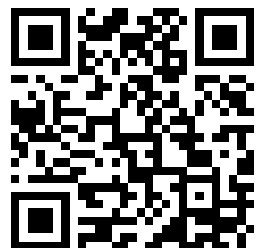

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COMPANY "A"

TWENTY-THIRD ENGINEERS



A. E. F.

Bancroft

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Co. A, 23rd Engrs.—A. E. F.

A History of Company A, 23rd Engineers, First Army, A. E. F.,
compiled by members of the command while in Billy-sur Manges,
Army of Occupation, A. E. F., 1919.

THE STAFF

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RMS
JGB



Coat of Arms

Colonel Roosevelt and Company "A"

Sergeant Don Neely, "A" Company, in a letter to his father, Dr. John R. Neely of Spokane, Washington, described his visit to the grave of Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt during the Chateau-Thierry drive. His father, a friend of the late Colonel and himself the father of four sons in the Service, forwarded the letter to Colonel Roosevelt and received the following reply:

THE KANSAS CITY STAR

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

New York Office
347 Madison Avenue

September 16, 1918.

My Dear Dr. Neely:

I thank you for your letter and I appreciate what your son Donald said of Quentin's grave. I heartily congratulate you on what your four sons are doing. I send them my regards and the expression of my admiration.

With high regard,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

N. B.—One of the Neelys was later killed while flying.

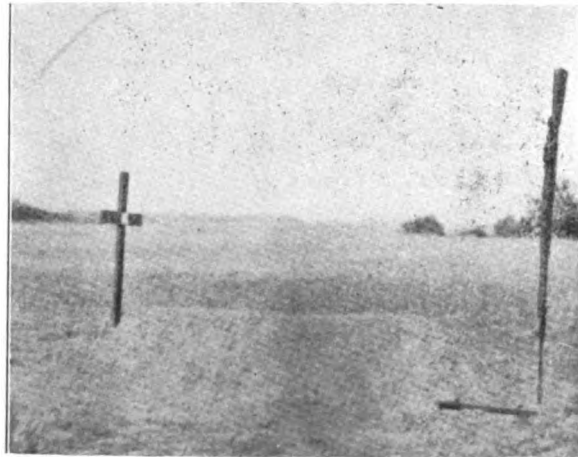


Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt's Grave

DEDICATION

TO OUR BUDDIES:

Members of the American Expeditionary Forces, who gave their lives that civilization might live, this volume is respectfully dedicated.



An Unknown Buddie's Grave

OUR SPONSORS



MISS NEYSA  Y. M. C. A., A. E. F.

Cover Designer of the Saturday Evening Post

AND BUDDIES

On the Road, France, Sept. 24, 1918.

Company "A" 23rd Engrs.,
Late of Camp Snelling,
And our favorite audience:
Hello, all you old dears.

We've been picking up the thread of your recent history from any number of sources, after weeks of hearing nothing from or about you, we suddenly began running into members and friends of your outfit at every turn. In the last town we were stationed at, who should come to "call" on us but McKee recently detailed, as you know, to some headquarters company effect. It was really quite amusing. We had a lovely little French garden behind the house we were billeted in, and I ambled home that day with a hopeful young captain who had volunteered to carry my bundles up from the Y. We trailed out into the garden and there sat Neysa and two privates, who turned out to be McKee and a youngster named Cody from another Engineer outfit. Our delight at hearing about you all was not feigned, and the captain, after watching the situation for about five minutes, turned and beat it. He was a nice captain, in his way, too.

Next thing we give a show in a large and splendiferous hut, and just as I am well launched, going my strongest, a voice howls forth from the back of the house, "Hit me and take it." That turned out to be an itinerant member of Company "B." But how ones little sins do haunt one. Is that episode of the Sergeant's tent going to dog my footsteps now through my whole life. Me eye.

Next, after a long jaunt all over France in a machine, we arrive here to make our headquarters for another circuit. We pull up at our Y headquarters looking for mail, and there stands a motorcycle and side car containing some. Cody and Corporal Jones (late of Black-Jack fame). We had a good talk, though there was too much going on in the way of hunting billets, seeing Y directors, etc., to have much peace of mind. However, we expect to play a camp where we'll see all that detail sometime this week. I hear that Sergt. Murphy now describes Company "A" as "Shock troops," * * * what do you think of that? Oh Murphy, and that before twelve o'clock noon. * * * What is our pet company coming to? If I hear any more tales like that, I shall begin to believe that I am personally responsible for having started Black-Jack and the Devil careering through Company "A." "Oh list, while I tell you of the blighter that blighted my life," you'll sing with a new meaning.

I must relate our history for a bit, too. We've taken on another girl who is a whiz. She sketches, too, and does a number of surprising things. In fact, we almost have a real true show now. I wish we could do it for you toot sweet. That wish is not such a wild possibility, either. We have a fairly accurate idea of where you now are and it is not impossible that our next circuit will be in that vicinity. Mud has set in, as you may have noticed, and we've collected a fine lot of it. On Sunday afternoon we took a half holiday and went horseback riding, which was great, but as we hadn't any of us ridden for ages, we've had to have our meals served on a mantelpiece ever since. Seriously, though, I guess life has had its ups and downs for you all lately—perhaps principally downs. But this thing isn't going to last forever. Whatever else you may do, don't for goodness sake lose the splendid morale your outfit had when we visited it. You were one of the corkingest crowds we have ever met, and we want to go on being proud of you, as long as we're over here. Miss McMein sends her best. Au revoir—soon.

Yours always devotedly,

JANE.

Letter of Miss Jane Bulley, Y. M. C. A. Worker, A. E. F.

An Appreciation

—Men—Shake Hands with a Regular Skipper

We thought we knew him and we knew we liked him; but we never could seem to know what he actually thought of us. In Burley we knew his lot was hard, his trials many, we now know what his speech at Snelling meant. He put his own advancement aside and our "misguided" desires to the fore. And you all know now, how we lived to regret that change. Had we a man of his caliber and capabilities at our head we could have all "reaped the harvest" First Army Engineers Headquarters offered us at Ussy, nor would the confusion above the Marne or the blunders of the Argonne craters have occurred—but that's all History now. We were enabled to have him back and believe us the change meant no regret this time.

And now—while we, the History committee, were getting grey figuring out a finance scheme, the following postcard, silently but "you can't tell 'em" how gratefully, dropped in—

306 Whitney Bldg., N. O., La., Jan. 7, 1920.

My dear Stack:

Yours of the fourth just received and am glad to hear from you. Sorry about the delay with Co. History.

If you haven't yet succeeded in financing the proposition let me know "toot sweet" and I will try to arrange same. Best regards.

Yours in haste,

A. S. HACKETT.

Men—Read our Effort and thank the Skipper—All MAN and a Regular Fellow.

THE COMMITTEE.

OUR SKIPPER



CAPTAIN A. S. HACKETT, C. of E.

Commanding Officer "A" Company, 23rd Engineers, A. E. F.

The Engineers

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!

"Job 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!

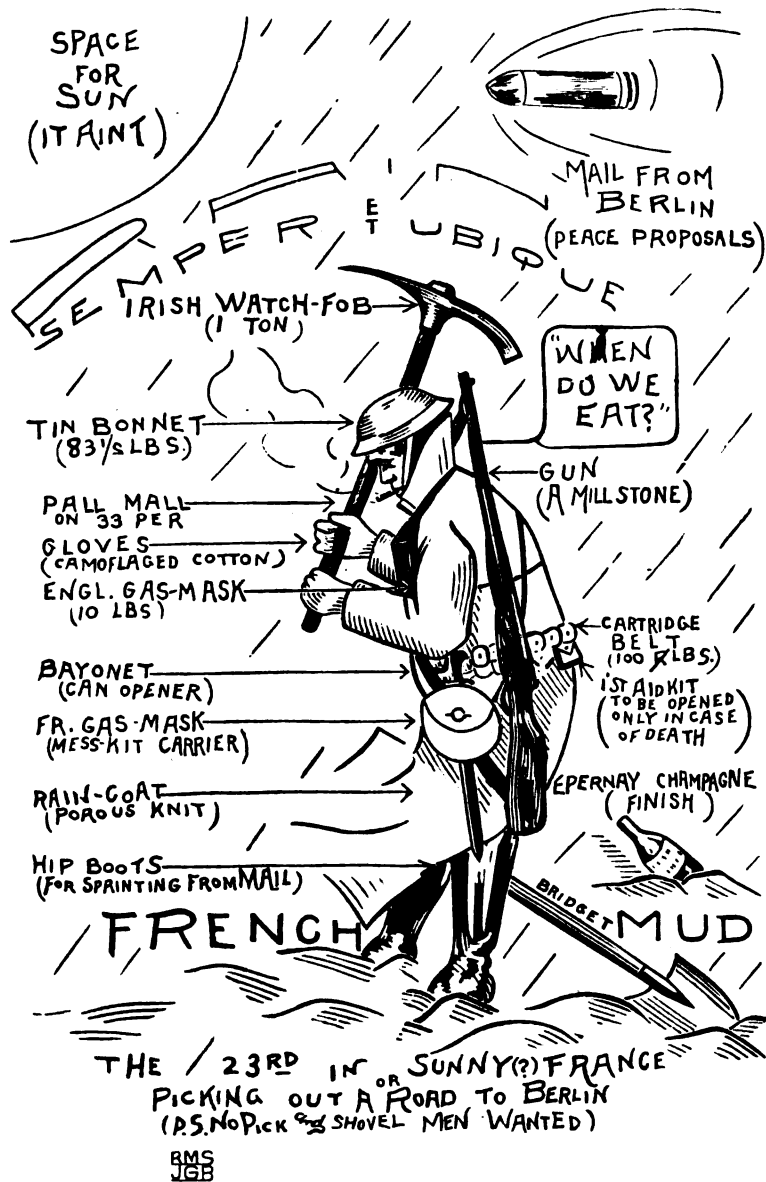
When the storm troops wait at the river banks,
 And each stone bridge is blown,
 And the stream's too deep for the fat old tanks,
 And pontoons must be thrown
 Where the water boils with the shell and shot,
 It's "Engineers, 'toot sweet,'"
 They will lose one-half of the men they've got,
 But build that bridge, complete.

"Job 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."

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 that get no sleep.
 They take their chance where the gas clouds lurk,
 And I'll say it appears
 That darn small glory and beaucoup work
 Comes to the Engineers.

"Job 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 kit of tools,
 Careless of hopes or fears,
 Big jobs or small, you simply call—
 Call for the Engineers.

—By Berton Braley.



PREFACE

This book is written expressly for the members of Company "A," 23rd Engineers (Highway), who volunteered their services to the government upon its call for men of skill in Engineering Work for early service Overseas, during the Great World War—1914-19.

It follows the Company in all its undertakings from its official organization, through France and then back to the States, until the time of being mustered out.

The story is based on actual facts, and happenings as they actually occurred and as observed by us in our own way. No endeavor is made to fill the reader with cock and bull stories. It is our own. If perchance the reader should not be identified with our little command, we trust that you may view the related experiences with as much zeal as we heartily engaged in them.

The cartoons exhibited are creations of two of our talented men; the photographs were made by our own photographers, the engravings are a product of our engraver; many stories and saying are of our own origination and in each article or write-up is displayed a characteristic individuality of the writer.

The Diary will furnish a chronological record of happenings, and will probably call back to mind many thoughts of scenes in France.

We feel that the work we have done has been very essential in this war or movement, for much has depended upon the condition of roads over which motorized and horse-drawn transports could function the better toward the ultimate end.

During our sojourn in France, we were in the Zone of Advance, near the Fighting Front, until the signing of the Armistice, and have seen the operations of many of the divisions that were actually engaged in Front-line work. Here we may quote Major Wm. M. Acheson, formerly Division Engineer and Chief of Road Service of the Advance Section of American Army, speaking before the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Major Wm. M. Acheson was formerly Division Engineer and Chief of Road Service of the Advance Section of American Armies.

"The work of the American Engineers was as great a revelation as the American soldier in France. The stone crushers and steam shovels had them hypnotized. It would sound like a fairy tale if I told you how much was accomplished by young American manhood over there. You know the Engineers don't get half the credit they deserve.

"The Engineers are the boys who are up in front laying barbed-wire, staking out trenches and other advance work that has to be done before the doughboys get in. And the Engineers certainly saw action."

"The first American technical troops to get to the front were Companies "A" and "C", 23rd Engineers. They arrived in France last January and were on the front ten days after their arrival.

The particular work we did was the surface work for air fields, building tank centers and constructing motor transportation parks, besides keeping the roads in shape to the Base and Camp Hospitals and keeping the line of communication open.

"The importance of our work can be best realized by the quotation from a note written to the Commanding Officer, Lines of Communications, Advance Section, by the General of the First Division of the American Expeditionary Forces, behind which the road-builders were at work, as follows:

"I was very hard pressed in the Sector (Toul) on account of the terrible roads, daily growing worse under hard usage. It was necessary to act quickly and directly with G. H. Q. Your men are doing good work. They are really saving the situation."

Also we re-constructed and repaired the roads over which the Army of Occupation marched through toward the Rhine, and maintained their lines of communication.

We, therefore, feel justified in relating our story, in our own way, as we have observed the happenings.

LT. GEO. P. TRAX.

Only a Volunteer

Why didn't I wait to be drafted,
And led to the train by a band,
Or put in a claim for exemption;
Oh, why did I hold up my hand?

Why didn't I wait for the banquet?
Why didn't I wait to be cheered?
For the drafted men get all the credit,
While I only volunteered.

And nobody gave me a banquet,
Nobody gave me a kind word.
The puff of the engine, the grind of the wheels,
Was all the good-by that I heard.

Then off to the training camp I hustled
To be trained for the next half year,
And in the shuffle forgotten—
I was only a volunteer.

But perhaps some day in the future,
When my little boy sits on my knee
And asks what I did in the struggle,
And his little eyes look up at me,

I will have to look into those eyes,
That at me so trustfully peer,
And say that I wasn't drafted
BUT THAT I WAS A VOLUNTEER.

—Author Unknown.

Co. "A" 23rd Engineers, A. E. F.

Its Formation and Growth on This Side

The 23rd Regiment of Engineers was organized by special order of the War Department to function as a Highway unit on construction, reconstruction, repair and maintenance of Highways. Men of Engineering skill and experience were demanded. Advertisements were inserted in many technical journals of the U. S. In fact many personal letters were written to the technical organizations of the different States, asking for such. This brought forth many men of high caliber from every State in the Union, who more or less had been connected with Highway construction.

On October 5th, 1917, a small body of recruits arrived at Camp Meade, Md., and were assigned to Company "A," 23rd Engineers, with Lieut. Thomas Hampton in charge and C. S. Wilson, acting Top Sergeant. The men were quartered in Barrack P. 19. The end of that day of organization found Company "A" composed of one First Lieutenant, one acting Top Sergeant and 35 men.

The following few days men were coming in and soon our company numbered 150 strong. Mess was furnished by Company "D," of our regiment, until the civilian cooks could whip a few of our men into shape, so that we could open up our own mess.

Passes were granted to one-third the company for Saturday and Sundays, which proved a great treat for the boys, who had never before been under military discipline.

Capt. Beyers on October 12th, 1917, assumed command of Company "A." All passes were stopped and the company settled down to long hours of drills and hikes.

Ashley, acting Top Sergeant, was soon transferred to Company "C" and Grymes, Jr., took his place, and on November 1st, 1917, was made Top Sergeant. C. J. Cooper was made acting Mess Sergeant and from that time on our mess fund accumulated.

On October 23rd, 1917, our company, numbering 160 men, assembled at Regimental Headquarters and were reclassified, Company "A" coming out of the melee with 78 men, 14 of them new.

The company was issued new Springfields on October 25th and on the 27th had our first inspection by Capt. Beyers, who not only inspected our guns but showed us how to wear our campaign hats in a military style.

Our course of training was not as long as the majority of other organizations, for about the time we had learned how to be a soldier, what was meant by discipline and how to handle the rifle and fire we left for overseas.

Many of us, however, will remember those first days when we discarded our civilian clothes and dressed up in "O. D.'s." On the drill field we were forever forgetting our right foot from our left nor could we tell a "buck" from an officer, but, nevertheless, we were then one of the "volunteer outfits" and had resigned ourselves to meet the conditions as we found them. Also we were continuously bothered with the Medical Department, who were attempting to give us innumerable "shots in the arm" for typhoid, measles, scarlet fever and many other diseases that are expected of children in grammar school; in fact, we were in quarantine for measles and mumps 75 per cent of our stay at Camp Meade and Laurel.

While those never-to-be-forgotten inspections and battalion reviews, the long hours of standing in the snow with heavy packs, in fact we stood until several of the boys would drop to the ground from sheer cold and fatigue—the long hikes through mud and rain—any and every possible method being used to put us into shape for the time when we would be overseas.

This hard and active training soon weeded out those who could not endure the strain, and when our company appeared before the Medical Department at Jersey City they remarked that without doubt this company was in better shape than any other outfit that had heretofore appeared.

Just a glance over the enlisted personnel of our company shows we have 40 per cent who are graduated from technical colleges 30 per cent who pursued other college courses, 20 per cent who were practical highway engineers with 4 to 14 years' practical experience, and the remaining 10 per cent were more than proficient in their selected vocations. These 260 men covered 60 professions and each in his line of work, when called upon, could make good and finish the work that was required of him. This is the type of men who answered the "No Pick and Shovel Ads" of the 23rd Engineers—and Our Diary which follows tells the rest.

THE DIARY

Nov. 11—Cool and Fair. The first detachment left for the rifle range. They reached the half way point at 7:30 P. M. and made camp. They slept on the ground, having no tents. All were terribly tired. While on the way a woman gave them apples and the boys cheered her. Ten recruits were assigned to the company. Company "A" starts a mess for all recruits.

Nov. 12—Cold and Fair. The bunch on the way to the rifle range continued their hike this morning. They received apples and other fruit at two places along the way from kindly women. Cheers. We marched through Annapolis at "Attention" and shortly reached an arm of the Chesapeake Bay, where the company was halted and everybody washed their feet. While marching through Annapolis, a baker gave the boys some bread. It sure was good. At first the water felt good, but soon after their feet began to swell and that made matters worse. They arrived at the range about noon, all tired out. The Naval authorities at the range gave us a meal and apologized for it telling us the mess would get better from day to day. Immediately after mess the bunch went out to the range to begin their practice. One detail was left in camp to erect tents.

Nov. 13—Cool and Fair. At the range. Part of the boys were put on the firing line, while the others were sent to the butts to operate the targets. Nobody likes this detail, as it is very cold in the butts with nothing more exciting to do than listen to the bullets tearing through the targets. The boys at Camp Meade drilled all day. A roadmaster of the B. & O. railroad got away with a lot of booze from the incoming recruits.

Nov. 14—Fair and Cold. At the range. A pie wagon visited camp and did a rushing business, even the officers hit the line. It was a life saver. At Camp Meade: Two of our boys were transferred to the 27th Engineers, which is just being organized. Drilled all day.

Nov. 15—Cold. The bunch at the rifle range practiced as usual today. Sergt. Peak in taking a detail over to Annapolis for a bath, lined them up in the dark and gave them "Right Dress" and "Cover Off."

Nov. 16—Clear. At Camp Meade the company drilled all day and had movies in the evening. Lieut. Rossell is assigned to Company "A."

Nov. 17—Fair and Cold. The boys at Camp Meade stood inspection and had the remainder of the day off. The Army canteen is busy today. All are buying many supplies. We saw a boxing match at the Y. M. C. A. in the evening.

Nov. 18—Fair and Cold. The second bunch left for the rifle range today. Nobody fell out on the hike to Annapolis. Camp Meade is full of visitors. We signed up for government insurance.

Nov. 19—Cold and Cloudy. The second bunch arrived at the rifle range at 1:30 P. M. The first bunch at the range leaves for Camp Meade. On the way back, the officers lost their way. They inquired the way from a little girl eight years old, who did not know, so one of the officers wanted to know why she didn't know. He almost scared the kid to death. On the last lap of the hike, Lieut. Page set a terrific pace, and when the men arrived at the half-way camp they were worn out and wet with perspiration. After mess the boys were issued pup tents and managed to get them up. Companies "B" and "E" of the 23rd arrived at the camp in the evening. It was very cold all night.

Nov. 20—Cold and Cloudy. This morning the bunch left the half-way camp, and started the last lap towards Camp Meade. A hot pace was set. The men are about all in and foot sore. Near Camp Meade the detail halted, and the men immediately made a stampede for a little store nearby and bought the place out of cookies, etc. A good dinner was served them on their arrival at camp. At the rifle range, the boys in the second bunch began their practice. They also got passes to Annapolis to take a bath.

Nov. 21—Clear and Cold. The company drills most of the day. The men are vaccinated. We have a carpenter detail boxing supplies for the trip across.

Nov. 22—Cold and Clear. The company drills all day. Weeks becomes King of the K. P.'s. Fourteen new recruits are

assigned to the company. The carpenter detail is at work.

Nov. 23—Fair and Cool. The company drills. Orders are received for us to move. We pack up and are ready to move at an hour's notice. We waited all day in the barracks. Guards are posted and the men are not allowed to leave the barracks. Four men are transferred to the 28th Engineers, just being organized. We went to bed with our clothes on and our packs rolled.

Nov. 24—Cold. We are ordered to unpack. We have drill and inspection of arms in the barracks.

Nov. 25—Fair and Cool. We set up stoves in the barracks. Fifteen Company "A" men are transferred to Company "C."

Nov. 26—Cold and Windy. The company is reorganized. We are drilled by Capt. Beyers. Lieut. Hampton drills the company in the afternoon.

Nov. 27—Snowed all day. Company "A" is in quarantine, no one is permitted to leave the barracks. Our blankets and bedding are aired. Windows and doors must be kept open. The rookies are issued rifles and taught the Manual of Arms.

Nov. 28—Cold and Cloudy. Three inches of snow is on the ground. A call for volunteers to cook the Thanksgiving dinner is made. Several of the boys worked all night baking turkeys. We drilled in the morning, and went through the Manual of Arms near the barracks. The company is inspected by the M. D. for signs of measles. We were issued haversacks, and those who have not been to the range, were shown how to roll packs.

Nov. 29—Clear and Mild. It is Thanksgiving day. The company has the day off. We had dinner at 1:00 P. M. Just before dinner we were serenaded by the band. Here is the menu for dinner:

Turkey and oyster dressing.
Cranberry sauce.
Salad and pickles.
Nuts and fruits.
Pie.
Jam and jellies.

One turkey was given to a squad. The mess hall was all decorated. Cigars and cigarettes were given out. Speeches were made by Top Sergt. Grymes, Sergt. Ryder, Lieut. Hampton, Weeks and others. Our Lydia Pinkham Quartet rendered many

songs. It was one grand time. We are still quarantined for measles, which nobody ever had.

Nov. 30—Rain all day. We are inspected again by the M. D. The third bunch was ready to leave for the rifle range with their packs and everything fixed up, after "standing to" for twenty minutes, they were told to unpack and fall out for drill. We had a long hike in the rain by a short, fat, little Lieutenant. We hiked two miles below Admiral and back, covering over ten miles. We were soaked with rain and covered with mud when we got back to the barracks. But—we had met Shorty.

Dec. 1—Fair and Mild. We received our third "shot in the arm" today. We stood inspection of rifles and quarters. The company drilled in the afternoon.

Dec. 2—Fair and Mild. The bunch to go to the range packed up again with orders to be ready to leave at 8:00 A. M. They stayed packed all day and were not allowed to leave the barracks. They had not left by evening and so unpacked.

Dec. 3—Cold. A heavy frost last night. We had an hour of setting up exercise this morning, then we drilled with rifles. A long lecture with illustrations on Formal Guard Mount was given by Lieut. Kern.

Dec. 4—Fair and Cold. The second bunch at the range returns to Camp Meade and is put in quarantine in the lower part of the barracks. The third bunch, 99 men, finally left for the range. They went in trucks instead of hiking. At the exit of the camp they were stopped by an M. P. who did not want to leave them pass. They finally got away.

Dec. 5—Fair and Cold. The company is drilled. We have a detail packing regimental supplies; consisting of picks, shovels, harness, etc.

Dec. 6—Cloudy and Cold. The boys at the rifle range erect a mess hall. The company is drilled. Our detail is still boxing supplies.

Dec. 7—Fair and Cold. The company drills. A detail is making field desks. One sergeant is made. The company has a meeting for general discussion. "Lieut. Vegetables" makes his famous speech entitled, "In this warm climate we should have more vegetables." Dixie and Kaylor also speak.

Dec. 8—Rain and snow all day. The detail is still making field desks. Inspection of rifles and quarters was held.

Dec. 9—Sunday—Fair and Cold. Terribly windy. The ground is frozen. The company has the day off. Everybody is washing clothes.

Dec. 10—Clear and Cold. Windy. It was too cold for the boys on the range to shoot. The company tries to drill. Our carpenter detail is working.

Dec. 11—Cold and Windy. The company drills. The carpenter detail is working.

Dec. 12—Snow. The company drills and takes a long hike. Everybody is soaked to the skin on their return. The detail is still on carpenter work.

Dec. 13—Snow and Rain. Boys on rifle range shoot their final course. They went to Annapolis in the evening to bathe. Capt. Beyers is transferred from the company. Our official personnel is three captains, one 1st lieutenant and one 2nd lieutenant. The company is a training school for all incoming officers. Capt. Hackett is in command of the company.

Dec. 14—Clear and Cold. The company drills. A detail is on carpenter work.

Dec. 15—Cloudy and Cold. Rain. The measles quarantine is lifted. Capt. Beyers leaves the company and Capt. Hackett assumes command. J. A. Murphy gives three cheers for Capt. Beyers. Christmas packages begin to arrive.

Dec. 16—Cloudy and Cold. Company "A" men are coaching Company "B" men on the rifle range. The third bunch returns to Camp Meade. Two inches of snow is on the ground. Lieut. Watson is attached to the company.

Dec. 17—Clear and Cold. We had drill in skirmish formation today. Lieut. Kern takes the men who qualified on the range out to the estimate distances to complete their course. Pond got up for reveille for the first time.

Dec. 18—Clear and Cold. We had a pack inspection lasting one hour, in the snow. Several of the fellows dropped from cold exhaustion. We drilled for review in the afternoon.

Dec. 19—Cold and Cloudy. The men were taken to watch the relieving of the guard

in a formal guard mount. We drilled and marched for an hour to music at headquarters. Many of the boys are sick.

Dec. 20—Clear and Cold. The company drilled. The carpenter detail is at work.

Dec. 21—Fair and Cold. Pay day. All beds are moved out of doors. We also drilled. Three men are made sergeants and one is made a corporal.

Dec. 22—Fair and Cold. We are issued all of our equipment. No inspection today. We fell in at 8:30 A. M. for battalion review by Major Skinner. In the afternoon a grand review of the 79th Division was held. We stood in line from 1:00 to 3:30 awaiting our turn to march by the reviewing stand. It was terribly cold. The 23rd Engineers were especially commended by Secretary Baker. A bunch left immediately after the review for a Christmas furlough.

Dec. 23—Sunday—Cold and Cloudy. More of the fellows leave for the holidays. The company has the day off.

Dec. 24—Cold and Snow. More of the boys left on three day passes. We drilled all day. Most of the men have bad colds. Major Skinner drilled the battalion this afternoon. It made a poor showing. Part of the company is on guard.

Dec. 25—Clear and Cold. We have a fine Christmas dinner; turkey with all the trimmings. Lieut. Hampton and wife dine with the boys. The Red Cross gives out kits. Part of the company is on guard.

Dec. 26—Terribly Cold and Windy. The company drills. The carpenter detail is at work.

Dec. 27—Cold and Clear. We have company drill. The carpenter detail is working.

Dec. 28—Snow. The company drills. The company hiked ten miles lead by Shorty. We had skirmish drill in the afternoon, and then a battalion review before Major Stickney. When we came back from drill the entire company was put on a wood detail. Many of the men have blistered and sore feet.

Dec. 29—Cold. We move to Laurel, Md. Details in charge of Sergt. Rider are fixing camp. We eat in the open, the food freezes in the mess kit. We sleep on the floor of an old cotton mill, with two blankets apiece. The first night we had no

guards posted. Major Stickney walks around and is given no challenge. He gives the officers Hell.

Dec. 30—Cold. 8° below. Fahey goes to Baltimore; he gets back late and is given K. P. duty for on the boat, which turned out to be a snap job. We carried our barrack bags from the dining hall to the old mill. We had supper in our new mess hall, which was at one time an exhibit hall for the Laurel State Fair.

Dec. 31—Fair and Very Cold. We have details building showers, tents and working around the mess hall. Sergt. Ryder is in charge of all details, and rates two dog-robbers. A dance was given at the Masonic Hall for our boys. Everyone had a good time.

Jan. 1—Clear and Cold. Ten degrees below zero. Our detail putting up tents, built a platform for the first tent, and nearly wore the tent out putting it up and taking it down again and again. Sergt. Ryder thinks he knows it all. Another dance was given in Laurel but only a few of the favorites were given passes to attend. Our New Years' dinner consisted of boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes with the skins on, beef stew, tea without sugar and cream. The guards around the camp are working a one hour stand on account of it being so cold.

Jan. 2—Clear and Cold. Four degrees below. Details are still working on the tents. They are also fixing up the mess hall, building tables, etc. Charlie Ralston is on "Sky Hook's" shower detail. In Laurel we had a bowling contest with Company "B" 2nd, Company "A" won with 243 points in two games. Lieut. Davis is officer of the day.

Jan. 3—Cloudy and Cold. Everybody is broke. We answered to the Muster Roll today. We are doing pick and shovel work; the ground is frozen so hard that we have to thaw it out before any work can be done. More tents arrived for the regiment. We have a detail unloading cars of lumber for the tent floors.

Jan. 4—Clear and Cold. Details are building tent floors and unloading cars of lumber.

Jan. 5—Clear and Cold. Four degrees below. Details worked until dark building tent floors. One hundred fifty floors were finished. A lieutenant and detail worked all day setting up one tent for a model.

Thirty picked men were allowed to attend a dance in Laurel. The Masonic Order at Laurel invites all Masons in our company to attend their meeting.

Jan. 6—Sunday—Clear and Cold. The men were invited to attend the M. E. Church in Laurel. The company worked all day. Sergt. Ryder wanted to know if we were aware that we were at war. Walker is Ryder's dog-robber and detective. Dykema's religion is not strong enough to make him get up at 5:00 A. M. to attend church.

Jan. 7—Snow. We worked until after 6:00 P. M. as the tent floors had to be finished. We got them all up but a few.

Jan. 8—Clear and Cold. Windy. Details put up more tents. Our rifles are taken from us.

Jan. 9—Very Cold. The company moved into the tents today. Companies "E" and "F" arrive in Laurel, they moved into the mill. Rumors say that we are to leave next week. Details are putting up tents for the other companies.

Jan. 10—Very Cold. Snow flurries. Company "C" moves from Washington Barracks to Laurel.

Jan. 11—Rain and Snow. We receive a medical examination. It is supposed to be our final examination. A big detail in charge of Lieut. Hampton is sent up town. Jake Knauf is put under arrest. Jake said, "It sure was good." We are now feeding companies "E" and "C" and it is hard to get enough to eat.

Jan. 12—Snow. Terribly cold. Lieut. Hampton takes another bunch of fellows to Laurel. All of our equipment is checked. We receive another medical examination. All lacking equipment is issued. All dress shoes are turned in. Rumors say that we are going over.

Jan. 13—Fair and Cold. We empty bed ticks and carry barrack bags and packs to the Race Track for the final inspection. The inspection only lasted for three hours. We were to be ready to leave at noon, but shortly after evening mess we were ordered to unpack and go to bed. At 9:30 P. M. we were routed out of bed, all thought we were going to leave, but were only issued our identification tags.

Jan. 14—Snow and Cold. New rifles are issued to the company. Another medical examination was held. Will they never

end? The company was taken out to drill after the examination. Colonel Johnston visited around the tents at 9:30 in the evening. He asked the men how they were getting along. Fine, of course! Sergrts. Grymes, Ryder and Robinson left for Camp Meade today to take examination for a commission.

Jan. 15—Rained hard. First aid equipment is issued. All our belongings were marked with our company number, etc. We received a dental inspection. Outgoing mail is stopped. We had the day off.

Jan. 16—Cold and Showers. The company is divided into platoons. The 4th Platoon is called the "Misfits." Lieut. Windsor is attached to the company. Our Regimental Band arrived at Laurel today from Camp Meade. The company drilled. The mess is poor.

Jan. 17—Cold. Another medical examination was held! At 6:00 P. M. our baggage car with ten men and Lieut. Safford aboard left for the port of embarkation. Another pack inspection was on the programme today. We remained packed up after it was over. The company partook of a mighty slim mess with company "L" in the evening. At 9:00 o'clock Lieut. Hampton came around and told the men to unpack and make themselves comfortable.

Jan. 18—Snow. Terribly cold. We received our pay today; it sure was welcome. We also stood another pack inspection. It was decided the short pack should be made. We ate dinner in our old mess hall, served by company "E." It was very good.

Jan. 19—Cold. We drilled in the morning and then had two medical inspections. A platoon review was held before Major Stickney and Col. Johnson—the review was punk—the reason was because we had to stand and wait in the cold until our feet and hands were almost frozen.

Jan. 20—Snow. The company drilled in the morning and was reviewed by Maj. Gen. Nickolson. We passed O. K. The general said we were the best trained men he had reviewed so far. After the review we were issued ammunition, and Capt. Hackett made a little address. At 5:30 P. M. we boarded the train, consisting of 18 cars with 55 men to the car. In the coaches, the blinds were drawn and no one was permitted to look out of the win-

dows. Guards were also posted at the doors, in order to keep every one inside of that particular coach. In Baltimore the train stopped and we were fed. We were given a bunch of frozen tomatoes. News butchers bothered us and the Major took one basket from a fellow and threw it into the bay. After leaving Baltimore, the train was split in two sections, and traveled so, for the rest of the trip.

ON THE BOAT

Jan. 21—Cold. We arrived in Jersey City in the early morning, and after standing around for some time, we went through the quarantine station. Then we stood around with our packs on for five hours and were not allowed to speak to a soul. At 11:00 A. M. we boarded a special ferry, the Plainfield Ferry Boat at Pier No. 3, and were taken across to Hoboken. At 12:00 o'clock we boarded the U.S.S. Huron, formerly the Frederick de Grosse. The crew was camouflaging the ship. We were assigned to quarters in D.D. deck or Hell's Half Acre. We had a lot of trouble in finding the mess line.

Jan. 22—Cold and Snow. We loafed around the ship all day. The boys wrote letters home to be mailed upon our arrival in France. The ship is covered with snow and seems like a ghost. Coal, mail and baggage is being loaded on the boat. We had breakfast at 8:00 A. M. and supper at 2:00 P. M. and were ordered below at 7:00 P. M.

Jan. 23—Cloudy and Cold. Capt. Hackett gave the boys a Victrola, it was a present from his wife to the company. We are getting only two meals a day. Everyone is taking life comparatively easy. The following details were made out: (1) Fire control. (2) Submarine watch. (3) Engine room detail. (4) Cook detail. (5) Carpenter detail. (6) Plumber detail. (7) Steam watch. At 4:30 a tug towed us down into the bay, where we dropped anchor at 5:30 P. M. We passed the "Statue of Liberty" just at sunset, it was a beautiful sight. The convoy was made up and came to anchor in the South Bay, all men were ordered below, no one being permitted above after dark.

Jan. 24—Cold. "They are off." At 2:00 A. M. the convoy was in formation and started the voyage with the U. S. Man-of-War North Carolina escorting us. The transports Tenadora, Mallory, Henderson and the Huron made up the convoy.

Jan. 25—Cold. We are making 12.5 knots per hour. The boys had a heated interstate argument to pass the time. We also had an "Abandon Ship" drill. Little "Mac" is the first victim to sea-sickness. We sighted a school of porpoise. Some one thought they were submarines. The ocean is smooth.

Jan. 26—The sea is very rough. All the tables were upset and the mess was spilt all over the floor. The boys had a song festival and played the Victrola. Our company goes on guard, furnishing 106 men. All matches, flash lights, candles, etc., are taken away from us. We are even forbidden to wear watches with illuminating dials on deck at night.

Jan. 27—The sea is rough. We passed our first ship and Murphy yelled out, "Strange ship in the offing." The convey scattered and the cruiser challenged the strange ship. We had a fire drill at 2:00 P. M. Chicken was served for dinner.

Jan. 28—Rain in the morning. We sighted another school of porpoise, it is very interesting to watch them playing about. The ship receives an S. O. S. from a sinking ship. We passed an oil tanker in the morning. Sergt. Knauf collects all the U. S. collar buttons. Last night we passed the U.S.S. Texas, headed towards the States. We also saw a school of flying fish. The company is still on guard. Rough weather.

Jan. 29—Terribly Stormy. Cold. At 2:00 P. M. the ship gave a list and everything went flying in every direction. Oranges were served with our mess.

Jan. 30—The ocean is rough. The ships are sailing in zig-zag course. We had another boat drill. It rained a little and is cold.

Jan. 31—Showers of rain. The weather is swell and the water smooth. Another boat drill was called. Lieut. Kern gives us a lecture on "French Women."

Feb. 1—Weather is fine. We passed a transport bound towards the States. The pay roll was signed again. Our convoy misses the torpedo boat convoy. We are ordered to sleep with our clothes on, and a life belt and canteen of water handy.

Feb. 2—The weather was stormy in the afternoon. We sighted a tramp steamer, which our cruiser immediately challenged. Another boat drill was given. Today we enter the "Danger Zone." The convoy

is running slow. We receive a wireless of a sinking English ship. We spent a pleasant Ground Hog Day.

Feb. 3—Terribly stormy. It is pretty tough living down in Hell's Half Acre. The ship is circling around and around, waiting for the convoy. We passed a torpedo that had failed to hit its mark. Ham was served for dinner, it sure was good.

Feb. 4—Clear and Windy. We sighted our convoy of eight torpedo boats at 6:30 A. M. The cruiser North Carolina left us at 9:00 A. M. bound back to the States. The boys cheered her as she passed.

Feb. 5—Weather fine. Two Hun submarines were sighted by the Naval Commander at daybreak. He expected us to be torpedoed. Land was sighted at 8:22 A. M. Everybody is happy. In the harbor we saw two French submarines, they are wicked looking things. We anchored in the outer bay, and almost immediately the boat was surrounded by little boats containing mademoiselles who were looking for surplus change. The French Harbor Authorities came aboard the ship and also some Q. M. coons.

Feb. 6—Fair and Mild. We were towed into the inner harbor of Brest this morning. More negroes came aboard to unload us. We are ordered to pack up and be prepared to land. The French Officials came aboard again. A detail of men is sent ashore to look after our baggage. A heavy fog rose in the early evening.

FRANCE

Feb. 7—Rain. The company landed at 8:00 A. M. The first thing we saw was a Ford automobile. We immediately marched to the railroad station. On the March the French kids would run along side of us and ask for cigarettes. At 2:00 P. M. we left Brest for St. Nazaire. On the train enroute we saw our first German prisoners and made our acquaintance with a beverage known as Vin Blanc.

Feb. 8—Cloudy and Showers. We traveled all night, arriving at St. Nazaire at 5:30 A. M. Before having breakfast we marched three miles to Base Camp No. 1. There we had fairly good barracks to sleep in and were fixed up with something to eat. We were ordered to stay in the barracks on account of Negro troubles. One sergeant and nineteen men were ordered to sleep with their clothes on,

and everybody was to have arms and ammunition ready for instant use. We hear news of the Tuscania being sunk. The Y. M. C. A. gives us a reception. Hot chocolate is issued and the 15th Infantry Band (Colored) gives an entertainment.

Feb. 9—Cold. We were drilled and later stood inspection. Most of the rifles are in bad shape owing to the salt air and water. Capt. Hackett then delivered his address on "Wild Women." We are issued seven feet of grass rope to a man for bedding.

Feb. 10—Clear and Cool. We had a battalion review in the afternoon. It was very poor. At the Y. M. C. A. we changed our American money into French bills. The first dirigible we have seen, a French one, sailed over camp today. All ammunition is collected from the men. Our baseball team does a little practice work. Lieut. Safford and Lieut. Kern take part of the company over to a neighboring town. Four men to a bottle of beer.

Feb. 11—Cloudy and Cold. The following details were sent out: (1) To work on a dam for a reservoir that was being built at the camp. (2) To Montoir and vicinity to work on the roads. The "Y" gave an entertainment in the evening.

Feb. 12—Cloudy and Cool. Today we moved the whole outfit from one barracks to another several times. At formation, structural steel workers were asked to step forward,—they did, and were put to work unloading cars of steel. Our amusements in St. Nazaire consisted of being sent to town to bathe and look around a bit, hikes around the vicinity and such amusement as the "Y" put on. One picture we saw showed the "Goddess of Liberty" and it faded and a doughboy took her place. About that time some in the 23rd shouted, "Where's her pick and shovel?"

Feb. 13—Cool. A detail of 100 men were sent in trucks to Montoir to work in the freight yards, under the 17th Engineers. We have a carpenter detail. A detail is unloading steel rails at Montoir.

Feb. 14—Cloudy and Cold. The same details as yesterday are working. Our men made a record building a stone kitchen. Two hundred Ford ambulances passed through camp on their way to the Front.

Rumors say that we are to move about the 20th of the month.

Feb. 15—Cloudy and Cold. No work was done today. The company has a general clean-up. The L. D. is that we move tomorrow.

Feb. 16—Freezing. A detachment of men went to St. Nazaire to bathe. A detail in charge of Sylvester is repairing the roofs of the barracks. Murphy's detail building a stone kitchen.

Feb. 17—Fair and Cold. The ground is frozen. The "Y" puts on an entertainment. Capt. Hackett gives us a little talk. Lieut. Safford takes a bunch for a hike to a small town near camp. Lieut. Hampton, the man who practically organized our company, is transferred to Company "B." All the boys hate to see him go, as we lost a MAN and a friend.

Feb. 18—Fair and Cold. More of the boys went to town and took a French bath. We were drilled for part of the day. Hart stages a little excitement. Our A. E. F. tags are numbered.

Feb. 19—Fair and Cool. Three days iron ration are issued. We stood reveille by starlight. The company went through the drills this morning. Many celebrate.

THE TOUL FRONT

Feb. 20—Cool. This morning we were re-issued our ammunition and sent out to drill. In the evening we marched to St. Nazaire and at 6:00 P. M. boarded the train which pulled out of the yards at 8:00 P. M. On the way to the train Company "A" met a certain French Mademoiselle whom we will all remember. It is very crowded on the train, one squad to a section.

Feb. 21—Drizzly rain. On the train we passed the following places: Montrichard, where were Cliff Dwellers; Bourre, St. Aignan Tours. At Tours our train stopped alongside of another train of English Tommies bound for Egypt. A simple lot. We also saw some French refugees here. Hot coffee, N. G., was served us here.

Feb. 22—Showers and Cold. We passed through Dijon, where women are running the street cars. Beaucoque grapes and hops are grown in this section of the country. We then proceeded to Jean de Home, where we had more coffee. We

had supper in the train at Is-sur-tille about 7:00 P. M.

Feb. 23—Cloudy. Traveling all night, we arrived in Toul at 4:00 A. M. Here we saw the first signs of active warfare, thousands of French soldiers were coming in from the Front. After receiving some bad coffee from the French soldiers we left Toul at 11:30 A. M. Our train stopped a couple of miles from Menil-la-Tour and we marched through the mud and slush to the town. We stopped in town for some time—standing around with our packs on. We were issued our first government tobacco—it was old reliable Bull Durham. Everybody was excited and anxious to be moving, for we had seen our first barb-wire entanglements and could hear the guns roaring not far ahead of us, and all wanted to see more of the interesting sights we had read and heard about. The company was split into bunches of 24 men and we started to march to Camp Burley. On the way the M. P.'s halted us and wanted to know where our gas masks and steel helmets were. We didn't have any. We proceeded, however, and arrived at Camp Burley at 6:00 P. M., where it was everybody for themselves. We were issued canned-heat and cooked our own suppers of red horse, tomatoes and hard tack. Some of the fellows thought the canned-heat was good and began to eat it. That night the fellows slept in the mud, on manure piles or anywhere they could crawl. The rats were thick and especially disturbed some fellows who tried to sleep in an old horse stable. After we were in bed, the call was given for volunteers to stand guard, 110 men were posted around camp with Special Orders "to shoot under no circumstances." French gas masks were issued that evening. Camp Burley is three kilometers from Beaumont or the Front. It is the place where Napoleon rejoined his army.

Feb. 24—Cool. We have our first gas mask drill. Lieut. Safford said, "If you hear anything go 'pouff' put on your mask." A detail is set to work to build barracks. We had steak for supper and it sure went good.

Feb. 25—Cloudy and Cool. Steel helmets were issued. (Mitchell made some serious introductory remarks before issuing them.) Our barrack bags are brought up to us. A detail of 50 men was sent to Menil-la-Tour to assemble wagons for our

use. Sergt. Kern took the 1st and 5th Platoons on a search expedition to the Hermitage.

Feb. 26—Fair and Freezing. Work is started on the Menil-la-Tour postoffice road. Sergt. Ryder remarks to a Major, "The only trouble I have in building roads is getting the men to do as I tell them." The detail assembling wagons is at work. Today we saw our first air battle. The guards were taken from around camp and the 1st Platoon moved to the Hermitage.

Feb. 27—Showers and Cool. All details are out to work. We heard our first barrage last night, it was laid down by the Hun. A detail is building an office for the Top Sergeant. Stoves are installed in one of the barracks. Material for the other barracks is being brought to camp. A detail was sent to Mandres Quarry, a shell burst about 200 yards from them. Another detail is digging a well for water in camp.

Feb. 28—Showers. We have a detail working in charge of Capt. Crotty, which after working hard all morning, was allowed only 20 minutes for noon. In the evening we stood in line for mess so long that the boys gave up in disgust and went to bed without supper. Sergt. Kern is detailed to watch the mess line to prevent a riot. Many of the boys are sick and no medical aid is given. The boys steal food from the kitchen to give to their sick buddies.

March 1—Snowed all night. Heavy shelling during the night. The Mandres Quarry detail went to work in groups of four men, all fully armed. The Huns have been shelling around all day, our batteries answering the fire. We saw eight dead doughboys on the church steps at Mandres, our first escape. The 1st Platoon has taken over the Royaumeix Quarry. A detail is sent to Menil-la-Tour to scrape the mud off the road. Fifty men were on sick call this morning.

March 2—Snow. Today we were issued English gas masks. Half of the company is sick. Our first mail, a half dozen letters, arrives. The grub is bad as usual. The detail in the Quarry is so cold that they can hardly work. We have a detail building barracks for the 1st Engineers. A detail is sent to Sanzey to scrape snow from the roads. All the sick are made to work in the snow and rain on the 1st Engineers barracks.

March 3—Sunday—Cold and snow. A detail moved to Gerard Sas in wagons; it was cold riding. The camp is full of mud and water. Cooties are discovered in the Hermitage. Part of the company gets a day off. New troops are coming in. There was heavy shelling all night. We are assigned to barracks and bunks. No details were out today.

March 4—Snow and Cold. We had our breakfast in a snow storm this morning. Details were sent to Menil-la-Tour and Mandres Quarry. Lieut. Sleight leaves the company. We had the best supper this evening since leaving Camp Meade.

March 5—Snow. Our first air raid was experienced last night. At 8:00 P. M. all lights were out. Several G. I. cans were dropped at Royaumeix. There are no dug-outs near camp. The sector is officially taken over by American troops. Henderson leaves for the hospital with the first case of mumps. Our first real mail came in today. The boys' ideas as when the war will end range from 40 days to 7 years.

March 6—Rain. We see a Hun plane shot down. We had boiled spuds for the 28th consecutive meal. Rumors of signing the pay roll and being paid are heard.

March 7—Cloudy. Signs of home-sickness appear among the boys. Mail is received. We have a detail unloading three rock crushers at Menil-la-Tour. They are to be used in Royaumeix Quarry. Hun planes come over again and drop six bombs.

March 8—Fair and Mild. McCreedy has the second case of mumps. A detail is setting up machinery in the quarry. A detail was sent to the freight yards to unload cars of material. First call now sounds at 5:15 A. M. and we work until 4:30 P. M. Hun planes were over again.

March 9—Clear Day. The clocks were turned back one hour today. Some 2nd class mail is received. We were issued rubber sheets. Half of the company was off today. We had another air raid.

March 10—Fine Day. One of our details took a long walk looking for work. The grub is rotten. We see and use our first duck boards, building walks around camp with them.

March 11—Fair and Cool. Shelling has been heavy today. The doughboys went

over to Boche's second line trenches today. The company was issued two packs of Camel cigarettes and two packs of Bull Durham apiece. All the sick have to go before the Captain before reporting to the doctor. The anti-aircraft guns brought down a Hun machine today.

March 12—Fair and Cool. Mail is received. Corp. Hopkins is made acting Top Sergeant. Pie at the "Sal," it did not last long. We were issued two cigars per man today. Hun planes were overhead.

March 13—Fair and Cool. Today we used our first powder for blasting in the Quarry. It was a fizzle. Mandres Quarry was shelled today, the shells landed about 40 yards from the men.

March 14—Terribly Cold. The men have to break ice to get water to wash with. Mandres Quarry detail made a run for the dug-outs this morning. They were shelled again at noon time. The company received apples sent over by the Oregon State Soldiers' Fund. They were certainly fine. A detail is out at Menil-la-Tour unloading steam engines for the crushers in the quarry.

March 15—Fair and Mild. The Gerard Sas detail, the 4th Platoon, returns to Camp Burley. Anti-aircraft guns fired at planes over the quarry and drove them off. The engines and crushers are set up in the quarry. Lieut. Safford said they must be ready to operate by tomorrow night. It was a day off for part of the company.

March 16—Fair and Mild. One-fifth of the company gets Sunday off; this means a holiday for a man every five weeks. The crusher is started in the quarry. The Archies are busy all day long. No pay, all the fellows are broke. A detail was sent to work in Boucq Quarry.

March 17—Sunday—Clear. It is St. Patrick's Day. The two Murphys have a fine time. The company stood inspection. We are issued spiral leggings. Mail is received. A song festival is held at the Hermitage. All men are required to have passes to be able to go anywhere. Secretary Baker is making a tour of the Front, he passed by us today. Clark and Caine give an exhibition.

March 18—Clear and Warm. We were ready to go to the trenches after the company had worked hard all day. There are air battles galore. We are permitted to write three letters a week.

March 19—Cloudy and Rain. General Pershing and Secretary Baker passed through today. Details were sent to the De L'Etoile Road and the Royaumeix Quarry. We had a medical and foot inspection.

March 20—Rain and Cold all day. The gas alarm was sounded, it sure scared the company. The boys at the Hermitage slept through the noise. Lieut. Safford lectures the boys for quitting early. He makes the boys sore and a fool of himself. Major Stickney visited the quarry. Mail is received.

March 21—Fair and Mild. A battery was blown up on the De L'Etoile Road. Some of the boys took their first bath since we've been here. Orders are received to pack haversacks and go to the 3rd line trenches. We did not have to go, however.

March 22—Cloudy and Rain. Rumors say that a German drive is expected in this sector. We are building a scrapper trap for loading wagons in the quarry. Eight truck drivers report to Company "A" for duty.

March 23—Clear and Cold. We receive a report of a Hun advance on a 50-mile front near Cambrai. We have trouble in the mess line. When do we eat? We have trouble with Lieut. Safford about the mess. He said we were getting better grub than we got at home! Ryder reads us an article on "How to Act with a Gas Mask On."

March 24, Sunday—Cloudy and Cold. We kick about the grub. We turned in our mess kits. It is Palm Sunday. Big Bertha shelled Paris. Fifty men have the day off. Raynor goes to Nice, to the R. O. T. C. We receive a promise of better grub. We see an air battle overhead. One Hun was brought down.

March 25—Snow and Cold. The Y. M. C. A. tent is nearly finished. We have a gas mask drill. It is a familiar sight to see an old lady plowing with one horse and one cow hitched to the plow. Maj. Gen. Bullock inspected our camp. We sign the pay-roll.

March 26—Snow and Cold. Mail is received. We have a gas chamber drill in the bath house. A Lieutenant Colonel in the Medical Corps visited the Hermitage and gave

them hell for not keeping the doors and windows open.

March 27—Cool. The Y. M. C. A. and the bath house ready for business. Ainserville was heavily shelled. Details were out to the De L'Etoile Road and the Royaumeix Quarry.

March 28—Clear, Cool and Windy. Some German prisoners were marched through. Mandres Quarry was shelled. T. T. dove into the dug-out and bumped his head on a rafter, fell and groaned, "They got me!" He only skinned his knees. A big barrage was on all night. Beaucoupe star shells.

March 29—Clear and Cold. Pay-day. Reports say the Austrians have relieved the German artillery. It rained this afternoon. Doughboys went over in a raid last night with their faces all blackened. They brought back five prisoners.

March 30—Rain. There was heavy artillery action this morning. Lieut. Kern fell off his horse, landed on his helmet, does nothing but skin his nose. Our cat donated a squad of kittens to the company. The government commissary is doing big business, so is our "Y". Frank Donovan left for the R. O. T. C.

March 31—Rain. It is Easter Sunday. The men get a half day off. Our menu for dinner: Potatoes, washed and no skins; Turkey, Dressing; Cranberry Sauce; Bread Pudding with Hair; Bread and Coffee. The turkey's complexion was poor and he looked kind of discouraged. Many of the boys celebrated the event. Kinsler gets hit on the dome with a sledge hammer at the quarry. Pumpkin pie and coffee was to be had at the "Sal." The 102nd Infantry is going in the lines.

April 1—Rain and Cold. The boys in the Mandres Quarry got a dose of gas today. Capt. Hackett and Lieut. Safford leave. Lieut. Davy takes command of the company. The First Division moves out of the sector and is replaced by the 26th Division. We are attached to the 26th Division. A Red Cross ambulance takes five of our men almost into No Man's Land before it is stopped by a sentry.

April 2—Rain all day. Gen. Foch takes command of the Allied Armies. There has been heavy artillery action all day. Lieut. Estelle is assigned to the company.

April 3—Rain. Mandres Quarry is shelled again. T. T. jumps the length of a dug-out about 15 feet long with 3 feet of water in it, landing in the end of the dug-out without a drop of water on him. Lieut. Kern inspects rifles and gas masks at noon in the quarry.

April 4—Rain all day. Mandres Quarry is discontinued on account of it being shelled too much. The roads were crowded all day with troops and supplies going to the front. The Hermitage gets up a song festival.

April 5—Cloudy. Rumors say that the Austrians have taken over the heavy artillery. There has been heavy shelling all day. Three sacks of mail are received. Hun planes come over. Plenty of Hun balloons are up today.

April 6—Cloudy and Cold. The 1st Platoon moves back to Burley (across the road). Coates' office is installed. Some of the boys were refused breakfast because they were a few minutes late. War was declared one year ago.

April 7—Showers. The gas alarm sounded at 4:00 A. M. and again at 8:00 A. M. The De L'Etoile Road was shelled at 4:00 P. M. Ainserville was also shelled and Mandres was gassed. Bergman was caught without a gas mask, and Pitman came to the rescue. A detail of Signal Corps men are working for us on the Sanxey Road.

April 8—Rain and Cold. The road at Aunserville and the De L'Etoile Road were shelled. Lieut. Windsor was hit by shell fragments. Inspection and a half-hour drill was given to the fellows off duty. The feed is bum.

April 9—Cold and Cloudy. A heavy barrage last night. Brown gets out of the kitchen. Bleekman is the water boy for the Royau-meix Quarry.

April 10—Cold and Cloudy. A sergeant who was asking a lot too many questions near Hamonville was picked up and found to be a spy. A heavy barrage shook up Camp Burley last evening. We had another gas drill, we double timed up and down the road with our masks on. Fleas are thick in the 1st Platoon barracks.

April 11—Clear and Warm. Eleven American planes went over the line this morning. We received a "gas alert." Break-

fast is getting monotonous with hash, bread and bad coffee. Lots of big guns and men are coming in.

April 12—Fair and Hot. Mail is received. An American aviator does great stunts in the air. Heavy artillery fire is going on. A detail is fixing up the bath house. We saw movies in the "Y".

April 13—Clear and Cold. A truck load of rock was taken up to the front in broad daylight. An M. P. tried to order them back, but they kept on going, for "orders are orders." The men left the truck, however, as they were under plain observation of Hun balloons. Living conditions are getting better in camp. We can now buy grub at the commissary. There is much artillery fire, the shells landing very close to our details. An American aviator does some stunts. The "Sal" at Menilla-Tour opens up, they sell pie, coffee and candy.

April 14—Clear and Cool. We have the day off. We stood inspection at 9:00 A. M., and after that we had a gas mask drill. Three Hun machines were downed at Toul by two of our pilots.

April 15—Rain. Our details worked all day in a heavy rain. Some of the men swiped gas coats from the supply yards. They are all right as dust cloaks. Mandres was shelled today. About 50 shells, high explosive and gas, were thrown over in a minute. Bob Gray drives his truck into the ditch.

April 16—Rain. We receive mail and are paid. Details to Royau-meix Quarry, Sanzey and De L'Etoile Roads. A bunch of men returned from the hospital.

April 17—Cloudy and Rain. Movies were shown at the "Y". A battery of 9.7's are moved in behind us. Seventeen pair of gloves were issued among the men of the company. A heavy barrage this morning.

April 18—Thick Fog. Mail is received. Everything was quiet during the day. Details were sent to the Quarry and on the roads. A detail was ordered to headquarters to get a road roller.

April 19—Clear and Cold. Ayres is cooking for the De L'Etoile Road detail. The grub is fine. The 3rd and 4th Platoons are to move to Leonval, Camp Wilson. Hungry and Stack celebrate. It is sunny but very cold. A barrage and a gas attack were

pulled off last night. Several Boche planes were over.

April 20—Cold. Two gas alarms were sounded last night, both around 4:00 A. M. This morning the Boches came over and drove the Americans back. Heavy artillery fire all day. The battle of Seicheprey is fought. Troops and ambulances fill the roads. Sergt. Kern is made a lieutenant. The 3rd and 4th Platoons move to Leonval. Tearing down the barracks at Burley and moving them to the Hermitage, or Camp Snelling. Upon our return from work this evening, we were told we were being held in the reserve. We had inspection and were told to stand by to go to the trenches. We got credit in some Philadelphia papers for saving the day. Germans thought we were a new Division coming to the aid of the 26th. Those Irish didn't need any aid.

April 21—Rain. All is quiet. The Huns were thrown back into their own trenches. No damage was done to the roads to amount to much. The Salvation Army Hut in Mandres was hit several times, and moved into new quarters, in a cellar that was formerly used for storing wine. (This "Sal" holds the record for making hot cakes—8,000 in 24 hours.) It is a day off for the men, but we are not allowed to leave camp. Two French Boy Scouts were picked up by one of the sergeants and lieutenants as spies. They were let off when it was found out what they were. We moved the "Y" tent to our new camp site.

April 22—Rain. We moved to Camp Snelling. Two cemeteries and a balloon station are right behind our camp. Details were sent to the quarry. We must load our wheelbarrows to the limit, by order of Sergt. Coates. Mike came back to the company after a long absence.

April 23—Rain. All details took their entire equipment to work with them in order to have it on their arrival at the new camp in the evening. The 1st Platoon slept in the "Y" tent at the new camp. Mail is received.

April 24—Rained all day. The "Y" tent is being used to sleep in while we erect the barracks. Jewish bread was issued today; Abe, Bergman and Kaufman are in their glory. A detail took down the Wagon Company's barracks to get lumber.

April 25—Rain. This evening we moved into the barracks, sleeping on the floor. A detail is working on the officers' quarters. The mess is getting better, due to a change in the mess sergeants.

April 26—Rain. We are building bunks in the barracks. The bath house has also been set up and is working. The mess hall, officers' quarters and one of the barracks are completed. We sign the payroll.

April 27—Fair day. We have a detail hauling rock and repairing Dead Man's Curve. Baseball practice begins today. We have the makings of a fine ball ground.

April 28, Sunday—Rain. The entire company is put on camp detail, working around the barracks cleaning up, etc. We are setting up a hospital tent and building stables for our horses. A heavy barrage was in progress most of the night.

April 29—Rain. Lots of Allied planes are in the air. The piano arrives for the "Y," we also have our Victrola in the "Y." Our detail is still working on Dead Man's Curve. Mail is received. We are building a road around the barracks to get to the kitchen and the bath house.

April 30—Cloudy. Mr. and Mrs. Ruthersford entertain us at the "Y." Our doctor said, "Company 'A' needs a bath." The kitchen was finished today.

May 1—Rain. We had French toast for breakfast. It went fine. Details are still working on the new barracks. One sergeant and three corporals are made today.

May 2—Clear and Hot. Part of the camp detail goes back to work in the Royau-meix Quarry. The baseball supplies came today.

May 3—Clear and Hot. A smoker between Company "A", 23rd Engineers, and Company "K", 161st Infantry, is held. At noon we had a gas mask drill in the quarry. A detail is working on the water tank for the bath house. A baseball game was played this evening and Bishop Edwards gave a talk on "America's Part in the War."

May 4—Fair and Warm. A party was pulled off at Royau-meix. Campbell and Keye stage a real birthday party. A detail goes to do work at the hospital, in charge of Sergt. Johnson.

- May 5—Rained. U. S. aeroplanes are here at last. Our first real game of ball was played between Company "A" and Company "K", 161st Infantry. The score was 10-9 in our favor. We won beaucoup francs on the game. In the morning we stood inspection. Pie was served for dinner. It hit the right spot.
- May 6—Hot all day. Rain in the evening. We have gas drill every day at noon in the quarry, double timing for about 200 yards with our masks on. A detail was ordered to Lagny to guard some negroes at Battalion Headquarters.
- May 7—Cloudy. The battery of 9.7's were fired for the first time. They shake up everything. We played a game of ball, 102d Ambulance Co., 5; Company "A", 6. A big electrical storm in the evening.
- May 8—Cloudy. Part of Company "B" joins us. Another smoker with Company "K" was held. Sergt. Gross knocked out Stuart, of 23rd Headquarters. It was an exciting match. A good supper was served this evening.
- May 9—Rain. Company "B" sends ten squads to live with us at Snelling. A detail is repairing the road from the quarry to the main road.
- May 10—Rain. We had to stop work in the quarry on account of a thunder storm. Cooper and McKee stage a little excitement.
- May 11—Rain. We are trying to work Company "B". Details are out on the different roads and in the quarry.
- May 12, Sunday—Rain off and on. We stood inspection at 9:00 A. M. A ball game was played, Company "K", 9; Company "A", 3. Sergt. Gross sure gets his in a boxing match. A Mother's Day service was held in the "Y". Everybody writes home. Wrestling and boxing by Company "K", 161st Infantry, at the railroad tracks.
- May 13—Fair Day. Company "B" sent a detail to the quarry to work with us. They would not work. They believe college graduates should not do manual labor. We have red horse and rice pudding for dinner. The usual gas drill, double timing, was held at 5:30 P. M. Many of our planes and balloons are up. Details are out on maintenance work.
- May 14—Fair and Warm. A detail is sent to Rangeval. We have the gas chamber drill. A detail of 40 men from Company "B" are killing time in the quarry. Our menagerie is increasing.
- May 15—Fair. Another ball game was played: Ambulance Company, 17; Company "A", 9. Pay day. Details are in the Royaumeix Quarry and on the roads.
- May 16—Warm. Details in the quarry and on the roads. Three planes were shot down today. Our camp was inspected by a Brigadier General. Four men are detailed to Truck Company No. 1 for special duty.
- May 17—Clear. The hottest day so far. The quarry details suffer from the heat. They finally shed most of their clothes. Moving pictures were shown in the "Y". One plane was shot down.
- May 18—Clear and Hot. We beat the Ambulance Company in a ball game; the score was, Ambulance Company, 3; Company "A", 10. Our Camp Wilson detail returns to Camp Snelling. The entire company is together again.
- May 19—Sunday—Fair and Warm. "Y" girls (6) entertain the boys with music and dance. Movies were taken of their performance. No inspection this morning. Two Hun planes were shot down. Maj. Lufberry was brought down. Three ball games were played on our field today. We lost our game; Company "A", 1; 51st Artillery, 5. Company "K" staged a bout exhibition. Our monthly divisional passes are given out. They are not much good, though.
- May 20—Hot and Fair. A ball game on our field broke up in a fight. A concert was given by the 101st Infantry Band. An air battle was being fought overhead as the band played "My Hero."
- May 21—Fair and Hot. Lieut. Trax is assigned to Company "A". Mail is received. A band concert was given in the evening by the 101st Infantry Band. Seven planes were overhead doing stunts. Details were sent to the quarry and to patch up Dead Man's Curve.
- May 22—Hot and Cloudy. Elsie Janis was at Camp Rehanne in the evening. A jazz band gives a performance. A ball game was played; Company "K", 3; Company "A", 9. Jack Stevens, Master Engineer,

is attached to our company. He is waiting for a commission to come through.

May 23—Cold and Windy. The gas alarm sounded last night. Mail is received. Elsie Janis is at Menil-la-Tour. "Canned Willy" is assigned to Company "B."

May 24—Fair. Elsie Janis is at Sanzey this afternoon. The Sanzey detail went A. W. O. L. to see her. A detail left today for headquarters to finish one of "B" Company's jobs. Our quarry detail dug up the remains of someone who had probably fought on some old battlefield near Menil-la-Tour. Some interesting souvenirs were found in the grave. A Frenchman entertained us with magic tricks.

May 25—We begin work on the "Davy Stadium," also on a tennis court. Movies were shown at the "Y". Elsie Janis is at Royaumeix today. Her shows are fine. She sang "Kaiser Bill". A detail of 80 men is sent to Rangeval. A detail is on maintenance work at Menil-la-Tour.

May 26—Sunday—Fair. A ball game is played between Abe Goldstein's "Dirty Sox" and Ellington's "Old Man Team." The "Dirty Sox" won the game with a score of 9 to 8. The casualties during the game were: Allman, Damon, Shoemaker, Goldstein. The fire-eater from Company "K" got burned while doing his stunt. He is off it for life. We stood inspection of rifle and gas masks. The gas alarm sounded at 2:00 A. M. last night. We wore the masks for an hour before relieved. A special train with about 100 men went to Sorcy to spend the day.

May 27—Cloudy and Cold. The gas alarm sounded at 5:30 A. M. and again we wore our masks for an hour. A heavy barrage last night. All details were out to work. Details are laying stone in the depot at Menil-la-Tour.

May 28—Fair and Cold. Shells were bursting all around Burley this morning. Ledin painted a scene for the Stadium. We are now allowed to write four letters a week. Another gas alarm was sounded last night.

May 29—Fair. We had a gas drill. An American aviator did some stunts over us. Lieut. Kern reads a proclamation from Gen. Pershing about the conservation of food. Stack is put on the P. C. for throwing away a crust of bread.

May 30—Fine Weather. Company "K", 161st Infantry, moved out of Snelling to-

day. Memorial Day Services were held in camp. Ex-Governor Lake gives a fine talk. Details were all called off at 3:30 P. M. Beaucoupe mail is received. A ball game was played; Company "A", 6; Balloon Company, 2. Fahey has the band up early to accompany him on his morning detail. P. C. Two hundred picked men from the 104th Infantry went over the top last night. They had their faces all blackened. We are hauling rock for the "Sal". The 101st Band gave a concert at Rehanne. We have a big detail re-surfacing the road from Menil-la-Tour to Sanzey.

May 31—Clear. The raiding party from the 104th Infantry returned to the line with 20 Hun prisoners. Most of them were gassed on their way back. Mail is received. Details are on the roads and in the quarry.

June 1—Fair and Mild. Piece work is started in the quarry. The men work harder but not as long in that manner. We only worked half a day in the quarry. An exciting air battle was staged overhead while we were standing inspection. A gas alert was sounded last night about 3:00 A. M. More Non Coms. are made.

June 2—Fair and Mild. The 101st Band arrives at our camp. They are going to stay with us for some time. Misses Kern and Seiler, two "Y" girls, put on a show at the Stadium. The programme was interrupted by the Balloon Company shooting at a Hun plane overhead. Reports say that Capt. Hackett is to return to the company. Andy Manning and Bill Conroy, of the 101st Band, entertain us of evenings. They are "there." Indoor baseball is in full blast. We lost a game of ball today; Balloon Company, 13; Company "A", 12.

June 3—Fair and Mild. The band played at the hospital in the afternoon and at Snelling in the evening. The 9.7's behind us moved out today. There was some shelling around Mandres. The Hun machine called the Ghost was brought down at Toul. Another American brought down a Hun, who fell near Menil-la-Tour. Movies were shown at the "Y". Dr. Pendil is attached to the company.

June 4—Fair and Mild. Capt. Hackett takes command of the company. An air battle is fought near camp. The Huns got away. Our plane sailed about 50 feet over us. The pilot waved his hand to us. We signed the pay-roll this evening.

June 5—Cool. We held an Amateur night. There was a negro programme and one by the 101st Band. An excellent pie-eating contest was held. The list for the tennis tournament is made up; 20 couples sign up. Billy White gives an entertainment for us. The band boys continue to liven things up in the evening in the "Y" tent.

June 6—Fair and Cool. Lieut. Davy is in command of the company again. The three day fever is in vogue, about 60 of the men are down with it. Shorty White tries to entertain at the Stadium but is interrupted by Hun planes overhead. We have a detail working on a dug-out for the officers.

June 7—Fair and Mild. A big Hun barrage was thrown over at 5:30 A. M. The company was drilled in the evening after returning from work. Lots of L. D. is floating around concerning a German drive to be pulled off here. Another gas alarm interrupted our sleep last night.

June 8—Cloudy and Warm. We had gas alarms at 1:40 and at 2:40 A. M. The band practices every morning. We stood inspection today. The boys are promised a half day off if they finish a certain job. We never got it. Rumors say that the Huns are concentrating opposite us. A detail of 20 men from the Coast Artillery was sent to the quarry to work with our boys at "Hard Labor Punishment."

June 9—Clear. A big barrage was thrown over by the Americans last night. The three day fever is increasing. The tennis tournament is started. Mail is received. A fine band concert was given in the evening. Our ball team was beaten again; Balloon Company, 14; Company "A", 12. A South Boston Tea Party was pulled off by the Band boys, assisted by Bill Hoeft and others in the barracks. The boys are promised a half holiday, which never materializes. Rumors say that we are to move.

June 10—Rain and Cold. Another barrage was heard this morning. We had a gas chamber drill. The Ordnance Department erected a try-out grounds at Royaumeix. The company is drilled. Our officers expected to entertain some girls, but the girls did not show up. Raynor returns from the R. O. T. C.

June 11—Clear and Cool. The band left us today. Raynor, Murphy and Lieut. Wind-

sor leave for Rangeval. Lieut. Trax returns to the company. The gas alarm was sounded at 2:00 A. M.

June 12—Fair and Mild. The Huns shelled the roads this morning. All details worked today. The company was drilled in the evening. The band is at the Hermitage now. At 11:40 P. M. a detail was sent out to repair the roads along the front.

June 13—Fair and Cool. The Huns dropped a few bombs near us last night. We had a concert and vaudeville show in the evening by the 101st Band. It was fine. We were issued summer underwear today.

June 14—Clear and Hot. We had a gas alarm at 5:00 P. M. It queered a "Y" show. The band gave a concert in the evening. Hot cakes were served for breakfast for the first time. The band boys pulled off a Salvation Army stunt in the "Y". It was good. We drilled in the evening after work.

June 15—Rain and Cool. Gas alarm sounded. Millar fires the bath house. Small announces it to the company. A ball game is played between the Non-Coms and the privates. The Bucks won the game.

June 16—Cloudy and Cold. The Huns throw over a barrage. We had three gas alarms during the night. Royaumeix, Boucq, Sanzey and other towns are shelled by Austrian railroad guns. Shells were also dropped in our camp. We were standing inspection in sight of seven or eight Hun balloons, while shells were singing overhead. Hun planes were overhead. The Battle of Xivray was fought today. The Americans were victorious.

June 17—Rain and Cold. Details are working in the quarry and on the various roads. There was shelling near Royaumeix. The boys scattered in all directions.

June 18—Cloudy and a little warmer. Apple pie and Honest-to-God coffee at the "Sal". American planes were out today.

June 19—Showers, Cloudy and Cool. A big shell landing in camp woke the bunch up this morning. Another shell broke behind the cook shack, later two others fell in camp. One piece of shell went through the "Y" tent. The Austrian railroad guns were in action again. Royaumeix was shelled, killing 16 mules and wounding a Y. M. C. A. Secretary. Whittle lost his

false teeth. We are working on the officers' dug-out.

June 20—Rain. There was heavy artillery action this morning. Our track team begins practicing for the Fourth of July contest at Sorcy. The Rangeval details return. The entire company is together now. The mess is poor.

June 21—Rain and Cold. Today is the longest day of the year. Maj. Stickney visits camp. Mandres is shelled. Details still working on the officers' dug-out.

June 22—Rain in the morning. Cold. A bunch leaves for the rifle range. Part of the 82nd Division is moving into this sector. It is **some** (?) bunch. Boche plane is over and drops a few bombs. Pay day.

June 23—Clear and Cold. German propaganda is dropped to us. A barrage lasting from 4:00 P. M. until 1:30 A. M. was put over. We played ball today, score, 55th Artillery, 5; Company "A", 8. Jones' brother, an aviator, visited him in camp. The Rangeval detail returns to Headquarters. A detail of 20 men sent to Menil-la-Tour to unload a train of rock. Powers is made company photographer.

June 24—Clear and Cold. All details were at work today. We had a formation for drill at 5:00 P. M. and later stood our first retreat.

June 25—Clear and Cool. The balloon close to camp goes up for the first time since the 19th. We have a gas chamber drill. The kitchen is issued dehydrated spuds. A detail is sent to Sanzey.

June 26—Cloudy and Cool. Maj. Stickney visits camp. Everybody is playing indoor baseball. A lot of French soldiers are coming in. The band gave its last concert tonight. It was very good.

June 27—Clear and Cool. The 26th Division is moving out. The 82nd Division is replacing them. They are drafted men and look like a bunch of misfits. The 5th Division is on our right. We finished the Leonval Ammunition Dump Road. The Hun planes are over every day.

June 28—Cold and Fog. We receive mail. Ollie Snedygar is in charge of the "Y". A ball game is played between Truck Companies No. 1 and No. 2 for a stake of 1,000 francs. No. 2 won. Ordnance Department leaves Royaumeix. The Hun

aviators have bombed Toul three times since our aviators have left the sector.

June 29—Clear and Cold. Mail is received. Hun planes are over all the time. A good detail went out to the Ammunition Dump, and another one went to Sanzey.

June 30—Fair and Mild. We had a try-out for Field Day at Sorcy. Mail comes in. The boys at Rangeval come over to take part in the try-outs.

July 1—Cloudy and Warm. Mr. Snedygar leaves us. We were sorry to see him go. We held another try-out. The first detail of 17 men goes through the delouser. Col. Conrad, Q. M. of 82nd Division, calls down a sergeant in charge of one of our details for not saluting. Can you beat it? Boche planes are over.

July 2—Fair and Warm. We sign the pay-roll. Three fellows entertain at the "Y". They were good. Try-out for candidates for the Sorcy meet was held. There is to be running and a tug-of-war. A detail is sent to Sanzey to resurface and reinforce the road. Flint, Lush, Anderson, L. L., and Wilkinson (Powers for substitute) make the relay team. A 1,000-franc pool is collected among the boys.

July 3—Cloudy and Cool. We had inspection today. Everybody drills, except the athletes, who have a day off. The gas alarm sounded. Moving pictures were made of us operating the Royaumiex Quarry. Boys play indoor baseball. We sign the pay-roll.

July 4—Cold and Misty in the morning. The weather clears up in the afternoon. A big crowd goes to Sorcy. Sergt. Coates, in charge of the men, misses the train. Company "A" won the Relay Race from the field, but lost the tug-of-war to Company "C". The 82nd Division turns in three gas alarms before midnight. The "Sal" had doughnuts and coffee.

July 5—A fine day. The details are all to the bad; too much Fourth of July. We saw moving pictures at the "Y". We had a gas alarm at 4:00 A. M.

July 6—Clear and Cool. Names were drawn for the first rest camp. Sooners—Dillard and others, sew on first service stripe. We had pumpkin pie. Beaucoupe mail is received.

July 7—Sunday—Cloudy. We had no inspection today. A ball game was played, 51st Artillery, 10; Company "A", 7.

July 8—Rain and Cloudy. "Y" girls are brought to camp by Mr. Snedygar. An aeroplane sailing through the clouds made them part in such a manner as to form a figure 6. It was a wonderful sight.

July 9—Rained all day. Details were sent out to the roads and the quarry.

July 10—Cloudy. Some "Y" girls dine with the officers. We lost another ball game, 21st Engineers, 3; Company "A", 2. A detail returns to camp to go to the rifle range, but are sent back to work instead.

July 11—Cloudy and Cool. Movies were shown at the "Y". Mail is received. Correspondence school is started (?) by the "Y". Shrapnel from the Archies falls in camp.

July 12—Fair and Warm. Snedygar brings entertainers called "The Jolly Fellows". We drilled in the evening, in charge of Lieut. Trax. Our cat presented the company with one squad and a sergeant (Cat Recruits) on Strothers' bunk.

July 13—Cloudy and Warm. A bunch went to the rifle range this morning. Mail arrives. Details work only half a day.

July 14—Sunday—Cloudy and Warm. This is a French holiday (Bastille Day). A large delegation of the boys goes to Sorcy. They had a good time. French and Americans all drunk. We played ball; Truck Company No. 2, 7; Company "A", 9. A detail is sent to Rangeval.

July 15—Cloudy in A. M., clear in P. M. The first bunch is to leave for Aix la Bains tomorrow. We were paid. Boche planes were over in the evening. Two French anti-aircraft guns move into Royaumeix Quarry. The gas alarm sounded at 10:00 P. M. A detail goes to the Garage for a blow-out.

July 16—Cloudy and Warm. The bunch for Aix la Bains is rarin' to go. At noon all leaves were called off. Everybody celebrates.

July 17—Cloudy and Hot. Rumors say that we are to move to Chateau Thierry. This is the last day of work in the quarry. A big celebration was held at the Mad House. Orders were received to be ready to move at two hours' notice. The Sanzey detail celebrates.

July 18—Heavy windstorm. Whittle almost got blown over the cliff at the quarry.

The shanty got blown down. A detail is putting things in order for the 21st Engineers to take over our work. Detail returns from Rangeval. The entire company is together again.

July 19—Clear and Hot. Misses Jane Bulley and Neysa McMein entertain the boys. They sure are good scouts. We drill all day. Stood reveille also. It was the first time in how long? The company is re-organized and new squads formed. Hun planes are over us all the time. Carter, Stahl and Singleton leave for Commercy A. W. O. L.

July 20—Cloudy. We drill all day, in sight of Hun balloons. It was hailing this morning before breakfast. Thunder shower in afternoon.

July 21—Cloudy and Cool. Lieut. Davy spoke to us and said, "You can't be trusted." The company is pretty sore. We held a Street Fair in the afternoon. We had a great time. The cooties are thick around here. Huns shell close to us. Mail comes in.

July 22—Clear and Hot. Three balloons are shot down. The 5th Platoon wins a competitive drill. The prize is a trip to the Mad House. They must be back early. The company is all ready to move. We are ordered to stop drilling in sight of the Hun balloons this morning. All service stripes are being put on. Our A. W. O. L.'s returned today. Hun planes dropped seven bombs at 11:00 P. M. Caine mixed it with some coons.

CHATEAU THIERRY

July 23—Rain and Cold. Breakfast was served at 4:00 A. M. We broke camp at 5:00 A. M. We moved via trucks to Rangeval (cats and all), loaded our kitchen on a flat car and then entrained. We arrived at Toul at 12:30 P. M. The train stopped at Toul for some time, so the boys were allowed to go around the city. While there, they met Miss Bulley and Miss McMein. They held a song festival in the Red Cross. Some of the boys were considered A. W. O. L. while in Toul. The train left Toul at 9:00 P. M. The boys slung their shelter halves in the cars and used them as hammocks. Pitman was knocked out of his hammock and off the train, but he managed to run up and catch it. The crap shooters amused themselves by their indoor sport.

July 24—Cloudy and Cool. Lots of girls along the route welcome us. The train ran over a girl at Rolamspont. We passed through Chaumont, A. E. F. Headquarters. It is some town. A big bridge is over the railroad. While there we are not allowed to make any noise, and had to keep our hats on straight. We stopped at Troyes for an hour. It is some town. We saw many big guns and beaucoup prisoners along the line. Everybody washes, shaves and eats chow in about a twenty-inch space. This territory was fought over in 1914 and there are plenty of graves on either side of the railroad. We arrived at Noisy-le-Sec at 12:00 P. M. Remained in the cars over night. Guards were posted. This place is only six kilometers from Paris. It is a beautiful country around here.

July 25—Raining hard. We were up at 6:00 o'clock, had breakfast and left Noisy-le-Sec. We ate dinner at Meaux. We saw our first double-deck railroad cars. We passed Boche prisoners digging graves for our boys. The train arrived at La Feete at 3:30 P. M. The company marched to Ussy-sur-Marne. We had big packs and were tired on our arrival. Camp was made in the grounds of an old chateau. We pitched pup tents on the banks of the Marne River. Aeroplanes are thick. A big guard is placed over us. We meet the "Nut." It is a beautiful country. We are to attend roll call at 9:00 P. M. The rain is pouring down.

July 26—Showers. The company drilled all day. We are training the N. C. O.'s. The company takes a swim in the Marne. See our first pontoon bridge and use the same to dive from. The kitchen is near the river. Beaucoupe flies and yellow jackets.

July 27—Cloudy and Cool. We had a foot inspection. The pay-roll is signed. We drilled again. "To the rear-r—march." We also had sprinting and double time. Took another swim in the Marne. We have trouble drawing rations. The company stood roll call at 9:00 P. M.

July 28—Cloudy and Showers. We stood inspection at 9:00 A. M. No drill today. A heavy barrage is on at the front. The French put on a minstrel show for our benefit. It was some show. We received Beaucoupe rations today. We stood our night formation.

July 29—Hot day. Hiked 12 kilometers to Uigney this morning. We had double

time. The men fell out. Lieut. Davy tells us that we can be shot for it. In the afternoon we held a swimming party. A heavy barrage was put over at 2:00 A. M. Our evening formation is sure some joke.

July 30—Foggy. We hiked five miles to Changlea, St. Jean and back. They are giving platoon skirmish drill. Sergt. Murphy takes the company out to drill. Semaphore signaling was practiced in the afternoon. A machine gun company of the 26th Division arrives from the front. We went swimming after formation in the afternoon. A heavy barrage is being thrown over at the front.

Aug. 1—Hot with showers. A hike and drill all day. "Our company is coming into its own" by Lieut. Estelle. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford again entertain.

Aug. 2—Cold and Showers. Stood reveille at 6:00 A. M. Drilled all day.

Aug. 3—Showers. The company hiked and had skirmish drill all day. We are attached to the 1st Army Corps.

Aug. 4—Sunday—Rain. The company stood inspection at 9:00 A. M. The 103rd Infantry (26th Division) held Memorial Services for their dead. General Edwards spoke.

Aug. 5—Rain. We drilled all day. The 103rd Infantry held a minstrel show and their band gave a concert. Fried ham was served for dinner. The French have moved the pontoon bridge.

Aug. 6—Cloudy and Cool. Showers. The company went through the delouser. We were given chocolate by two W. A. C. girls, the first we had seen. The company took a long hike this morning.

Aug. 7—Cloudy and Warm. Beaucoupe mail is received. Mrs. Hoyt entertains us. In the morning the company drilled and took a short hike. In the afternoon the company was divided in two, the two parts went on opposite hills and signaled to each other. We still stand the 9:00 P. M. formation for roll call.

Aug. 8—Cloudy and Cool. We took a long hike in the morning. After mess we packed up and were ready to move on two hours' notice.

Aug. 9—Cloudy and Cool. We broke camp this morning and set out on the hike with full packs. We made La Ferte by

8:00 A. M. and started climbing a long hill just beyond that city. It was a tough pull. We passed through Vaux, which is completely ruined, and reached Chateau Thierry at 5:00 P. M., having marched 32 kilometers. O. D. and Iodine did a big business in the evening, for everybody had sore feet. Burton Holmes takes a moving picture of the company marching through the town. Lieut. Estelle stayed right with the boys all day, and he had a full pack too. In the evening some of the boys looked the town over while others went swimming in the Marne. While the fellows were swimming they found a dead German and an American in the stream. They buried them. There is heavy firing ahead of us.

Aug. 10—Cloudy. We left Chateau Thierry at 6:00 A. M. It is terribly hot. The men are all tired out. We entered the "souvenir country" shortly. Our packs were taken off and left at Epieds, being picked up later by the camp truck. We arrived at Villemoyenne at 4:00 P. M., where we pitched our pup tents in an orchard, according to squads, platoons and in line in all directions. We are two kilometers from Fere-en-Tardenois. Three Boche planes were over us. We hiked about 22 kilometers today.

Aug. 11—Hot day. We met Truck Co. No. 10. Formation at 9:00 A. M. to police camp. We salvaged a Hun piano. Our dependents are now—2 dogs, 10 cats, 1 cow and 1 piano. The atmosphere is terrible, so many dead around. Souvenirs are thick. We buried some American soldiers. Denny Bergin offers prayer. "Jerry has to be tied up." Mail received. There are millions of flies around this place.

Aug. 12—Hot day. We drill, have inspection and get paid. The smell of the dead is terrible and the flies are thick. Adolph Bersch did not smell very good, so we reburied him.

Aug. 13—Hot. We drill for five hours and have one hour fatigue. Huns drop bombs and big flares. They also attack a wagon train on the road with machine guns. A heavy barrage is in progress. Dr. Pendil, Pond and others fight for places under the camp truck during the air raid. Bombs were dropped on a hospital near us. The boys visit the ruined church in Fere-en-Tardenois. The beautiful paintings in the church are all cut to pieces.

The smallest painting is ten feet by ten feet. One painting was made in 1743.

Aug. 14—Clear and Hot. Mail arrives. Three balloons were brought down. We had a night air raid. We drilled five hours. Some of the boys visted a big German gun base near camp. Beaucoup Hun planes over tonight.

Aug. 15—Clear and Hot. This morning we took a hike, we were out for three hours. In the afternoon we packed up, we have orders to move. McCormick is acting Mess Sergeant. Many big guns are going to the Front.

Aug. 16—Fair and Hot. We were up at 5:00 A. M., had breakfast, broke camp at 7:15 and marched five east to Bois de Meuneere, arriving there at 11:30 A. M. It was a hard cross country hike and many of the boys fell out. There are lots of souvenirs here. This camp used to be occupied by the Prussian Guards. Tractors and many guns are going on up. We were shelled and in the evening had an air raid lasting from 9:00 to 11:00 P. M. Fere-en-Tardenois was bombed.

Aug. 17—Cloudy and Warm. There was a heavy barrage all day. This morning we had a large camp detail. Most of the boys bathed in a near-by creek. We found Beaucoup blankets that had been salvaged and appropriated same. A big black jack game lasting all night was played by moonlight.

Aug. 18—Sunday—Cloudy and Cool. We stood inspection today. The boys begin sending souvenirs home. Blackberries are ripe and there are lots of them around camp. In the evening a heavy barrage was in progress.

Aug. 19—Very warm. All the company was sent out with picks and shovels. They didn't work. Lieut. Davy claims we are "draft dodgers." A Non-Com meeting was called, they got dragged over the coals. The Tin-God threatens to put us in the Gas and Flame if we don't work. Several of the Non-Coms ask to be transferred to the Gas and Flame. The boys had a good time around the piano, playing and singing. The woods were shelled several times and we had a gas alarm. We were bombed again tonight.

Aug. 20—Clear and Cool. Heavy showers during the night. Gas and Flame threatened again. Sergt. Weeks turned in a

bunch of names of men who wouldn't work. About half of the men ask to be transferred to the Gas and Flame Regiment. Orders came in to move. Details returned to camp at 10:00 A. M. and packed up. A Hun plane gets one of our balloons.

Aug. 21—Clear and Hot. Company moves by detail to Abbey de Igny. The first detail of 12 men moved to a camp near Cohan. It was so dangerous there that a Colonel ordered them to get out. They went to Abby de Igny. Beaucoup shells and flares there. They passed Roosevelt's grave.

Aug. 22—Clear and Hot. Half of the company arrives at the Abby de Igny at 6:00 P. M., where they were greeted by hot shell fire. Got orders to move at 1:00 A. M.

Aug. 23—Clear and Warm. Last half leaves for the Abby. On arrival the boys immediately dig themselves in. We were shelled all night, the shells landing very close. There are millions of flies and yellow jackets (man size) here. Details are cleaning up the camp.

Aug. 24—Rain and Cold. Details working on the roads. Everybody marking time. Big guns shell us, the explosion shakes the ground all round, and keeps the men from sleeping.

Aug. 25—Sunday—Clear and Cool. Lots of shelling going on. Aeroplanes are always overhead. We receive chocolate from the Red Cross. A detail is sent out to work a quarry. Some of the boys are supervising the work of Pioneer Infantry men. Bombing planes come over at 10:00 P. M. The boys salvage a lot of plums.

Aug. 26—Cloudy and Cold. Big storm last night. The big guns are at work. Amex planes are overhead. We have two quarries operating. The Red Cross issues more chocolate. Our Infantry makes a big advance.

Aug. 27—Cloudy and Cool. It is a fine day. The heavy artillery is active all day and night. A commissary is opened at the Abby, it takes about four hours to go through the lines.

Aug. 28—Rain and Cool. We are living on greasy stew and sticky macaroni. The pay roll was signed. Lots of shells are coming over. We counted nineteen consecutive "duds." The rules are very strict

about lights. Many of the boys are sick. It rained hard about 6:00 P. M. Some boot-leggers unloaded on the 1st Platoon.

Aug. 29—Rain. A Boche came over and tried for a balloon but failed. There was a heavy barrage all last night. Chocolate and magazines were given out at the Red Cross.

Aug. 30—Rain and Cold. We had had a day off to go through the delouser. Orders to wear the U. S. Button. Signed the pay roll.

Aug. 31—Rain. Lieut. Estelle hunts for jam and butter around the gas guards. Heavy barrage all night.

Sept. 1—Sunday—Rain all day. Half of the company is off to go through the delouser. They got new clothes. Red Cross gives us chewing gum, chocolate and cigarettes. Dykema's big truck is wrecked. Inspection for some of the men. A detail visits Rheims. Hun planes over and dropped bombs.

Sept. 2—Clear and Cold. Hun planes over and get two balloons. Details are sent to Dravegny. Max goes to hospital. Thirty-one "duds" fall close to camp. A Quad truck turns over on the road. It is Labor Day. Half of the company is off to go through the delouser.

Sept. 3—Cloudy and Cool. A big air fight was staged today, five Allies and seven Huns. After three planes were brought down, the Huns beat it. The balloon at camp was shot down. A detail left for Chateau Thierry to bring back tractors. We can see Fismes and other towns burning. The Americans crossed the Vesle River in a push.

Sept. 4—Stormy. We receive orders to move at 5:00 P. M., the orders were: "The alert is on. You will proceed to rendezvous, where you will be met by Staff Officers, who will give you further instructions." We broke camp at 7:30 P. M. and marched to the Bois de Meunier, arriving there at 10:30 P. M., finding many troops there ahead of us. We made camp and passed the night.

Sept. 5—Mild and Showers. We broke camp at 4:30 A. M. and hiked to St. Thibaut, arriving there at 11:00 P. M. in a heavy thunder storm. We made a bivouac camp alongside of the road. The 88th Aero Squadron moves up. Some 2nd class mail

is received. A heavy artillery action is on.

Sept. 6—Fair and Mild. We moved camp one-half mile ahead. Lieut. Kern returns to the company. Eight balloons are in sight. The Reichtofen Circus is on this sector, the machines are painted a bright red. Huns drop G. I. Cans. Two Huns are downed. A battery of 6-inch rifles are just behind our camp—they cut loose at 3:00 P. M. and certainly jarred things up.

Sept. 7—Fair and Cool. We cleaned up St. Thibaut in the morning and in the afternoon we built a road up to the bridge-head across the Vesle. We had a salvage detail out looking for rockets. There are lots of French, German and American dead laying around. We buried quite a few. The boys found sawed off shot guns and piles of other equipment laying around, and, of course, lots of souvenirs. We finished the job at 7:30 P. M.

Sept. 8—Fair and Cool. Aeroplane fight overhead. One American was attacked by three Huns, he brought one Hun down and made his escape. Pershing says, "Hell, Heaven or Hoboken by Christmas." The detail arrives with tractors.

Sept. 9—Cloudy and showers. Moved camp by trucks to La Charnel. We arrived at La Charnel at 2:00 P. M. It rained most of the time on the trip. The Abby de Igny detail with barracks bags arrived. The boys spent a cold night.

Sept. 10—Rained hard all day. Cold. No work except a few camp details. Everybody loafed most of the time. Barrack bags were inspected and surplus souvenirs thrown away. We are waiting for orders. The sergeants put on a celebration this evening.

ACROSS CHAMPAGNE TO ST. MIHIEL

Sept. 11—Showers and Cold. Broke camp this morning. We are traveling on 27 of Truck Co. "10" trucks. Iron rations are issued to us. It rained most of the day. The tractors and other equipment left under charge of Lieut. Trax. We crossed the River Marne at Jaulgonne, passed through Dormans, the city is in ruins, then through the towns of Troissy, Buisson, Epernay, Plivot and Chalons. We made camp outside of Chalons. The boys were allowed to visit Chalons and most of them had supper in that city. This is the first time we have been in civilization

for many months. We passed the 28th Division on the road. It is a terribly dark night. We have a sergeant and 11 men on guard.

Sept. 12—Cool and Showers. Broke camp early this morning. The surrounding country is beautiful. We stopped at Vitry-la-Francaise, where the boys bought out a store of all its hot bread, cheese, jam, etc. It sure was good stuff. We continued and passed through the towns of Moncetz, Cheppy, Pogny, Le Chaussel, Vitry, Jusecourt, Minecourt, Villees-le-Sec, Rambecourt. We made camp for the night at Chaumont sur Aire. It is very cold. The officers were almost kicked out of a truck in which they were sleeping. Some of the boys were called down for singing, by a major.

Sept. 13—Showers. We left Chaumont sur Aire. Had our dinner of Red Horse, etc., in the ammunition dump along the road. Today we saw our first U. S. A. locomotive in action. Arrived at some barracks near Dugney, and made camp. The men had to sleep in the barracks. Guards were posted, but some of the fellows were A. W. O. L. already. Orders came in that evening to get out of there by 11:00 o'clock or as actually read, by 23 o'clock that night. We loaded up again in the dark and finally left at 12:00 P. M.

Sept. 14—Cold and Cloudy. Traveled last night and arrived in Souilly at 2:00 A. M., where we made camp in the street, the men shifting for themselves. There is a prison cage in the city containing 2,300 Huns and 60 officers. That means souvenirs galore. The boys located some beer. We were paid. Six hundred new prisoners brought in today.

Sept. 15—Fair and Cold. We had breakfast and then pulled out of Souilly for about a mile further up the road. Here we met Company "H," who had beaucoup mail for us and copies of the "Highwayman," the 23rd's official journal. This was the first we had seen of the paper. We also meet Col. Peak at Senoncourt, who gave us orders to proceed to Parois. On the way to Parois the trucks had to travel 200 yards apart, for safety's sake. We arrived at our camp, which is under direct observation by enemy balloons, at 10:00 o'clock in the evening. Some of the trucks got lost and did not get in until later.

Sept. 16—Showers. We were up early this morning. The French officers ordered us

to move the trucks into camouflage. The men are not allowed to get in the open, and trucks are not allowed to go in or out of camp in the day time. Mail is received. A detail cleared out the barracks in camp, but the men preferred sleeping in their pup tents near the dug-outs. The big grave yards of Verdun were seen on our way to camp. This evening the Boche came over and dropped G. I. cans. Everybody made for the dug-outs.

Sept. 17—Showers. A detail was sent to the Vadelaincourt Quarry. They worked along with Indo-Chinese. Some of the boys were put in charge of a detail from the 108th Engineers. Eight bags of mail are received. A Hun plane came over and dropped propaganda. Our trucks were covered with tarpaulins, so that the enemy would not be able to see what the trucks carried. We are building a reserve ration dump. Many large guns are being moved up. A heavy artillery action occurred. Huns shot down the balloon close to camp.

Sept. 18—Showers. A detail was sent to the quarry. The 1st Platoon has a day off. They worked all day getting things ready to move. After supper camp was broken and we moved to Grange le Compt, near Rarecourt, arriving there at 9:30 P. M. Barracks were to be had at this camp and we speedily made use of them.

Sept. 19—Showers. Everybody is working now. Details were sent out to the quarry near Blercourt, to the railroad, to unload material, and one to work on the Aubreville-Neuvilly Road. Pond and T. T. decide to sleep in a dug-out. Part of our details worked all night. Traffic conditions are terrible. Shoemaker sets up his blacksmith shop and gets to work. American Engineers are building a prisoner stockade at Lemmes.

Sept. 20—Rain. Details working all night at Neuville storage dump. Details repairing the road in the day time. This former detail was shelled and gassed several times during the night. Rats as big as cats are in the barracks, and many of them.

Sept. 21—Rain. Details are out working coons. Traffic is blocked on a four way road. Our trucks made two kilometers in two hours. Our details are mixed up. We are working a detail of the 537th Engineers along with some Moroccans in the

Auzeville Quarry. Clermont was shelled today.

Sept. 22—Rain. Details working both night and day. A tool dump at Neuville is started. Neuville is heavily shelled, also Auzeville and Clermont. Many tanks and troops are coming in. Our tractors are taken up to the front.

Sept. 23—Stormy. We have started storing material in Neuville, which is about two kilometers from the Front Line. The detail at the Auzeville Quarry was shelled and gassed, which kept the boys in the dug-out most of the time. Day and night work continues. Details are working the 537th Engineers. Some of the boys visited Verdun.

Sept. 24—Showers. Details are cleaning the road west of the Aire River at Neuville. A detail is storing material at Auzeville. Our night detail was gassed three times during the night. Tanks, guns, troops and supplies are coming up. A heavy artillery battle is on. We had beaucoup hot cakes for breakfast.

ARGONNE-MEUSE

Sept. 25—Showers and Cold. There was a big traffic block during the night. A heavy barrage was put over at 11:00 P. M. on our left. Our night detail was ordered to leave Neuville at midnight. A terrific barrage opened up at 2:00 A. M. Our men work all night, no rest for them. The offensive begins all along the line.

Sept. 26—Showers. We were up at 5:30 A. M. and after breakfast, moved to Neuville. The company left the barrack bags at Grange le Compt. Prisoners are coming back. We left Neuville and arrived at the First Crater at 1:00 A. M. Two thousand men are on the job building a telford base shoo-fly around the crater. We assisted the Pioneer Engineers on our arrival but at 8:00 P. M. we took full charge of building a two way road around the crater.

Col. Peak was on the job for a while directing the work. The enemy is shelling our batteries on the right. Traffic was blocked for 24 hours for miles back of the crater. We formed three 8-hour shifts, thus working day and night. Four shells landed within a few feet of a gang of our boys but none were hurt. We sent a detail further up to Bourevilles to remove debris and obstructions from the road. The kitchen is now serving six meals a

day, or two meals for each gang. A Hun machine gun holding the hill on our left, cut loose at us but did no damage, although the bullets were hitting in the planks and lumber piles. Heavy shell fire coming in all around us. The German prisoners are carrying back our wounded. A Hun plane came over us and shortly after, eight shells landed on the road, wounding a number of men.

Sept. 27—Rain. We finished the first crater this morning and moved up to the second. There are 2,000 men on the job. When we arrived a six-inch gun was stuck in the mud. We gave a lift toward getting it out, when it hit a mine which blew up the gun, killing several fellows and wounding ten. The first hundred feet of this shoo-fly was made with telford base, but the remainder was made into a plank road. The road at present is only one way. A Hun aviator dropped gas bombs on a battery to our right and then made use of his machine gun. We are shelled heavily. The lines advance further today. The artillery went across our new road at 2:00 A. M. We buried five American soldiers on the Varennes side of the crater. A big barrage is in progress all along the line. Marz finds a German Major and his orderly, brings them into Varennes and turns them over to the M. P.'s. A Hun plane swoops and gets a balloon nearly over us, but the boys got him before he went far.

Sept. 28—Rained hard all day. We widened the plank road at the second crater to a two way road. We saw a big air battle in which one American and three Huns were downed. A Hun plane gets another American balloon, but five of our planes chased him and brought him down just inside of our lines. Gen. Pershing goes over our road and gets out of his car and speaks to some of our boys. Machine gun bullets keep bothering our men. The traffic is tremendous, 12,000 vehicles having been counted passing a given point in 24 hours.

Sept. 29—Rain. The main road is being widened from Boureuilles to Varennes. We have a detail maintaining the plank road night and day. The night detail goes to work at 6:00 P. M. and is relieved at 6:00 A. M. The men suffer from the cold. Neuville was shelled. Machine guns work on our details. Between the noise of the artillery and being bitten by fleas, it is hard to get any sleep at night.

Sept. 30—Rain and Cold. Details still working night and day on repairing and maintaining roads. The night detail was shelled most of the time. Machine guns hinder our work. The big batteries are now over a mile behind us, and they keep up a heavy fire all day. One of our aviators dashed to earth about 100 yards from the road. The 1st Division is coming up.

Oct. 1—Colder and Rain. We sign the payroll. A big shell landed in a gravel pit worked by our boys just a few minutes after they had got out. We are still working day and night maintaining it. A Hun swept up and down the road using his machine gun on the traffic. We are working the 54th Pioneer Infantry, but they don't have much "pep." The "Sal" has moved into Neuville.

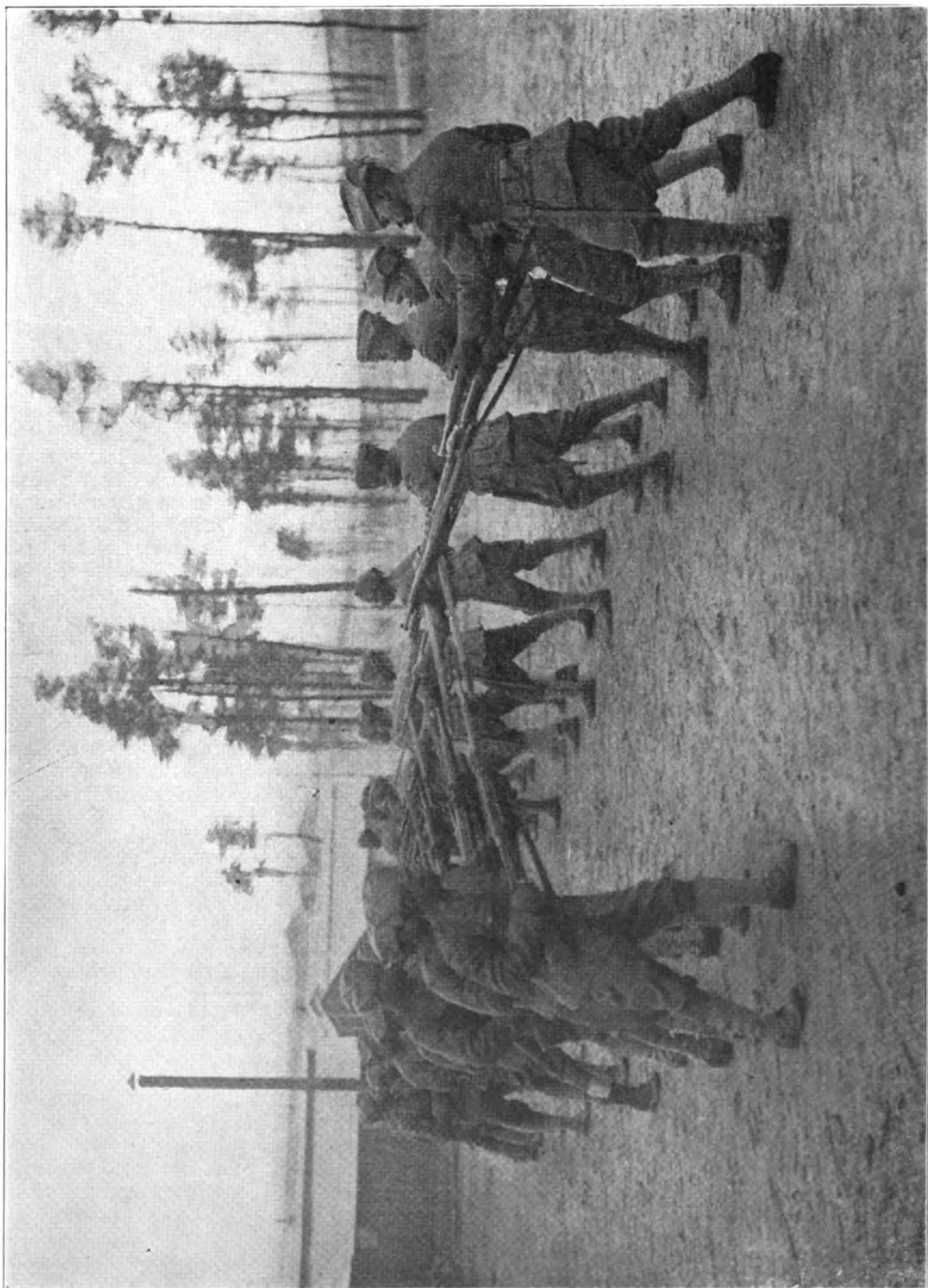
Oct. 2—Frosty and Cold. Details are working the 54th Pioneer Infantry at Varennes and Cheppy. There are beaucoup batteries around us. The French begin building a bridge over the first crater. The "Sal" opens up, candy and eats. The Huns make a raid on the roads.

Oct. 3—Cloudy and showers. The 1st Division goes over the top. Two thousand cases have gone through the dressing station at Neuville. All the batteries are moving forward. Several naval guns come up and get into action. The "Sal" made some swell doughnuts and coffee. Neuville was bombed this evening.

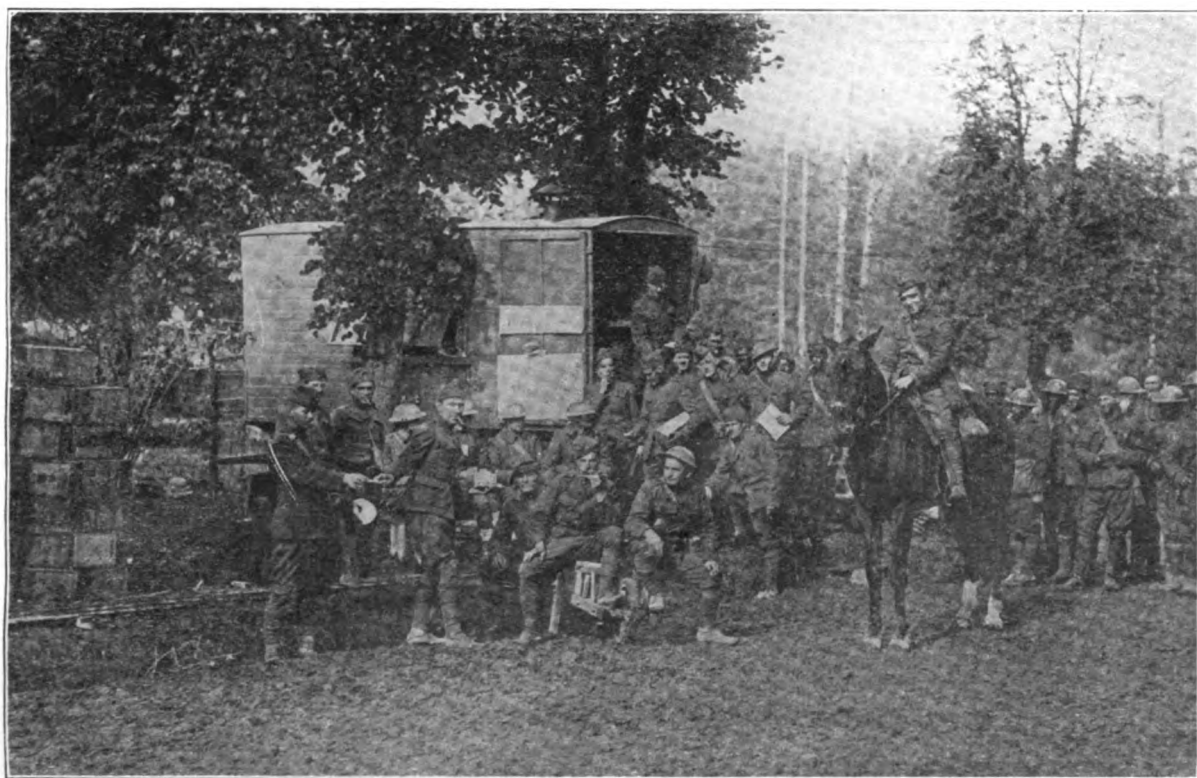
Oct. 4—Cloudy. A heavy barrage was thrown over at 5:15 A. M. and a big advance was made. Twenty-two Hun planes came over—one stayed. We packed up to move but it was a false alarm. The details went out at 10:00 A. M. We had hot coffee and doughnuts at the "Sal".

Oct. 5—Cold. Our details are working in Varennes and Cheppy. The "Sal" gets in a big supply of cookies and candy.

Oct. 6—Cloudy. Rumor has it that the Central Powers are asking for peace on Wilson's terms. This morning at 9:00 o'clock we left Neuville and hiked to Varennes. Our packs were terribly heavy. Stack found his "Aladdin's" Cave. It contained many bottles of champagne and wines, etc. We found in four hours what Jerry could not find in four years. We made camp in dug-outs and pup tents along the Aure River. Varennes is of historical interest, as here the flight of Louis XIV and Marie



Bayonet Fighters at Guard Position.



Members of the "Lost Battalion" Getting Their First Meal At a Regimental Kitchen, After Having Been Cut Off By the Enemy for Six Days With But One Day's Rations.

Antoinette was discovered. Two large batteries of 155's are stationed in town. Four thousand trucks pass through here in 24 hours. Our men are still working the Pioneer Infantry.

Oct. 7—Showers. We opened up a quarry on the Cheppy Road, but it is not of much account, so the detail went to Charpentry. This detail was shelled here. No damage done except the killing of several horses. The detail on the second crater built a fire in a dug-out and had to wear their gas masks on account of the smoke. Wine still holding out.

Oct. 8—Cold and Raining. A heavy barrage was on all day and night. All the roads were shelled down to the first crater. We have a detail tearing down the walls of demolished buildings in Charpentry in order to get rock. Charpentry was heavily shelled today, and there was an air battle directly overhead. There was much noise, for everybody around was shooting at the Boche planes, of which there were twenty. Murphy and Bull Yake mixed it up today. We were served doughnuts and coffee at the "Sal" in Varennes.

Oct. 9—Cloudy and Terribly Cold. Details the same as yesterday. Many Boche prisoners are coming through. A Hun plane shot down one of our balloons, but we got him at Fleville.

Oct. 10—Fair and Mild. Shells were dropped just behind our camp truck on the Neuville-Varennes Road. Another shell struck a truck loaded with packs and scattered the packs all over the landscape. Our Charpentry detail is still at work. Ten Huns were over today and got one of our balloons. We got one of the planes.

Oct. 11—Cloudy. Charpentry detail is shelled and gassed. Rumors of peace are heard. Coffee and doughnuts at the "Sal". Hun planes are over. A heavy barrage is in progress.

Oct. 12—Rain. Details left to work Companies "A", "B", "C" and "D" of the 815th Pioneer Infantry at Clermont. They are to act as instructors on the Army Method of Road Building. The rest of the company is getting good grub now. Some of the boys left for the R. O. T. C. The misfits are left in camp. A detail is still working in Charpentry. Gassed D. T.'s leave for hospital.

Oct. 13—Sunday—Cloudy and Showers. The boys bathe in Varennes in a bath house. They are allowed three minutes to do the job in. There are a lot of trucks lying in the ditches along the road. Germany talks with Wilson on his fourteen points. Detail at Charpentry eats and shoot craps in the ruins of the old church.

Oct. 14—Cloudy and Cold. A heavy barrage is on. Good doughnuts and eats were served at the "Sal." Beaucoupe prisoners pass our camp. A couple of the boys salvaged a German machine gun and had some practice. It is some weapon. We receive some mail.

Oct. 15—Rained all day and night. German prisoners say that they are through with their kaiser. We attended a band concert at Charpentry given by the 150th Field Artillery Band. Mail is received. The first broad gauge locomotive pulls into Varennes.

Oct. 16—Rained hard. Gen. Foch is to dictate peace terms. A detail of the 54th Pioneer Infantry is working with our detail in Charpentry.

Oct. 17—Rain and Cold. Gen. Pershing passes through Varennes. Sergt. Weeks is transferred from the company. We still have our Charpentry detail. Rumors are that the Americans have taken Grand Pre. German prisoners continue to come back. A 6-inch naval battery is at work about 60 or 100 yards from our Charpentry detail. A big bunch of Boche planes were over today.

Oct. 18—Cold with Showers. Our detail with Company "A", and Company "B", 815th P. I., return to the company. The other details are still out. Christmas package coupons are given out. Rumors are that riots are occurring in Berlin.

Oct. 19—Cloudy and Cold. Our details with Companies "B" and "C", 815th P. I., return to the company. The Charpentry detail is loading stone. They also broke up some tombstones that were found on the hill and are using them to patch the road. Hun bombing machines come over.

Oct. 20—Sunday—Rained hard all day. We received 19 sacks of mail. The company stood muster at 8:00 A. M.

Oct. 21—Cloudy and Cold. Pay day. Details were out to Charpentry and vicin-

ity. Hun planes were over this evening dropping flares and then bombs.

Oct. 22—Fair and Cold. Details were out to Charpentry. Jerry was over again and caused a bit of excitement around our camp with his G. I. cans.

Oct. 23—Fair and Cool. The Spanish "Flu" is raging. Many of the boys are in the hospital. Beaucoupe Hun planes were over this evening from 8:00 to 11:00 P. M., dropping eggshells as usual. One landed about 100 feet from camp. Another landed on top of a locomotive under which two fellows were taking refuge. Luckily it was a "dud". The searchlights were playing up into the sky trying to spot them. It was a beautiful sight.

Oct. 24—Fair and Cool. Capt. Hackett has taken command of the company. Lieut. Davy, or rather Capt. Davy, as he now is, being transferred to the Army Road Service. Many of the boys are being sent to the hospital. The rains have flooded the Aire River, it sure is up high. We were bombed again.

Oct. 25—Cloudy and Cool. We have started to work longer hours; from 5:00 A. M. to 7:00 P. M. Also have arranged it so that each man may be off one day in seven.

Oct. 26—Cloudy. Our Regimental Headquarters with Company "E" and the band have moved to Vraincourt from the S. O. S. The Charpentry detail is out. A Hun gets another balloon. The men in the balloon jump with their parachutes. A big feed for the boys was on the bill tonight.

Oct. 27—Fair and Cold. Lieut. Col. Wing visits camp. Rumors visit camp that former Sergt. Peek is now a shave tail. Capt. Hackett gives a talk to the company. The Hun has been shelling the vicinity for the past few nights.

Oct. 28—Cloudy and Cold. Company "F" moves into Charpentry. They were shelled and several wounded. A Hun aviator gets a balloon near Cheppy, and the balloon near camp was also brought down. We receive rumors than Ludendorf has resigned. The Allies are giving the Hun hell along the whole line. Beaucoupe cooties in the company.

Oct. 29—Cold. A detail of our men is working Company "E", 27th Engineers, on the road near Mt. Blainville. We signed the pay-roll again. A heavy barrage is on. We

saw another big air battle today. Capt. Davy is in the hospital with wounds received hunting souvenirs with Lieut. Col. Wing. Rumors are that Austria has quit.

Oct. 30—Cold. Rumors are that Vienna has demanded a separate peace. Also that we are to move to Grand Pre. The church at Clermont is blown down completely but the shrine is still standing. All the territory around here has seen many battles in the old days. A heavy barrage is on.

Oct. 31—Cloudy. The company was up early this morning, had mess and at 7:00 A. M. started on a hike to Four de Paris, which is in the Argonne Forest. We arrived there at 1:00 P. M. This is Hallowe'en night and everything is quiet for some reason or other. Hart H. J. rides the motor bike against Shorty's wishes. Company "K", 23rd Engineers, takes our place at Varennes. We have good dug-outs, etc., at Four de Paris. It is a historical place. Caesar once used this place as a camp.

Nov. 1—Fair and Mild. There has been a heavy barrage all day and night. Mail is received. We have a detail out cleaning the road at La Chalade. R. J. returns from A. W. O. L. He is punished by being made to dig holes. We have orders to move but did not go. Salvage returns.

Nov. 2—Rain and Cold. Detail still cleaning the road. Turkey surrenders Dardanelles and prisoners. Mail is received. The 82nd Division goes out.

Nov. 3—Rain. We had half of the company off. They stood inspection at 4:00 P. M. Shorty asks if emery paper was used on the rifles. Details out scraping mud off the roads. We receive rumors that President Wilson is assassinated.

Nov. 4—Fair and Cold. The other half of the company is off, and stand inspection in the afternoon. Chaplain Cotter gives us K. of C. candy, cigars, cigarettes and gum. The boys return from detached service. A couple of them got lost and slept in No Man's Land with the 114th Engineers, returning to the company the next morning.

Nov. 5—Cloudy and Cold. The whole company has an off day and stands inspection at 4:00 P. M. Capt. Hackett gives us a speech, tells us that we have been resting the past few days. We were not aware of the fact. It was our official rest.

Names of new first class privates are published. Heres one day's crop of L. D.: (1) President Wilson is shot. (2) Austria gives up. (3) The Americans can't catch up with the Hun retreat on this front. (4) We are to go back to the S. O. S. to get our leaves. (5) We go to the front again.

Nov. 6—Cloudy. We were up early, had mess, and started hiking to St. Juvin. We made the 15 miles over mud roads by 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. There are good billets to be had here. On the way, we passed a big German gun with the breech blown off. In St. Juvin there is a German machine gun dump.

Nov. 7—Rain. We are cleaning the mud from the Grand Pre Road. Many refugees are returning from Germany. Peace rumors are floating around. The papers say that German Peace Delegates have left Berlin to see Foch. Lieut. Gerten arrives in the company. We see prisoners who did not know that America was in the war. Spoils of war are thick. The burial squad is busy.

Nov. 8—Rain. New sergeants and corporals are made. Peace rumors are heard and a big celebration is put on. The Americans have entered Sedan. We found an American soldier with a bomb tied in his hands. A burial detail lifted him up and the bomb exploded, wounding five men, one having his hand blown off. We have a detail on the road filling up shell holes.

Nov. 9—Rain. The 80th Division gives a band concert. The artillery is still roaring away. The papers say that a republic has been declared in Bavaria, also that Germany is given 72 hours to decide whether or not to accept the peace terms. Lieut. Gerten has a new method of patching the road—by means of barb-wire. Mail is received. Leather jerkins are issued. A detail is working on the bridge at Grand Pre.

Nov. 10—Heavy Frost. Cold. Leaves, or passes, are to be given in 48 hours. Rumors are that the kaiser has abdicated his throne. Big celebration (premature). Mike finds two socks on one foot and one on the other.

THE ARMISTICE

Nov. 11—Raining and Co'd. The armistice goes into effect at 11:00 A. M. The finish we hope. Edwards and Ellington are burned out at 1:00 A. M. No casualties.

A detail starts work on building a road to Evacuation Hospital No. 7.

Nov. 12—Rain. News of the signing of the armistice is posted on the bulletin board. We celebrate by scraping the mud off the road. Many nurses from the hospital visit camp. A. L. D. rumor is that we have 14 months' work to do after peace is declared. Another is that we are to go home in six weeks.

Nov. 13—Cold and Fair. War is surely over. No more G. I. cans or pot shots by the Huns. No more sound of aeroplanes by night. We have rockets, camp-fires and everything going. It seems strange as hell. A detail is sent out to Grand Pre.

Nov. 14—Cold and Clear. We were up early, packed and moved by trucks to Fort Souville and Travennes. Fort Douamont is on our left. Our camp is about six kilometers from Verdun. There is a wonderful underground city in Verdun. Pill boxes and underground passages are thick. The dug-outs are cold and dark. We passed the 26th Division on the road. Rumors are that the Crown Prince has been murdered.

Nov. 15—Cold. The 1st Division comes in. Details are working on the roads, in quarry and in camp. Returned Allied prisoners of war pass us. There are Roumanians, Italians, French and British. They sure are in a terrible condition. This is paradise for the souvenir hunters. The "dope" is that we are to be home by Christmas. Truck Company No. 9 arrives at Fort Souville. This is a terrible place. There are 40,000 French and Germans buried here.

Nov. 16—Very Cold. Details working on the Metz-Verdun Highway, also in the quarries. We almost freeze. No fires are allowed to be made. "Put that fire out. What's your name?" We stole rock from the French maintenance piles. The German advance post is near our gang at the crater. A German officer visited us and was interned. Returned prisoners are telling of inhuman treatment received at the hands of the Boche. The papers say that American Engineers at the front are doing superhuman work on the roads.

Nov. 17—Cloudy and Cold. We have opened up and are operating a quarry near the Metz road. We receive passes to Verdun. The 1st Division crosses the line, all decked out in new uniforms, flags and band. Rumors are going the rounds that we are to move to Metz. We are ordered

to sew a black letter "A" on our left sleeve. Truck goes to Auzeville to get new clothing for the boys going on leave.

Nov. 18—Cloudy and Cold. It snowed for the first time this evening. Lieut. Gerten lined up the Shines on detail, in order to make them pick by count. All ready? 1-2-3-4! We are given a lecture on "Burning Powders." The 815th P. I. arrives and everyone is called "Ensign." We started to work them at noon. In Verdun is a beautiful statue erected to the Defenders of Verdun of 1870.

Nov. 19—Cloudy and Cold. New non-coms are announced. Murmurs are heard in the ranks. We have a detail on the road and one loading trucks in the quarry. Rumors are that all truck and wagon companies are turning in their equipment and getting ready to return to the States.

Nov. 20—Cold and Rain. Heavy Frost. Rumors are that we are to go back to headquarters soon. Details are on detached service to the 815th P. I. There is a big shake up in the kitchen force. The orderly also quit. Gen. Pershing, Bullard, M. Poincare and M. Clemenceau pass en route to Metz.

Nov. 21—Terribly Cold. A detail of souvenir hunters visit Jeandelize and Metz. Pay day. We will be home by Christmas—L. D. Passes are to be granted. Men had a day off.

Nov. 22—Cold and Fair. Boys that are to go on leave must pass a cootie inspection. Carter arrived back to the company—with two overcoats, a helmet and an M. P.'s badge. A detail was sent to the quarry but worked only an hour or so. Lieut. Douglas of Company "E" is assigned to Company "A".

Nov. 23—Cold and Fair. Boys on leave list will be sent to Aix-la-Bains. We have a "Y" entertainment for the officers at Verdun. The enlisted men are told to wait for the second show. After standing for two hours waiting, we were told that there was no second show. The "Y" certainly got "hooted." We have some A. W. O. L.'s to Metz. An aeroplane drops us papers, the Herald and the Tribune.

Nov. 24—Sunday—Rain. We have Sunday off now for the whole company. It's an A. E. F. order. The censor is lifted. Beau-coupe letters are written home. Lieut. Trax and the Mayor of Etain find beau-coupe francs that were buried.

Nov. 25—Rained all night and most of the day. Details are out on the road and in the quarry. We are repairing the road at Etain.

Nov. 26—Rain. Details are sent to Etain to work on the roads. Mail is received. We receive orders to move.

Nov. 27—Rained all day. We pack up to move—souvenirs and all. The officers did not like the Chateau at Olley, so we moved to Jeandelize. The trees along the road are all mined and ready to be exploded. We found enough mineral water to last the company for some time. It is good dope. We have the best quarters we've ever had. Beaucoupe souvenirs are here, too.

Nov. 28—Snow. We have a holiday for Thanksgiving Day. We signed the payroll. We had a dandy dinner. The bunch on detached service is getting slum to eat. Four men left for Nice on their leave. Twenty-five others have orders to go on leave.

Nov. 29—Cold and Rain. The history detail is started. Details are out working the Shines. Twenty-five leave for the permissions, at 4:30 P. M. to Aix-la-Bains.

Nov. 30—Cold. We now have a half day off on Saturdays. It is an A. E. F. order. The company receives more mail.

Dec. 1—Sunday—Clear and Cool. The company is off for the day. Inspection of rifles and quarters at 10:00 A. M. A bunch of fellows hike to Metz. Red Cross train arrives in town and spreads good cheer.

Dec. 2—Cold and Clear. Formation at 7:00 A. M. Details cleaning up town and fixing the roads. Details return to the Pioneer Infantry. Frog artillery passes through.

Dec. 3—Cold and Clear. Formation at 7:00 o'clock. Details cleaning the town and the roads. L. D. has it we are to go home in a month. Mail is received. A bunch of fellows visit Metz. Ledin visits camp en route to Metz. Detail to the crater.

Dec. 4—Cold and Damp. Mail is received. Pay day. Detail to Etain. Boys salvage good rum from a passing train. Details cleaning camp.

Dec. 5—Cold and Damp. Details around camp. Rumors are getting stronger about

- going home. The supply department is checking up our issue. Ban is lifted off of Metz for three days.
- Dec. 6—Cloudy and Foggy. Details working around camp. Our service battalion is working around Etain and Conflans. Rumors say that we are to go to Neufchâteau. Lieut. Kern returns from his vacation.
- Dec. 7—Cloudy and Cold. Details same as yesterday. Four sergeants leave for leave area.
- Dec. 8—Cold and rain. Inspection was held at 9:00 A. M. Lieut. Gerten inspected the rear rank. Nobody passes. Lieut. Trax is on his vacation. Bunch leave for vacation.
- Dec. 9—Cold and Rain. Formation at 7:00 A. M. Chow is good. Lieut. Kern is in charge of camp detail, cleaning up the back yards.
- Dec. 10—Raining hard all day. Formation at 5:00 A. M. Stack leaves for Paris for work on the Stars and Stripes. Four men leave every day for their vacations.
- Dec. 11—Details around camp cleaning up. Rained hard all night.
- Dec. 12—Cold and Showers. Bunch of fellows arrive from Nice. President Wilson lands at Brest.
- Dec. 13—Raining hard all day. We are now attached to the 2nd Army, and to the 1st Battalion of the 23rd. Twenty-four of the boys are back from Aix-la-Bains.
- Dec. 14—Cloudy and Cold. Bunch of fellows arrive from their vacations. Murphy returns from his sojourn in Paris. The 28th Division is coming in. A Major and Lieutenant Colonel dine with us today.
- Dec. 15—Cold and Showers. The company is off today. Ledin arrives in camp with a box of souvenirs. They disappear. Part of the barracks bags were brought from their storage today.
- Dec. 16—Cold and Rain. Coates is acting Top Sergeant. Bunch of mail arrives in camp. A bunch of fellows are back from Nice. An ammunition dump close to camp is set on fire.
- Dec. 17—Cold and Rain. Mail is received. The K. P.'s got a good issue from a passing train; flour, etc. A bunch returned from their vacations.
- Dec. 18—Cold and Rain. Bunch of fellows leave for Aix la Bains.
- Dec. 19—Cold and Cloudy. Snow flurries in P. M. All barrack bags are brought to camp. Raining hard in the evening.
- Dec. 20—Cold and raining hard all day. Mail is received. Rumors are that we are to move up to Longuyon. The River Orne overflows and covers the valley.
- Dec. 21—Rain and Cold. The Orne River is still getting higher. Mess sergeant is preparing for the Christmas dinner.
- Dec. 22—Sunday—Rained hard all day. Inspection of rifles and billets was held at 9:00 A. M. Boys get hell, but all consider the source. Daily papers are brought into camp.
- Dec. 23—Cold, Rain and High Wind. Detail to decorate mess hall for Christmas. The mess sergeant at Nancy for Christmas supplies. Craighill brings "dope" from headquarters that we are to remain over here for a long time. The mess sergeant returns at 9:00 P. M. with beaucoup turkey, etc.
- Dec. 24—Cold and Cloudy. Extra detail preparing Christmas dinner. The mess sergeant is out rustling spuds. Big plans for tomorrow dinner. Started to snow at 9:30 P. M. Orders arrive in camp for one-half day off each day from Dec. 26 to the first of the year, inclusive. Details works until 1:00 A. M. roasting turkey.
- Dec. 25—Cold and Snow Flurries. All the boys on detached service arrive in camp for dinner. Dinner is to be served at 1:00 P. M. Negroes from the 815th Pioneer Infantry entertain during the dinner with songs and dance. Short speeches were given by the following men: Lieut. Estelle, Lieut. Trax, Lieut. Kern, also the Captain of Truck Company No. 9; Alvord, Leber, Murphy and "Sarg." Carter. Christmas presents were received from the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. in the form of candy and smokes. A truck load of boys were invited down to the 815th P. I. for a minstrel show. Lieut. Gerten also spoke during the dinner.
- Dec. 26—Cold and Cloudy. Formation was held at 7:00 A. M. Men out on detached service return to their work, taking full equipment with them. Lieut. Gerten leaves for his vacation. Details work until noon, the rest of the day is off. Capt. Hackett returned to the company today.

Rumor now has it that we are to be home in January. A few of the Christmas packages arrived this evening.

Dec. 27—Cold and Cloudy. Details out to relieve Murphy and Guzzo. Bunch leave for Aix-la-Bains. Coutant and Cumberpatch return from their extended leave in Paris visiting Hard-Boiled Smith.

Dec. 28—Cold and raining hard all day. Capt. Hackett, Lieuts. Kern and Estell to Toul on business.

Dec. 29—Rained hard all day. Inspection was held at 9:00 o'clock. Maj. Watson visits camp. Four men leaving each day for their vacations.

Dec. 30—Cold and Rain. Mess sergeant to Nancy to purchase our New Year's dinner. Lieut. Trax leave for the hospital. Col. Johnson, formerly of the 23rd, paid a visit to a detail at Constine Farm.

Dec. 31—Cold and Cloudy. Detail enlarging mess hall and building stage. Detail decorating hall. Turkeys being baked for tomorrow dinner. Began raining at 3:00 P. M. Boys coming in from detached service. Four men leave for Nice. Big celebration, noise and fire-works celebrate the New Year.

Jan. 1—Clear and Cool. Holiday. No work today. Big preparations for dinner. A swell feed for the boys. Truck Company No. 9 officers dine with our officers. Dinner was served at 1:00 P. M. Speeches were given by Capt. Hackett and others. Entertainment by Company "C," 815th Pioneer Infantry. They were very good. Everybody enjoyed the dinner and ate the limit. Fine supper was served the boys in the evening. The mess hall was decorated for the occasion.

Jan. 2—Clear Day. Cold and windy. Men return to detached service. Rumors that we shall move Monday. Twenty bags of mail containing Christmas packages arrive today. Four boys left for Nice. German officers bring a bunch of locomotives through Jeandelize to be delivered to the Allies. Orders come for a detachment of men to report to the Service Battalion at Bras. Cameron, Frost and Ament return from the R. O. T. C. 3rd Looeys or Dove-tails.

Jan. 3—Cold and Showers. The detachment left for Bras. Battalion Headquarters move tomorrow. Four men leave for Nice.

Capt. Hackett is sick in bed. Boys get their Christmas packages.

Jan. 4—Clear, Cold and Windy. Leaves are called off. Capt. Baker visits camp. We are to move Monday to Billy-sur-Man-giennes.

Jan. 5—Sunday—Stormy and Wind. Terribly cold. Inspection of rifles and billets at 9:00 P. M. Pay day. Terribly stormy this evening.

Jan. 6—Cold and Cloudy. Breakfast was served at 6:00 A. M. Trucks are packed and we started for Billy. We arrived there at noon. Boys hunt quarters and fix them up. Big bunch arrive from Aix-la-Bains. Dinner at 3:15 P. M. No supper. Started to rain at 4 P. M. and rained hard all evening.

Jan. 7—Cold and Fair. Detail fixing up camp. Company "A" salvages one Hun locomotive. Detail sees about putting in electric lights. Mail is received. Company "A" indoor sport; killing time.

Jan. 9—Cold and Rain. Detail salvages a couple of gasoline locomotives. A detail is working on bath house. Doctor Shaffer, Dentist, is assigned to our company.

Jan. 8—Cold and Fair. Detachments out to own property here visit town. Detail wiring houses. Electric lights were turned on at 5:00 P. M. Schedule for electric lights: 4:00 A. M. to 8 A. M. and 4:00 P. M. to 10:30 P. M. The bath house is almost completed.

Jan. 10—Fair and Cold. Lieut. Gerten returns from his vacation. Details are all working hard????? Bath house is completed and working fine. Our railroad department has salvaged another locomotive, making us two locomotives and two gas engines. We now have a big railroad system, electric light plant and bath house. The power plant was out for a while this evening.

Jan. 11—Cold and Cloudy. Detail out overhauling new locomotive. Starting snowing at 10:30 A. M. Rained all afternoon. Inspection by Lieut. Gerten. Sandusky is informed that he is not running this army. (Gertie was.)

Jan. 12—Sunday—Cold and Cloudy. The company is off. Inspection of guns and quarters was held. Our proposed Sunday excursion to Longuyon was called off. Snow and sleet this morning. The bath

house is in full blast. Transportation department salvages a Ford. The owners hunted for it and finally got it. A Red Cross show to be here next Saturday night.

Jan. 13—Cold and Cloudy. Details are out with the Pioneer Infantry. Court martial of three of the boys is held. Detail salvages a new electric plant. Issue of candy from the Q. M. Second issue. Six boys back from vacation.

Jan. 14—Cold and Drizzling Rain. Details cleaning up town. French artillery passes through en route to the frontier. Our rolling stock composed of five locomotives, two gas motors, one speedster and twenty gravel cars. One train crew reports to Etain to haul gravel for the Pioneer Infantry. Lieut. Trax returns from the hospital. Gerten salvages beaucoup chocolate for the company.

Jan. 15—Cold and Rain. Rained all night. Officers start their own mess at the Cha-teau. Cady is cooking for them. Oberwetter and Walker with train crew take gravel to Etain. Mail is received. Boys come back from leave. Railroad detail salvages beaucoup locomotives.

Jan. 16—Fair and Cold. Railroad and electric details out to work. Talk is given by the doctor. Coates reads us the Articles of War. The company photographer is out getting pictures of No Man's Land around Verdun.

Jan. 17—Cold and Rain. Railroad detail is building a spur to the bath house. A detail is cleaning up the streets. Inspection of billets by Lieut. Gerten.

Jan. 18—Cold and Cloudy. Company works one-half day. Inspection of rifles and quarters was held at 2:30 P. M. Details on detached service return to camp. A big show is to be given tomorrow night.

Jan. 19—Sunday—Cold and Cloudy. No formation. All details are in camp. Bog show tonight. Many officers are visiting camp. Bunch in from 1st Battalion Headquarters and a wagon company. Evacuation Hospital No. 15 puts on an excellent show. The hall is crowded. Rained hard during the night.

Jan. 20—Cold and Cloudy. Men on detached service return to their work. A bunch of fellows leave for Nice to day, going from Spincourt. Railroad crews assigned. One crew leaves for Etain today. Paul Kolf

and Joe Shirley, of Engineer Headquarters, 1st Army, formerly of Company "A," visit camp.

Jan. 22—Fair and Cold. The train crew that left on the 20th returned to camp this morning, having been lost two days in No Man's Land. Lieut. Gerten breaks his leg in a motorcycle accident. Pitman escapes injury.

Jan. 23—Cold and Fair. Lieut. Gerten is taken to a hospital. Pitman is presented with an Iron Cross. Company details are out to work.

Jan. 24—Cold and Clear. Sergt. Johnson and Bob Stack depart for Regimental Headquarters to publish this week's Highwayman. The Regimental Band gives a concert. Men on detached service arrive in camp. Our second service stripes are due today.

Jan. 25—Cold and Clear. Signed the pay roll. The Regimental Band gave another concert this evening. It was very good. We stood inspection at 2:00 P. M. A lot of K. P. material was found.

Jan. 26—Sunday—Clear and Cold. Started to snow in the afternoon. An inch and a half fell before night. The band left this morning for 1st Battalion Headquarters. Men on detached service return to their work. The sergeants stage a brilliant stag party.

Jan. 27—Cold and Clear. Snow on the ground. The train crew makes 90 kilometers today. Everyone has to stand the morning formation. Dixie and Bob Grey have salvaged their last. L. D. has it that we are going home in April. Apple cobbler for supper.

Jan. 28—Cold and Clear. The train crew is working late hours. Camp details are out to work.

Jan. 29—Clear and Cool. Snow is still on the ground. Woolsey returns from detached service. A gymnasium is being built for indoor athletics. Col. Kerr and Lieut. Col. Wing visit camp.

Jan. 30—Cold. Snow flurries. Details out to work. Bath house is to be open from Friday noon continually till Sunday at 8:00 P. M.

Jan. 31—Cold and Snow Flurries. Railroad has stopped running on account of fuel. Camp details: Wood, train crew and elec-

trical. Owing to the scarcity of coal, charcoal is being used. Passes are in order again, and they may be obtained to other countries under a new G. H. Q. order.

Feb. 1—Cold and Snow. Camp details worked during the morning. The company stood inspection of rifles in their billets at 2:00 P. M. An entertainment in the evening in our theatre. It was very good. Lots of excitement in camp tonight. Parties concerned are put under guard. Our new electric plant commenced operation this evening.

Feb. 2—Sunday—Cold and Snow Flurries. No details out. It is a day off for the company. The visitors are escorted out of town this morning. Bob Stack returns from the S. O. S. with rumors that we are to leave for home next month.

Feb. 3—Cold and Snow Flurries. Camp details and train crew out to work. Five men return from Nice. The basket ball floor is nearly finished.

Feb. 4—Cold and Clear. Camp detail and train crew out to work. More men return from their leaves at Nice. Our electricians install two street lights. One on the corner at the mess hall and the other at the office. The company photographer is very busy.

Feb. 5—Cold, Snow Flurries and High Wind. Details the same as yesterday. Our "gym" is finished this evening. We had the first try-out for the basket ball team. Twenty-five men were out for the big team. A game was played. We have promises of a good team. Mail is received. Jimmie McCormick returns to the company.

Feb. 6—Cold and Clear. Snow is on the ground. Camp details are out. Formation was held after supper to warn the men of gas caused by the blowing up of German ammunition dumps.

Feb. 7—Cold and Clear. Camp details out. Pay day. Basket ball practice in the "gym" this evening.

Feb. 8—Cold and Clear. Snow on the ground. Camp details out in the morning. Inspection of rifles and billets was held at 2:00 P. M. Capt. Hackett tells the boys of the athletic program. Capt. Hackett and Lieut. Estell inspect quarters. First Battalion Headquarters and Company "A" play the first game, Company "A" winning by a score of 44-2. After the game, educational movies were shown. About

half a dozen men saw it through. Three-day passes to Paris are in order. Milligan leaves for Scotland to get married. Our first romance.

Feb. 9—Sunday—Cold and Clear. Snow on the ground. The company is off today, except necessary details. The boys are all out hunting rabbits and quail. Maj. Watson and Capt. Davy visit camp.

Feb. 10—Clear and Cold. Capt. Hackett talks to the company about the support of the Highwayman, the regimental paper. The matter is to be voted on by the company later. Detail around camp. A detail is blasting frozen ground for a garbage dump with Hun hand grenades. The basket ball team is practicing every evening.

Feb. 11—Clear and Cold. Snow on the ground. Details are out to work. Several basket ball teams are being organized in the company, and a series of games will be played as follows: The first game this afternoon, the cooks beat the office force, 11-8; the Dynamiters beat the Railroaders, 13-2; the History beat the Transportation, 13-9. Bjorkman and Ellington star.

Feb. 12—Clear and Cold. Snow on the ground. It is Lincoln's Birthday. Details are out to work. Terribly cold all day. Hart, W. D., is transferred to Wagon Company No. 5.

Feb. 13—Clear and Cold. Men are to be given a chance to attend school. Either French or English universities. The company basket ball team receives a challenge from the 815th Pioneer Officers for a game Saturday evening, bringing beaucoup francs with them. White, A. P., breaks his arm. Mail is received.

Feb. 14—Cloudy and Cold. It is Valentine Day. Details are out to work. Rain in the afternoon and evening. Rumor has it that we are to be relieved soon by the 20th Engineers. The company team is practicing for the big game Saturday night.

Feb. 15—Cloudy and Rain. Col. Johnson visits camp. The 815th Pioneer Officers got lost and did not arrive until 8:00 P. M. Capt. Baker, of Company "B," visits camp. A sergeants' meeting was held this evening. Mail arrives. Men on detached service are in. Company "A" basket ball team wins, 51-5. Two "Y" girls entertain. Rotten.

Feb. 16—Sunday—Cloudy and rain. The company is off. Signed the pay-roll. Basket ball practice.

Feb. 17—Cloudy and Cold. A formation at 7:00 A. M. At formation the men are given a chance to remain in France. None of the boys sign up. Post cards are handed to the company to write home to their folks or relatives. Details hauling coal from Spincourt. Rains all afternoon.

Feb. 18—Cloudy and Rain. Formation was held at 7:00 A. M. "Dopey" Johnson from Headquarters arrives in camp and tells us that we are to sail in March. One-half day off for the company. Boys all go to the "gym." Detail goes after coal. Trouble with the French. Stack leaves for Nancy to write up Company "A" Highwayman.

Feb. 19—Cloudy and Cold. Details are out to work. The company basket ball team is practicing for their big game with Company "B" Saturday afternoon. Neely's All Stars play the company team. Detail is hauling gravel and fixing up around the kitchen.

Feb. 20—Cloudy and Cold. Rained all night. Details are out to work. The company team wins from Neely's All Stars, 30-2. The History team beats the Cooks and K. P.'s by 20-6. A salvage detail blows up Hun ammunition dump near camp.

Feb. 21—Cold and Cloudy. Rains hard during the night. Company "B" will be here Saturday. Boxing, wrestling and basket ball will be pulled off. Mail is received. Buffington and Pond go to Headquarters.

Feb. 22—Cold and Rain. Rained hard all night. Breakfast was served at 7:00 o'clock. Formation at 8:00 o'clock. The company is off for the day. Company "B" arrives at 11:30 A. M. Greiner, Cort and Hungry visit camp. The boxing match is lost to the 21st Engineers. Wrestling match goes to Company "B". Company "A" wins basket ball game from Company "B" with score of 37-5. Boys are entertained in the evening by four of the 11th Engineers and two "Y" girls. Lieut. Hampton, formerly of Company "A," visits camp.

Feb. 23—Sunday—Cloudy and Cold. Formation was held at 7:00 o'clock. Lieut. Kern and Lieut. Estell leave for Toul. Rumors are thick that we are going home soon. Indoor sports: Throwing Hun hand grenades for distances.

Feb. 24—Cloudy and Cold. Details are all out to work. Lieut. Trax is in charge of camp. Capt. Hackett is at Headquarters. Stack returned from Nancy with a copy of Ted Walker's Highwayman. Milligan returns to camp a benedict.

Feb. 25—Cold and Rain. Lieut. Trax goes to Battalion Headquarters. Medical inspection and noon formation. Capt. Hackett returns from Headquarters. Lieut. Kern and Lieut. Estell return from Toul.

Feb. 26—Cold, Cloudy and Showers. Formation at 7:00 o'clock. Details are out to work. Weather cleared up in the afternoon; the sun shone. Mail arrives. The Verdun basket ball team fails to show up.

Feb. 27—Cold and Rain. Details are out to work. Lots of French are moving into town every day. Company off half day for athletics. Candy was issued at noon mess.

Feb. 28—Cold and Cloudy. Snow flurries. Detail to work. Some A. S. officers visit camp.

March 1—Cold and Fair. Details work half day. Company off. Rifle inspection at 2:00 P. M. Basket ball scrimmage among various company teams. Lieuts. Estell and Kern leave for Nancy. Mail.

March 2—Cold and Raining. Sunday formation at 8:00 A. M. Burleaud, Stalker and Roy Hart leave for Sarbonne University, Paris. Stack and Thompson for Montpellier University, and Steele for Oxford University, England. Six out of thirty-two Company "A" applicants as against seventy-two men from other battalions were allowed to take these four month courses. One detachment left to herd "Heinies" (P. G.'s) at Verdun.

March 3—Cold and Raining. Details work half day.

March 4—Cold and Cloudy. No work, except for permanent details.

March 5—Cloudy and Cold. Formation at 7:30 A. M. P. I. Colonel informs us we have to drill. Company basket ball team journeys to Conflans tomorrow. Mail. Capt. Baker of Company "B" in camp.

March 6—Cold and Raining. Rained hard all night. Bunch are to go to Paris on leaves. Part of company out to drill at 4 P. M. Maj. Watson visits camp. Com-

- pany basket ball team to Conflans. Defeat the 341st Infantry team, 18-8.
- March 7—Cold and Cloudy. Bunch are to leave for A. E. F. School (Beaune) today. Drill at 4 P. M.
- March 8—Cold and Cloudy. Drill at 11:30. Inspection at 2 P. M. Bunch on detached service coming back for shoes. Guns, bayonets and ammunition handed in.
- March 9—Cold and Cloudy. Formation at 8:00 A. M. Showers Sunday. 56th Infantry show arrived at 11:00 P. M. Lieuts. Estell and Kern go to Nancy for the day. 56th sure put on good show. Capt. Davy visits camp. Big reception (?).
- March 10—Cold and Cloudy. Formation at 7:30. Details out to work. Company "I" bring their basket ball team here Saturday. Maj. Anderson of Medical Corps visits camp today. Drilled at 4:15 P. M.
- March 11—Cold and Cloudy. First call at 6:00 A. M. Reveille at 6:15. Details out to work. "Sarg" Carter present, with a haircut. Short arm. Drill and hike.
- March 12—Clear and cold. First call at 6:00 A. M. Reveille at 6:15. Details out to work. Capt. Baker in camp.
- March 13—Cold and Cloudy. Afternoon off. No drill. Detachment to Conflans.
- March 14—Cold and Clear. Mail. Regular details. "Y" gives entertainment, "The Jazz Five." Rumors we are to move to Etain next week. Company basket ball team to play the 5th Division.
- March 15—Cold, Frosty and Cloudy. Details out to work. Drill at 11:30. Inspection at 2:00 P. M. Men coming in from detached service. No basket ball game. Lieut. Trax goes to Nancy.
- March 16—Cold and Cloudy. Reveille at 7:20 A. M. Formation at 8:30. New bunch going out on detached service.
- March 17—Cold and Showers. St. Patrick's Day. Details out to work. Mess Sergt. McCormick brings in reading material, our first batch. Three men transferred to our company. One Sergeant made. Details from Belgium and Meuse move back to camp. No drill. Flurries of snow. Irish celebrate. Company officers move.
- March 18—Cold and Flurries of Snow. Reveille at 6:00 A. M. Details to Etain and Pierpont. They are to build barracks. Details loading barracks in this camp and hauling them to Etain.
- March 19—Cold and Frosty. Details to Etain. Camp details. Basket ball game tonight. Team that was to play us did not show up. SOME COLD.
- March 20—Cold and Snow. Heavy snowfall all day.
- March 21—Cold and Cloudy. Details to Etain and Pierpont. Very cold all day. Company basket ball team left Toul to play Company "I" for regimental championship. Cook detail did not get back to camp.
- March 22—Cold and Cloudy. Details to work at Etain. Some sore—no work. Took a big trip to celebrate. Baroncourt and Pienne—cook detail still out. Small detachment to Toul. Lieut. Estell still in charge. Still very cold. Company basket ball team wins regimental championship from Company "I", 36-26, also beaucoup francs.
- March 23—Cold and Cloudy. Formation at 8:30. Two details to saw wood and get water. Boys returned from Toul after celebrating championship. 13th Engineers entertain this evening. Very good. Mail.
- March 24—Cold and Rain. Details to Etain and Pierpont. Rained hard all day. Sergt. Yake and detail move to Etain.
- March 25—Cold and Raining. Detail to Pierpont. French woman is cooking for detail. Sure good eats. Mail. Detail at Etain building barracks.
- March 26—Cold and Raining. Detail to Pierpont. Raining hard all day. Company "A" wins basket ball game from Truck No. 2, 36-16. Rumors that war is about to begin.
- March 27—Cold and Snowing. Detail to Pierpont. Snowed hard most of day. Detail is sure feeding swell. Detail stays all night at Pierpont.
- March 28—Cold and Snowing. Very cold all day. Detail to Pierpont. Show tonight by some "Y" girls. Did not make much of a hit.
- March 29—Cold and Cloudy. Snowed all day long. Sure was terrible cold. Detail

to Pierpont. Water and wood detail in camp. Mail.

March 30—Cold and Snowing. Formation at 6:30. No work today. French moving back to town. Company rumors are that we shall be home next month. Snowed hard all day.

March 31—Cold and Clear. Snow on the ground. Terrible cold all day. Details to Pierpont. Truck 9 has plenty in canteen.

April 1—Cold and Clear. Terrible cold all day. Detail to Pierpont. Snowing today while the sun is shining. Good eats these days. Mail.

April 2—Clear and Cold. Detail to Pierpont. Finished work there today. Detail spades garden for an old French woman. Returned to Billy at 3:30. Orders are in that we are to move to Le Mans. Everybody happy tonight.

April 5—Clear and Warm. Details working around camp. Lieut. Trax leaves for Paris. Orders from Headquarters regarding the number of cars wanted by our company. Boys all celebrate tonight.

April 6—Clear and Warm. Details working around camp preparing for departure. "Y" Four puts on a good show. Violinist and singer are exceptionally fine. Boys celebrate tonight.

April 7—Cloudy and Cool. Details working around camp packing up. Details from Longuyon and Etain return today. 304th Engineers put on a good show tonight. Sure to hit the officers.

HOMEWARD-BOUND

April 8—Clear and Cold. Details packing up all company supplies. Details out working have all returned. Everybody happy. Train crews from Etain return. Have been there since Jan. 15 hauling road material, lumber and track.

April 9—Clear and Cool. Everybody up early. Details all busy. Trucks take our baggage to Spincourt. Company has supper and leave Billy at 6:00 P. M. Boys fix up cars, swipe hay from French and have to pay dear for it. Electrical detail wire the cars for the trip.

April 10—Clear and Cool. Company up at 6:30. Breakfast at 7:00 A. M. Left Spincourt at 9:00 A. M. Pass through Conflans, Port-a-Moussion. Find Truck No. 1

and Company "C" at Gond-a-Court. Boys salvage 11 kegs of beer. Electric lights are working good. Rained hard this evening.

April 11—Clear and Warm. Travel all day, passing through Eperney, Chalons, Dormans, Chateau Thierry and Noisy-le-Sec. Had supper there and then proceeded around Paris. Only served two meals today. Eats are good.

April 12—Cold and Raining. Side tracked in car yards northeast of Paris. Leave here at noon for Le Mans. Sure did have swell eats today. Saw the Eiffel Tower and Ferris Wheel.

April 13—Rain and Cold. Rained all morning, cleared up about noon. Left Le Mans and came to Belgian camp. Was assigned to Barracks 61-62-63. This camp is like Camp Meade. Details are to go out on road work tomorrow. Mail.

April 14—Raining and Cold. Company up at 6:00 o'clock. Breakfast early and out to work on road. Rains hard all day long. Detail building road to rifle range. K. C.'s, "Y.'s" and Commissaries thick.

April 15—Raining and Cold. Rained hard all day long. Company detail building road and working hard. The promise is that when finished they are released from all work. Rumors that we are to go home the 1st. Medical inspection today. Issue of candy and cookies.

April 16—Cold and Cloudy. Rained for a while and then cleared up. Company detail working on road. Trucks are assigned to part of our company, hauling gravel. Company has picture taken today. Rumor of going home soon. Boys on passes all return. Lieut. Sleight returns to company.

April 17—Clear and Warm. Company working on road. One-third are to get their 3 in 1 shot. Details are doing great work on the road. Boys that took shot sure are some sick tonight. Mail.

April 18—Cold and Showers. Company working on the road and driving trucks. Mail. Rumors that we go home next month.

April 19—Clear and Warm. Company working on road. One-half day off. Candy issue today. Boys get their 3 in 1 shot. Company "C" beats Company "A" 3-2, baseball. Mail.

April 20—Cool and Fair. Company off today. Passes issue to Le Mans. Eggs for breakfast. Boys get 3 in 1 shot.

April 21—Clear and Cold. Details on road, road roller and trucks. Beaucoup officers inspect kitchen. Terrible cold all day. Moving pictures at "Y". Big bunch on sick list.

April 22—Cold and Clear. Details out to work. Mail. Rumors are that we leave the 15th of next month.

April 23—Clear and Warm. Details out to work. Mail.

April 24—Clear and Cold. Details out to work. Rumors are that we are to be relieved tomorrow, also that the 1st, 3rd and 4th Batalions are to go home together.

April 25—Clear and Cool. Details out to work. Rumors flying thick and fast about going home. Mail.

April 26—Clear and Cold. Details out to work. Company works all day.

April 27—Sunday—Clear in A. M. Rained hard all afternoon. Day off for company. Big bunch go to Le Mans. Cold all day.

April 28—Cloudy and Cold. Rained and snowed today. Formation of company today into squads and battalions. Detail out to work. One-third company off to wash packs and equipments.

April 29—Cold and Raining. One-third of company off. Detail working on road. Inspection of company by Colonel next Sunday. Mail.

April 30—Clear and Cold. Detail out to work. Big discussion over our service records. Mail. Issue of chocolate and oranges.

May 1—Cold and Showers. Raining off and on all day long. Details still at work on road and driving trucks. Formation at 6:00 P. M. Manual of arms. Boys sending all their souvenirs home.

May 2—Cold and Showers. Details out to work. Orders are that we are to be relieved the 15th. Company drill this evening in the rain. Sure made the boys sore. Orders are to drill of a morning 7:10 to 7:30. Bob Gray leaves for Paris to join the Food Commission.

May 3—Cold and Rain. Rained all day long. Detail out to work. Inspection tomorrow.

Sergt. McCormick takes charge of kitchen. Mike and the bunch return from their trip to Dinard. Company drill at 7:00 A. M. Pay day.

May 4—Sunday—Clear and Cool. Company off. Company inspected by Col. Kerr and staff. Notice posted for big inspection Tuesday. Twenty per cent of company go to Le Mans. SOME of the sergeants celebrate.

May 5—Clear and Cold. One-third of company off today. Rest of company doing maintenance work on Le Mans-Belgian Camp Road. Gen. Pershing visits rifle range today. Company boys away to Beaune return. Grub is pretty rotten.

May 6—Clear and Warm. Company is inspected by Lieut. Col. Wing and Maj. Baker. Company out to work after inspection. "Whiz Bang" Follies tonight at "Y". Pretty good.

May 7—Clear and Hot. Sure was hot all day long. Officer inspectors sure pester the kitchen. Company out on maintenance work. Rumors are that we embark at St. Nazaire. Mail. Kaylor and Captain representing our company in the rifle shoot.

May 8—Clear and Hot. Company out on maintenance work. Kaylor fell down in the shoot. Rumors are that we are to go to Issur-Tile. Order to turn in all extra equipment. Big inspection tomorrow.

May 9—Clear and Hot. Company stands inspection. Mail. Company drill this afternoon. Sergt. Carter transferred. Some of the boys go on a three-day vacation.

May 10—Cloudy and Warm. Company work one-half day and have inspection. Boys play baseball this afternoon. Rained hard from 2:00 to 6:00. Mail.

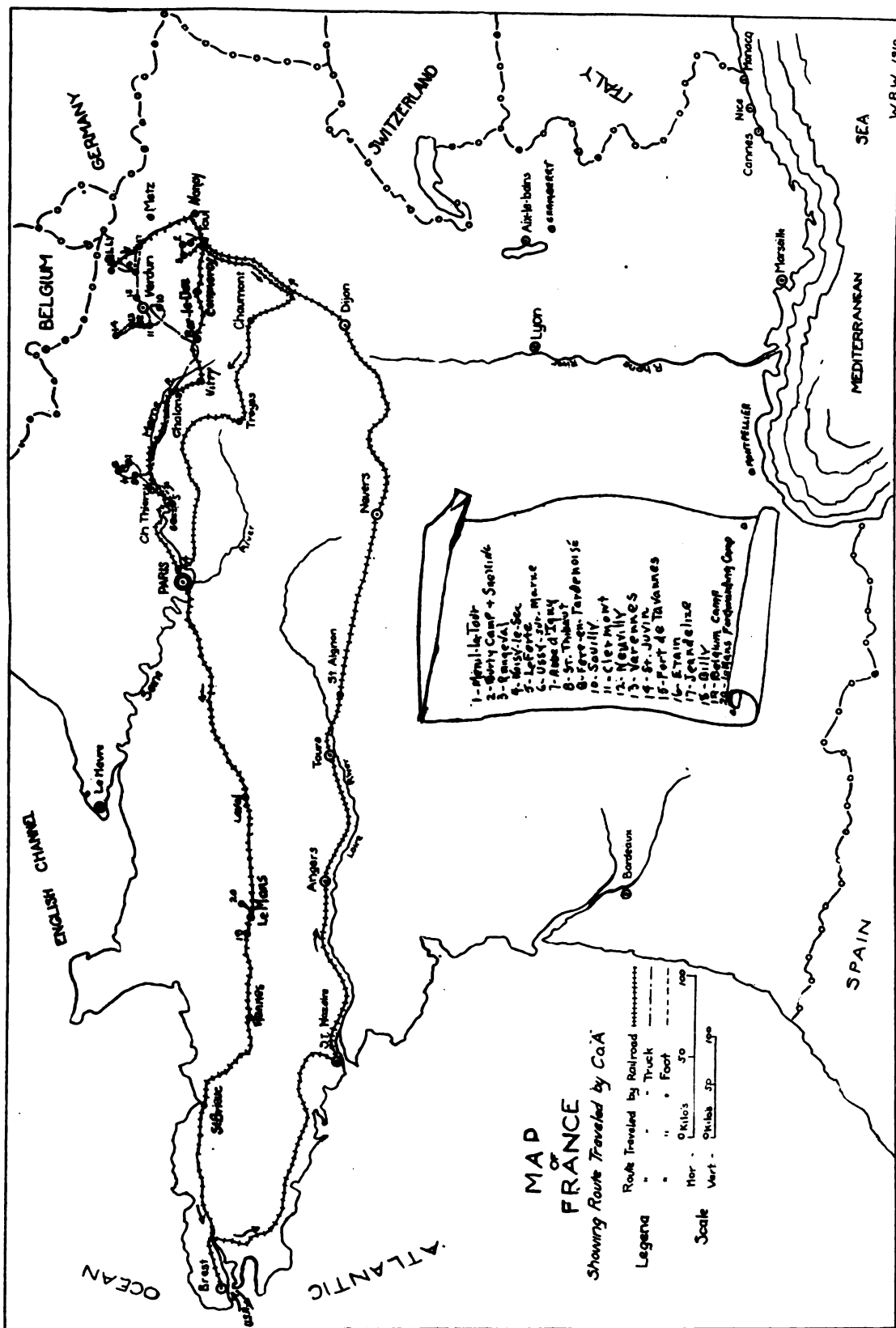
May 11—Cloudy and Warm. Mothers' Day. Company off. All the men writing home. Company inspection by Kern. Boys refused passes to Le Mans on account of barracks being dirty.

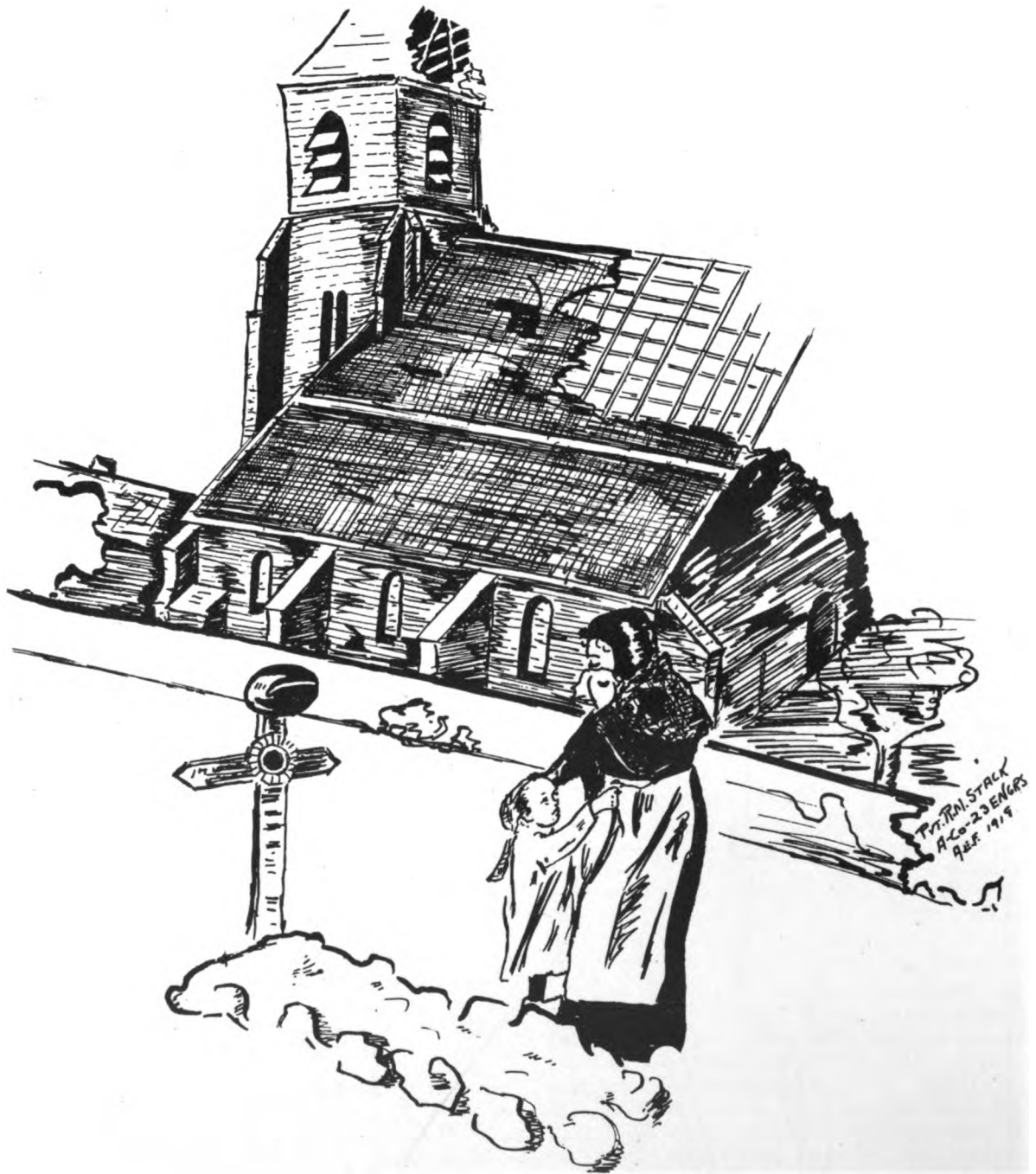
May 12—Clear and Hot. Company drill today. Terrible hot all day. 1st Battalion gives dance tonight. Mail.

May 13—Clear and Hot. Company drill this morning. 1st Battalion dance was a grand success. Oranges and apples issued to company. All passes called off.

- May 14—Clear and Hot. Inspection of company with packs and then made to drill. Bunch sure was sore. Terrible hot all day. Orders that we are to leave Friday morning. Boys hold a big meeting outside of "Y" hut. Songs and speech by the boys.
- May 16—Cloudy and Cool. Company up at 4:00 o'clock. Breakfast at 5:30. Left Belgian camp at 6:45. Pack on. Eight mile hike. Line of march: Band, Regimental Headquarters, 1st Battalion Headquarters, Companies "A", "B" and "C", 18 Trucks. Mail. Arrived there at 11:00 o'clock. Company drill this afternoon. Regiment to be reviewed by Gen. Pershing tomorrow.
- May 17—Clear and Hot. Company up early preparing for review. Marched down to review ground about 10:00 o'clock. Soldiers there. Gen. Pershing arrives at 10:00 o'clock. Review begins immediately. Gen. Pershing compliments Captain on appearance of his men. Makes a speech to the men. Terrible hot all day long.
- May 18—Cloudy and Cool. Band concert at 3:00 o'clock. Gun inspection. Medical inspection. Ball game between Company "C" of 1st Battalion and Company "K" of 4th Battalion. Company "C" wins by score of 5-3. Mike gets tossed in the blanket. Big argument between Battalions. Band concert this evening.
- May 19—Cloudy and Hot. Final pack inspection by Embarkation Officers. "All men" must have dubbing and shoe laces to go home. 1st Battalion plays 3rd Wagon Truck. Wins, 7-1.
- May 20—Clear and Hot. Company up early and packed ready for entraining. Tents inspected by camp officers. Dinner and hike for train at 1:45 P. M. Sure was hot as hell and dusty. Left for Brest at 4:30 P. M. Regimental Headquarters, 1st Battalion Headquarters, Companies "A", "B" and "C" and Wagon Truck 1, 2, 3, 4. We pass through one beautiful country. Everybody along route wishing use "bon voyage." 56 men assigned company. Sure some crowded. Boys singing all evening.
- May 21—Cloudy and Cold. Not much sleep last night. No breakfast this morning. Arrived in Brest at 11:30. Had dinner. Left Brest at 12:15 and hiked over six kilos to Camp Pontagen. Rain most of way out. Assigned tents with beds and mattresses. Six men assigned to a tent. Cookies, chocolate and cigarettes issued to the men by company.
- May 22—Clear and Cool. Company up early. Company goes to the delouser and get new clothes. Sure SOME efficiency here. March back to camp. Formation and instruction how to roll the new packs. Red Cross bags issued. Detail goes to work in the kitchen 15. Medical inspection. Company hands in their French money to change to U. S. money. Cold this evening.
- May 23—Clear and Hot. Up early. Breakfast. Company to preliminary inspection of packs. Medical inspection. Rifle covers issued. Terrible hot. Final inspection of packs this afternoon. Mail. Company hands in mackinaws. Fatigue clothes issued. "Gertie" visits camp.
- May 24—Clear and Hot. Detail of 100 men out to work. One detail working a sewer. Sure was a terrible stinking job. Details clearing up around negro barracks. They sure are rubbing it in on the details. Boys were sore but did not say a word. Boys get their money in U. S. coin.
- May 25—Clear and Warm. Foggy all morning. Clears up at noon. Terrible hot this afternoon. Company off.
- May 26—Clear and Hot. Company sends out details this morning. Company ordered to "stand by." 1st Battalion, 23rd, play 1st Battalion of 21st. Ends in a row.
- May 27—Clear and Hot. Part of company out to work. Medical inspection. Officers of 23rd beaten by officers of 316th, 19-18. Capt. Hackett knocks a home run with two on bases. Details made to work hard. Officers rag them because they are not doing more. Non-coms made today.
- May 28—Cloudy and Cool. No details out to work. 1st Battalion plays 3rd Battalion. 3rd wins, 9-2. Beaucoupe dollars change hands. Sailing orders come today. We are to "sand by" at 9 o'clock tomorrow, ready to leave at any time. Company turns in fatigue clothes and blankets.
- May 29—Clear and Warm. Company up early. Police around town. 9:30 orders come to leave. Band leads march. Regimental Headquarters, 1st Battalion Headquarters, Companies "A", "B" and "C", 3rd Headquarters G. H. I and 4th K. L. M. March to docks at Brest and go aboard at 11:10. Red Cross issue us gum, cigarettes, jam, chocolate, cookies, smoking tobacco. Company assigned to F deck in the old English lime juicer Winifredian. Sleep in hammocks. 3:00 o'clock weigh anchor and depart to God's country. Company "A" put on guard. SAME OLD DOPE.

WE'RE HERE!





C'EST LA GUERRE

"By The Grace of God"

If you are of a theologian nature, or a psychologist, or a futurist, or a soldier, read on; if not, pass on.

"By the Grace of God" is not the name of this story, nor the moral. It is my personal answer. Moreover, this is not a story. In fact it is just food for thought.

Due to what strange fate has the ghost of chance, sorted out from these two million some odd men over here, our company from the list of casualties? Stop to reason! Think! Apply all theories!

It is needless for me to state or itemize the dangers we endured. For instance, there was the plank detour in the First Argonne Drive. The doughboys had advanced and dug in. The artillery then puffed up and started for a new position. The Huns counter-attacked. The doughboys held against odds. They called for the artillery. Where was the artillery?

Jerry in his resisting retreat had mined and blown the road. This road, the main artery leading through the Argonne Forest towards Sedan, was totally closed to all traffic. Here piled up, was the artillery. Yes, for kilometers back, artillery and ammunition trucks were stalled. Further back were ambulances and ration trucks, waiting impatiently.

The Heinies, predicting such a tie-up, were shelling the road. Isolated, untaken machine gun nests were pecking away at the slightest cigarette gleam or flicker of light.

What was to be done? Must the doughboys retreat from their newly gained positions? But that is strategy of war and a story in itself.

With mighty "Mack" truck loads of material, we Engineers had followed on the heels of the doughboys, and long before the approach of the first "75s," had been working on a detour around the road crater. Ever alertful Fritz—knowing the ways of the Engineers—had not only mined the road, but had barb wired and trip wired the approach on either side of the road. Not content with this, he placed small pressure trap mines at short intervals in front of the wire.

Despite these obstacles, a plank detour was laid in short order. Mind you—we had worked in the dark. The shells sent over and the determined machine guns got more than one man. One piece of artillery, a "155," missed the plank road we had built but unfortunately hit one of the trap mines. Several men were killed, more injured and the spent horses disabled.

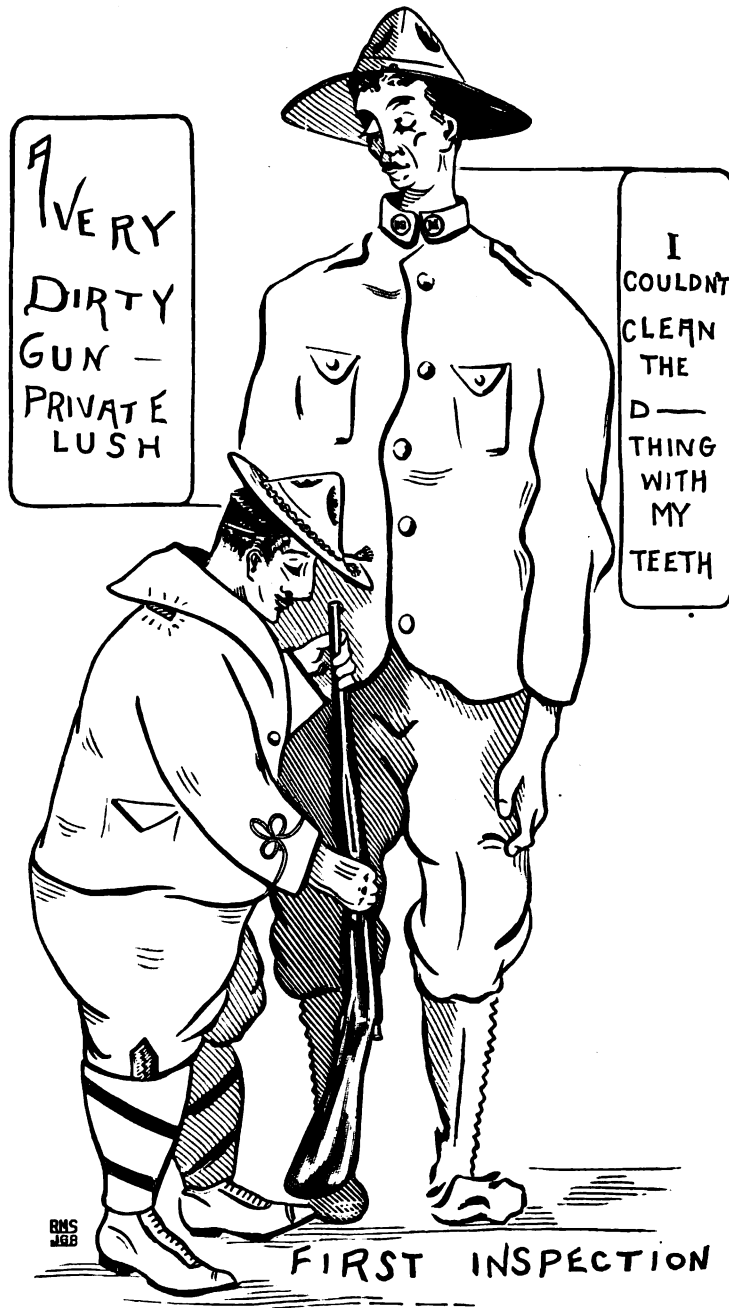
Again I put forth the question, what destiny singled out and protected our men?

My company colleagues can easily visualize innumerable cases of men to their front, rear, flanks, yes, even in their midst, joining the immortal group. Pray may the gold stars forever and ever remind us of the honor and glory they deserve.

Our good fortune was not due to individual or concentrated effort, nor intellectual superiority on our part. It is beyond me to give a solution. I merely pass the question on to you. Give it consideration. Oh, don't be sidetracked by the opinions of the unbeliever.

My conclusion is—By the Grace of God.

SERGT. WESLEY GRAUER.



Mandres Quarry

Along the Toul-Metz Highway, some twenty-five kilometers north of Toul, between Mandres and Beaumont, lies Mandres Quarry. When the French held the battle line two kilometers to the north, it was used as an emergency gun emplacement. But when the Americans took over the sector in February, 1918, the roads were in very poor shape, transportation facilities for bringing stone from the rear were most difficult, so it became necessary, in order to repair the roads, to use this small abandoned quarry as a source of supply for stone.

A detail from Company "A", 23rd Engineers, was assigned to this job and commenced work on February 26th. Being under shell fire, which was new to Americans, it has been the scene of much serious excitement—incidents of which I think worthy of account.

Sergt. Harry Raynor, the night before work began, gave a speech to his detail of thirty men on the dangers of the work. And of course the next day they were anticipating all kinds of ghastly fates as they swung their picks and shovels. Seven men were killed that morning in a neighboring town, and along with the various warning signs up to the Front, our men were more or less on edge. Wondering, and suspicious of what would happen next.

The first, second and third days in the quarry nothing startling happened. Work progressed smoothly. Mule skimmers with wagons from the 1st Ammunition Train, 1st Division, did our hauling. Abe Goldstien and Scotty Milligan cooked noon mess in the kitchen of the 6th Field Artillery. However, on the fourth day, after two Jerries flew over and took a look around, we got a grand reception. Two or three of the shells lit within a few feet of the quarry, and a great scramble ensued. Men jumped, slid and dove into the dug-outs across the road. Our baptism of fire was with full rites and there seemed to be many souls with but a single thought—shelter. T. T. Wilson, a fat, wabbling fellow, was found perched upon a beam in a water-filled dug-out. How he got there was a mystery to even himself. He'd slid through a three-foot opening and crossed six feet of water without getting a shoe wet. It took a plank bridge to get him out. Tom Oskin tried the same stunt a few days later and nearly drowned. When all was clear, we got back to the rock pile, but great tales were told that evening back in camp.

Equipment could not be used so near the line, so the work was all hand labor. Every day we were shelled. One week regularly around 10:00 o'clock. The Germans seemed anxious to get us out, and when they got persistent about it, we would get out without arguing, returning as soon as the convincing force ceased. An occasional shell would arouse little interest. Several in rapid succession would have effect. Ditches and the like became natural sort of attachments. Getting into one was like eating good cake. Many stunts were performed. Private Bechtel, assisted by the sudden explosion of a shell, one day scaled a

The Royaumeix Quarry

By Sergt. 1st Cl. Paul N. Coates

Sergt. in charge, March 1 to July 18, 1918.

Five months after our country was flooded with those urgent appeals and inducements: "Highway Engineers Wanted!" "Enlist in the 23rd!" "Your Country needs Technical Highway Engineers to supervise labor battalions and prisoner labor!" etc., etc., "A" company of the 23rd were trudging into the Forest of La Reine (Burley Woods) on the new American Front, north of Toul.

We had traveled many thousands of miles to fulfill our purpose. From Alaska, the Philippines, the Tropics and from all parts of the States; we came in answer to our country's call, to build roads in France. Being the pioneer technical troops in this sector, we found it necessary to obtain our own road building materials, and transport them where needed.

A hasty reconnaissance of the surrounding territory resulted in the location of the Royaumeix Quarry. On the eastern slope of a hill, one hundred and fifty meters east of the Menil-la-Tour-Bernicourt Road, near the village of Royaumeix, there was found an old abandoned quarry, that had been opened in two sections.

The first section, the northern-most, had previously been worked by the 1st Engineers. It was in very poor condition, filled with spoil and waste stripping, and had very little rock exposed. In justice to the 1st Engineers it should be stated that they were detailed here, not to operate a quarry, but to merely obtain that rock necessary for their shelter construction.

The second and larger section had been operated and abandoned by the French. From the main line of a sixty-centimeter railroad that ran close by, they had run a spur up and along the hillside, dug down to the rock on either side of this spur, overcast the waste, and quarried the rock by hand. They had carried on in this manner until they had opened up a hole one hundred and fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, which was completely littered with spoil.

Such was the condition of the Royaumeix Quarry when Lieut. Sleight and the 5th Platoon discovered it, the first day after we reached the Toul Front. They immediately set about to clean up the waste, but on March 1st, after about one week's work, the quarry was turned over to Lieut. Staf-

ford, who with the 1st Platoon and several men from the balance of the company, soon became known as "The Quarry Detail."

By this time we knew that we were to operate a quarry. We had a definite job to do, so we took stock of our situation in order to adopt the most practical working plan. The rock was a very soft crustaceous limestone, with the large lime granules so common in the Paris Basin district. It lay in many thin stratas, and with a general dip of ten degrees to the north. The ledge had a total thickness of seventy feet. Six feet above the bottom of this ledge was a thin horizontal stratum, the elevation of which, with respect to the narrow gauge track, and track approach to the quarry, was such as to determine it as the main working floor. From this floor there was exposed a working face of fourteen feet, overlain with seven feet of loose rock and earth strippings.

The demand for our output was found to exceed one hundred and fifty tons of crushed rock and seventy-five tons of blockage daily. A plan of operation was quickly formulated and, as far as circumstances would permit, was diligently prosecuted. Our equipment, which had preceded us to France, had been scattered over the whole Western Front and was in the hands of any organization that thought it might come in handy. A list of tools and supplies we lacked and so urgently needed would have made a catalogue of contractors' equipment.

We found ourselves in possession of second-hand French straight handled shovels, crude French picks and stone hammers, and an abundance of that stuff which prompted us to volunteer. That stuff has, by mistake, been called "Enthusiasm." "By mistake," because it has stood the test of adversity much better than anything short of "Patriotism." The patriotism of Americans who knew and realized their responsibilities. We call it American patriotism accelerated by our "Esprit de Corps" which was brought about by a full knowledge of the job with which we were entrusted.

This job began by the industrious use of those tools, knowledge of which, disclosed before the examining officers, would have barred us from the 23rd Engineers. But as eighty per cent of an Engineer's first two

years out of college are spent with the pick and shovel, we said, "C'est la Guerre!" and "carried on."

It was, at first, impossible to get a team through the quarry. The floor was covered with isolated ledges of rock and spoil. Fortunately there was a demand for the spoil for filling around stables and artillery camps in that vicinity. Our road details began to call for blockage. By handling material twice we soon opened up a road for continuous traffic, and as we loaded spoil into combat wagons we uncovered ledges of rock which were barred out and loaded onto trucks for the road details. In this manner we kept pace with the demand for road materials, and cleared the floor of the quarry so as to receive a mechanical plant which was expected.

The day this plant arrived on a siding a kilometer from the quarry, we promised the District Engineer in charge of roads that we would be ready by March 16th. It was then the tenth day. Here things begun to improve. It was time they did. We got our first supply of American No. 2's. No one will forget them. They took about two kinks out of our backs. As our tools began to come in our organization began to take shape. A shipment of cheddits filled our need for explosives temporarily. A box of detonating caps and a thousand feet of fuse enabled us to pay back that we had borrowed from a French quarry near by. A forge and a kit of tools made our blacksmith content, and four sets of drill steel kept him busy and delighted the drill crews. The carpenter detail got busy with a pencil sketch and a pile of timbers, and violated all the rules of camouflage by building a 20 cubic meter bin over night, and under direct observation of enemy captive balloons.

Spurs and loading tracks were run in under the bin and along the face of the quarry. Two Forquier portable steam engines and two portable jaw crushers were trailed into place behind a Mack truck, and machinists began tuning them up. We were told that the roads in this sector were soon to bear the traffic of America's first big drive. (This was our part of the fight.) Those roads needed our rock. In order to get that rock we had to remove seven feet of stripping. Seven feet of stripping on fourteen feet of rock. One-third of the material we handled was a stripping. We had to get ahead with our stripping, or we would have had a plant in operation with nothing to feed it.

We called on Capt. Crotty and valiant Wagon Company No. 1. The Captain was in a sorry plight. Can you imagine a wagon

company without any long lines? As we look back now it surely was a comical sight to see a long line skinner astride the off horse in an artillery hitch. I have seen wandering horse traders with stock more fit than that which we were forced to use. That stock surely was "well fed up"—on war. But, now as I think of it, it was a good thing that we didn't have the mules with which they were replaced, for those mules surely would have broken those nice red and green garden plows which were first used in the breaking.

That saying, "All things come to those who wait," does not prove true in war. In war it is "All things come to those who rustle." I proudly admit that what we couldn't get by requisition we did get by rustling.

Two good railroader breaking plows, slips and wheeled scrapers and more and better stock put us at ease with the stripping. Team traps were built and much of the waste was saved to fill the needs of any organization that ran their wagons, carts or camions under our traps.

So crowded were we for room on the floor of the quarry that it was found necessary to line up the crushers and engines on the square with the bins. For this reason the crushers were set on the floor level and wheelbarrow runways built to them. A 4 per cent incline was used by these runways and they were built so as to be shifted into the most convenient position.

Room enough was left between the crushers to permit of pits being sunk and the crushers re-aligned perpendicular with the bins, as soon as enough of the face had been shot away to give ample room for their installation.

At 4:15 P. M. of March 15th the first was ready, and crushed its first wheelbarrow load of rock. On the following day the District Engineer of Roads sent in a string of Mack trucks and came down to witness the first mechanically operated quarry in the A. E. F. in operation. (Note—See Engineering News Record of May 16, 1918.)

This history would not be complete if no mention was made of our working conditions during this busy period of installation. From the beginning we were too busy to inquire about our service battalions, and we were too close to the front for prisoners of war. We took our gas masks and steel helmets to work with us, hiking over six kilometers each morning and evening. One kilometer of this hike was over a road under such direct observation of the enemy that it was necessary to divide the detail

C. E.'s. at Work



Details for Today
At Rest
Off for the Day

6".

At Ease
Royaumeix Quarry
Sanzey Detail

into separate squads in order to decrease the target for his 77's and 105's.

For weeks we were without gloves, and handled snow covered blockage with bare hands that only a few months before were more accustomed to slide rules, blue prints and progress charts than wheelbarrows, picks and shovels. After working nine hours each day, we then hiked six kilometers through snow and rain and mud, back to camp, where we lined up in more mud and snow for our chow of "corned willy" and hard bread. At night we huddled barefooted around the single fire in the bar-

racks, drying our only pair of shoes. The next day!—Encore (over and over).

Not even dysentery, "O. D." pills and castor oil were allowed to cut down our work, and now historians are asking, "Why did Ludendorf resign?"

A few days after the first crusher had started, the second unit began its chug! chug! chug! as it devoured the rock, and called for rock! rock! rock! rock! as its feeders slowed down.

The organization was so effective that it was allowed to continue in operation while all other quarries in that sector were turned

over to the 28th Engineers, a special regiment recruited for the purpose of operating quarries in the A. E. F.

A record was kept of all operations. Daily reports were filed with Truck Train Headquarters, giving the size and number of loads of material hauled, odometer readings and time consumed in making each round trip. The engineer officers at company and battalion headquarters were furnished with daily, weekly and monthly reports of output, material on hand and daily output per man.

Similar reports were also furnished to the 28th Engineers, which entitled us to the monthly comparison reports, comparing our work with that of twelve different quarries operated by the 28th Engineers. These comparison reports were the source of much gratification and inspiration, for during the months of May, June and July our quarry stood out first with the largest production of crushed rock, the largest total production and the largest daily production per man.

By this time we had taken away enough of the face of the quarry to permit of the installation of the two units perpendicular with the bin. A pit had been made to receive both crushers. A large beam trap had been constructed through which it had been planned to dump all our strippings, sixty per cent of which would have been graded over a fourteen-foot grizzly and dropped into dump cars and fed into the crushers. The remaining forty per cent of this stripping would have dropped through the grizzly into cars, to be used by the 21st Engineers in sog-raising and bank widening work contemplated on the narrow gauge railroad they were operating.

This move would have taken the place of all wheelbarrow work and saved thirty per cent of the hand labor now in use. Everything was just in readiness to make the change, on the following Sunday. Forty men had volunteered for the work, but as the fates decree in war, "The best laid plans of mice and men go oft astray." We received orders to leave for the Chateau Thierry Front; and "next Sunday" never came to the quarry detail. July 18th was our last day in the quarry. Many will say that it was our best day.

We sent the officers on a souvenir hunt, and proceeded to have a celebration, with the two Vin sisters as chief entertainers.

When the records were completed, the following report was turned over to the 28th, together with all quarry machinery:

Material moved prior to installation

of crushers, on March 16th....	4,600 cu. M.
Output of crushed rock	16,640 cu. M.
Output of stripping.....	6,000 cu. M.
Output of blockage.....	7,600 cu. M.
Total output, March 16th to	
July 18th	30,240 cu. M.
Total output, March 1st to	
July 18th	34,840 cu. M.
Daily output of crushed rock per	
man.....	2.7 cu. M.
Daily output per man.....	4.85 cu. M.

Over 3,000 pounds of powder was used in blasting. These figures speak volumes. This work was done by the brain and brawn of technical engineers, and not men skilled in the use of the pick, the sledge and the bar. During all the work there were but two minor accidents, one a broken finger and the other necessitating a few stitches where a man was accidentally hit with a swinging stone hammer.

This record is seldom attained in civil practice where skilled workmen and a complete line of machinery are available, and where laborers are not nearly so congested as was necessary in the early part of this work.

This was the second phase of our battle, a phase which settled into a long, hard grind and lasted long into July. A race between the quarry detail and a string of Mack trucks and soixante cars. The front line of this battle advanced and receded as the amount of rock in the bin increased or decreased.

At this stage of our work, the quarry detail was cut down to the absolute minimum of sixty men and ten teams and the following organization was permanently established:

OFFICER FIRST LIEUTENANT SERGEANT, FIRST CLASS (SUPT.) DUTIES

	Men	Teams	
Drillers	8		Sergeant in charge of quarry.
Powderman	1		
Quarrymen	4		
Engineers	2		
Crushermen	2		Sergeant in charge of mechanical plant.
Firemen	2		
Binman	1		
Chute tender	1		
Water wagon	1	2	Corporal in charge of stripping.
Plowmen	2	2	
Scrapers	4	6	
Dumpmen	2		
Wheelbarrows	19		Two Corporals. Overhead.
Clerk	1		
Checker	1		
Carpenter	1		
Blacksmith	1		
Blacksmith helper...	1		

Total—1 Officer.

60 N. C. O.'s and men.

10 Teams.

The St. Mihiel drive is now history, and I presume that few histories will dwell very long on the condition of the roads without which that drive could never have been accomplished. Our hats are off to the American doughboy. Any engineer that has been in front of the balloons will honor our fighting men, but please permit me this little indulgence: "They said we could not raise an army, and if we did raise it, we could not transport it overseas; and if we did transport it overseas, it could not fight—and in one day it wiped out the St. Mihiel salient—to quote that eminent journalist, Mr. Edward Hungerford, in the Saturday Evening Post, and then goes on to describe the interview in Mr. Baker's inner office and its bearing on our army.

Lated in his interview Mr. Hungerford quotes Mr. Baker as follows:

"The first question that came to us was that of the volunteer system as against the draft. The volunteer system involved a haphazard interruption of every industry in the

country, based on the personal enthusiasm of its individuals." I earnestly hope that that eminent authority who believes that "in one day we wiped out the St. Mihiel salient" may some day hear of the efforts of those "enthusiastic" volunteers who labored for five months in that salient, that that drive might be successful. I also hope that in some of Mr. Baker's future moments he has the opportunity to read this humble effort of mine, and can put himself in the position of some of his "enthusiastic individuals" who earned their first service stripes in the Royaumeix Quarry.

Whatever our feelings have been and whatever our feelings may be now, they are as nothing compared to what our feelings will be in that far distant future, when we sit down in our age of silver temples and look back with that infinite satisfaction enjoyed only by those having participated in the fulfillment of our duty.

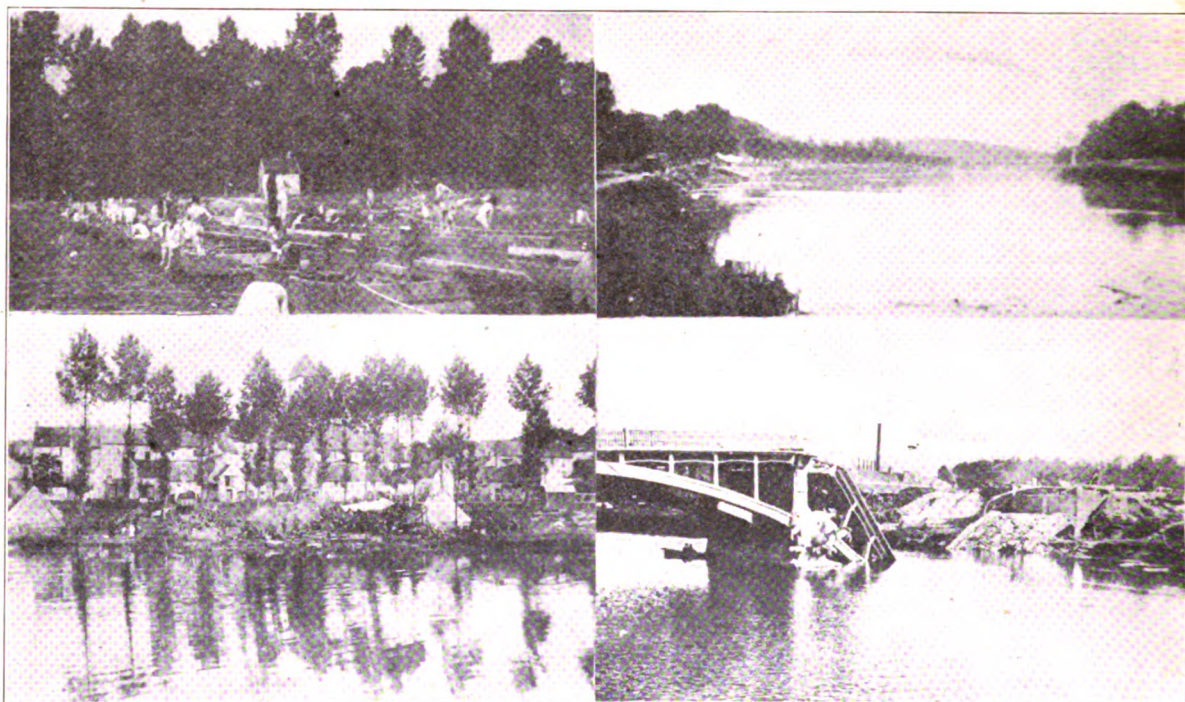
For all of us who worked in the Royaumeix Quarry this is our greatest reward.

The Poilu



When Speaking About "Who Won the War?"—Don't Forget Our Little Froggie Comrade

The Marne



Bathing at Ussy-sur-Marne
Camp at Ussy-sur-Marne

Camp in Chateau Thierry
Bridge at Chateau Thierry

Chateau Thierry

Found in a Soldier's Coat Pocket on the Battlefield.
(Author Unknown.)

1

On the road out of Chateau Thierry,
By the hill where we halted the Hun,
Near Suicide Hill in Death Valley
Where the Boche's retreat was begun.

2

There's an acre of crude little crosses,
Where we buried young Sergeant Monroe,
And a crowd of comrade crusaders
Whose names we may never quite know.

3

And some day that road will be teeming
With pilgrims who venture to go
To Humanity's Holy of Holies,
On the road by the Bois de Bellau.

4

Some will be looking for Brothers,
Others for Fathers or Sons,
Many for Husbands or Sweethearts,
Or Comrades who stayed with the guns.

5

God grant they may come in sunshine
While the spring flowers bloom on the grave.
And may they be proud of our comrades,
And glad for the gift that they gave.

Our Work in the Chateau Thierry Drive

Note: This article is written strictly from an engineer's viewpoint. Nevertheless, to take away that dry effect (engineers and dry are synonymous) I will endeavor to blend my ideas in a somewhat tangible manner.

Numerically speaking, an authority has stated that this war consisted of 75 per cent engineering and 25 per cent militarism. An infinitesimal part of the 75 per cent portion was the work accomplished by our company in the Chateau Thierry drive.

Skipping the long hikes and minor performances, we will arrive somewhat abruptly at the more important feats. We will omit that long, heavy marching order, hike from Ussy-sur-Marne. We will avoid the pathetic tale of how we dragged those honored corpses from the historic Marne at Chateau Thierry, and gabe them a crude but Christian burial. We will not tarry to describe the continued hike which brought us to Villamoyenne; always to be remembered by the innumerable flies and nauseous stench of sun blistered dead. We will pass another grilling hike into the Bois de Meuniere, and the death hunting Boche bombers that sought us. These things, and more besides, we shall miss in going directly to Abby d'Ingy.

The highways were carrying a tremendous burden, in fact due to the destroyed and thus unusable condition of the railroads, the highways were the only resort.

The problem before us was: conditioning, widening and maintaining the highways in this immediate sector:

The ordinary layman, unaccustomed to war methods, conceives the army engineer with a pick and shovel; digging in without aim or system. Such a belief is incorrect. For example, we immediately sent men over the assigned roads, chaining and stationing them as well as estimating the material needed and locating a source of supply. The short time and small labor thus spent was more than fully repaid, for we then had, on paper, the particular places where repairs were most urgently needed. It also obliterated any unnecessary material and haulage.

The report on source of material proved negative. In other words we had to quarry all rock needed. A quarry being worked to a small degree by Les Genie Francaise was found. We called it the Igny Quarry. The rock, a soft limestone, was an ideal natural

road substance. The limited output of the Igny Quarry, the long haul and the difficulty of our getting trucks in a loading position in wet weather, necessitated the opening of an additional quarry. Surface rock showing in a trench, gave the hint of possible material. Its location, which was on the road being worked, made it a reality. On our reports we called it the St. Charles Quarry. The blasting in these quarries was done by the aid of German hand grenades.

It was while on this work that we first used service troops. A battalion of the 1st Pioneer Infantry, a white organization, under our supervision, deserves credit for a lot of good work fulfilled.

When called to a more vital point, we left a wider, more serviceable road, and had never stopped traffic for an instant.

In passing, I give note that wonderful results were accomplished by a small detail at Dravagny. The chief problem there was the overcoming of seepage and springs in the road. From an engineering position, the unique methods employed by these pick and shovel crusaders warrants a separate write-up.

Disregarding consideration of a forced march, through Cohan and Coulanges, mobilization with other engineers at Gaussancourt and a night long hike, we are dug in on a hillside ahead of the big guns south of St. Thibaut. The first job was to clear the streets of St. Thibaut of the recently destroyed buildings. Such was essential to permit the passage of the artillery. Four hours did we pry, push, wheel and shovel the devastated houses from the macadam. Again, besides the buildings, we had the roadside barricades and doughboys' dig-ins to clean. War, in its most horrid sense, was here presented to us, when time and time again we had to free a fallen hero protruding provocatively from his road side stronghold or from the debris where he had made his last stand.

Then we were called upon to open the road and bridge approach across the river from Bozoches (a few miles west of Fismes). A descriptions of the ruins will be necessary. Picture to yourself a narrow, swiftly flowing stream (the Vesle River), a deep valley (truly called by the doughboys Death Valley); a bridge over the river supplied by two roads; midway up the valley a standard gauge railroad crossing the main road.

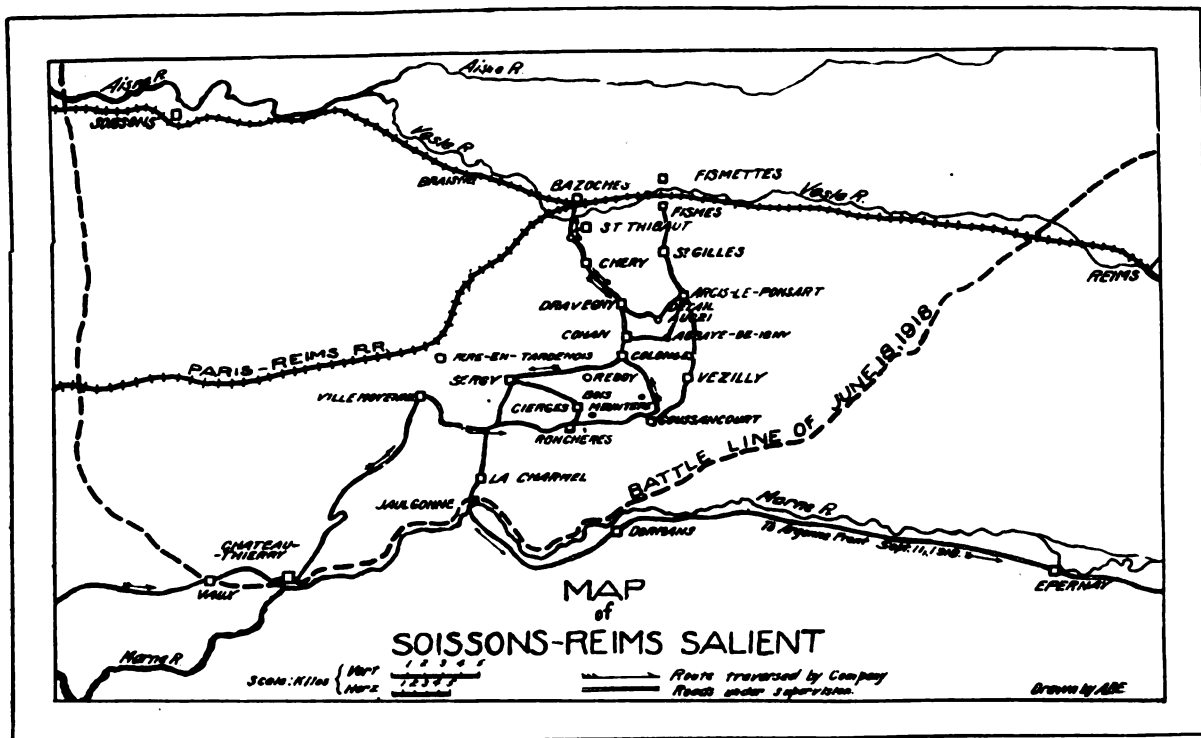
If you have the aforementioned trio, i. e., bridge, road fork and railroad crossing, well pictured, then you can realize what a perfect target. And the Germans had surely used it to our disadvantage. The bridge was destroyed. The condition of the road can well be imagined when I state that we extracted from one of the larger holes a shattered Garford truck. Moreover, deadly gas still hung in the shell hole sprinkled Death Valley. The dead was so numerous that they hindered our work to such an extent we had to detail a burial squad to remove them. How mighty and lasting an impression did the view present.

Our orders called for opening the road in a limited number of hours, to permit an advance of artillery. We all understood that upon this point itself depended the linking

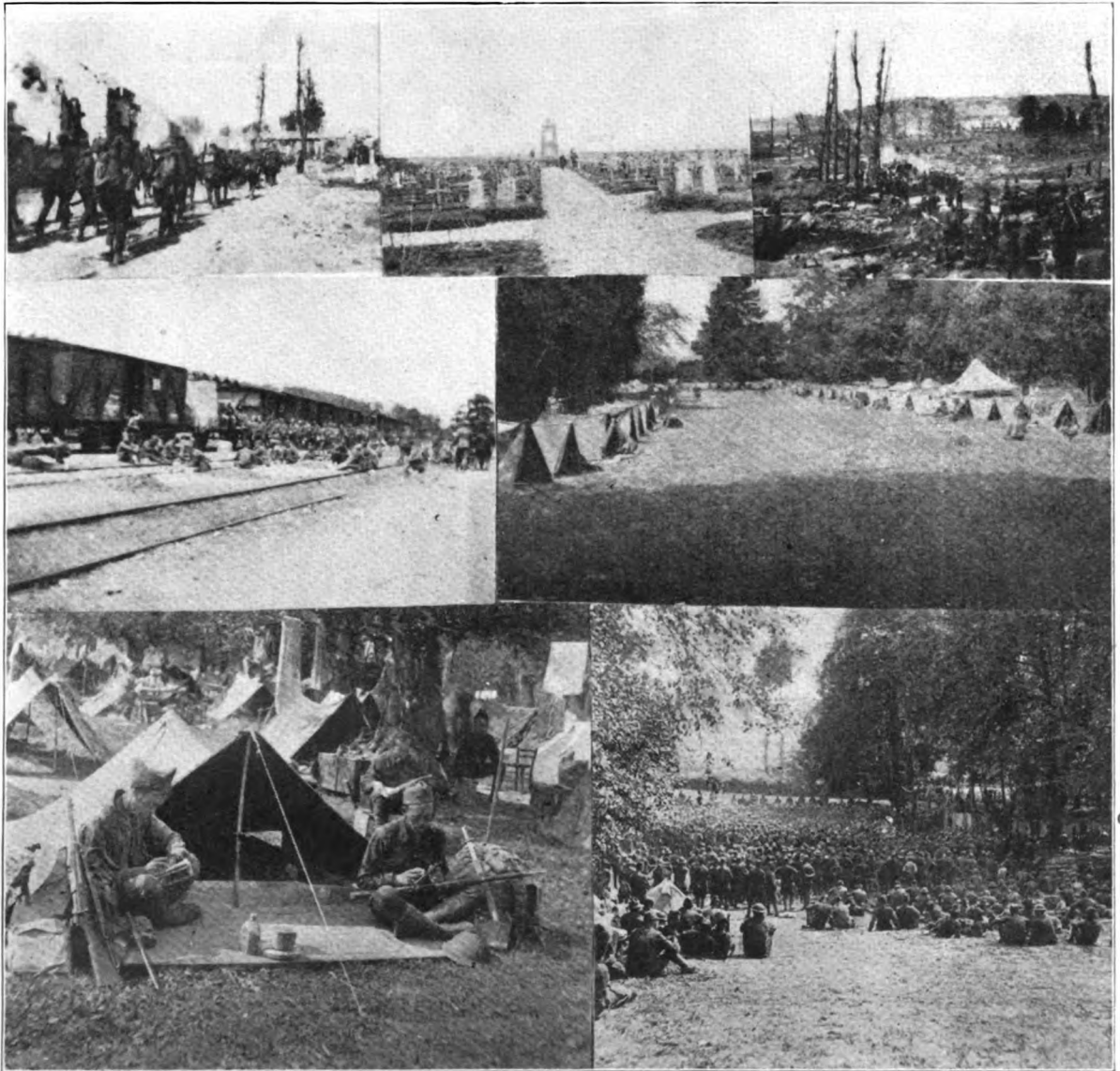
up of infantry and artillery. By concentrated team work we had cleared the dead and the fallen trees, removed the mounds of earth that had been belched up by the immense shells, tore the splintered railroad ties and twisted rails from the road. Then, filling the shell craters, repairing and planking were next in order. To a man everyone gave his utmost that day; mess calls went unheeded by us. Nary a neck was craned to the aerial activity. The whistle of a shell detracted not one from his real, vital and important task.

May sound like conceit, but I say with pride, it was a link, perhaps a small one, but nevertheless an important one in the Chain of Victory, was "Our Work in the Chateau Thierry Drive."

SERGT. W. GRAUER.



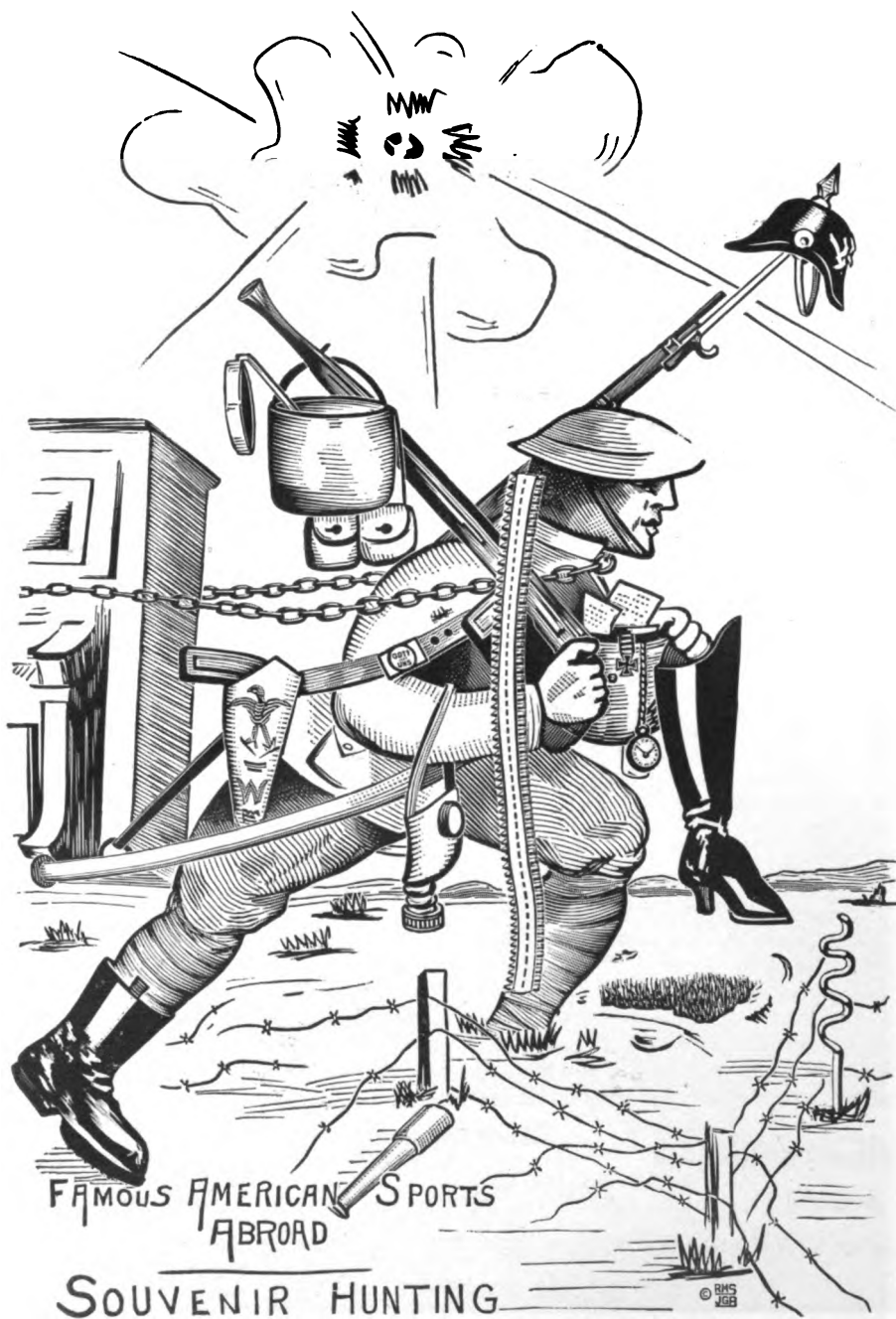
The Chateau Thierry Drive



Hiking Through Vaux
Detained at Meaux
Camp at Villemoyenne

Good Germans

Bridging the Vesle
Camp at Ussy
Memorial Services,
103rd Inf., 26th Div.



The Argonne-Muese Drive

Sept. 26—Nov. 11, 1918

To the south and west about thirty kilometers from Verdun is located the small village of Parois, then westerly about four kilometers to the village of Auzeville, then about four kilometers to the village of Neuville, thence south a distance of six kilometers to the village of Clermont was approximately the location of our company a few days previous and during the opening of that ever-eventful, ever-to-be remembered "Argonne-Muese Drive."

September 15th found us drawing to a close our tour of the Marne Valley, our visit to the St. Mihiel Front of two days and our ride across Champagne, locating in a valley a short distance from Parois. Moving into this place under the darkness of night it was rather difficult for us to get our bearings, and more confused were we in the morning when we reported for "Detail." As the country, aside from our own company, was inhabited by very few American troops, and it was necessary that we make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible, we were moved in covered trucks only, and naturally the feeling grew that there were big things under way. These shadows proved themselves to be the shadows of the largest things that ever came to pass by warring nations.

In the course of a few days we moved again, this time establishing our home in an old French camp near Gange-le-Compt, a kilometer or so east of Clermont. These days were trying. It was that restless feeling which presents itself when one is waiting for something to be made perfect when it is nearly complete. Our work consisted of laboring in a quarry, working colored engineers on the highways and hauling truckload after truckload of Telford Stone to a great storage pile just north of Neuville. This work was all carried on during the night, through rain, through mud, through nights of seemingly endless duration; and why should all this rock be stored in such a place? This was the question uppermost in our minds, but the individual in the Army works under orders, why these orders no one knows; just follow them.

September 26th was nearing rapidly and things tightened, so to speak. Crossroads, bridges, railroads, and ammunition, engineering and ration dumps became more and more hazardous. Judging from the incessant shelling of Clermont, the Clermont-

Neuville road, the bridge over the Aire River, the railhead at Auzeville and the continual unharmonious groaning of the Folker o'er head, the enemy no doubt, was beginning to realize that preparations for a great drive were under way.

All these happenings are but atoms in our memories; they were no more than just parts taken by us in a rehearsal for a great Play that we had dreamed of.

Stop! Remember the night of September the 25th? It was black with darkness. You couldn't recognize your "bunkie" three feet from you, but under this natural screen moved no small portion of the American Army, the highways carrying a 3-line traffic of nothing but motorized or horse-drawn artillery. Trucktrain after trucktrain rumbled by with its cargo of ammunition, rations, etc., and over the fields adjacent to the roads in squad formation, endless columns of men were marching, not with the usual hilarity of the American troops were these men marching, not under the usual heavy pack, but under a far more impressive one, the "combat pack." They were not depressed, they were not cowardly, they were marching under and through that atmosphere created by determination.

At eleven o'clock the word passed down the road to clear all traffic. As if by magic this seething mass vanished and within an hour a quietness settled that was appalling; like a cool breeze which one feels just previous to a raging storm; like one being left all alone and everything moved away but quietness and darkness. A rumble in the distance to the east attracted us. It grew closer—closer—and with a crash the guns at our side, in front and to the rear of us fired. For miles along the line darkness was changed to light. Rockets of all colors ascended a few miles ahead of us, signalling artillery of all sizes for more firing, more gas, more proof that no power of German origin could resist such a drive.

It was one o'clock; the beginning of the end had started its weary course—the Argonne-Muese had opened.

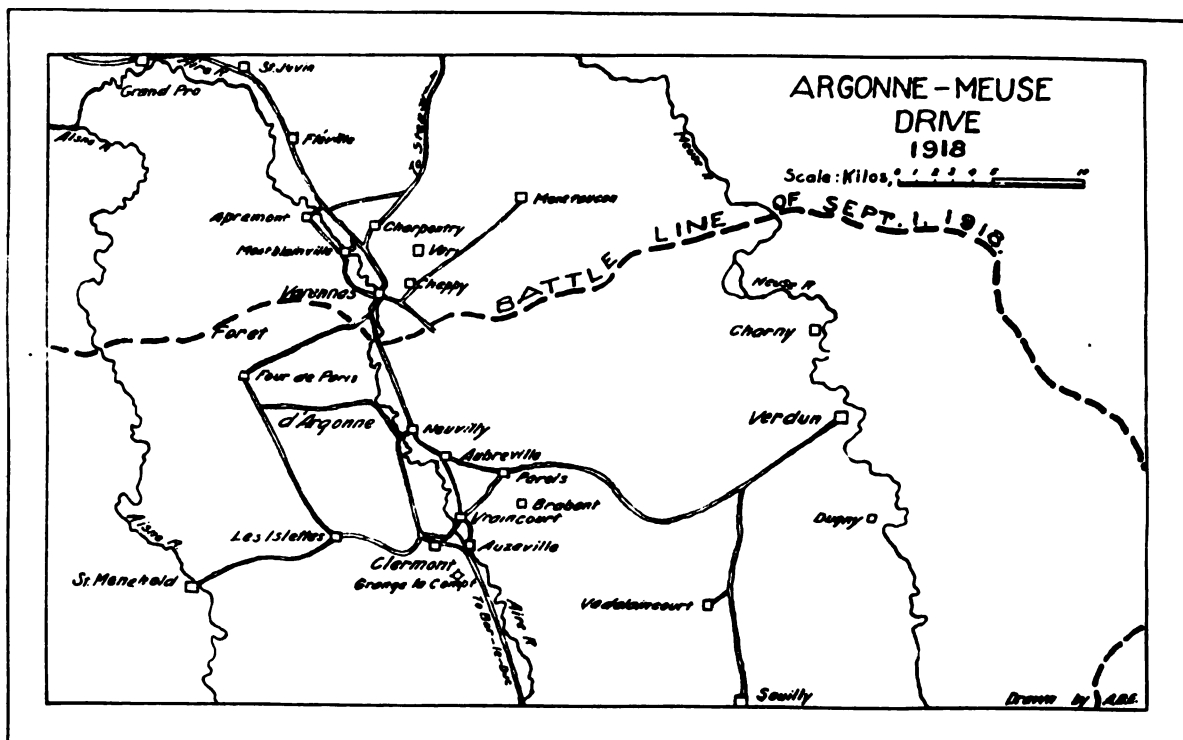
We returned to camp and about six o'clock received orders to pack all equipment and stand in readiness to move. Before noon we had made ourselves a new home in the village of Neuville, pitching our pup-tents in an old orchard adjacent to the

place, setting up our kitchen under an old hay barn roof. It was from under this roof that some of the best hot cakes that man ever made were served. We can say it with a free heart; the hours at the beginning of the Argonne were long and hard, there was a great deal of rain to contend with, but the food, speaking A. E. F.'ly could not be surpassed and there was plenty for all. Such times as these, when one is deprived of all enjoyment of life, when it is nip and tuck to keep realizing that some day it will all end, it is the fundamental step toward optimism if one can get enough to eat.

We have all heard of the Army hunger; a great many of us have experienced the same. There are a few more unpleasant re-

Training" let us all ponder a moment. Is there such a thing as an Army Officer with judgment along construction lines? We don't mean the "Ninety-day Wonders," we mean Army Officers, the men that call their way of "passing the time" their profession. To criticise is unpatriotic, no doubt, but not to criticise in a case like this is far worse than unpatriotic. It happened before our very eyes; indirectly we were the cause, for if our orders had been other than what they were, it wouldn't have taken place, and this is what happened:

Shortly after we had made camp at Neuville, we were equipped with engineering equipment, "picks and shovels," and started



membrances of our experiences in France, but the one that stands uppermost in our memories, and the one that causes us to grow weak when thinking of it, is the memory that convinced "Co. A, 23rd Engineers" that the American Army didn't prove its worth by the efficiency of its Engineering Officers of high rank, but that it proved its worth by a large body of individuals using their judgment individually, fighting and working with that ever present independence of every American.

We are all conscious that death goes hand in hand with war, but uncalled for death does not go hand in hand with anything. When they speak of "Universal

in the general direction up front. We were approximately two miles from the Infantry, and as we approached the immediate zone of fighting, one could ascertain nothing definite; things were just a jumble of cracking rifles, loud reports of firing cannon and explosions of incoming shells. The horizon consisted of a series of smoky masses caused from the burning of ammunition dumps by the retreating enemy. The Air Service was carrying well their allotment of the Drive, as German balloons were kept well down and only for a very short time was one of them allowed to remain in the air.

We walked for perhaps a kilometer or two when a great yawning gap in the road confronted us. This crater was located just to the rear of that which had been the third-line trench twelve hours previous. The obstacle had been in existence since 1916, as the French at that time had logical reasons for believing that the enemy was going to drive in through this direction, and they had taken this method of retarding them; by loading a culvert which extended under a thirty or forty foot embankment on the highway with high explosive, and had exploded the same. The result was that it formed a great mine crater approximately forty feet deep and ninety feet in diameter.

For the driving American Army it became necessary to either bridge the gap or construct a "shoo-fly" (a detour road). The highway on which this existed was the main line of communication to this sector of the Argonne Front and to congest the traffic would mean lives. More engineers were coming up, all with picks and shovels, and excavation was started for a "shoo-fly"???? Approximately a thousand feet of 2-way traffic road was going to be constructed over a marshy, soft draw including about 80-foot span wooden bridge. This road was to be of Telford base with a wearing surface of six or eight inches. This would require a thousand cubic metres of stone at least. There were fifteen hundred men there, in perhaps a fifteen acre plot to build this job—but there was no stone. Back at Neuville was that great storage dump which we had been heaping up for days, and this was to be trucked to the shoo-fly. But ere the first Mack truck had made its load of precious material, traffic was blocked for a mile back of the crater, making it impossible for a continuous train of trucks to keep the men supplied.

For twenty-four hours that crater tied up traffic, and then a single line traffic was permitted though consisting of nothing but ambulances. Forty-eight hours saw a double line traffic through, and there lay the crater—a matter of spanning ninety feet with no supply dump with a goodly supply of mud and water to contend with. And engineering beams and plank not six kilometers away. Had this obstacle ever been considered by the Army Officials in those two years? If so, why call them engineers?

A short distance ahead of us lay Varennes, a town which had been held by the Germans for four years. Our Infantry had taken it and was well on their way toward Charpentrey. The fighting had been very hard and the men returning from the lines

gave proof that the fighting would have been much easier had they had the support of the Artillery which they were denied on account of the delay in the construction of this detour road.

On the second day of the drive we were somewhat relieved when we saw the traffic wending its way onward.

After being taken from this job about one mile farther ahead we were presented with conditions exactly similar to the one just described, only that the fields on each side of this Crater had been "mined" and it was not until a six-inch gun had been pulled onto one of the well-laid mines, completely destroying the same and killing and wounding several men, that these treacherous conditions were actually discovered.

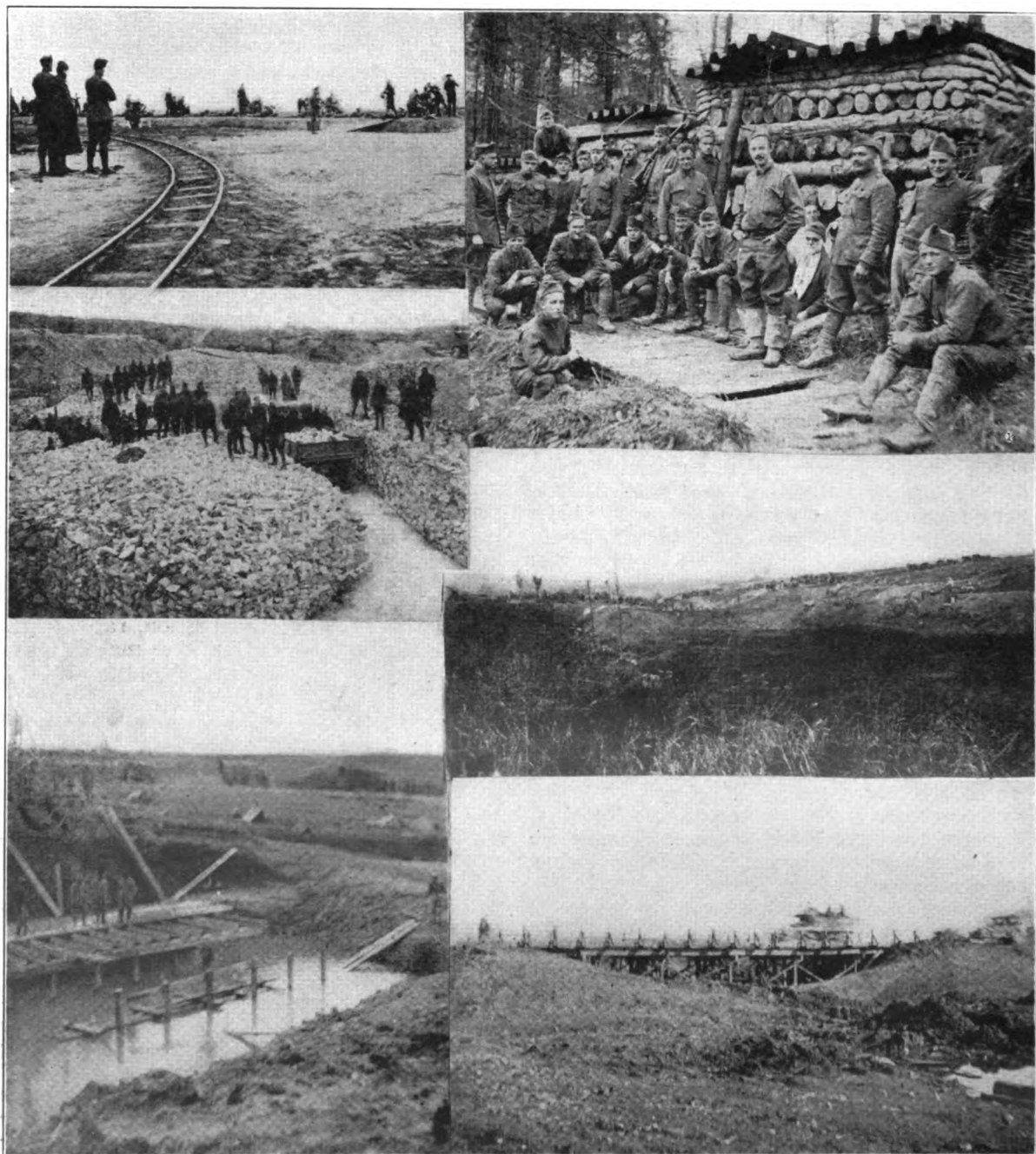
The detour road in this case was to be built along the same lines of construction as the first one, but after excavation had been started and the impossibility of receiving the large quantities of stone had at last been realized, it was decided that a plank road should be built in place of the Telford. By this means a two-way traffic road was completed within twenty-four hours, and it was relief, the most appreciated relief, we had ever received when we saw the traffic congestion unravel, the great streams of cannon, ammunition, rations and everything war-going or war-making was pushed with the utmost rapidity to the Front.

It is wonderful to have seen how these great obstacles were done away with, but let us pause and realize the price that was paid for it. Those men that we spoke of that were passing us a few nights ago, those men that were marching under that quiet, solemn atmosphere created by determination, they were the men that paid the price, the highest price that goes with war, the Supreme Sacrifice.

For the first, second and third days of the Drive, great numbers of these men lay for hours waiting for ambulances to carry them back to the Field Hospitals. The only complaint we ever heard one of them utter was, "Why in the Hell don't you let that Artillery get up there and give the boys some support?" We knew why, but once again we say, in the Army, orders are orders, where they come from no one knows, just follow them.

For a week or two we maintained and patrolled these two roads as they were subjected to the heaviest traffic imaginable. It was after this that we moved to Varennes, and this move was the source of one of the most enjoyable parties we had during our experiences while in Bleeding France. We

The Argonne—Meuse Drive



St. Juvin
Charpentry
1st Crater

Four De Paris
1st Crater
2nd Crater

established our kitchen on the banks of the Aire River, nestling it closely to a great high bank on the west side of the stream. This bank was the bank of all banks, as it afforded protection and much enjoyment, the

former as it had been excavated in many places forming good dug-outs and lastly speaking from an enjoyment standpoint, it afforded WINE CELLARS. Most places of this sort, especially in a town inhabited by

the Germans for four years, had had their stock long since utilized, but a shell from the retreating enemy seemed to have been sent back for the one purpose of informing us that that part of the Army from which it had been sent had overlooked about a three-days' party for a couple of hundred men.

At the bottom of the crater made by this shell, a small dark hole was noticeable. One of the Company's best judges on France's most noted product happened to be near, and upon investigating more closely, found that the little hole was an entrance to a much larger one, and that the large one was nothing more than a Wine Cellar; one like we had never seen before—this one was full. It contained over two thousand bottles of the best French wines, a couple of kegs of Vin Rouge, considerable linen ware and a strong-box containing eighteen hundred Francs (which our erstwhile Lt. Davy had an awfully good time on "Somewhere in France").

Of all the cellars in France which contained fights and songs, this one outrated them all. For three days the Company drank wine, ate wine, bathed in wine, and wine fairly oozed from their pores. Each man received an issue of two linen towels, the better to wipe it from one's chin after receiving your cup of Vin Rouge in place of coffee in the mess line.

Never do men have such a party but what the unpleasant awakening presents itself. For a time at least we had forgotten that there was a war on, and perhaps it was just as well. With the bad must come the good.

Varennes will always be a memory of a few happy moments at least, as we received two separate and distinct thrills at this point, the first being the aforementioned and the second presenting itself when on October 24th, our former Captain, Captain Hackett, returned to the Company, which at this time meant a great deal to every man, as our morale was beginning to run a little low, and why shouldn't it? having been under the said erstwhile Lt. Davy, the man who HAD his men drilled for several days under the direct observation of an enemy balloon, the man who could spend more time looking for souvenirs and "Captain's Bars" than he could with his own Company, no matter how urgent the need.

Captain Hackett's return was in no way untimely. He talked with us, and above all he encouraged us. We hadn't done much we all realized, but he was glad to tell us that our efforts had been appreciated, at least.

We lived at Varennes six weeks, during

which time we constructed a great rail head, wrecked most of the buildings in the town to obtain the stone for road building, worked a Battalion of Pioneer Infantry on the maintenance of ten or twelve miles of road.

October 31st found us moving toward the S. O. S. We had been promised that after our nine months on the Front we were at last to have the pleasure of going back, back to the place where shells and bombs don't bother you in your sleep.

We reached Four-de-Paris where we made a home in an old German camp which had been built on the greatest hills and forest of the Argonne. Here we remained about six days, working roads only as a pastime and not as a necessity, as we were only stopping to await further orders to move. On the fifth day there was an inspection, and after the same the Captain made a short talk, and informed us that the next day we would move, not to the S. O. S., but to our old home, the "Front." It was discouraging. We had been promised this chance of being allowed to go back, away from the din and roar of the guns, from the continuous soaking by the rain and from the unbearable mud for so long that it seemed impossible that we were receiving orders to again push forward.

In that talk there was another almost unbelievable remark. On the wings of gossip and whispered very low was the rumor that the fighting might cease before long. Could it be true? It was surely nothing more than propaganda. The war had grown so large that it seemed impossible that it could end. All in all, it did sound logical. Austria had given up, the American Army was going forward at a tremendous rate, and things did look rather dubious for the Huns. Figuring from all angles, it was well to believe that it would end and it was with this optimistic view in mind that we once more moved toward the Meuse.

Stopping at St. Juvin near Grand Pre, we made a very comfortable home. This place remained well intact, as the enemy had evacuated the region rather rapidly and the fighting had been more or less on the run. This, however, did not reduce the amount of work in any way, as there were an unlimited number of shell-holes in the road to be repaired, bridges to be constructed, etc.

This home, like all others, had its memorable incidents. Here we received no less a personage than an inventor of the most modern ways of repairing shell torn roads. It was "Miss" Lt. Gerton, who had come all the way from Illinois to introduce his

method. He not only recommended the knowledge of highway maintenance implying of spools of barbed wire in shell-holes, but he demanded it.

On November 10th we received orders to construct a road to Evacuation Hospital No. 7. The job was started, and up ahead a few miles the fighting raged on. As night grew closer, the rumbling, roaring and groaning increased. As darkness settled the country for miles around was made beautiful by the flare of rockets. The great anti-air craft search-lights stretching out their arms in the sky as though trying to get within their grasp the rumor that was traveling up and down the lines with lightening rapidity, the rumor that buried itself in every mind and heart in the world. The Kaiser had abdicated, and peace or an armistice was inevitable.

On the night of November 10th, men lived years. Their thoughts carried them back, back to that land from whence they came. Their thoughts carried them forward, forward to that land to which they were in all probability soon to return.

The morning of the 11th day of the 11th month arrived, and at the 11th hour a respect was paid to the World's Humanity such as it had never received before. The firing ceased, the hungry guns were but cold pieces of steel. Men ceased killing one an-

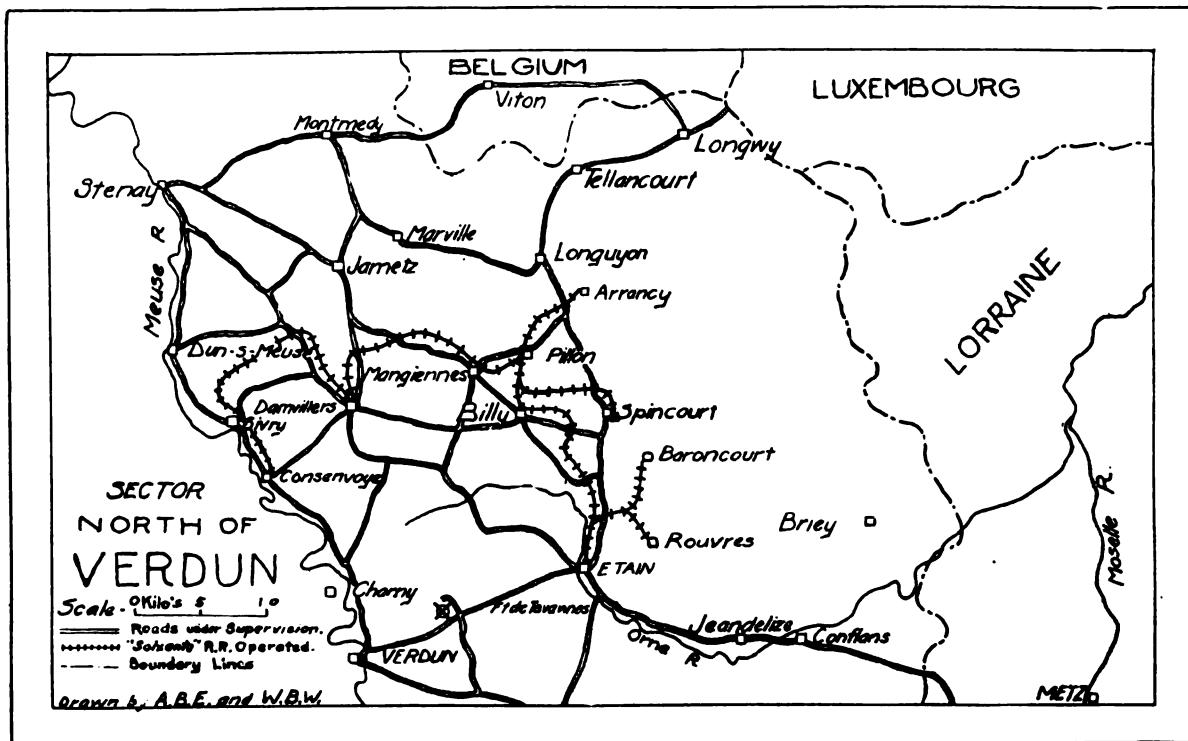
other. That massive, seething, crawling, darkening war-cloud which had been hovering over Europe for four long years had risen—the World was at Peace.

The war was won, it was over, and home was uppermost in every man's mind. It was an experience that we will never live through again. We paid for this experience in a way that you pay for nothing else in this world. There is no description for it. Our reward was life and what we learned of it. What greater reward could one anticipate than this? The memories of our own individual selves are so etched in our minds that we shall never forget, but "lest we forget" the others—

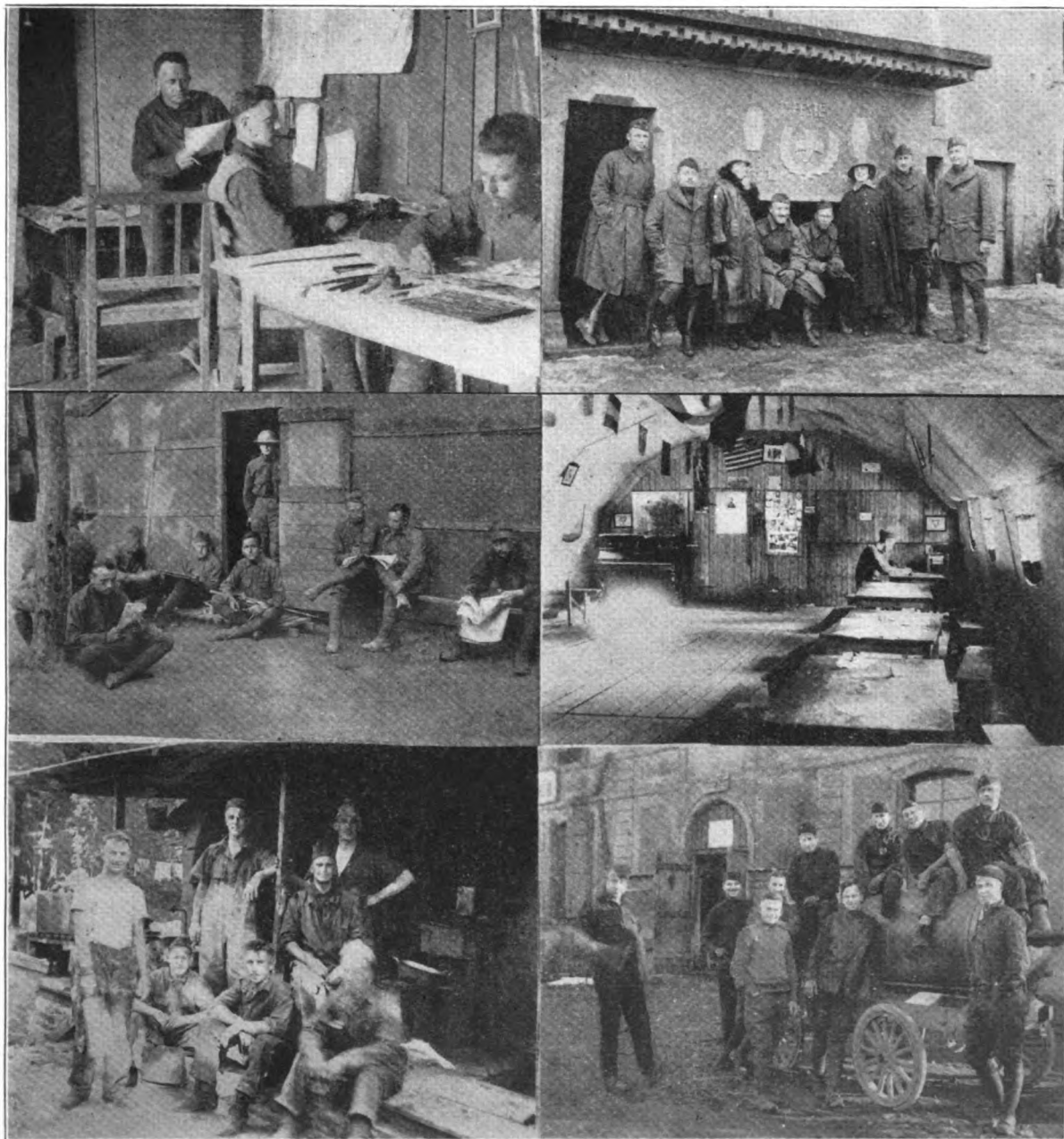
Those who were in squad formation, marching in endless columns, under the darkness of night and under that solemn atmosphere created by determination; those men of the 35TH DIVISION; those men who didn't receive that Artillery support.

It was this calibre of men that ended the war, and as we sit and read over the last Act of that great Play produced on a stage nearly four hundred miles long, let us from the deepest depth of our hearts pay the most sincere respect to those who made it possible that we return to our glorious home and loved ones across the sea—to those men who will ever remain in France.

By CORP. M. M. SMALL.



N'EVERYTHING



History Detail,
Ellington—Searight—Edwards
Snelling Barracks
Cooks—Snelling

Officers and Workers—Billy
Y. M. C. A. Hut—Burley
Cooks—Billy

Billy-Sous-Mangiennes to Le Mans

April 8th: To an outsider that particular date will mean no more than any other of the three-hundred and sixty-five days which constitute a year, but to us marooned over here in France it ranked a close second to Armistice Day, November 11th. Arriving in France some fifteen months before, the main point in our minds was the coming of the day when Germany would lay down her arms and hostilities would cease. Now that day had arrived and past and we only naturally substituted another and almost as important in our minds; that being the day on which we would leave this so-called la belle France, or to speak more correctly, "muddy" France, for HOME. And now after nearly five months, five of the longest and most trying months of our career in France, that day had arrived.

Immediately after evening mess we loaded the kitchen paraphernalia on trucks to the tune of the ever-useless non-commissioned officers' superfluous orders, and after separating a few of our lovesick comrades from their weeping mademoiselles we piled on top of the kitchen supplies and amid much shouting on our parts which would not be at all complimentary to our frog friends could they but understand what we said, we bid our last, and I mean last, farewell to Billy-sous-Mangiennes, the old home of our company headquarters.

Darkness was fast approaching when we finally drew up alongside of seventeen of those famous "Forty Hommes-Eight Chevaux" box cars which has brought old man E. T. A. T. world wide fame and not a few francs. The officers immediately selected or had some aspirant to higher glories select for them, one of the cars to carry their precious selves, after which the mess sergeant and his tribe of cooks and K. P.'s selected theirs, and us poor bucks "toted" the stove and the warehouse full of cooking utensils which every army kitchen carries around but seldom uses, into said car. A third car was then taken for the gasoline motor and dynamo, which, after the boys had strung up the wires, was to furnish the electric light in each car for the trip, for even though we only rated side-door Pullmans in this land of wars we intended and did travel in style that rather rivalled our own Pullmans at home. After much tugging, lifting and not a little advising we

eventually placed this conglomeration of machinery into the car. It had now grown dark and there not being any additional work that could be thought of at that time, we commenced looking over the remaining cars for "floor space."

It has been proven, especially since the A. E. F. arrived in France, that the floor of a box car is not the best bed in the world to sleep on, and having had some previous experience in this respect and not having any desire to duplicate it, we commenced investigating the contents of a train of cars on an adjacent track and were amply rewarded by discovering that one of the cars contained bundled straw. In less time than it takes to write about it this straw was "salvaged" and transferred into our cars, where it was quickly spread out on the floors to a depth of several inches and almost as quickly camouflaged with our blankets, after which, being rather thirsty, we went in search of, and being in France, naturally discovered a cafe where "near-beer" was sold to Americans at the usual prices.

An ordinary man can, if he is very thirsty, drink a bottle of this highly watered beer, but the way some of our boys had empty bottles stacked around them that night I am led to believe that we have some very extraordinary men in our outfit, and they don't wear stripes, either. We wandered back to the cars and after two of our pugilistic aspirants pulled off a one-round and one-sided bout, we hit the hay (straw).

Awakening next morning, April 9th, to the lovely (?) notes of the bugle, we climbed out of the cars to make the discovery that we had not moved an inch since we had piled in the night before. I have often heard of that much ridiculed railroad back home which runs its train by calendar, but these frog railroads have that particular road swamped for schedules, especially troop trains. I have heard it said they run them according to the sun, and as the sun rarely shines in northern France you can easily imagine the rest. However, luck was with us on this morning, for Old Sol was sending faint rays through the skies and true to custom an engine was coupled to our train and we were about to start when a very much excited Frenchman with much waving of arms was reciting the tale of the "Disappearing Straw" to our Captain, who, in order to prevent the poor fellow from throw-

ing his arms away, paid the difference from our company fund. What the Captain paid for this straw would have bought us each a feather bed in America with enough left over to buy us cigarettes for a year—but being in poor bleeding France (bleeding American soldiers) and the French being our brothers or cousins, I forget which, why I suppose it's all right. After the Frenchman obtained a wheelbarrow to carry away the greater part of our company fund the engine tooted its whistle a couple of times and the village of Spincourt slowly faded from view. The first step of our journey home had begun.

The first, and I might say the most important town we passed through after leaving Spincourt was the town of Conflans, situated about twenty kilometers from the city of Metz. During the war, Conflans was the principal German railhead; the main source of their Service of Supply to the front. The railhead at this point was very heavily bombed by the Allies and during the last stages of the war was subject to much artillery fire. It was evacuated by the Germans after the signing of the Armistice.

It was nearing noon when our train stopped on the siding on the outskirts of the village of Gondacourt. This village is located in the Lorraine Sector and during the war was exactly on the line. It was at this point that the first of the American divisions in France had their first taste of shell fire. Mess was served here and needless to say it was a good one. The mess sergeant and his tribe of cooks and K. P.'s had rigged up a field kitchen in the cook car and from the start to finish of the trip we were served hot meals. Hot meals on a trip of this distance is much more than a novelty. It is, in fact, a Godsend. Those of the A. E. F. who have lived on Iron Rations on a trip exceeding five hundred kilometers can readily appreciate the true value of hot meals three times per day, and believe me they were meals. Immediately after mess we pulled up to the station of Gondacourt and met some of the boys from Truck No. 1 who were stationed at that point. At the same time another troop train pulled in having on board Company "C" of our regiment, also en route to a concentration camp. In view of the fact that we had not seen this company since our departure from the Toul sector for Chateau Thierry, some several months before, our few minutes' stop-over at this station was taken up asking and being asked questions and not a little repartee was exchanged in regard to winning the war. Next to "A" Company we concede that "C" is the best company in the regiment.

Shortly before 1 o'clock our engine again raised sufficient steam to toot the whistle a few times and again we were on our way. Soon we were eating up the distance toward our destination and though it's hard to believe, there were times when this old troop train would average close onto forty kilometers per hour—remember I said at times. There were also times when we did not move forty feet per hour. Speed, especially continuous speed, is very rare on frog railroad trains. In fact, the only speed I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with, and believe me she was speed personified, was on my visit to Paris, and believe me after that trip I knew Sherman was entirely in the wrong about war, as the following will prove:

A red tempting mouth meant for kissing,
A flash of some silk lingerie,
They are some of the things you are missing,
In Paris, far over the sea.

The gleam of a fair satin shoulder,
The lilt of a quick, risqué song,
And soft creeping hands growing bolder,
Say fellows—that guy Sherman was wrong.

But to get on with the story. We jolted along over the rails (there were times when I thought it was the ties) and late in the afternoon after a series of jolts that piled us in a heap in one end of the car, we stopped in front of the station of the town of, or I should say what once had been the town of, Pont-a-Mousson. This town, situated on the banks of the Moselle River, played a prominent part in the first American drive under American leadership, later known as the St. Mihiel offensive. After several minutes' stop at this point we were again on our way.

About 6 o'clock in the evening we were sidetracked in the yards on the outskirts of the small village of Champegneully, a short distance from the city of Nancy. "A" Company shall not soon forget the town of Champegneully, for one very good reason. Mess was served at this point and after an interview with one of the train crew it was discovered that we would be delayed at this point for a couple of hours for no apparent reason at all. Some of the boys said that the engineer and fireman lived in the village and had gone home for supper. From what I know of the French methods in handling trains I guess that was as good a reason for our delay as any.

In the meantime some of the boys had worked up an enormous thirst reading the large sign of a brewery that could be seen



From Billy to the Sea

from the tracks. It has been often remarked by other outfits, as well as our own, since coming to France, that our company should have been transferred into a salvage unit for the good of the Cause, and there is more truth than poetry in it at that. It is a matter of record that on certain occasions when the company would want something without going through the miles of army red tape, they would simply make their wants known to the bucks and usually got what it wanted, from a wheelbarrow to a Ford or from a push car to a German steam engine, and believe me we had men who could run those engines when we had them—but to get back to the brewery sign. It not being permissible to leave the vicinity of the train, some of our more proficient salvagers (the word salvage covers a multitude of sins) had discovered that the cars standing on the opposite track contained beer—real honest to goodness beer—in kegs. I am not absolutely certain about the car the officers occupied, but can vouch that every other car of our train when it pulled out of the yards from Champegneully on the evening of April 10th had from one to three kegs of this wonderful thirst quencher cached away under the straw, and the best part of the whole incident (and there were other parts that tasted just as good) was that we came away without losing the balance of our company fund. Needless to relate, many tearful tales of personal confidences were spilled in the cars that night. I never saw so much beer in my life, and by the way some of us tried to wrap ourselves around it one would think we never expected to see so much again. Boy howdy, what a night.

During the following day, April 11th, we passed through some of the larger cities of France, for by this time we had gotten well down into the interior of the country, where one begins to understand the reason for the name "Beautiful France." Epernay, the home of champagne (they did not stop the train here), Chalons-sur-Marne and many other smaller but nevertheless picturesque towns were passed through. But soon again we were in a part of the devastated territory once more—that section of France that played such a prominent part in the turning of the war-tide in July of 1918—Chateau Thierry. Many words have already been written about this town and the country surrounding it, words which would make my poor endeavors seem small indeed even though we were in the Chateau Thierry drive. Some articles I have read pertaining to that world known drive must have been written by writers who will some day be accused of having second sight, they are so

near the truth, even though they were thousands of miles away at the time Fritz decided to postpone his visit to Paris.

After a short stop here we passed through several small shell ruined towns and then once more rushed into civilized France. The pretty little town of Ussy-sur-Marne claimed the feature of the day's trip. It was in this town our company had a few days' rest after leaving the Toul sector and while awaiting orders to move into the Chateau Thierry push. From this town we marched forth one early morning in the summer of 1918 for our long hike to Chateau Thierry and from there to Fere-en-Tardenois, marching all the way with heavy packs, rifles, belts and one hundred rounds of ammunition each. That hike during the warmest two days of the year and covering a distance of sixty kilometers will never be forgotten by us.

Our train stopped for evening mess in the yards of Noisy-le-Sec, a suburb of Paris. Then shortly afterwards we were under way and upon awakening on the morning of April 11th found we were in the railroad yards northwest of the gayest little city in the world—Paris.

Some of the boys were sore when they realized how close to Paris we were and could not get in. But the thoughts of home soon offset our desire to go A. W. O. L. By standing on top of the cars we could easily recognize some of the most noted points of interest, including the Eiffel Tower, Arch of Triumph and the highest Ferris Wheel in the world, which measures three hundred meters from ground to top.

Upon leaving the yards around noon we made a half circle around the city of Paris, obtaining a bird's-eye view of the capitol, and towards evening stopped for mess on the outskirts of Versailles.

After much, and I might say strenuous, parleying with some of the train crew we extracted the information that we would in all probability be delayed at this point for five or more hours. The reason being given that we changed engines here and the engine assigned to our train had not arrived or had not been made yet, I could not clearly understand which.

Taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded us, a few of the more adventurous boys decided to go A. W. O. L. for a few hours and pay their respects to the little town and incidentally obtain a closer view of the famous palace of Versailles, erected during the reign of Louis XIV, and which is now playing such a prominent part in the final peace conference of the Great World War.

We started out and after much climbing and crawling under freight cars we arrived at the edge of the town. Up to this time our intentions had been of the best, but desiring information as to the shortest route to the palace we entered one of those ever tempting thirst emporiums and once again we found to our dismay that the bar maids of that cozy little place could neither speak nor understand their own language, even though we were using our very best French, and during the course of the argument one of our party so far forgot himself as to order a round of drinks, entirely forgetting the fact that we had entered the place simply for the source of information, but as he remarked and we just naturally had to agree with him, our argument was becoming dry and needed oiling, and then again some one asserted that the bar maids were getting lazy leaning over the bar and should be put to work. After each of our party had had the honor of toasting our home-going, the main purpose of our visit ebbed away.

In the meantime our party was increased to the extent of a couple of train girls who were employed in the railroad yards instead of trainmen, and they were given a royal welcome. However, after we had watched them store away without any apparent effect to their normal equilibrium a great quantity of that famous water colored liquor that incidentally has a kick more violent than that of a mule, we decided that their storage capacity far excelled our supply of francs and sighed with relief when they decided they had to return to their work. About the same time some kill-joy happened to remember our own train, and after hastily glancing at a watch discovered it was long after 10 o'clock and our train may have long since gone. After a farewell round we

awakened one or two of our over-capacitated comrades and started back with the two train girls acting as guides. Not that we needed guides, but it had grown dark, and being strangers, etc.—and it turned out rather well at that.

Great was our joy when we found that our train had not as yet departed, and after deciding to revisit the town we appropriated the conductor of the train to be certain of its being there on our return, and back we went.

The balance of the evening is somewhat hazy in my mind and even though some of the fellows who had not accompanied us on our sight-seeing voyage have tried to impress me with what they claimed to be the truth regarding our final return to the cars a few moments before they pulled out of the yards, I am inclined to disbelieve them and therefore refuse to implicate myself.

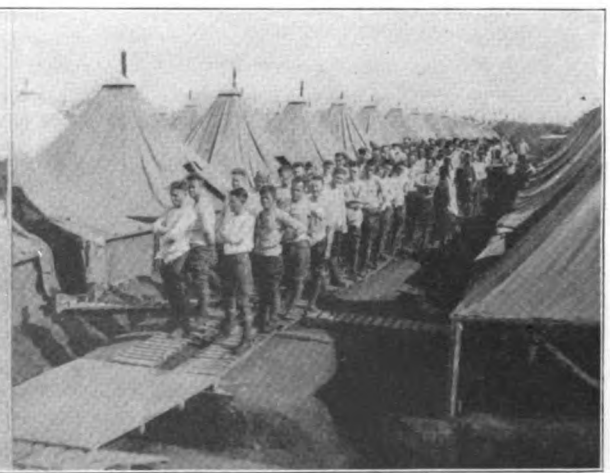
We left the yards of Versailles about 11 o'clock that evening and the railway officials must have lost track of the train entirely, or became conscious-stricken, for we kept moving all that night and all of the next day, on the evening of which we pulled into the great A. E. F. concentration camp at Le Mans. We stayed in the cars that night, and the next morning, April 13th, moved down the road ten kilometers to the Belgian Camp, an addition to the Concentration Camp, where we detrained and marched to the barracks that were to be our home until we left for the port of embarkation.

Our first step comprising nearly six hundred kilometers from the devastated regions of France to the Concentration Camp, and incidentally towards America and Home, had been taken.

PVT. R. E. SULLIVAN.



Le Mans



Brest



Just Nerve

Ask any Front-line Engineer who won the war and he'll most likely tell you, "The M. P.'s, backed up by the Y. M. C. A." But, once get him serious, and he'll invariably tell you the same as I'll attempt to here.

The doughboy won the war, at least Uncle Sam's end of it, which coming down to bed-rock, is the end that counted; the final or knockout. Just plain doughboy nerve and stick-to-it-iveness, in a game which he didn't know the rules or the style—simply figuring that there was a war over here to be stopped—and he stopped it. It is possible to train a soldier in many ways, but the attribute that really counts is NERVE; and that must come with the man—and the American doughboy sure had more than his share.

Not inferring that other branches of the service did not also require Nerve, for they did, but theirs wasn't to always fight and practically live on this Nerve. Engineers were generally selected from their trade or professions in civilian life. It was no trick for a New York Central engineer to come over here and guide a French "dinky," even under shell fire, or an Idaho road constructor to fill a shell-hole. Artillery, especially heavy, had principally to do with mathematics and strong backs. Signal Corps with electricity and its field, while if any branch requires study and training, aviation certainly does. With all the nerve in the world, it is one thing that cannot be learned in a few months. Even officers, taught to command, found that simplified through the tradition of army life. It was simply a "rule of the game," and as such it stood, but—when they displayed nerve, it was a repetition of "same old doughboy nerve" that was part and parcel of the Man, and not something taught the Officer.

In other words, most of these branches knew just what they were "up against." Of course, without their aid, all the valor in the world could have availed the doughboy nothing, for they were the means to his end, but—all the training in the world cannot make a fighter, and any doughboy will tell you that he learned more during his first six minutes in a Front-line than he did in all his six months or more in the States.

Doughboy life can be divided into three classes or series: First, lying awaiting in a trench; second, resisting and stopping an attack, and finally pursuing the fleeing but biting Hun.

The first and hardest, that nerve racking expectancy of trench life during all kinds of weather, was only endured by a few of the veteran divisions, among whom the 1st, 26th, 42nd, 2nd and 32nd were especially noticeable. We were with the first two during their entire stay in the Tour sector, and the other three were on either side of us, hence we feel we are in a position to state that the "lying waiting" in a trench is easily the hell that Sherman spoke about.

The stand of the 26th when the Hindenburg Circus (famous Prussian shock troops) charged them at Seicheprey—America's first real victory—and the glorious "stone wall defense" of the 2nd and 3rd at Chateau Thierry, needs no added laurels from my humble pen. They held—and the Boche simply failed to advance.

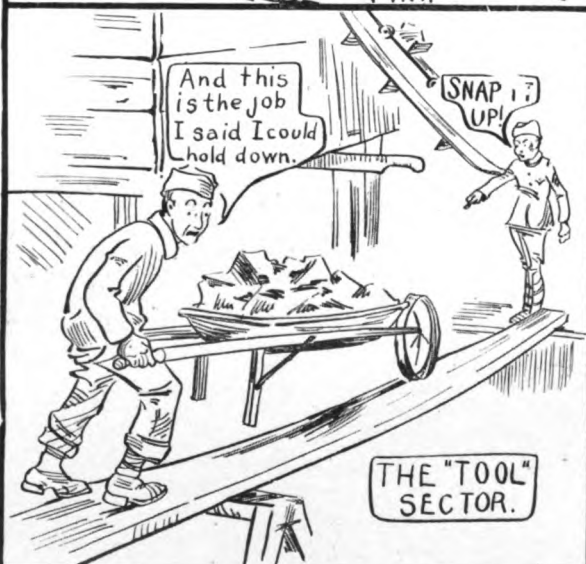
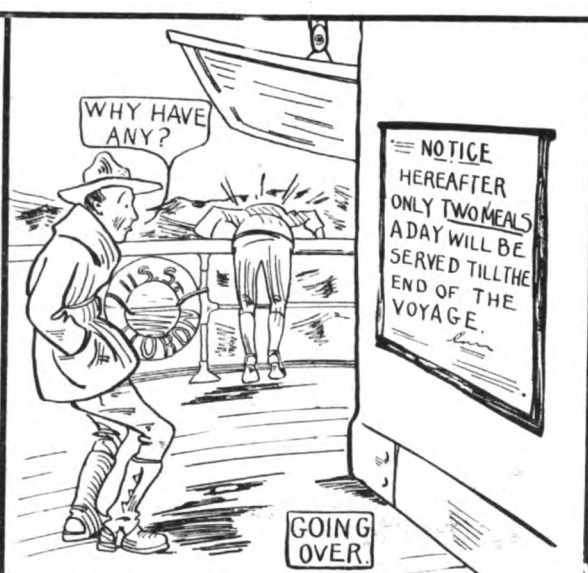
In the final class, before passing to the Argonne, we must at least mention the daring drive from the Marne to the Aisne, each in his turn, by the 1st, 26th, 42nd, 32nd, 28th, 3rd and 4th Divisions. But that drive and the Argonne (each and every division counting) are both history, and space does not permit us to enumerate the valor and brave deeds of every individual division that advanced during that epic drive, but one exemplification of doughboy nerve, history can never do full justice to—the famous dash and stand of the comparatively untrained 35th Division from Kansas and Missouri.

For the first five days of the drive they steadily advanced or stubbornly held their ground, unaided by their own heavy artillery (it was blocked behind at the shell holes and mine craters which we were hastily putting into a passable condition). Merely another case of doughboy nerve—doughboy nerve and rifles against the combined infantry and artillery which the Boche hurled in prodigiously in an attempt to stem the never stopping tide of American advance.

According to the rules of the game, he should have fallen back, but not that boy with the Springfield; he simply doesn't play the game that way. We buried a great many, but never a one that wasn't facing Berlinward. Alive and fighting, or wounded and dying, that word "Retreat" can not be found in the American doughboy's vocabulary.

Now ask any Engineer if that isn't right.

PVT. R. M. STACK.



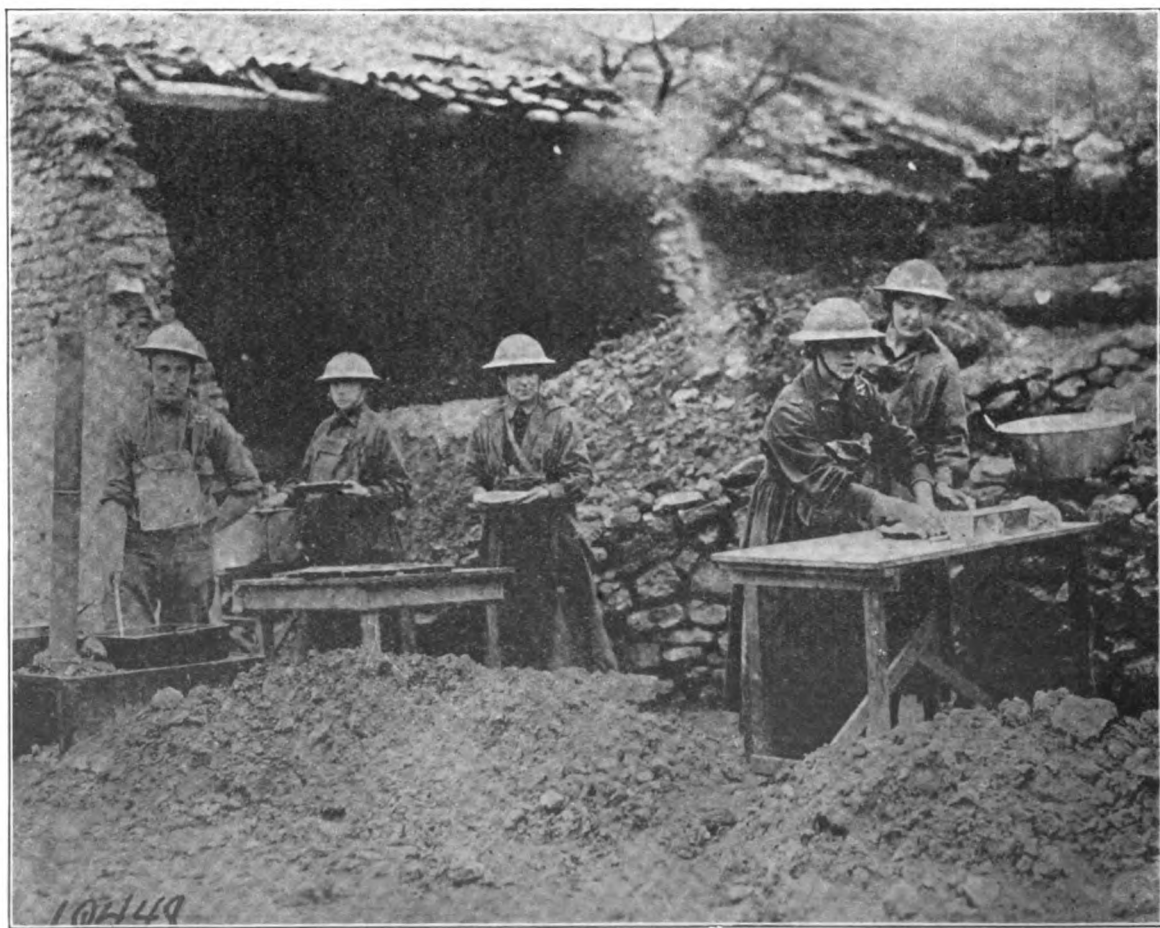


Capt. Silna Saunders



Capt. Saunders (Lieut. Turkington)

Our Sal Girls



**Mess Sergt.
McCormick, Co. A**

**Lieut. Stella
Young**

**Envoy Irene
McIntyre**

**Envoy Gladys
McIntyre**

**Lieut. Myrtle
Turkington**

Salvation Army

Preface

It is dangerous to describe a clever, well-known organization. If the historian makes too good a job of it, one is apt to curl the lips and respond with immortal doubt; on the contrary, if the writer is lax or represses himself, the reader is likely to be unconvinced.

Nevertheless here goes our effort on behalf of the Salvation Army.

Prologue

Variety may be the spice of life, but differentiation is the zest of existence. For an example compare the two popular army expressions, namely, "S. O. L." and "Sal." What the former isn't, is the latter.

As We First Found It

The majority of the cold, sleety, early March days had been spent in dug-outs awaiting Jerry's permission to continue our important task of quarrying. Then the draggy hike back to camp for evening mess (truly named).

As we trudged along the muddy road, lugging our full issue, including our trusty Springfield, one hundred rounds, gas masks and tin hat, some one mentioned an outfit new to us all, located in D'Ansanville. Soldier fashion (not afraid to try anything) we agreed to give it the "once over."

Diagonally across from the old shattered church we saw the homely but businesslike sign swinging from the street side of a ruined building. Cold and tired, we dragged in under the blanket, which replaced the missing door. Chatters and music from one of those "I dont' want to get well" boxes was the initial greeting. Pushing our way through a group of doughboys, behold we were wonders in this shell torn house. A Q. M. tarp sufficed for the missing part of the roof. Truly it was not an exactly glittering temple of mirrored lights that we had entered. In fact a dozen or so candles supplied the illumination. However, it was the most homelike, comfy, pleasing place we had struck over here. Yet it was more than that, it was the "Sal."

What made it so fetching and peace like? It may have been the inviting, appetizing odor of frying doughnuts and hot chocolate;

it may have been the music; it may have been the atmosphere created by honest to goodness American girls from God's country; or it may have been—well, the truth is we never could tell just what gave the "Sal" its buddy like appeal to us.

But the above in a crude manner describes our first contact with the "Sal."

Former Impressions

Prior to the war my opinion of the Salvation Army (and thank goodness false impressions are changeable), was a bunch of drum beaters crying words of rescue to supporters of John Barleycorn.

Unadvertised But Where Most Needed

Their drums and bugles have gone to the salvage dump, for they now need no added attraction.

No vivid posters, no full page advertisements did we see for this God-fearing little band.

They needed no publicity department. They did not concentrate in the S. O. S., but defying dangers were always found up front where most needed.

Days and night and with ceaseless and energetic, unglamorous faithfulness did the "Sal" supply those going to and from the Lines with fresh doughnuts, hot coffee, chocolate and at times, pies.

Doughnuts and Pies

And the doughnuts and pies! The phrase, "Just like Mother makes," has been unjustly abused from time to time. But they are the only words, in my opinion, that fully gives justice to those pastries.

The congenial nature of the "Sal" girls made one forget "Sherman's version."

Appreciation

It is difficult, very difficult, to write our sincere and heartfelt appreciation of the varied and many ways and times this band of heart cheerers has won praise through their efforts.

The above, although our personal thoughts, are, we dare say, those and backed to a man by "A" Company.

For further proof "Ask the man who was in it."

Hencefore count us in as a boomer for the "Sal."

SERGT. WESLEY GRAUER.

I Want

I want to see a trolley car
Go chasing down the street.
I want a suit of B. V. D.'s
And Oxfords for my feet.
I want my latest summer suit,
A straw hat for my bean;
The dearest, cutest silken sox
That man has ever seen.
I want a bathtub clean and white,
With water cold and hot,
And soap and towels that are rough
You bet I want a lot.
I want a great, big, comfy bed
With mattress soft and deep.
I want to stretch right out on it
And sleep, and sleep, and sleep!!
I want a lot of cold ice cream
And candy soft and sweet.
With lots of other things I know
To drink and also eat.
I want a million things or so,
Useful and foolish, too.
But honest, girl, my greatest want
Is you, just you—dear you.

"Ain't that sweet and delicious?" All I need now is a girl to send
it to.

PVT. E. ROBERTSON.

Soldier to the Red Cross

So much has been told of the great work of the Red Cross since the beginning of the World's War in 1914, by our leading statesmen, military heads, writers, professors and men of letters, that the public very nearly knows what a great service to Humanity this institution has been. Yet these men, as a rule, have never had reason, through actual experience or personal contact, to know just what the Red Cross has meant to the ordinary soldier in France—and its consequent bearing on his personal opinion. He alone can appreciate their results. Those untouched by its curse can hardly conceive the suffering and horror of modern warfare, neither can they understand the feelings of those who've clutched the succoring hand of this Angel of God.

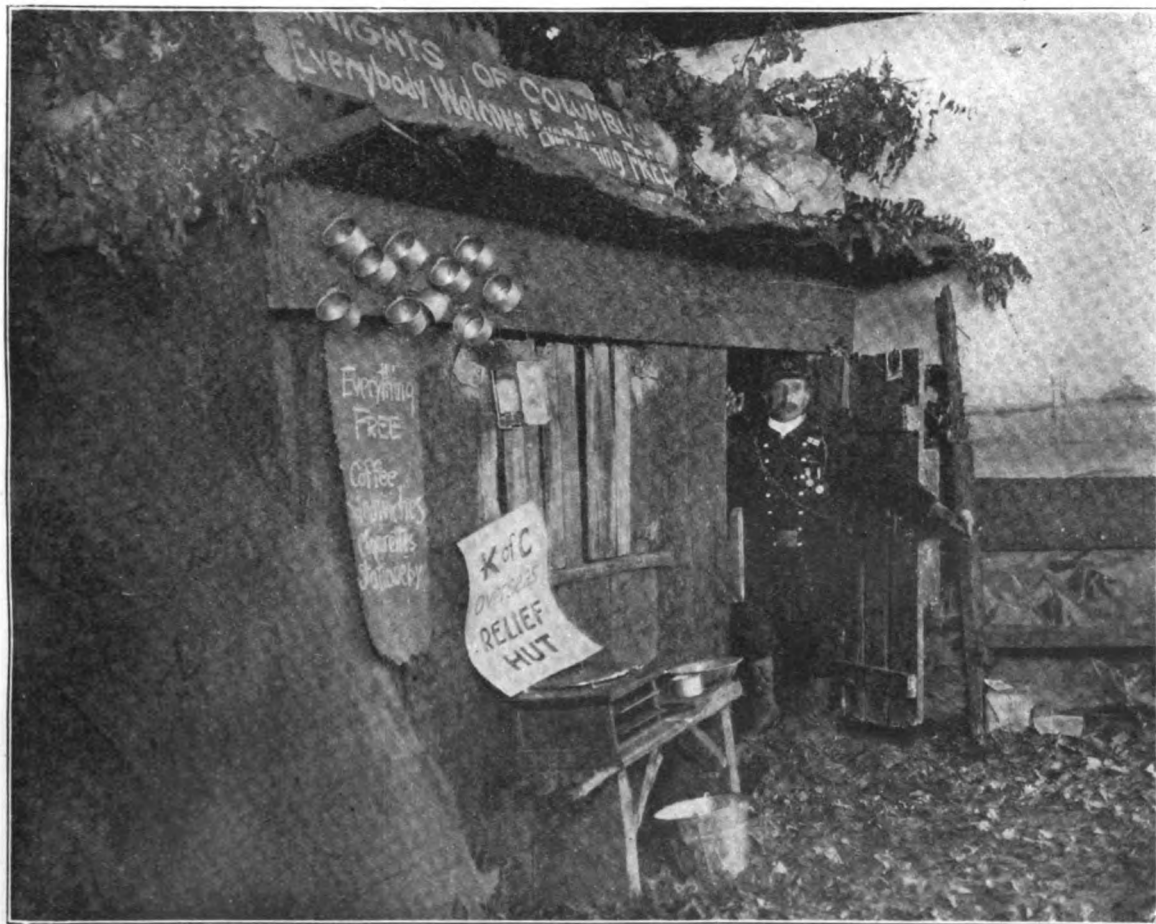
In one way or another, at the Front, in the hospitals or back in the S. O. S., the Red Cross has played a vital part in the lives of all the Allied soldiers—and particularly with the American—because the great gap that stretches across the ocean to home has thrown them more or less on their own resources. Traveling on leave or detached from his unit, seldom is he not entirely dependent on them for food and quarters, a problem difficult to solve, for the always tired and sometimes discouraged soldier, in a land where comforts are scarce. After journeying for hours in cold box cars or crowded coaches, the things his nerves and empty stomach craves for are laid before him in a fashion as only mothers know. And the atmosphere created by these cheerful and considerate workers in the hotels and canteens, not only makes him feel welcome but very much at home. The larger his appetite and the freer he is from funds, the greater is his welcome. And, were it not for the hot soup or coffee and the doughnuts that mysteriously appear on cold, wet nights, the mental and physical strain of days and days in the lines would, in many cases, have proven fatal. Oftentimes the frequent visits of this Angel were the sole reasons hand and heart held out—staying the utter collapse of body and spirit. As of magic, miserable wretches, disgusted and sore, regained strength and will carry on, refreshed till the relief came in.

In the hospital their gentle care and never tiring efforts to mend and heal the thousands of sick and wounded has made men speak of the Red Cross as of something sacred, God-like, whose kindness they cannot understand. Such sympathy and devotion bewilders them. Human hearts are capable of only as much gratitude, but the hearts of these victims, snatched from the "great beyond," are grateful—beyond expression.

At the Front, beyond the dressing stations, exposed to death and destruction by flying shrapnel, poison gases, etc., these agents of Humanity, fanning the last spark of life in the bleeding, mangled forms—rescuing that which savages would destroy, have sown the seeds of a code that will re-enlighten the world for centuries to come. Their human salvage heap will stand not as a glorious sacrifice, but as the greatest obstacles to future wars, the greatest influence for world peace.

But this is not all. The work of the Red Cross as a whole had a stupendous influence on the army, and large credit is due it for the great victory. Now, the worthwhile job of this generation done, the men will return to civil life cherishing fond memories of this greatest Mother of all. In our hour of need we did not call to her in vain.

PVT. "GIL" COOPER.



Knights of Columbus Overseas Relief Hut

Company "A" Wound Stripes

By "Sarg" Carter

It is maintained that the following incidents have wounded our feelings to the extent that we are deserving of a number of wound stripes. G. H. Q. probably would not approve of them or issue their warrant, but if being **gassed** earns a wound stripe, what would we be entitled to for having these thrust upon us?

1. "Picks and shovels." Think of it, they were thrust upon high grade men of skill. That is the high-brow idea of the West Point Engineer who knows more about squads east and west than he does of practical work.

2. "Dropping G. I. Cans at Burley." The Boche avions tendered us a reception the second evening we were in camp. We do not know whom to give to, whether to the Boche avions for poor markmanship, or to the jurgment of locating the camp near an ammunition dump.

3. "Called Draft-Dodgers and Misfits." We volunteered our services to Uncle Sam, some of us have missed our calling, 'tis true, but, to be called one by one surely is deserving of a stripe.

4. "Calling off all leaves." We had been in France six months, working seven days each week and some weeks seven days and a few nights. We had camped within seven kilometers of the fighting front. Working through snow, rain, mud and cold and cleared ourselves of three patches of cooties. We were called in, cleaned up and awaited the arrival of the train to carry us on our leave. Two hours before arrival of train, all leaves were called off. Can you imagine that one?

5. "Barb-wire wished on us." Can you imagine a young insignificant man who thinks he owns Chicago, who has had on long pants about two years, who is just out of college, telling an old veteran road builder to repair the metal of a road by filling the hole with barb-wire.

6. "Three days Bread and Water or Court Martial." Can you blame a man for going A. W. O. L. to see something that looks like a city, after having seen nothing but No Man's Land, dug-outs, destruction, demolition and devastation during the war? It was actually cruel.

How D'ye Get That Way?

Captain J. J. Davy

A mere outline of his experiences as appeared in the Preston Times,
Preston, Minn.

Captain J. J. Davy spent the week end with Preston friends and all were glad to welcome him back from foreign shores. He landed in Boston June 9th and was discharged from the army July 8th. Tuesday he assumed his new duties as Division Road Engineer, and will have supervision of a dozen or more counties in this corner of the state, a distinct promotion over his former position of Road Engineer of Fillmore county, and of course a substantial increase in salary. Division headquarters have not yet been decided upon, but if Preston was more centrally located we feel certain that we would be "it."

Captain Davy has seen something of the world war since he left Preston in the spring of 1917. He entered the service at Fort Snelling May 8, 1917, where he attended the First Officers Training Camp, and afterwards the Engineer Officers Training Camp at Fort Leavenworth until August 15, 1917. On September 1, 1917, he was assigned to the 23rd Engineers at Camp Meade. He left for the Port of Embarkation on November 10, 1917. Shortly afterwards he landed at Brest, France, and entered the Toul sector with the 1st Division as Company Commander, Co. A., 23rd Engineers. He saw active service in Seichprey, Fliery, Xivray, Apremont, and on July 17, 1918, landed at Chateau Thierry where he participated in the great offensive till Au-

gust 8th, being Chief of Road Service, 1st Army, Aisne-Marne offensive; Vesle Sector Occupation, August 8th to September 8th; gassed at Fismes, but not seriously; St. Mihiel offensive September 8th to 15th; Argonne-Meuse offensive, September 15th to October 27th, as Army Road Officer. On the last named date at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, he was wounded by a piece of shrapnel from a bursting shell, the steel passing through his leg just under the knee, shattering the bone but miraculously missing the big artery. This wound ended his fighting days as when he was released from the Hospital on January 10, 1919, the armistice had long since been signed. From January to May 15th,, he was assigned to reconstruction work in the battle area, but he was not sorry when the call came to go home.

"Jack" would give only the mere outlines of his experiences and this on persistent questioning, but as his duties and those of his companions in the Engineering Corps were largely to render passable the roads over which the armies moved, we can well imagine that his duties called him well within range of the Hun shells, and we feel certain that he performed his dangerous tasks like the good soldier that he is. Here's hoping that he may live long to enjoy the fruits of a victory in which he had an active part.

P. S.—What did you tell the "Town Squirt"?

The Highwayman, Jan. 31, 1919

First Battalion Number

WATCH US CELEBRATE OUR WOODEN ANNIVERSARY



TO THE OTHER 75 PER CENT

You are cordially invited to be present at
**The Second Decoration of the First Battalion
 For Service Overseas.**

(Bring your hammers and see if we care.)

The Cause

Hear What Company "A" Says

With this eventful and ever-to-be-remembered week comes not only the dawning of our second service stripe, but the joyful news from "The Highwayman" that the First Battalion is invited to publish this week's issue of the Regimental Journal.

No doubt it is through the craving for news from the men who have lived on the front and taken a goodly share in the recent conflict that we are allowed this honor. From our hearts on out we have often thought of those boys "Back There" and have always tried to make ourselves believe that they had not ostracised us from the rest of the regiment, but that due to the great, dark War Cloud hovering over the Western Front it was impossible for them to see us. Since from this land of Mars that cloud has been lifted for two months or more we are glad that they can

see us and that their thoughts of us will not appear to them as a bore.

Regiment:—Through "The Highwayman" we greet you. Herein noted, find our easy, unexciting, joyful life, compared with that uneasy, exciting, unjoyful life back there in that great land of uncertainty—the S. O. S.

Much to our annoyance upon our arrival in France, we were delayed in St. Nazaire for about ten days before we were sent to the Front. But at last good things come to those who wait, and ere another week had passed we were the wielders of man's size picks and old No. 2 shovels. It was on the First American Front that we were stationed, and naturally, being the first Highway troops to arrive in this war-ridden country, we found no small amount of work awaiting us. So in need of road builders were they that it was six long weeks before we could be granted a day of rest. Every

day found us working, from the end of darkness to the beginning of darkness, rain or shine, under shell fire and through mud, struggling endlessly at the Main Job.

Our grievances were few. We had a mess of corned beef, hard bread, black coffee, and nice, cool, soothing canned tomatoes two or three times a day. It was necessary to stand in the rain to eat same, as sheltering facilities were limited, due to the fact that the great influx of army mules into this country was demanding the comforts of our quarters. The only way we could obtain a pair of dry socks was to sleep on them. Boots, back in those days, were as much a novelty to us as white bread was to the French. We had seen some fun, and our wish was: "If you people were only over here to join us."

Then we wondered: "Do you suppose they will get over here before the thing is over?" So we started to inquire as to your whereabouts, and you can imagine our surprise and happiness when we learned that you had already been in the Old World a week or so.

Still we labored on. By daylight building roads to outwit the boche, and through the darkness of night we labored harder dodging shell and bombs, trying to gain that unattainable objective known as Sleep. Five months of this passed, and we heard the horrid rumor that engineer troops only put in six months at the front, and then they were to be relieved and retired to the exciting S. O. S. for "reel" warfare. The sixth month passed. The big move came, and don't you know—we came within a few miles of seeing Paris. Then we rested for ten days on the banks of the Marne. The main source of attraction was French Mademoiselles, for we really saw some there. It was hard to believe that they actually existed, because we had been over here six long months and had not seen a single one. A few days later we received the joyous news that we were going up ahead into the Chateau-Thierry salient. We were also informed that it was all "bunk" about any other outfits coming up to relieve us.

We entered upon the war-ridden land, over which the American artillery was proving its worth to the world. With the aid of Truck Ten it was up to us to pave the way for their advance. The days were uneventful, as nothing came in under a six-inch shell. In the evenings we sat and enjoyed the beautiful Northern Lights produced by the flare of bombing planes that racked the air with their groaning, moaning, deep-seated roar. (Compre deep-seated roar? If not, see note.)

In these night dreams we could see many of our less fortunate brethren back in Nev-ers and Bordeaux, eating ice cream on those hot summer nights, trying to cool their excited selves so that they might lie down, casually turn on the light and read about the war.

Now we were just getting into our war harness, and a few weeks more found us working like "thieves in the night" to help launch that final Argonne push. For several days and nights we quarried the rock and built storage piles in great heaps just a few kilometers back of the first line, thus enabling us to rush up and shoo-fly the two gaping and yawning mine craters north of Neuilly.

The night that great and well chronicled World drive opened found us repairing the shell-torn roads to allow the two- and three-line traffic of an advancing motor-horse-, and man-drawn army to push onward. That morning we were constructing the detours, being molested only by flying Jerries overhead, incoming shells on all sides, and treacherous mines under foot.

It must have been a grand and glorious feeling for the brethren back in the S. O. S. to rush down town early the next morning, buy a paper, and read about the Allies having launched the drive that was to free the world from autocracy. It must have thrilled them to such an extent that they swore they would see the front or bust, for a few weeks later we heard of other "Highway-men" being around the Argonne. Upon seeing them we learned for the first time that the 23rd was really going to have leather jerkins, and that men could receive, through issue, blouses that would fit them.

But, oh hell! let's talk about something e'se. There's the BAND. They've just been a-visitin' all round First Battalion giving us rip-roaring concerts, and now that we have got a taste of Big Time and Jass, we are going to keep 'em, and they won't have to do any K. P. or construction with Heinies at their elbows. We are ready to go anywhere and mobilize with the rest of the family. Then we will all agree on two factors: first, that we are ready to go HOME; second, that it might be a few years yet before we WILL SAIL—as we are only VOLUNTEERS.

NOTE: We have in all cases tried to refrain from using expressions that originated on the front. If, in a few cases, some have slipped in, kindly ask any First Battalion man going HOME on the boat to explain them. Then we can all land in New York with the same "line."

—By Pvt. M. M. Small.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

Ted Walker's Official Journal of the 23rd Engineers

THE TED WALKER NUMBER

VOL. 1

FEBRUARY 10th, 1919

No. 1

SERGT. TED WALKER

Sergt. Ted. Walker was born somewhere on the Coast. (President Grover Cleveland closed all saloons on this eventful and ever to be remembered date.) Tradition tells us he was born with an Underwood in his hands, which accounts for his peculiar neck (It's also under wood), and that, similar to Achilles of yore, his parent early bathed him in the waters of the Pacific, thus coating his hide with California "bull," which has ever since proved invulnerable to any thought not in concord with his own conceit or self-sufficiency.

While still young, he showed signs of his future greatness as his sketches, poems and quaint sayings upon the walls of the old family "Eye-Sore" to this day bear testimony.

Had he but confined his efforts to the family "Relief," we might today have a "HIGHWAYMAN," of which we could be proud and not a "mere stirrer of regimental discord."

He had little trouble in school. He knew everything without being taught, as he afterwards became a commercial artist. Entering the Battle of Life and not to be bothered with any one particular line, this "man who knows everything" rapidly succeeded himself as a SIGN PAINTER (which he says any damn fool can do), COMMERCIAL ARTIST (ask Dennie Down-



Soldiering, just naturally, came to Our Hero—he's SO handsome. Beginning as a lowly sign painter he "shipped the regiment" (stenciled the boxes) and safely landed it in France April 13th, as he afterwards informed the First Battalion in HIS famous "Highwayman."

Bravery in the battles of the S. O. S. promoted him to "sergeant" and a promise of a commission. (He ought to have one—he has the leather leggins), and only the other day he confided that he was going to just raise HELL with his pal, the Colonel, if he did not soon get it.

It is a dispute whether he will be buried in Napoleon's Grave or Grant's Tomb. He has requested that Sergt. Major Tingle have charge of his funeral and that Top Sergts. Johnson, Rosenthal and Fisher, with three more old friends in the First Battalion to act as pall bearers, while Maj. Watson repeats the solemn words "Res- quiescant in pace"—that is, if somebody in the First doesn't throw him overboard on the way back.

AN INTERVIEW

"My well-known modesty forbids me to more than mention my name, which is so well advertised in the world of Journalism and Art. A more fitting subject by a more capable man, I'll admit, could not be found. I suppose to here and now announce my candidacy for the Presidency in 1920 (just literally thrust upon me by my adherents, the First Battalion) through the thoughtfulness and regimental, fraternal spirit of my fellow editor,

Sergt. Major Tingle of the "First Battalion Protest" is hardly in keeping with the policy of the "Highwayman" (My Sheet), until I am able to send you boys home, which I would do immediately were it not for the fact that Major Stickney and I have not yet been able to quite line you all up with lucrative positions back in the States.

Yours conceitedly,
TED.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

The Highwayman—Sergt. Ted Walker's official journal of Ted Walker.

Always address Sergt. Walker with "Sir" and all proper military honor.

Editor—Sergt. TED WALKER.

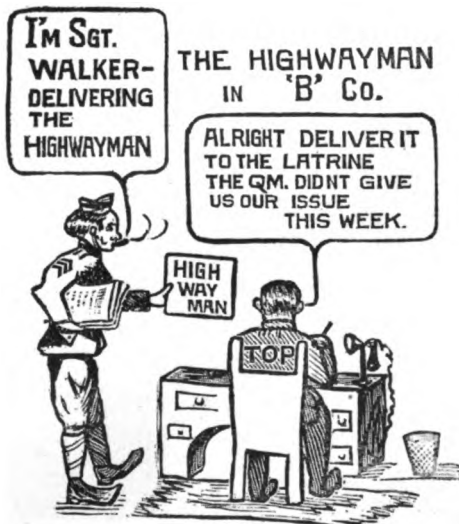
EDITORIAL COLUMN

"All the rest of the regiment are dam fools."

MY SHEET, by Heck

"I wish to state that this issue is as it should be written every week. While heretofore, if I have occasionally mentioned some of the rest of the regiment, it was only to kid them along. This is MY SHEET. Get out of MY COLUMN, Tingle."

By the (Reg'lar) EDITOR.



ROSIE HAS THE SOLUTION

TED'S BEST SELLERS

- "Silly Mistakes in Poe's Masterpiece."
- "The Man Who Has to Know Everything."
- "How to Be as Good a Writer as I AM"
- "Touring France on a Bicycle."
- "Glaring Blunders in Foch's Strategy."
- "MY Advice to Pershing."
- "Walker's Revision of the Bible."
- "Why I Should Be the Next President."

A FEW OF HIS FAMOUS SAYINGS

- "Gott strafe 'A' Company."
- "It's damn funny an editor can't put whatever he feels like into 'his own' paper."
- "ME an' the Colonel."
- "It wasn't our fault that we stayed in the S. O. S."
- "The 'Highwayman' didn't come up to MY expectations, and it's all the fault of that damned FIRST BATTALION."
- "By Heck! It's the Anvil Chorus."

MY HISTORY OF THE 23RD

By Sergt. Ted Walker.

"A" Co.—Gott strafe "A" Co.—They never did a damn thing but knock ME.

"B" Co.—Gott strafe "B" Co.—They're just as bad.

"C" Co.—Gott strafe "C" Co.—They're worse than the other two.

Truck 1 and 2; Wagons 1 and 2—They belong to the same gang.

NUF SED!

ENCORE THE STRAFES!!!

First Battalion Headquarters—Gott strafe the First Battalion Headquarters. I don't think much of their Sergt. Major as an editor. I'M THE ONLY EDITOR IN THE REGIMENT.

"D" Co.—Didn't you read my beautiful little poem about this daring company in the Argonne? Just because "A" Co. didn't see them is no sign they "Wasn't" there. I SED THEY WUZ.

"E" and "F" Co.—Are the oldest in the 23rd—THERE.

"G" Co.—The only trouble with "G" Co. is they have an old "A" Co. man for a Lieut., even though he is the best appearing officer in the Battalion.

"H" Co.—Ran the Rifle Range.

"I" Co.—Inherited Rider.

"J" Co.—MYSELF—and Searle.

"K" Co.—Were shelled out of Varennes a month after "A" Co. left there. BOMB! But it sounded good in print, and all MY boys in this Battalion send the "Highwayman" home. (They don't give a damm what their folks read.)

"L" Co.—Under more shell fire than any other company in the Regiment. (They were in the Baccarat Sector a few months after the First Battalion swam into the Toul Front. When Heinie threw one shell a week into the Baccarat Sector, they called it "a barrage." "L" Co. was also in Fismes, Chateau Thierry Salient, ahead of "A" Co. The Major ought to know.)

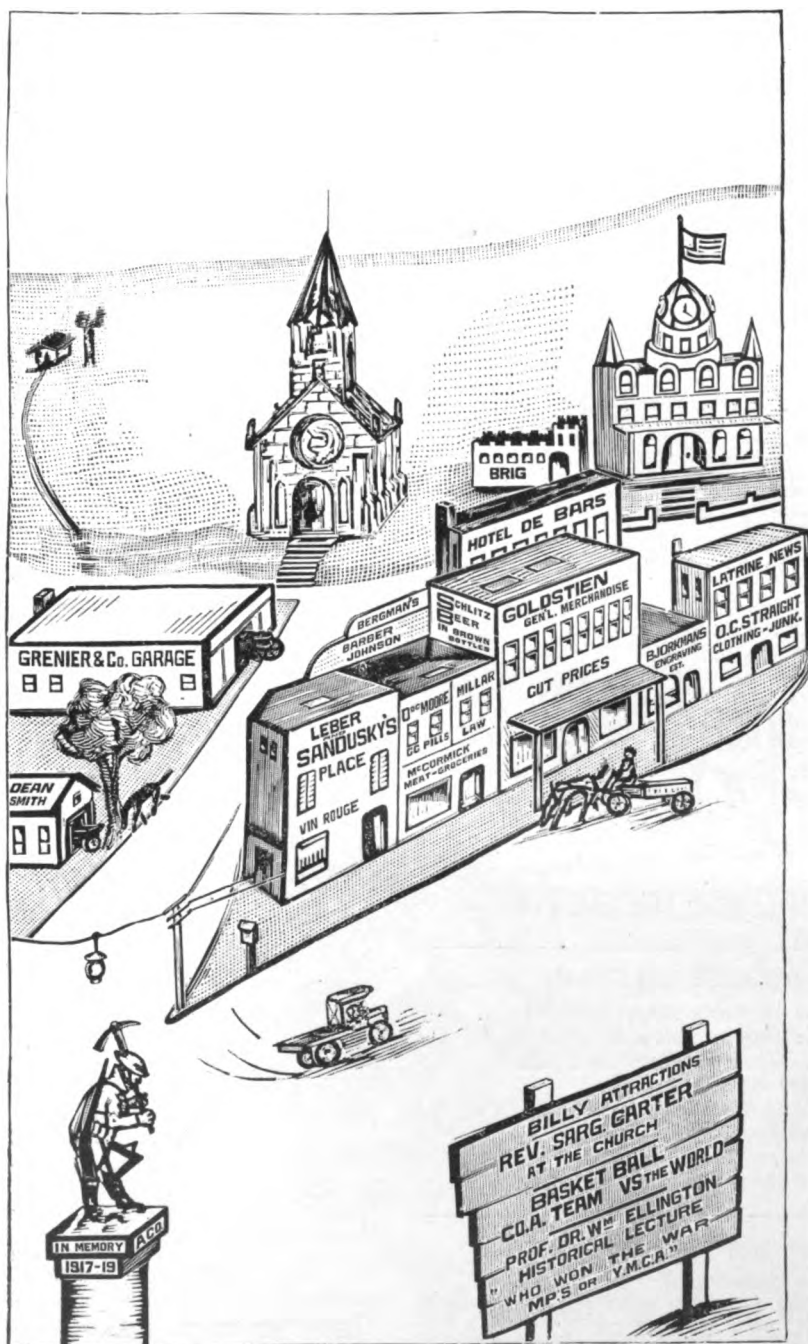
"M" Co.—Was the first company in the 23rd to be attached to the First Army. (It don't count even if the First Army Engineer Headquarters was founded on "A" Co. It should have been "M" Co.

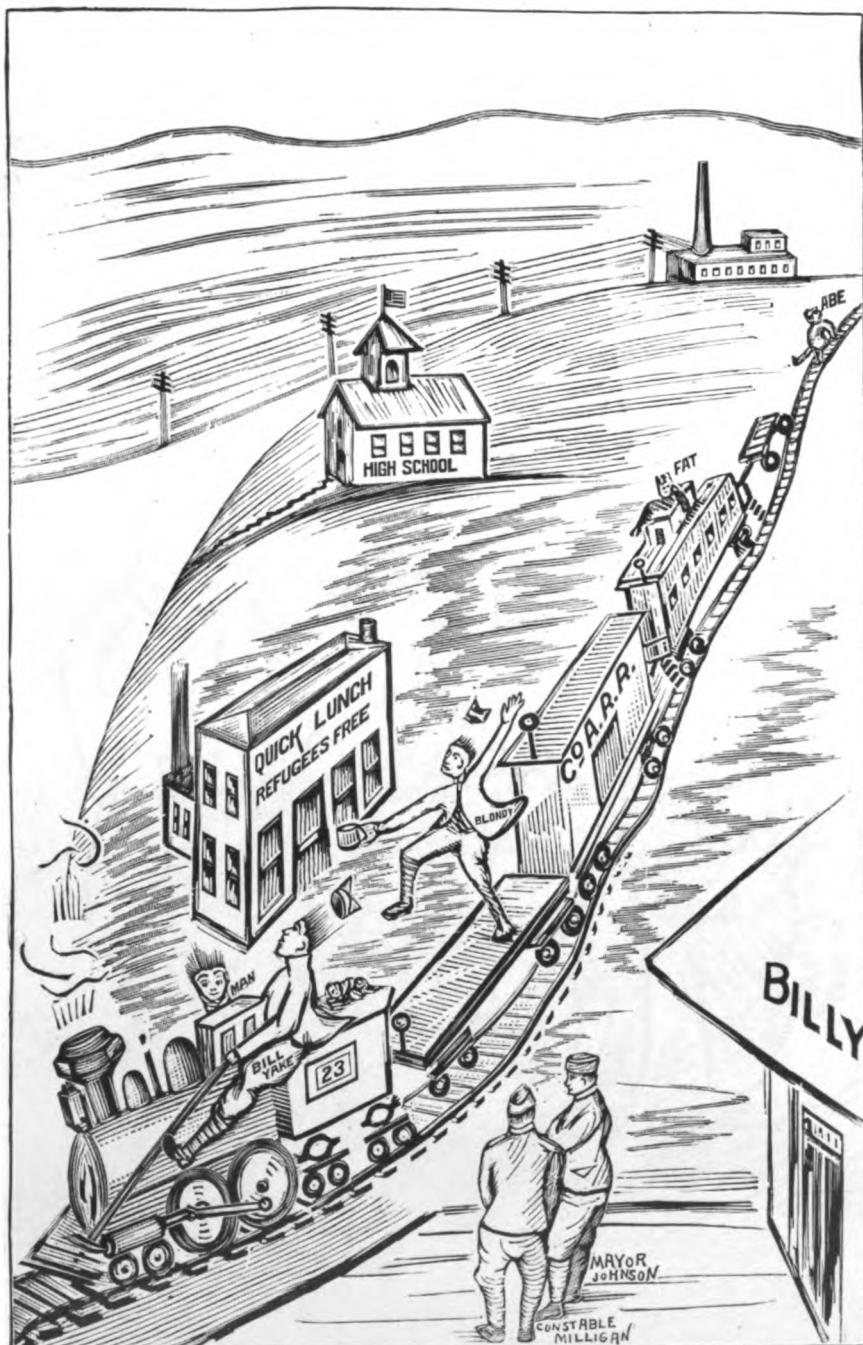
Yours swellheadedly,
SERGT. TED WALKER, Historian.

ADD SECTION. (RATES—\$15 per mo.)

Special Late Wire.—Sgt. WALKER has flatly refused to attend the Officer's Ball on the 26th.

By Pvt. R. M. STACK.
Berger-Levrault, Printers.
Nancy (M.-et-M.), France.





AMUSEMENTS



Amusements

- 11/29/17 Thanksgiving dinner and program.
- 12/25/17 Christmas dinner and program.
- 12/31/17 Dance at Laurel for Co. A by the citizens.
- 1/ 6/18 Invited to M. E. Church to meet people.
- 2/ 8/18 Reception at Y for 23rd Engineers at St. Nazaire.
- 2/ 9/18 15th Infantry Band (Colored) Concert.
- 2/14/18 Movies and Band Concert.
- 4/17/18 Movies at our Y Hut.
- 4/25/18 Movies at our Y Hut.
- 4/29/18 Mr. and Mrs. Rurtherford.
- 5/ 3/18 Bishop Isreal arranged and gave a Smoker for Co. A and Co. K, 162nd Infantry.
- 5/ 4/18 Campbell and Keye stage a Birthday Party.
- 5/ 8/18 Smoker with Co. K, 162nd Inf. Boxing and wrestling.
- 5/17/18 Movies.
- 5/19/18 Six Y girls give concert at LaRehanne.
- 5/22/18 Elsie Janis at LaRehanne.
- 5/23/18 Elsie Janis at Menil-la-Tour.
- 5/24/18 Elsie Janis at Sanzey.
- 5/25/18 Movies.
- 5/30/18 101st Band Concert.
- 6/ 2/18 Miss Kern (Singer) and Miss Seiler (Harpist) at Davy Stadium.
- 6/ 5/18 Coon Entertainment at Stadium.
- 6/13/18 Concert and Vaudeville by 101st Band.
- 6/14/18 Movies and 101st Band Concert.
- 6/26/18 Concert by the 101st Band.
- 7/ 5/18 Movies.
- 7/ 8/18 Y Girls Concert.
- 7/12/18 Jolly Fellow's Entertainment.
- 7/19/18 Jane Bulley and Neysa McMein.
- 7/21/18 Co. A's Street Fair.
- 7/28/18 French entertain Co. A at Ussy-sur-Marne.
- 8/ 5/18 103rd Infantry Band Concert and Minstrel Show.
- 8/ 7/18 Mrs. Hoyt and Singing and Concert.
- 11/ 9/18 80th Division Band Concert at St. Juvin.



Foot Ball

304 Engineers, 0; Co. A, 0—October 28, '17.
 304 Engineers, 0; Co. A, 12—November 4, '17.
 304 Engineers, 6; Co. A, 0—November 11, '17.
 312 Engineers, 0; Co. A, 0—October 26, '17.
 312 Engineers, 0; Co. A, 0—November 6, '17.
 312 Engineers, 13; Co. A, 0—November 12, '17.

Soccer Foot Ball

19th Engineers, 4; Co. A, 1—At St. Nazaire.

Bowling

Co. A, 23rd Engineers, beat Co. B, 243 pins in 2 games.

Baseball

5/ 5 Co. K, 16th Infantry, 9; Co. A, 10.
 7 102 Ambulance, 5; Co. A, 6.
 12 Co. K, 16th Infantry, 9; Co. A, 3.
 15 102 Ambulance, 17; Co. A, 9.
 18 102 Ambulance, 3; Co. A, 10.
 19 102 M. G., 4; Co. A, 7.
 22 Co. K, 16th Infantry, 3; Co. A, 9.
 26 Goldstein (D. S.), 9; Old Men, 2 (Three casualties).
 30 Balloon Squad No. 2, 2; Co. A, 6.
 6/ 2 Balloon Squad No. 2, 13; Co. A, 12.
 9 Balloon Squad No. 2, 14; Co. A, 12.
 16 Ordnance, 7; Co. A, 12.
 23 55th Artillery, 5; Co. A, 8.
 7/ 7 55th Artillery, 10; Co. A, 7.
 10 21st Engineers, 3; Co. A, 2.
 14 Truck 1, 7; Co. A, 9.

Engineers Track—Meet

Sorcy, July 4, 1918

Relay Team: Flint, Anderson, Lush, Wilkinson, win the Relay from the Field.

Company C wins from Company A in Tug-of-War.

Basketball

- Feb. 8 Co. A, 44; 1st Battalion Headquarters, 2.
 11 Cooks, 11; Office Force, 8.
 Dynamiters, 13; Railroaders, 2.
 History Detail, 13; Transportation, 9.
 14 Co. A, 51; 815 P. Infantry Officers, 5.
 20 Co. A, 30; Neely's All Stars, 2.
 (For Battalion Championship)
 22 Co. A, 37; Co. B, 5.
 March 6 Co. A, 18; 341st Infantry, 8.
 (For Regimental Championship)
 22 Co. A, 36; Co. I, 26.
 26 Co. A, 36; Truck No. 2, 16.

Champions All



SOLDIERS FRENCH DICTIONARY



The Average Soldier's French Vocabulary

Bon Jour.
Bon Soir.
Comment-allez-vous.

Est bon.
Tres bon.
Tres bien.
Combien.
C'est la guerre.

Je n' ce pas.

Ah, Oui.

Compris.

Avez-vous de vin Rouge.
vin Blanc.
Cognac.
Champagne.

Ou allez-vous.

Promenade.

Manger.

Ou la la.

Beaucoup.

Voulez vous.

Apris la guerre.

Mademoiselle.

Allez.

Toute de suite.

Franc.

N'est-pas.

Fini.

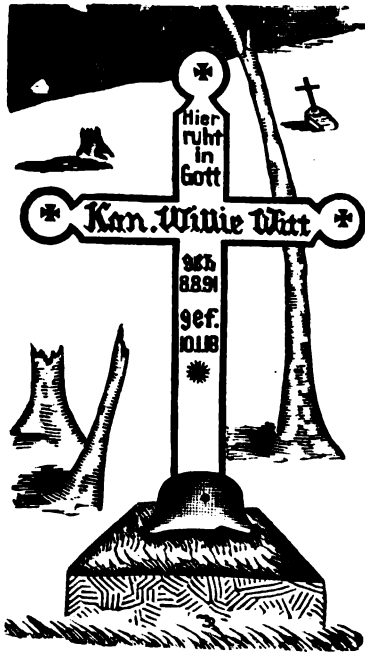
Madeloon

French Version—French Song.

Quand Madelon vient nous servir a boire
Sous la tonnelle on frolle son jupou
Et chacum lui racout une histoire
Une histoire a sa tacou
La Madelon pour nous n'est pas severe
Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton
Elle rit c'est tout le mal qui 'elle sait faire
La Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.

Translated.

When Madelon serves us wine under the bower
We brush her skirts and cachone, tell a story to her
When we chuckle her chin or around her waist thrust an arm,
She only laughs for Madelon knows no other harm.



N. B. An Actual German
Grave Near Cheppy,
Argonne Drive.

HIS GRAVE

Kan
Willie
Witt

AND EPITAPH

Kan Willie Witt,
A soldier bold,
A son of Germany.
Gave up his life
As soldiers will,
For dear Autocracy.

Beneath the sod
Of sunny France
They placed him, where he fell,
And over him
A cross was raised,
To show he battled well.

"Hier ruht in Gott
Kan Willie Witt"
So ran the Hunnish rhyme,
And in the shade
Of Argonne Woods
He slept the sleep sublime.

Ten million "doughboys"
Chased the Hun,
Hell-bent-ward to the Rhine.
They reached the grave
Of Willie Witt
They stopped, and fell in line.

As on, the Prussian
Hordes, rushed on;
Except what stopped the lead
Ten million thankful
"Doughboys" cried,
"Thank God! Canned Willy's dead."

—Sergt. W. C. Perkins.



"The Engineers"

We build the roads, where others march to Glory,
 Brothers in danger, weariness and cold.
 They are the Heroes of a world-wide story,
 Ours is the Story that is never told.

"A", 23rd Engineers

I sometimes thought that I'd settle down and get a wife,
 By Jove.
 I sometimes thought that I'd love to have some place
 I could call Home, no more to roam,
 But Hell! that very thing I've tried and found myself dissatisfied,
 I'd no more than got a start, than this Old War
 Seized my heart.
 So to the war I went, with patriotism and duty bent,
 To do my bit and give it free—
 Day after day, week after week,
 Sometimes hours elapsed before I'd eat.
 A little fun I'd see; and when I did
 I crowd into one night, months and months,
 'Ta'int right.
 But when this Great War is o'er
 And once again on God's country shore,
 The people surely will decide
 There's a balance on the credit side,
 And "Liberty" I believe will drop some tears,
 And bless "A" Company of the 23rd Engineers.

Our Company

The bugle sounded and we answered the call,
Not one—but thousands came.
We knew that the Kaiser was destined to fall,
When America entered the game.

Our Regiment called for men with degrees,
Or men with great practical skill.
They quickly came and so with ease
Our Regiment's quota was filled.

We worked on the roads, Boche planes o'er us flying,
While shells were plowing the ground.
Our work here at times was both hard and trying,
Yet not a shirker among us was found.

Now this story's not written to try and belittle
Any outfit here in the fray,
But 'twould seem just like treason, if I don't brag a little
Of the 23rd Engineers, Company "A".

—By K.

Some Ride

They herd us in a Four-Wheel Drive,
A Garford or a Mack;
A lot of other useless junk
With us they also pack.

The driver treads upon her tail,
Starts forward with a jump,
While we jumble, tumble rearward,
And land with a sickening thump.

He speeds along with fiendish joy,
And pulls a sudden glide,
While mixed with picks and shovels sharp,
We lose some precious hide.

Or gleefully while running wild,
He takes a bump or hole,
He reckons not our pain or fright,
He does not pay the toll.

Oh, aches and pains and ruined corns,
And knees and joints all sprung,
Are nothing in the life he lives,
For we're the guy that's stung.

When after many weary miles
Of Dante's inferno,
He pulls up with a sudden jerk,
Then forward do we go.

Ah, tangled mass of humans, bruised,
Mixed in with hoe and rake,
Now tell me truly, is it hard,
The truck ride which you take?

ROBERTSON.

Camp Burley

Do you remember, boys,
When first we hit the Front,
All brave and full of "pep,"
Our Captain ever cautious
To keep us all in step?

Our packs just full of blankets
And our rifles spick and span,
From Menil-la-Tour to Burley,
'Twas enough to try any man.

We march in split formation,
So the enemy could not see,
This gallant band of Engineers
From far across the sea.

After hours of untold tortures,
And as hungry as a tramp,
Our Captain proudly pointed out
The place we were to camp.

A bunch of trees grew in a swamp
Where mud was ankle deep,
And though you'll hardly believe it,
That's where we went to sleep.

Pungent odors filled the night air,
And we'd cough and turn our head,
But modesty won't permit me
To tell you where I had my bed.

Since then I've slept most anywhere
That I considered half way right,
But I promise not to sleep again
On what I slept that night.

We could hear the distant rumble,
A sound to us quite new,
Machine guns and rifles barking,
And of cannon firing, too.

The Lieut., a regular I. D. R.,
Know how a camp should be,
And sentries were quickly posted
Behind most every tree.

A volunteer was every man
Who went on guard that night.
They numbered near one hundred ten
And all anxious for a fight.

As though the Huns could find us
Out there in that old swamp,
That God had make for snakes and rats,
And white men shouldn't haunt.

We've camped in many places
 In this land of broad expanse,
 But I, for one, will not forget
 Camp Burley days in France.

There's only one Camp Burley,
 And, boys, I'm here to tell,
 When I think of old Camp Burley,
 I always think of Hell.

R. S. (BUCK).

Why Bathe?

I think a bath I'll take today,
 And then I'll hustle on my way.
 Oh, I don't need the bally thing,
 But then you see today is spring.
 Of course it's long since yesteryear,
 But I had to have my cooties near,
 And if a fellow bathes too much
 The cooties kinda lose their clutch.
 Now honest, Swede, they ain't so bad,
 They help to keep a fellow glad;
 Their playful antics on on in
 The thing you call your hide or skin
 Puts pep and viniger and zip
 In all you own from heel to hip.
 But then, thrice blest the lucky guy
 Who also has the fleas that fly
 From shoulder blade to ankle bone,
 Just kinda looking for a home;
 Of course they'll sneak a little bite,
 And keep you wakeful near all night,
 But listen, Swede, just ponder this,
 Suppose you'd miss their midnight kiss?
 Who'd wake you when the deadly gas
 Was through your system trying to pass?
 God bless the cootie and the flea,
 They're here to save both you and me.

ROBERTSON.

Sunshine of Your Smile

This is some life we're leading, me and you,
 But cheer up, old pal, this war must soon be through.
 We from the States will stand "Yes" man to man
 Till peace reigns in Europe and the U. S. A. so grand.

Chorus

Then give us a boat or anything that floats—
 Volunteer or draft, we'll take chances on a raft,
 Be it large or small, or anything at all,
 As long as we get back, boys, to the Best Land of them all

Stories



Stories Heard and Overheard

A couple of negroes belonging to the Pioneer Infantry were heard in the following discussion: "Nigger! what youse all complaining 'bout? The government put youse in this here man's army, gives youse a dollar a day, board, clothes, an' a place to sleep. He dun sent you to France and put yous to work and then bets youse \$10,000 to \$6.50 that youse won't last a month. What you want, anyway Nigger!"

One of our young and inexperienced Sergeants at Camp Laurel, supervising the construction of bath house and showers.

Sergt. R. R. J.—What would you advise, Mr. Ralston, to hold up the water tank?

Pvt. R.—Why "sky-hooks," of course.

Sergt. R. R. J.—Sky-hooks? Well, I'll see the Captain immediately about it, but I can't really expect the Government to put so much money in such work. However, I shall attend to it right away.

And He Did.

Let's call the roll of officers who attended the badger fight at Menil-la-Tour.

Coon of the Pioneer Infantry, late for chow, and was being called down by Mess Sergeant, was heard to mumble:

Feed us, fast or feed us slow,
Youse got to feed us before we go.

One of our boys got a letter from his girl in the States asking who was Lieut. E. R. C. She knew F. X. K.

Medical Loot in Hospital: How did you get in here?
 Dough boy: On a stretcher.

Conversation overheard between the Supt. of Roads and the Lieutenant in Charge:

Supt. of R.: How are things progressing?
 Lieut. in C.: Good! Under the conditions.
 Supt. of R.: Have you kept traffic moving?
 Lieut. in C.: I have and I haven't.
 Supt. of R.: When have you?
 Lieut. in C.: When the M. P. sees a Cadillac or Dodge touring car and thinks that they really have business from here in
 Supt. of R.: Don't the M. P. keep them in column?
 Lieut. in C.: I never saw an M. P. that had sense enough.
 Supt. of R.: Who are these birds, anyhow?
 Lieut. in C.: Mostly "Eagles," "Silver & Gold Leaves" from the S. O. S. out looking for souvenirs.

Scene—Camp Wilson, Frog excitedly talking and waving his arms at the bunch of Boys who were playing horseshoes. Lieut. Estell to the rescue and the same procedure went on. Lieut. Estell to the crowd after trying to make heads and tails of what he wanted, turned to the Boys and said, "Who in Hell knows what he's talking about?"

Company A Boy to a big buck coon who had just ducked a 155.
 Say "Bo," how'd like to be in Dallas, Texas, now, with your pockets full of jack and a Hi Brown on your arm?
 "Hell!" Boss, I'll lobe to be in jail in Dallas with both ma dam arms broke.

Capt. Hackett, going into civil life.
 Lieut. Kern, is going to get married.
 Lieut. Estelle, follow his father's business.
 Lieut. Trax, going into politics.
 Lieut. Gerten, going to run Chicago.

Coon running around truck trying to get under it, which was already crowded.

Co. A Boy: What are you trying to do?
 Coon: Trying to get under this truck, "Boss."
 Co. A Boy: Why don't you go to the dugout?
 Coon: Where, "Boss"?
 Co. A Boy: Over there.
 Coon: Sure enough, Boss. Dis ain't no time to be foolin' a man, dis am serious.

One of the niggers showing one of our boys how to do "About Face." Put your right foot about 6 inches in de rear an' just ooze around.

Fred Hauck like'm with wooden shoes and government socks.

Glenn Davey heard to mumble to himself: "I've done everything in this Man's Army but wear a Horse Gas Mask."

First Coon: All ah wants in dis army is a x de Guerre.
 Second Coon: All ah wants is to x de ocean.

Bill Erhmin says you don't have pairs of socks in the Army, you just have socks. When one wears out put another on that foot.

Please, Lawd! Keep 'em hi.

SCENE

Verdun—Cathedral door. Sign on door—No admittance, except with pass. Passes given freely to officers.

Frog trucks good for one thing.

Name it.

Blocking traffic!

These two subjects could be evolved into a long and terrible story, but would advise you to get them from a Company A "Bird" himself, to-wit: The Bread Puddin' at Camp Burley and The Flies at Villomoye and Abbey-de-Igny.

LISTEN

J-O-H-N-S-O-N??

Yes!! I'm c-o-m-i-n-g?

OUR CELEBRITIES

Truck Ace
Dykema.

Motorcycle Ace
2nd Lieut. Gertie.

H-U-S-H

Scene—Horseshed at Burley.

Time—7 o'clock P. M., Feb. 25, '17.

Word had been passed around that there was to be a secret meeting of the 5th Platoon and when said Member was informed, he was told to say not one word.

Meeting time came and all present but two and they were immediately brought into action, roll was called by Sergt. Mitchell, in fact twice to see that all were present.

Aeroplanes whirled overhead and the night was dark and deep with mysteries. Occasionally the dull report of a distant gun broke into the quietude of the air, informing us war was still on; no man was allowed to smoke, yea not even to talk, lest the aero-plane overhead would see or hear.

However, after the roll call, Sergt. Mitchell, in a dignified and calm manner, told the 5th Platoon that they had met on a serious proposition and that he would turn the platoon over to Sergt. McGee who would deliver the ultimatum.

Not a voice, not a whisper, even breathing was abated for the space of several minutes until Sergt. McGee had received the Platoon in a formal manner.

Sergt. McGee: Comrades and Men of the 5th Platoon, we have met this evening on a very, very serious mission and I want you all to see and understand the seriousness of it.

We! Men, have arrived upon the Field of Battle, where many have laid down their lives for democracy, we go forth tomorrow morning to do our bit, probably midst shot and shell, and I want each and everyone of you to do your bit like a man.

Should shells light among us, do not falter, but keep to work. This is serious and we are here to help win the war. WOW!! (We went to the Royameaux Quarry.)

HERE'S ONE

For nine long months we built war roads, patched shell holes,—yet entirely in ignorance of the meaning of the terms, "Metal and Binder," used so often by our Officers.

Regimental Headquarters decided to give us a new shave-tail, on his first day on detail, he showed us a new way of patching shell holes by filling them with rolls of barb-wire.

Now the great questions is:—was this wire supposed to be the metal or the binder of the road?

One of the colored Pioneer Infantry Sergeants was much alarmed when he heard a nearby battery of No. 155's cut loose. After a moment's calm and learning what it was, he said, "Kaiser, count your soldiers now!"

The Loot said to the lazy nigger: Boy, if you don't work any better this afternoon than you did this morning, I'm going to send you to the trenches to go "Over the Top."

Nigger: Who? Me, Boss—Me?

Loot: Yes! You! You'll go over tomorrow morning.

Nigger: Good morning, Jesus!

A nigger sentry of — Calvary, walking his post one night, challenged all persons in a very loud, harsh tone of voice. The O. D. called around, told the sentry that in challenging parties not to use such harsh, rough tones; use softer tones; in fact, put some harmony and music in your voice.

The next beat, the O. D. paid a visit to his post; the nigger heard him coming so came to a halt with a crack of heels.

Nigger: Halt! Who's there?

O. D.: Officer of the Day.

Nigger: Advance, Officer of the Day, to be recognized. Officer of the Day advances and exchanges salute.

O. D.: What are your orders?

Nigger: My orders are of two classes. General and Special.

O. D.: Good! What are your special orders?

Nigger (To music): To walk my post from end to end, around the guard house now and then; to salute all officers out of rank and keep these niggers from stealing these plank.

O. D.: Post!! Nigger.

Let's all get a book on "How to do the Manual of Arms" and find out where and how to Stack Arms.

Lieutenant G.: Who's running this army, you or me?

Sandusky: Well—er, I guess neither of us.

Infantry Loot and Medical Loot having a very heated argument about who did the most work on the Front Line. Being unable to arrive at any conclusion they appeal to a double stripe service and wounded dough boy.

The Doughboy, without cracking a smile, calmly replied: "C. C. Pills."

Company Sayings

Off that hatch.
 You can't eat there.
 Back from the rail.
 Look out! Hotstuff!
 Read'm and weep.
 Chocolate Meunier. Something the Y.
 never had.
 Are we down-hearted?
 What outfit? Buddy!
 Boy! Howdy.
 Children, you may come in now, Father's
 fainted.
 How do you rate that?
 How do you get that way?
 Boys! J. Gould is dead.
 Knock 'em for a row.
 I can't be bothered.
 He's gone West.
 Cooties, Oh! Yes!!
 They're up!
 You can't be trusted.
 Can you beat it?
 Can't even tie it.
 Send 'em mumbling.
 Boys! Diggin' in.
 Pushing Daisies.
 Where do we go from here?
 We'll wander down the Primrose Path.
 Ka-pook-koo, "Great God how Good."
 Ain't it the truth?
 From here in, look out!
 Come and get it.
 Pipe down.
 Pull in your ears.
 He was lit up like a Polish "weddin'."
 And he's a guy from me own corner.
 Lookout! I'm comin' over.
 Light Duty.
 Fahey! Take his name.
 Can you beat these misfits?
 When do we eat?
 How do you like them Pomme-de-Terres?
 Don't rattle your messkit.
 G-a-a-a-s.
 Yo!! Breakfast.
 All together, men _____??
 I never saw a Red Cross Train like that
 before.
 There's plenty of room for brains in the
 Army.
 War isn't won till the last belt buckle is
 taken.
 Hobnail barrage.
 That's the fondest thing I'm of.
 It's darker than the inside of a cow.
 Can that small town stuff.
 I'd like to be about four suits of under-
 wear south.
 Knock 'em for a goal!
 Hit me and take it.

W-O-W! What kept you?
 S'matter, got a barb-wire entanglement
 around you?
 Wot's your name? Wot's your middle
 name?
 I'm a tough guy—Lookout now!
 My detail eats first.
 You'se Birds.
 Let's go.
 As de face, sois de picture.
 Well, what's the latest?

Company Definitions

The Mad House—Marguerite's Cafe at Roy-
 aumeix.
 The Skipper—The Company Commander.
 G. I. Cans—Large Aviation Bombs; Ger-
 man.
 Jerries—German Aviators,
 Fritzies—German Soldiers.
 Archies—Anti-Aircraft Shells.
 Iron—Projectories from American Artillery.
 Eggshells—Hand Grenades.
 Frogs—French Poilu.
 S. O. L.—Same Old Luck. (?)
 A. W. O. L.—Ask Lieut. Gerten.
 S. O. S.—Service of Supplies (Bomb-proof
 Jobs)
 P. C.—Post Command, when used by a Staff
 Officer.
 L. D.—Latrine Dope.
 Slum—Meat Stew.
 Chow—Meals—Army Eats.
 Cooties—Intimate Friends.
 Seam Squirrels—See "Cooties."
 Delouser—Exterminator for Cooties.
 Fatigues—Overalls, etc.
 Latrine Dope—Gossip.
 Crabber—Grouch.
 Goldfish—Canned Salmon.
 Submarine Chicken—Same as "Goldfish."
 Corned Willy—Canned Beef.
 Punk—Bread.
 Iron Rations—Corned Willy and Hardtack.
 Belly Robbers—Kitchen Police.
 Looouie—1st Loot.
 Shavetail—2nd Loot.
 Dovetail—3rd Loot.
 Buddy—Bunk Mate, also Veteran A. E. F.
 Dog Robber—Officer's orderly.
 Draft Dodgers—Men who voluntarily en-
 listed. J. J. Davy.
 Crapehanger—Pessimist.
 Number Grabbers—Drafted men.
 Stripe Chaser—Non-Coms and 'spirants.
 A. E. F. Pumps—Army Field Shoes.
 Sanitary Detail—Camp Cleaners.
 O. D.—Olive Drap, when used as medicine;
 a special kind of pill—same as C. C. Also
 Officer of Day. Effect, the same.
 Pineapple—French Hand Grenade.

FINISH

Good-by, army, funny thing,
I've done my hitch with you;
No more can Sam Brownes get my goat,
I'm free, thank God—and through.

THE ROSTER

Roster of Officers

Overseas

Capt. A. S. Hackett,
306 Whitney Bldg., New Orleans, La.

1st Lieut. Jesse J. Davy (Capt. "B" Co.),
Shakopee, Minn.

1st Lieut. Joseph Estell,
Grapevine, Texas.

1st Lieut. Francis X. Kern,
Blythville, Ark., or Maniyunk, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lieut. George P. Trax,
Clinton, N. C., or Baltimore, Md.

2nd Lieut. Nicholas Gerten,
2202 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Camp Meade

Capt. Walter Beyer (Major 1st Gas Div.)

1st Lieut. Thomas Hampton (Organizer of
"A" Co.).

1st Lieut. Page (Major 1st Gas Div.).

1st Lieut. George J. Sleight, Jr. (returned
with Co. "A")

Regimental Officers

Camp Meade

Col. E. E. Johnson.

Maj. Skinner.

Maj. Stickney (also Tour Sector).

Overseas

Col. Frederick B. Kerr,
Clearfield, Pa.

Maj. P. J. Watson.
Care of C and A, Chicago, Ill.

Company Roster

Allison, Mark, Pvt. 1st Class.
2733 Washington Ave., Houston, Texas.
Electrician—18 years.

Allman, Isaac W., Pvt.
589 Masten St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Carpenter Joining—10 years.

Alvord, Chas. W., Sergt 1st Class.
Bishop, Calif.
School of Mines, Reno.
Mining and Stock Raising—26 years.
Building Construction—2 years.

Anderson, Leonard A., Pvt.
Cambridge, Wis., R. F. D. No. 3, Box 3.
Gas Engine Man.

Anderson, Leslie L., Corp.
1988 Fremont Ave., Findlay, Ohio.
Structural Construction—2 years.
Concrete Construction, Reinforced—2 years.

Ament, Chas. D., Pvt. 1st Class.
Grant's Pass, Ore.
Mining—5 years.

Ausbrooks, Chas M., Pvt. 1st Class.
212 Johnston St., Modesta, Calif.
Farming—10 years.
Gas Engineer—3 years.

Ayres, Joseph L., Pvt.
3602 Know St., Tacony, Pa.
Concrete Engineer—9 years.

Baker, Edward M., Pvt. 1st Class.
Glenn Ferry, Idaho.
Locomotive Engineer.

Barnes, Edwin H., Wagoner.
Goldendale, Wash., 3 F. D., No. 3.
Auto Repairer—3 years.

Basham, Roy M., Pvt. 1st Class.
Miami, Ariz., Box 1286.
Pipefitter—11 years.

Bechtel, John W., Pvt.
Kutztown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2.
Auto Mechanic—3 years.
Locomotive Fireman—1 year.
Farming—12 years.

Berry, Gordon, Pvt.
Dearborn, Mich., Gen. Del.
Auto Repairer—5 years.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

- Bergin, Dennis I., Corp.
4521 Union Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Locomotive Engineer—15 years.
Fuel Supervisor Wabash R. R.
- Bergman, Chas., Pvt.
477 Ridgewood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Plumber.
- Bjorkman, John G., Pvt. 1st Class.
1523 South 56th Court, Cicero, Ill.
Wood Engraver—15 years.
- Blatherwich, Dirwyn F., Pvt.
1341 Federal Blvd., Denver, Colo.
Ames University.
Highway Construction—4 years.
- Boardman, Francis W., Pvt.
Worthington, Ohio.
Railroad Clerk—3 years.
- Bowie, William P., Pvt. 1st Class.
Roslyn, Wash.
Oregon Agriculture School.
Mining—10 years.
- Brandien, Harry E., Cook.
176 Cherry St., Naugatuck, Conn.
Electrician—14 years.
- Brawley, Harold, Pvt. 1st Class.
Mildred, Mont.
Mechanical Work—5 years.
Farming—1 year.
- Brownlee, John C., Pvt.
Moccasin, Mont.
Clerking—10 years.
- Buffington, Edward P., Wagoner.
515 Euclid Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
Mechanic—Typewriter Expert—15 years
- Burger, Roscoe A., Pvt.
Bellevue, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 4.
Road Material Salesman—1 year.
Traveling Salesman—8 years.
- Burleaud, Albert P., Pvt.
1720 J St., San Diego, Calif.
Sarbonne University, Paris.
Auto Mechanic—13 years.
- Carter, George D., Pvt.
Micanopy, Fla.
U. S. Army, Philippines—6 years.
Clyde Steamship Company—6 years.
Salesman for Consolidated Groceries—2 years.
- Cady, Edward B., Pvt.
433 Washington St., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
General Mason Work—7 years.
Contracting—4 years.

- Cameron, James F., Pvt. 1st Class.
1141 21st Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Univ. of Washington, B. S. and C. E.
R. R. Engineering Construction—1 year.
Highway Construction—1 year.
- Campbell, Andrew H., Pvt. 1st Class.
545 Chestnut St., Pottstown, Pa.
- Carlin, Robert S., Pvt. 1st Class, Trans. 4th
Battalion Headquarters.
Jenkintown, Pa.
- Coates, Paul N., Sergt. 1st Class.
1811 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
University of Iowa.
R. R. Construction—3 years.
Highway Construction—2 years.
Drainage and Municipal Engineer—3
years.
Mining Engineer—2 years.
- Cook, Henry A., Sergt.
Chateaughy, N. Y.
N. Y. State Highway Engineer—9 years.
- Cooper, Gilbert B., Pvt.
637 11st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Augustine's College—A. B.
Salesman—3 years.
- Cort, John W., Pvt.
575 Douglas St., Pasadena, Calif.
Automobile Business—8 years.
- Cowan, Roy S., Pvt. 1st Class.
Bristol, N. H.
Commercial Electrical Work—5 years.
University of Michigan and Oklahoma.
- Coutant, Ben W., Pvt.
331 6th St., Grant's Pass, Ore.
Oregon State Highway Dept.—2 years.
Railroad Engineer—1 year.
- Craghill, Harold D., Pvt. 1st Class.
1388 Center St., Taft, Calif.
Motor Mechanic—8 years.
- Crissinger, Alfred L., Sergt.
Greensburg, Pa., R. F. D. No. 5.
Practical Engineer—Supt of Roads—5
years.
- Cumberpatch, Stanley C., Pvt.
2413 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
Transit Man, R. R. Engineer—12 years.
- Cushing, Chas. E., Pvt. 1st Class.
630 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Practical Engineer.
Railroad and Drainage Engineer—15
years.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

- Czajka, Gus, Pvt.
Monclove, Ohio, R. F. D. 2, Box 2.
Tool Making Mechanic—5 years.
- Damon, Philip E., Sergt.
Elmore, Minn.
Iowa State College—C. E.
Spanish War Veteran.
Civil Engineering and Construction—18 years.
- Davey, Glen L., Pvt. 1st Class.
417 Van Brunt St., Mankato, Minn.
Transportation—6 years.
- Deabill, Albert E., Pvt.
Bakersfield, Calif.
Garage—4 years.
- Dean, John L., Pvt.
Indianapolis, Ind., R. R. B. 1, 99 B.
Blacksmith Apprentice—4 years.
Clerking—2 years.
- Donovan, Adrian W., Pvt. 1st Class.
Wilmington, Del., c/o Y. M. C. A.
High Pressure Steamfitter—5½ years.
- Draper, Owen H., Pvt. 1st Class.
Springville, Ala.
Alabama Poly Tech.
U. S. Steel Land Dept.—2 years.
- Drehmann, Ernest C., Pvt. 1st Class.
1837 N. 28th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Concrete and Paving Work—5 years.
- Dwyer, John J., Pvt. 1st Class.
74 Mechanic St., Hossick Falls, N. Y.
Clerk—6 years.
- Dwyer, Peter J., Pvt. 1st Class.
8 Balkan St., San Francisco, Calif.
Compositor Printer—4 years.
- Dykema, Albert, Pvt.
336 Herman St., San Francisco, Calif.
Railroading—15 years.
- Edwards, Albert B., Pvt. 1st Class.
709 Oregon St., Bakersfield, Calif.
Practical Engineer.
Highway Engineer—4 years.
- Ehrmin, Victor V., Pvt.
Stryker, Ohio.
Road Construction—3 years.
- Ellington, Will B., Pvt. 1st Class.
Yuba City, Sutter Co., Calif.
Prin. Biggs (Calif.) H. S.
County Surveyor and Engineering Work—8 years.
High Schol Work—4½ years.

- Engstrum, Charles, Corp.
Halcourt, Alberta, Canada.
U. S. A. Philippine Service—15 years.
Steam Engineer—7 years.
- Erbacher, Fred, Pvt.
1514 Jones St., San Francisco, Calif.
Chauffeur and Auto Man—5 years.
- Erny, Joseph L., Pvt. 1st Class.
Mullen, Nebr.
Gas Engineer—4 years.
- Fahey, John P., Pvt.
Walter Reed Hospital, Washington D. C.
1335 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.
Marine Engineer.
- Filer, Samuel R., Pvt.
328 Bessemer Ave., Grove City, Pa.
Grove City College—2 years.
Rubber Works—4 years.
- Flint, Theodore S., Pvt. 1st Class.
Los Gatos, Calif.
Electrical Work—2 years.
Forestry—2 years.
Rice Mills—1 year.
- Fraher, Michael J., Corp.
2543 Eliot St., Denver, Colo.
Railroad Engineering—7 years.
- Frye, Kenneth C., Pvt. 1st Class.
Waddy, Ky.
B. C. E., University of Kentucky.
Highway and Land Survey—2 years.
Concrete and Steel Construction—4½
years.
- Frost, Harry E., Pvt. 1st Class
801 E. Main Cross St., Findlay, Ohio
Road Contracting—6 years.
- Gartner, Roy G., Pvt.
170 Walnut St., Meadville, Pa.
- Germain, Charles F., Pvt.
9 Willow St., Wollaster, Mass.
- Gilbertson, Sigurd, Pvt. 1st Class.
1516 E. Bay Ave., Olympia, Wash.
Alaska Railroad Construction Work—10
years.
Lumbering—4 years.
- Goldstein, Abe, Cook.
Portage, Pa.
Conway Hall College.
Mercantile Business—10 years.
- Gornia, Walley G., Pvt.
151 E. 11th St., Erie, Pa.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

- Grauer, Wesley, Sergt.
1850 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, B. S. and C. E.
R. R. Concrete Construction—3 years.
- Gray, Robert G., Corp.
1375 6th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
Phonograph Jobber.
- Grenier, Emile, Corp.
46 Summer St., New Bedford, Mass.
Auto Repairer—12 years.
- Green, E. R.
Oregon City, Route 5.
Oregon Agricultural—2 years.
Civil Engineer—12 years.
- Grieff, Clement A., Cook.
Carrolltown, Pa.
Coal Mining Interest.
- Grime, Benjamin W., Cook.
218 Greentree Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gas Engine Operator—2 years.
- Grossi, Joseph, Pvt.
400 Brewster St., Detroit, Mich.
- Groft, Andrew J., Pvt. 1st Class.
Wakeeny, Kans.
Kansas University—C. E.
Sanitary Engineer—1 year.
- Grymes, Arthur J., Jr., Sergt. 1st Class.
51 E. Park St., East Orange, N. J.
Stevens Institute.
Marine Engineer—2 years.
- Del Guzzo, Anthony, Sergt.
City Engineer's Office, Great Falls, Mont.
Ancona Technical College.
Public Utilities and Concrete Construction—9 years.
- Hart, Roy J., Pvt. 1st Class.
Zirconia, N. C.
Sarbonne University, Paris.
Wake Forest College, 1914, B. A.
Cornell.
Hydro-electric and Concrete Construction—1 year.
Railroad Construction—2 years.
- Hart, Wilbur D., Pvt.
106 N. Elder Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Railroading—5 years.
- Hartley, Carl, Pvt. 1st Class.
Springer, Colfax Co., N. M.
Engineering on Construction Work—3 years.

- Hauk, Fred, Pvt. 1st Class.
Waynetown, Ind.
Northwestern Academy.
Bridge, Canal and Flume Construction
—5 years.
Mine Engineering—2 years.
- Henderson, Charles C., Pvt.
Kamiah, Idaho.
- Henry, William A., Pvt. 1st Class.
106 Prospect St., Avalon, Pa.
Steam Engineer—25 years.
- Hoeft, William E., Pvt.
503 E. 8th St., S. Boston, Mass.
Railroad Electrical—2 years.
- Hoffman, Alvin W., Pvt. 1st Class.
1145 Grant St., Hillsboro, Ore.
Portland Trade School, Pattern Making.
Railroad and Bridge Construction—7
years.
- Holland, Frank W., Corp.
419 W. High St., Elkhart, Ind.
Student University of Michigan.
- Hopkins, Frank, Sergt. Major 1st Army
Engineers.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Philippine Island Engineering.
- Hufford, Franklin E., Corp.
1919 First Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Carnegie Tech.
Rate Clerk, Pennsylvania R. R.—4 years.
- Huls, Henry J., Wagoner.
The Dales, Ore.
Supt. Concrete Work—7 years.
- Humphreys, Thomas D., Pvt.
Danville, Ky.
University of Kentucky—C. E.
Railroad Engineering—3 years.
State Roads—1 year.
- Humphrey, Eugene O., Corp.
563 Wyoming Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Buffalo Technical—C. E.
Railroad Construction—6 years.
- Hunter, William L., Wagoner.
727 Orchard St., Avalon, Pa.
Sheet Metal Salesman—7 years.
- Kaufman, James, Pvt.
55 Seigel St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Steel Construction—14 years.
- Kaylor, Joseph S., Corp.
Livingston, Mont.
Bozeman College.
Mechanic—15 years.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

- Kazin, Stanley, Pvt.
821 W. 33rd Place, Chicago, Ill.
Tailor—12 years.
- Keathly, Heber, Pvt. Trans.
925 8th St., Huntington, W. Va.
Railroad Construction—2 years.
- Kelly, Frank D., Corp.
145 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
N. Y. State Highway Engineer—7 years.
Gas Motor Mechanic—4 years.
- Keye, William F., Pvt. 1st Class.
Trans. 537th Eng., "A" Co.
1121 South 2nd Ave., Fargo, N. D.
Fargo College in 1915—B. A.
Assistant City Engineer, Fargo.
Instructor in Mathematics, S. P. C., Beirut, Syria—2 years.
- Kinsler, Michael, Pvt.
1381 Dubois St., Detroit, Mich.
Auto Assembling—3 years.
- Knauf, Jacob S., Sergt.
Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa.
Williamson Tech. University—6 years.
Building Construction—4 years.
Teaching—1½ years.
- Kozarek, Stevens A., Pvt.
820 Elm St., Antigo, Wis.
University of Wisconsin—C. E.
Highway Construction—5 years.
- Kraber, Chas. H., Pvt.
Dallas, Ore.
Surveying and Irrigating.
Spanish-American War Veteran.
- Krach, Fred R., Pvt. 1st Class.
Tri-State College Fr. Mem. of A. M. S. of C. E.
6340 Sangamon St., Chicago, Ill.
Railroad Engineering—2 years.
Irrigation, River and General Construction—5½ years.
- Innis, Edward E., Pvt.
Laurel, Mont.
- Jackson, George, Bugler 1st Class.
2628 W. 9th Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Automobile Repairer—4 years.
- Jeffries, Chas. H., Top Sergt. Reg. Hdqts.
Co. Band.
Casselton, N. D.
R. R. Construction Engineer—5 years.
- Johnson, Charles, Pvt.
1002 Lindley Ave., Logan, Philadelphia, Pa.
Electrician—1 year.

- Johnson, Leo H., Cook.
1208 11th St., Sioux City, Iowa.
Carpenter—2 years.
Pastry Cook—8 years.
- Johnson, Elmer, Pvt.
Clayton, Wis.
Barber—5 years.
- Johnson, Richard R., 1st Sergt.
38 Washington Terarce, East Orange, N. J.
Stevens Technical, N. J.
Mechanical Engineer—2½ years.
Allied Machinery Company—2½ years.
- Jones, Howard T., Pvt. 1st Class.
409 Benton St., Portland, Ore.
General Construction—8 years.
Brick and Plaster Construction—2 years.
- Jones, Oscar L., Pvt. 1st Class, Trans.
Pennsavage, Ind.
Highway Construction.
- Jones, Sidney, Corp., Trans. to Chief Eng.
of 1st Army.
Yayword, Ala. Co., Calif.
- Kolf, Paul E., Trans. to Hdqts. 1st Army.
32 Fulton St., Oshkosh, Wis.
Banking—4 years.
- Kelly, Leo F., Trans. to 1st Bat.
129 S. Graham St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Kern, E. P., Pvt., Sergt., 1st Lieut.
111 Mary St., Herkimer, N. Y.
Highway and General Construction—12 years.
- Laird, Sumpter T., Pvt.
514 E. 9th St., Dallas, Texas.
University of Texas—3 years.
- Lavick, Charles H., Pvt.
Marathon City, Wis.
- Lawrence, Walter E., Pvt.
Lyman, Ky.
Building Construction—8 years.
- Leber, John A., Jr., Pvt.
316½ Haynes St., Johnstown, Pa.
Instrument Man—3 years.
- Ledin, Samuel, Pvt.
404 6th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Artist—7 years.
- Lengel, Frederick, Pvt.
250 Conestoga Road, Wayne, Pa.
Carpenter—3 years.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

Leonard, Malcom W., Pvt. 1st Class, Trans.
539 Howard St., Brockton, Mass.
Boston Tech.
Electrical Engineer.

Lilly, James H., Pvt. 1st Class.
Britt, Iowa.
University of Iowa—1 year.
Drainage and Highway Engineer—9
years.

Lind, Ernest E., Pvt. 1st Class.
300 W. 28th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Die Sinking—14 years.

Loudenbach, Ivan R., Pvt. 1st Class.
Glendive, Mont.
Railroad Construction and Grading—9
years.

Londelius, Frank H., Corp.
Seattle-Bridge, Wash.
Bryan and Stalton Tech.—4 years.
Building Construction and Contracting
—5 years.

Lownsbury, Frank W., Sergt.
2820 S. Grand Blvd., Spokane, Wash.
Washington State Guard—5 months.
Railroad Construction, Location and
Maintenance—19 years.

Lush, Lewis A., Pvt. 1st Class.
312 Garfield St., Harvard, Ill.
Milton College—A. B.
Notre Dame—1 year.
Engineering and Construction of Street
Paving—2 years.
Drainage and Inspection—1 year.
Teaching and Coaching Athletics—1
year.

Lux, George R., Pvt., Trans.
757 Rankin St., Flint, Mich.

McCarty, James R., Pvt.
Victor, Mont.
Gas Engineer—5 years.
Tool Dresser—3 years.

McCormick, James A., Pvt.
Derkerville, Mich.

McCormick, Raymond M., Mess Sergt.
1012 S. Park St., McKeesport, Pa.
Steam Engineer—3 years.

McCreedy, Selden F., Pvt. 1st Class.
118 McCulloch St., Stevens Point, Wis.
Railroad Construction—4 years.
Interstate Commerce—1 year.

McGee, Geo. J. R., Sergt. 1st Class.

McGee's Mills, Pa.

Penn State College—B. S.

Civil and Mining Engineer—12 years.

McGinnity, Peter H., Corp.

508 S. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Salesman Highway Materials—5 years.

McPhee, Henry A., Pvt. 1st Class.

c/o Miss L. Dianne, 2505 E. 73rd Place,
Chicago, Ill.

Carpenter—7 years.

McPharlan, Roy F., Pvt. 1st Class.

O'Neil, Nebr.

Mining Engineer—8 years.

McPherson, Kenneth R., Pvt.

41 Seattle Ave., San Jose, Calif.

Stanford University—B. S.

Assistant County Surveyor—2 years.

Machini, Peter, Saddler.

366 S. Montello St., Brockton, Mass.

Heeler in Shoe Factory—12 years.

Marz, Joseph W., Pvt.

Sapulpa, Okla.

Tool Dresser—6 years.

Malsness, Norman J., Pvt. 1st Class.

3106 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Missouri University.

Concrete Foreman—2 years.

Mannino, Joe, Pvt. 1st Class.

594 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chauffeur—2 years.

Butcher—5 years.

Miller, Ralph M., Wagoner, Trans.

60 Clifton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Railroad Construction, Central America
—10 years.

Miller, Maury O., Jr., Sergt.

923 Aidrie Pl., Chicago, Ill.

Purchasing Agent, Tarvia.

Milligan, William T., Corp.

c/o Edwards, 79 Raymond St., Providence,
R. I.

With Royal Engineers—3 years.

With Highland Infantry—3 years.

Steel Hardener—3 years.

Mitchel, Preston A., Sergt 1st Class.

1018 Peach Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Alabama Poly Tech.

Mechanical Engineer—12 years.

Moore, Paul, Pvt. 1st Class.

Tyler, Texas.

Bricklayer—5 years.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

Mount, Darius O., Corp.
Delavan, Ill.

University of Illinois—3 years.
Gas Engine Expert—7 years.

Mura, Joseph H., Pvt. 1st Class.
Cherokee Club, Racine, Wis.
General Construction and Contracting—
12 years.

Muir, Levi, Jr., Sergt.
Woods Cross, Utah.
University of Utah—B. S.
Utah State Highway Construction—2
years.

Murphy, James C., Pvt. 1st Class.
Box 292, Nampa, Idaho.
University of Washington.
Highways—2 years.
Railroad Engineer—2 years.

Murphy, Joseph A., Sergt.
Box 292, Nampa, Idaho.
Colorado School of Mines.
Railroad Construction—4 years.
Mountain Highway—3 years.

Neely, Donald S., Sergt.
1123 S. Woodfern St., Spokane, Wash.
Washington State College.
Mining Engineer—4 years.

Nelson, Albert, Pvt., Mil. Hosp. No. 28, Ft.
Sheridan, Ill.
117 West 26th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Street Paving—5 years.

Nesmith, Linn W., Regt. Sergt. Maj.
Eugene, Ore.

Noone, William M., Pvt.
144 River St., West Newton, Mass.

Nolen, Milton E., Trans. to Co. "A" April 1,
1919.
919 N. Euclid Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oberwetter, Austin, Pvt. 1st Class.
3904 Wlaker Ave., Houston, Texas.
Bickler Academy.
Locomotive Engineer—7 years.
Railroad Work—4 years.

O'Brien, John N., Corp.
101 Robenson St., New Bedford, Mass.
Sewer Construction—7 years.

Ortig, Robert, Pvt. 1st Class.
Stevenville, Mont.
Gas Engineer—3 years.

Oskin, Thomas L., Wagoner.
507 Pirl St., Duquesne, Pa.
Supt. of Construction of Furnaces—10
years.

Panse, William J., Pvt. 1st Class.
226 S. Columbia Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Clerking—4 years.
Oil Production and Drill Man—8 years.

Perkins, William C., Sergt.
Fairfield, Idaho.
University of Idaho—C. E.
Irrigation, Hydro-Electrical and Road
Work—5 years.
Asst. Engineer of Oregon Short Line—
1 year.

Petersen, Karl F., Pvt.
Shamania, Wash.
Columbia River Fishery—5 years.
Highway Construction—2 years.

Petry, Oscar A., Pvt. 1st Class.
Rexmont, Pa.
Auto Mechanic—5 years.

Pierce, James T., Pvt. 1st Class.
Irwin, Pa., R. D. No. 4.
Ohio Northern University—B. S. and
C. E.
Drainage and Dam Work—2 years.
Railroad Engineer—1 year.
Firestone Rubber Co. Engineer—1 year.

Pitman, Dempsey W., Pvt.
96 Mercer Ave., Plainfield, N. J.
Texas Agriculture and Mechanical Col-
lege.
Railroad Auditor of Freight Accounts—
2 years.

Plumb, Lawrence M., Cook.
934 6th St., Beloit, Wis.
Beloit College.
Steam Traction Engineer—5 years.

Pond, Joseph H., Pvt.
Booth Bay Harbor, Maine.
Auto Truck Repairer—4 years.

Powers, Richard W., Pvt.
Pittsford, Vt.
University of Vermont—B. S.
Garage Owner.

Ralston, Charles M., Corp.
1224 Washington St., Wilmington, Del.
Carpenter and Foreman on Building.
Concrete Construction—12 years.

Randall, George H., Pvt.
Shushan, N. Y.
Clarkson College of Tech.—C. E.
American Bridge Company—2 years.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

- Rands—James M., Corp.
Pocatello, Idaho.
Washington State College—C. E.
Agricultural Engineering and Railroad
Maintenance—2 years.
- Reeves, Alton C., Pvt.
406 N. Washington St., Knightstown, Ind.
University of Cincinnati.
Hardware Business—2 years.
- Reirson, Alfred J., Pvt.
Plainview, Texas.
Barber—11 years.
- Roberts, Guy L., Pvt.
Sparta, Tenn.
Plumbing and Electrical Work—3 years.
Highway Construction—3 years.
Salesman Road Machinery—2 years.
- Robertson, Ernest, Pvt. 1st Class.
5138 Chester Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Davey Institute of Tree Surgery.
Tree Surgery—9 years.
- Robison, Joseph C., Pvt.
Harrule Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Mason and Bricklayer—14 years.
- Rocha, David N., Pvt. 1st Class.
2869 Hanna St., Oakland, Calif.
Blacksmith—3 years.
- Rodgers, Edwin N., Sergt. 1st Class.
406 E. Church St., Union City, Tenn.
University of Tennessee—C. E.
Drainage Engineer—3 years.
Ass't County Road Engineer—1 year.
- Rook, Ransom R., Pvt.
Gifford, Idaho.
Farmer—6 years.
- Rowland, Jos. D., Pvt.
Caldwell, Texas.
- Sandberg, George A., Corp.
Hayward, Calif., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 116A.
University of California.
Railroad Engineer—3 years.
Highway and General Engineering—2
years.
- Sandusky, Custer C., Pvt.
213 West Dakota St., Spring Valley, Ill.
Machinist—3 years.
- Searight, William D., Pvt. 1st Class.
757 Chislett St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Timekeeper on Construction Work—2
years.
- Severtson, Sigvart A., Pvt.
Black River Falls, Wis.
Electrician—8½ years.

- Sexton, Charles F., Corp.
2355 Magnolia Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.
Student University of Tennessee.
- Sheadle, Paul R., Pvt. 1st Class.
725 Green St., Williamsport, Pa.
Road and Building Construction—7
years.
Lumbering—2 years.
Fruit Farming—2 years.
- Singleton, Ray M., Pvt.
Amite City, La.
Bridge Carpenter—8 years.
- Shoemaker, Carlton H., Horse Shoer.
Naples, Idaho.
Blacksmithing—6 years.
Mining—3 years.
- Small, Maynard M., Corp.
427 N. Logan St., Lincoln, Ill.
Lincoln College.
County Surveyor of Logan County—1
year.
Illinois Highway Dept.—4 years.
- Snyder, Charles S., Pvt.
619 Pawnee St., S. Bethlehem, Pa.
Lehigh University—C. E.
Steel Concrete Bridges—5 years.
Railroad Maintenance and Construction
—1 year.
- Sprinkle, Will, Pvt.
104 Harris Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Student.
- Stack, Robert M., Pvt., Montpelier Univ.,
France.
160 Liberty St., Freeport, Ill.
Marquette University—A. B.
Salesman—3 years.
- Stahl, Herbert, Pvt.
428 Hein Pl., Chicago, Ill.
- Stalker, John H., Corp., Sarbonne Univer-
sity, Paris.
9 James St., Montclair, N. J.
Cornell—C. E.
Contracting and Municipal Engineer—1
year.
- Strachan, Norman F., Pvt. 1st Class.
Eudora, Kans.
Kansas University—B. S.
Jr. Member American Soc. C. E.
Ass't Engineer of Kansas State Board
of Health.
- Steel, Ernest W., Pvt. 1st Class, Oxford Uni-
versity, England.
215 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Cornell—C. E.
Contracting and Street Work—1 year.
Structural Steel Work—2 years.

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

- Straight, Ora C., Sergt.
 Granttown, W. Va.
 State Normal.
 Practical Engineer.
 Store Business—3 years.
 Ass't Chief Engineer in Mines—8 years.
- Stringfellow, William M., Pvt. 1st Class.
 307 W. Sandusky St., Findlay, Ohio.
 Ames 1 year; Ohio State 1 year. C. E.
 and Agriculture.
 Highway and Farming—4 years.
- Strother, Van H., Pvt.
 Antero Club, Stockton, Calif.
 Street Paving—5 years.
 Farming—6 years.
- Stuart, Hiram F., Pvt. 1st Class.
 Roseland, La.
 U. S. Agriculture Experimental Station
 —13 years.
- Sullivan, Robert E., Pvt. 1st Class.
 323 Pacific Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
 Lafayette College—2 years.
 Yard Master Lehigh Valley Railroad—6
 years.
- Sylvester, William A., Pvt.
 1004 East 27th, N. Portland, Ore.
 Building Contractor—5 years.
- Thomas, Frank W., Pvt., Trans. to 1st Bat.
 Hdqts.
 R. A. Box 111, Gresham, Ore.
- Thomas, True E., Corp.
 Sutter, Sutter Co., Calif.
 Farmer—5 years.
- Thompson, Ewing, Pvt. 1st Class.
 395 Third St., Lewiston, Idaho.
 Civil Engineer—7 years.
- Thompson, Robert W., Pvt. 1st Class, Mont-
 pellier University, France.
 23 Lincoln Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.
 University of Syracuse.
 Fine Arts—1 year.
 Illustrating.
- Thornton, Thomas, Pvt.
 Redgranite, Wis.
 Paving Cutter—8 years.
- Venable, Harry M., Mas. Eng. Sr. Gr., Trans.
 to 1st Bat. Hdqts. Co.
 Charleston, W. Va.
 Virginia Military Institute—C. E.
 General Engineering—10 years.
- Walker, Carl C., Corp.
 511 Harthan Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.
 Ohio State University—C. E.
 Street and Road Engineer—2 years.

- Walker, Robert H., Pvt. 1st Class.
826 Wood St., Portland, Ore.
Mt. Angel College.
Gas and Steam Engineer—5 years.
- Walsh, James C., Pvt. 1st Class.
Auburn Fire Dept., New York.
Gas and Steam Engineer—17 years.
- Ward, George E., Pvt. 1st Class.
236 West St., Annapolis, Md.
Navy—4 years.
Railroad Expert—3 years.
- White, Arnold P., Pvt., Trans.
1001 W. 10th St., Vancouver, Wash.
Highway Construction—2 years.
- Whalen, Martin T.
Jenkintown, Pa.
- White, Harry B., Pvt.
Clermont, Iowa.
- Whittle, Harry E., Pvt.
Santa Rita, N. M.
- Whitworth, Edward M., Pvt. 1st Class.
2950 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
- Wilkinson, Walter E., Pvt.
837 Berry Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Machinist—3 years.
- Willikson, Ingolf A., Pvt.
905 S. Ivanhoe St., Portland, Ore.
Mechanical and Plumbing—7 years.
- Wilson, Charles S., Pvt., Trans.
1105 Larkin St., San Francisco, Calif.
- Wilson, Thomas T., Pvt.
610 Patterson St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Textile Spinning—7 years.
Piano Case Veneering—5 years.
Railroad Shop Worker—2 years.
- Wi'son, Raymond D., Pvt.
722 W. Tijeras Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.
Printer—8 years.
- Woolsey, Walter B., Pvt. 1st Class.
Aberdeen Road, Elizabeth, N. J.
Rensselaer Poly Tech—C. E.
General Contracting and Building—1
year.
- Yake—William, Sergt.
514 W. Holiday St., Seattle, Wash.
Railroad Work—7 years.
- Zink, Paul H., Pvt.
2825 W. 25th Pl., Chicago, Ill.
Ammunition Plant—3 years.

Editorially 'We'

Diary



Ellington

Art (?)



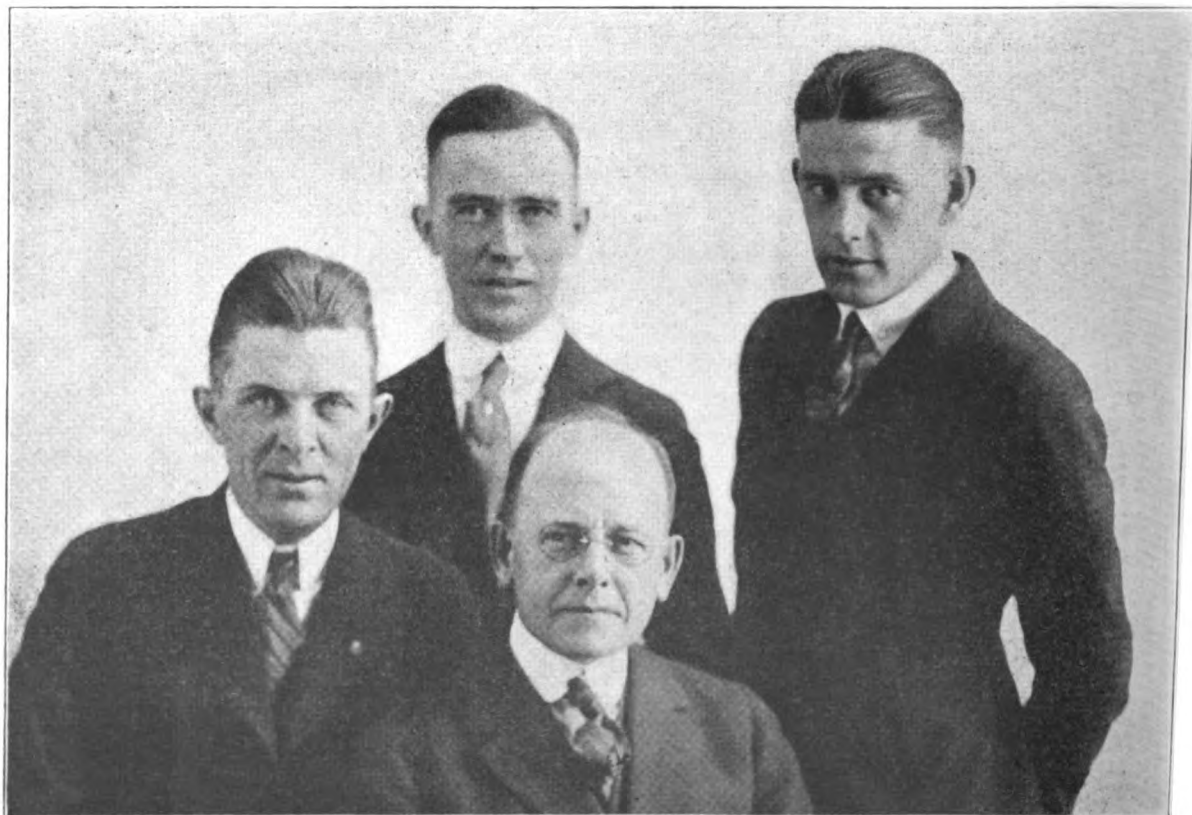
Stack Thompson

Originator



Trax

AND
The Publishing Committee



Bergin

McGinnity

Bjorkman

(Tiny was bashful)

Stack

An Afterthought by the Skipper

At Ease—

Men of A Company, don't be alarmed! This is not a Valedictory, a Sermon, or a Swan-song; just a few words I'd like to get off my chest in man-to-man style, "en famille" as it were. Don't expect a basket of bouquets, or a bawling-out, either,—you've had enough of those already, deserved and undeserved.

As we stand here today, we seem to be on the peak of a Great Divide. In taking a back-sight, the mind's eye scans the road upon which we have hiked, worked, and played. In the far distance, I see "Camp Mud," and "Valley Forge" a little nearer, a Pond upon which there are several weirdly-colored and queerly-acting craft.

Next, I catch a fleeting glimpse of "the Bosom of la Belle France," and a little longer one of a "Ville," over which seems to hang a Dark Cloud. From that, emerges a string of cigar-boxes on spools, drawn by a peanut-roaster whistle. Now appears a stopping-place that has the looks of the "Slough of Despond," but a cross-road sign-board announces the name as "Burley"—probably so-called because of the sizeable rats. Hard by, however, is snug little Snelling, cuddled down at the foot of a beautiful rainbow.

From there on for quite a way the vision is somewhat blurred—I seem to see Chateau Thierry thru a screen of Chateauroux. Then at the foot of the last steep slope, lies Varennes of Marie Antoinette fame—and also liquid "Treasure Trove." Following in close order, up the grade, come La Four-de-Paris—so named because so different—and St. Juvin, where midst the havoc wrought by shot and shell, we finally overtook that fateful eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

The military crest once passed, the road seems easier, leading thru Tavannes and Jeandelize to dear old Billy Maginnis,—from dug-outs to chateaux. Thereabouts I seem to see considerable mud-slinging, rock-spreading, and mine-blowing interspersed with "Y" entertainments, Holiday dinners, and "leaves"—both regular and irregular.

Then comes the last pull, seemingly the longest and hardest of all, thru the Le Mans Area, with that quickly cleaned up rifle-range road job, numerous lectures on Inspection, Bull-pens, etc., back to Brest, now a mystic maze of duck-boards.

Once more the path leads across the same little pond back to the welcome shores of

good old U. S. A. After a quick rush to Camp Devens, and a delay of only a few more short years, I see a general scattering from Maine to Texas, from Florida to Washington.

In looking back over the trail as a whole, and recalling those trying situations, the first impulse is to laugh and then, to laugh some more; but on second thought, I experience a feeling of great satisfaction. I am indeed proud to have had the privilege of going Over There, serving, and then returning with such an outfit,—its superior did not exist in the A. E. F. or any other E. F.

No! Men! You did not win the war all alone, as you have been accused of doing, along with the M. P.'s, K. P.'s and C. R. A. P.'s; but, take it from me, it was the old A Co. spirit, morale, determination, grit, sand, or guts, disseminated thru the American and Allied Armies, that finally put the Kibosh on the Boche.

We have had a Grand Experience, one that we wouldn't sell for a million centimes, or buy again for a thousand,—unless of course, the Boche tried once more to Boss the World. We've learned some good lessons from the Europeans and trust they have learned some from us. We were glad to go over and help out our neighbors in a pinch, but we are gladder still to be home again, even though it is in the midst of a new "Great Sahara." But, really, isn't it a great sight to see plain water again being used generally for purposes other than merely floating canal boats?

In conclusion, let me venture to take a foresight. The Boulders of Bolshevism which would apparently block the Road of Progress will surely be blasted out and the debris used for filling the Mires of Militarism. Also the Rents of Radicalism, and the Chasms of Conservatism will duly be bridged with the stone and steel of Commonsense.

It couldn't be otherwise. Why? Because there are too many millions of loyal, level-headed, liberty-leaguers, like yourselves, not only in this, but in all civilized countries. Your Great Adventure has made you better citizens of America, and of the World.

My very best wishes go with each one of you from the Top Sgt. down—or up—to the Rankest Rear-Ranker.

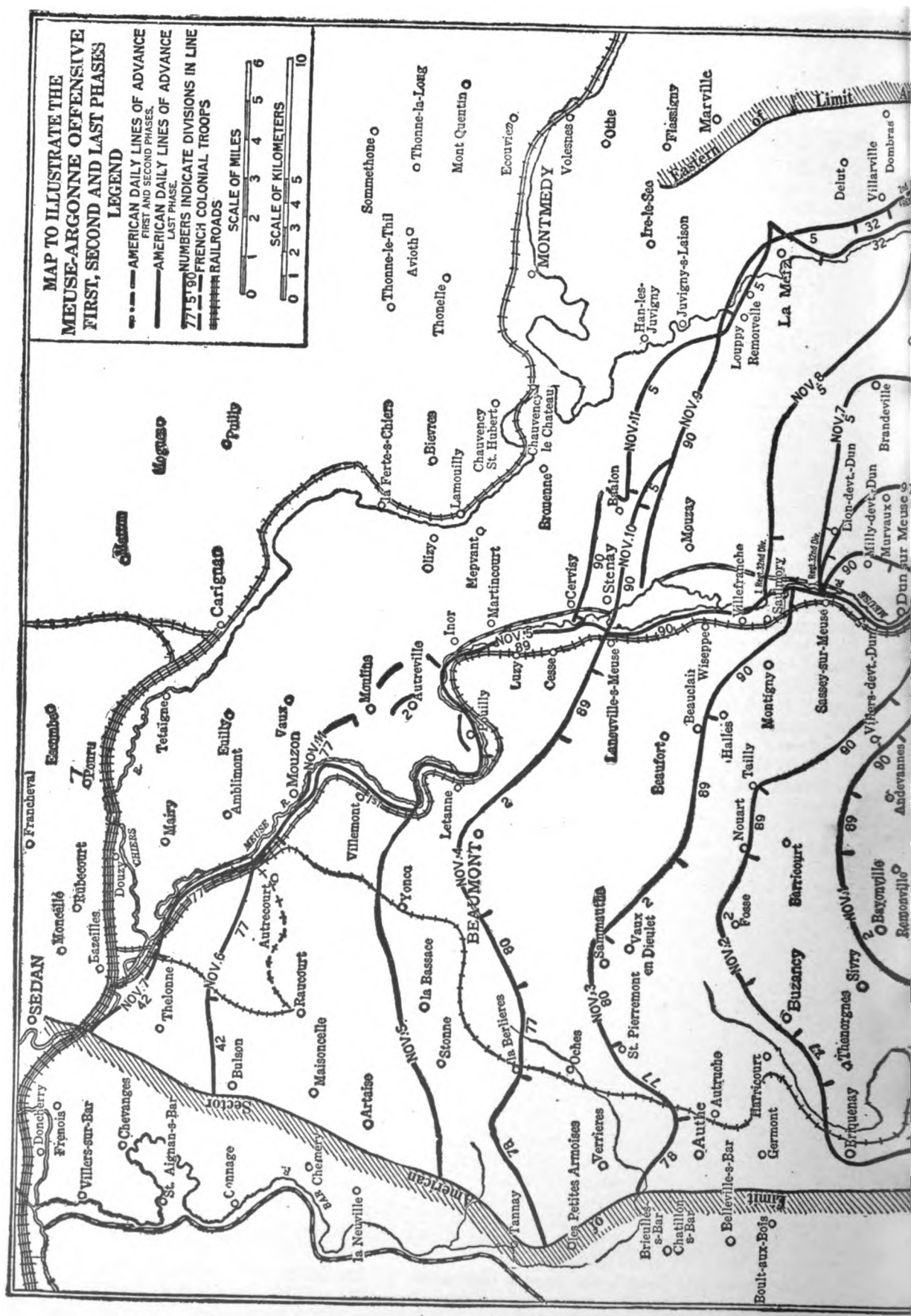
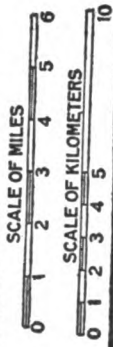
That's all!

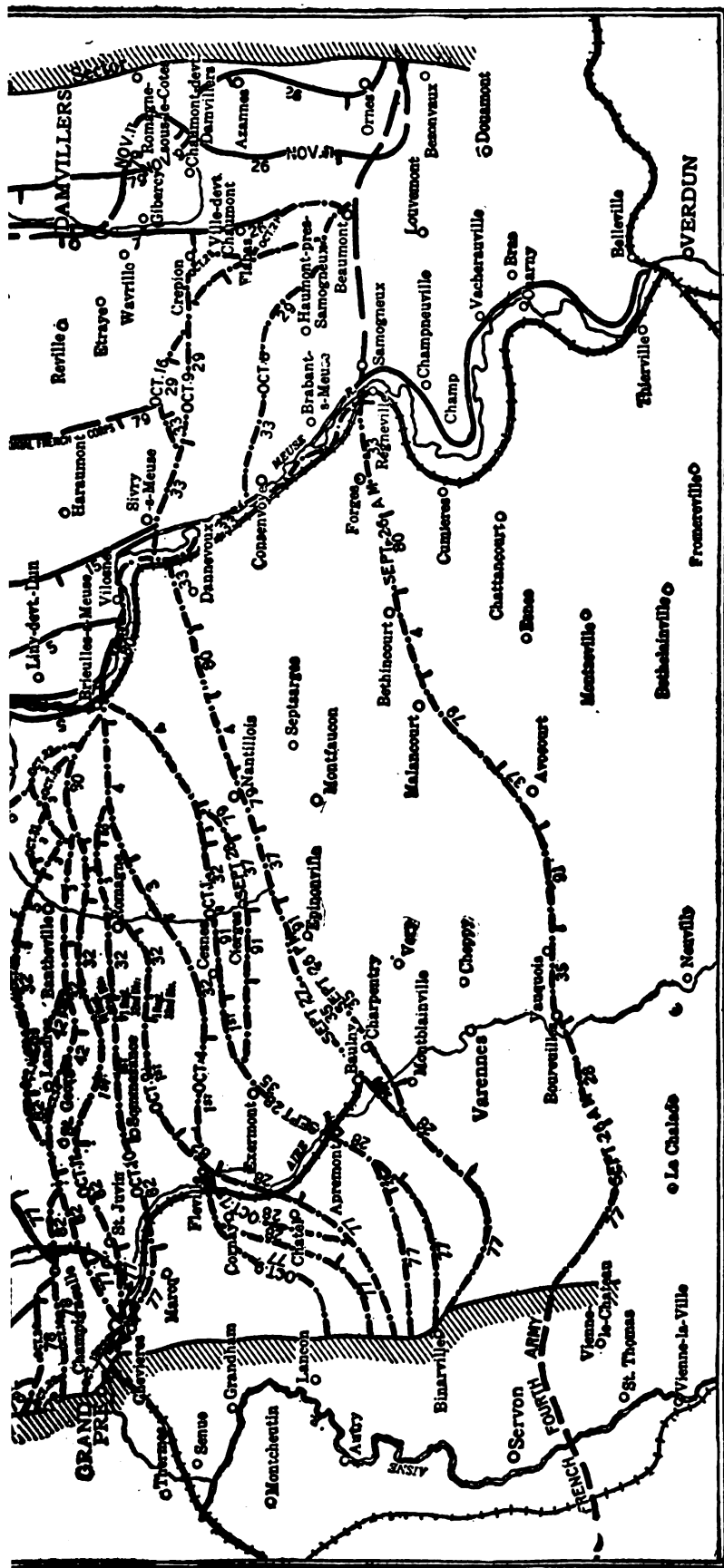
1st Sergeant! Dismiss the Company.

CAPT. A. S. HACKETT, C. of E.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE FIRST, SECOND AND LAST PHASES

LEGEND
 - - - - - AMERICAN DAILY LINES OF ADVANCE
 FIRST AND SECOND PHASES.
 ——— AMERICAN DAILY LINES OF ADVANCE
 LAST PHASE.
 77 15 90 NUMBERS INDICATE DIVISIONS IN LINE
 77 15 90 FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS
 ===== RAILROADS





THE GREATEST BATTLEGROUND IN AMERICAN HISTORY. MAP OF THE ARGONNE-MEUSE STRUGGLE
COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS

One of the most terrific struggles of the whole war occurred in the region between the Argonne Forest and the Meuse River during the closing months of the conflict. This gigantic battle raged practically without interruption from July 18 to Nov. 11, 1918. The story of it was told from month to month by well-known war correspondents, but now for the first time it is possible to present a connected and unified narrative of it from official sources. It was in this great final offensive that Marshal Foch paid the American troops the compliment of letting them bear the brunt of the German counter-offensive, a veritable hell of cannon fire, and the following narrative shows them smashing through line after line of the enemy's defenses and driving Germany's proudest troops into positions of such peril that the petition for an armistice was the only logical solution:

COMPANY "A" 23rd ENGINEERS

CHARLES L. HOFFMAN
FRANCIS C. BISHOP

HAROLD L. FISH
JOHN T. WINKHAUS
Members, N. Y. Stock Exchange

STANLEY W. BURKE

WM. C. VAN ANTWERP
ALBERT R. FISH
THEODORE F. REYNOLDS
Spec's

VAN ANTWERP, BISHOP & FISH
Mills Building
15 BROAD STREET

New York, January 22, 1920.

Robert M. Stack, Esq.,
Union Special Machine Co.,
400 No. Franklin Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stack:

I have your circular letter in regard to the book published by Company "A," with its foot notes, saying you think I might be interested. I most certainly am and take great pleasure in enclosing my check to pay for one copy.

I have exchanged several letters with our old friend Capt. Davy of the outfit and intend to keep in touch with you all through him as long as his patience and good will holds out, which I hope will be always.

Very soon after leaving you I got a commission in the Regular Army and was attached to the French Staff, but my most precious recollections of my year in France are connected inevitably with dear old Company "A" and the boys. And the gold Engineers' insignia you fellows gave me is much my most precious possession and will always be so to my son and myself.

My sincerest good wishes and regards to all of the outfit and always to yourself, in happiest memory of old times.

Very sincerely,

HENRY F. GODFREY.

HEADQUARTERS 23RD ENGINEERS

Camp Devens, Mass., June 13, 1919.

From: Commanding Officer, 23rd Engineers.

To: Members of 23rd Engineers.

Subject: Services of regiment in A. E. F.

1. The service of this regiment having been finished, and its dissolution near at hand, the writer wishes to congratulate it as such, and each and every member of same on having most successfully carried out the work for which it was organized. This was accomplished in spite of numerous difficulties, some of which at times seemed almost insurmountable, but splendid spirit, loyal co-operation and untiring energy on the part of all triumphed. It is fully appreciated that many men had service much below their capability, and that many could not be rewarded as they deserved, but all have the priceless satisfaction of duty well done. What anyone did was not so important as how he did it, and that he did his part, whatever it may have been. This seemed to be fully appreciated by the men of this regiment and was more than any other one thing responsible for its highly creditable record. With that lesson so well learned, the successes of members of the 23rd Engineers in civil life soon to follow should be large and many. I feel that it was an honor and privilege to have commanded the 23rd Engineers, and desire to express my sincere thanks and appreciation for loyal service rendered.

My best wishes go with each and every one as we separate and again take up our civil duties.

Sincerely,

FREDERICK B. KERR,

Colonel of Engineers.



My dear Editor:

You know how Jane Bulley and I feel about the Company "A," 23rd Engineers. so I, for one, am delighted at being chosen a sponsor.

Miss Bulley is still in France (I came home in November because of the death of my father), but as far as I am concerned, you may print the letter.

Under separate cover the sketch I made is on its way, and with this letter I will mail a photograph of myself.

I hope all this reaches you in time and please remember me to Company "A." It was quite the nicest time we had in France, and neither of us will ever forget any of you.

Sincerely,



226 Fifth Ave., New York City.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
HEADQUARTERS SERVICES OF SUPPLY.
Office Chief of Chemical Warfare Service.

May 19, 1919.

From: Chief of Chemical Warfare Service, A. E. F.

To: Commanding Officer, 23rd Engineers, A. E. F.

Subject: Farewell to the Regiment.

1. I have learned today that the first portion of your regiment is leaving for a port of embarkation for return to the United States. This is to be, therefore, a farewell note.

2. Will you please express for me, to each unit of the regiment, my hearty appreciation and gratitude for all their efforts and successes while the regiment was under my command? Their devotion and loyal performance of duties, no matter how disagreeable and onerous, will always constitute a bright spot in my recollections of the war. From all sides I have heard also commendation of the way in which these men have performed their duties in France, not only in the rear areas, but also when they were so fortunate as to form a part of our victorious front line troops.

3. I feel certain, from what I know of the G. H. Q. policy, that had the war continued during the present season hundreds of the enlisted personnel of the regiment would have served as commissioned officers, not only in the Engineers, but also of the Artillery and other services. From what I saw of them while in the regiment, I know that they were capable of so serving, with credit to themselves and to the country. However, the fact that men of such high technical ability and standing in their respective communities should have volunteered to serve in the ranks shows that they came to France for a higher purpose than self-advancement. They are, therefore, returning home with a true soldier's greatest reward, the consciousness of a war time duty well performed.

4. Please extend my congratulations and best wishes to every member of the regiment.

E. E. JOHNSTON, Colonel, C. W. S.

Chief of Chemical Warfare Service.

A Postscript

A few notes still need threshing out. The history of Co. "A" is finally being published and we hope to break even. From the letters we received it is evident that the company with the "highest personnel" in the A. E. F. has more than returned to its pre-war status—most of us are at least battling even with old H. C. L. and some knocking him cold.

We find R. D. Wilson, Andy Lush, Jimmie Cameron, Paul Zink, Carl Hartley and our old friend Mill, doing this battling double. (H. C. L. of course.)

Brawley, McCarthy and Shorty Ortig decided to leave it to Uncle Sam once more and joined the Air Service. Bill Ellington is the Principal of Biggs' Cal., High School and Stracken, Professor of Civil Engineering at Kansas Univ., while Joe Ayers' letterhead "knocks 'em all cold." (Write him for one.)

You'll find the Skipper in business in New Orleans, care of Whitney Bldg. Write him—you'll meet another Regular Fellow in civies (we sure did.) Joe, I guess, is lost in the sage-brush and cactus, Traxie in Clinton, N. C., while our friend Shorty is getting thin chasing razorbacks in Blytheville, Ark. (the burg we have to thank for our old supply sergeant, Mitch, as usual, he's just out, at least we haven't heard from him.)

Even our old friend, The Draft Dodger, is among our clients—he shouldn't kick—gave him a whole page here and Petite also mentions him in the Argonne article. Any one in need of a good office boy or chain man write him—you have my permission. The same holds true for Rider. That's my contribution of personalities, hope you'll pardon it, but I couldn't resist—they worked on the Laziest Man in "A" Co. long enough.

Coming back to the History. To date, (goes to press tomorrow) everything is in except the Frontispiece by Miss McMein, as the original was lost, but we have hopes. The Diary ends May 29, 1919 (Doc's back got sore that date waiting for Gov. Johnson's Native Son's discharge.) Tried to pick out the snap-shots with the greatest variety and number of Company in, but if I failed in your individual case, blame your

own modesty. We can't accuse old man McCreedy or Zinc of this, though. Have only had one kick about the price, but our books are always open and this reminds me of an appreciation due. Of course first and foremost we must again more than thank the Rescuer and God-father of our little effort, Capt. A. S. Hackett, and when you Volunteers are looking down into those eyes that peer up at you so trustfully, don't fail to mention that you met and knew one regular Wearer of the Sam Browne belt and he was your Skipper, all Man and a Regular Fellow. Next, the men who have contributed their efforts and time since discharged, and finally those regular buddies who, noticing the (if not, five men lost) clause in our circular letter crying for \$6.50 per, came back with such replies as Sarg Coates, my old Royaumeix mentor, "just make that a six-man loss. I'm with you both heart and check-book." Others with similar grateful strains, will mention Bob Gray, Andy Lush, Dick Powers, Ray Cowan, Roy McPharlin, Norm Malsness, and many more to date. (We're still liable to take them up at that—have an even hundred orders in but Pay Day ought to avalanche us.)

Two more ideas the letters brought forth. We need a permanent organization and a convention date and site. Taking the bull by the horns: how does the following appeal as a temporary organization until the Convention meets and appoints a permanent board.

The Co. "A" 23rd Engineers Society

Hon. Pres.....A. S. Hackett
Temp. Acting Pres.....Dennie Bergin
Temp. Acting Vice-Pres.....John Bjorkman
Temp. Act. Sec. and Treas.....Pete McGinnity

(Tiny and I don't rate jobs as we elected the above—all with permanent addresses and the Actives here in Chicago.)

But if anyone else wants a job attend the submitted Convention date and site as follows:

NOVEMBER 12-13-14
CHICAGO, ILL.

Most of the men are in the Highway game and things are frozen up about that date

and you'll all have spare cash after a full year's effort and Chicago is as centrally located as one can find.

Write your opinions on this to the Secy., Pete McGinnity, 508 So. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, and thresh it out, but from the general consensus of opinions that date and site comes as nearly satisfying all as can any. Keep Pete lined on your change of addresses (and circumstances, too, if necessary for it is only natural that some of us may go down while others will go up and I know, be in a position to help any former

member of the old gang—and more than willing to) so make it a point to keep in touch with Pete and accept the Committees' wishes of a very prosperous year and may they prosper more and more as reminiscences of old "A" Co. grow dimmer and dimmer, which we hope need not happen even after the last one of us has answered the Final Taps.

Your old comrade and buddy,

BOB STACK.

Chicago, Jan. 28, 1920.

Convention
Nov. 12-13-14, 1920
Chicago, Ill.

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