meet death. Death just overtook him in the form of a big shell which had cut his head off and passed on and exploded some thirty feet to the rear. In front of this dead German was a dead American Infantryman lying prone upon the ground with his head toward the former machine gunner.

From here we moved to a point about midway between Cunel and Romange on the twenty-ninth of October. It is noteworthy that this country, topographically, is very rolling and very sparsely covered with trees, most of the hills being barren. It was literally shot to pieces, having been subjected to terrific artillery preparation for the previous attack in this territory which had begun north of Verdun and west of the Meuse on the twenty-sixth of September. Establishing a precedent for artillery positions and preparation for the attack which was to open on the morning of the first of November, the American First Army, Third Corps, took up positions with six-inch Filio rifles within one-half kilometer of the German front line. We had eight-inch howitzers, battery after battery, set up within five hundred yards of the German front line. In a little draw within half a kilometer of the enemy there was an entire regiment of 75's, almost wheel to wheel. When the action started it was calculated by the Corps artillerymen to place, during the barrage, seven shells per minute per front foot of line. This was, of course, the creeping barrage laid down principally by 75's. Statistics show in this fight that the Germans threw over in one particular place, thirty-seven hundred shells, while our corresponding batteries in

retaliation put over eighty-thousand nine hundred shells – merely a question of fire superiority. For instance, the Germans had a stronghold, Bois de Sassey, which is east of Bantheville, and close to Ancreville. Our batteries firing on this place for twelve hours had saturated it with mustard gas to such an extent that our Corps Headquarters issued an order that no American soldier should enter these woods for eight or ten days.

The third and fourth platoons of our Company were allotted a task of building a bridge across the Andon at Bantheville. Now, Bantheville was situated on the banks of this creek upon the side of a hill. The Germans held this town, and their first line of resistance paralleled the creek some three hundred yards distance. The night before the attack the work of building a bridge was begun, and, let me tell you, it was some ticklish job to build a bridge in the face of the enemy when he was cognizant of an impending attack. No sooner was the work begun than the enemy heard the sounds of picks and moving of timber and they opened fire on us with machine guns. About the same time they begun shelling the bridge, and it was most surely hell, but the work was accomplished, the bridge put in and maintained, and we only lost one man and two slightly wounded. The road at this place was literally strewn with dead Germans, horses and torn up wagons. The dead had been lying in some cases so long that when we moved the bodies in order to pass through to our work the flesh and meat slipped off of the bone. They were in a pretty bad state of decomposition, and the odor was extremely nauseating. We maintained this bridge for four days under heavy shell fire. And as the Infantry had advanced six or eight kilometers we were ordered to move to Villers devant Dun, arriving there at five p. m. on the third of November.

On the morning of November the first, Sgt. Garrity could not be found. “Top” had been saying all along that he was going over the top with the Doughboys, and this time he had left to prove it. Upon inquiry it was learned that, when last seen, “Top” was headed for Germany with a rifle. He returned late that night having attached himself to some Corporal’s squad for the day. He seemed somewhat disgruntled because the Germans had been going so fast that they were hard to catch up with.

On the fourth we moved to Montigny, and here again we camped in a disastrous locality for the first night of our stay we were absolutely shelled out of house and home. We had to quit the vicinity and move out and finish sleeping on the side of a hill. Montigny is on the Meuse River valley about one kilometer from the river. For a distance of five hundred yards on either side of the river the ground is flat, but from this distance on away from the river the ground is hilly. The Germans held everything east of the river and had excellent artillery emplacements and machine gun nests on the heights across the river from Montigny. They had direct observation and whenever anything animate moved in Montigny it immediately drew almost any kind of fire. We had three of the best men of Company “A” killed in this camp: Sergeant Jones, Corporal James and Private Knox. Sergeants Neese and Keeble were badly wounded, and, under the continual shelling, our morale was completely shaken. We had to withdraw from this camp and move back up the valley behind a hill before we could have safety in order that we could rest.

After a couple of days we tried to move into the place again, but were shelled out the second time. We were then ordered to move to Mouzay to resume the attack with the 180th Brigade. While at Montigny, however, Company “A” was called upon by General O’Neill to construct a bridge across the Meuse River, but it was later decided that this was impossible because German patrols were patrolling the east bank of the river, so, instead, we built a boat out of excellent material which we found in a German dump at Montigny, and in this craft General O’Neill’s patrols were pushed across the river and drove the Germans back far enough to allow our Second Battalion, Companies “D,” “E” and “F,” to throw a bridge over the old abutments to the bridge which the Germans had destroyed at Sassey. When we were ordered to move to Mouzay we crossed on this bridge. While en-route, passing through the river bottom, we encountered a heavy concentration of phosgene gas, but arrived without mishap to a point three kilometers south of Mouzay.

The Machine Gun Battalions just ahead of us could be heard pounding away and the artillery in our immediate vicinity both to the rear and front was raising hell as the Germans were holding Mouzay, and our Doughboys were advancing steadily.

By twelve o'clock noon on the tenth of November, Mouzay was cleared of the enemy and driven back some eight kilometers. Here again the German losses were quite heavy as evidenced by dead bodies strewn over the battlefields. Most of our casualties were slight wounds either in the arm or leg from machine gun fire.

German batteries were shelling the road south of Mouzay to such an extent that all traffic was held up until five o'clock that evening when we finally ventured into the town. Outside of the fact that this town had been occupied by Germans for four years it was a pretty good place, but we had found that most cities which had been occupied by Germans for any length of time were in appearance similar to a last year's birdnest from the amount of manure and trash and filth which they leave behind.

We found a pretty good place for the company to sleep that is comparatively speaking. In reality, it was a very filthy barn filled with hay, manure, lice, fleas, dirt, cobwebs and every other thing in the world which would tend to make a person uncomfortable. But to us who had been sleeping in mud out in little fox holes dug in hurriedly and under continual shell fire this was a regular palace. The Germans were still shelling the town, but in the midst of the shelling Sgt. Dieter found a piano in a house nearby and he was complacently playing the Florine waltz, showing that he didn't give a damn whether they shelled or what they did, and thus the spirit of the American soldier has been since the beginning, indomitable in that, under all conditions, and, when death was chasing around in front of his front door, he always tried to make the best of the situation.

It took the civilian population of this town of Mouzay some time to realize that they had been delivered from the German rule and slavery by the American Army, and the most damnable crime that we have seen in the seventy-two days which we occupied the front lines was the deliberate and absolute shelling of Mouzay by the German guns when they knew damned well that the women and children and old men who were left in the city were without gas masks. They shelled the town all night with gas and, let me tell you, it was a pitiful thing to see innocent, half-starved children trying to escape the shell fire and reach a place of safety to escape the deadly fumes of the poison gas. We found women who had been living in cellars for months and had had no bread, and the rations that were supposed to have reached the French civilians through the agency of the American Red Cross and other charitable institutions had been confiscated and poured into the bellies of the beasts who had enslaved them. This was another nerve-racking sight. "B" Company had several men wounded, among whom were Lieutenant Focht and Lieutenant McCarty of Company "C." One of our best mules was killed some time in the night.

There was a funny thing happened at the town of Halles. A friend of mine, Lieutenant Garrity, of Corsicana, Texas, who was in the 343d Machine Gun Battalion, told me that his outfit had located in a building at Halles and had set up their kitchen just inside of a building, a barn. Just outside the door were piled in a neat manner, eight or ten wooden coffins, brand new. Garrity's outfit lived there a couple of days and had paid no attention to the pile of coffins, thinking they had been merely piled there for convenience. They happened to run out of fuel for the kitchen and the cook decided he would tear them up and use them for fire wood. He pulled the top off of one and found a dead German in it. Further investigation revealed that every coffin contained a dead man, and had been lying there for three or four days. They didn't stink very bad, as the weather had been cold and damp and decomposition of the bodies had not begun.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the eleventh of November news was rapidly spread throughout the organization by the French people that the German Plenipotentiaries had reached the rendezvous designed by Marshal Foch, and that all hostilities would cease for a period of thirty-five days. Great God! What cheerful news! We will never forget this one piece of "latrine" gossip as long as we live, for our outfit, as stated before, had been in the front line for seventy-two days, had been

through two big attacks at St. Mihiel and the recent attack west of the Meuse on the right of the Argonne, and we had been subjected to so much shell fire, had gone over with the Infantry and so on until our nerves were almost shaken to pieces. We were all covered with lice, some of our men had scabies, and we had not had a bath for over forty days. The Germans shelled Mouzay right up to the last minute, and there are numerous instances on this front where good men were killed as late as 10:55 a. m.

There was a place between Mouzay and Sassey on the Meuse River, which had formerly been a small stone house inhabited by a Frenchman whose business it was to operate the locks in the canal which parallels the River Meuse. Upon entering this building on an inspection tour we found the remains of nine dead Germans who had been mutilated and spattered all over the four walls of the room by the entrance through the roof of one of our high explosive shells. It was necessary to don a gas mask in order to enter this place, it smelled like a glue factory. Arms, ears, legs, backbones, pieces of uniforms and everything else were spattered all over the walls, stucco fashion. But, at that, here was one bunch of perfectly good Huns.

We moved from Mouzay at one p. m. on the eleventh of November, and arrived at Stenay at three p. m. on the same day. The town of Stenay is an excellent old French city on the River Meuse, and had been practically untouched by shell fire as the town was taken on the night of the tenth and morning of the eleventh by hand to hand combat, and the Americans had done some wonderful fighting in these last few hours, as we desired to capture the city in order to have a place to house our men when the armistice became effective. You can readily see we did not want to occupy part of the town, and have the Germans occupy the other part during the period of the armistice, so, when eleven o'clock came the town was clear, with the Germans only a few hundred yards on the outskirts of the city.

I was detailed by Colonel Bain to accompany Captain Laird to Stenay, and we arrived there at 11:30 o'clock on the morning of the eleventh. We found practically every street barricaded, and in this can be recorded another instance where the Germans were guilty of removing practically everything from the magnificent French homes, utilizing costly and antique furniture as barricades. The town, as usual, when left by the Germans, was a mess. We found enormous quantities of Germany booty; among other things, we found what the boys most desired – German officers' spiked and patent leather helmets.

There are some magnificent old homes and chateaus in this town, one in particular had been occupied by the Crown Prince. Some civilians had notified headquarters that the Germans had set various and sundry traps in this town before their departure, and it so happened that Col. Kingman, our Chief of Staff, upon information from one of our Infantry patrols, detailed Captain Noble and myself to investigate some alleged German mines. We went down to a place in front of the cathedral on the main street where two suspicious boxes were sitting in the middle of the street. The Infantry had placed over them a guard, and they had been guarding these two mines all night, allowing no vehicles to pass for fear they would be contact mines. When Captain Noble and I approached the sentinel warned us away. We explained our mission and were allowed to investigate. The mines were two old storage batteries which had been thrown out into the street, perfectly harmless and dead.

Another amusing incident was a mission which was assigned to Lieutenant Burke. There was an old French artillery barracks close to Stenay having enough room to quarter two or three regiments, and in one room of one of the best buildings had been placed a concrete mixer. A Major of Infantry had discovered in this concrete mixer a sure enough German mine. There was an oval metallic object in the drum of the mixer which had a couple of copper wires attached, running out and around to some batteries or something, and this Major had refused to allow anyone to enter the building the night before.

They sent for Lt. Burke to investigate the mine, about midnight the following night, Lt. Burke went to inspect, looked it over, reached in and pulled out a very nice automobile headlight – another joke on the Infantry.

But by this time, indeed, we had so learned to distrust the Germans that we were not taking chances on anything. The fact is, we still carry our gas masks in the event the brutes decided to violate

the terms of the Armistice as they have heretofore violated all rules of civilized warfare, and deliberately raped women, killed babies and sunk Hospital ships.

We had excellent quarters in Stenay, the best we have had in France, although we were somewhat puzzled at first about moving into the immense barracks on account of large signs painted in German: "Typhus, entrance strictly forbidden." We had the Division Surgeon investigate the place and finally moved in. We had plenty of room in a four-story building which would accommodate a whole regiment, and we had plenty of coal and wood and stoves. Our Company had repaired three steam plants and converted them into delousers. We had repaired the electric light plant, put the mill-wheel in operation, and restored the city its electric light system and water supply, and were just beginning to be comfortable when we were ordered to move toward Germany as part of the Army of Occupation. So we pulled stakes at Stenay at 8:30 in the morning of November twenty-third and arrived at Marville at two o'clock p. m. on the same day.

While our outfit was camped at Stenay Major Cooper was sent on reconnaissance and asked me to accompany him. We proceeded by automobile north along the River Mouzon, thence to Sedan, eastward to Carignan to Montmedy, where we saw one of the finest old forts in the Verdun system of defense, a fort which was built along about the twelfth century.

From there we went to Longuyon. In this district we found innumerable quantities of German material, ammunition, locomotives, railway cars, twenty-three or twenty-four German airplanes in a big aviation field, thousands of machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, hundreds of pieces of heavy artillery, a complete German ordnance supply depot containing everything appurtenant to the equipment of a fighting army.

Close to Montmedy we located an automobile repair shop in which were housed over two hundred German automobiles and trucks, but from every one of these motors had been removed the carburetor and magneto.

We proceeded from Longuyon to Longwy, and thence to the southern part of Belgium. Incidental to our entrance in Sedan we witnessed a parade in the official entrance of the French Army into this city. Also, when we arrived in Belgium, we found that we had preceded the American Army of Occupation, and saw them received at the town of Aubange and Meesancy. Here we bummed some gasoline from an American truck and proceeded to Luxemburg, the capital of the province of Luxemburg.

Magnificent spectacles were encountered in this city as the Germans had only a few days previous evacuated, and the population was overjoyed to be rid of the enemy, and very happy to welcome the American Army. We also saw in this city the official first entrance of the French Army, and, as Luxemburg is quite a cosmopolitan city in character, slightly Bohemian, things happened fast and furious for us. This is the first real town we have seen since we left Toul some months ago, and we soon discovered that we could buy beer, champagne, and, in fact, anything that one desired to drink. The Luxemburg population had turned out en masse to witness the entrance of the American Army, the bands were playing, men were all decked out in stovepipe hats and frocktail coats, the women had on their best rags, buffets and wine shops were crowded, and we spent many marks in a few hours. But, withal, we were never incapacitated nor in an inebriate state. It is wonderful how much booze a soldier's hide can hold after he has been through seventy-two days of hell. That beer was some fine. I couldn't count the German money, so I just laid a stack of it on the table and told them to keep bringing nickel beers until it all played out. The female population of Luxemburg was so glad to see the Americans that we saw dozens and dozens of cases where the girls threw themselves on the soldiers' necks and kissed them. On the car in which we were riding, women and children piled on the running board until we had to push them off before we could proceed through the streets.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth of November at eight-thirty o'clock we resumed our march toward Germany. After an all day's hike with heavy packs we arrived at Pierrepont on the evening of the twenty-ninth, where we were billeted quite uncomfortably for the night.

We left Pierrepont at eighty-thirty o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth and marched to Deutsch-Oth, or Audun-le-Tiche, where we arrived at three-thirty p. m. on the evening of the thirtieth. This was another bivouac for the night, and we resumed our march at eight-thirty on the morning of December first, marching to Hesperange, arriving there at three-thirty in the evening of the same day.

Our men were without shoes as they had been worn out in marching over the rocky roads in the last several days, and, on account of this, the Colonel decided to give us a few days' rest in order that we might march with greater facility the remaining distance. Practically all of our baggage, also our tools and equipment had been left in Deutsch-Oth on account of lack of transportation, and in order to get our equipment forwarded to catch up with the troops we employed every conceivable means. We had a few trucks allotted to the Regiment for this purpose, but they were inadequate, and the Sergeants whom we left in charge of our baggage commandeered such trucks as they found idle, and on the third of December most of our equipment had reached us, so on the third we left Hesperange and marched toward Ehnen, arriving there at three p. m. on the evening of the third.

We were billeted here for the night, and it is well to mention the fact that, considering the lack of transportation our food was very good for we realize with marching from fifteen to twenty-five miles every day, under heavy packs, it was vitally important that we have all the food possible.

We left Ehnen at eight-thirty on the morning of the fourth of December and arrived at Wasserlich at four p. m. on the evening of the fourth, having crossed the Moselle River at Wormeldingen. This was a two-night stand at Wasserlich, for we left this place on the sixth of December and marched into Ehrang on the evening of the sixth.

We remained in Ehrang for two days, then marched to Dreis, where we arrived at three p. m. on the eighth of December.

From Dreis, on the ninth of December, we marched to Neuerburg, arriving at noon. The troops were footsore and weary, for, topographically speaking, the country over which we had marched was very rough and rolling, and it seemed to us that we marched as much perpendicularly in negotiating these hills as we did laterally. Climbing hills with heavy packs is a very tiresome job, and the long grind was beginning to show on the men appreciably.

We left Neuerburg at eight-thirty on the morning of the tenth, arriving at Aldegund at three p. m. on the same day. At this time of the year in Germany it begun to get dark at four p. m., so, in order that we might have our evening meal and get billeted, it was necessary to bring our march to a halt at about three o'clock each evening.

From Aldegund, we marched to Landkern on the eleventh. While at Landkern we were still undecided as to our final destination. Colonel Bain had informed us that by making long marches into the territory which was to be occupied that we would in this way arrive ahead of the other troops and thus be assured of the choicest villages in which to be billeted. But, to our sorrow, we found that the 90th Division area had been changed, and that we had not been notified at the proper time and, as an outcome of our many days of marching, we had passed our area, and, in the meantime, the rear echelons had followed us up on the march and were now occupying the best villages in our allotted area, so that in a northeasterly direction toward the north we were simply looping the loop to correct someone's mistake in the higher ups, while, as usual, our men paid the penalty in long wearisome marches through the mud and rain; for, to keep up the old precedent which the elements had decreed should be our lot, we invariably met with heavy rains during the march. As a consequence, no sooner were our shoes dried at night in front of some Fraulein's fire than they were soaking wet in the first half hour of the march on the following day.

On our march to Landkern along the north bank of the river Mosel we passed the Kaiser Wilhelm tunnel, reputed to be the longest and the finest tunnel in Germany, but we did not have the pleasure of marching through this tunnel to save ourselves a twenty-mile hike over the highest hills in Rhennish Prussia, for we were at this time in what is known to the citizens of the Rhineland as "der eifel." Der Eifel was one hell of a country, for, owing to its altitude, it was the coldest damned part of the whole

empire. While on the River Mosel it was comfortably cool, it was extremely cold and wet and sloppy during our entire march for all during the night it would snow to beat hell, and about noon each day would thaw just enough to make it sloppy underfoot.

Our men were physically run down from their mode of living during the march, and it is little wonder that we did not send a great many to the Hospital with Influenza, Grippe, etc., but our many days on the front line, living after the fashion of the early Indians without shelter, practically never sleeping or eating had hardened us; and, in fact our whole existence during our seventy-two days in the trenches and on the front line was one continuous life akin to that of the frogs. It seemed as though we had become immune to any kind of weather, and sprouted webs between our toes, having lived in the mud so long. And, to add to this, we had more hell in the form of work, for on this march we were following the line of march used by the retreating German Army, and their heavy artillery, trucks, etc., had cut the roads to pieces, and in some places they were so bad as to be impassable for our rolling kitchens and ration carts. Many times we were forced to stop, tired as we were, and go into the German forests, cut timber and corduroy the road.

Finally our area was decided upon and we turned back, marching toward Kelberg where we arrived at four-twenty p. m. on the evening of the fourteenth of December. This was a two night stand for we left this place at eight-thirty on the morning of the sixteenth and marched to Bruck.

This village is about the size of a suburb of Cleburne, Texas, nothing but manure piles and muddy streets, with a house covered with a thatched roof sticking up every now and then through the mud. The whole damned atmosphere was pervaded with an odor akin to those little woolen bags that most of us have worn around our necks during smallpox epidemics. The natives in this burg were hard-boiled, and one could not blame them from the atmosphere in which they lived. We waded through mud, manure and many inches of water to get into this place and never once during the four days we remained here did it cease to rain or snow, and finally on the morning of the twentieth of December at seven-thirty we resumed the march for thirty-five kilometers to Stratzbusch, and, during this particular stretch of our march, Napoleon's march to Moscow was a pink tea party, for of all the damned snow storms that ever happened in this country the worst one overtook us. The snow was blinding, the ground was covered from six inches to two or three feet according to the snowdrifts, and through this we had to plow our way under heavy pack.

We arrived at Stratzbusch after dark on the evening of the twentieth, and, on the following morning, resumed our march for Mulheim, where we arrived at dusk on the evening of the twenty-first. Here was a paradise compared to what we had been through for, being located on the southern bank of the Mosel River, it was comparatively warm, and we had gotten away from the snows which we had encountered in the mountains. Mulheim was the cleanest town we had discovered, and, inasmuch as it was in the 90th Division area, we were given this town by the Commanding General, and this, then, was to be our home for the winter. Needless to say, we were given opportunity in which to rest and regain the goodly number of pounds we had become separated from.

To the north of Mulheim and directly across the river was situated the town of Leiser, and the Second Battalion, with Regimental Headquarters, were billeted in this place, and the First Battalion had access to Regimental Headquarters by way of a flying ferry.

Down the Mosel, and to the east, was Berncastel. Our Division Headquarters railhead was established at Cues, opposite Berncastel, on the north bank of the river, and here began the work of the Engineers. Company "A," located in Mulheim, occupied the best billets we had had since our stay in Europe, for, here, every man, practically speaking, had a bed. We had no hesitancy in going to the German homes and demanding of them the necessities of life. Whenever a German and his wife were sleeping in different beds, we made them sleep together, and give our soldiers the extra bed. We experienced a little trouble in the beginning with the firm of Richter and Company, as the Richters were very rich people, Prussians, and Arthur Richter had been a Captain in the German artillery. He was hard-boiled to begin with, and did not want to give us billets for he did not like the idea of having

hobnail shoes tramping around on his polished floors, but, after having pulled him up to Headquarters and reading to him the law, we then occupied his entire premises. His stables sheltered our animals and his entire winery was occupied by our kitchen, baths, etc.

On account of our Division's Artillery having so many animals on hand and the scarcity of stables in the small villages making up our Divisional area, the Engineers were called upon to construct the necessary stables, mess halls, latrines, etc., and this we set out to accomplish by commandeering all available German sawmills and calling upon the German foresters to furnish lumber. Captain Millender was appointed this time by the Division Engineer as Assistant Division Engineer, and Captain Millender in turn appointed Sergeants Anderson, Burrell, Vance and Donley as assistants to carry on the work. This progressed nicely until the construction work became so vast in its volume that practically the entire Company was split up into detachments and sent to the various saw mills to produce lumber.

We built thousands of bunks, enough stables to house all the animals in the Division, dining rooms, latrines to accommodate all of the troops.

Next in order of importance in amount of work was the road repairing and maintenance. This work kept the Regiment split up over practically five thousand square kilometers. Transportation was limited. In fact, our Regiment had no transportation, and we were allotted a few Fords from the Machine Gun Battalions with which to carry on our work. Finally, as the work continued to expand, it was decided that the area over which we worked was so large that the Companies would have to be scattered further, in that the Company P. C.'s would have to be moved away from Mulheim and Lieser. So, accordingly, Company "A" was to move to Dreis in the Kreis of Daun. On the nineteenth of February we moved by train from Lieser to Dockweiler and marched to Dreis.

Our Company had seventy kilometers of road to repair and maintain, and the road between Dockweiler and Dreis had to be rebuilt entirely. We were given three hundred Infantrymen as laborers, but in the course of two or three weeks, on account of a review to be held by the Commander-in-Chief, the Infantry was recalled and we requisitioned German labor through the Strassmeister. We had also borrowed from the Infantry nineteen wagons and ninety mules. We opened the quarry in the immediate vicinity of Dreis and put Sergeant Duke in charge of blasting out enough rock for Telford basis for the roads which we were to repair.

This work continued nicely until we could no longer haul rock from the quarry to the main road on account of continuous rains and the depth of the mud. This necessitated building a trestle for a distance of six hundred feet upon which we operated two tram-cars on a gravity system to haul rock down to the road.

For a long time there had been scattered throughout the Division area quite a number of garrison prisoners who had become quite a problem in the eyes of the General over the question of keeping them busy, as most of them had been sentenced to hard labor. It was decided to give these prisoners, about sixty in number, to Company "A." Therefore, we had to build barracks and construct a large stockade to serve as the prison camp.

While in Dreis members of Company "A" enjoyed themselves frequently by being invited by the German foresters to hunt in the German game reserves, and, during some of these hunting expeditions, it was discovered by some of our Sergeants that the mountain creeks contained many trout, and we were not surprised to see nice brook trout served at our mess, but we were more surprised to receive a few days later an order requiring "endorsement hereon" why Company "A" had been using hand grenades to kill fish. Some German had reported to Division Headquarters that Company "A" was using hand grenades to kill fish and that thousands of small fish could be found floating down the stream, and that, if such practice continued, fishing would be ruined in Germany for a good many years to come. But, when yanked up on the carpet, we convinced our Colonel that we had not been in possession of hand grenades since we left the front before the Armistice. However, as luck would have it, nothing was said about the T. N. T. blocks furnished our department for operating the rock quarry.

We were billeted in Dreis advantageously because of the fact that we were so far from Regimental Headquarters that we were seldom visited by inspectors and received very few memorandums. We remained in Dreis from the nineteenth of February until the tenth of May. During this whole period there were about one or two days in which we saw sunshine. It was snowing, raining or sleeting continuously. Without a doubt this was the coldest part of the country, but, in spite of this, we were little troubled with Influenza, colds and Grippe.

There was one German in particular, by the name of Geisler, who gave us more trouble than we had experienced since we became part of the Army of Occupation. This man made it his business invariably to watch every movement, as it were, of the members of our organization, and he never failed to write letters of complaint to the authorities to the effect that we were either hunting out of bounds, using explosives to kill fish or anything in fact of which he could complain. Through our watching his movements, and from the evidence that we picked up, thread by thread, this man was finally arrested by the United States Secret Service men for spreading Bolsheviki propaganda, and for showing his hatred toward the Army of Occupation.

Our food was most excellent for we drew our rations from Daun, and, by making numerous trips to Wittlich by truck, and spending our Company fund, we managed to buy extras for our mess.

On the tenth of May we were ordered to move to Dusemond as the Division had been ordered to the United States, and was being relieved from the Army of Occupation and turned over to the S. O. S. So, accordingly, we moved by train and arrived in Dusemond at noon on the tenth. We were again on the River Mosel, one and one-half kilometers up the river from Mulheim. This move was to concentrate the Regiment in order to facilitate the equipping and the turning in our engineering supplies, equipment and so on preparatory to moving to a port of embarkation.

An order is an order in the Army, and must be duly executed. Accordingly we packed our rags in the proverbial manner to which we had become accustomed, and departed from Dockweiler at five-thirty o'clock, tenth of May, for Wengerohr. Here we transferred to the Moselthalbahn, and were transported to Lieser on der Moselle. Thus we had begun our first lap in our homeward journey. This short, but pleasant, journey found us once again in the vicinity of Mulheim, which lay just across the river. However, we were not to have the good fortune of living once again in that town, which had become famous on our account, for at this time it was inhabited by members of the 315th Supply Train, and previous experience had clearly demonstrated that Engineers and members of the Supply Train are elements which will not do to mix – in fact, no equitable distribution of the Frauleins could be determined upon.

In view of the fact that we were to entrain for the Port of Embarkation within the next few days, it was imperative that we be as near Regimental Headquarters as possible. To facilitate this, two Companies of the 315th Supply Train were moved from Dusemond, and we were fortunately, or unfortunately (it is hard to tell which) billeted in this town. We were as comfortably situated in this town, as we had been at any other place. Our quarters for both Men and Officers were as good as could be expected. Immediately upon arriving there, however, one could easily see that we were unwelcome visitors. From the number of lingering members of the Supply Train, who were supposed to have been gone, it was clearly evident that somebody had been guilty of fraternizing. Evidently we did not make a very good impression, and at several places the inhabitants were almost bold enough to refuse the necessities which we demanded of them. This was easily adjusted, however, for once you show a square-head that you mean business, then everything is as nice as pie. There are several ways of calling their attention to the fact that you mean business, Sgts. Duke, West and Robards being chief exponents of the most modern methods. After the first day or two everything was running smoothly. This was due to the fact, we presume, that we almost had martial law. In Mulheim, only a kilometer and a half distant, Officers in charge of the Supply Train had issued orders prohibiting Engineers from visiting there. This was hardly fair to a number of the men in the Company, and, in justice to them, we were compelled to issue the same kind of order in Dusemond, relative to men of the Supply Train. Our

guards were doubled and patrols kept on the streets. This action eliminated any trouble which might have occurred, and proved further to the inhabitants that we meant to run things while we were there.

A few days in Dusemond were spent checking equipment, practicing for the lay-down inspection which we were to receive at the Port of Embarkation, and putting the finishing touch to Cooties, when located. Our bathhouse was wonderful – right out in the middle of the Moselle River. Delousing here was not of the ordinary process – instead of steaming them to death we tried freezing them. Some of the Frauleins possibly have traces of blindness as a result of this complication.

Many amusing things happened while we were here. We were introduced for the first time to the most famous and delicious of the Moselle wines. Quite a few, both Officers and men, got more than an introduction – in fact, became very well acquainted. Owing to lack of space, no names will be mentioned. Suffice it to say, that we were clearly cognizant of the fact that we were soon to leave this part of the world, and that we would hardly reach America before July first – at least not so many days before that date in which we could do ourselves justice. Putting two and two together, the problem solved itself. One of the most amusing things that happened was the presentation of a huge Iron Cross, one of our own manufacture, to Stable Sergeant West as a recognition of his wonderful Schnapps consuming propensities. This proved to be an interesting occasion, and one that we will long remember. That night things were made more interesting still when Supply Sergeant Boesling was tried before an especially convened court for the theft of two hen eggs. After a hard fought trial the jury, having been out about ten minutes, brought in a verdict of “Not Guilty.”

May twenty-first found us packed and ready to go again. All our equipment and personal belongings were ferried across the river and carried to Wengerohr by truck. With each truck load a few men would ride up. By 18:30 hours the entire Company was together for the first time in many months, Capt. Baker and his detail having reported from Leiser. It was a great day for everybody. We felt, for the first time, that we were really on our way home. Everybody was happy. We saw the big American box cars which were to take us to the port, and they looked as good to us as if they had been Pullmans, for we were ready to go. Ordinarily one would not look forward to a seventy-hour ride on a train through France and Germany with anticipation of any pleasure at all. In this instance, this was not to be the case, for we were once more headed in the right direction, and the old girl couldn't go too fast to suit us. We pulled Out of Wengerohr at 0:06 o'clock. Daylight found us in the vicinity of Metz. We did not go through Metz, however, as we changed our course and went in the direction of Conflans. An American crew had charge of the train, and when they did run they ran it in true American fashion. Many delays were experienced, however, due to the fact that the “Frog” is naturally slow about giving a train clearance, and our route was carrying us across the old battlefield on a single-track road which was naturally in a very poor shape. At Conflans we saw a great amount of damage which had been done by American and French aviators during their bombing expeditions. Once again we passed through the battlefields in and around Verdun, and saw miles upon miles of the country literally torn to pieces after having been fought over for something over four years. It looked more like a desert than anything which you can imagine. Town after town had been wiped off the map, with only a few walls left standing. Verdun, from a distance, appeared as a mass of ruins. Here and there German prisoners of war could be seen at work clearing up the mass of ruins, filling trenches and winding up barbed wire. It did our souls good to witness this, for we realized it was only a small part of what they really should be compelled to do. A few hours' ride through this brought us once again to the quiet part of France, and it proved to be just as beautiful as it had been when we first saw it, almost a year before. Fortunately we traveled over a part of the country which we had traveled over on our way from Chattillon-sur-Seine to the front, some eight months previous, and it is easily imagined what a difference of feeling we experienced then and at this time.

Passing out of Germany into France brought a new difficulty. While in Germany almost everyone of us had picked up some of their lingo, however you couldn't pass this out to the “frogs.” Our trip was as comfortable as it could have been made under the circumstances. Every now and then we would stop

for a leg-stretching. Our chow was bum and this was no fault of the Mess Sergeants. For once no great distinction was made in providing for the comfort of Officers and men. This should be brought to the attention of some investigating committee in the Senate or House of Representatives.

Just about the time when we thought we ought to be nearing St. Nazaire, we learned, to our sorrow, that they did not have room for us there, and that we would detrain at Nantes. Having accomplished this, we hiked what had been cut out for us as a three kilometer hike, to Pont Rousseau. As usual our guide didn't know his hat from a hole in the ground, and we were lost. It's a great feeling to be lost with a full pack on your back. The hike as we made it was only five or six kilometers, and, after two or three hours more of milling around and slinging the cow's husband, somebody found a couple of nice hay barns and graciously tendered them to us while in the village. They were not half bad for they had steps instead of a ladder, and, after all, we didn't give much of a damn, for we were some six hundred kilometers out of the Army of Occupation, and it was only a matter of a few days until we would be on the water. Nantes, being one of the largest cities in France, offered many attractions. There were beaucoup Mademoiselles, lots of Vin and Cognac, and a few kindhearted American M. P.'s, who were of the opinion that they were stranded there and seemed glad to see a fellow enjoy himself as long as he stayed in his own backyard. In order to facilitate this good time, to which we were rightly entitled, some kind-hearted Major General, or something, sent us word that we might have four-hour passes to visit the town. To show our appreciation of his wonderful condescension, quite a few of us accepted his invitation, and made the journey even though we realized that we were doing so at a risk. We remained at Pont Rousseau from Saturday afternoon, the twenty-fourth, until Monday morning, the twenty-sixth, when we loaded into American box cars and departed at noon for St. Nazaire.

Detraining at St. Nazaire at 14:00 hours we began another hike. It was one of the hottest days we experienced during our entire stay overseas. And some few men who had made the long hike into Germany to become a part of the Army of Occupation were compelled to fall out on this hike, though it was much shorter. After about an hour and a half, we arrived at Camp No. 2, where we were given a few minutes rest, and then herded through one of their wonderful physical examinations. Immediately after this we were moved again, this time to Camp No. 1, where we were billeted in fairly comfortable barracks. Our few days here were spent standing a multitude of inspections, equipping ourselves as far as possible and waiting for a chance to get on a boat. We furnished our quota of guard, K. P. and fatigue. For this camp one thing can be said, whatever they may lack in system, as far as the clerical end of things is concerned, they amply make up for in their manner of feeding the men in camp. Ordinarily they fed at each meal approximately seven or eight thousand men. The entire time occupied for this operation was scarcely ever more than an hour. The chow was fairly good: in fact, better than you might imagine when you consider the number of persons to be fed. Their system of bathing was almost as complete. You get a bath, or a blister as the case may be, by the Company, and it is all done so fast that if you don't hurry you are liable to find yourself tangled up with a bunch of "shines" following right upon your feet.

Finally on the second of June our orders to sail were issued. We were to depart on the U. S. S. Alaskan the following day. As the orders read, we were to march to the ship leaving Camp No. 1 at 13:00 hours. As it turned out, we began this long-hoped-for march at 19:00 hours, and arrived at the docks at 20:00 hours, where the Y and Red Cross very graciously treated us to hot chocolate and cakes, and gave us candy and cigarettes. Everything was lovely. The men of the Company had been instructed to yell their names as they were checked on the gangplank. Did they yell 'em? "I'll say she did!" It was right well worth being there, for, in fact, none of us would have missed it for anything. The entire Regiment, together with troops of the 4th Corps and Casual Company Number 5801, were billed to sail on the Alaskan. We were the last Company to load. Much to our surprise and amazement, we found that we had been given the very best of quarters to be had on the boat. This was more evident every day we were on board. Instead of the hammocks suspended from the ceiling, such as we had on board the Olympic, we had wire bunks which could be folded up in the daytime and suspended at night. This

made things much more comfortable than we had expected to find them. The Alaskan is an old Pacific freighter converted into a transport. Naturally she did not afford many staterooms. In view of this fact, each Company was allowed only two Officers, the others being detached and sent to Brest for transportation home. This left us Captain Millender and Lieut. Gammie.

At 9:30 hours, June third, we pulled away from the docks, passed through the locks and into the basin at St. Nazaire. Slowly but surely we made our way out to sea. The first few days of the trip we experienced quite a bit of rough weather. The old Alaskan sure did roll; in fact, we have been told that she even rocked in drydock. At times it would seem that she would almost turn over, but somehow or other she managed to pull through, and we were once again on a fairly smooth sea. After twelve days at sea, the last day and a half of which was spent in a dense fog, during which time we ran at half speed, we entered the harbor of New York. This was June the fifteenth, after an absence of a year and a day. There are no words to express our feelings. This was the one day for which we had been living during the past three hundred and sixty-six days. To know just exactly how much we did appreciate the fact that we were once again in the good old U. S. A. one would have to have been with us throughout the entire journey, and to have had the experiences which we had. We were met by the Mayor's Committee of Welcome, and, all in all, it was a grand and glorious feeling. We docked at U. S. Pier No. 6 at Brooklyn at 5:00 p. m., and unloaded immediately. Such a reception as we were about to receive had never entered our minds. As we lined up to march out of the building we received a shower of good things to eat as we had not had for months and months. The Red Cross, Salvation Army, K. C., J. W. B. and the Y were there in force. There was no limit to the welcome, and the good things to eat which they gave us. Such delicacies as sweet milk, pie and real ice cream were among the things they gave us. It was too good to be true.

Full and joyous we were loaded again on the same ferry which had carried us a year and a day previous to the Olympic. This time we were headed for the Long Island Station. Arriving there we were loaded once more on a real train, and, boy, how it did run! The clicking of those rails was music to our ears. After an hour's ride, we detrained again at Garden City, and marched to Camp Mills. This place had undergone quite a change. Instead of the tents, which we had left there and expected to find, real barracks greeted us. Everything was changed. Nothing remained the same except the damnable cold water in which we had to bathe. It was just as cold as it was before except this time we could have hot water, too, if we wanted it. Here we passed inspections and brought our records as near to a close as possible. Twenty-hour passes to visit New York were granted, and everyone had a good time.

Finally, after a few days, orders were issued which called for the separation of "A" and "B" Companies, and the Engineer Train, into groups for transportation to the various demobilization camps over the country. Accordingly, our records were arranged to this effect, and on the night of the twentieth this separation was made. This marked the end of Company "A", 315th Engineers as an organization, although the records were not finally closed until June the twenty-fourth, at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Of the original Company organized early in September and supplemented in October 1917, only a few Officers and men remained throughout. From time to time before going overseas men were transferred out, and from time to time while we were over there we received replacements. The story, as it has been told, has reference to all who have been a part of the organization during our services overseas.

# We Were With the American Expeditionary Forces

at

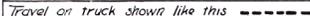
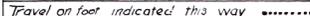
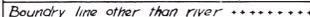
STATION	ARRIVED	DEPARTED
New York, U. S. A.		June 14, 1918
Southampton, England	June 22	June 22, 1918
Le Havre, France	June 23	June 24, 1918
LaTrecey, France	June 26	July 1, 1918
Bure-les-Templiers, France	July 1	Aug. 16, 1918
Chatillon-sur-Seine, France	Aug. 16	Aug. 18, 1918
Blenod la Toul, France	Aug. 20	Aug. 22, 1918
St. Jean (Camp Cirque), France	Aug. 23	Sept. 12, 1918
Fey-en-Haye, France	Sept. 12	Oct. 6, 1918
Jazenville, France	Oct. 6	Oct. 7, 1918
Fey-en Haye, France	Oct. 7	Oct. 8, 1918
St. Jean, France	Oct. 8	Oct. 9, 1918
Lucey, France	Oct. 9	Oct. 16, 1918
Rampart, France	Oct. 16	Oct. 17, 1918
Malancourt, France	Oct. 18	Oct. 21, 1918
Nantillois, France	Oct. 21	Oct. 23, 1918
Cunel, France	Oct. 23	Nov. 2, 1918
Villers Devant Dun, France	Nov. 2	Nov. 3, 1918
Montigny, France	Nov. 3	Nov. 10, 1918
Mouzay, France	Nov. 10	Nov. 11, 1918
Stenay, France	Nov. 11	Nov. 23, 1918
Marville, France	Nov. 23	Nov. 29, 1918
Pierrepont, France	Nov. 29	Nov. 30, 1918
Deutsch-Oth, Luxembourg	Nov. 30	Dec. 1, 1918
Hesperingen, Luxembourg	Dec. 1	Dec. 3, 1918
Ehnen, Germany	Dec. 3	Dec. 4, 1918
Wasserlich, Germany	Dec. 4	Dec. 6, 1918
Ehrang, Germany	Dec. 6	Dec. 8, 1918
Dreis, Germany	Dec. 8	Dec. 9, 1918
Neubueg, Germany	Dec. 9	Dec. 10, 1918
Aldegun, Germany	Dec. 10	Dec. 11, 1918
Landkern, Germany	Dec. 11	Dec. 14, 1918
Kelberg, Germany	Dec. 14	Dec. 16, 1918
Bruck, Germany	Dec. 16	Dec. 20, 1918
Strotzbusch, Germany	Dec. 20	Dec. 21, 1918
Mulheim, Germany	Dec. 21	Feb. 19, 1919
Dreis, Germany	Feb. 19	May 10, 1919
Dusemond, Germany	May 10	May 21, 1919
Pont Rosseau, France	May 24	May 26, 1919
St. Nazaire, France	May 26	June 3, 1919
New York, U. S. A.	June 15, 1919	

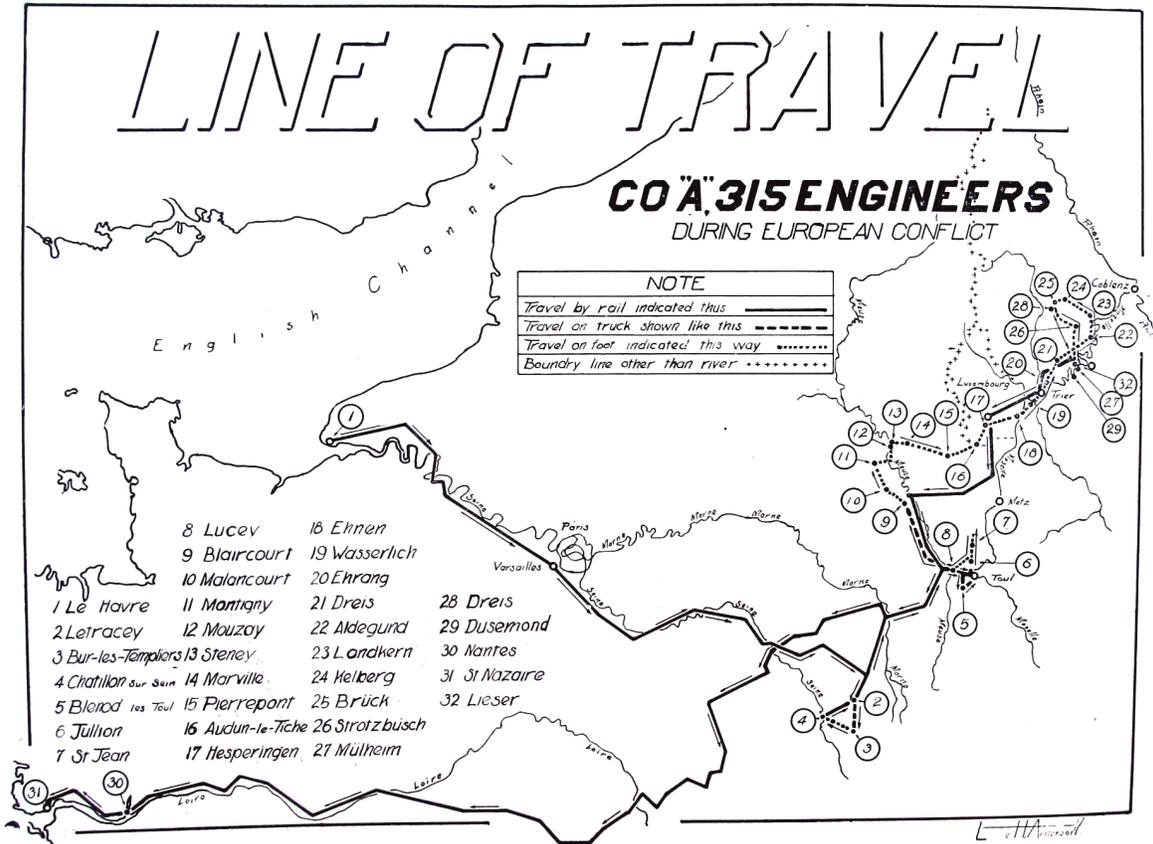
“A Year and a Day”

# LINE OF TRAVEL

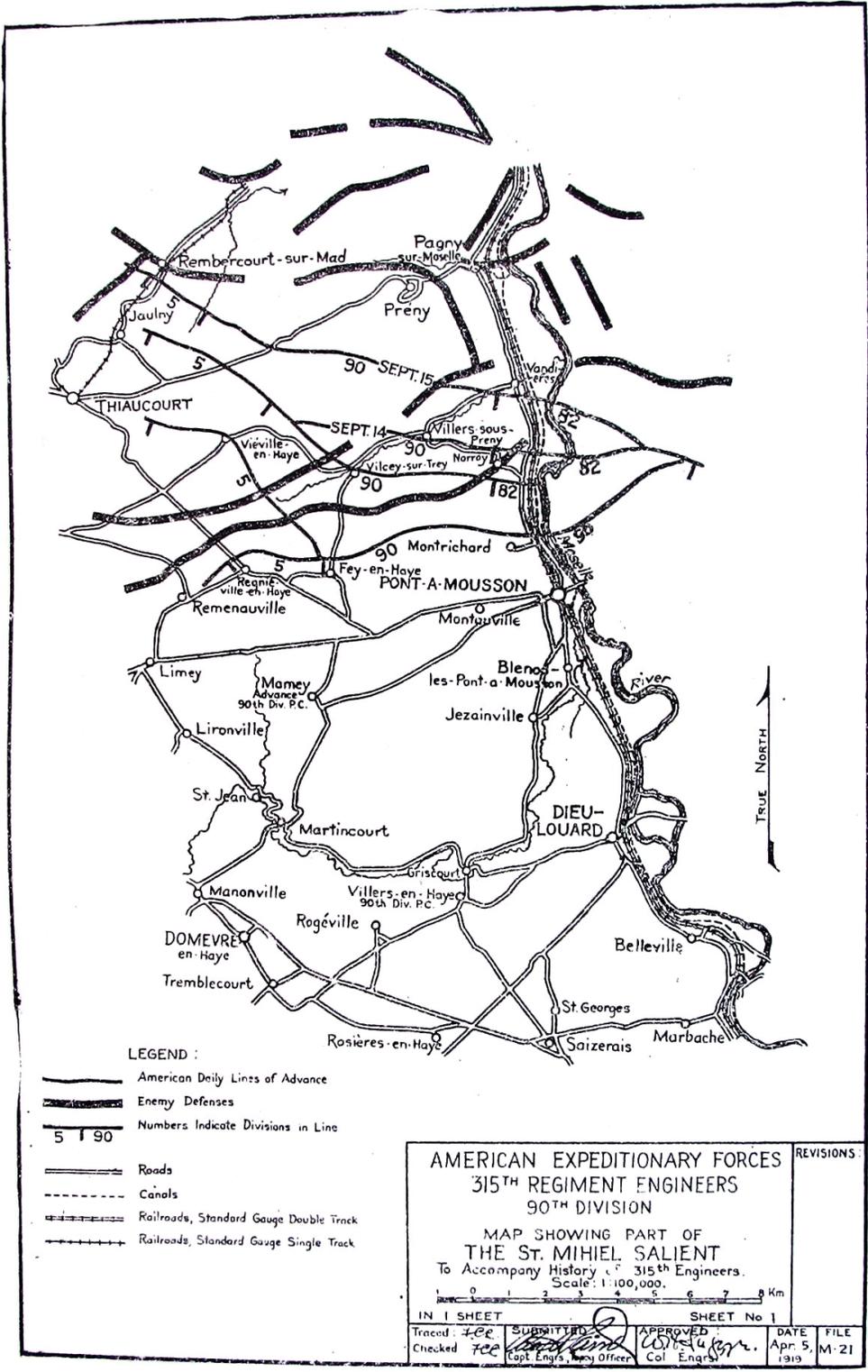
## CO A 315 ENGINEERS DURING EUROPEAN CONFLICT

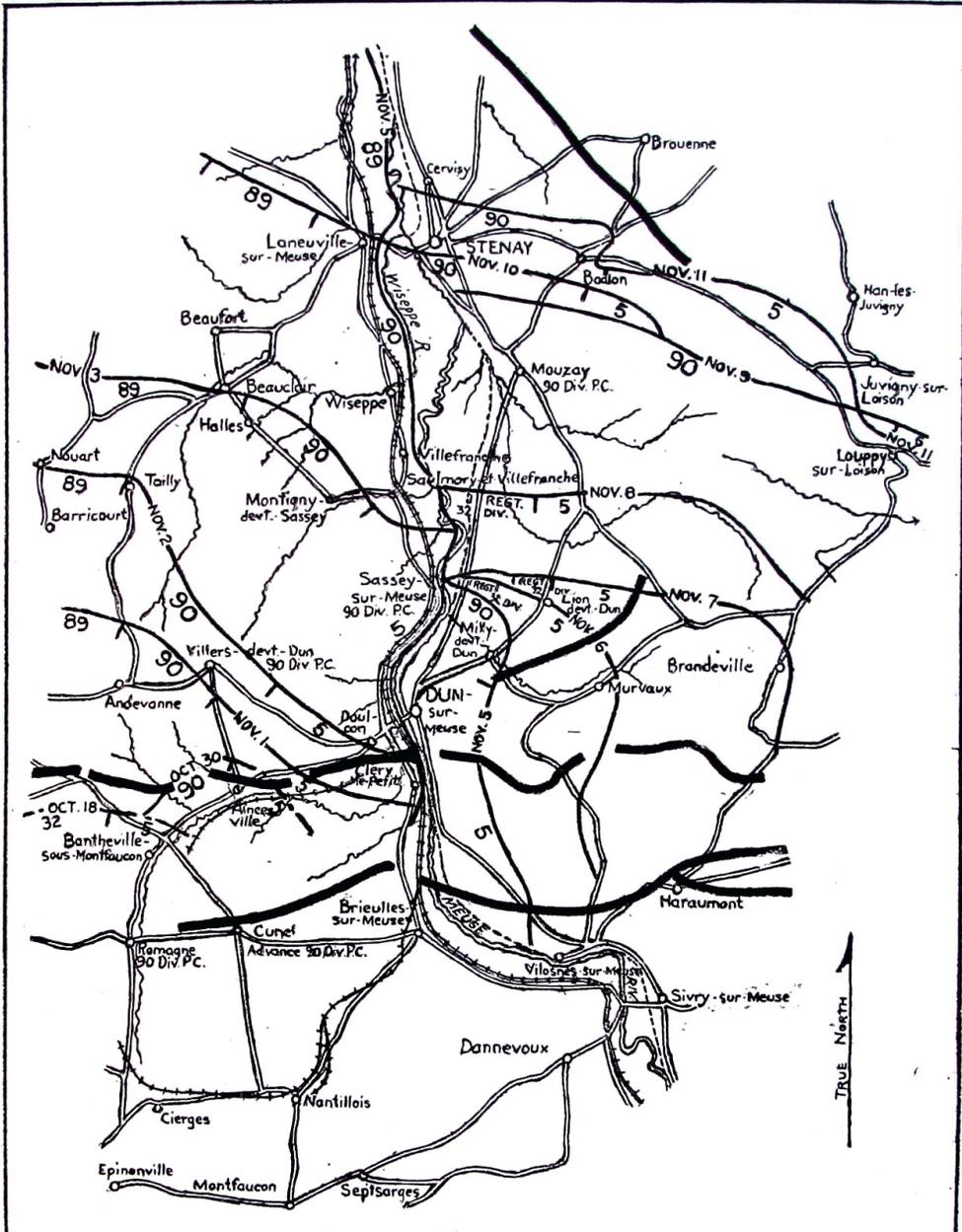
### NOTE

Travel by rail indicated thus   
 Travel on truck shown like this   
 Travel on foot indicated this way   
 Boundary line other than river 



L. H. H. H.





- LEGEND:**
- American Daily Lines of Advance, 1st & 2nd Phases
  - American Daily Lines of Advance, Last Phase
  - Enemy Defenses
  - Numbers Indicate Divisions in Line
  - Roads
  - Canals
  - Railroads, Standard Gauge Double Track
  - Railroads, Standard Gauge Single Track

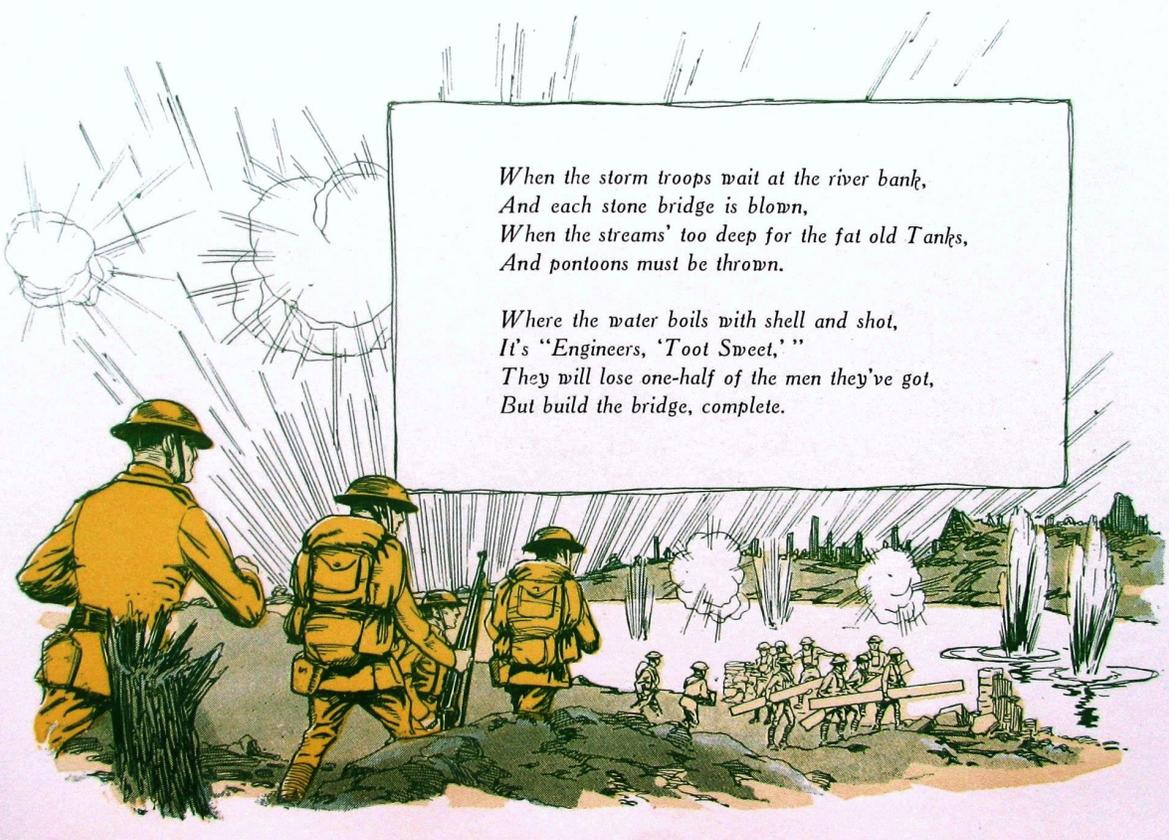
**AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES**  
**315th REGIMENT ENGINEERS**  
**90th DIVISION**

MAP SHOWING PART OF  
**THE MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE**  
 To Accompany History of 315th Engineers  
 Scale: 1:100,000

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Km

IN 1 SHEET		SHEET No 1	
Traced 700	SUBMITTED	APPROVED	DATE
Checked 700	<i>[Signature]</i>	<i>[Signature]</i>	Apr 5 1919
	Capt. Engrs. Top. Office	Col. Engrs.	FILE
			M-22

Traced & Reproduced in Topographical Office, 315th Engineers



*When the storm troops wait at the river bank,  
And each stone bridge is blown,  
When the streams' too deep for the fat old Tanks,  
And pontoons must be thrown.*

*Where the water boils with shell and shot,  
It's "Engineers, 'Toot Sweet,'" "  
They will lose one-half of the men they've got,  
But build the bridge, complete.*

## Our Own Calculation

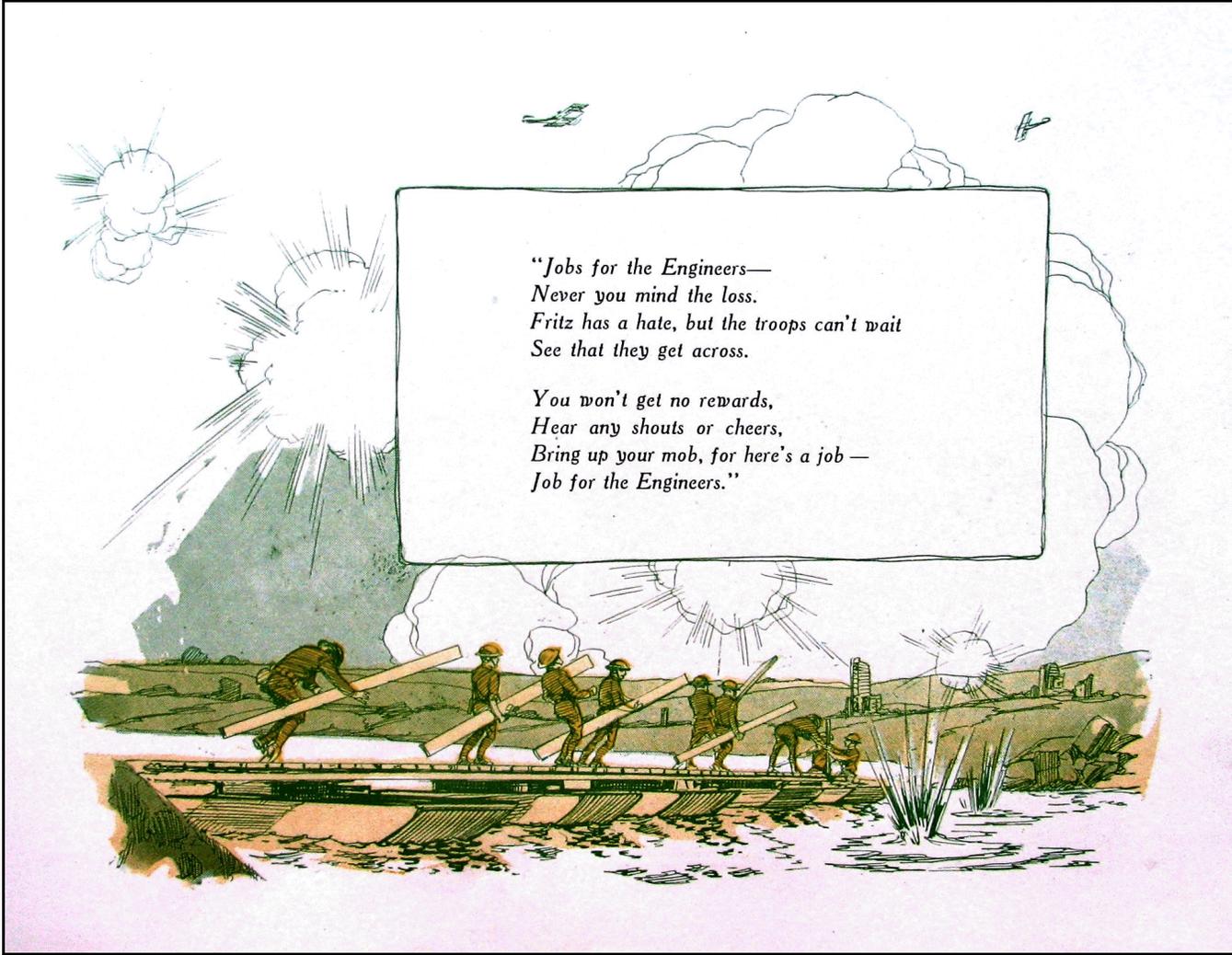
According to Regimental General Orders, "A" Company participated in the following Major Operations:

Sazarais-Haye-Puvenelle Sector	August 22, to September 11, 1918.
St. Mihiel Offensive	September 12-16, 1918.
Demonstration at Beginning of Meuse-Argonne Offensive	September 26, 1918.
Meuse-Argonne Offensive (Corps Troops)	October 17-22, 1918.
Meuse-Argonne Offensive	November 1-11, 1918.
Army of Occupation	November 22, 1918 – May 6, 1919.

The author of this order takes no notice of the time from September 17th to 26th and September 27th to October 8th, which we spent building Barb Wire Entanglements and consolidating the ground gained by the Division during the St. Mihiel Offensive; neither does he mention those days from the 22nd of October to the 1st of November, 1918, when we were building and repairing roads and bridges near Romange and Cunel, within five hundred yards of the front line.

Officially we may not deserve to have this part of our work recorded, but as we were subjected to just as much shell fire, ate just as little, worked as hard, and suffered several casualties during these times we feel that some mention of those days should be made.

We arrived at the Front on August 22, 1918, and stayed there continuously under fire until the end of the conflict November 11, 1918, with the exception of the time from October 9, to October 17, which we spent resting in Lucy. Three of those days, however, were spent moving off of the St. Mihiel Front and to the Verdun Front. The way we figure it we spent seventy-seven days on the Front with a rest of five days – 48 days on the St. Mihiel and 29 days on the Verdun Front.



*“Jobs for the Engineers—  
Never you mind the loss.  
Fritz has a hate, but the troops can't wait  
See that they get across.*

*You won't get no rewards,  
Hear any shouts or cheers,  
Bring up your mob, for here's a job —  
Job for the Engineers.”*

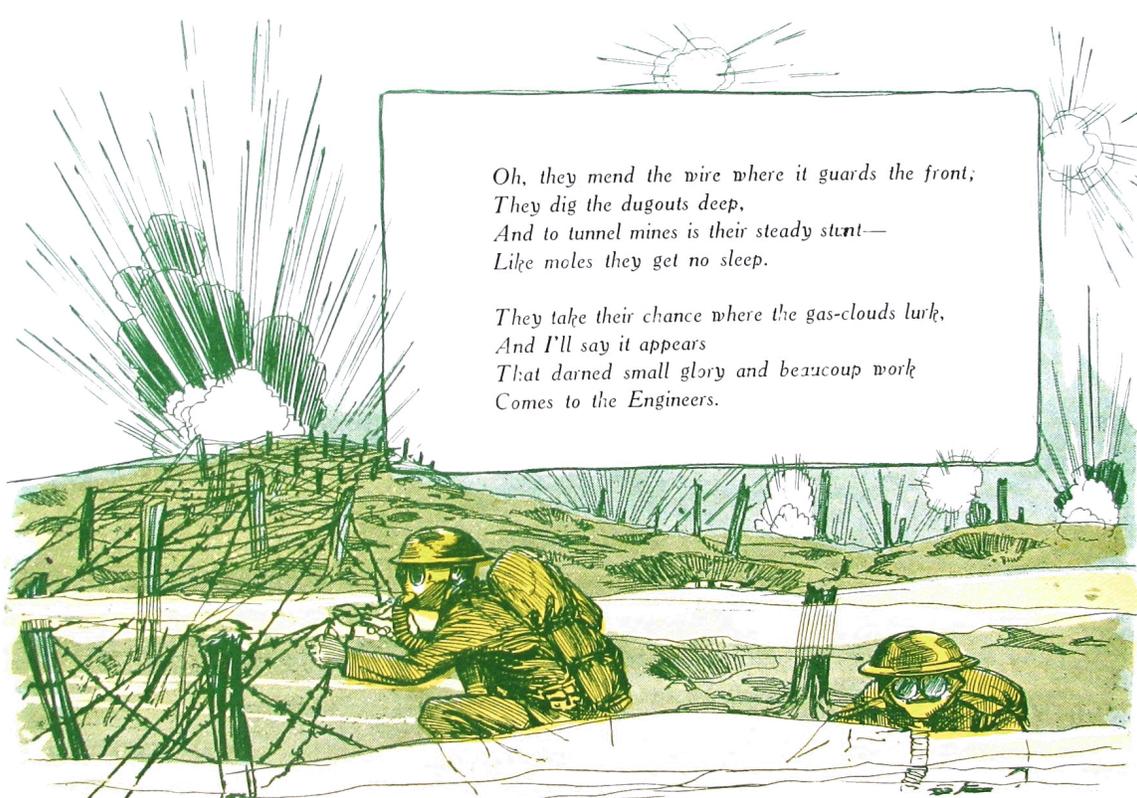
## The Construction Department

Immediately after becoming half-way settled in Mulheim it became evident to those in command that, were we to spend the winter comfortably, and with a reasonable degree of health, there must needs be all kinds of shelters, Barracks, Stables and Mess Halls constructed. Owing to the peculiar Nature of the German Architecture buildings large enough for these purposes were scarcely ever available. It devolved upon the ones in authority to devise means for the providing of these necessary buildings. The result was that the Division Engineer – at one time Lieutenant Colonel Knapp – and at another Colonel Bain – was placed in complete charge of all construction work in our Divisional area. Any construction whatsoever was projected only through the authority obtained in that office. Engineers were to supervise all construction. Captain Millender was made Assistant Division Engineer and on account of the large amount of work to be done was compelled to use a large part of the company in this work. When Captain Millender became ill, Lieutenant Baker, – later Captain Baker – was made Assistant Division Engineer and served in that capacity throughout the remainder of our sojourn in the Army of Occupation. The original force, which at first had little paper work to do, gradually grew into a real organization – the Construction Department. The personnel to a large extent, remained permanent. Although this personnel was to have been drawn from all parts of the Regiment, we claim to have furnished the greater part of it, and in the work accomplished we feel that we are permitted to take a large amount of the credit upon ourselves inasmuch as it was our officers and men who accomplished the work. There was scarcely a week in which we did not furnish at least sixty men to this department.

Headquarters for the Construction Department was in Mulheim until the Company was ordered to move to Dreis. By this time the scope of the work had increased so much that it was impossible for it to be located other than near Regimental Headquarters. Accordingly an Office was located in Lieser and headquarters established there. Of the permanent personnel furnished by our Company the greater part remained in Lieser in this connection until orders to proceed to the Port of Embarkation were received.

On account of certain data, relative to the exact amount of work accomplished, not being available only approximate figures can be given. Over the Divisional Area, during these few months, sixty-two Mess-halls and Barracks of various kinds were constructed. Two large stables, 10x100x350 feet, were erected, one at Morbach and the other at Zeltingen. Other work, either supervised or actually constructed, can be enumerated as follows: One Complete Circus costing approximately 100,000 Marks; 5900 Single Bunks; Three Refrigerating Plants; two Dipping Vats; Grand-stand for Horseshow with seating capacity of 3000; two Bakeries. In addition to this, latrines were constructed throughout the area. Twenty-one trains, which transported the Division from Wengerohr to St. Nazaire, were equipped with Benches, Bunks, and latrines. The total amount of money used in this construction work approximates one million marks.

To the men of the Construction Department who were with it from its organization until the last no little amount of credit is due. It was an efficient organization throughout. The idea conceived in the organization of this department was carried out in a highly efficient manner. Captain Baker lent his efforts and enthusiasm in his characteristic manner and contributed largely to whatever was successfully accomplished. It is regretted that exact figures of the work taken care of and a list of the personnel are not available.



*Oh, they mend the wire where it guards the front;  
They dig the dugouts deep,  
And to tunnel mines is their steady stunt—  
Like moles they get no sleep.*

*They take their chance where the gas-clouds lurk,  
And I'll say it appears  
That darned small glory and beaucoup work  
Comes to the Engineers.*



## History of Bure-les-Templiers

Before the war the population of Bure-les-Templiers numbered about 1,300 inhabitants. Its present population is about 300 and, like other towns of war-wearied France, is made up largely of old people and children. Many of the houses are in various stages of ruin and the town presents a picture of sadness and decay. Evidently no attempt has been made to repair many of the houses and the population has slowly diminished to its present numbers.

The town is situated in a valley, charming and picturesque, but showing many evidences of a soil not very fertile and not capable, from an agricultural point of view, of supporting a large population. It is only when we look into the centuries long past that the village becomes interesting to us, for Bure-les-Templiers has a history, at once unique and to many people fascinating, and there are many traditions of the name of the town, of which the following is possibly the true conception:

In the olden days the Latin name was Buroe or Buricum; its present name of Bure or Bures was acquired about the twelfth century. The Latin name, on one authority, signifies "a place to wash linen." therefore very wet and where water was abundant. From the experience of the time we spent in this village there seems to be considerable significance in the derivation of its name.

It is from about the year 1118 that the village begins to acquire its own unique history. In this year several companions of Godfrey de Bouillon, who was commander of the First Crusade, conceived the idea of associating themselves for the purpose of devoting their lives to the service of God and to the defense of holy places. They took their vows before the patriarch of the holy city and established themselves in a place near the temple, thus acquiring the name of Templars. These knights were nine in number and their leader was Hugues de Payens, who, it is believed, belonged to the noble family of the Counts of Champagne.

During the decade which followed, or until 1128, their numbers had not increased. In that year Hugues de Payens left Jerusalem, where he had been as a Crusader to come to the west. He was accompanied by several other Knights, among whom were Roland Godfrey, Joffroy Bissot, Payens de Montdidier and Archambore de St. Amand, presented himself before the council then assembled at

Troyes. The president of this council was Cardinal Mathien, the representative of the Pope. Recognition of their order was asked of the council and granted. At this time they were ordered to wear the white dress which is always associated with the Knights Templar. In 1146 Pope Eugene III added the Red Cross, which was to be worn on their cloaks.

Thus it was that in the year 1128 the order of Knights Templar found itself definitely established and recognized by the church. They had two distinct purposes, one religious, the other military. Each Knight was obliged to take vows of chastity, obedience and poverty. All joined and assisted the religious services both day and night. They could eat meat only three days a week. They must, among other things, endeavor by strength of arms to recover the holy land and deliver it from the cruelty of the infidels. They were enjoined to cut their hair short and wear their beards long. They must at all times sleep fully dressed, ready at a moment's warning to repel the attacks of their enemies. Each Templar was allowed three horses and an esquire or attendant. The chief man of the order was to bear the order of Grand Master. With this recognition of the Templars by the church the order grew rapidly.

These were restless and turbulent times and because of the dual purpose of religion and war of the Templars they gained great sympathy from both the peasants and nobles. To the poor it offered protection from their enemies so that they could pursue their work in peace and tranquility. To the nobles was offered an association to carry out vows of religion within the peaceful walls of the monasteries and an opportunity to win fame upon the field of battle. The number of Knights increased rapidly and in a short time the order found itself very rich and powerful.

With this brief history of the founding of the Templars it becomes interesting to know its influence upon the town of Bure. Paganus de Bure was one of the principal figures at this time in this part of the country. He is reputed to have been very wealthy and very pious. At this period the most powerful noble held as vassals, the less powerful, and the less rich. Paganus de Bure, while very rich and powerful himself was a vassal of Rainald, the Lord of Grancey le Chateau. Paganus of Bure lived in the center of his village, surrounded by his serfs and there is every reason to believe that his fortress was near the church and upon the site now occupied by the round preceptory. He resolved to join the new order, resolved not only to give himself, but in addition all that he possessed. Being the vassal of the Lord of Grancey he must first obtain the consent of his Lord before he could carry out his plan. This he obtained. In order to prevent further claims, he also obtained the consent of his family and relatives who might cause trouble. The final ceremony turning over all his property as a gift to the order was carried out in the presence of the Bishop of Langres and the Duke of Bourgogne. Guilencus was Bishop of Langres at this time and this fixes the date when Paganus deeded his property to the Templars as between the years 1126 and 1136. Guilencus was Bishop during this period. An inventory of titles of the priority of Champagne gives the date as 1137. This gift endowed the Templars with a very rich territory. In 1163 the churches of Voulaines and of Leuglay were given to the Templars with much land and forests, making them very rich. This gift of Paganus establishes that at Bure was founded one of the first if not the first Preceptory of the Knights Templars created in France. Possibly here is the real birthplace of an order which soon spread rapidly and became one of the most powerful religio-military organizations that the world has ever known. Very little is known of the actual life of the Templars following the establishment of the Preceptory at Bure. No record is left as to the number of Knights who lived here. However, this much is certain, that after the departure of Paganus, who went to Palestine, several Knights were installed here for the purpose of collecting revenues and received young noblemen who desired to enroll themselves under the banner of the Templars. We do know that in 1185, Endes, the first son of Rainald II of Grancey, became a Knight Templar and retired to the house of the Templars at Bure. He was the most powerful noble in this part of France excepting only the Duke of Bourgogne and the Count of Champagne. His son, Endes II, some time later left with the Crusaders and met his death in the holy land. Some years after this Bure came under the control of the Knights of Malta, probably due to political reverses. In 1572, the Knights of St. John, who were successors of the Templars, came into possession of Bure and apparently it continued in their possession up to the time of

the French Revolution. After 1572, however, the Knights abandoned Bure and took up their home at Epailly, near Montigny sur Aube.

Following this Bure passed through the same series of misfortunes endured by all other French towns. The religious wars brought on much suffering to everybody. Both Protestants and Catholics were each in their turn responsible for cruelties that are now happily forgotten. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 Bure was at several different times occupied by the Germans, who levied fines and harassed the people severely.

The old church at Bure is an interesting land mark, the work of the original Templars. The oldest part was probably built about the year 1120, and this is the principal nave of the church today. A solid block of granite set into the floor between the two older portions of the church contains carved thereon the emblems of the order, a finely preserved tombstone with a figure of a Templar in full armour is now kept within the church. This was found about 1850 and was being used as a footbridge across a little stream nearby. The Preceptory was joined to the old part of the church on the east and, while most of this is in ruins, much remains to remind us of its former glory. The cross and shield of the order is still seen carved in the stone above the ancient windows.



## **History of Dreis, Germany**

Nine kilometers northwest of Daun, one kilometer east of Dockweiler, in a pretty little valley through which flows the Ah Creek, is located the village of Dreis. The population numbers 440. The town proper boasts of two stores and three hotels, some sixty or seventy houses, and a small church built in 1823. It is representative of the average German village in every respect. It has its narrow, crooked, muddy streets; its old stone houses, all quite similarly constructed; its imposing Burgermeister and other impressive appearing citizens, and quite a flock of women who engage themselves busily pursuing the main forms of industry; and it has its History. The following is a brief resume of the historical facts concerning the town as given by some of the oldest inhabitants:

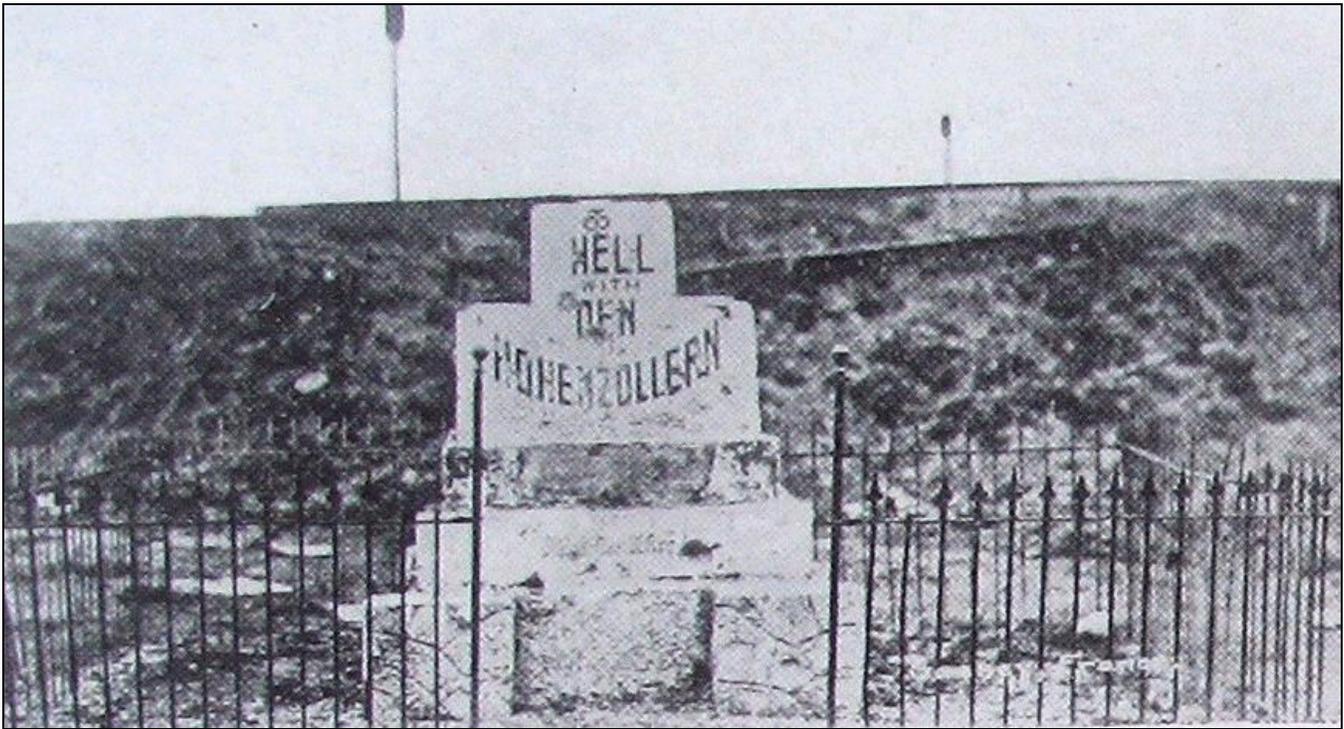
In the Dreiser Wald (Forest) three kilometers southeast of Dreis, are located a number of mounds. These are supposed to represent the graves of Roman Soldiers and date back to the year 1. Near this place a battle is supposed to have taken place between the Swedes and the Romans. In this forest also the Romans are supposed to have been accustomed to take their enemy prisoners of war and offer them as sacrifices to the Gods. All of these graves have in recent years been excavated and the relics transferred to various museums over the country.

Among important personages who have lived in Dreis none is more important than the Duke of Manderscheid who built a castle here in the year 1500. At this time he owned practically all of the town. In the year 1579 the castle became the home of Maria von Manderscheid, the illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Manderscheid. This was to become her home in the event that she married a slave. Some time later she became the wife of Jacob Demeradt. To this date the castle has been the property of descendants of this family.

In a large meadow to the northwest of Dreis in the early days there was a small volcanic crater. Upon becoming extinct it finally became a large lake. This lake was later drained and has in time become a beautiful meadow. At the outlet of the lake, in the year 1600, a mill was built. This mill still stands. It has been in possession of the same family since 1824. Its capacity is 600 pounds per day. It is now run by the Dreiser Creek. In the old lake bed are two mineral water springs. The water as it comes out of the ground appears as if it were boiling. The main Constituent is iron. This mineral water is used by the people as yeast. Near the old mill there is a bridge built over the outflow of the lake. It

stands in perfect condition today. The citizens of Dreis furnished the material and laborers and the mason received 90 marks for his work. However, he had to wait three years for this money as a guarantee of good workmanship.

Another historical house is Gasthouse Fasen. Historical from the fact that the Crown Prince Warsar of Sweden, being forced to flee his country, spent six weeks in this house as a refugee. It was here also that a noted Swedish General Oberstirnia, in passing through the town with his troops, was made a Duke.



## **Amen! and Forever, Amen!**

We have no use for the House of Hohenzollern. We have never had any use for the House of Hohenzollern and will never have any more use for them than we have ever had. Bring back to your mind, if at all possible, the days when you were a real honest-to-goodness civilian back in 1917 or 1918. Remember how they jerked you right out of all of your comforts and railroaded you to several of the jumping-off places of the world? Were you not taken mercilessly from the Land of Fried Chicken, Pretty Girls and Cocoa Cola without regard to your personal feelings? And when you landed in a Camp for some unexplainable reason the Colonel or General did not call around and express his joyousness over the fact that you had come to win the war for him. For reasons unknown they did not ask if you wanted to be a Doughboy or a Non-combatant, or if you preferred service with the "Y" to lending your wonderful assistance to your dear old Uncle. Somehow the Mess Sergeant didn't always come around and ask you your views on the sort of chow he should dish out. Neither did the "Top" ask you how you felt when he had you listed for Fatigue seven days out of the week. All in all, wasn't it a Grand and Glorious feeling? Call to memory once more the day you received all three shots in your arm at once. Don't you agree that Kaiser Bill started a —I of a mess? Well then, think of the millions of Cooties, the Hob-nail Barrage, the Blisters you have had on your feet, the hikes-and-a-half you have made, the miles and miles of canned Bill you have consumed, the Hommes 40 and Chevaux 8, the Y. M. C. A. — even think once more about your old girl marrying that other fellow back home — and you have been convinced.

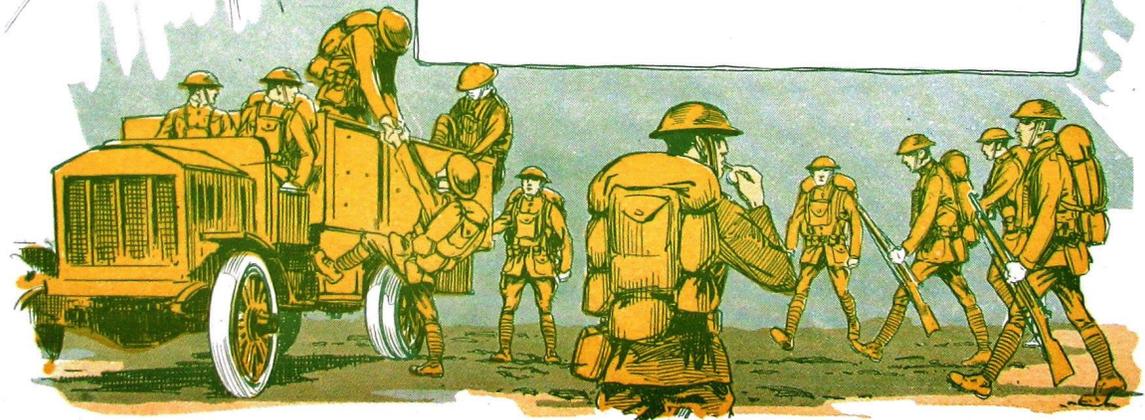
Somewhere in the vicinity of Mountfaucou, on the Verdun front, the Doughboys of the 90th Division were wreaking vengeance from the hordes of Kraut-eating, Bier-Trinken, Squareheads that were trying to impede their advance to Berlin. It was a hot fight for a few days; hot on the right, hot on the left, and hot everywhere. At length the resistance was broken. Dutchmen no longer walked. They flew. It became more of the nature of a rabbit chase. Our front line advanced so rapidly the Doughboys

were compelled to take to trucks to keep up with it. Moving along in the riot and chaos a lonely doughboy chanced upon a large stone monument – erected, apparently, by the Germans – bearing the inscription, “Heil den Hohenzollerns,” or, in good old English, “Glory to the Hohenzollers.” We do not know what he said. We can easily imagine. More than likely he wished for a few blocks of T. N. T. – of a few tons of Credite. However, these were not available. The monument was no longer a part of Germany but belonged to him for the moment. It was impossible to wreck it. Consequently he resorted to the only means at hand. At the top he carefully placed our Divisional Insignia. With one stroke “Heil” became “Hell.” Another brief moment and the word “With” was in place. The evolution had taken place. “Heil den Hohenzollerns” had become “TO HELL WITH DEN HOLLERNZOLLERNS.” AMEN! AND FOREVER AMEN!



*“Jobs for the Engineers—  
Something that ‘can’t be done’;  
Nevertheless they’ll do it, yes;  
That’s how they get their fun.*

*Armed with a bit of tools,  
Careless of hopes or fears,  
Big jobs or small, you simply call—  
Call for the Engineers.*



CITATIONS  
TELEGRAM FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

6 September, 1918:

“Please accept my congratulations on the successful and important part taken by the Officers and men of the First Corps in the first offensive of the First American Army on September twelfth and thirteenth. The courageous dash and vigor of our troops has thrilled our countrymen and evoked the enthusiasm of our allies. Please convey to your command my heartfelt appreciation of their splendid work. I am proud of you all.

(Signed) PERSHING.”

TELEGRAM FROM THE COMMANDING GENERAL, FIRST ARMY CORPS.

20 September, 1918:

“G-3 Number 1023. Please express to the Officers and men of the Ninetieth Division my gratification over their having successfully met their first severe test.

(Signed) LIGGETT.”

COMMUNICATION FROM THE COMMANDING GENERAL, FIRST ARMY.

28 October, 1918:

“The Army Commander directs that you convey to the Commanding General, Officers and men of the 90th Division, his appreciation of their persistent and successful efforts in improving the line by driving the enemy from the Grand Carre Fme. and the Bois de Bantheville.

(Signed) A. H. DRUM.”

THE COMMANDING GENERAL, THIRD ARMY CORPS.

TRANSMITTING PRECEDING COMMUNICATION BY FIRST INDORSEMENT.

29 October, 1918:

“The difficulties under which the Third Corps has labored to improve its position have been numerous and great, and the part the 90th Division took in establishing the present advantageous positions of this Corps is deeply appreciated by the Corps Commander, and he adds his congratulations to those of the Commanding General of the Army for the vigorous and untiring efforts of the personnel thereof, whose resolution and fortitude are worthy of the best traditions of the American Army.

(Signed) J. L. HINES.”

EXTRACT OF GENERAL ORDERS NO. 42, HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS.

11 November, 1918:

“It is with pride and pleasure that the Corps Commander places on record, in General Orders of the Corps, the following communication from Headquarters First Army, 10 November, 1918:

1. The Army Commander has noticed with great pleasure and appreciation the excellent work of your Corps in crossing the Meuse river and clearing the heights to the east of the town Dun-sur-Meuse. He appreciates fully the difficulties involved in this problem and therefore realizes that the results attained reflect great credit on your Corps and the Divisions included therein.

He desires me to transmit the foregoing to you and to request that his appreciation be transmitted to the Officers and men of your Corps.

(Signed) J. L. HINES.”

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 43, HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS.

12 November, 1918:

“1. With the signing of the Armistice on November 11th, and the enemy suing for peace, the operations of this Corps, begun on September 26th, were brought to a successful issue.

2. The Third Corps has driven the enemy from the Ruisseau des Forces to the Meuse, thence turning east has crossed the Meuse in the face of the most determined resistance between Stenay and Brieuilles and, continuing its resolute advance, has forced the enemy to the line Stenay-Remoiville-Peuville.

3. In a fruitless effort to stop this victorious drive the enemy threw into the line opposite the Third Corps his last reserve division (192nd) on the western front.

The Corps Commander feels that his pride and gratification in the achievements of the Officers and soldiers of the Third Corps are more than justified, and he desires to express to them his high appreciation of their gallant conduct and to make herewith a permanent record of the same. (Signed)  
JOHN L. HINES”

TELEGRAM TRANSMITTED FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

American E. F., 16 September, 1918:

“My dear General: The First American Army under your command, on this first day, has won a magnificent victory by maneuver as skillfully prepared as it was valiantly executed. I extend to you, as well as to the Officers and troops under your command, my warmest compliments.

(Signed) MARSHAL FOCH.”

HEADQUARTERS NINETIETH DIVISION,  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

21 November, 1918:

MEMORANDUM:

To THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE NINETIETH DIVISION:

Having served with you throughout your period of organization, training and fighting – from the arrival of the first green troops at Camp Travis to the last shot at Stenay and Baalon, when the Armistice became effective – I am now constrained, by instructions from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, to leave you when you are headed toward Germany as part of the Army of Occupation. This separation has given me so much pain that renunciation of the Corps Command persisted in my mind.

Your superb comportment everywhere in France, as well as unsurpassed battle exploits, have won for you a designation in the Army of Occupation; your wonderful fighting ability and your superior manhood have won for you a place in my heart that will remain with me for all time.

The fathers and mothers who have produced such men as you, who know not battle straggling nor retreat under any circumstances, must be thrilled when they learn your stories. The States to which you and they belong possess the prime essentials of prosperity and greatness.

The soul of the Ninetieth Division will remain a sacred inspiration to me wherever I be.

(Signed) HENRY T. ALLEN.

Major General.”

HEADQUARTERS NINETIETH DIVISION,  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

14 November, 1918:  
GENERAL ORDERS.  
No. 144.

1. Prior to beginning operations in this, the Meuse-Argonne sector, the Commanding General published to the Division, on October 15, 1918, his estimate of it, reserving any decision as to where it should be classed until later. He no longer has any doubts or reluctance in claiming for the Ninetieth Division fighting qualities second to none. Every regiment has gained its objective in every operation in which it has participated, and the Division has exceeded its allotment in the execution of every task assigned it.

2. Beginning October 31st, the work of the Division, including the taking of the strong position Freya Stellung, from Andevanne through Villers-Devant-Dun to the Meuse river against the determined resistance of two enemy shock divisions, 28th and 27th, has been simply superb. The crossing of the Meuse and the taking of the line Stenay-Baalon, including both towns, has been a continuation of the previous successful work of this Division.

3. This Division received two official commendations for its work in the St. Mihiel Salient near the Moselle river, and today it has received the third of a series of three commendations, in which the Third Corps Commander expresses his high appreciation of the gallant conduct which he desires to make of permanent record. I make no mention of the general commendations given by the Commander of the First Army, and the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, in which this Division was included.

4. The Division Commander has no adequate words to express his great satisfaction and delight with the fine military spirit of the Division, and his pride in its fighting value, after seventy-four days (less an interval of seven days) in the fighting lines. The Engineers, Sanitary Troops, the Signal Battalion, and the Trains have emulated the fighting impulses of the combatant troops. In spite of the severe losses and the terrific demands that these successes have exacted, the indomitable spirit and keenness to fight continue to characterize the Division.

5. Every member of this gallant force has a right to be proud of the services he has rendered in the great cause of human liberty. Our country may count with assurance upon the execution with success of whatever duty it may entrust to the Ninetieth Division.

(Signed) HENRY T. ALLEN,  
Major General."

By Command of Major General Allen: JOHN J. KINGMAN, Chief of Staff.

HEADQUARTERS NINETIETH DIVISION,  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

22 October. 1918:  
GENERAL ORDERS

No. 135

SUBJECT: CITATION.

“1. The Division Commander desires to express his appreciation of the services rendered by the Officers and men of this Division in the St. Mihiel drive on September 12, 1918, and following days. While it is, perhaps, invidious to make special mention of any where the whole did so well, he yet feels that the results obtained were influenced, in a large measure by the bearing and example of the following Officers and men who are specifically cited as indicated:

“13. First Lieutenant Peter M. Nicollet, Company A, 315th Engineers – From H of D minus one (12 September, 1918). Lieutenant Nicollet successfully assisted the 357th Infantry through very difficult wire entanglements. After that, by his resourcefulness and energy he kept this entire regiment supplied with ammunition and material. At great personal risk to himself, he carried ammunition to the extreme front. When necessary to accomplish his missions, he impressed stragglers. At one time he had stragglers from five Divisions carrying forward badly needed ammunition.

“14. First Lieutenant Ralph W. Baker, Company A, 315th Engineers – On September 12, 1918, Lieutenant Baker, during a reconnaissance, found a platoon of Infantry leaderless, lost as to direction and useless. He took command of the platoon, and brought it back into liaison with its Battalion Commander.

“33. Officers and men of Company A, 315th Engineers – For more than sixty hours, during the first three days of the attack, September 12, 1918, neither Officers nor men of Company A slept or stopped working. They improved lines of communication to the extreme front and moved forward large quantities of material. They never once forgot their main duty.

(Signed) MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN.”

FIRST BATTALION HEADQUARTERS,  
315TH ENGINEERS.

4 January 1919:  
MEMORANDUM.

For C. O. COMPANIES A, B, C AND MEDICAL DETACHMENT:

1. Colonel Boggs, our former Regimental Commander, who still declares that this is HIS Regiment, congratulated me today upon the excellent appearance of the men and the way they saluted, and said that now that he had seen us again, he was prouder than ever to remember us and speak of us as his Regiment.

2. I wish to thank the Non-Commissioned Officers for the marked improvement that there is in the bearing, dress and saluting of the men of this Battalion. I feel that a great deal of the credit is due entirely to the N. C. O.'s, as owing to the circumstances under which we have been working, very little of the training for the past ten days has been done under the supervision of our Officers. This being a fact. I think that credit should go where credit is due.

(Signed) H. R. COOPER,

Major, Engineers, Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS NINETIETH DIVISION,  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, GERMANY.

9 May, 1919:

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 17

1. The Division Commander takes great pride in publishing the following letter of commendation from the Commanding General, Army of Occupation:

ARMY OF OCCUPATION, THIRD U. S. ARMY.

OFFICE A. C. OF S., G-3.

8 May 1919:

From: Chief of Staff, Third Army.

To: Commanding General, 90th Division.

Subject: Appreciation of services of the Division.

The Army Commander takes this opportunity, on their separation from the Third Army, to express to the Commanding General, the Officers and the men of the "Texas-Oklahoma Division" his appreciation of the excellent service rendered by them while under his command during the St. Mihiel offensive, the Meuse-Argonne operation, and in the Army of German Occupation.

At St. Mihiel the Division went forward with a dash and energy that carried all before it, taking those redoubtable fortresses west of the Moselle which had previously been impregnable to our gallant Allies. Again, in the Meuse-Argonne operation, with that indomitable spirit of their pioneer forefathers, the Division drove the enemy from his strongholds on the heights between the Argonne Forest and the Meuse River, contributing largely to his final destruction. As one of the Divisions forming the Army of German Occupation the spirit and conduct of the Officers and men has been an illustration to the enemy's people of the best traditions of the Nation and its Army.

It is a matter of keen personal regret to the Army Commander that your splendid Division is now leaving his command.

By command of Lieutenant-General Liggett:

(Signed) MALIN CRAIG,

Chief of Staff.

By command of Major-General Martin:

JOHN J. KINGMAN,

Chief of Staff.

HEADQUARTERS NINETIETH DIVISION,  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, GERMANY.

30 April. 1919:  
GENERAL ORDERS

No. 16

1. It is with great pleasure that the Division Commander publishes the following letter from the Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces.
2. A copy of this order will be furnished to every Officer and enlisted man of the 90th Division:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

France, April 26, 1919:  
Major-General Charles H. Martin.  
Commanding 90th Division,  
American E. F.

My dear General Martin:

It gives me much pleasure to congratulate you and through you the Officers and men of your Division on the splendid appearance that it made at its inspection and review on April 24th at Wengerohr. The smart appearance of personnel and the good condition in which I found the horse transportation and artillery are sure signs of the high morale that permeates all ranks. This is only what one could expect of a Division which has such a fine fighting record.

Arriving in France towards the end of June, 1918, it underwent, until the end of August, the usual course of training behind the line. It was then placed in the Villers-en-Haye sector and there took part in the St. Mihiel offensive where it attacked the strong positions on the Hindenburg line immediately to the west of the Moselle River. In these operations it was entirely successful, mopping up the Bois-des-Rappes, occupying the town of Vilcey-sur-Trey, the Bois-de-Presle and the Foret-de-Venchere. and advancing to a depth of 61/2 kilometers. On the night of October 21st the Division entered the Meuse-Argonne offensive, taking the town of Bantheville and the high ground north and northwest of that town. In the tremendous attack of November 1st it continued its splendid record, piercing the Freya Stellung, crossing the Meuse and taking 14 villages in its very rapid advance. The Carriere Bois, the Bois-de-Raux, Hill 243 (the capture of which was vital to the advance of the Division on the left) and Hill 321 were the scenes of desperate fighting on the opening day of the attack. On November 2nd, Villers-devant-Dun was taken and the following day the Bois-de-Montigny, Bois-de-Tuilley, Bois-de-Mont, Bois-de-Sasse and the town of the Montigny-devant-Sasse were taken, a very deep and rapid advance being made. On the 4th, Halles was occupied. By November 10th the Infantry had crossed the Meuse and the town of Mouzay was taken. The Division was pressing the enemy hard at the time of the signing of the armistice.

As part of the Third Army the Division participated in the march into Germany and the subsequent occupation of enemy territory. I am pleased to mention the excellent conduct of the men under these difficult circumstances as well as for their services in battle. They are to the credit of the American people. I wish to express to each man my own appreciation of the splendid work that has been done and the assurance of my continued interest in his welfare.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING

By command of Major-General Martin:  
JOHN J. KINGMAN,  
Chief of Staff.

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER, HISTORICAL-TECHNICAL SECTION,  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES ON ENGINEER ACCOMPLISHMENT IN FRANCE.

The Engineer organization in the form it had assumed when hostilities ended, consisted essentially of the following four main branches or divisions under the Chief Engineer, A. E. F., whose headquarters were at Headquarters, S. O. S., Tours:

(1) Assistant to the Chief Engineer, A. E. F., at G. H. Q.; (2) Division of Construction and Forestry; (3) Division of Military Engineering and Engineer Supplies; (4) Division of Light Railways and Roads.

Of all the technical services of the American Expeditionary Forces the Engineer Department was the largest. On 11 November, 1918, there were under the direct command or the technical supervision of the Chief Engineer, A. E. F., 174,000 Engineer Troops, distributed as follows:

Character of Service	Officers and Men
With Armies - - - - -	86,400
Miscellaneous - - - - - (Including troops in training at schools, shops, etc.)	18,500
Construction - - - - - (In the Services of Supply under the Division of Construction and Forestry.)	43,000
Forestry - - - - -	18,500
Supplies - - - - -	7,600
Total Engineer Troops under C. E., A. E. F. - - - - -	174,000

In addition there were engaged on road and construction work in the A. E. F. mainly under the supervision of the Division of Construction and Forestry about 34,500 troops of other arms of the Service, 34,000 civilians and 15,000 prisoners.

In addition to the work of the Engineer Troops operating with the Armies, which maintained lines of communication, built bridges, fought as Infantry, conducted Camouflage, Searchlight, Flash and Sound Ranging, Water Supply activities and many other special functions, the Engineers up to the end of the year 1918, (unless otherwise noted) accomplished the following results in the A. E. F.:

DIVISION OF CONSTRUCTION AND FORESTRY.

**SHELTER FOR TROOPS:** A total of 15,039 Barracks were erected which represented 285 miles of Barracks placed end to end.

**HOSPITALIZATION:** Space for 280,000 beds provided, of which 145,913 represented new construction. New construction was equivalent to 7,700 Hospital Barracks, 20x100 ft. which represented 146 miles in wards.

**PORTS:** Docks for ten vessels were constructed at Bassens. These were 4,100 ft. long and were equipped with switching facilities, warehouses, etc. For three months the average daily tonnage discharged at American Bassens was 3,700 tons. Docks at other ports for the use of seagoing ships were completed or partially completed when work was stopped by the armistice. Eighty-nine berths, totaling 7 miles, were either built or acquired from the French.

**LIGHTERAGE:** Dock 750 ft. long at St. Loubes was completed; 84 lighters and 7 derrick barges were constructed.

**RAILROADS:** 947 miles of standard gauge railroad (most of it in yards) were completed, approximately the distance between Chicago and New York; 6 mile cut-off at Nevers requiring a bridge across the Loire River, 2,190 ft. long was built.

**STORAGE DEPOT WAREHOUSES:** Covered storage space constructed 21,972,000 sq. ft. or 500 acres, providing space for 90 days reserve supplies for 2,120,000 men.

**REMOUNT DEPOTS AND VETERINARY HOSPITALS:** Remount space was provided for 39,000 animals and Veterinary Hospital space for 23,000 animals.

**WATER SUPPLY AND SEWERAGE:** Much work was done to give pure water to troops. Supply of water for many large cities was chlorinated under Engineer control. Four million gallons per day were developed by artesian wells in Bordeaux region. Pipe for sewerage in the Mesves Hospital project alone required 28 miles and for water supply the same amount. Large municipal water supply developments were made at Brest and St. Nazaire.

**REFRIGERATION:** Refrigeration plant built at Gievres with daily capacity of 5,200 tons of meat and 375 tons of ice. Three other plants built.

**BAKERIES:** Mechanical bakeries to produce 500,000 pounds of bread every 24 hours were constructed at Ils-sur-Tille. Construction of bakeries of 80,000 pounds capacity in 3 other cities was stopped by the armistice.

**POWER PLANTS:** Electric power was obtained from existing sources and by new construction in the form of central stations and transmission lines.

**OIL AND GAS STORAGE:** By construction of tanks at sea-coast storage was provided for 150,000 bbls. Sixty-nine 300-barrel tanks and one hundred fifty 150-barrel tanks were manufactured for distributing stations. Seventeen complete storage stations including pumps were put in operation.

**FORESTRY:** 81 mills were in operation in October. The total production to Dec. 1, was: 189,564,000 ft. b. m. of lumber; 2,728,000 standard gauge ties; 923,560 narrow gauge ties; 1,739,000 poles and pit props; 892,200 steres of fuel wood; 38,200 pieces of piling. The fuel wood, if corded, would extend 375 miles.

**ROADS:** Maintenance and repair of 300 miles of road and 90 miles of new roads in the S. O. S., exclusive of Advance Section, was accomplished.

#### DIVISION OF MILITARY ENGINEERING AND ENGINEER SUPPLIES.

**ENGINEER SUPPLIES:** From March to December 31, 1918, the total tonnage of Engineer supplies received from the United States was 1,496,489; total tonnage received from all sources 3,255,121. On 11 November 1918, total covered space occupied by Engineer supplies was 764,000 sq. ft.; total open space occupied 14,352,000 sq. ft. Nine storage depots were maintained. Repair Shops were operated to care for Engineer supplies. Shops made 100 firing platforms for 75mm. guns, 30 pontoon wagons, one hundred 500-gallon water tanks and completed more than 2,000 orders before armistice.

**CEMENT MILLS:** Seven Cement Mills were operated by Engineer Troops, producing 55,000 tons or 315,000 barrels of cement during five months operation. Concrete pipe amounting to more than 100 miles was made for A. E. F. use.

#### DIVISION OF LIGHT RAILWAYS AND ROADS.

**LIGHT RAILWAYS:** Total tonnage handled up to Feb. 1, 1919, was 860,652 tons, of which 166,202 tons was ammunition. In one week 10,600 tons of ammunition were handled. In six nights 23,135 soldiers were carried. The daily net tonnage handled in October, 1918, was 8,100 tons. In one week 10,700 tons of rations were handled. At the time of the armistice 2,240 kilometers of light railway were in operation, of which 1,740 km. had been taken from the Germans, the balance newly constructed or rebuilt. On November 11th 165 locomotives and 1,695 cars were available for use. In five hours 135 men laid 14,200 ft. of light railway track. Ten shop buildings, 70,000 sq. ft. total area were constructed at Abainville; 125 acres occupied by shop project; 2,300 cars erected; 140 locomotives repaired.

HEADQUARTERS NINETIETH INFANTRY DIVISION,  
AMERICAN EXEPEDITIONARY FORCES.

22 DECEMBER, 1918  
GENERAL ORDERS

No. 152

1. Hereafter in the area of this Division and the area of the Seventh Army Corps, all Germans authorized to wear uniform will be required to salute American Officers. These orders will be communicated to the Burgomeister by local Commanders.

By order of Brigadier General O'Neal  
John J. Kingman,  
Chief of Staff

ATHLETICS

Fighting the "Heinies" and taking part in Athletics do not go well together. Each is a business in itself. In Camp Travis every minute was put in trying to figure some way to get the best of old Bill Hohenzollern. Nevertheless we were fairly well represented in most branches of Athletics. Sgt. Sartain was there when it came to boxing and football. Sgt. Garrity was in on the football. Sgt. Boger represented us in track events and managed to bring home the bacon. Bull Ranson made the Regimental baseball team. Cpl. Blanck cleaned up in his weight in boxing.

Arriving at our training center in France very little time was available for any forms of Athletics. Sgt. Sartain, Sgt. Garrity and Cpl. Blanck cleaned up for the Regimental championship in boxing at Bure-les-Templiers.

After the signing of the armistice, and during our stay in the Army of Occupation, all forms of Athletics took things by storm. Sgt. Sartain and Cpl. Blanck each won the championship of the Division in boxing in their weights. Cpl. Blanck, fighting a man ten pounds heavier than he, lost on points for the Championship of the Seventh Corps at Wittlich. Sgt. Sartain, however, won his bout and fought for the Third Army Championship at Coblenz. After beating his man up for several rounds, and apparently having won the match, he carelessly dropped his guard and went to sleep via the "Hay maker" route.

Sgts. Garrity and Sartain represented us on the Divisional Football Team which lost to the A. E. F. Champions – the 89th Division – by a heartbreaking score of 6-0. Undoubtedly had we won this game the Championship would have been ours. C'est La Guerre.

In the All-Point Company Championship meet we managed to win first place. All of which goes to show that we did not take our hats off to anybody in anything. We did not win everything that came along. However, we won our share, and are justly proud of the records made and especially of the men who made them.

HEADQUARTERS 315TH ENGINEERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, GERMANY.  
10 MAY, 1919.

5-147.

MEMO—To all Organizations.

1. Below is published final standings of various Organizations in the All-Point Company Championship meet held May 5th, accompanied by respective Company reports. Also list showing individual score of ten highest men in the Regiment.

Organizations

“A” Company ..... 2300

Engineer Train..... 2290

“B” Company ..... 2275

“C” Company ..... 2265

“D” Company..... 2025

“E” Company ..... 2005

“F” Company ..... 1940

HIGHEST TEN MEN IN REGIMENT.

1. Corporal Lair, Oscar, “C” Company ..... 449
2. Corporal Page, Jessen, “C” Company ..... 432
3. Sergeant Batton, Charley, “B” Company ..... 338
4. Sergeant Bechtold, Alva F., “C” Company ..... 309
5. Sergeant Aitwine, Joe M., “B” Company ..... 278
6. Sergeant Korngibel, Herman, “B” Company..... 276
7. Private Swanson, John E., “A” Company ..... 269
8. Sergeant Dieter, Erwin C., “A” Company ..... 262
9. Private Peterson, Edwin B., “A” Company ..... 252
10. Sergeant 1Cl Snyder, B. E., “E” Company..... 250

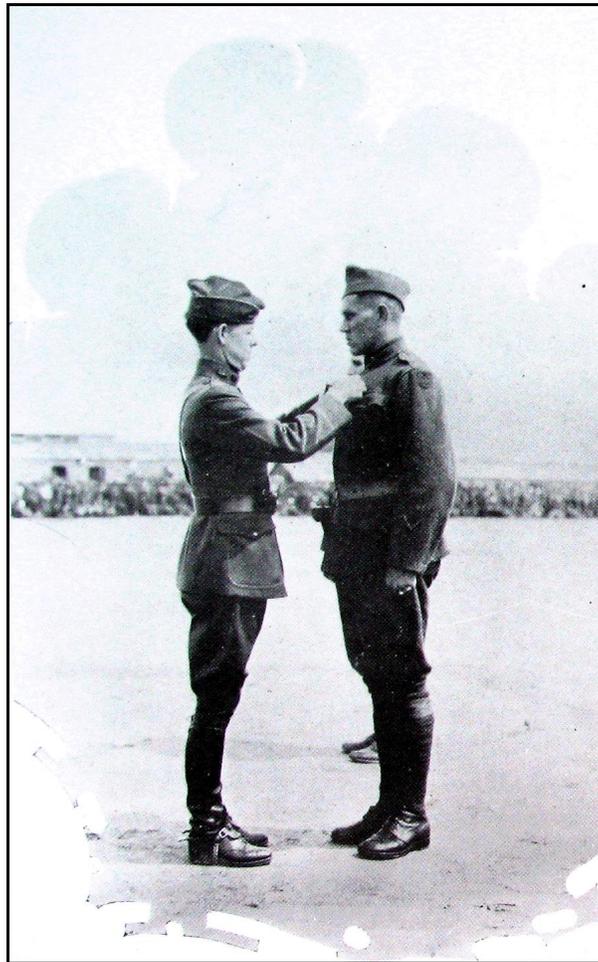
By order of Colonel Sage:

JOE A. NOBLE,  
 Captain, Engineers, Adjutant.

Where Our Homes Are:

According to statistics compiled just prior to our demobilization some startling facts came to light. Had anyone made the suggestion that we hailed from so many different parts of God’s country we would instantly have put him down as just ordinarily ignorant or as being guilty of popping off for the amusement of the Frauleins. Facts and figures, notwithstanding, furnish the interesting information. It is that we came from the various States as follows:

State	Officers	Men	State	Officers	Men
Alabama	-	-	1 North Carolina	-	- 1
California	-	-	2 North Dakota	-	- 5
Connecticut	-	-	2 New York	-	- 15
Georgia	-	-	6 Ohio	-	- 4
Iowa - -	-	28	Oklahoma	-	1 14
Illinois -	-	-	23 Oregon-	-	- 1
Indiana-	-	-	2 Pennsylvania	-	- 4
Kentucky -	-	-	2 South Dakota	-	- 1
Massachusetts	-	-	2 Tennessee	-	- 1
Maine -	-	-	1 Texas	-	- 1 80
Michigan -	-	-	2 Wisconsin	-	- 4
Minnesota -	-	-	39 Washington, D. C.	-	- 1
Missouri -	-	-	3		



SGT. 1CL. JAKE C. SARTAIN RECEIVES D. S. C.

The picture above shows Colonel W. H. Sage, Jr., 315th Engineers, awarding Distinguished Service Cross to Sgt. 1Cl. Jake C. Sartain at St. Nazaire, France, on May 31, 1919. The First Battalion of the 315th Engineers paraded in Sgt. Sartain's honor.

The Citation is as follows:

"Sgt. 1Cl. Sartain, Jake C., 2236557, Company "A" 315th Engineers:

"For extraordinary bravery under fire near Vilcey-sur-Preny. Due to his coolness and bravery under heavy fire, Sgt. Sartain was able to accomplish his mission, that of building barbed wire entanglements in front of outpost positions. On the night of September 18, 1918, Sgt. Sartain with his detail, again engaged in the construction of wire entanglements in front of Outpost positions, was attracted by moans further on up. Upon investigation Sgt. Sartain discovered a Sergeant out of the Infantry who had been wounded by machine gun fire and had been lying exposed for many hours. Sgt. Sartain administered First Aid and brought him safely back into our lines."

O. G. No. 111,  
Europe, 11 November 1918.

From 11 H Nov. 11, 1918 to 11:11 H Nov. 11, 1918.

1. HOSTILE SITUATION AT BEGINNING OF THE DAY:

Artillery and Infantry belonging to the enemy are running very rapidly across the German border. Pursued by Yanks and British tanks, who joined the rush of dashing Franks. Huns ran in great disorder.

2. INFORMATION RECEIVED OF ENEMY DURING THE DAY:

Interrogated prisoners say they might come back another day and start again their little fray, because they weren't frightened. But information late tonight (not from G-2, for this is right), shows that although they say they might, we know damn well they mightn't.

3. HOSTILE MOVEMENTS, CHANGES AND CONDUCTED DURING THE DAY:

Boche infantry across the Meuse, artillerymen, machine gun crews got so mixed up they could not choose to tarry any longer. They couldn't see relief ahead, for if they stayed, they'd all be dead, and so they went straight home to bed, where they knew they'd be stronger.

4. MAPS ILLUSTRATING THE ABOVE:

Look it up.

5. OUR SITUATION AT BEGINNING OF THE DAY:

Herewith, behold in full display the 1st U. S. in grand array on this, its latest fighting day prepared to make a wind-up. An end run or an on-side kick, a forward pass or any trick would be successful mighty quick with these Divisions lined up:

L.E.	L. T.	L. G.	C.	R. G.	R. T.	R. E.
80	89	90	5	79	26	81
		L.H.	Q.	R.H.		
		1	32	2		
			F. B.			
			42			

On the bench—6-77-78-36-29-3-15-D. I. C.-10-D. I. C.

6. OWN CHANGES, MOVEMENTS AND ACTION DURING THE DAY:

As one Division moved ahead, another started back instead, a third walked back and forth till dead and thereby made improvement. For every unit every day came in or out, but didn't stay, they had to shift, and so we say, "Considerable movement."

7. INFORMATION RECEIVED FROM NEIGHBORING UNITS:

The army to the left of us put up a most ungodly fuss because we chased Fritz in a bus and landed in their sector. But if we had not gone right through to Sedan, then could we accrue a jag tonight? I ask of you. You answer, "No, by Hector." And on our right the Second stands and stands, and so it is reported. We call them each and ev'ry day and ask them what they have to say. "Enemy aircraft getting gay," is what they have retorted.

8. ORDERS RECEIVED:

We've orders, orders everywhere, so many that we can but stare and wonder how in hell and where they were originated. We read them back and forward, too, and then we don't know what to do; though once again we look them through, they leave us agitated.

9. ACTION DURING THE DAY AND ORDERS ISSUED AND RECEIVED:

The doughboy laid his pack aside, the iron ration still inside, and opened up his jacket wide and sailed right in, by thunder! He tore them right; he tore them left and laughed while he used all that heft, for every German's bean was cleft, he rent the Hun asunder. Behind him, too, artillery roared, while overhead the big shells soared and into German batt'ries bored – my soul, it was attractive! But 'way above them in the sky they looked in vain for things that fly – report on; “visibility shy, aeroplanes inactive.”

10. RESULT OF ACTION, BOTH OWN AND ENEMY:

A hundred thousand captured Huns, a million more or less of guns, deloused machines and tons and tons of German made commodities. Some cannons, and some cooking stoves, and generals, captains, other coves were chased behind in droves and droves along with other oddities. Our line extends from left to right along the Meuse, thence to the height of Brandeville and out of sight, it really is too long to note. We've captured many a town and wood and hill and vale where towns have stood, we've taken everything we should and tied the can to Willie's goat.

11. MAPS ILLUSTRATING ABOVE:

See paragraph No. 4.

12. ESTIMATE OF THE SITUATION:

This is this! And that is that! And who is who and what is what! Such thoughts are running 'neath our hat in mighty cogitation. To find a phase with which to cope we tried, but now there is no hope; we must announce our latest dope, “There ain't no situation.”

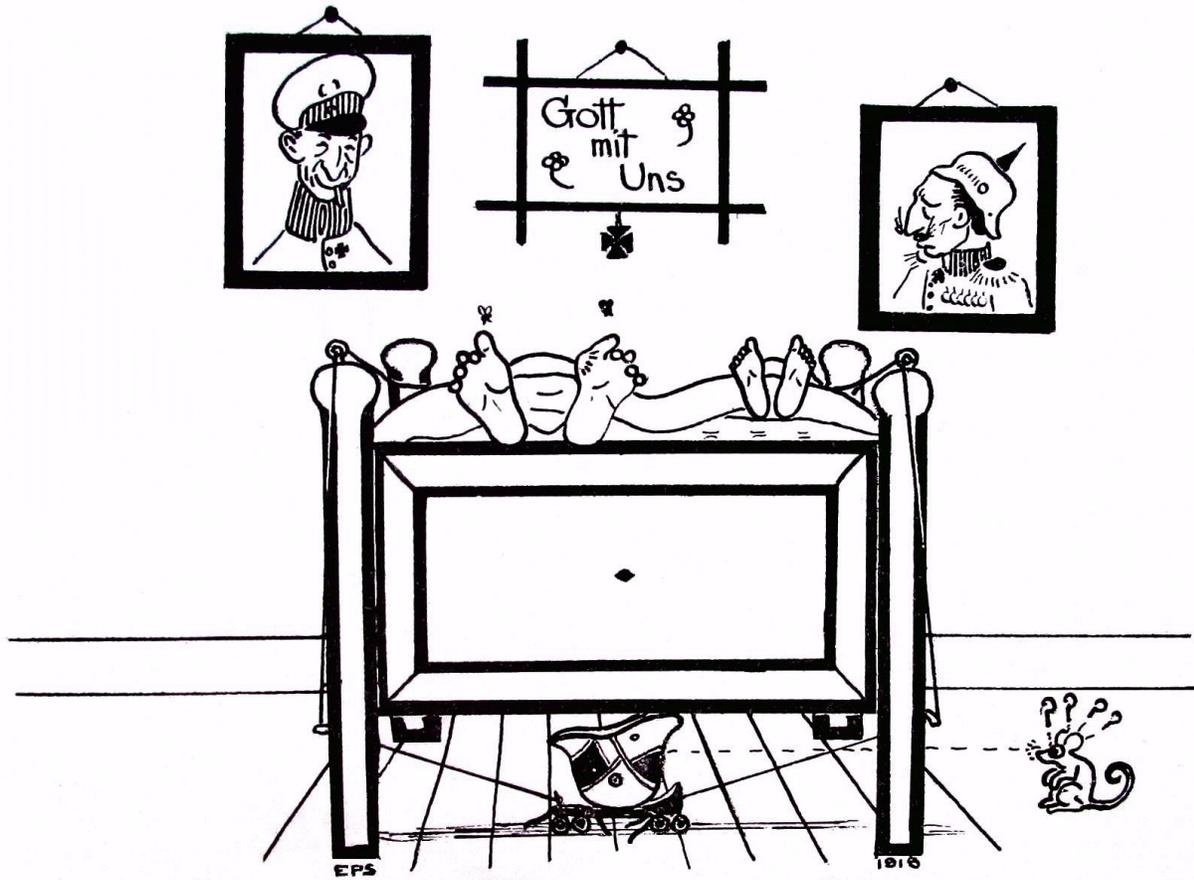
13. PLANS FOR FUTURE:

Exit at 32nd Street, a wild, mad dash across the street until, the rails beneath our feet, we'll cross the gin mill's border. We've quite resolved to never think, we only want to sit and drink and drink and drink and drink and drink; “Here, waiter, take the order.”

14. REMARKS:

The captured roads are poor to fair, supplies are normal everywhere, morale is quite beyond compare, the men are all in clover. The visibility now is fine, there are no Germans on the Rhine, so let's uncork a little wine, THE DAMNED OLD WAR IS OVER.

GEE WHIZ, Chief of Chaff.

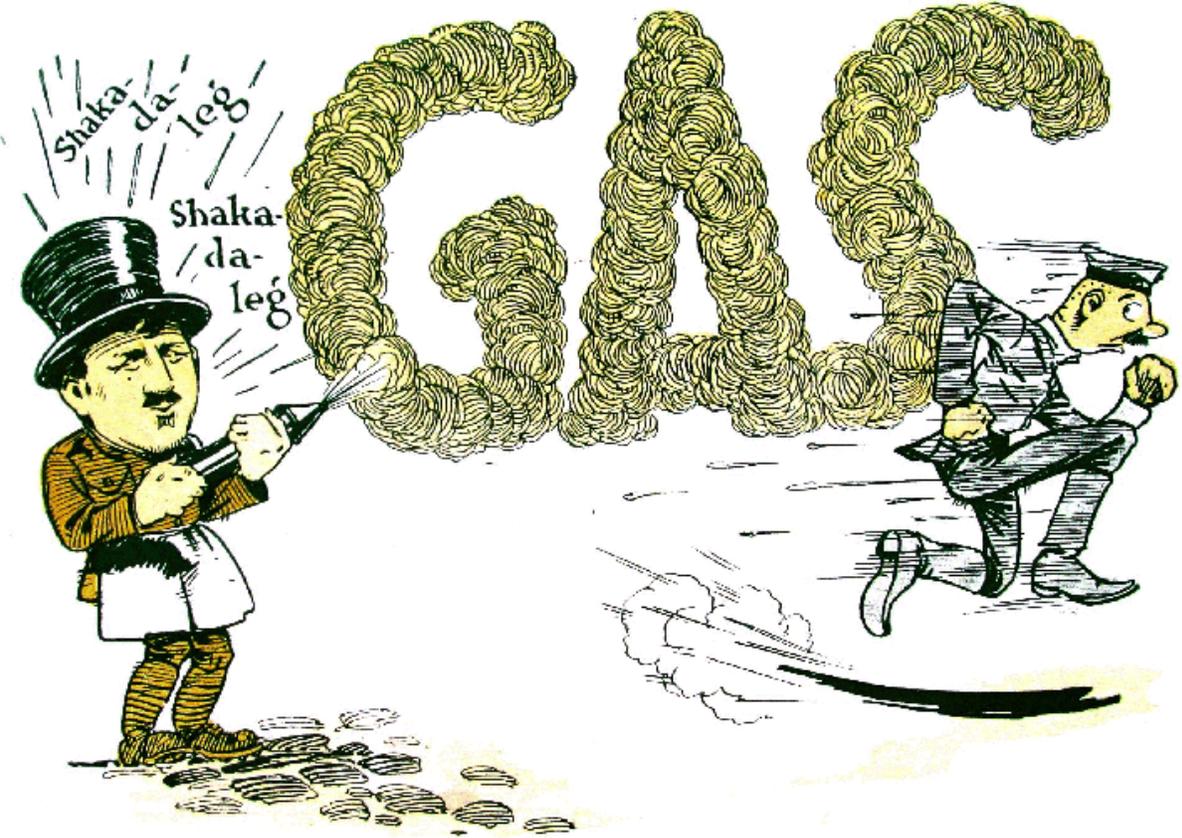


APRES LA GUERRE  
MODERN USE OF HUN HELMET

We fought in the  
St. Mihiel and the  
Meuse - Argonne

---

❧ ❧ NOT in the  
❧ ❧ Newspapers



## ON THE WAGON NOW.

C. O: Did you enlist or were you drafted?

Dad Amery: No, sir; I was under the influence of liquor.

## THE VET NOIR.

“How many hitches has yo’all got to yoah credit, huh?”

“Bout three-hundred-sixty-five. Ah’s been drivin’ a ahmy mule fob de past yeah.”

## FOR RATIONS.

Top: “You are a fine looking soldier, aren’t you?”

Forester: “Who, me? Man, I’m no soldier, I’m just attached to the army for rations.”

## ON THE RANGE.

“Say, Rookie, didn’t I tell you to take a fine sight?” yelled the Corporal. “Don’t you know what a fine sight is?”

“Sure I know what a fine sight is.” shouted back the Rookie. “It’s a transport full of Corporals – submarined.”

## IT ALWAYS HAPPENED.

Sgt. (In charge of working party out at night.) “So here you are again, hiding as usual. Every time I take you out on a working party you always duck into a shell hole or get out of sight. What’s your name and number?”

“I am the Officer in charge of the party.”

## THE NEW COLOR.

“Speaking of war heroines,” said Benjamin A. Rogers, “My favorite is Dolly Gray.”

“What is the matter with Olive?” demanded O’quin.

“Olive who?” asked Rogers.

“Olive Drab,” responded O’quin.

## A SOCIETY NOTE.

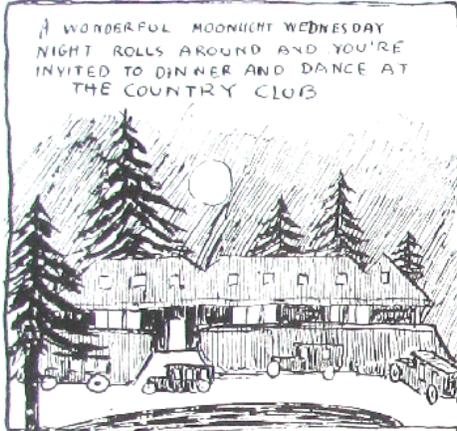
Master Engineer McIlwain visited the leave area at Savoi-Annecy. He reports very favorably on the Madamoiselles.

## TIT-FOR-TAT.

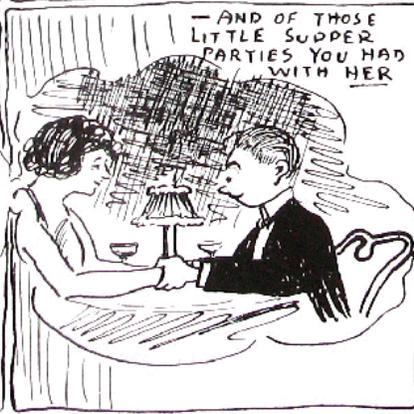
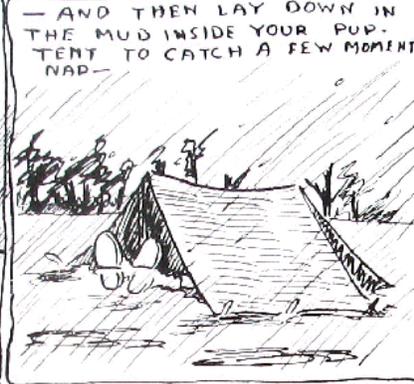
She wrote him: “Why are you only a private?”

He answered: “Why are you only a five and ten cent store girl?”

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE. No. 1.



SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE. No. 2.



LINDSAY  
WITH APOLOGIES TO BRIGGS

## TRIAL OF SUPPLY SERGEANT BOESLING FACTS ABOUT K. P.

On May 17th, 1919, Supply Sergeant Boesling was arrested by Sheriff Duke and tried in an especially convened court on the following charge:

‘Be it hereby known that Thomas Edward Boesling, Esquire, is charged with Malicious Mischief, Damnable cleanness, and the theft of two Hen Eggs (White) from the Sergeants Mess of Company “A”, 315th Engineers, on or about the night of May 16th, 1919, between the hours of 12 M. to 12 A. M. Said malicious mischief and Damnable Meanness to have been occurring during the past four months.’

Sergeants Hutchins and Sartain were Prosecuting Attorneys and Sergeants Garrity and Vance Attorneys for the Defense.

After a ten minute struggle the jury returned a verdict of “Not Guilty.”

## HOW TRUE.

A sign in a French Restaurant in Paris reads as follows: “American Officers are respectfully requested to address the waiters in English, as their French is not generally understood.”

The Dream of some 1st Sergeants is that they may hear their Commanding Officer say: “Sergeant, Dismiss the Army!”

One of the duties of Kitchen Police is to hold spuds in custody, and keep suspicious Eggs under surveillance.

Kitchen Police do not wear a Star until after they have attained the rank of Brigadier General.

The German Prisoners of war were not arrested by Kitchen Police.

A buck private peeling spuds in his undershirt, is the Kitchen Police’s equivalent for a plain clothes man.

A Mess Sergeant is a sort of Kitchen Police Judge.

Shavetails are not eligible for K. P.

Sergeants are eligible for K. P. at St. Nazaire.

Ask Rainosek.

## EVERYBODY WAS DOING IT.

A negro company, after having been in France for a few weeks, was addressed by their Top something after this fashion: “Ah understans that dere is a little insect dat inhabitates de soldiers over heah. Now, me an de Capn has a way ob gittin rid oh dese things called “Cuties.” Ah am goin to ask dat all oh you men who has dese here Cuties” to step one pace forward.

COMPANY, HALT! !!!

## “SAW BOSSY!”

Berry Franks: “Quick Doc” I’m about to choke.’~

Sgt. Griffith: “Whatnell’s matter with you?”

Berry: “Aw pshaw man, I was eating some corned willie and West hollered “Whoa.

THIRD ARMY CURRENCY.

Soap! Soap! Soap! Soap!  
You little piece of yellow soap.  
At home for five small cents it's sold,  
But here it's worth its weight in gold—  
Soap! Soap! Soap!

Soap! Soap! Soap! Soap!  
Any kind of cake of soap.  
At home we bring the girls bouquets,  
But here they have the soapy craze—  
Soap! Soap! Soap!

Soap! Soap! Soap! Soap!  
A little piece of washing soap.  
No coin is good that you possess,  
But show them soap and they'll say, yes,—  
Soap! Soap! Soap!

Soap! Soap! Soap! Soap!  
It takes but just a bit of soap  
To buy an iron cross or two  
Or get a guy an awful stew—  
Soap! Soap! Soap!

Soap! Soap! Soap! Soap!  
Fill your pockets full of soap,  
Then you are fixed with every Hun,  
And you can have just gobs of fun—  
With Soap! Soap! Soap!  
The Skirmisher.

PARIS.

What do you see as you walk the street,  
Shapeless, Shapely, big, Petite,  
Now, alas, No longer a treat?

LEGS.

Legs in black and Legs in brown,  
Legs disclosed through a Seymour Gown,  
Legs below where the skirt comes down,

LEGS.

Legs of all kinds, thick and thin,  
Legs bowed out and Legs bowed in,  
Legs that sometimes make you grin,

LEGS.

Legs with curves that delight the eye,  
Legs where skirts are much too high,  
Legs you hurriedly hasten by,

LEGS.

Legs so fat they make you laugh,  
Legs with a pitiful dwindling calf,  
Legs too much disclosed by half,

LEGS.

Legs in soft silk smoothly clad,  
Legs in cotton, but not half bad,  
Legs like Dear Aunt Mary had,

LEGS.

All you see as you walk the street,  
Seen till the landscape is replete,  
Everywhere your eyes they meet,

LEGS.

Contributed.

"AND THINK OF IT! THAT SAME MOON IS SHINING DOWN ON HIM OVER THERE."



ROMANCE.

## STABLE SERGEANT WEST RECEIVES IRON CROSS.

On May 17th, 1919 at Dusemond, Germany the Company stood in line to honor Stable Sergeant West who received an Iron Cross for having proved himself the Champion Schnapps drinking man in the A. E. F. The following is a resume of the ceremony as caught by Sgt. "Pete" through his Gas Mask:

Sgt. Sartain (Master of Ceremonies): "Gorsse Schwartz, please come forward, have a seat at the table.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fraulines, Bohunks and all who have to be present, we are meeting here this afternoon, that is to say because the Community of Pumpkin Center has requested it. We are meeting here for two purposes: first, Ich Weiss es nicht and number 2, es macht nicht aus.

But, I assure, you, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is for the best – for a good purpose. If it hadn't been, the Community wouldn't have requested it.

Have the Guard of Honor brought forward please!"

Bugle blows "Attention."

Sartain: "Come to attention – Kommen Sie to the order! Gentlemen we are proud to have with us this afternoon Sheriff Duke. He was elected by the Community of Pumpkin Center. I am sure he will serve you, and give you the very best in the state."

Enter Sheriff Duke in his Regalia.

Sheriff Duke: "Feller citerzins of this here county I beg of you to announce that I have been re-elected Sheriff of Pumpkin Center by the Community and Si Gruber.

We have one man in our community, I wish to announce that we speak of that man Grosse Schwartz, mostly known as schnapps hound. He is a bear. Vor im Kriegs ein Mark Funzig Jetzt Funf Mark. That pore innercent feller when he was up there at that Dockweiler, pore old West only had Funf Marks and there was a woman with a wooden leg sittin in a corner beggin for something to eat. What do you think he done? Passed her by and bought a drink of Schnapps! He is so brave in this here Community, so high with these Frauleins, the Mayor of this Community has presented him with a medal of honor, which I will now pin on him."

Robards: "Guard Attention!"

Duke: "Step Forward. This has been one great brave man in this here man Schwartz. The reason we are giving him this here medal is because he drinks more schnapps als wasser. Now Gentlemen we will drink in the honor of Grosse Schwartz. Silence while the Jedge drinks. You will now drink to the honor of Grosse Schwartz."

Cerilli: "Ich habe hier schone Bier."

Sartain: "Now then Community, while we drink, we want to have our old song 'Hail, Hail the gang's all here.'"

Community sings as directed.

West: "Beer is good, but Schnapps is besser."

Robards: "Guards Extension."

Duke: "I have one more honorable medal to present, to Cerilli, the Gas-a-Guard. Shaka-da-leg. About Face!"

The Community calls for Speech from Cerilli.

Cerilli: "Ich is Gas Guard. Ich haben viel gas guard on the front. Every dam one shaka-da-leg. Danke Schon.

ARMY RUBAIYAT.

Awake! This morning there's a bowl in sight  
Which will dispel the sleepiness of night;  
    And lo! before you've drained the dregs so  
sweet,  
Your customary grouch will take its flight.

Oh, quickly, while the dawn's yet in the sky,  
Approach the tavern's back-door on the sly,  
    And whisper to the Landlord, "Fill my cup  
With Schnapps or Wine or with a slug of Rye!"

And now the cup, reviving old desires,  
The thoughtful Buck to solitude retires,  
    Where he can ditch all details for the day  
And get the booze to which his soul aspires.

He fills the cup, and in the fires of spring,  
Regrets and cares and worry he will fling;  
    The Army Pay comes round but once a month –  
He harvests all the pleasure it can bring.

In making most of what he has to spend,  
He knows full well that soon his francs will end –  
    That he will have to on the carpet stand –  
Sans wine, sans song, sans money, and sans friend.

Landlords no question make of friend, or foes  
But serve their drinks to him who comes or goes;  
    Then when the drink mounts high – the purse  
grow's lean, He knows about it all – He knows – He  
knows!

Then swiftly through the tavern door, there broke  
A hated figure and the Buck awoke,  
    And, peering at it with his vision blurred,  
Fancied he recognized his own Top Soak.

Strange, is it not, that of myriad booze,  
'Tis quantity, not quality, we choose?  
    And when we fall from out the tavern door  
Into an M. P. 's arms, we lose, – we lose.

The grape, that can, when mixed with lager beer,  
Intoxicate, and fill your soul with cheer –  
    The sovereign alchemist, whose soothing brew  
Removeth sorrow and brings Heaven near!

A barrel of red wine beneath a bough –  
A quart of cognac – keg of beer – and Thou,  
    My German fraulein there to serve the drinks –  
Oh, Germany were paradise now!

Oh, thou who didst this army put me in  
And surrounded me with cognac and yin,  
    Thou surely will not hand me thirty days  
In hock, and then expect to see me grin!

But when at last I leave the guardhouse door  
To drown my sorrows as in the days of yore –  
    I'll seek and find the eternal wine that's poured  
Millions of bubbles for me – and will pour!  
— THE WASP.

## AIN'T IT HELL?

1. To have COOTIES.
2. To catch FRENCH ITCH.
3. To get a shot in the arm, and have setting up exercises the morning after.
4. To have ten minutes to get ready for Inspection and you discover that your rifle has not been touched since you fired one hundred rounds with it on the range four days ago, and you have a hardboiled 2nd. Lieut. with an eagle eye.
5. After you have done twenty-seven Kilo's, full-pack, on a muddy road, and pass three or four towns before you stop for the night after all that hiking.
6. After a long hike to get settled down for the night, and just when you are figuring on hitting the hay n'everything, the call to arms is sounded.
7. When, on a big pay-day, you are thinking of the time you will have that night – the Top comes along and tells you to get ready for a two weeks hitch on outguard ten Kilowats out in the jungles.
8. To have a Service Record somewhere in the A. E. F. that has not been seen or heard of for eleven months, and you have been drawing \$7.50 per month since it wandered off.
9. To come in after a hard days drill, dry and thirsty, and you make a bee-line for the Gast-Haus on the corner, only to find that it is forty-five minutes before opening time. To be in line for two hours at the canteen just to get a box of chocolate bonbons that you promised your Schatz and the next man in front of you gets the last box. When you call on your Schatz that night, you discover the bird who got the last box of bonbons, flanking your Fraulein with his right wing and shooting Gas at her front line, using the bonbons for propaganda. You retreat in disorder, but pick up courage and stand a desperate counterattack with a bar of G-I soap, but you are repulsed after you have incurred heavy losses to your vocabulary of Deutsch lingo.
10. To stay in the Army of Occupation and read, read, in the Stars and Stripes, of Divisions going to the States that never heard a shell burst.

## ON BOARD THE OLYMPIC.

- Hardaway: “Wonder whernell they catch those fish they hand us?”  
Donham: “Huh, They never caught em. They just naturally give Up...”

## SOME ARGUMENT.

- Crumbie: “Man I sho did have some argument with a Louie up in Berncastle today.”  
Wallace: “How was that?”  
Crumbie: “I stood at attention and he chewed the seat of my breeches out.”

MOVIES ON THE ALASKAN,

In the middle of the fourth reel the beautiful heroine is tossed over the Cliff by the Villain. She registers intense suffering. Apparently she is severely injured. Finally, with much effort, she regains her feet and consciousness, and limps out of sight. "Paint her with Iodine and mark her duty," yells a buck.

###

PAS COMPRE,

He: "Parlez vous Anglaise?"

She: "Very leetle, M'ser."

He: "Good! I say Kid, can you put a guy wise where a bird like me would be after findin' a hash joint with a little grub on tap?"

###

GIBSON,

Heave Ho, My Lads;

My breakfast lies deep in the ocean;

My lunch has been cast in the sea;

O, I am near dead from the motion;

Please bring back some poison to me.

###

IF,

X equals plenty of wine and Y equals lots of beer, and Z equals prohibition; then

X plus Y minus Z equals BLISS, and

Z minus X minus Y equals MISERY.

GEE!

My parents told me not to smoke,  
I don't.

Nor listen to a dirty joke,

I don't.

They've made it clear I mustn't wink  
At pretty girls, or even think  
About intoxicating drink,

I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong,

I don't.

While youth chase women, wine and song,

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one,

I do not know how it is done,

You wouldn't think I had much fun –

I don't.

– Rumbler

###

THOSE PREHISTORIC COOTIES

(new adaptation of the shortest poem ever written)

Adam

Had 'em.

(A shorter poem yet)

Dam'

em



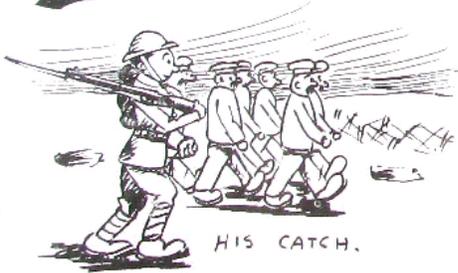
THE ADVANCE



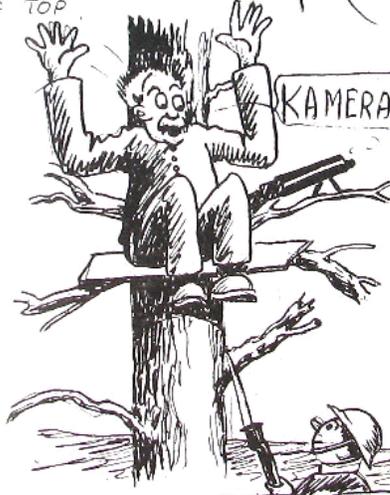
OVER THE TOP



"WHY DIDN'T THEY MAKE THESE SHELL-HOLES LARGER?"



HIS CATCH.



KAMERAD!



I WAS THERE.

MEMOIRS OF ST. MIHIEL.  
BY J. J. HOSBY



## CENSORED LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

When Mrs. Malone got a letter from Pat,  
 She started to read it aloud in her flat,  
 "Dear Mary," it stated, "I can't tell you much  
 I'm somewhere in France and I'm fighting the  
 Dutch.  
 I'm choking with news that I'd like to relate,  
 But it's little a soldier is permitted to state.  
 Do ye mind Red McPhee?—well, he fell in a  
 ditch,  
 An' busted his arm, but I can't tell you which;  
 An' Paddy O'Hara was caught in a flame  
 An' rescued by—Faith, I can't tell you his  
 name!  
 Last night I woke up with a terrible pain;  
 I thought for a while it would drive me insane.  
 Oh, the sufferin' I had was most dreadful to  
 bear—  
 I'm sorry, my dear, but I can't tell you where.  
 The doctor he gave me a pill, but I find  
 It's contrary to rules to disclose here the kind.  
 I've been to the dentist and had a tooth out;  
 I'm sorry to leave you so shrouded in doubt,  
 But the best I can say is that one tooth is gone—

The censor won't let me inform you which one.  
 I met a young fellow who knows you quite well,  
 An' you know him too, but his name I can't tell.  
 He's Irish, red-headed, and there with the  
 blarney;  
 His folks knew your folks back home in  
 Killarney."  
 "I'm sorry," said Mrs. Malone in her flat;  
 "It's hard to make sense out of writin' like that;  
 But I'll give him as good as he sends—that I  
 will."  
 So she went right to work with her ink-well and  
 quill,  
 And she wrote: "I suppose ye're dead eager for  
 news.  
 You know when you left we were buying the  
 shoes;  
 Well, the baby has come, an' we're both doin'  
 well.  
 It's a—oh, but that's something they won't let  
 me tell.  
 —Sugar Press.

WHEN THE ORDERS COME,

Theres a boat a-riding anchor  
In the port of St. Nazaire,  
And her bow's a-facing westward  
For some good Atlantic air;  
You can have my whole durned outfit  
For I haven't got a care  
When a ship's a-loading cargo  
For a harbor over there.

They can have the French they taught me  
As a blooming souvenir –  
I know another language  
That is sweeter to my ear;  
They can have their watered cognac  
And their old left-over beer,  
For we've finished up the business  
Till there ain't no liquor here.

There's a Goddess in a harbor  
With a bugle at her lip  
And she blows the notes of Recall  
O a soldier-ladened ship;  
And my buddy's over waitin'  
With a bottle on his hip—  
And he's got it all protected  
If his happy feet should slip.

They can tell Marie Louisa  
That I'm off to sandy Hook,  
That the lovin' ways she taught me  
Ain't so new to this old crook –  
That no seconds will be issued  
And she needn't come to look,  
Cause the address ain't my address  
That I scribbled in her book.

Oh! My baby, I'm a-comin',  
And I'll strut the avenue  
And I'm just so happy, honey,  
That I don't know what to do;  
Well, I'm ready for paradin'  
For I've seen the Heinies through.  
But I'll march at no attention  
When I lay my eyes on you.  
– J. P. C.

THIS WAS WRITTEN BEFORE JULY 1st.

“Say, what would you rather be, a lieutenant  
with a bar on your shoulder or a civilian with  
your shoulder on a bar?”  
– Courier.

Blessed be the soldier that expecteth  
nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.

McIlwain (at French Home Bure-les-Templiers)  
“Madam, Avez-vous my laundry done?”

RENDER UNTO CAESAR.

The years had flown and I stood in awe  
Before the gates of another world,  
And I watched the phantom hosts of war  
In silence pass the gates of pearl.

At first came Generals, old and gray –  
Then Colonels, Majors, and the rest;  
And as the sentry blocked the way  
They said, “Let’s pass, we’ve stood the test.”

Far down the line, with wearied step,  
Approached a soldier, bent and worn;  
His ragged form showed loss of pep;  
His ill-matched clothes were old and torn.

“Halt! ‘Who’s there?’” the sentry frowns,  
“And what were you in this great war?  
For only those who wear Sam Brownes  
Can gain admittance at this door.”

“I’m just a buck from the big advance,  
Who smiled at the vaulting tricks of fate;  
I grinned at death and its fighting chance,  
And now I deserve to pass that gate.

“At Epernay, where the Marne ran red,  
And the doughboys filled the Hun with fear.  
We saw no painted signs which said:  
‘Enlisted Men Cannot Come Here!’

“We privates had a gruelling fight,  
And in this place we’ll not be barred.”  
And the sentry said, Old Pal, you’re right.”  
Then he bellowed loud, “Turn out the guard!”  
—Howard A. Herty.

AT ST. NAZAIRE.

A large colored boy in the front rank was  
bothered considerably by a small negro behind  
him who had a great deal of trouble keeping  
step. Finally, in sheer desperation, the big buck  
turned and exclaimed: “Boy, if you all don’ stop  
tryin’ tuh climb mah spinal colyum in that  
mannab, I’s sho gwine tub de-e-mobilize yo’ in  
fo’ counts.”

At first she wrote him every day,  
Always with a hug and kiss,  
She wrote to him so often  
Thathismailcamelikethis.

And then one day he sailed away,  
She forgot that hug and kiss  
And began to write her letters  
Some -- thing -- like -- this.

Cook Edwards walked the floor quite a  
good deal at night. Said he was training for a  
job at home.

“ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE”

(Extracts from letters received in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Allotment Section, at Washington, D. C.)

“Ain’t got no book lurnin an I am writin for inflammation.

“Just a line to let you know I am a widow an four children.”

“He was inducted in the surface.”

“I have a four months old baby and he is my sole support.”

“A lone woman and parsely dependent.”

“When you took my husband you took the best man I had.”

“As I need his assistance to keep me inclosed.”

75.” “Owing to my condition, which I havent walked for three months for a broken leg which is no.

“Q. Your relationship to him? A. I am still his believed wife.”

“Kind Sir or She I am left with a child seven months old and she is baby and cant work.”

“And he was my best supporter.”

“I received my insurance polish and have since moved my Post-Office.”

“I am his wife and only air.”

“You ask for my allotment number. I have four boys and two girls.”

“Please correct my name as I could not and would not go under a consumed name.”

“I am writing in the Y. M. C. A. with a Piano playing in my uniform.”

“Now Mrs. Wilson see if the President cant help, need help bad. I need him to see after me.”

“Both sides of our parents are old and poor.”

“Please send me a wife’s form.”

“I have been in bed for thirteen years with one doctor and intend to try another.”

“I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front.”

“You have changed my little girl into a boy. Will it make any difference?

“Please let me know if John put in his application for a wife and child.”

“I am writing to ask why I have not received my elopement.”

“You have taken my man away to fight and he was the best fighter I ever had.”

“Q. Date of birth? A. Not yet but soon.”

“Dear Mr. McAdoo I have a wife and nine children. Should I have more or less?”

“We have another war baby in our house. How much more do I get?”

“Please send back my marriage certificate soon. The baby hasn’t eaten anything for the last three days.”

GERMAN is spoken only in HELL AND GERMANY.

Go there to speak it.

# Home Addresses of Officers and Men, Company "A" 315th Engineers

## OFFICERS

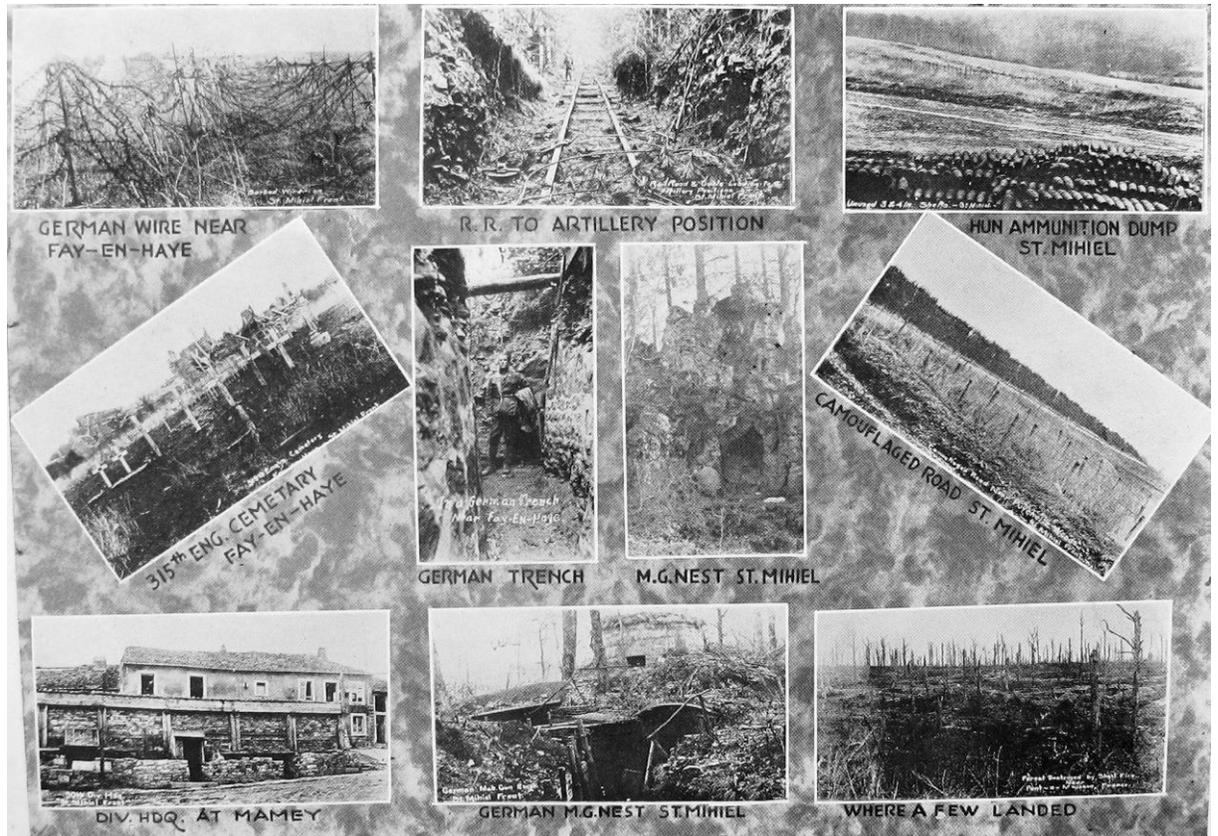
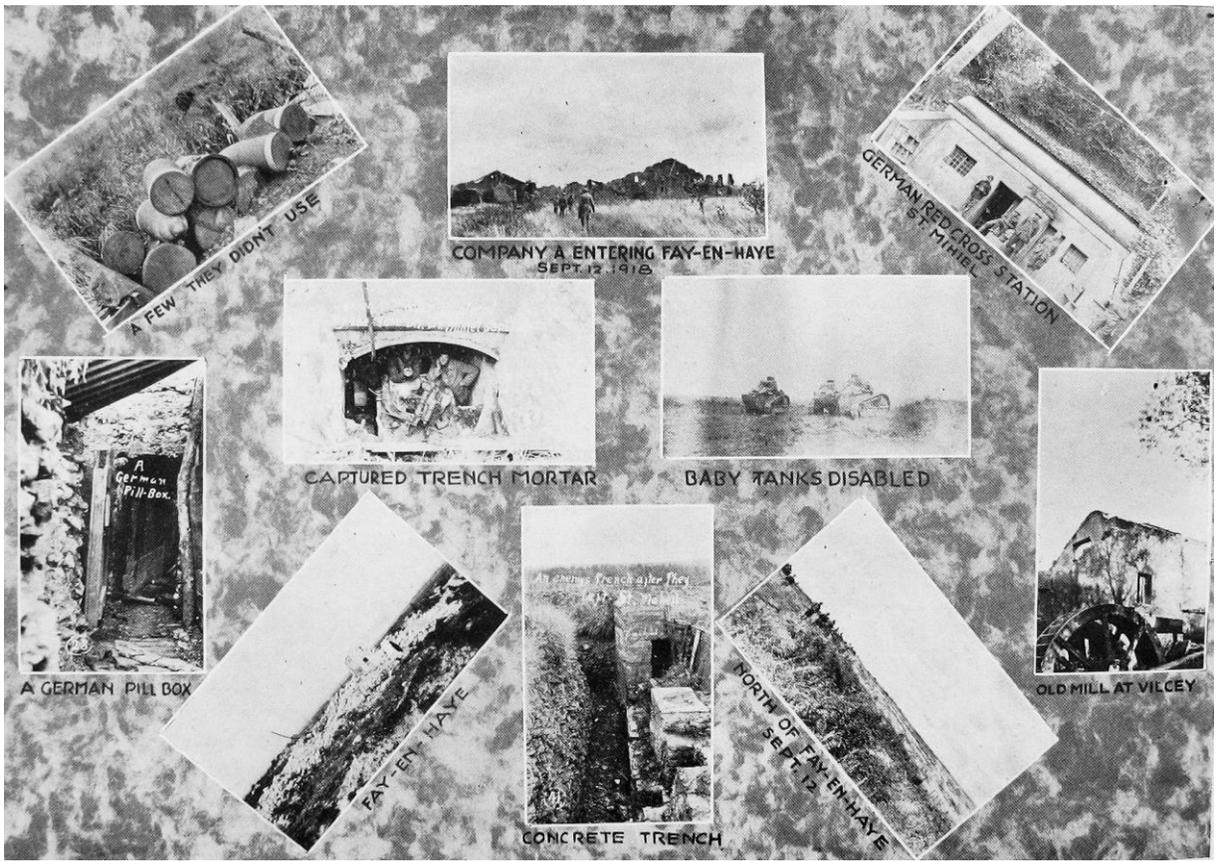
Baker, Ralph W.	Deming, N. M.	Lindblom, Herbert R.	Providence, R. I.
Boger, William E.	Ft. Worth, Tex.	Millender, Jos. E. L.	Corsicana, Tex.
Gammie, Thomas G.	Ponca City, Okla.	Snow, Henry E.	Donna, Tex.
Hess, Glen H.	Crosbyton, Tex.	Taylor, Lee T.	Fort Worth, Tex.
Hintz, Richard W.	Scaly, Tex.	Waters, James S.	Galveston, Tex.
Lewy, Vivian J.	Albuquerque, N. M.		

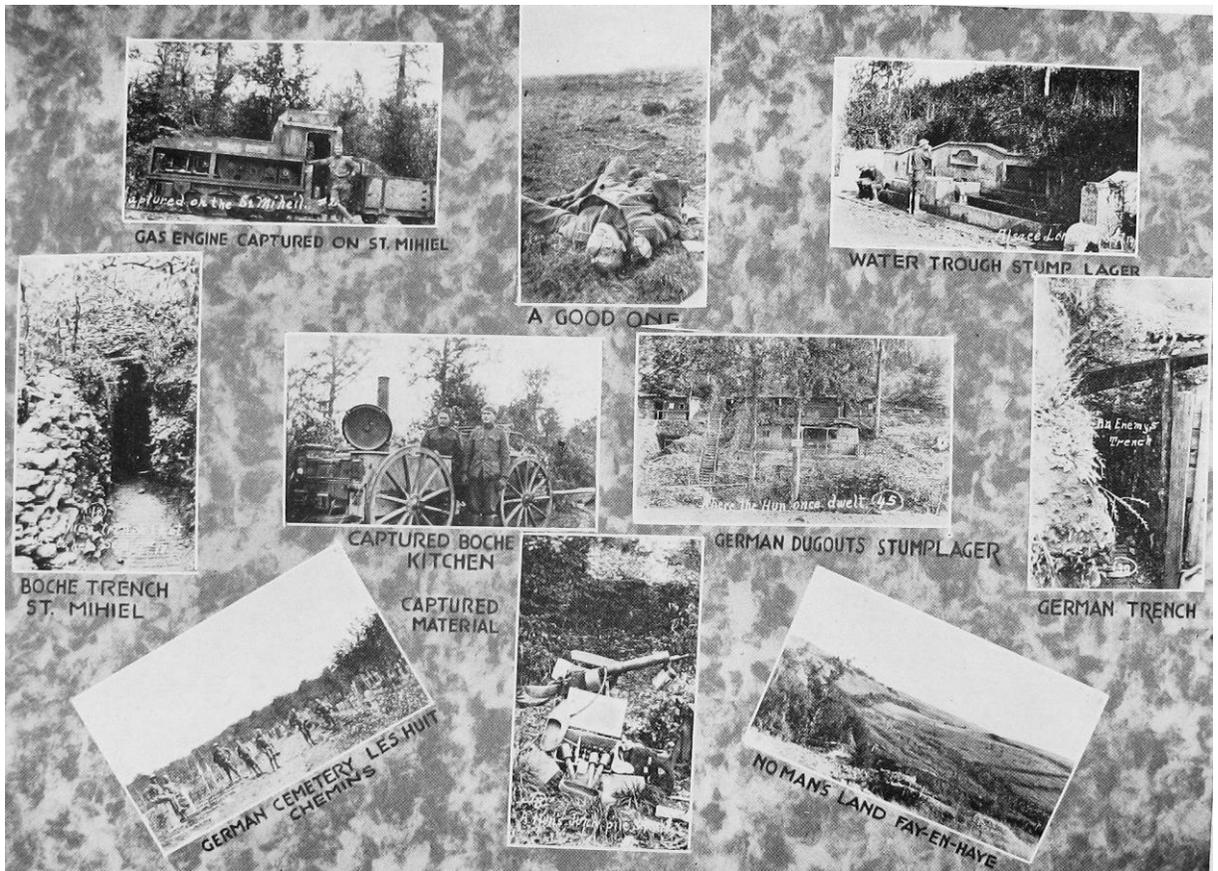
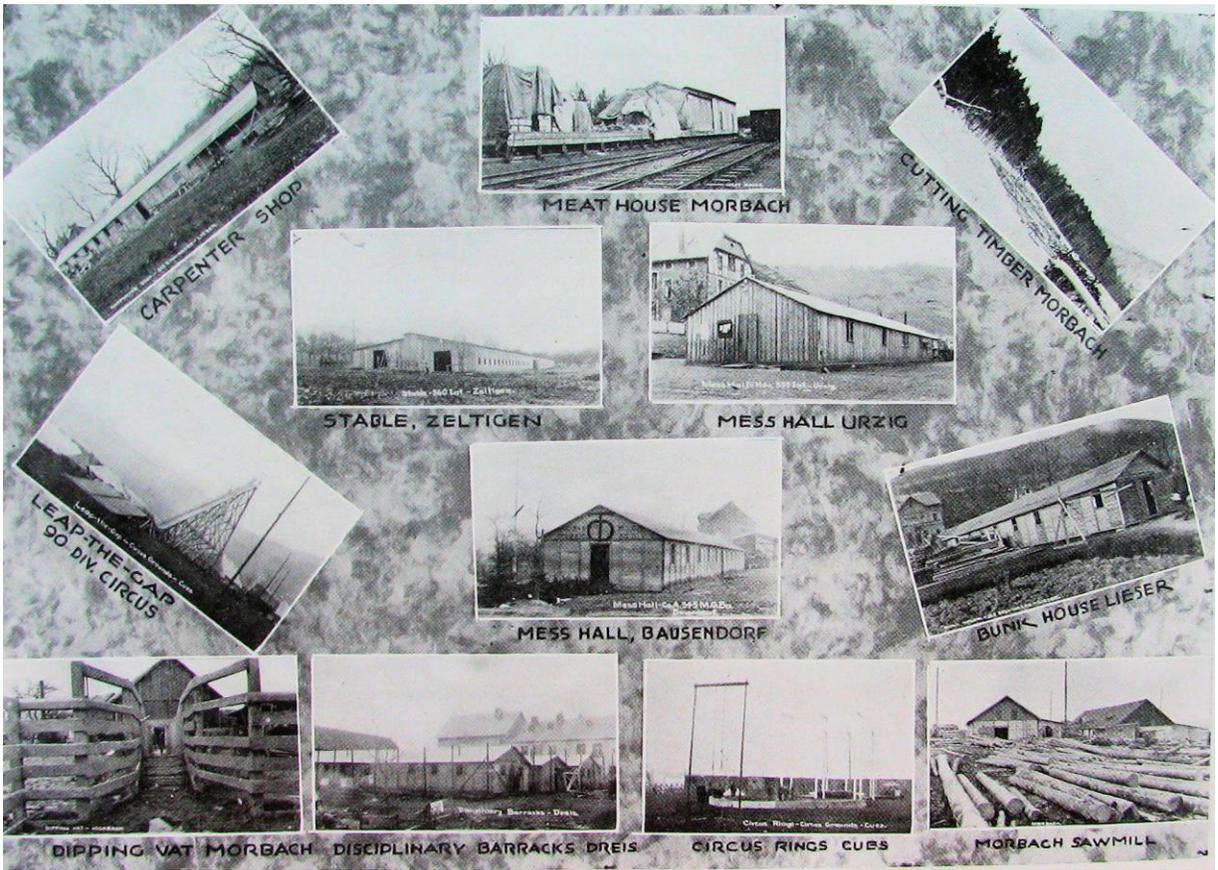
## ENLISTED MEN

Anderson, Anders J.	Fairfield, N. D.	Clearwater, George D.	Binghampton, N. Y.
Anderson, Hildrum A.	Eveleth, Minn.	Coen, David E.	Mingo Junction, Ohio
Anderson, John H.	Paris, Tex.	Coley, Irwin G.	Bryson, Tex.
Anderson, Leslie H.	St. Cloud, Minn.	Combs, John	Ogden, Ia.
Anderson, Martin A.	Fosston, Minn.	Cox, Andrew W.	Missouri Valley, Ia.
Anderson, Peter J.	Exira, Ia.	Cox, William C.	Detroit, Tex.
Antrim, Herman E.	Missouri Valley, Ia.	Crawford, John E.	Silsbee, Tex.
Archer, Floyd L.	Bartlesville, Okla.	Crenshaw, John	Rogers, Tex.
Arrighini, Artel	Detroit, Mich.	Cromer, Anthony L.	Fairbault, Minn.
Barshop, Sam	Dallas, Tex.	Crumbie, Watson A.	Dothan, Tex.
Barrett, Don L.	DeVol, Okla.	D'Alessandro, Antonio	New York, N. Y.
Barton, Nolan	Nolan, Tex.	Daly, James F.	Dyersville, Ia.
Bellfountaine, George H.	Greenport, N. Y.	Daly, Maurice F.	Crosby, Minn.
Bembenek, William	Davenport, Ta.	Davies, Taylor W.	Crosby, N. D.
Berg, John	Karlstad, Minn.	Dennis, Robert T.	Hillsboro, Tex.
Berg, John A.	Buhl, Minn.	DeVoire, William V.	Cleveland, Ohio
Blanck, Carl	Fairmount, Minn.	Dickens, George F.	Dallas, Tex.
Boazman, Alvin E.	Lineville, Ala.	Dieter, Erwin G.	George, Ia.
Boehm, Herman J.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Dills, Marion J.	Phoenix, Ariz.
Boesling, Thomas E.	San Antonio, Tex.	Doglio, Albert	S. Wilmington, Ill.
Bolduan, Paul C.	Rochester, Minn.	Donham, Robert L.	Elk City, Okla.
Brennan, Frank M.	Cleveland, Ohio	Donley, Joe F.	Ranger, Tex.
Brumit, E.	Lone Oak, Tex.	Douglass, Malcolm	San Francisco, Cal.
Buckner, David	Hurley, Wis.	Duckworth, Frank M.	San Angelo, Tex.
Burgess, Floyd T.	Houston, Tex.	Duke, James C.	Bartlesville, Okla.
Burrell, Simpson O.	Dallas, Tex.	Dunn, Doc P.	Bridgeport, Tex.
Cadle, Oliver R.	Stronghurst, Ill.	Dunn, Drewery A.	Marietta, Ga.
Campbell, Joseph D.	Columbus, Ohio	Edler, Herbert H.	Reinbeck, Ia.
Canepa, Salvatore	New York, N. Y.	Edwards, Jesse W.	Pine Creek, Tex.
Caputo, Pasquale	Gloversville, N. Y.	Eidson, Virgil	Blue Jacket, Okla.
Carlson, Gust.	St. Paul, Minn.	Elam, William	Dewey, Okla.
Carmichael, Edward L.	Oakdale, Cal.	Ellickson, William A.	Madison, Minn.
Cerilli, Joseph	Detroit, Mich.	Enders, Oscar P.	Harper, Tex.
Childress, Fred H.	Tulia, Tex.	Erickson, Axel	Virginia, Minn.
Childs, Bryant C.	Center, Tex.	Erickson, Cecil J.	Houston, Tex.
Clauson, Oscar	Owatonna, Minn.	Erickson, Erick R.	Two Harbors, Minn.

Etzel, Robert A.	Rock Island, Ill.	Jester, Gordon D.	Pontiac, Ill.
Ewing, Charles	Keokuk, Ia.	Johnson, Carl H.	Stillwater, Minn.
Farms, Carl E.	Cherokee, Ia.	Johnson, Conrad G.	Blueearth, Minn.
Farnsworth, John W.	McKinney, Tex.	Johnson, Emil A.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Farrell, Francis L.	Menlo, Ia.	Johnson, Lee W.	Byron, Minn.
Fayle, John J.	Maiden, Mass.	Johnson, Roy M.	Hereford, Tex.
Fiddler, Roy H.	Beardstown, Ill.	Jones, Hilliard H.	San Benito, Tex.
Findeisen, Arthur H.	Green Bay, Wis.	Jones, Leroy B.	Waterloo, Ia.
Fischer, Emil	St. Paul, Minn.	Juras, John	Streator, Ill.
Fisher, Louis S.	Randolph, Wis.	Kennedy, John L.	New York, N. Y.
Forster, John H.	Kansas City, Mo.	Kerner, George R.	Bittendorf, Ia.
Franklin, Claude	Lexington, Tex.	King, Carl	Willacoochee, Ga.
Franks, Berry	Beaumont, Tex.	Kipp, Robert	Giddings, Tex.
Freeman, William W.	Cleveland, Ga.	Krings, Anthony J.	New York, N. Y.
Gagne, Ephram	Waterville, Me.	Kroske, Stephen J.	St. Paul, Minn.
Garrity, Norbert T.	Beaumont, Tex.	Kuhn, Edmund M.	Brandon, Minn.
Gaston, Joseph H.	Nacogdoches, Tex.	Lamb, Clifford R.	Keene Valley, N. Y.
Gersch, Theodore E.	Northrup, Tex.	Lancaster, Elves D.	Alvord, Tex.
Gersch, William C.	Northrup, Tex.	Lane, Earl D.	Waterloo, Ia.
Gilbert, Walter	Grapevine, Tex.	Leslie, Lynn H.	Marceline, Mo.
Gillett, James E.	Avon, Ill.	Leutwyler, Ed. T.	Calvert, Tex.
Gillogly, Lon M.	Carlton, Minn.	Lewis, Henry H.	Addison, Tex.
Gipson, Lee	Overton, Tex.	Liepke, August	Syracuse, N. Y.
Gordon, Robert W.	Longview, Tex.	Lieuellen, Abe C.	Columbus, Ohio
Graham, Thomas P.	Hamilton, Mo.	Lodien, Aleck L.	Cambridge, Minn.
Groom, Caleb	Rock Island, Ill.	Lokka, Peter	Ripley, Minn.
Gross, Max	Evansville, Md.	MacDonald, Edgar P.	Panama
Gruber, Arnold O.	New Prague, Minn.	McFarlin, Andrew U.	Franklin, Ky.
Gum, Scot H.	Hatchel, Tex.	McGraw, James A.	LaSalle, Ill.
Hagen, Elmer O.	Northwood, N. D.	McPhillips, George W.	St. Paul, Minn.
Haladej, Victor	Minneapolis, Minn.	McQueen, Elza N.	Belle Flame, La.
Hansen, Andrew B.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Mackey, Huel W.	Gladewater, Tex.
Hanson, Nels A.	Morgan, Minn.	Main, William H.	Wapello, Ia.
Hardaway, Weyman L.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Ma]sch, Milton D.	Houston, Tex.
Harrison, Charles H.	Mansfield, Tex.	Marcotte, Matthew	St. Paul, Minn.
Hartman, Frank	St. Joseph, Ill.	Marino, Nicholas	Philadelphia, Pa.
Hems, Frank C.	Beaumont, Tex.	Marvik, Daniel	Virginia, Minn.
Henderson, William E.	Gainesville, Tex.	Mathiews, J. C.	Woodson, Tex.
Hensley, Otto	Dallas, Tex.	Merila, Andrew A.	Astoria, Ore.
Hilton, William H. S.	Franklin, Tex.	Metz!er, Carl C.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Holland, Malvin J.	Norway, Ia.	Milsotan, Edward G.	Rochester, Minn.
Hollingsworth, Ben. F.	Georgetown, Ill.	Minor, Robert N.	Kaufman, Tex.
Hollingsworth, Warren B.	Mt. Airy, N. C.	Mitchell, Herbert S.	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Hughes, Thomas N.	Peoria, Ill.	Morgan, Andrew E.	Marshall, Mo.
Hutchins, John R.	Grandview, Tex.	Morris, Hobart E.	Chicago, Ill.
Ingraham, Lawrence J.	Adirondack, N. Y.	Mosel, Walter E.	Morris Ranch, Tex.
Jackson, Arthur D.	Cedar Falls, Ia.	Mueller, Henry L.	Cuero, Tex.
Januchowski, Frank J.	Joliet, Ill.	Nickelson, Isaac I.	Ft. Wayne, Md.
Jensen, Harry W.	St. Paul, Minn.	Noble, Jefferson D.	Victoria, Tex.

Nyberg, Rudolph J.	Duluth, Minn.	Skordahl, Ole	Sinai, S. D.
Nygren, Fred W.	Boone, Ia.	Sliger, Henry C.	Shep, Tex.
Oakley, Stewart	Janesville, Wis.	Snyder, Harry O.	Marville, Ill.
Odell, Harry W.	El Paso, Tex.	Stebbins, Joseph B.	S. Deerfield, Mass.
Olson, Emil	Alexandria, Minn.	Stefanich, Louis	Tower, Minn.
Opdyke, Enos J.	Waterloo, N. Y.	Stone, Percy E.	Mineral, Ill.
Oquin, Sevan J.	Beaumont, Tex.	Swanson, John E.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Owens, Monty B.	Belton, Tex.	Thomas, Carl C.	Ft. Worth, Tex.
Padgett, Elmer	Oakland, Okla.	Thomas, James R.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Pearson, Guy W.	Monmouth, Ill.	Thome, Albert M	St. Paul, Minn.
Peterson, Edwin B.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Thompson, Charles E .	Greenback, Tenn.
Petrillo, Albert	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Thompson, Walter O.	Monona, Ia.
Potasnak, John	Clayton, Wis.	Tidwell, Oscar M.	Stockbridge, Ga.
Qualliza, Michele.	Chicago, Ill.	Toiler, Otha E.	Carrs, Ky.
Rainosek, Joseph	LaGrange, Tex.	Trout, Chester L.	Buffalo, Ia.
Ranson, Fred B.	Joshua, Tex.	Tullis, Earl R.	Longford, Kan.
Rasmussen, Robert C.	Parkers Prairie, Minn.	Tweedt, Osmund J.	Huxley, Ia.
Redmon, Peter I.	Washington, D. C.	Vance, James H.	Mineral Wells, Tex.
Revill, Aaron	Big Sandy, Tex.	Waddill, Frederick V.	Rochelle, Tex.
Richardson, Harvey C.	Clinton, Okla.	Waldrop, Amos E.	Beckville, Tex.
Riedi, Christian	Dubuque, Ia.	Wallace, Walker	Bagwell, Tex.
Riker, Elmer L.	Okmulgee, Okla.	Walsh, Edmund R.	Detroit, Mich.
Rizzatti, Gino J.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Walton, William F.	Pittsburg, Tex.
Robards, Frank A.	Cooper, Tex.	Warfield, Albert	Streator, Ill.
Rogers, Benjamin A.	Hawkeye, Ia.	Waye, Leo B.	St. Louis, Mo.
Romer, Charles L.	Seymour, Conn.	Wesely, Joseph	Owatonna, Minn.
Rossman, Roy E.	Lonetree, Ia.	West, Campbell G.	Georgetown, Tex.
Rundberg, Donald H.	Yale, Ia.	Westbrook, Woody N.	Newcastle, Tex.
Sartain, Jake C.	Atlanta, Ga.	Wheelock, John N.	Troup, Tex.
Savage, Ross	Hollis, Okla.	Wilkie, Clifford E.	Bryant, Okla.
Sayre, Louis A.	Tulsa, Okla.	Williams, David J.	Hiteman, Ta.
Schad, Phillip A.	Gainesville, Tex.	Williams, James A.	San Antonio, Tex.
Schlichting, Charles	Hazardville, Conn.	Williams, Leroy	Ft. Worth, Tex.
Schmidt, John	Fairbury, Ill.	Willems, Hector	Big Wells, Tex.
Schmidt, Robert	Fairbury, Ill.	Wilson, Robert C.	Clovis, N. M.
Schroeder, Henry	Harrisburg, Tex.	Wimberly, Rubie	Lyra, Tex.
Scott, Vernon M.	Berkeley, Cal.	Wolf, Oris C.	Newmansville, Pa.
Sekusky, William J.	Pittstown, Pa.	Wood, Cleo	Combes, Tex.
Serrato, Jose	Refugio, Tex.		







IN THE TRENCHES ST. MIHIEL



FAY-EN-HAYE



A DUD  
Alsace Lorraine



G.I. CANS



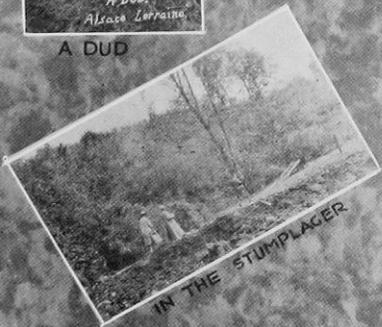
GERMAN TRENCH



THE MILL AT VILCEY



GERMAN CEMETERY STUNPLAGER



IN THE STUMPLAGER



AMERICAN GRAVES ST. MIHIEL



NEAR NANTILLOIS



IN THE DITCH NEAR CUNEL



NEAR NANTILLOIS



GERMAN PILL BOX  
MALAN COURT



ONCE A TREE - VERDUN



BANTHEVILLE



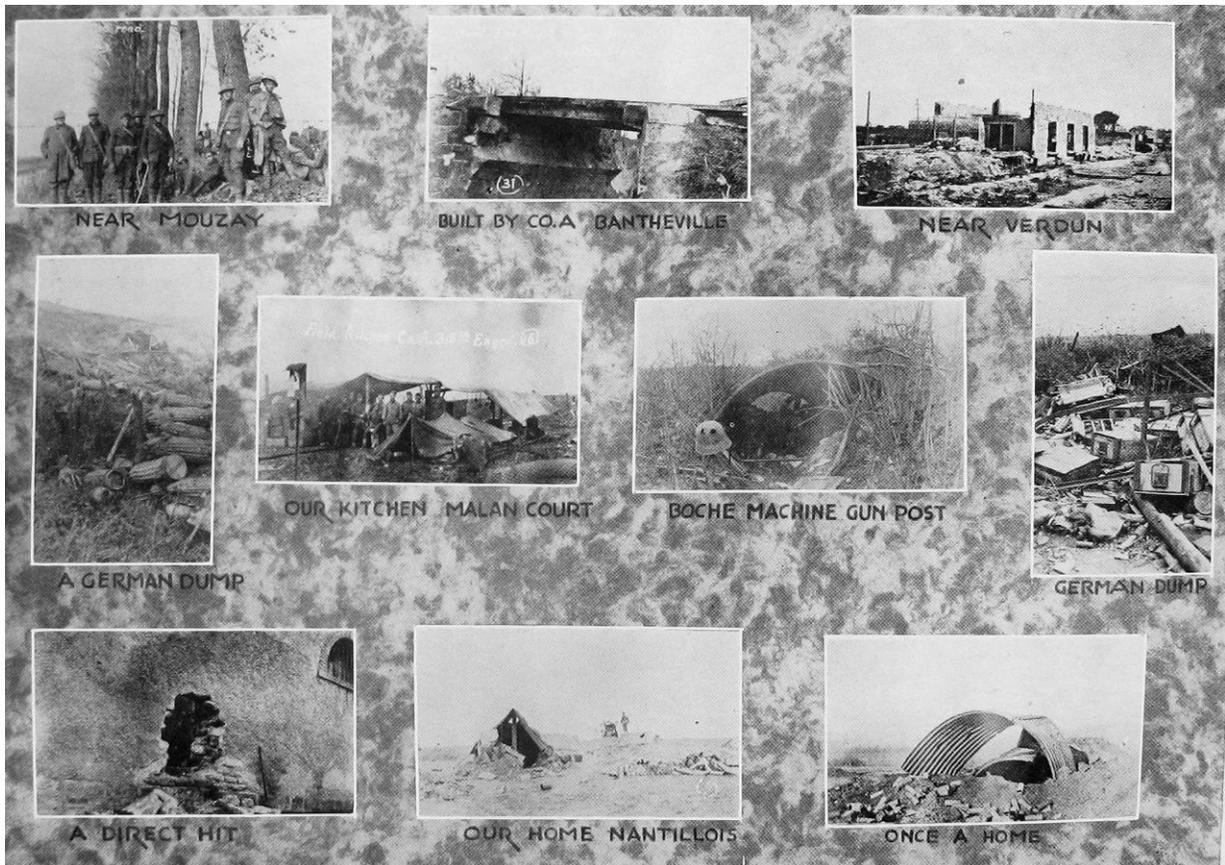
CAPTURED MACHINE GUN  
AMMUNITION



FAKE GERMAN TANK



A GERMAN ARCHIE





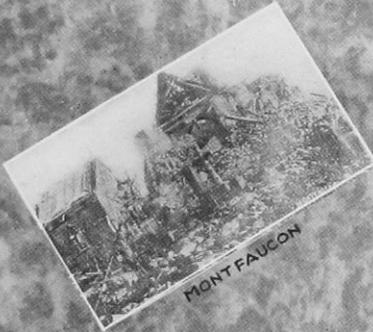
Built by 315th ENGRS. SASSEY



ALONG THE MEUSE



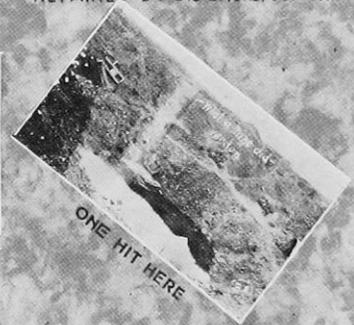
REPAIRED BY 315th ENGRS. DUN-SUR-MEUSE



MONTFAUCON



DUN-SUR-MEUSE



ONE HIT HERE



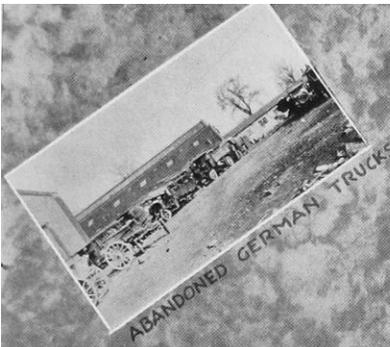
CHURCH AFTER BOMBARDMENT



VERDUN



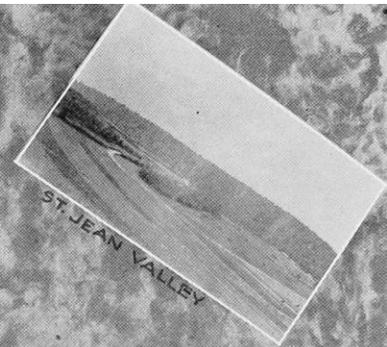
REPAIRED BY 315th ENGRS. SASSEY



ABANDONED GERMAN TRUCKS



BURE-LES-TEMPLIERS



ST. JEAN VALLEY



MAIN STREET ST. NAZAIRE



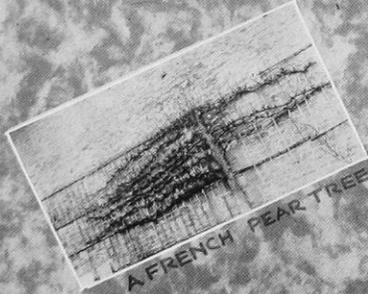
ST. JEAN VALLEY



A FRENCH GRAVE



CAPTURED GUNS PARIS



A FRENCH PEAR TREE



CEMETERY STENAY



THE MEUSE



COBLENZ



GEROLSTEIN CASTLE IN THE SNOW



PELM CASTLE



THE RHINE



SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS



HEAVIES TURNED IN AFTER ARMISTICE



KERPEN CASTLE ENTRANCE



REVIEW AT WITTLICH



NACH MORBACH



PASSING IN REVIEW WITTLICH



CHOW LINE BURE-LES-TEMPLIERS



MEUSE RIVER



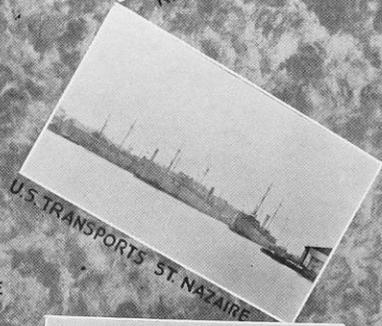
REGT. P.C. STENAY



THE BASIN ST. NAZAIRE



TYPICAL FRENCH HOME



U.S. TRANSPORTS ST. NAZAIRE



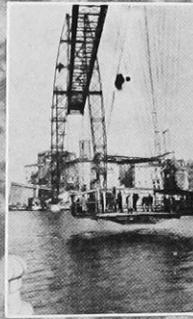
CHOW LINE BURE



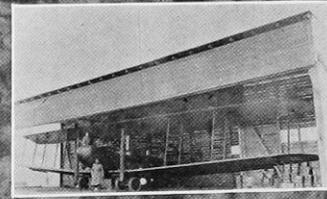
ETAIN



ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES



NANTES



LONGUYON



NANTES



STENAY



ABANDONED PLANE



CROWN PRINCE'S HOME  
STENAY



MAKING WINE LUCY



FRENCH CHICKENS



FRENCH ART



GEROLSTEIN CASTLE



SCHMITTY



PASSING IN REVIEW, WITTLICH



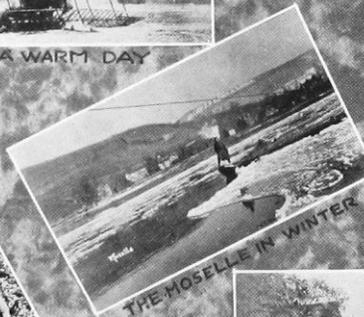
HE HAD A WARM DAY



CUTTING TIMBER MORBACH



GALLI



THE MOSELLE IN WINTER



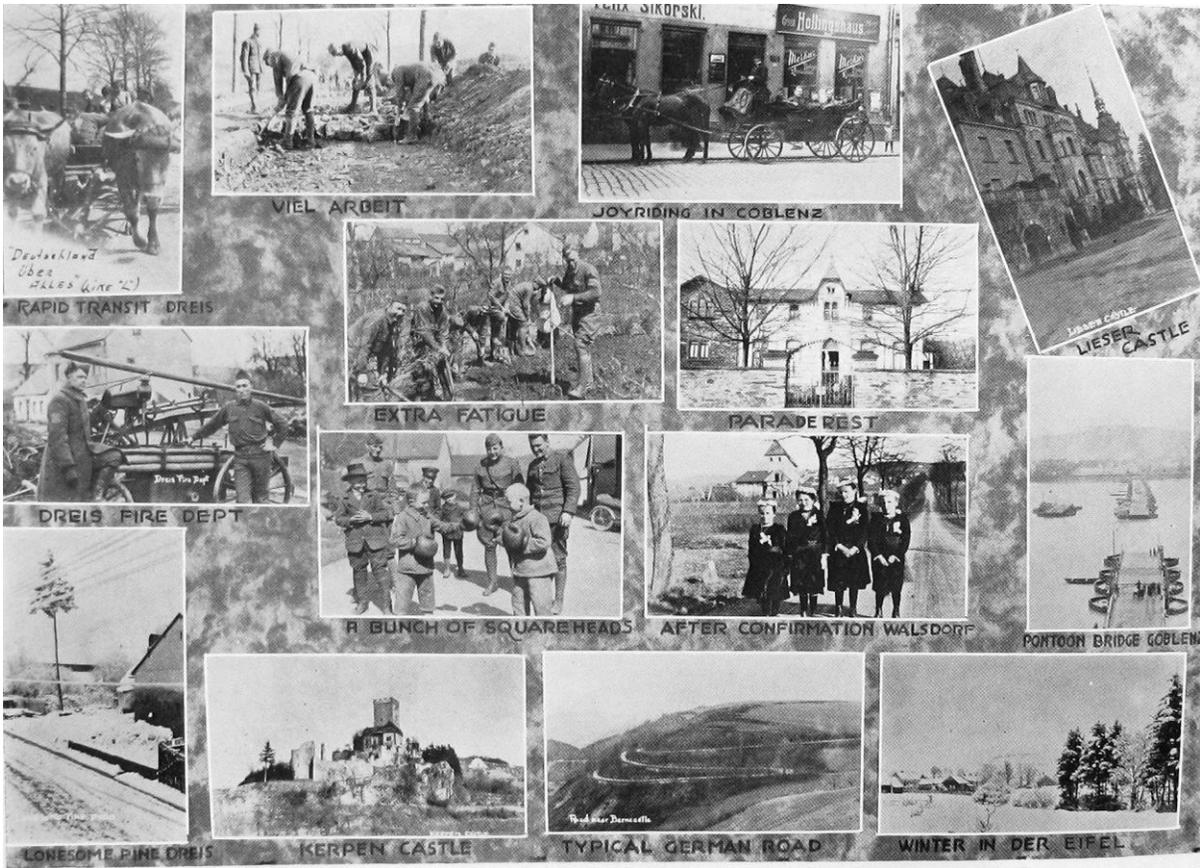
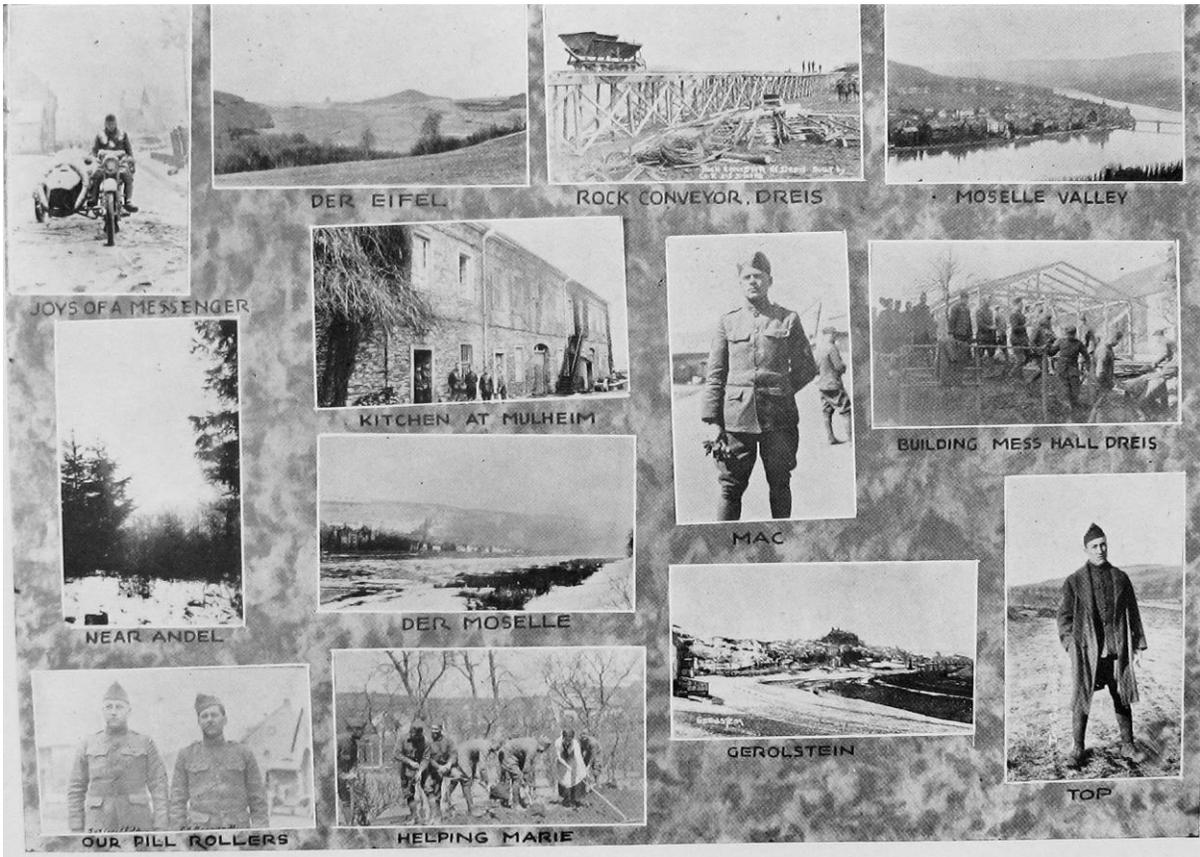
GERMAN RUBBER TIRE



WEIN TRINKEN



TYPICAL GERMAN  
BRIDGE

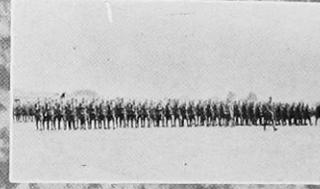




RESTING AT NANTES



GRUBER



PASSING IN REVIEW ST. NAZAIRE



ON THE BEACH AT ST. NAZAIRE



JAKE



STENAY



LOADING ON WENGERBOHR



INSPECTING ROADS



OUR TRAIN "GOING HOME"



MAJ. COOPER



DREIS



GEROLSTEIN CASTLE



PELM



PELM CASTLE



DER ZUG



MACHINE GUNNERS IN THE MAKING



GERMANS LABORING DREIS



ON THE RHINE



THE FUMIGATOR



TYPICAL GERMAN HOME



LIESER - MULHEIM



THE MOSELLE VALLEY



MAIN ST. DREIS



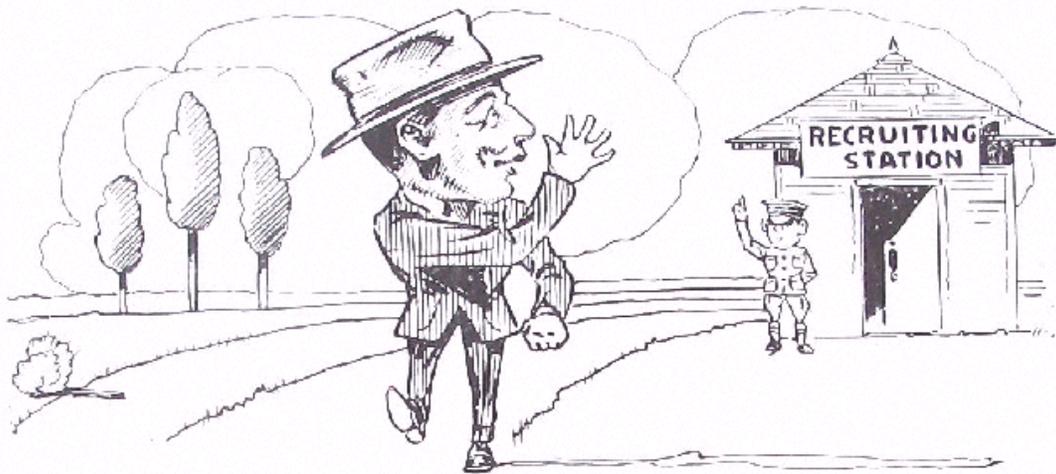
THE RHINE COBLENZ

## IN CONCLUSION

It was our original intention to make this a page of apologies. For some reason we are going to let it go by saying that we have done our “darndest.” We hope you like the book. We have tried hard to put in it things that will appeal to you. If you like it drop us a line sometime. If you don’t like it, well – you know. We have given you the best that our money could buy. Again we say we hope you like it.

The book was made possible by your subscriptions and support in various ways. We have handled the funds as equitably as possible. We will go further and say that we have worked hard for five weeks on it. If you are satisfied, we are.

J. R. HUTCHINS, Editor-in-Chief,  
N. T. GARRITY, Assistant Editor,  
S. O. BURRELL, Secretary and Treasurer.



# FINIS