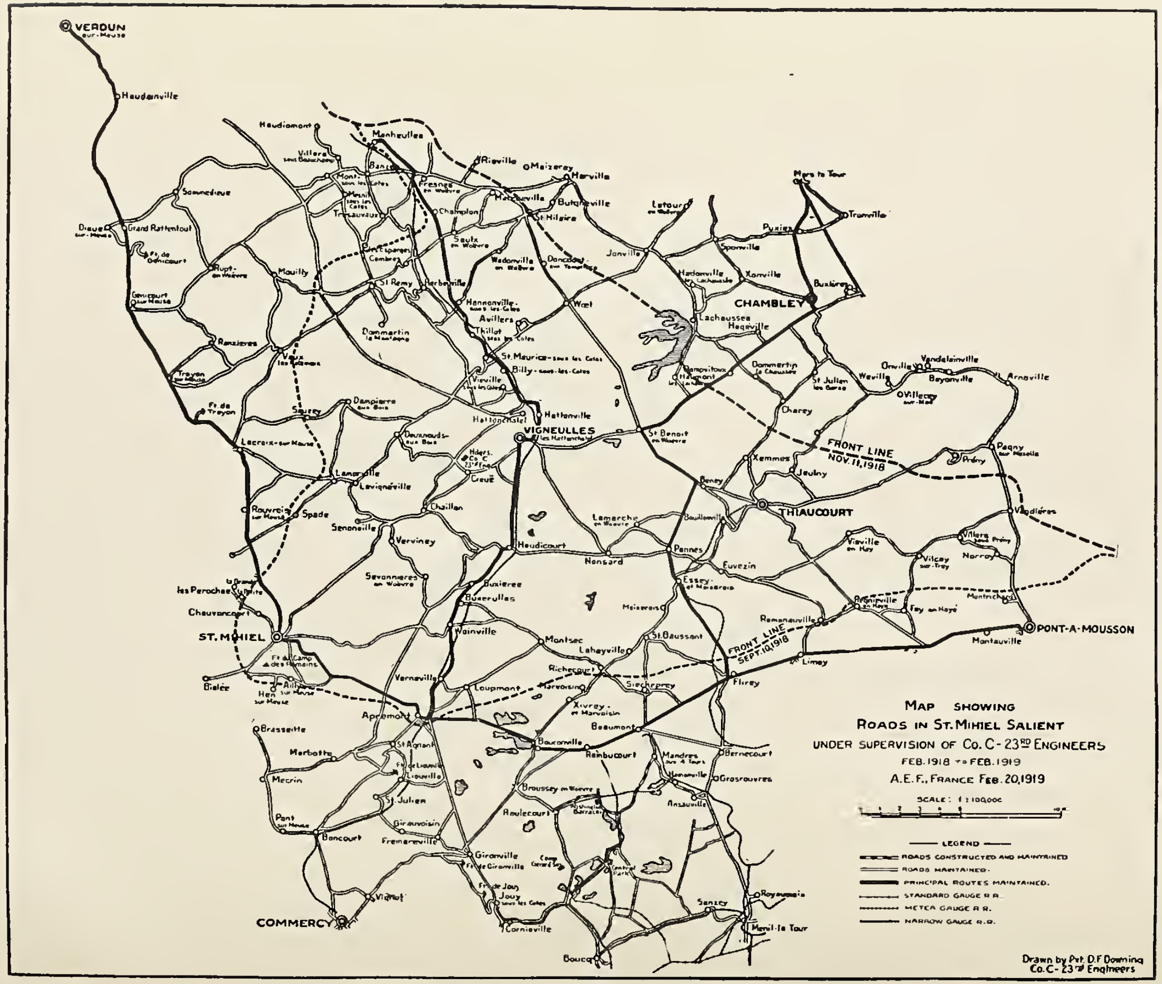
"C" COMPANY OUR BOOK

TWENTY-THIRD ENGINEERS


MAP SHOWING
ROADS IN ST. MIHIEL SALIENT
UNDER SUPERVISION OF CO. C - 23RD ENGINEERS
FEB. 1918 TO FEB. 1919
A.E.F., FRANCE FEB. 20, 1919
SCALE: 1:100,000
LEGEND
ROADS CONSTRUCTED AND MAINTAINED
ROADS MAINTAINED
PRINCIPAL ROUTES MAINTAINED
STANDARD GAUGE R.R.
METER GAUGE R.R.
NARROW GAUGE R.R.
Drawn by Pvt. D.F. Downing
Co. C - 23rd Engineers
FRONT LINE NOV. 11, 1918
FRONT LINE SEPT. 10, 1918
VERDUN sur-Meuse
Haudainville
ST. MIHIEL
VIGNEULLES
THIAUCOURT
CHAMBLEY
PONT-A-MOUSSON
COMMERCY
Apremont
Heudicourt
Nonsard
Pannes
Montsec
Seicheprey
Flirey
Limey
Mars la Tour
Tronville
Hattonville
St. Benoit
Jonville
Woel
Mouilly
Sommedieue
Manheulles
Fresnes en Woevre
Rupt en Woevre
Lamorville
Spada
Bouconville
Beaumont
Rambucourt
Xivray et Marvoisin
Richecourt
Lahayville
Essey et Maizerais
Euvezin
Beney
Xammes
Jaulny
Charey
Pagny sur Moselle
Arnaville
Vandelainville
Bayonville
Vandières
Norroy
Montauville
Bernecourt
Grosrouvres
Mandres aux 4 Tours
Ansauville
Boucq
Sanzey
Royaumeix
Menil-la-Tour
Corniéville
Jouy sous les Cotes
Girauvoisin
Boncourt
Pont sur Meuse
Mecrin
Marbotte
Brasseitte
Bislée
Chauvoncourt
Vigneulles
Creuë
Chaillon
Senonville
Varvinay
Seuzey
Dompierre aux Bois
Ranzières
Troyon sur Meuse
Ft. de Troyon
Lacroix-sur-Meuse
Dieue sur-Meuse
Grand Rattentout
Génicourt sur Meuse
Heudiomont
St. Remy
Thillot sous les Cotes
Avillers
Hannonville-sous-les-Cotes
Doncourt
Latour en Woëvre
Puxieux
Sponville
Xonville
Buxières
Lachaussee
Hageville
Dommartin la Chaussée
St Julien les Gorze
Waville
Onville
Villecey sur Mad
Prény
Vilcey sur Trey
Viéville en Haye
Regniéville en Haye
Remenauville
Fay en Haye
Montrichard
Busserulles
Buxières
Woinville
Varnéville
Loupmont
Broussey en Woevre
Raulecourt
Gironville
Frémeréville
St Julien
Liouville
St Agnant
Vignot
Lamarche en Woevre
Bouillonville
Maizerais
St. Baussant
Maizeray
Harville
Butgnéville
St. Hilaire
Riéville
Champlon
Saulx en Woevre
Wadonville en Woëvre
Herbeuville
Combres
Mont sous les Cotes
Villers sous Bonchamp
Dommartin la Montagne
Vaux les Palameix
St. Maurice sous les Cotes
Billy sous les Cotes
Viéville sous les Côtes
Hattonchatel
Deuxnouds aux Bois
Rouvrois sur Meuse
Sevonnières en Woevre
les Paroches

"C" COMPANY
OUR BOOK

Of the Company: For the Company
By the Company

"We build the roads where others march to glory,
Brothers in danger, suffering and cold:
They are the heroes of a world-wide story—
Ours is a story that is never told.

Is the game hard? The better worth the playing;
We are the men who meet and conquer chance.
Victory treads the roads that we are laying;
Justice is coming, Belgium, Peace, O France."

—*Amelia J. Burr.*

"C" Company 23rd Regiment of United States Highway Engineers.
In the United States and France, November 1917, to June, 1919.

Dedicated
to
Our Friendships in
the Army

THIS, OUR BOOK,

is only incidentally a history. We claim for it neither historical nor engineering value. It is written neither for public entertainment nor as a library reference book. Its authors are various and numerous and will be their own readers. No effort has been made to follow any rules of literature. OUR BOOK lacks continuity. It has no set style.

OUR BOOK is written to preserve the memories of our association as a company gathered from many States of the Union.

For OUR BOOK we offer no apologies to its readers—ourselves.

INTRODUCTION

I DEEM it a special privilege that I am permitted to add the introduction to this, your history, C Company. You really wrote this history into your lives between the fall of 1917 and June, 1919, part of it in this country but most of it in France. It has now been put on paper and the opportunity I have had in helping to gather the material together has given me real pleasure. Now that it is finished I want to take this time to say to you, officially, what has been in my mind and my heart since we all came home. And because I shared with you the littleness and the bigness of it, and, after the armistice, the flatness of it, too, I am sure you will forgive me if I sometimes say "we" where I should say "you."

You enlisted for building highways in France and went over for "the good of your own souls" and the defeat of the Germans, though you only admitted the latter. And while you were there you did your "bit" and came home infinitely richer than when you went. You did the usual amount of complaining, had the usual disappointments of men who went for specialized work and were given little opportunity to do it, and did your full share of whatever was given you to do. It was hard for you in more than physical hardship. You had enlisted, feeling that this one job of road building you did know how to do and in this work you could give the best you had in you to give. Then many of you were put at unskilled labor and you often saw your work being done by incompetents when you knew how it should have been done. I saw this happen in other units and in other organizations than the army and I watched it in your camp and it gave me much to think about. We all know now that much of what we called mismanagement was unavoidable because the job was so big and there was so much need for haste. But I could not help wishing that every man over there might have come back to this country at the finish, having been given the chance to do the work he knew best how to do and knowing he had done it well. It would have meant a returning army that would have left no need for "reconstruction" in this country. But that could not be and C Company came, like all the rest, uncertain as to just what you had done or for how much it had counted. You had seen a very small part of the big game you had played. You had been very close to your part—too close to see it in its relation to the rest.

And now, after two years and more, I hope the vision is beginning to come that you did in France the thing there was most need for your doing. And that now it is over, it has prepared you for a greater work. No man could go through such an experience and remain the same. There were those that army life brutalized but they were few and this Company, I think, had none of them. So far as I have been able to judge it has not even "made bums of you," as you so often said it would. The alternative is a bigger, broader vision. Having offered even your lives, if need be, and had them given back to you, you must feel that these lives stand for something worth while. For us who went to France and came back life can never be quite the same. The Britisher we knew is not a descendant of some one who fought our ancestors in 1776 (that having been done by the Prussians as King George could not find Englishmen to do it), but he is a human person who may now be living in Scotland or Canada or Australia. International relations have a very different meaning than

once they did. Our neighbors may live as far away as a little village in France. So I hope the old wound of disappointment has healed and that you are coming to a realization of your larger citizenship—and your power. The future of our country for this generation and the next lies in the hands of the A.E.F. and you can make it what you will—you who have answered the bugle calls in France and stood shoulder to shoulder on foreign soil to sing your own national anthem. It gives me a safe sort of feeling, when I hear people speak of Bolshevism in this country, to think of you, scattered from coast to coast, because I know your brand of "Bolshevism" and I've seen it work.

And now just a little, C Company, to make you understand what you did for me. I may as well say in the beginning what you all know I am going to say: that it *is* the best Company that ever went crusading into a foreign land. Can't I prove it by each of you that, yourself excepted, it is? And you can all prove it by me. How else would I have this to tell you.

I had been in France for more than five months when I was left on your front door step one rainy Sunday afternoon, in October, 1918, a very homesick person for just a little touch of "The States" somewhere. I had had some unhappy experiences and disappointments much like your own and I think the powers higher up sent me to you for discipline. Central Park was a very damp place in a rain but mess in the officers quarters and an evening in the canteen were more like "home" than anything I had experienced since sailing from New York. You will never know how I struggled with your names and how many of them I never did fit to your faces until we started home. But faces and personalities were more easily kept together and personalities were never submerged in our army. It was that fact which won for you your Bolshevist fame. You had always done your own thinking and acted "on your own" and a few months of army discipline didn't seem to change you. It was hard on the red tape and the tempers of your superiors.

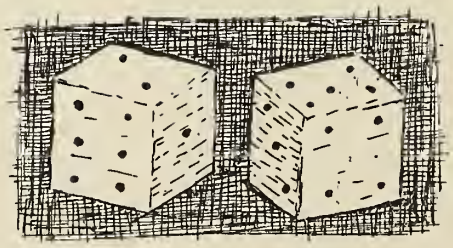
I had been so homesick that it was well I did not know then that women were not wanted in camp by many of you. But you did not let me find that out. You camouflaged it well and long after, when I did know, it had lost its sting. With conditions as they were there must have been times when you wished me elsewhere but I never was made to feel that. And so I came to share your camp and your life. You told me of all that had gone before until I felt a part of it. You laughed at me and fried doughnuts for me and kept me busy most of the time. At one thing I have always marveled—the frankly normal way in which you accepted the abnormal. Your life was outside the range of anyone's former experience and you accepted it as such, without selfconsciousness. You took things as they came and made the best of them. When nothing could be made of them you accepted that too. You were cheerful when you might have been discouraged; you were clean when there was little water and that little, cold; you lived sanely when anything else would have been easier; you kept your morale when there was nothing to help you; and you not only made "bricks without straw," you made something out of nothing. Our camp was more than a camp. You put personality into it and made it a home, so that any visitor for a day or an hour felt it. You didn't lose your sense of humor nor your faith in yourselves, and what came you took standing, and usually with a grin.

It was something of a privilege to have lived with you for seven months. If you took me in quietly at first I appreciated the sincere growth of your friendship. When you tramped over the hills with me or gave me a place on the seat of your truck it wasn't what I saw or where we went that counted most, but that you were ready to share it with me, and that I could see it through your experience. It was most unusual for a woman to see any war at such close range and this war most of all. You furnished the reason for my being there and then interpreted it for me.

But I am grateful for more than your being a reason. I liked your unspoken compliment to my biscuits and doughnuts—when you came back for "seconds." I still have the souvenirs you gave me, every one, and my Christmas watch is my most treasured possession. I enjoyed your songs and your stories and I miss them yet. I am still homesick for the house you built for me and for the things you salvaged to help make it comfortable. And the conferences you held in my kitchen while I cooked and you sat on the boxes and discussed everything from styles "back home" to peace terms, have helped me to understand people better and to love you more. No distance would be too great for me to go to serve chocolate at one of your evening "smokers" if you could all come in before "taps." And the highest compliment you paid me was when you made me understand you *wanted* me at your ball games. I'm saving my "bones" for another game some day, for I'm sure you will still be patient with a beginner. But the greatest thing you did for me was to share with me your friendships. Nothing greater came out of this war than the friendships of the army. To have seen this and to have felt it and even more, to have shared it with you—well, it was more than worth anything I may have done, any hardships I may have endured. It was even worth the heartache you left me when you waved your farewell from Brest harbor. If I have tried not to lose you since we came home it is because it has been hard to let you go.

MOTHER BURD.
(Known in civil life as Priscilla P. Burd)

Kansas City, Mo.
February, 1922.



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ENGINEERING NEWS-RECORD

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO CIVIL ENGINEERING
AND CONTRACTING

Volume 79 — NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1917 — Number 14

Road Builders!

The National Army Needs You—*Now!*

Engineering News-Record has been called upon by the Commanding Officer of the Twenty-Third Engineers, National Army, to mobilize the road-building engineers and contractors of the country in a Nation-wide drive to secure experienced men for the new highway construction regiment of 10,500 volunteers, now being formed for immediate service in the war zone of France.

In the new regiment no pick and shovel men are wanted; the heavy manual labor will be done by German prisoners and service battalions. Recruits must be experienced in some line of road construction, or mechanics skilled in operating road-building plant. A limited clerical staff also is needed. Further details will be found in the official statement on the following page.

Everybody Can Help

(1) If you are qualified by experience for active service fill in and mail the blank form on the next page.

(2) If not qualified for enlistment get at least one man to volunteer. You can be of immense help in this way even if you yourself are too old to serve.

(3) Get this announcement printed in your local newspapers. *This is exceedingly important.*

(4) Have your local engineering society form a recruiting committee. Call a special meeting to get action at once.

(5) *State and city officials*—Carry the recruiting campaign to contractors who are doing your work.

(6) *Contractors* — See that a few men of your organization respond to this call

(7) Use this page as a poster in your office, or ask us for reprints.

Load Must Be Distributed

Every contractor can contribute a *few* men without disrupting his organization. Do your share. Show that the nation's engineers and contractors, who opened the eyes of the world by the record-breaking construction of the Army cantonments, can also man this new highway unit with the pick of the construction men of America.

If every one puts his shoulder to the wheel the volunteers needed will be secured over night, *and no single job or organization will suffer.*

Mature Men Needed as Bosses

For men under 40 with the proper road-building experience, the prospect for promotion to non-commissioned and special ranks is excellent. Practically all construction men, who have the ability will be assigned, *not as Laborers, but as Bosses of gangs, which will include German prisoners.*

Men of Draft Age Acceptable

Even if within the draft age limits you can volunteer for the highway regiment if you have not already been called by your local board.

You can *not* volunteer if you have been called in the draft, or exempted.

You must be in good physical condition.

Your Opportunity

Here is your opportunity to help the Country along the lines of your specialty. We know that the Nation will not call upon its Road Builders in vain.

Read on the following page the official message from Colonel E. N. Johnston, commanding the 23rd Engineers, to readers of Engineering News-Record.

Experienced Highway Construction Men
for Service in France

[THIS STATEMENT IS AUTHORIZED BY COLONEL JOHNSTON, COMMANDING THE 23RD ENGINEERS]

Men who have had experience in any branch of road construction are offered an opportunity to see early service in France in special road-building battalions of the United States Army by recruiting plans here announced. These battalions will be required to repair and maintain the highways near the fighting front, over which tremendous traffic is operated continuously. They will also build new strategic highways in the war zone. Consequently, these troops, all volunteers, will be in the thick of the greatest activities.

The new battalions are constituted as regular military units and as a part of the regular army organization. They are fully armed and will be required in emergencies to fight along with other troops. Generally, however, they will be occupied with road work.

The battalions will form a part of the 23rd Regiment of Engineers of the new National Army. This regiment will eventually have a strength of about 10,500 men—more than an ordinary brigade—and will, so far as is at present known, be the largest in the army. It will be commanded by Col. E. N. Johnston of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

Many Worth-While Jobs

There will be more highly-paid and high-ranking non-commissioned officers in the regiment, it is believed, than in any other. There will, therefore, be more openings for men of education and practical experience than is usually the case.

The organization of the battalions is as nearly the same as that of large contracting forces as is feasible. Modern road-building machinery has been fully provided, including rock-crushing plants, steam shovels, road rollers, tractors, graders, motor trucks and pumps. A full line of dump wagons, wheel and drag scrapers and similar dirt-moving equipment also will be available. Shops for the repair and maintenance of all the plant and equipment will be operated close to the front.

Much of the plant used on road work in America is new to European engineers, while the methods also are quite different from those used abroad. A great opportunity is thus offered to demonstrate what skilled Americans can do with modern equipment, and the regiment which is now being recruited must include men to operate the necessary construction plant, to man the shops and, as non-commissioned officers, to handle the forces.

Who Can Qualify

For the non-commissioned officer positions men are required who can qualify in private life in the following lines. Superintendents and assistant superintendents of highway, bridge and quarry work, of mechanical plant and of transportation; chief clerks, material men, stock men, timekeepers; foremen for concrete, road, bridge and quarry work; powder men, riggers, carpenters, iron workers, surveyors and draftsmen.

For the enlisted personnel it is desired to secure men skilled and experienced in one or more of the following occupations: Surveyors, draftsmen, clerks, stenographers, axmen, blacksmiths, blacksmiths' helpers, machinists, gas-engine operators and repairers, crusher operators, hand driller, drill runner (air drills), quarrymen, powdermen, masons, teamsters, pile-driver operators, concrete, form, road and bridge men; tractor operators (gasoline), grader operators (blading and elevating graders), bridge carpenters, motor-truck drivers, chauffeurs, cooks, motor-truck and automobile repair men, pipe fitters, electricians, horseshoers, tailors, shoemakers, musicians (bugle, fife or drum), mechanics, telephone operators, steamfitters, tool sharpeners, ditchers, boatmen (builders and caulkers), shovel runners (gasoline), barbers, veterinarians, French interpreters, bituminous road men, iron workers, riggers, general utility men capable of driving automobiles, motor trucks and all types of gasoline-driven machinery.

Any male American citizen between 18 and 40 years of age, and who has not actually been called by a local board in the draft, is eligible for enlistment in these special battalions, if acceptable physically. All men must first enlist as privates, the rate of pay being $33 per month and expenses. Men with the necessary experience may be assigned to special duties and given non-commissioned rank at rates of pay ranging from $40.20 to $96.00 per month and expenses. The latter include, for both privates and non-commissioned officers, food, clothing, medical attendance and transportation. Those who enlist will be eligible immediately for promotion, according to their ability and as openings occur. Men who are specially well qualified and recommended will be given definite promise of advancement to higher grades when their enlistment is authorized.

Officers are Specialists

Colonel Johnston, who will command the regiment, was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point at the head of the class of 1901. After service on road and bridge work in the Philippine Islands and river and harbor work in the United States, he served as an instructor at West Point and as an assistant to the Chief of Engineers at Washington.

The first two battalions are commanded by Majors I. C. Moller and Henry H. Stickney. Major Moller received his engineering education in France. He has been engaged exclusively in highway work for the last ten years, and for three years has been chief engineer for an American company doing road work in all parts of the world. In this capacity he has been called upon to act as consulting engineer for the governments of almost every Central and South American republic.

Major Stickney was educated at Clarkson College of Technology, Potsdam, N. Y. Since 1906 he has been engaged on state highway work in New York and on the New York State Barge Canal. He has also had considerable experience as consulting engineer in road and water-supply construction. He is a graduate of the Engineer Officers' Training School at Fort Leavenworth and a member of the New York State National Guard.

Captain F. S. Skinner, regimental adjutant, is a graduate of the United States Military Academy. Thus the regiment will be under the direction of those who have fully demonstrated their ability in highway and construction work.

Full information regarding steps that must be taken to enlist in this regiment may be secured from the Commanding Officer, 23d Engineers, National Army, 1419 F. St., Washington, D. C., by mailing the following information to him.

Fill in This Form, by Typewriter if possible, and Mail Today, to

COMMANDING OFFICER, 23rd ENGINEERS, NATIONAL ARMY,
1419 F Street, Washington, D. C.

(1) Name ..... (2) Address .....

(3) Age .....(4) Nationality.....

(5) Married or single.....(6) Have you been called in the draft?.....

(7) Will you enlist for period of the War?.....(8) State briefly your road-building or other construction experience .....

.....

(9) What machinery can you operate?.....

(10 Your present or a former employer must certify to your qualifications by signing here.....

....

SIGNATURE OF EMPLOYER EMPLOYER'S ADDRESS FOR TELEGRAMS

Early History

Topeka, December 14, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Burd:

I will give you in this letter all such points as I can remember on the original history of C Company.

This Company was organized at Camp Meade, Md., about the week Oct. 14 to 21st, 1917, being the 5th Company formed. The regiment at that time was quartered in P. Block.

Original Officers:

Capt. Walter V. Buck
1st Lieuts., Louis S. Bruner, Joe J. Estill
2nd Lieuts., David M. Cooper, Allen S. McMaster

Lieut. Estill took up the work of outfitting the men of the Company. This proved to be quite a job at the start, for supplies were coming in slowly and the Company started off with about 75 men. No one in the Company had ever had any experience with clothing slips and the keeping of such records, but these difficulties gradually worked out and at the end of my short stay with the Company we were getting "our share" of such clothes as the Regiment was able to secure.

Lieut. Bruner took over the establishment of an eatable mess. The original Mess Sergeant was a mighty capable man, and while I can remember his face, his name is entirely gone. Anyway when I went from the Company their mess reputation was O. K., which is saying a good deal for any outfit, old or new.

The original drill work fell to Lts. Cooper, McMaster, Bruner, and myself. Lt. Cooper also worked a large portion of his time at Regimental headquarters on "personnel work."

The first Acting Top-Sergt. was George P. Trax. He was soon taken over by Regimental Headquarters as a Master Engineer, and C Company lost one of the finest gentlemen the Regiment held. The Top-Sergeant's duties fell to Claud H. Sentz. Sentz was a previous service man and knew the army game well, but life rested lightly on his shoulders and a few prosperous attacks with the "gallopers" made him indifferent to the "top kick" job, and, as an old war horse (I can't remember his name) showed up at this time we passed the duties on to him, and made him Sgt. with the rank of Top-Sgt. He was therefore Co. "C's" first Top-Sgt.

The getting out of the first payroll was quite a job. We had no typewriter and no money to buy one, and didn't have an operator or stenographer in the Company to run it if we had been fortunate enough to get hold of one. We finally arranged to work evenings and odd times with a machine from Regimental Headquarters and Walter C. Tabor (afterwards a Sgt. at Regt'l Hdqrs. and later Sgt. Major of the wagon train) to operate it.

The Company was putting in its nine hours a day drilling all this time, with reveille and retreat extra.

Col. Johnston offered a $100.00 cash prize to the best drilled Company, to be decided in a competitive drill. This drill to take place on Nov. 11th, 1917. In this drill we were competing with Companies at least three weeks older than ours and we

had a scant 4 weeks drill. We went on the field with 12 squads grouped for 3 platoons, with Lieuts. Bruner, Cooper and McMaster commanding them. All of our formation worked smoothly and without a hitch in spite of the fact that in the last command I gave platoons "on right" into line instead of "on left," thereby bringing the Company up in Company front with each platoon turned end for end, and in this position we stood and executed our Manual of Arms. As winner of first prize in this drill we boosted our Company fund $150.00.

Col. Johnston never, by official communication, or by personal conversation offered a word of congratulation or praise to "C" Company or any of its officers for this first attempt to do our job as best we could with the knowledge and time we had had to prepare for it.

On Monday, Nov. 12th, 1917 (the day following our competitive drill) we received orders to be ready at 10 A. M. to march the entire Company to Annapolis rifle range for target practice. This was later made 1:00 P. M. and we finally started out at 5:30 P. M. (Cos. B, C, and D) on a little better than a 25 mile hike. Our Company was ready all day but something was wrong and we couldn't get off. About 8:30 P. M. we caught up with a rolling kitchen and had our supper, then hiked until 11 P. M., bivouaced, and were on our way again at daybreak. Lots of funny things happened this first night out, for it was cold and we were all "green" at such life. The rifle range was reached during the noon hour next day. We stacked arms, went for our "gold fish" and right on out to the range to start shooting.

It was the middle of the following week, about Nov. 21st or 22nd, that I was transferred to that howling mob of an F Company which turned out to be (after a few transfers and some understandings) an A-1 Company, as demonstrated by their work later in France.

About 24 hours before the "terrible blow" fell I was called out to the bonfire where the boys were trying to keep warm, and handed a set of baby's jewelry for our infant baby Harriett who had arrived on Nov. 9th and was then with her mother at the Georgetown Hospital in Washington, D. C. All this made life harder when I was transferred away from our Company the next day.

Perhaps some of the men would care to know that Baby Harriett only stayed with us a little over twenty-seven months, having passed on after an attack of pneumonia February 25th, 1920.

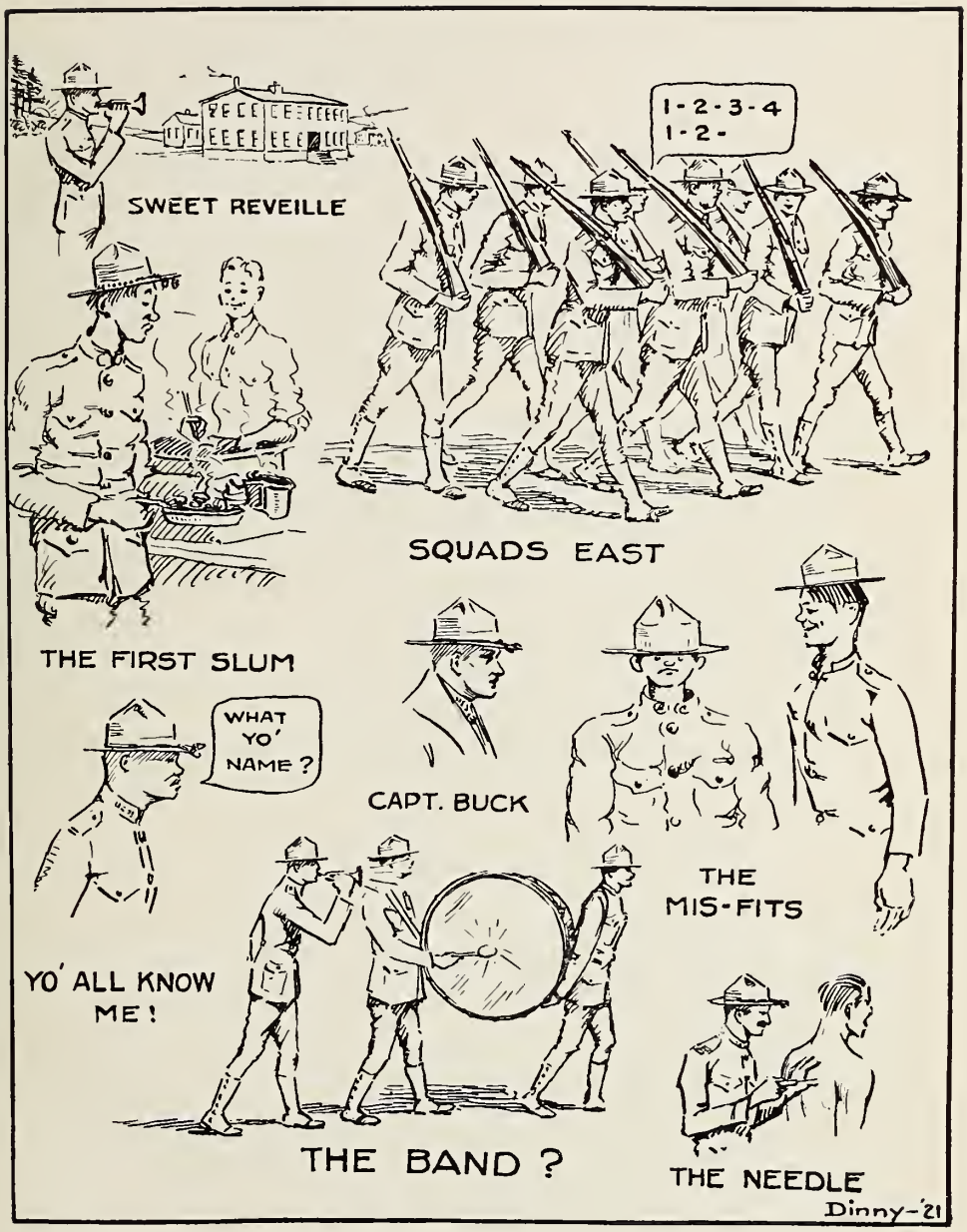
I offer an apology to all the boys whose names I have forgotten. Most of their faces are still familiar to me and I believe I would know them if I were to meet them on the street, but I later waded through the shaping of two other green Companies and had two Bat. Hdgrs. outfits to deal with, so I get somewhat muddled from not seeing or hearing of any of them for so long.

I often satisfy myself and my disappointments with this thought, which I believe will sound logical to many: "I got over, did the jobs assigned me (although maybe not always as good as someone else might), we all together 'licked Hell' out of the Kaiser, and best of all got home again, while thousands of men just as good or a little better are "pushing up the daisies in French Fields."

My best wishes to all Company "C" men and may they all have happy lives.

Very truly yours,

W. V. Buck.


SWEET REVEILLE
1-2-3-4
1-2-
SQUADS EAST
THE FIRST SLUM
WHAT YO' NAME?
CAPT. BUCK
THE MIS-FITS
YO' ALL KNOW ME!
THE BAND?
THE NEEDLE
Dinny-'21

MOVEMENTS OF THE COMPANY

While C Company had existed for some time previously it was not organized as it finally went overseas until Nov. 26th, 1917, at Camp Meade. From that date its movements were as follows:

Nov. 28—Meade to Meigs, Washington, D. C.
Dec. 4—Meigs to Washington Barracks.
1918
Jan. 10—Washington Barracks to Laurel, Md.
Jan. 20—Left Laurel in the evening.
Jan. 21—Went on board the S. S. Huron, formerly Frederick der Grosse.
Jan. 23—Left slip at Hoboken at 5:00 P. M.
Jan. 24—Sailed from harbor about 1:00 A. M.
Feb. 5—Entered harbor of Brest.
Feb. 7—Landed and entrained for St. Nazaire.
Feb. 8—Arrived at St. Nazaire.
Feb. 20—Left St. Nazaire.
Feb. 23—Arrived at Camp Gerard-Sas in the Foret de la Reine north of Toul.
Mch. 31—Moved to "Washington Barracks."
Apr. 12—Moved to "Laurel" (about half of Company).
Apr. 18—Moved to "Central Park."
Nov. 7—Moved to Creuë.
1919
Apr. 10—Left Creuë.
Apr. 13—Arrived at Camp d'Auvours (Belgian Camp) near Le Mans.
May 16—Belgian Camp to Forwarding Camp.
May 20—Left Forwarding Camp, arriving at Brest 21st.
May 29—Left Brest, arriving at Boston June 8th.
June 9—Went ashore.

MEADE TO DEVANS VIA TOUL

C-o-m-p-a-n-y-a-t-t-e-n-SHUN! S-q-u-a-d-s-r-i-g-h-t-, HARCH! One two three four one two three four one— The 23rd Regiment Band was attempting a March— The Colonel was waiting on his prancing steed (a Cadillac) to give us the once over. C Company, the first of the regiment to be permanently organized with its full quota of men and officers, was marching out of Camp Meade on the 28th day of November, 1917. This was our farewell to Camp Meade and C Company history really begins at this point. Previous to this time C Company had been a recruiting company and, while many of the original members stayed with the company, it had not been filled up and organized for overseas duty. These were the days when there were more officers than men and when some of us rated blue overcoats with red lined capes.

The first company of the Regiment was F Company. Men were started from recruiting stations about Sept. 15th, and reached Camp Meade Sept. 25th. At that time there were about 35 men in the company. Within a few days it numbered over 200.

On or about Oct. 1st D Company was organized from about 75 men from F Company. Between the 1st and 15th of October men came into Camp Meade very rapidly and Companies A, B, and C were formed.

C Company was soon built up to around 200 men and then the real work was started. Squads east and squads west, early and late, fall in, fall out, until we used to dream about it. Training was what the men needed and training was given to them in large doses.

The get-together-and-let's-go spirit that C Company had was started at this time and to Capt. Buck and Lt. Bruner should go the credit. Just why these two officers were removed the men of the Company never knew but they did know they were sorry to see them go. Capt. Buck was succeeded by Capt. Applegarth and he in turn by Capt. Burke, before we sailed for France.

During the whole month of October the men were constantly being transferred from one company to another according to their vocations in civil life. The idea was to make a complete organization for special road work in France.

By the 1st of November the 1st Battalion had received several weeks drilling and were ready for the rifle range. We were then sent to the rifle range at Annapolis, Md. This was our first real hike under a full pack. Leaving Camp Meade, E Company was in the lead and in a hurry. As a result the men were winded before half the distance was covered. Camp was made in a field along the road for the night. This was our first night in the fields and in pup-tents, the night was cold and the ground in this particular field was very hard and we were carrying two blankets. The only time two blankets were enough was when they were in a pack and on your back. Next morning the entire unit was foot sore and in anything but a good humor. The pace at the start the afternoon before had all but taken the heart out of them.

Our stay at the rifle range was worth any amount of discomfort. We were quartered in tents for the first time and it prepared the men for some of the strenuous times to come. We remained at the range for two weeks and a part of each day was spent on the targets.

Returning to Camp Meade we found that a reorganization of the entire Regiment was under way. Here we lost some of the old men of the Company and gained some new ones. The Company was filled up to full strength and three days later we started for Washington Barracks.

From Meade we hiked to Laurel, Maryland, where we cooked and ate our lunch in an open, snow covered field on the top of a wind-swept hill. Later Laurel was made the mobilization center for the regiment and we were destined to pay it another visit before the winter was over. At this point we were overtaken by a fleet of trucks and the measles. The trucks took us to Camp Meigs and the measles kept us there, quarantined, till the 4th of December, when we marched to Washington Barracks where we were again quarantined for measles, mumps and "military reasons." Our stay here was long enough to convince us that the locality was not ideal for a winter resort. We went through what was called the "hardening process."

We were in tents without floors or stoves, very cold, and wet under foot. The daily routine was drill and guard duty. We took many hikes in and around Washington which was very good for our physical condition as well as a welcome relief

THREE DAYS A WEEK

AND 10 BELOW ZERO

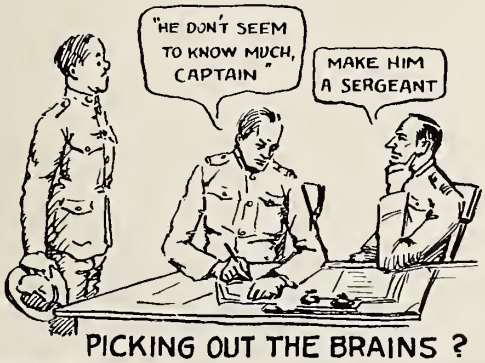
BULLETIN

ABSOLUTELY NO PASSES

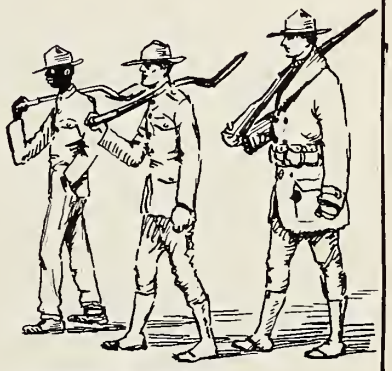
MERRY ? XMAS 1917

HAVE YOU MEN LOST ALL REASON ?

OLD GUARD FATIGUE



PICKING OUT THE BRAINS ?



MORE MISERY

Dinny-'21

from the regular routine. All through the month of December and the early part of January we expected daily to receive orders to entrain for a base port. While here we soaked up a lot of information concerning Army life and if soaked isn't the right word then it must have been frozen into us by the (according to the natives) worst winter in Washington in twenty-eight years. Here is where we learned that we could get out of the barracks without a pass by going on the ice around the end of the wall. But if the tide came in while we were gone and broke up the ice we had to think up some plausible (?) story to get back by the guard, which was easy enough if the one at the gate was a Company C man. We learned to build pontoon bridges on the old Potomac river with the weather as cold as it can possibly get on the sea coast. We also learned to tie knots and build bridges over a dry ditch. After packing and unpacking and packing again several times we finally got away and marched the twenty odd miles to Laurel on January 10th over roads covered with glare ice, stopping at noon to cook our lunch by the road-side.

At Laurel we received our final equipment and were inspected numerous times. It was said at that time that we were the first troops to be fully equipped before "going over."

On an average of twice a day we stood either a medical or equipment inspection. This camp was in excellent shape, the tents were all new and were floored and stoves and plenty of wood were supplied.

The mess at this camp was very poor. During our stay here L Company had the pleasure of feeding us and for the way they fed us they have never been forgiven.

Finally the entire First Battalion was reviewed and we entrained on the evening of the 20th of January, 1918. With all shades drawn and no lights allowed we were all night reaching the New Jersey Central Terminal in Jersey City from which we went by ferry to the Hoboken Docks where we boarded the Good Ship Huron, Ex Prince Frederick der Grosse, on the 21st. About 5:00 in the evening of the 23rd we left the slip with all hands below deck and sailed out of the harbor early the next morning.

Notices had been posted on board ship that we could write a last letter to any one at home and that it would be held until we landed in France and then mailed. Most of us took advantage of this and we saw many sacks of mail leaving the ship just before we sailed.

The sleeping accommodations was the worst thing we had to put up with. The bunks were the double deck kind with barely room to walk between. All port holes were closed and the air was foul. No lights and no smoking after sundown. Due to the time of year the sea was very rough all the way across but very few of the men were sick. Lookout stations were maintained at numerous points on board ship. This came as regular guard duty and with boat drill it helped to break the monotony. We had ten days of this with various small spurts of excitement when a lookout went to sleep and thought, or had a dream, he could see a sub.

We had our first view of France on the morning of February 5th and a few hours later entered the harbor of Brest. The weather was mild and the French fields were green, even at this season—in striking contrast to the snow and ice covered land we had left behind. We had come from mid-winter to mid-spring in twelve days.

After twelve days on the Atlantic, which had not been uniformly kind to us, the green fields of France were a welcome sight over the bow of the "Huron." We had but one view of France that was more appreciated, and that was over the stern of the Winifredian sixteen months later. It was not until the 7th that we landed and went directly aboard the train on which we arrived, the next morning, at St. Nazaire. We hiked the two miles from the city to the camp at Base No. 1.

It was at this time that we first began to realize a little of what the war meant to France—something that America (except for the 2 percent who were "overseas") will never realize. We saw only old men, women and children. It was not unusual to see an old man stand uncovered while our train passed and nothing was too good for the Americans who had come to save France. It was still early in the game. Later, though the Americans were still liked, it seemed to be more for what they were worth as a financial asset.

While we were at St. Nazaire we had a bath! It was our first opportunity to bathe since leaving Laurel three weeks previously. We had missed the delights of two Saturday nights! There was quite a rush on the public baths, attended by three French women. It was at St. Nazaire, also, that we were reminded that there were no pick and shovel men required in the 23rd. It was not the last reminder we had of that fact! But even after two weeks of it we were optimistic and hoped for better things.

The 17th Engineers were stationed here and in charge of all the work going on in this section. We learned how much sewer trench could be dug in one day by one soldier and such little things as building barracks, working on the dam for the water supply system, and handling rock into and away from a portable crusher.

We indulged in several informal hikes while at the St. Nazaire Base Camp. Informal because no regular formation was required. In one instance, however, the first syllable was left at St. Marc and we became suddenly and vigorously formal because, while the privileged class was at the Inn being gentlemanly "refreshed," the bootleggers and moonshiners were busy in the by-ways. Given five minutes more and there would have been nothing left of St. Marc but a famine!

On February 20th we again boarded a train of second hand, third class coaches for our sixty hour ride across France and up into the "American Sector"—to Toul and Menil-la-Tour, where we arrived on February 23rd.

The scene changes. We can hear the occasional faint booming of big guns. We have fallen out by the road-side on the edge of "at the front." We have hardly eaten for twenty-four hours. We begin to wonder if we must go over the top on empty stomachs. We lose hours of daylight but must wait till the red tape is disposed of. Finally, late in the afternoon orders come to march. We have no idea where we are going or how long it will take us to reach the fighting line. We know we are approaching the enemy, for the sound of the guns continually grows more distinct. We march over roads that are hard under a liberal coating of mud of about the consistency of fresh cake batter. We don't like it but we take a lot of it with us! The roads are badly rutted and there are frequent mud puddles. When we reach the Foret de la Reine it is so dark we can just see to keep the road. We stop at a forester's house to inquire the way. We hesitate at a crossroads. Worn out and half

25145—U. S. Official

Trucks Plowing Through Mud on Sanzey Cut-off.

starved we are about to throw pride to the winds and quit when we turn to the left on a lane where the mud is much deeper, then to the right where the mud goes all the way down! We have arrived. This is Gerard-Sas.

Gerard-Sas was called a camp, built by the French and occupied at that time by a detachment of the 21st Engrs. and a machine gun Company from the 1st Division. The barracks were the standard portable kind used by the French Army. No floor, just four walls and a roof. We expected to find some kind of bunks but we expected too much in this case. For the entire time spent in this camp we slept on the ground with brush and a small quantity of straw to serve as a protection from the wet ground.

During the early part of 1918 the small American Army at the front had to depend entirely upon the French army and railroads for supplies of all kinds. As a consequence our mess suffered the most and for the first time in our lives we were really hungry for something to eat. At this time none of the American welfare organizations had reached this far up to the front.

During our stay here the Y. M. C. A. erected a hut and made an effort to supply us with the small necessities we craved. The Y. M. C. A. was handicapped for they, too, had to depend upon the French for supplies and such as they could get were manufactured by the French and as they were limited they came through only in small quantities.

On March 27th we received three months back pay here. Seventy-five percent of us had been without money for over two months. Our Company officers had lent small amounts to any man wanting it.

From here we were sent out on the first working details at the front, or rather directly behind the lines. For the next three or four weeks very little of a constructive nature was accomplished. Details were sent out each day and while we did not do a great deal of actual work we were absorbing a great many things besides rainwater, that it was necessary for us to know.

The greater portion of the roads that a little later on came under our care were all but impassable during March and April. At the start we had very few trucks or equipment of any kind for the work that was ahead of us. Gradually as the organization shaped itself and conditions became familiar to us the equipment necessary to the work came along. We soon learned to keep one eye open for the "soft" jobs.

When the Sergeant at Raungeval Dump asked if there were any carpenters in the bunch of about twenty present, one man, apparently given to exaggeration, volunteered the information that he could drive a nail. (Under the same circumstances a few weeks later there would have been twenty first class carpenters present.) The nail driver, with others, was detailed to build box culverts. We did very well, for rookies, in making this job last. Incidentally, the culverts, made of water-soaked 2x4's and 3x8's, would have served well as the foundation of a five story building but were —— poor culverts. Having proved (?) his ability as a carpenter the nail driver was detailed to build a tool house of brush and roofing paper.

The major part of the Company was divided into details and the work was started on the road from Central Park to Mandres.

From the junction of the road leading into Washington Barracks ("Lights Out") to the top of the hill ("Hill Top") this side of Mandres was the worst piece of road that traffic was still trying to get over.

Going back to the time before the Americans took over this sector the French Army had given up the idea of building a road to supply this section of the front line. We heard that the French engineers said it would be impossible to build and maintain a road through this particular swamp and forest. Their claim was to the effect that due to the swampy condition through which the road would have to go, it could not be maintained in any condition to carry the traffic that would have to be put on it.

A start had been made by the French previous to the arrival of the Americans. The rough grading had been done by throwing the earth from the side up to the center, making about a six meter road or subgrade about two feet above the ditches. This is as far as they had gone with it. Traffic had been going over it and it was one long ribbon of mud from a few inches deep to a few feet. Horse traffic could, by patience and much hard work on the part of horse and men, get through it.

This was the condition that existed when C Company took over the roads. During March, April and a part of May all the effort went towards trying to better the drainage. Ditches were opened and made to drain. It was impossible to try to make a permanent road and keep it open to traffic with the ground in a state of saturation. We managed by dint of hard work and the aid of the French trucks to bring from the quarry at Boucq sufficient rock to keep the worst holes filled and traffic going.

Wagon Co. No. 1 had by the first of May received the stock of wagons necessary for their work and they began to bring us rock and crushed rock in great quantities. A little later on Truck Co. No. 2 appeared with Mack Trucks with dump bodies and they too brought rock in greater quantities. During the early part of these operations the quarry at Boucq was operated by C Company.

Each village in France has its quarry. The ones at Boucq and Trondes were the chief sources of supply for the early repairs to the roads in our sector. Loading one-man size rocks was much more pleasant than wallowing in the mud of the road so the quarry details were popular. At Boucq there was an added attraction in the Salvation Army. We went there, not for salvation, but for the real home made pies and other delicacies they turned out. The quarry was on the top of a hill overlooking the forest which covered most of the land between it and the trenches. Almost directly north was Montsec. We were entertained daily by the Boche planes coming out of the north with a trail of white and black powder puffs from the anti-aircraft guns.

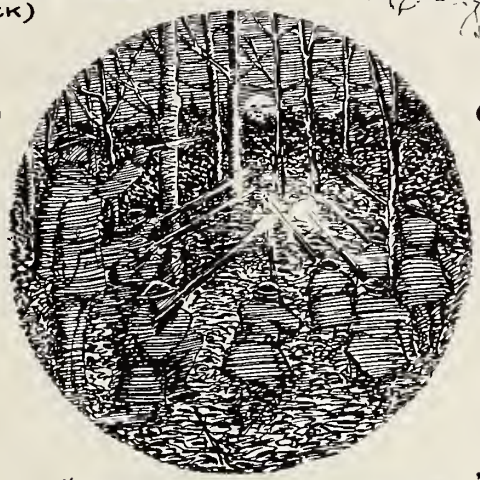
By the middle of May the worst part of the rainy season was over and the roads began to dry and real progress was made. Trucks from Truck Company No. 2, Wagon Company No. 1 and C Company furnishing the labor.

Untold thousands of yards of rock and crushed rock was placed during May, June, July and August. The rock was received by trucks, wagons and later by train, both standard gauge and narrow gauge.

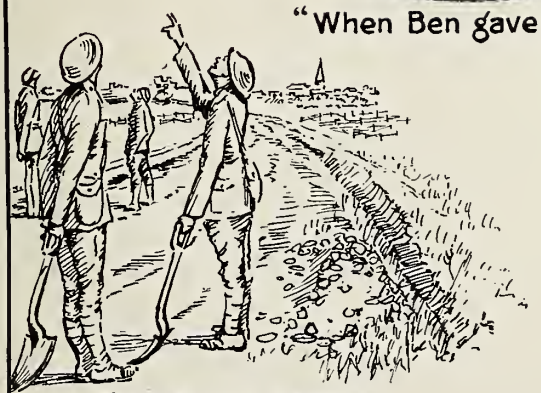
Quarries were located at Boucq, Trondes, Royaumeix, Gironville, Lagny-Sur-Meuse and Sorcy. The rock was all of the same formation—a white lime stone very easy to quarry and to crush. But two of the quarries had crushers, Lagny-Sur-Meuse and Sorcy, both installed by the French. The other quarries were operated entirely by hand, quarried, crushed and loaded by hand. A very small amount of powder was used to quarry as the rock was easily broken out. From Boucq, Royaumeix and Giron-

TO ETANG NEUF - 6 Kms.
(AND BACK)

GERARD - SAS



"When Ben gave the signal -"



THE FIRST THRILL

THE "BORED" WALK

Dinny - '21

ville came the large rock used for the base usually run from a foot to fifteen or eighteen inches, also the spalls or rock used for a filler or second layer, what would be called 4″ to 8″ rock. From Lagny-Sur-Meuse and Sorcy came the bulk of the crushed rock by trucks, wagons and narrow gauge. At times the demand was greater than could be supplied this way and rock was sent in by standard gauge railroad from quarries farther back. Later on 1½″ to 2″ river gravel was sent in by train to the rail heads and distributed by truck wagons and narrow gauge to the scene of operations. This rock was used for a top or wearing surface and proved very satisfactory.

For a binder a pit was uncovered at Boucq that proved very successful—sand with about 25% red clay. In this country it would not be used but over there it was all there was and it had to serve the purpose. This material was taken out and loaded by hand and was used throughout in the road construction.

The equipment finally furnished was all American made and of the very best, and modern. Austin ten ton gas rollers, Twin City tractors, Mack trucks with hydraulic dump bodies, Watson dump wagons, Western wheeled scraper road graders, Slip and Fresno scrapers.

From February 23 till early in November, this "Foret" was our stamping ground. We moved to "Washington Barracks" on March 31st. Part of the company moved to "Laurel" on April 12th and on the 18th the whole company went into the camp we had constructed, and which was to be our home for seven months—"Central Park."

"Washington Barracks" had been occupied by the 1st Engrs. while the 1st Div. was in the lines. The 26th Div. replaced the 1st Div. at this time and this camp was vacated. The camp was built on the edge of the forest about three or four kilometers closer to the lines than Gerard-Sas. The 1st Engrs. had put the camp in fine shape and to us, after Gerard-Sas, it looked like a summer resort. The barracks were of the same type but duck boards had been laid down the center and a row of double deck bunks down each side and best of all a great quantity of straw had been left and each man had at least one straw mattress to sleep on. Duck board walks had been laid throughout the camp. Buildings were separated one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. One of the nice features of this camp was the bath house with real hot water. But our rejoicing over our good fortune in finding such a good camp did not last for we learned to our sorrow that the 26th Div. Artillery was of a curious turn of mind. At any rate they started throwing them over to Jerry and I imagine it made Jerry mad for he started throwing them back and that made us mad for his aim was too good to suit us. The shelling from the German side would start regularly each day at three p. m. and last from one to two hours. Then again at nine p. m. and continue until 11 p. m. For the balance of the day it would be quiet. While there were no direct hits on the camp schrapnel and fragments spattered all over it. One fragment rolled across the kitchen floor just before dinner and the cook came very near giving us notice! One piece picked up by the office door was hot enough to burn. At night it was particularly disagreeable for a gas mask was not made to sleep in and many of the shells coming over were gas and every few minutes a gas alarm would come in. For men who were working and needed the sleep this was no place at all and besides "we didn't like the place, anyway." We were not sorry when "Central Park" was ready to receive us.

By this time we had learned how a camp could be built and Central Park was all that a man could desire in a camp of this kind. Two of the large portable barracks were put up for sleeping quarters, one half of a large barrack was put up and used for a kitchen. One of the small buildings was moved from Washington Barracks and was made into an orderly room or office. And all the duck boards in that part of France found their way to the camp.

Up until this time we had been depending on other outfits for the Y. M. C. A., but shortly after this camp was established a Y. M. C. A. tent and secretary which had been abandoned by another outfit, were "salvaged" and brought to camp and from then on until leaving for home it was as much a part of the Company as the mess hall.

After the St. Mihiel and up to Nov. 11 we were spread out over most of the front from Verdun to Pont-a-Mousson supervising the repairing of captured roads.

Soon after the armistice was signed the Company was concentrated at the camp at Creuë to which we had moved on Nov. 7th. Through Dec. 1918 we worked. Yes—shoveled rock at Vigneulles and were driven to it in a manner that none of us will ever forget. About that time a good many got the souvenir fever and were kept busy at that until we made the grand "Partee."

In January details were again sent out to repair the roads which we had so carelessly torn up while helping the French to win the war.

On April 10th, 1919, we left for the Belgian Camp (Camp d'Auvours) near LeMans, reaching there on the 13th. Our next move was to the Forwarding Camp, a few miles distant, on May 16th, from which we moved to Brest, on the night of the 20th, where we went to Camp Pontanazen or "Duck-Board Camp." Our stay here was short, though we did not appreciate the fact at the time, and we went aboard the Winifredian on the 29th of May. We had our last look at "Sunny" France late that afternoon. Boston harbor gave us a chilly welcome on the evening of June 8th. The warmth of our reception the next morning by the people of Boston more than made up to us for the disagreeable weather. We immediately went aboard real coaches, on a real railroad, drawn by an engine with a real whistle, and were hustled down to Camp Devons, where the company was split up into detachments which were sent to the camps nearest their "permanent address."

TRAVELING TABLE d'HOTE

Hoboken to Brest, January 23rd-February 5th, 1918, S. S. Huron
Brest to Boston, May 29th-June 8th, 1919, S. S. Winifredian

People who wait till the last minute to make their reservations make a serious mistake. There are likely to be no end of annoying delays and mixups just when you want to be free to devote all your attention to the last fond farewells. Everything should be done to make these last moments before sailing as peaceful and enjoyable as possible. They may be the last ones you will enjoy for some days, especially if it happens to be the winter season, when the elements are less kindly, even, than during the summer. In our case all this last moment rush and confusion was avoided by the simple expedient of having all arrangements made well in advance. Each man knew just which ship he was to sail on because there was only one ship on the other end of

the gang plank to which we were conducted. Otherwise there might have been no end of confusion. Once aboard the ship there was never the slightest danger of going to the wrong stateroom. It was very evident which staterooms were not your own. There is no record of a single man in our crowd having the slightest trouble in this respect. It was the same with the berths. Ours had all been reserved in advance. This added materially to our peace of mind. To know that somewhere in that great ship was a space 5′6″x 2′x 2′ which you could call your own gave one a comfortable, homey feeling. All our belongings could be kept there, too, which was convenient. We didn't even have to get up in the morning to put on our shoes. Everything was right where we could reach it. Then the arrangement of the berths was such that one never had any fear of becoming lonesome. There were always two friends directly under or directly over you, or one above and one below. These three options were arranged, no doubt, to suit the various tastes of the occupants. If the berths had all been uppers or all lowers or all in the middle some one would have been sure to express a desire for the ones not provided. Then there were others near you—one on each side, for instance, whom you could reach with your hand without any great effort. All of these were within comparatively easy reach of your voice.

To those not accustomed to ocean travel we heartily recommend the method which we adopted of group arrangement through some reliable agency. While we went under the guidance of Uncle Samuel's Agency no doubt Cooks and some of the others are nearly, if not quite, as reliable and good. There are many advantages in this system. While we have not the space to enumerate them all the chief advantages will be apparent to anyone reading this record of our experiences. All the little cares incident to a sea voyage were pre-arranged for us. We had nothing on our minds and little on our stomachs which may account for the almost total absence of sea-sickness among us, and, no doubt, reduced the expense of the voyage. Then, too, our food was all carefully selected. Eggs, for instance, would not be served until the chef had been acquainted with them long enough to know that they were not going to hatch of their own accord. Even our health was carefully looked after. At stated intervals we were taken to the Holy of Holies and given setting-up exercises. This is a pleasure not enjoyed by the average traveler. There was no extra charge for it.

Going as we did, in a large group, (there were about a thousand of us) we had the run of the ship. Of course the bridge was sacred to the ship's officers but the rest of the ship was ours excepting the hurricane deck, the cabin deck, the hatch covers, along the rails and on the bow and stern and midships of the main deck. And we always had our berths to ourselves except during the day time.

The eating arrangements were unique and we do not know that any other agency has, as yet, adopted this system. There are many advantages in it. The passengers were divided into four groups and each group was served at a particular point 'tween decks—one on either side of the forward and after hatches. Thus we always knew just where to go for our meals. The food was served from large G. I. containers arranged in a row on or behind (according to the size) ingeniously improvised tables. The group assigned to any given table filing past in orderly procession would be served in the most expeditious manner. There was one element of suspense during the period of serving which was well calculcated to furnish boundless amusement to all but the

chief participants. This was the uncertainty as to whether or not the serving table and its burden were going to remain stationary during the process of serving. On one or two occasions it did not. When the ship rolled to an unusual degree to port everything, including all persons present, and not anchored, went across the deck in a rather undignified manner and mingled indiscriminately with the opposite group and the liquid and solid objects there present. On the return roll of the vessel the two groups combined in the reverse and hurried movement to the other side. The result can be better imagined than described. For those who were in a position to witness rather than participate this furnished delightful entertainment. But, as usual, there were a few who objected to lending their uniforms to the chef for the purpose of salvaging the soup. Perhaps they lacked a sense of humor. The navigator was a little more careful thereafter in picking out the smooth places. On the return trip this was avoided by having the tables arranged in the bed rooms to accommodate about a dozen each. On the return trip, also, we slept in hammocks, hung in the dining room, instead of in berths. But to go back to the meals. Each man, after being served, was privileged to go up on deck or remain between decks (the latter being of great advantage to those who desired a second serving) and take his choice of seats. The donkey engines were greatly sought after on account of the space under the cylinders provided for egg shells, bones, etc., left over from the meal. Others preferred to be nearer the rail. The latter were very persistent and would go back for a second or third serving in the hope of finally getting a dinner that they liked well enough to keep. Some people are naturally particular.

Naturally, with so many aboard there were some who were not satisfied. After one man had quite persistently selected all the places where he should not be, to eat his dinner, and the guard had been compelled to follow him up and remind him gently in his successive positions "You can't sit there," "Get off that hatch cover," "Keep away from that rail," "Keep moving," etc., a native son of Texas remarked "That is just like throwing an eah of cawn to a stahved hawg and then chasin' him with a thutty-thutty rifle while he eats it."

On the trip over we were in a position to be of considerable service in getting the Huron through the danger zone. It seems that the crew did not include anyone competent and with sufficient experience to do this work so it naturally fell to us. We placed lookouts at various advantageous points on the vessel to look out for the wake of a periscope if there happened to be one lurking near. Any indication of one was to be immediately reported to another one of our men in charge of the fire control, who in turn, would have the thing shot. Our voyage was, however, uneventful. This was, no doubt, due to the Huns having learned of our presence in time to seek safety. There was, also, an armed detail stationed about in various parts of the vessel, which seemed hardly necessary as we were, most of the time, some distance from shore, and any marauders or thieves would have difficulty getting aboard. Besides, we brought very few valuables with us.

There was one feature of the voyage that was rather disagreeable. Owing to the fact that a "Safety First" drive had been inaugurated and was in full swing we were compelled to wear our life preservers almost constantly or be placed in the position of appearing to oppose this very worthy cause. In spite of its disagreeable features we

were rather proud to perform this service when we looked upon the life preservers and realized that we were following in the footsteps of many others. It was not necessary to wear them always about our necks so long as we had them within reach. They were handy to sit on, especially if the deck happened to be wet or dirty. There were indications that those who had gone before us had used them in this way. By the time we returned this fad had run its course and we could have gone into the water unencumbered if it had been necessary to leave the ship.

Following custom and tradition, we had boat drill every day though it did not meet with popular approval. The lengths to which ordinarily well balanced men will go for amusement during the monotonous days of a sea voyage, is well illustrated by this "boat drill," a game that has been handed down to us from some time in the remote past. Why it is called boat drill is not positively known but probably because of the fact that the life boats, being numbered, furnish a convenient means of identifying various points on deck. The boats are not used in the game. The idea seems to be for some unoccupied and restless person to watch for a time when everybody else is comfortably occupied and satisfied with things as they are, to give the signal for boat drill. Everybody is supposed to rush out regardless of what he happens to be doing and gather with certain others at a point on deck designated as "Boat No. 2, Main Deck, Port Side" or some other point indicated by a boat. Having reached this point the game suddenly comes to an end without having come to a head. Everybody looks a little foolish but tries to make out that he didn't mind at all. Each one pretends that the joke was on the other fellow. It seems that there was originally some point to the game but it has been long since lost.

We crossed over before the days of the Y. M. C. A. transport secretaries and returned on a British transport that the Y. M. C. A. had overlooked. We, therefore, were compelled to forego the spiritual, mental and physical aid generally so cheerfully furnished by them. The sailors had a canteen but if we derived any benefit from this it was the reward of patience and liberality on our part. It seemed to be run for the benefit of the crew.

Four other vessels accompanied us across; the battleship North Carolina, the Henderson, the Tenadores and the Mallory. This was another exclusive feature of our agency supplied to break the monotony of the view when we were out of sight of land. Seven smaller vessels were added for our amusement the last day or so. As the "Jazz" craze was just coming in these vessels had been painted that way. No expense seemed to have been spared. This impression was confirmed in after years by official notices direct from the U. S. Government.

From St. Nazaire to the Front

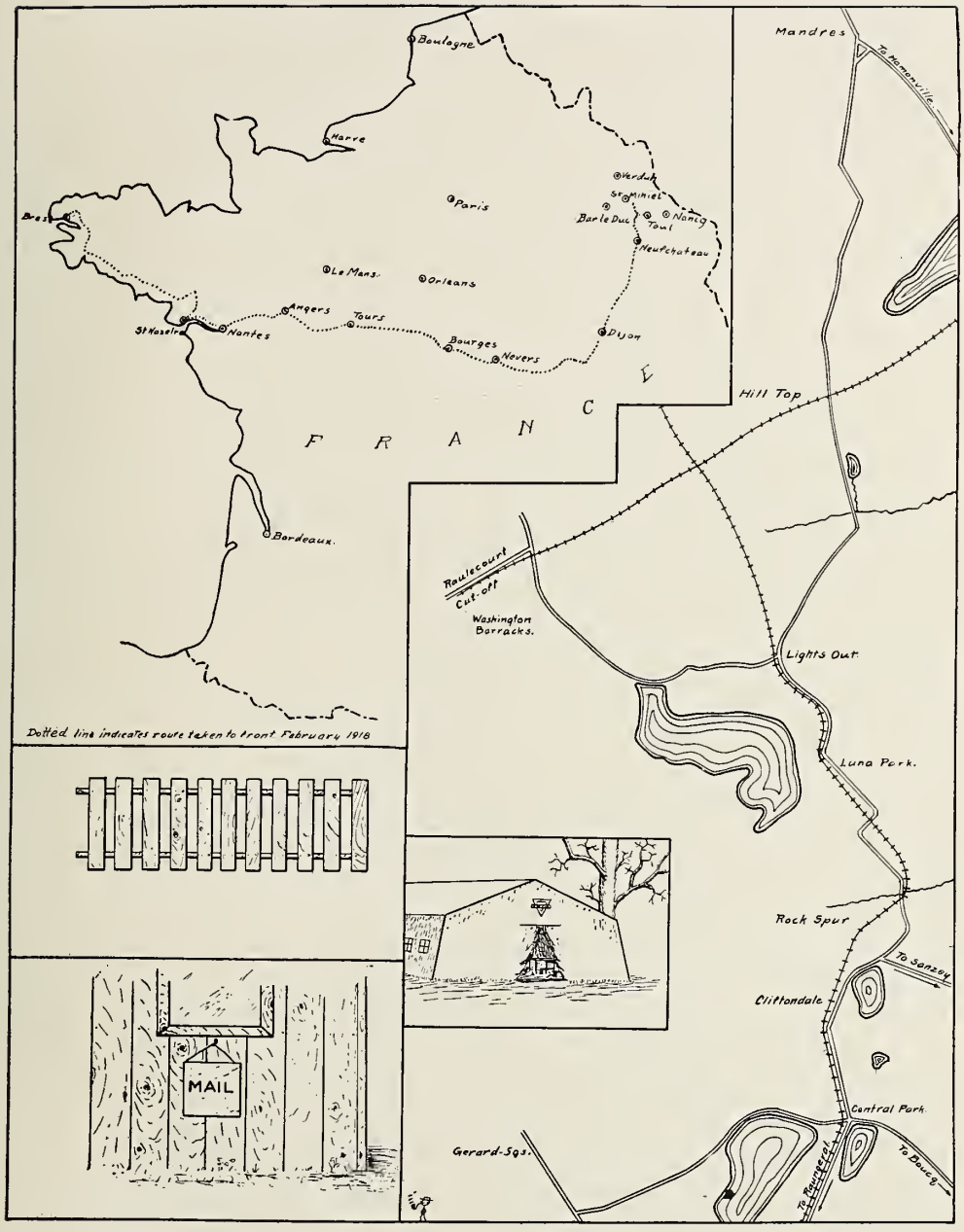
The First Battalion had sailed for "over there" ahead of the rest of the Regiment which, in fact, had not at that time, been fully organized. In like manner, on February 20, 1918, C Company went forth from St. Nazaire all by its lonesome. From this day C Company was an orphan, till the day the First Battalion came together at the Belgian Camp, near LeMans, on April 14, 1919. Later, most of the regiment gathered at the Forwarding Camp. It was here that the Returned Orphan trounced the Favorite Son in a game of baseball—our greatest victory of the great war. Between these dates we had been adopted, only to be cast off again, by numerous foster parents—by the various divisions entering "our" sector, and by the First Army.

February 20 was a bright warm day. We rolled dry packs. This was the only time while we were in France that the regulations did not require that we roll more or less moisture inside our packs. The next day it rained. The sun apparently did not look upon this trip with favor. In fact he did not look upon it at all, for we did not see his face for five days. We found this to be not unusual. Sunshine is a great delicacy in France, and is taken in very moderate doses at long intervals. Marching in company formation to the train in the yards beyond the station, we reached our first objective about dark.

After the company had been scientifically distributed, with five small men in some compartments and nine large ones in others, and rations had been allotted in inverse ratio to the number of men in a compartment, the dispatcher blew a blast on his fish horn, the conductor tooted two little toots on his tin whistle, and the engine up in front acquiesced in a small thin voice that reminded one of the giant in the quartette singing high tenor, and we were off at 7:50 p. m.

As soon as the train started we almost immediately began to reach other objectives. We seemed to be reaching objectives most of the time. Perhaps this French habit of reaching objectives explains that oft repeated "We reached our objective" in the official communiques. There seemed to be an objective right at hand for use on all occasions. In our case at each objective there seemed to be some objection to going any further. As a result we made 517 miles in 60 hours, or at the rate of 8.6 miles an hour. We should have reached our destination with a few pounds of steam left in less time than it took those French traffic mismanagers to lose our car of provisions. But we did not. We kept right on from one objective to another for 24 hours after that car was lost. We never did take much stock in objectives, even on a full stomach, and before that 24 hours were up our interest was centered around one point very much nearer and dearer to us than any objective could possibly be.

It is a matter of much regret, from an historical point of view, that this, our first tour of French railway yards and sidings, was not made in the regulation "Hommes 40 Chevaux 8" or "Side Door Pullmans." We do not remember ever having seen third class coaches mentioned in any of the jokes or cartoons. It might even be questioned, by any but an eye witness, if we were real soldiers. However, we have the satisfaction of feeling perfectly sure that these particular coaches had been discarded early in the 19th century, and had been removed either from the museum or the scrap heap especially for this trip—probably from the scrap heap, for they had been partly taken


Boulogne
Harre
Paris
Verdun
St Mihiel
Bar le Duc
Toul
Nancy
Neufchateau
Brest
Le Mans
Orleans
Angers
Tours
St Nazaire
Nantes
Bourges
Nevers
Dijon
FRANCE
Bordeaux
Dotted line indicates route taken to front February 4 1918
Mandres
To Hemmenville
Hill Top
Raulecourt Cut-off
Washington Barracks
Lights Out
Luna Park
Rock Spur
To Sanzey
Cliffondale
Central Park
Gerard-Sqs.
To Beney
To Pannes
MAIL

apart and all the comfortable parts removed. All the flat wheels and the holes where the window glass had been, were carefully left. All these cars did *not* need to make them as good as new was the track they shimmied on.

Under ordinary circumstances the soldier is very much disinclined to take seriously and obey the last order of the day—"Taps." But as night came on and our train rested peacefully on some siding, or became restless and shimmied on a few miles, we were all overcome with a great desire. We wanted more than anything else in the world to lie down and sleep—or at least to lie down. We felt that we just must assume a reclining position. In each compartment there were eight men, on an average, on the two facing seats, sixteen feet in the aisle, and packs, hardtack, tomatoes, a fraction of one chevaux (canned), rifles, helmets, etc., hung and packed in any small space not filled with humanity. The problem of how eight men could lie down under these circumstances was never solved to the satisfaction of all concerned. A few managed to fashion hammocks of shelter-halves and swing them from the racks over head. The rest just mixed it. In the cold gray dawn of the morning after, the process of untangling must have been most amusing to an onlooker. It was tedious and more or less painful. Occasionally some part of one's anatomy, failing to function properly and awaken promptly, lost its identity. Had nature not forseen this contingency, and fashioned us in a manner that made it quite impossible to select the wrong feet to walk on, the result might have been quite serious. A man is not overly careful before breakfast, especially if he has a lurking suspicion that breakfast will be delayed and possibly held over till another cold gray dawn.

On this tour we had an excellent view of the freight cars and the backs of some of the lesser buildings in the following cities and towns through which we passed (not to mention the numerous villages, crossroads, sidings, etc., at which we stopped): Nantes, Tours, Vierzon, Dijon, Toul and Menil-la-Tour, the railhead. We cannot pass judgment on these cities from first hand information, as all the yards looked about alike. We did not like the names, either as pronounced in French or as they looked in English. Tours aroused some little interest as probably being one of Cook's, but we did not see his name on it anywhere, which seemed unusual if it were really one of his.

We reached Dijon on the afternoon of the 22nd—nearly two days out. It was about here that the French gave us a lesson in what war really is. They saw our car of provisions and, no doubt thinking it a likely objective, took it. At least we lost it, and as we were still some distance from the front, we could not charge it to the Germans. We wished that we could. We were over here to lick the Germans and would as soon lick them for stealing as anything else. But the French, we understood, we were helping. This was later confirmed—we were helping them to whatever they could lay hands on and anything American seemed to be especially desirable, even corned "Willie." We did not at first realize the importance of this loss. But as the hours passed and we had nothing else to do, we very much desired to eat. There was little left on the train but cold, tinned tomatoes, so we went forth at each stop in search of food. But the inhabitants thereabouts had evidently been advised of our coming and, contrary to the teachings of the Bible, were thinking of the morrow. Here and there a loaf of bread and a few bottles of vin were the reward of our efforts. At Toul we marched nearly half a mile for some coffee. No one knows why it was called coffee—perhaps because it could be truthfully called nothing else. This coffee, so called, was

"served" in pint cups and was nearly half an inch deep in the bottom of the cup. It furnished stimulant enough to get us back to the train but little more hungry than when we left it. There had been two other stops for coffee—at 1:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m. on the 21st—before we began our fast, the first coming between objectives, thereby furnishing an additional perfectly valid excuse for further delay.

The scenery at this time of the year was not particularly attractive and was not greatly appreciated by us. We noticed that the slums seemed to be rather more extensive than the ones we had read about. How much further they extended beyond our observation we never thought to enquire. The vineyards and wine cellars attracted some attention, and we noted as odd the corrugated fields and the old tree stumps along the hedges wearing their bushy branches pompadour. To really enjoy the scenery one should not travel on an empty stomach with eight in a compartment of third class coaches on flat wheels.

Reaching Menil-la-Tour, we detrained and "fell in" at about noon on Saturday the 23rd. Strictly speaking we had not quite reached Menil-la-Tour, but had run short of steam or brains or something and come to a stop in the mire of a cornfield. No doubt there was some good military reason why we should get out and wallow around in the mud and hike to town, where the train shortly overtook us. It might very well have been because we were in a hurry but it was not, for, after marching to the edge of the town we rested on our arms, or any other part of our anatomy most convenient, for hours. We had no particular objection to resting, but when it later developed that we had eight miles still to go, and no taxis in sight, we wished we might have made tracks while the sun was shining. The next few hours were the saddest of the Company's history. Sixty hours cramped up and inactive on a train—twenty-four practically without food—then a march of eight miles with full packs in mud inches deep through a forest as black as Pat's hat, was not our idea of a delightful picnic, and we said as much. However, we were not a man short when we arrived at Gerard-Sas in the Foret de la Reine. We should say arrived *in*—for we were *in* almost to our knees. We were also in the "Zone of Advance," and could hear for the first time the boom of guns and the crack of rifles.

We had reached our objective in spite of our friends and with no apparent objection on the part of our enemies.

GERARD-SAS

After detraining at about 9:30 a. m. on February 23, 1918, in open country behind the hills and woods to the north and east of Menil-la-Tour, we (Co.'s A. and C. together with 1st Battalion Headquarters, 23rd Engineers) set out across the fields, which were soaking wet from the usual spring rains of France, with full packs, toward the village of Menil-la-Tour at that time headquarters for the 1st Division, for further instructions as to our next camp.

After standing around in the wet and mud a few hours, the necessary maps and verbal instructions were received to enable us to proceed to our first permanent location in the zone of advance. The hike lasted into the night, thru rain and mud, within sound of the big guns for the first time, and without two previous meals, and was one of the most depressing experiences that both officers and men of the company went

14618—U. S. Official.

Members of Company C, 23rd Engineers Unloading Stone from Truck. Camp de Gerard-sas. June 6, 1918.

through. The hardships endured during the two departing months of the winter, while the S. O. S. was in its infancy, and supplies and equipment were very limited, is a matter of history to all organizations in this sector.

This trip to our new camp, called in French "Gerarde-Sas" but promptly renamed by the Americans, after three days experience, the "Hog Wallow," a distance of 14 kilometers through heavy going over wet and muddy roads, was rather a strenuous one as it occurred in February when we carried full packs and followed immediately a 66 hour ride in the 3rd class coaches, which, when loaded 8 men and equipment to a section is not conducive to rest or ease.

Our camp was reached at about 8:30 that night after having gone astray only once when we almost wandered into the front lines without gas masks. And the physical condition of the men was such that the only thing that interested them was a roof. We got the roof and some were fortunate enough to get some supper from the detachment of the First Engineers located near by. The rest, with the aid of candles or otherwise (because we were by this time where lights, noise, etc., were tabooed) made strenuous efforts to secure a place to rest.

French infantry had left the camp earlier in the same day and while we did not fall heir to any bunk racks, the French, for their own convenience, had provided a brush mattress about 6 inches deep, pretty much over the whole of the two sheds to which we were assigned. Undoubtedly, most of the men found even this radical change in conditions quite comfortable, because of their exhausted condition.

The next day, Sunday, was devoted largely to straightening things about and it was remarkable to note the resourcefulness of many of the men in their efforts to overcome the crowded sleeping conditions which were 5 to a 2 metre section of barracks. Hay wire played a prominent part in the construction of elevated bunks; two fellows wove from brush a bunk frame which they mattressed with twigs and boughs and later suspended from the ceiling.

The rainy season seemed to be on in full force at about this date for camp conditions grew steadily worse during this period of daytime rains and slight freezings at night until it was nearly impossible to go even 100 yards without wading knee deep in a combination of water and mud,—which condition was responsible for the renaming of this, our first home at the front.

That ignorance is bliss was surely proven during the first few days in this particular camp. Only a short time previous to our arrival the neighborhood had had a gas scare and a week or so after our arrival went through the same thing. Fortunately, no alarm came in during our first three days at this place during which time the Company was exposed to gas, artillery and planes without any protection whatever. On the evening of the third day the Company, with the exception of Dinge Clifton, was provided with one of the earlier types of French masks and we were then informed of the position we were in and told of the ease with which a gas attack could be put on in our neighborhood. Clifton's misfortune was because the French did not make gas masks big enough to fit him.

On the Monday following our arrival and without any equipment except the plentiful supply of French picks and shovels, the Company set about the task for which it had enlisted; that of building and maintaining roads to make possible the transfer of artillery and supplies to the men in the lines.

During this part of February, 1918, the First Division was in the lines with the French, undergoing training and acquiring a knowledge of conditions in that sector to enable them to take over the line which later became known as the American or Toul Sector.

A few days before Easter, the First Division who had by this time wholly relieved the French, were preparing to move to some other sector and to be relieved in the Toul Sector by the Yankee (26th) Division. During this change of locations our outfit sought to improve its own conditions and at the first opportunity, which occurred on Easter Sunday, we moved bag and baggage a little closer to the lines to a place between Mandres and Raulecourt and just back of Beaumont, known as "Washington Barracks."

WASHINGTON BARRACKS

No. 103 G-1

Headquarters, 1st Division,
American Expeditionary Forces,
March 30, 1918.

Memorandum: COMMANDING OFFICER. 23rd ENGINEERS.

The Commanding General directs that you move the troops of your organization now at GERARD-SAS to WASHINGTON BARRACKS on March 31, 1918.

The bunks now up on GERARD-SAS will not be taken down. The same applies to the 1st Engineers who are vacating Washington Barracks.

By command of Major General Bullard.

(Signed) P. E. PEABODY.
Captain Infantry,
G-1.

C. O. 23rd Engineers. (Checked)
C. O. 1st Engineers.
File.

Received
March 31, 1918
Hdqrs. 1st Bn., 23rd Engrs.

Early on Easter Sunday, 1918, Company C packed its duds and during one of the common every day variety of French rains, moved to Washington Barracks, a camp on the De l'Etoille road located in the woods just behind Beaumont and Rambucourt and a little to the east of Raulecourt. Generally speaking, the change of location was completed shortly after noon of that day but it was two or three days before things were straightened out.

This camp which was built, and up to this time occupied by the first engineers, was a very decided change in every respect from our first location in the so-called danger zone. Like all other parts of France, it was wet at that particular season of the year but the camp was well arranged and could be drained, eliminating much of the possibility of disease. It proved to be a much more comfortable camp than our previous home and also much more interesting because of its proximity to the lines; in fact, it was so much more interesting that we left after a fair amount of encouragement from German artillery.

14620—U. S. Official.

Members of Company C, 23rd Engineers Unloading Two Car Loads of Stone. Camp de Gerard-sas, France. June 6, 1918.

The site of Washington Barracks, in addition to being just behind Rambucourt and Beaumont, was also on the junction of the De l'Etoille road and the Raulecourt cut-off and within 200 yards of some 6-155 M M guns. This combination (located so close to the battery and also at the junction of these two roads) put us in a position that interested the enemy considerably. At least we were led to believe so after having been there three or four days when he started drumming the woods in that vicinity with gas one night at about 2 a. m. That particular time, our first experience of this nature, found us sitting around in gas masks until about 5 a. m.

Things were more or less peaceful for the next two or three days but on Monday of our second week at Washington Barracks conditions changed considerably. About 3 p. m., when most of the men were out of camp, our side of the lines was serenaded from German positions in the neighborhood of Montsec with an artillery drumming to the extent of about 25 shells. Without question, the Germans were feeling out the territory, attempting to make it warm in the neighborhood of the crossroads referred to above and also to shake up the battery in those woods.

The camp was located just close enough to both the battery and cross-roads to make us perhaps a better target than the other two objects. At least we felt so at that time, which was our first experience at this sort of play. Things broke close enough to camp to send shrapnel and other articles all over the territory and but little time elapsed before our position was realized and orders were issued for all those in camp to seek shelter.

Like many other times in the army, the orders issued were absolutely impracticable, for there was no shelter which we could seek. Sergeant Clynes had a detail working on the "Cut-Off" one-half mile from camp and in about the territory that the drumming started. Clynes did not tell his men to seek shelter but rather, said "follow me." The drumming was working toward camp but Clynes was working very much faster, having made the run into camp in about 2 minutes, more or less out of breath but not sufficiently winded to force him to stop at camp more than long enough to tell some of the bunch there and continue his run down the road.

According to his instructions, his detail followed him, but as a matter of fact they were considerably behind. Those of us who remained in camp, with the exception of Walborn, sought shelter of gutters and behind larger trees. Walborn, in the capacity of mess sergeant, had by this time made friends with a Frenchman operating a water pump and wisely took advantage of his acquaintance and accompanied the Frenchman into a little one-man dug-out which he had constructed beside his pump.

Similar drumming occurred at about the same time for the next two days. Thursday was apparently given over to rest, while Friday afternoon and night the enemy showed a desire to make up for lost time. *Saturday we moved.*

All in all, Washington Barracks was a very good camp but a rather poor place for engineers who were expected to do a day's work every day and who were left in the vicinity of artillery without any form of shelter or protection from Jerry's artillery.

Camp Central Park

No. 103

HEADQUARTERS

1st Battalion 23rd Engineers
Advance Section, A.E.F.

13 April 18.

From: Commanding Officer, 1st Battalion, 23rd Engrs. A.E.F.
To: Zone Major, Twenty Sixth Division.
Subject: Camps.

1. In harmony with telephonic conversation with you and by direction of Colonel Peake, orders have been issued to Company "C" this command, to move from Washington Barracks to a new camp on the De l'Etoille Road. The barracks now at Washington Barracks are to be dismantled and set up at this new camp site.

2. The camp on the De l'Etoille Road, known as Camp De l'Etoille, formerly occupied by a detachment of the 508th Engineers, has been vacated. If there is no objection from your standpoint, we should like to put in a detachment of one hundred colored troops in this camp for work on the De l'Etoille Road.

.....

H. H. Stickney, Jr.
Major Engineers, R. C.
commanding.

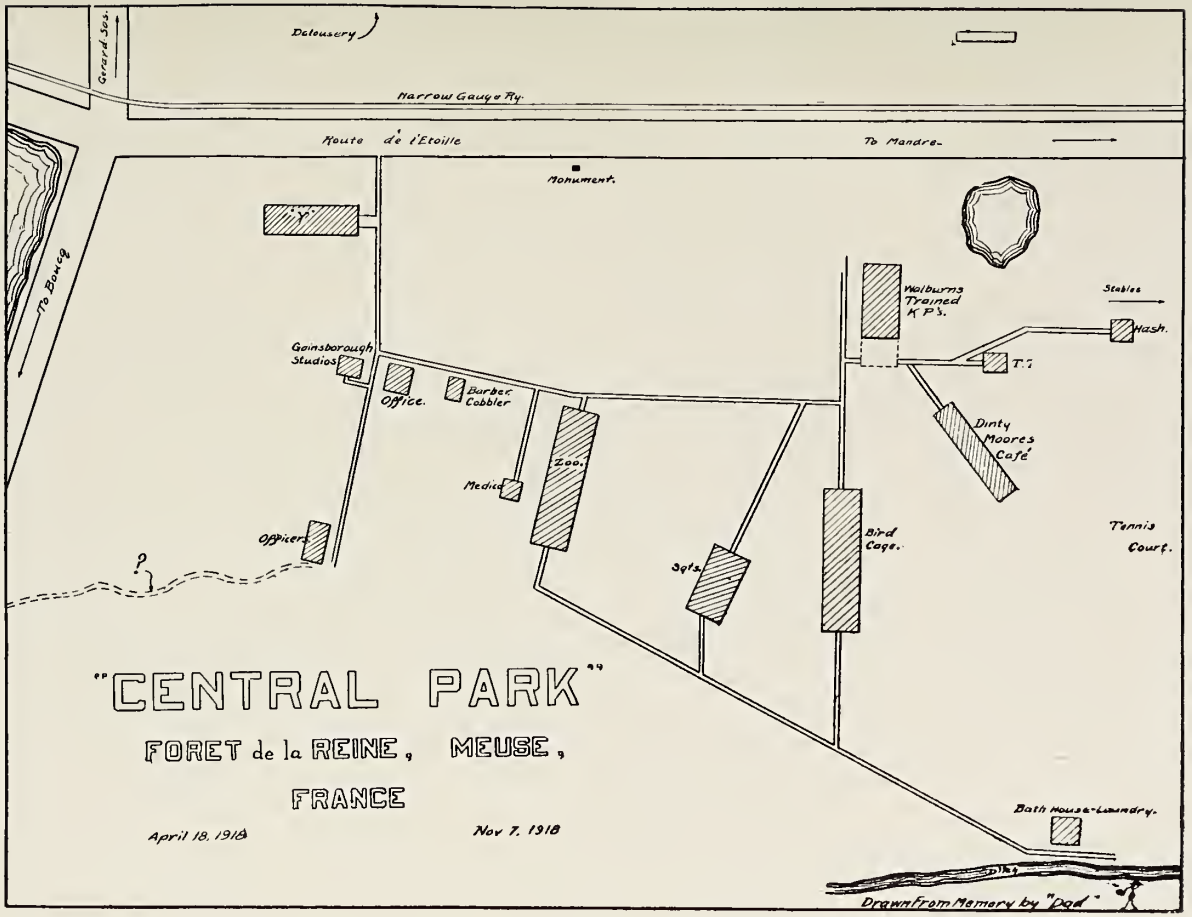
PJW/fa

"Central Park," located in the Fôret de la Reine northwest of Toul, at the junction of the Boucq-Raulecourt and Cornieville-Mandres Roads, was the best and longest occupied of all our camps prior to the armistice. It also enjoyed the distinction of being the only camp having Co. C for its first tenants. All our other camps came to us second hand. Central Park was built by us when the Germans drove us out of "Washington Barracks," and we moved in before it was complete in many details, so that even the cooties didn't beat us to it for once.

The location was well chosen—being about half way between the two battle fronts at Montsec and Boucq, and on the main provision line of the "Narrow Gauge." Some of the largest trees of the whole surrounding country protected us from observation from above, and duck boards gathered from various points and by various means protected us from the depths below. We also had the advantage of being far from any open space large enough to drill on. In "Company Front" at "Right Dress" we extended the whole length of our parade ground, from the Y to the kitchen. Twice we went out to drill on the road, but the drills were not particularly successful, and they were given up.

We had a tennis court.

The two main barracks, sergeants' quarters, kitchen, office, bath house and the officers' quarters were moved from "Washington Barracks." The Y tent was one left by an outfit on the road to Gerard-Sas. We salvaged the tent, supplies and Secretary Armstrong, and moved the whole outfit. We had a number of secretaries during our stay in France, but the same tent was with us till the time we left the Advanced Sector in April, 1919. Our Y gained quite a reputation, and we had many visitors from the surrounding camps and from passing troops. Many a night the tent


Girard Sol.
Dolousery
Narrow Gauge Ry.
Route de l'Etoille
To Mandre-
Monument.
To Bourg
Walburns Trained K P's.
Stables
Wash.
T.T.
Gainsborough Studios
Office.
Barber Cobbler
Medics
Zoo.
Officers
Dirty Moores Café
Bird Cage.
Sgts.
Tennis Court.
?
"CENTRAL PARK"
FORET de la REINE, MEUSE,
FRANCE
April 18, 1918
Nov 7, 1918
Bath House-Laundry.
Drawn from Memory by "Dad"

was filled to capacity, with the lost or strayed sleeping on the benches, tables and floor. Many a hungry doughboy got his handout of cookies, and an extra G. I. can of coffee was none too much to satisfy them, the kitchen supplying the latter. Many a franc was added to our mess fund from the sale of plums gathered by the stable sergeant, and brought in on his salvaged buckboard and sold at the Y on a 50-50 basis. Many were the arguments as to whether we were entitled to all the chocolate "our" Y could get, or whether we should divide with our fellow man. The secretary decided the argument for himself and was praised and denounced for his decision.

Catholic and protestant services were held in the same tent where cribbage, pinochle and five hundred were played. The notes of the piano were often mingled with the never-to-be-forgotten drone of the German bombing planes. Mother Burd and "Bobbie" held forth in this same tent at Creuë with their endless supply of hot chocolate and doughnuts.

Central Park was, perhaps, as comfortable as any camp under conditions so close to the front could be. We had bunks built of rough lumber designed to accommodate four men in two tiers. Bed sacks filled with straw and well covered with blankets made sleeping easy after a day with the engineers' implements of war. The roofs were tight and the cloth window panes let in a little light. The latter were "camouflaged" at night when the candles began to burn.

"Dinny" contributed a large bit toward ending the war by tagging the various buildings with appropriate names. The two barracks were the "Bird Cage" and the "Zoo." The kitchen, according to the inscription over the door, was the home of "Walborn's trained K. P.'s." "Dinty Moore's Cafe" was the roof and two long tables, with benches, that we used as a mess hall. "Gainsborough Studios," on "Fifth Avenue," sheltered the Y Secretaries of the gentler sex.

While there were no signs directing us to "Keep off the Grass," there was one "Don't" sign that attracted a great deal of attention, and that was the one that published to the world that our "Dinny" had a keen sense of humor—the one that hung on the animal cage—"Don't Feed the Animals, They Are No Better Than We Are." Visitors who had not had a good laugh for days would stand and laugh at this sign, but would fail to heed it. The animals were, principally, three foxes that stayed with us—not from choice—all the time we were at Central Park. We also boasted, at various times, a porcupine, an owl and two hawks.

The Office stood at the junction of Fifth Avenue and one of the cross streets right next to the Mail Sign, which, of course, was the more important of the two. On one side of this sign, in large red letters, was one word "Mail." On the reverse, in small black letters was "no mail." On returning to camp in the evening all eyes turned to the sign that hung on the office, and the spirit of the camp for the evening was decided then and there. Red meant for most of us an evening in our bunks and all candles burning brightly. Black meant "craps," pinochle, Boucq and possibly the "Brig."

Contributing not a little to our comfort were the Barber Shop and the Cobbler Shop. Standing between the Office and the Zoo, the building which housed these two centers of gossip and rumor was salvaged and brought into camp by a trio of patriots who just would not be called "Barracks Rats," but who hated work like poison. While doing the rest of us a mighty good turn, they were putting themselves

in a position of great advantage. What cared they if they missed breakfast? Hadn't they each a stove? And couldn't they cook better than the cooks? When they needed supplies could another be trusted to get them? Not much—when it meant a pass to Toul! What cared they when pay day came? Didn't they get a franc for every shave? And for the rest of us—didn't a percentage go toward swelling the mess fund? And didn't most of it come from "outsiders"?

Then the Tailor; wasn't he the best tailor in the whole sector—even if he was a locomotive engineer in civil life! Perhaps we should have called the Cobbler Shop the Tailor Shop for the tailor had his half of it. Anyway they worked together and schemed together and developed a wonderful souvenir collecting system; also an underground system to points where the wants of man could be filled without stint, and the cares of the world and the war forgotten.

Our Bath House was the best bath house we had—that is the best we can say for it. John pumped the water whenever he felt like it from a muddy ditch, and then plugged most of the holes of the shower so that he would not have to pump so soon again. The water was heated by a little stove fed with wood cut by John, and John cut wood whenever he felt like cutting wood. All in all, though, John gave us pretty good service for a dollar ten a day. If he used his head we can hardly blame him. He was a soldier. The Laundry and Dye Works were attached to the Bath House. John "did" the laundry—the dye works were semi automatic, and were worked in conjunction with the laundry. The color of our socks varied from week to week in accordance with the prevailing color of the whole wash for the week.

After the camp walks were finished, Major Duckboard was reduced to Sergeant, and put in charge of supplies which he issued from two tents back of the kitchen. Uncle Sam never had a more faithful servant than the ex-Major. Nothing got away from him without a good and sufficient reason. But is that any reason why he should not have a suit to fit? And a pair of officer's leggins?

Central Park was centrally located in respect to our work on the roads. Up to the time of the St. Mihiel Drive practically all of the details were able to come in at night. Later, details were sent out for a week or a month at a time, and for this reason Central Park seemed more like home to us than did Creuë, which we occupied for nearly the same length of time. Truck Co. No. 2 would roll into camp in the morning and take the various details to work on the Mandres Road, the Cornieville Road, the Raungeval Dump, the Boucq Road, etc., and at night would bring us back to camp. Our noon meal would be supplied by our kitchen, partly prepared, and the cooking would be completed in improvised kitchens near our work, by someone detailed for the job. As long as our francs held out, if we were within reach of a farm house or a market, we would add eggs and other delicacies to the menu. Many and devious were the ways of these "cooks," but the result was generally satisfactory. It was often necessary to use the soft pedal, but the whole detail was ready to do anything for better "eats" and we "got away with it" in fine style.

We saw very little of "war" while at Central Park, in spite of the fact that we were within reach of the enemy's smaller guns, and in front of our own large ones. Central Park was never the proud recipient of a direct hit, although the Germans had us spotted in spite of our very good camouflage. One possible explanation for this was

FAMILIAR POSES

OUR MONUMENT
THE DE L'ETOILLE ROAD

SEPT. 12, 1918

THE BATTLE OF BOUCQ HILL

THE PEST

FISHER ON THE TRAIL
LOOK IT THE EARS ON 'IM !

"BUSTER" GOES
A.W.O.L.

Dinny - '21

disclosed when a German map was picked up in the trenches showing our camp as some kind of a play ground. Being directly between two observation balloons we were often entertained when a German plane came over to burn the balloons. The plane was usually successful, and the burning baloon, the two descending parachutes, and the plane trying to escape the shells of the anti-aircraft guns and our planes, furnished considerable excitement, especially if the shells were breaking directly over our heads. Shells went over our heads to Boucq and other points to the rear, and bombing planes often gave us the creeps, but except for the time when an anti-aircraft shell fell near the Y and the time one of our own planes sent a bullet through one of our cartridge belts, while in company formation, Central Park was always comparatively peaceful.

One bombing plane, having lost its way to Toul, probably, dropped three bombs near the Half-Way house on the Boucq-Cornieville road, and shook us up some, and made our glassless windows rattle, and one night a lucky (for the Germans) shot struck a dump near Royaumeix causing a barrage that was not on the plans. But these little incidents did us no harm, and did not seriously disturb our peace of mind.

Many and varied will be our recollections of Central Park. The little incidents of our every day life which, taken as a whole, contributed so much toward creating an atmosphere unique in army life were, in most instances, when taken separately, trivial and passed with little notice. Looking back, however, we find them taking on a new interest, and as the years go by this interest will increase, and we will never tire of discussing them.

Remember the time the cooks (?) went to Boucq and supper was late? And we made so much noise about it the Top Kick told us we were acting like a lot of hounds? How we did our best to encourage him by expressing ourselves as hounds alone are supposed to? Remember the skull Pruitt brought in from No-Man's-Land and how Jordan lectured on it? And so we might go on, forever and a day, but one book would not hold it all, and we are crowding the next chapter. The greater part of the Reminiscences will have to be left for future gatherings of our clan.

We will always remember Central Park, and all our memories will not be in the debit column, and as time passes many of the debit items will be transferred to the credit column.

THE STONE MARKER AT CENTRAL PARK

By Joe Jordan

One beautiful Sunday in June, 1918, Scotty Davis and I found ourselves leaning against the fence at the crossroads back of the "Y" hut. We were full of rice pudding which was good and some of Cook Hodgden's muffin cake which was not so good. We had just finished a large and glorious Sunday dinner and we figured a long walk would be better than a couple of O. D. pills.

There were four roads in front of us, one to Boucq, but we were without francs, one to Gerard-Sas, but we had seen enough of that place, one to Headquarters, but we were afraid Dr. Rossman might be filling teeth up there, and so we started for Mandres.

We passed Central Park where Fisher was feeding walnuts to the fox in the little cage and making a mess for some buck private to clean up next day. O'Brien, Walborn

and LaBell were tossing a ball under the trees and the K. P.'s were washing up the pans while the cooks were wondering how little the bunch would stand for at supper time.

Smoking a couple of Scotty's pipes, we passed the lake on our right and came to the Sanzey cut-off where George did M. P. duty. We wondered how a fellow could land a job like that. Scotty said they never would give it to us, said he didn't talk enough and I talked too much.

We walked around the curve and stopped at Rock Spur where Sgt. Jones had his headquarters. While there, a train of empties came along on the narrow gauge and we asked them where they were going and the only one who answered said, "Who wants to know?"

Our next turn was to the right at Wood Spur, where a detail from the 508th Engineers were loading wood on a car, each man carrying one piece of wood at a time. These pieces weighed about five pounds a piece. When asked by Scotty, they all admitted that war was what the Engineers all said it was.

Turning to the left at the corner where the 508th Engineers were camped when we first arrived at the Front, we strolled along to "Lights Out" and took the Mandres road to the right from there, passed the artillery positions and on to the little stone bridge that Felch cracked with his roller, although he said at the time, "The wind did it." We sat down on the bridge and watched the water bugs running around on the quiet water. This was always great sport for the sergeants in charge of details working on this section of road, so we felt just like a couple of sergeants.

A coo-coo bird was singing and I thought that was a good sign, because I had noticed that the Germans never did any firing while that bird sang.

But just then an old woman who lived in Mandres and who had always refused to leave her home, even in the face of the enemy, came around the bend in the road. Now I had always noticed that this old woman, who was as weather beaten as an Algerian and so bent over that the sun would have to get down on its knees to shine in her face, carried an umbrella, and when convoys were on the road in the woods, she would put up her umbrella and the Germans would throw over a few shells.

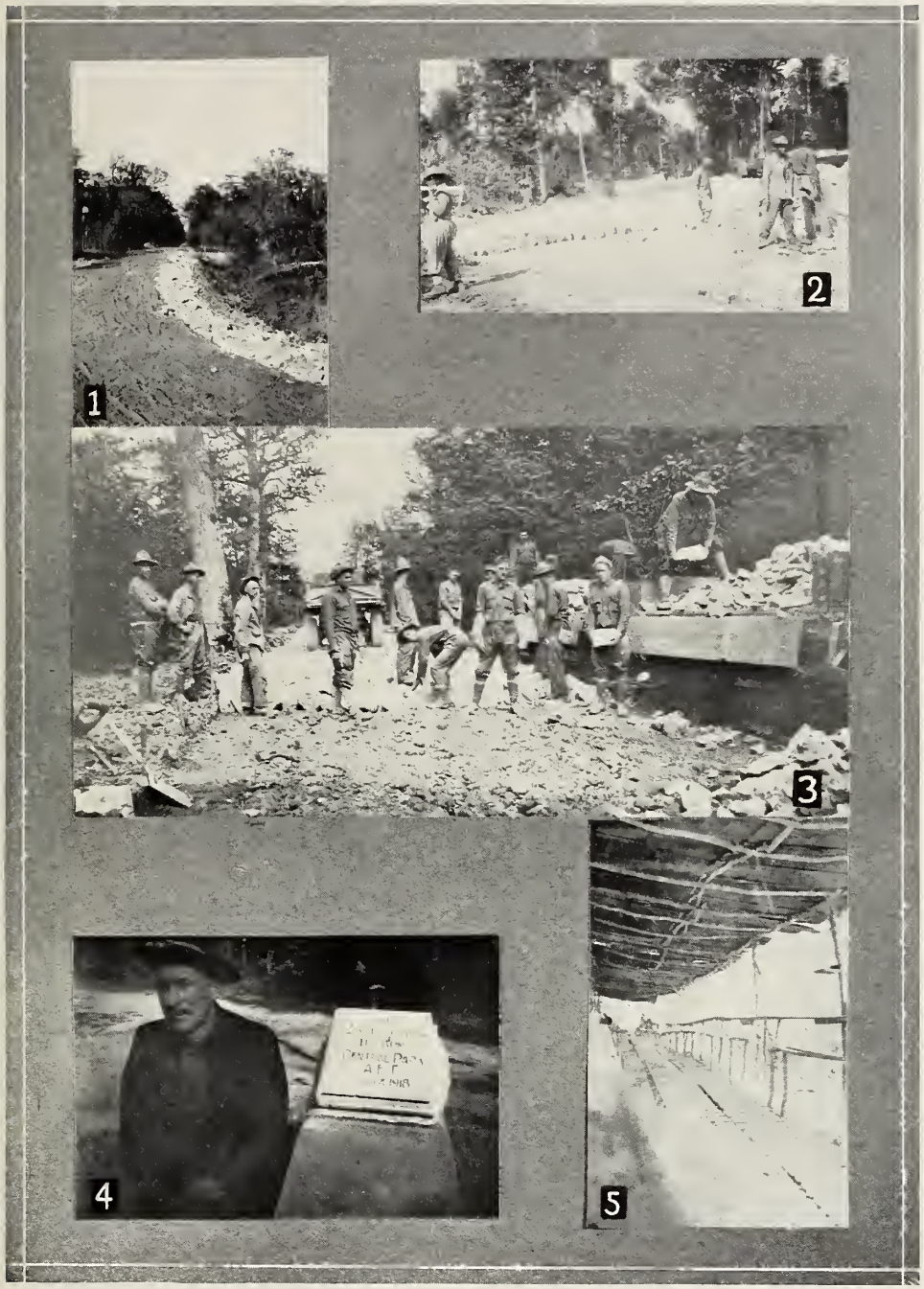
After leaving the bridge we stopped at Sgt. Sterl's mess kitchen to see if Kretz had hidden anything to eat, but didn't find anything but some empty bottles.

At "Hill Top," a narrow gauge engine passed us like a pay car passes a bum, but we were not going that way so we wondered who laughed last that time.

We were soon out of the woods and could look right over the camouflage to Montsec. We could see the steeple of the church in the little town that stood half way up on the right slope of the hill and the graveyard surrounded by a white stone wall on the slope toward our lines. We wondered if the Germans had a battery in that graveyard as had been often said.

Back of Montsec stretched a long row of hills, the Heights of the Meuse, and between us and the German stronghold ran a ridge upon which the shattered church at Beaumont stood like a sentinel. We stood here and watched the Boche trying to hit one of our concrete pill boxes in the field near the Mandres-Hamonville road. They couldn't hit it so we moved on to Mandres.

We looked in through the shattered windows of the church and walked among the graves in the old churchyard, and then stepping through a newly made hole in



1—Central Park Road. 2—Near Camp Wilson—Colored Troops. 3—Company C, 23rd Engineers Doing Road Work. 4—You will Need no Introduction to this Man I'm sure. 5—Central Park—Dinty Moore's Cafe.

the wall, we went out into an orchard where the Americans killed near there during the German attach on Seicheprey were buried.

We noticed the markers on some of the graves. Each had a dog tag nailed on a small wooden cross and partly buried in the soft earth on most of the graves were wine bottles, bottom up. In these bottles were pieces of paper with name, number, etc. On two of the graves were stones cut and lettered by doughboys who had neither time nor tools for a first class job.

We liked the stones because we thought they would hold out against the winds and rains that swept across this flat piece of countryside, and on the way back home (Central Park) we talked about a stone marker for our camp. The next day, after saluting Capt. Burke we asked him what he thought, he agreed, and told us to see Sgt. Fisher.

After supper that night Scotty and I met at the water cart that stood near the kitchen at Central Park and decided to call on Fisher. We stumbled along the duck boards in the dark and knocked on the door of Company headquarters. A camouflaged voice told us to come in and we found Fisher shooting craps with the office help. He asked us what we wanted and we told him we had the Captain's permission to speak to the Top Sergeant and we explained about the stone.

He thought we wanted to build something like the Roosevelt Dam in his front yard and said, "You men are crazy." We admitted it and explained that the Captain liked our idea and then Fisher said, "Go ahead with it, whatever it is."

Now we had to find a suitable stone and we collected several before choosing one from a shattered church somewhere in Apremont Woods. This stone was carried from our front lines by some drivers on a munition convoy that passed our camp every night. I spent several days rigging up a work bench and helping McFarland, our blacksmith, make some tools from old files and then Scotty and I trimmed up the stone and cut a book on the top surface. It represents a closed Bible and on the cover are the words:

Co. "C" 23rd Engineers. U. S. Army
Central Park A. E. F. July 4, 1918.

When the stone was finished we got a bag of cement from a gun position near "Lights Out," and on the morning of July 4th, 1918, we laid a concrete foundation for the marker. We chose a position in our camp near the road where all who pass will see it. In the concrete foundation or base we placed a wine bottle containing a paper on which was written a complete roster of "C" Company. While the concrete was still fresh the stone marker was embedded in it and then the dedication ceremonies took place.

The officials and audience consisted of:

One officer of our Company, name forgotten.
Our Top Sergeant, named Fisher.
A few of the Plebeian class from our Company.
A few passing Doughboys.
One French Lieutenant.
One French Sergeant.
One U. S. Army Chaplain.

The Chaplain read a prayer and Scotty Davis fired one shot from his rifle.

JOE JORDAN

Some of the things he said
Some of the things he did

Joe joined C Company just after its first members had gone to the rifle range at Annapolis. Most of the Company joined at this time and Joe was not noticed in the busy days when we had so much trouble hooking up our collars.

Acting Top Sergeant Deal commanded all of our attention while breaking us of civilian habits and teaching us to do "Double Time." When the Company returned from the range, Gilliland was "Top" and the next day found Deal marked up for Latrine Police.

Noticing this, the Company said, "To err is human," and wondered who would err next, and so they noticed Joe. Joe certainly did err. Probably the first time was when Lt. McMaster told him to take off or cover up about a dozen brass ornaments and lodge badges Joe was wearing across his chest.

The next day he was "called" again because his underdrawers, which were only eighteen inches too long for him, were rolled down over the outside of his O. D. breeches. On this same day he was caught chewing in ranks—Joe certainly did like his Climax.

But his real introduction came at Washington Barracks, D. C. The Company was formed in the Company street and Captain Gault Applegarth was out in front in his high red rubber boots. The Captain had heard that it was muddy in France, and as he wanted his company to go over prepared, he purchased a pair of rubber boots for himself and ordered every member of the company to provide himself with a wash pan.

The Captain yelled, "Right Shoulder-Arms," "Order-Arms," and looked sourly at Jordan, who had shown poor judgment by placing himself in the front rank. Again, "Right Shoulder-Arms," "Order-Arms," "Say, can't you do Right Shoulder-Arms?" "What's your name?" "Step out," and Jordan stepped out and everyone looked him over and never forgot him. Sgt. Hicks was detailed to "Take that man away from here and teach him the Manual of Arms." Joe said he didn't learn much, because Hicks talked through his nose and he couldn't understand him.

At Washington, D. C., Joe was a whale at K. P. He ate sugar by the hand full, drank condensed milk a can at a time and molasses was his favorite dish. He said it cost the Government seven dollars in sweets for every day he was on K. P., and he always spent the following day feeding the fishes in the Potomac River.

Joe preferred bunk fatigue to chopping wood for the stove in his tent. His tent mates, including a sergeant who did not have to chop wood (when he could get others to do it for him) tried hard to make Joe as uncomfortable as possible at wood chopping time. Sticks of wood carelessly dropped on his head failed to arouse him. Cold water had no effect. Joe was a sleeping beauty and his tent mates at Washington, D. C., were well pleased when he changed quarters at Laurel.

On promising to do a little more than his share of the work, he was taken in by Gus, Pruitt, June, Nelson, Johnson and Cpl. Shockney.

At Laurel, Joe gave nightly exhibitions in the Manual of Arms. He marked time while going through all of the movements, even "Parade-Rest" and "Right-Dress." He would pound his hob nails on the wooden floor in the tent until the crowd could

stand it no longer, when he would open a magazine on an up-ended soap box and call a meeting of "The Amalgamated Bricklayers of the United States of North America and the Dominion of Canada."

At these meetings, Joe did all the talking and his audience had nothing to do but laugh. Even Shockney laughed and Pruitt said a bird who can make a Corporal laugh must be good. These meetings usually broke up when Gus would come along outside and shout, "Jordan on K. P. tomorrow." This always worried Joe as he never could tell who it was, and as he drew K. P. quite often, he figured that someone had it in for him.

One day we were told to roll long packs for inspection. After struggling with his roll for fifteen minutes, Joe decided that the straps on the pack carrier were about a foot too short. Some one suggested rolling the pack a little tighter, and after taking out two pounds of chewing tobacco, a can of jam and several sweaters, three men were able to fasten the straps. After inspection in the grand stand of the race track, Joe's pack was rolled again and Joe said he knew it would stay rolled as he knew we would start for France the next day and he didn't want to wrestle with the thing again.

So on the coldest night the state of Maryland had seen in twenty-five years, Joe slept in the one blanket that was to be carried in the barracks bag. He almost froze to death and was very peeved, when shortly after breakfast it was announced that another inspection would be held and every man would roll a short pack.

On the trip from Laurel to Hoboken, Joe was on guard in the baggage car most of the night. It was dark and cold in this car and he kept warm by going through the setting up exercises. He said he was good at these exercises in the dark.

On the barge that carried the baggage down the river at Hoboken, Joe got real chummy with some officers and borrowed their glasses to look at New York City. He said the glasses made it look like a big place.

On the morning after we sailed, Joe got up early—went up on deck and came back to report that we were traveling east by southeast and were off the coast of Bolo.

He was one of the first to notice the shortage of grub and soon signed up as dish washer for the sailors mess, where he ate like a sailor, which was very well indeed.

He bought a sailor's cap and blouse and said he was willing to serve in both the Army and the Navy. One day he put on the wrong coat after his work at the sailors' mess and was surprised to find chevrons on his sleeves. He was greatly worried until he found his own coat.

Lt. Butler appointed him guard at one of the life boats. From that time on he carried his rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition wherever he went, as he said he wanted to be ready when the "Abandon Ship" signal blew.

Joe was asleep when the lighter along side of the ship at Brest caught fire. The alarm woke him up. He shouted, "Submarine," and rushed for the life boat without even his clothes.

Going across, Joe proved that his eyes were O. K. He said he saw a sail. No one else could see it. He pointed and said, "There it is, it is just out of sight."

On entering the harbor at Brest, a few small fishing boats were seen. Joe said, "No wonder they need us—the French are all out fishing."

In St. Nazaire, Joe was surprised to find quite a few French soldiers in uniform enjoying a few days with their families. He said, "No wonder the Germans are winning, for every American that lands, two Frogs go home."

After a couple of our fellows had shot themselves up at Gerard-Sas, Joe said, "C Company will end this war by killing off the whole American Army." And when Ben Clark took out the "moon shooting detail," Joe claimed to be a prophet. He took part in a great many skirmishes in the Battle of Boucq and some of the natives thought he owned the United States.

He figured out several ways of destroying the German Army. He thought it could be done by electricity, a powerful flash being sent across the lines by an operator who would be encased in seven feet of rubber.

Joe lectured in the "Y" tent at Central Park on Wednesday evenings. His talk on "The Quack Doctors of Hot Springs, Arkansas," will long be remembered. The day after this lecture Joe was sick, but Lieut. Stockton, who had been in the audience, gave him an O. D. pill and marked him "Duty."

When the bridges and culverts on our roads needed repairing, Joe did the work and the non-coms received the credit. He was clever at masonry work. He and Scotty Davis built the fire place in our kitchen at Central Park and cut the stone that tells the world that "C" Company of the 23rd Engineers was in that section of woods on July 4th, 1918. The officers wanted a private kitchen and Joe built them a fire place that smoked them out.

Leaving the Company when we moved to Creuë, Joe traveled from one hospital to another, came home on a hospital ship and was sent to the hospital at Camp Grant. While there a call was made for wounded veterans to man a train that was to tour the Middle West for the Victory Loan Drive. Joe volunteered and was accepted—said he was not wounded but he might have been. On this train Joe helped a lieutenant, who had never been across, show the natives how the doughboys went over the top. Joe says, "The drive was a success."

BOUCQ

The little town of Boucq was of much interest to us for it was the nearest place to Central Park in which the various beverages and good things to eat could be secured. We found that the French families would, for a little coaxing and a few francs, cook for us anything we could buy in the stores. Eggs, potatoes, ham and cheese could be found in nearly all of them most of the time. Bread was very hard to get so we made a practice of taking our own along with us when we went out looking for eats. Many a French family has looked on in wonder at the quantity of eggs and potatoes one American soldier could put away. Many and various were the assaults made on this town by the men of the Company. King Cognac was holding the fort and up untill the time we left that section he was still on deck although at times he was known to be on his last legs. Some members of the A. E. F. tell us there was no such battle as the "Battle of Boucq Hill," but we should know—we took part in it.

15419—U. S. Official.

Boucq, Our Nearest Village from Central Park. Located on a Hillside, With its Roofs the Color of the Earth, and Sheltered by a Rich Growth of Trees, it was Almost Invisible from the Approaching Roads. The Chateau on the Right was Used as Headquarters by the Twenty-Sixth Division. Drawn by Capt. J. Andre Smith.

THE SPY HUNT

To the tune of "He Said That He Loved Her But O! How He Lied"

Ben Clark one night thought that he saw a spy,
He saw a spy, he saw a spy,
Ben Clark one night thought that he saw a spy,
He saw a spy.
So he went to the "Y" hut to get ten good men,
Get ten good men, get ten good men,
So he went to the "Y" hut to get ten good men,
Get ten good men.
We all shouted out that we wanted to go,
Wanted to go, wanted to go
We all shouted out that we wanted to go,
Wanted to go.
We went for the spy in the snow and the rain,
Snow and the rain, snow and the rain.
We went for the spy in the snow and the rain,
Snow and the rain.
Ben said when I give the command you all shoot
At the spy, shoot at the spy.
When I give the command you all shoot at the spy,
Shoot at the spy.
When Ben gave the command we all shot at the moon,
Shot at the moon, shot at the moon,
When Ben gave the command we all shot at the moon
Shot at the moon.
Oh the captain he called us and took all our guns,
Took all our guns, took all our guns,
Oh the captain he called us and took all our guns,
Took all our guns.
Yes he took all our guns, but he left Benny his,
Left Benny his, left Benny his.
Yes he took all our guns, but he left Benny his,
Left Benny his.
For Benny was right and the detail was wrong,
The detail was wrong, detail was wrong,
For Benny was right and the detail was wrong.
Detail was wrong.
Now this is the end of that famous spy hunt,
Famous spy hunt, famous spy hunt,
Now this is the end of that famous spy hunt,
Famous spy hunt.

(Founded on fact and written for one of our shows in the "Y" hut at Central Park)

Road Work with "C" Company

The 23rd Engineers were recruited and organized for road work in France, but as far as we know C Company was the only company in this, the second largest regiment in the army, that did nothing but road work.

The other companies built railroads, bridges, camps and did about everything an engineering outfit might be called upon to do, until the Meuse-Argonne offensive, when road work was taken up by the regiment as a whole.

C Company was picked from the first 1200 men assigned to the regiment at Camp Meade and landed in France "Rarintogo."

When we arrived at Camp Gerard-Sas, our road work began. We marched about five or six kilometers through the mud each morning, stood in the rain all day and marched back again at night. This lasted for about six weeks and at the end of that time, the roads were in the same bad condition as when we started, because we were poorly equipped for road work. We were spread out over many more miles of road than we could have done under any circumstances and we did not receive enough road building material to keep one-tenth of the Company busy. And so we stood out in the rain day after day and cursed.

After this first bad spasm of rain, mud and inefficiency we moved our camp. The weather cleared up and we began to conquer the mud and our road building really started. French steam rollers, American trucks and American picks and shovels arrived and later American gas rollers and tractors put in a welcome appearance.

Now we formed definite plans and roads were laid out and worked in an organized manner and we were able to feel that at last we were accomplishing something. At the time of beginning work, ration wagons were daily stuck in the mud in the middle of the roads, and it was the desire of the Commanding General of the Division, to ride over these roads in his automobile.

On April 1st, the First Division was replaced by the 26th Division. On the 23rd of May, Lieut. Butler received for the company, and its Commanding Officer, the compliments of the Commanding General of the Division, who was able to go over the roads in his automobile at normal speed and ease.

All through the summer of 1918 we worked. Sometimes we had Sunday off and often we never knew when it was Sunday, but when the First Army was formed for the St. Mihiel Drive and business began to pick up and a large number of troops began to come into the old sector, Northwest of Toul, the roads were in ideal condition and C Company could well feel proud of the work it had done.

All of this time we had been doing all of the work ourselves, work that none of us were used to; work that only the poorest grade of troops are usually called upon to do.

We had enlisted in the 23rd Engineers because the Government had called for men who could supervise road work. Many of us would have chosen other branches of the service, but were told that our knowledge and ability would be most useful in this regiment. And so it is only fair to state that many of us were disappointed, though none were discouraged, and every man "played the game," digging ditches, breaking

17536—U. S. Official.

Unloading Road Material from Light Railway Spur on New Road Under Construction. C Co. 23rd Engrs. July 1-3, 1918.

rock, loading and unloading trucks, spreading rock and sand on lonesome roads and often wondering what it was all about.

But in August, 1918, the service battalions began to arrive and most of our company were able to lay aside the picks and shovels and take charge of details from these organizations.

Throughout the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Offensives, the service battalions were with us and we still had some labor troops working under our orders when we left the devastated area in the spring of 1919.

We had been in the sector northwest of Toul for fourteen months and we had built and maintained a great many roads in this sector, roads that are there to-day rising from the mud, a monument to C Company.

Tourists to France will seldom use these roads, few Americans will ever pass over them, but in the darkness of night the American First Army, the greatest army this country has ever produced, tramped over these roads that we will always call "ours," and the Boche was driven from positions he had held for four long years.

Of all the roads that C Company worked, the Route de l'Etoille, which ran past our camp at Central Park and the Raulecourt cut-off was, no doubt, the most important. We changed the roads from muddy trails to boulevards. Here the Company went through its darkest, hardest days; here we worked, suffered and succeeded, here we built as fine roads as any army ever built anywhere.

Comparing the methods of road building used in France with the established methods in this country leaves one to wonder how a road was ever made. In the first place an engineer going into a swampy country would say that the road would have to be raised up, or a fill made, to bring it above the action of the water. Over there we did not have time to make a fill or to prepare a subgrade. In many places the base rock was placed in mud and water and often the first trip over it with the roller would bring the mud up between the rocks.

Many miles of old roads were repaired by continuous patching until in the end they were as good as a new base. Holes would show up under traffic. Sometimes they were small but more often large enough to stop traffic. A place like this would be excavated, all the mud and loose material removed, and a new base of large rock placed by hand. Rollers would be put on and the base rock compressed as much as possible. Second course put on and again rolled, then the surfacing, and again rolled until even with the surface of the old road. Details of men from the Company spent months at this kind of work. The roads were open to traffic at all times and good results were obtained in this way.

In many places it was necessary to widen an old road that had been a four meter road to a six meter road. A trench was dug one meter wide on each side of the road down to the bottom of the old base and rock was placed and compressed with the roller. In most cases, where roads were made wider a new surface was put on over the full width of the road. After the sides had been laid all soft or bad spots in the old base were dug out and relaid, then the base was ready for the surfacing.

From four to six inches of crushed rock was spread on with dump trucks and rolled until it would stay in place under the roller, water was then put on and rolled again, the water acted on the soft lime stone and a smooth surface could be secured by

plenty of rolling. In many places where the crushed rock could not be held together under the roller by using water a binder of sand and clay was used, rolled in dry first, then water was used and the smooth surface could be secured by rolling and sweeping in with brooms. In many places soft spots would show up. After the surfacing had been put on these spots were dug out and again large rock was placed and a new top was put on.

Where entirely new road was built the method was to place each rock by hand, as a rule large end down, where the ground was very soft. Smaller rock was placed by hand to fill in between the base rocks before the roller was allowed on it. Quite often it was necessary to use a hammer to break up rock for this purpose. Where the subgrade was very soft we learned that it was best to put on the second course of rock before putting the roller on it. In this way more even compression was made by the roller and we had fewer places to dig out after the road was completed. In many places I have seen the subgrade so soft that two and three courses of base rock have been rolled in before a second course could be put on. We learned that the white limestone used for a surface under the action of the rain and continuous traffic was too soft as a wearing surface so it became necessary to bring in river gravel.

In many places it was possible to roll this river gravel into the crushed rock without using additional binder. By putting it on in thin courses and using plenty of water as the roller was going over it the limestone surface could be softened enough to embed the gravel and in this way an excellent wearing surface was obtained.

The lime stone would absorb the water and dry quickly but while wet was very slippery so care had to be taken not to put too much crown on the road. The roads needed plenty of crown for a quick drainage but too much crown was a serious matter to motor vehicles.

From the 1st of May, the traffic on all roads under our care increased each day. Besides the movement of troops to and from the lines with all their trucks, artillery, ammunition and supplies, there was an ever increasing amount of war material coming into the rail heads and from there to the ammunition and engineer dumps in preparation for the St. Mihiel drive which started Sept. 12th.

At times during the day the traffic was so great that work on the roads was held up for hours at a time. Many times a convoy of troops or a truck train of ammunition or other supplies would come through just as we were in the midst of laying the surface on a piece of road. Often there would be several hundred yards of loose crushed rock all placed and ready for the roller and after a truck train of fifty or a hundred trucks had plowed through it the work of spreading had to be gone over again. Divisional movement of troops over these roads, as a rule, took place at night for it was too close to the lines for any large body of troops to move in the day time, although most of the roads were in a heavy forest.

The Route de l'Etoille leading from "Central Park" to Mandres-aux-Tours was about 6 Kilometers, or 3¾ miles. In February, 1917, it was very nearly impassable. We scraped it and broomed it and filled the holes with "little ones made out of big ones" so that, in a little less than three months, it was so improved that the Major was astonished! (See copy of his letter of May 26th.)

14619—U. S. Official.

Members of Company C, 23rd Engineers, Spreading Stone Over Road. Camp de Gerard-sas, June 6, 1918.

Route de l'Etoille

"Lights Out" was only a mud covered crossroads in the woods. At one corner stood a post which supported a box-like affair with a gabled wooden roof and canvas sides. At the front of this box was a small door and the whole thing looked like a large bird-house.

But it was not a bird-house, it was a sign post, erected to warn the French who had held this Sector. Painted on one side in large black letters was "Lights Out" and the other side told the drivers that they could light their lanterns. A lamp of some kind placed inside would cause these instructions to be easily seen on the canvas sides, and vehicles going up put out their lights and those coming back could light up.

This sign carried no warning for the American Expeditionary Forces, lights were not allowed for many miles back of the lonesome crossroads where this old abandoned French sign stood, but it gave us a name for the place where a great many of us started our road work in France and C Company always called it "Lights Out."

Turning to the left of "Lights Out," the road led to Washington Barracks and the "Raulecourt Cutoff." To the right it followed a winding course through the woods for about one kilometer and then turned sharply to the left, crossed a stone culvert large enough to be called a bridge and continued in a straight line at the right of the forest to "Hill Top."

"Hill Top" was about two kilometers from "Lights Out" and was the highest piece of ground on this road, rising 30 or 40 ft. above the low ground on either side.

In February, 1918, details started to scrape the wet mud from the old narrow French road, two one-lung French trucks with French drivers hauled about three yards of rock a day. We pounded this rock with sledge hammers and placed the broken pieces in ruts. But the mud came up and the rocks went down and the road did not improve, so we started to build a real road.

The old French four meter road was nothing but a trail and merely served as a line for our new road. Our road was six meters wide with a one meter strip of Tilford on each side of the old macadam. Four or five inches of poor grade limestone rock formed the first course and two to three inches of hard red gravel formed the top course. This was bound in with a sandy sort of soil taken from a hillside at Boucq and called "Boucq-binder." In places "Blockage" was laid flat on the surface of the old road before the limestone and finishing courses were applied.

It was slow work. We dug the trenches and ditches often in several inches of water and the mud and muck stuck to the picks and shovels. We were using French tools—a short handled clumsy pick, a long straight handled awkward and almost useless shovel. We laid Tilford without gloves. We spread rock, unloading it, from trucks that were never built for hauling road material, with the same almost useless shovels. The Ammunition bodied F. W. D. is not a nice place in which to use even a real shovel.

Along this road were several old French artillery positions which were used occasionally by the American batteries. C Company was always very chummy with the artillery men and some of us were often sorry that we had not enlisted in that branch of the service.

It was on this piece of road that our brand new, but badly battered rolling kitchen made its first and last attempt to produce a mess of slum.

When the kitchen arrived at Camp Gerard-Sas it looked like a prize package to everyone but the K. P. who had to clean it up. When it made its first appearance on the road, it was escorted by a cook, an assistant cook, two drivers, the First Sergeant, one First Lieutenant and the Captain. Everything looked fine, but the fire had gone out, the stew was cold and only partly cooked, and the gang enjoyed a two hour dinner period waiting for their grub. That settled the rolling kitchen and from that time on it was only used as a dish water heater.

Kitchens were established on the roads, each detail erecting some sort of camouflaged affair where canned goods could be warmed up and served with the usual black coffee and mouldy bread.

Everything was sailing along on this work when the weather cleared up in the late Spring. The American gas rollers arrived and all the material was delivered by the Truck Company in self-dumping Mack trucks. American picks and shovels were received and a real piece of road was being built.

About this time one of the stones in the little stone bridge became broken and McGovern and Jordan built a concrete support in the water under the bridge. For this work McGovern received a corporal's warrant and Jordan a strained back.

On the left of this bridge toward Mandres, Shorty Lowther built a very decorative piece of mud bank, smoothing off the wet mud with the face of his shovel and planting a row of branches on top, all of which caused the Captain to rave.

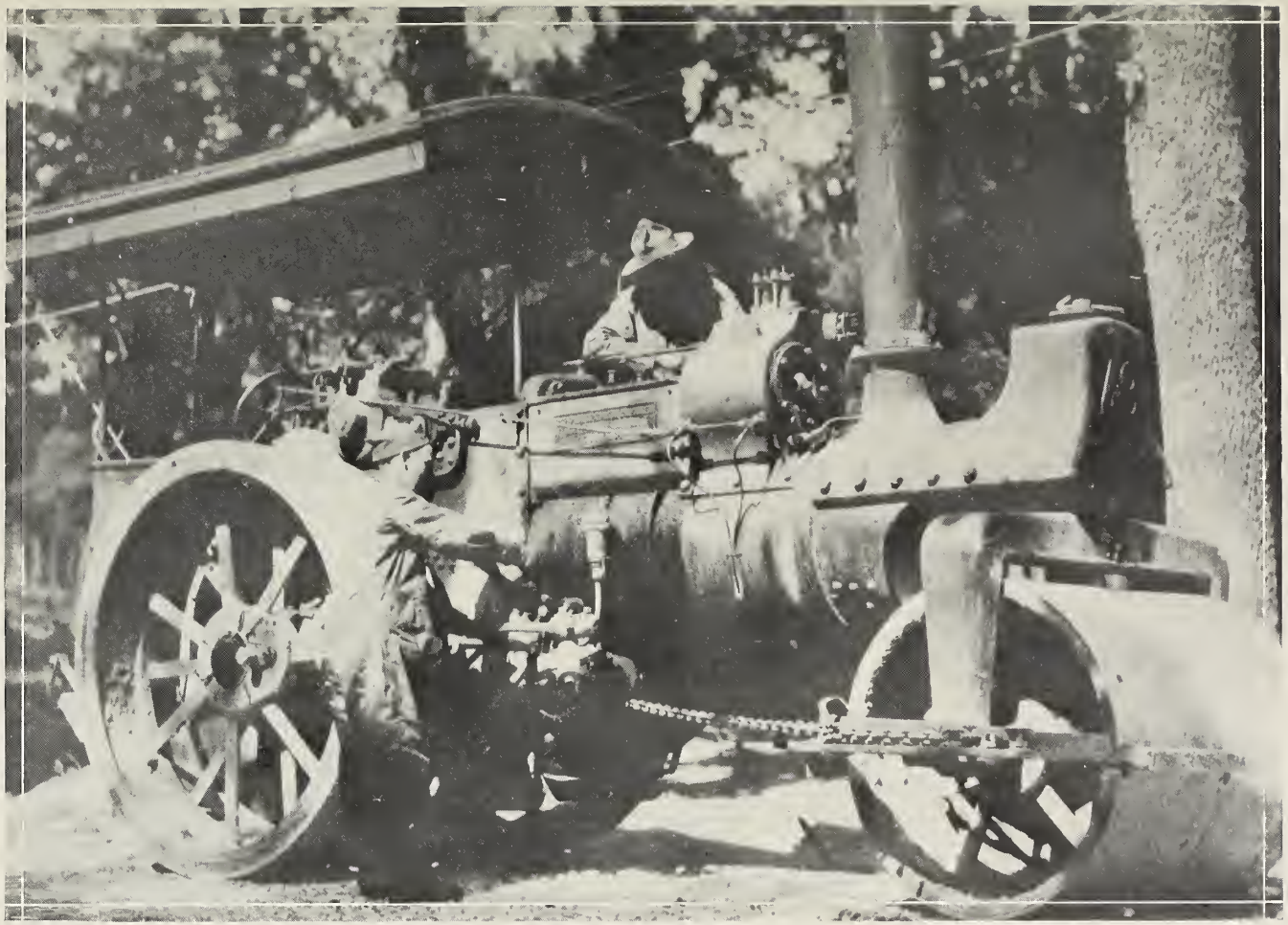
It was here at the bend of the road that a Signal Corps movie man took pictures of Lieut. Butler and Sgt. June as they walked over what they considered a fine piece of road work. Latest reports say that Butler and June are still spending money looking for this picture in the movie houses.

It was at this bend in the road that Jack Martin took Tanner's job on the old French steam roller, while Tanner nursed a stomach ache for a day in "quarters." Jack had been the fireman on this roller for some time, but had never attempted to run the old bird. Tanner, Felch and Ellis seemed to have the best luck with these old rollers and Seaver, Bailey and Tanner afterwards handled some that were just as old, if not older. It was always hard to keep Tanner on a roller, however, as he insisted on getting off to tell anyone who would listen about the laundry in which he had worked in Michigan.

On the day Martin handled Tanner's roller he became thoroughly disgusted with French rollers and a lot of other things. That old roller insisted on sliding into the ditch and Jack finished the day rolling in the middle of the road. After that day he could not be coaxed to get on the roller and Seaver offered to handle the job for a day or two and liked it so well he stayed on the rollers all summer. But Martin could not get away from that old bad-luck roller. He drew a job helping Fry keep the small front wheel clean. There were no scrapers on the front wheel so two men were assigned to act as scrapers. These men walked, one on each side, and knocked the larger patches of dirt and binder off the wheel.

The Boche bounced a few shells off this road now and then and occasionally he dropped a few in the ditches, but he seldom bothered the road builders on this particular section of the road.

Some parts of the road were in plain view of Montsec and where the road left the woods, the enemy could see every move we made, but, although he shelled the



17509—U. S. Official.

Felch on Steam Road Roller; McCartney in Foreground. Essey-et-Maizerais, Meurthe et Moselle, France, July 1-3, 1918.

nearby fields, towns and artillery positions, he did not bother C Company very much, until one dismal morning we arrived to find the machine gun crew, who were stationed in a camouflaged position at the side of our road just back of "Hill Top," had been driven out by gas.

The gas was still in the low places when we arrived shortly after seven o'clock. The machine gun crew stopped our truck and warned us, and we waited about half an hour for the wind to blow the gas away before going to work.

Our road was surfaced up to "Hill Top" and on this morning our detail and a detail from A Company, 21st Engineers, who were laying narrow gauge railroad tracks, were both working at "Hill Top."

It was a dark cloudy day with frequent showers of rain, a fine day for artillery to work on enemy positions.

On the previous day a battery of six inch rifles, in position at "Lights Out," used one gun to fire on a railroad station back of the Boche lines. This battery from the 51st Coast Guard Artillery was on the Front for the first time and was proud of the work done by their gun on the previous day, so about nine o'clock they opened up again, firing one gun. A battery of six inch howitzers at "Hill Top" and just to the right of our road, also started to use one gun, firing alternately with the Coast Guard Artillery.

Shortly after these batteries started to fire, the enemy began to shell the woods on our left with light artillery. Our batteries continued to fire for about an hour when the Boche began using an eight inch gun. The first shell from this gun hit about one hundred feet in front of the gun that was working in the Coast Guard Artillery battery and the second hit in the ditch on our road just back of the gun, whose crew, including a Major and several other officers had left the gun and arrived in the road just in time to be blown over by the second Boche shell.

Our batteries stopped firing. We ducked from "Lights Out" and the enemy stopped shelling the woods and started to rake the road leading up to "Hill Top." Everyone then took to the woods and the German batteries stopped firing. But in an hour they opened up on us again, several batteries of three and four inch guns suddenly started to shell "Hill Top," and the details working there were forced to seek cover with no good cover available.

Most of the men crawled under a couple of narrow gauge flat cars loaded with sections of rails for the narrow gauge railroad. Others chose the woods near our kitchen. Tanner and Seaver were at the creek drawing water for the roller. They ran the roller to one side of the road and then sat down on this bridge to watch the show, although shells were breaking all around them.

One small shell hit a switch a few feet from the flat cars and most of the 21st Engineers left, running in the direction of Hamonville. Costa did his own thinking and headed for camp, but stopped after running several hundred feet and returned for his mess kit.

When the detail was checked up Gruber and Martin were missing. While running along the narrow gauge railroad through the wood toward Hamonville, they saw a gas shell explode in the ditch just ahead of them and started to put on their gas masks. While doing this they heard a six inch shell "whistling their numbers" and jumped into the ditch just as the shell exploded on the other side of the railroad.

The embankment probably saved their lives, but they had not had time to adjust their masks and had jumped into the gas filled ditch.

Joining the 21st Engineers they sat on the railroad track in an open space until the shelling stopped, when they crawled and staggered back to the road and were taken to the hospital in an ambulance that had been stationed with the artillery. After many weeks in the hospital, Gruber went to a non-com school, was made a sergeant and sent home in charge of a casual company.

Martin returned to C Company, but he never was quite well after being gassed.

C Company built roads from St. Mihiel to Pont-a-Mousson and from Menil-la-Tour to Verdun, but the road from Headquarters to Mandres will always be first in our memories.

It was through the early summer months, while the Boche were making their tremendous pushes in Flanders, and everything was quiet in the Toul Sector, where divisions moved in and out, that this company was at times discouraged, feeling that their days of toil with pick and shovel were being unnoticed and accomplishing little to attain the great purpose of the war. Then in August, began the formation of the First Army and Company C, 23rd Engineers, became Army Troops. Soon came rumors and signs of an offensive and the big guns that were used to reduce the German's stronghold, Montsec, in view of which for many weeks the men had worked, were brought up over the De l'Etoille Road.

For the offensive, the De l'Etoille Road, now a Highway, was named the Axial road for the 42 Division and Lieut. Butler was placed in charge of the road. The week previous to the offensive, was a constant source of gratification to the company, for the ever increasing stream of two-way traffic showed that every stroke of the pick and shovel on the road, thru the long summer months, was being rewarded many times.

Raulecourt Cut-Off

This road branches off the Raungeval-Mandres Highway at a point about 4 kilometers southwest of the little town of Mandres. It extends through the woods for a distance of about 2.7 kilometers. After leaving the latter there still remained a distance of about 7.5 kilometers to Raulecourt, which distance was entirely in the open and in plain view of Montsec.

From a military point of view it was plain that this particular cut-off, after its completion, would prove very advantageous to the Allies in either an offensive or a defensive drive. Owing to the protection offered by the woods a great many troops, as well as tanks, batteries, etc., could be brought in and kept under cover at all times and ready for action at a moments notice.

The means for bringing up the supplies to this proposed base were very adequate as the narrow gauge railroad ran under cover most of the way from the standard gauge railroad dump at Raungeval up to and parallel with the cut-off intersecting with a similar system at Raulecourt.

It was generally understood from what we were told by French civilians and by United States troops other than the 23rd Engineers, that the construction of this road had been undertaken by two different units prior to the presence of Co. C in that sector, but in each case had to be discontinued owing to its being so close to the front

14617—U. S. Official.

Capt. H. Edmund Burke and First Lieut. J. Vernon Butler of Company C, 23rd Engineers, Inspecting the Work of Their Men. Camp Gerard-sas, June 6, 1918.

lines and to the presence of several French and American batteries in its immediate vicinity.

Upon being turned over to C Company, 23rd Engineers for its completion, there remained about 1126 meters of entirely new road to build, one-half this distance being in the open and in plain view of Montsec, and the balance in the woods where the roadbed had been partially prepared, though several large stumps and logs still remained to be disposed of.

Part of the roadbed through the woods was very soft and marshy and it became necessary in preparing the sub-grade, to lay a heavy corduroy base with vertical side revetments in order to retain the road metal which was to be placed later.

The first few days on this road we spent making necessary repairs to the 2 kilometers of road already built, in order that we could transport the necessary material to the point of construction. Following this we took up construction on the new road. Our progress was rather slow, however, owing to the uncertainty of materials, trucks, etc., and it became necessary to place a repair detail on maintaining the road over which our material was being transported. This did not prove very practical as the upkeep on this piece of road exceeded a quarter of the material which was being transported over it.

It was next decided to lay the narrow gauge railroad along the side of and parallel to our work, when possible, and connect it with the west branch about 1 kilometer north of "Lights Out." The engineers operating the narrow gauge railroad laid the steel to our point of construction. We carried the steel forward and maintained the same, with the progress of the work.

The material was left at the point of intersection, where the narrow gauge track left the woods, and was laid on the shoulders or beams of the new work. In a distance of about 170 meters the road rose on an incline of about 3%. Our stable sergeant, who happened to have at this time under his care, a few old, second hand, worn out army mules, suggested they could be used to good advantage in pulling the cars over this grade. The cars averaged about 2½ or 3 meters of material each. It took only a few days for the hard-boiled army mules to decide that this was not what they enlisted for and they gave us demonstrations to prove it, which the stable sergeant could not figure out, though he talked to them in several different languages. After giving the mules their own way we had a truck detailed for this purpose, which proved very satisfactory and was used during the entire period of construction.

From this on the road metal was delivered to us at the rate of from 8 to 15 cars a day for about three weeks and the progress each day was very encouraging.

Few days passed that we did not see more or less airplane activity and occasionally a real battle in the clouds. These latter were usually observed from the shelter of a dug-out or a tree stump or any other object that would afford us protection from the shrapnel which fell every time the enemy crossed the line. However, we all seemed to get a wonderful lot of stimulus from the air battles and the Hun and American shells which whistled over our heads every day. The Huns were always trying to find our ammunition dumps and battery positions in the rear but made only one attempt to stop our work. This was done in the night and about the time that C Company took over the work. The best they could do was to shoot down trees on each side of the road.

They made only two direct hits in the road, with what we decided to be six or eight inch shells.

Of the men who made the Raulecourt Cut-off, their Sergeant says there were no slackers. When it came to handling the 50-100 pound Telford blocks or any of the other "implements of war" which were essential for the construction of a macadam road, they were always ready. McGee and Mullery, generally speaking, always kept the boys in the best of spirits and through the good-fellowship which always prevailed, this detail, which had grown to number about twenty-two men by this time, was known as one of the best in C Company.

After the Telford base was laid for a distance of 500 meters a surfacing detail commenced at the point of construction to apply the surfacing courses. It was originally intended that this work should be one course, not paying any particular attention to the grades, etc. But this was not carried out as our Captain arrived on the scene one morning shortly after the surfacing was started and, much to our surprise, announced, with a graceful wave of his hand, that we finish her up like a boulevard.

At this time Mr. Funk, M. E., was kept much on the jump. Scarcely a day passed but we had visitors, from the rank of Colonel, down. We were never able to figure out how so many happened to come out our way. But we were thankful that a soldier on fatigue duty did not have to salute every officer that passed.

After about 600 meters of Telford base were laid the quarry output was doubled, and owing to the increased quantity of material which was then diverted to the cut-off, it became necessary to work two shifts. The second was known as the afternoon shift and usually worked from 2 P. M. to 10 P. M., but sometimes their work, which consisted in unloading the material from the cars, would hold them into the small hours of the morning. This was due to the shortage of U. S. cars and the necessity this shortage involved of detaining the cars only long enough to unload them. The length of time cars were kept averaged about fifteen minutes, plus the time taken to pull them by truck to and from the switch.

The details of from 10 to 15 men each, which alternated from day to afternoon shifts, made some records on the amount of material unloaded and placed during this period. Pvt. Roberts made a short job of removing the tree stumps. His first method was by using hand grenades. Later, through the efforts of Mr. Funk some dynamite was secured. Robby had a little artillery fire all by himself and it was not long before the stumps disappeared. We wondered if any of the pieces reached the Hun front line and if they did, what our enemy thought of them.

Progress was being made. One detail was ahead preparing the sub-grade, the detail following was laying the Telford base, and the third detail was spreading and rolling in the second and third courses and cleaning up ditches and shoulders.

By the time we had finished the work in the woods and reached the open country a company of Engineers was erecting a camouflage fence parallel with the road grade in order to offer us some protection from Montsec. Their progress was rapid and in a few days their job was completed. The fence construction was of poles about 5 inches in diameter and 20 feet long, set in the ground about 3.5 feet and 30 feet on centers. Wires were fastened to the poles and on the latter was suspended chicken wire covered with burlap.

29106—U. S. Official.

One of Our Tractor Trains on "Dead Man's Curve" Between Mandres and Beaumont.

To the south of the road at this place, and about 100 meters in the woods, was an abandoned French artillery camp. All that remained intact here were the kitchen and a concrete bath house, and we can still thank Bott and Griggsby for the many good feeds we had there at noons. We would pass the hat and collect a mess fund, Bott would head for Raulecourt, and always come back with something good to eat. We might have had something to drink, also, had it not been that our francs were always low.

By June 10th it was warm and the hundreds of different kinds of bugs in the woods made us very uncomfortable. The mosquitoes were as large as bumble bees and they worried the four horses on our road grader until it was hard to get any work out of them.

On June 16th the Germans shot down two balloons at Raungeval. They had been bombarding the small towns in the vicinity, such as Boucq, Menil-la-Tour, Gerard-Sas, Mandres and Beaumont. On the 21st Co. D, 23rd Engineers, was detailed to Co. C, and the Raulecourt force was increased by about 25 D Company men. On the 22nd they were taken away again.

About the 23rd of June all of the Telford was laid and it was decided to continue the top course of surfacing into Raulecourt, a distance of about 7 kilometers. As we had two gas rollers on the job for a week the distance was covered in good time although Pvt. C. V. Reed can tell something of the troubles he had in furnishing Cpl. Gillespie with all of the water he needed.

Our rollers got off the macadam occasionally and mired to the hubs in clay. Lieut. Butler never said much but the Captain on one occasion felt sure that we had lost one, and even mentioned what it cost to put one in France. Anyway we generally solved the problem with the old reliable Mack trucks. With a few tons of ballast in one of them something had to move and it was always the roller. Likewise our narrow gauge cars would leave the rails when least expected. It was only a short time before the boys became experts in putting them back on. This trouble was mostly due to the worn out condition of the cars.

The surfacing into Raulecourt completed, we resurfaced the old road from our first point of construction back to within about 8 kilometers of "Lights Out."

Late in June a Company of French artillery moved in and began trying out their guns. The C. O. had much to say in praise of the U. S. soldiers.

The road was completed about the middle of July.

Front Line Storage Dumps

On August 26, 1918, details were placed in charge of storage dumps where road materials for the impending St. Mihiel drive, were to be assembled at the front, available for use should the roads become damaged by shell fire. At the front gasoline motors were used to haul the narrow gauge trains, due to the silence with which they could be operated. Farther back steam engines were used. The railroad was operated by the 21st Engineers and formed a link between the broad gauge line and the front.

The greater part of the material came up by rail, altho the trucks of Motor Truck Co. No. 2 which was attached to our company were also used to some extent.

Detachments of labor troops (colored) were with us to unload cars and store the material. Each detachment consisted of about 50 troops and was in charge of a

sergeant of the same regiment. Orders were given to the sergeant in charge and it was his duty to see that they were carried out by his men.

On account of the fact that we were under hostile airplane and balloon observation during the daytime all material had to come in by night. Cars would begin to come in just after dark and were shunted to the spur track to be unloaded. Often as many as 50 carloads were handled at a single dump in a night. Most of the material was rock and gravel tho there were also quantities of bridge material, facings and many tools of various kinds. All material had to be checked, car numbers noted, and a record kept of all material received and sent out. Doing this on a dark and rainy night, and it usually was rainy, was part of the task we had to perform. No lights were allowed for the front line trenches were visible and it was necessary to keep our movements as secret as possible. Trucks and trains moved silently thru the night with no lights to show their presence. At the end of each night's work all material was camouflaged by covering it with brush.

There was no lack of excitement for troops were constantly going forward at night. All thru the night a steady stream of infantry was passing. Also batteries were moving forward, signal corps troops were laying telephone lines and long lines of supply trains would rumble past. And it all moved with a smoothness and precision one would hardly think possible.

At the Mandres storage dump our men were located at a little distance from where the service troops were billeted. The corporal and one or two helpers slept there alone. On the evening of Sept. 11, from all indications, it seemed that the drive was due to start the next morning. We warned all the colored troops not to be alarmed at a sudden bombardment that night as it would be from our own guns. But no one thought to warn the cook. Consequently he thought it was the Germans coming when the barrage started full force at 1 a. m. Our dugout was the nearest place so he made for that and stayed there the rest of the night. We could not convince him that our guns were doing the shooting nor would he go back to his bunk, altho he would have been as safe there as with us even if the Germans had been coming.

25253—U. S. Official

Bridge at Flirey Which was Blown up by the French in 1914 to Impede the Progress of the Germans. This Picture Shows the Two Lines of Trucks Which Passed in Continuous Line Lasting for 80 Hours During the American Advance in the St. Mihiel Drive. The Foliage in the Foreground was Burned by Mustard Gas. This is the Upper End of "Dead Man's Curve" and "Gas Hollow." Flirey, Meurthe et Moselle, France, Sept. 13, 1918.

The St. Mihiel Drive

It would hardly be fair to say that the St. Mihiel Drive was won by C Company, but we believe it is no exaggeration to say that the work which we did on the roads during the long, weary weeks of 1918 was one of the chief factors in the success of the first "American" drive in the Great War.

Much of the terrain back of "our" front lines was flat and low. Each rain turned the clay soil to the most treacherous kind of mud, that seemed to go "all the way down." To build a road here that would carry our heavy trucks and guns, even for one drive, it was necessary to lay a foundation that would support a road under ordinary conditions for many years. We were told by the French that "it couldn't be did"—but we did it—just as many other impossible things were done by the Americans in France.

When we took over the Route de l'Etoille it was almost impassable for anything on wheels. We made of it a two-way road second to none. The Raulecourt cut-off required the same thorough reconstruction and many of the other roads, besides being widened, came in for heavy repairs. The work done at the rail-heads and "dumps" was also of vital importance.

The traffic that crowded these roads for a few days is almost beyond belief, and can be appreciated only by those who witnessed it. The grinding, patient labor of months under shell fire and the most trying conditions was paid for in the few short hours of intense effort during the drive. Our roads carried to the front every conceivable thing that a large army in action can use: tanks and trucks; men and mules; guns and limousines; canned Willie and hay; gas masks and bullets. The return tide brought loaded ambulances and empty trucks and prisoners with their guards. In and out in seemingly impossible "jams" darted the dispatch riders. We could not witness this without a pardonable thrill of pride that we had made it possible.

After the drive, however, so far had "the line" moved forward, the greater part of the traffic went by the main highways, and our roads fell into comparative disuse. We played a very minor part behind the lines in the Meuse-Argonne, our further efforts being directed largely toward preparing for the proposed drive on Metz which was halted by the Armistice.

So the St. Mihiel Drive stands out as the climax of our war experience. Without knowing it we had been laboring, from the time we reached the front in February, toward this one definite end.

Having "paved the way" we went forward over our own pavements, with the First Army, to do our part in the actual work of capping the climax. Our part in the drive was to keep the roads open and keep traffic moving—which meant that the roads across No Man's Land must be put in shape to allow the first rush to get across on the heels of the Infantry, and that they must be practically rebuilt while the traffic was passing. To handle this little job our front was divided into three zones, and the Company was spread out along the whole front. Lieutenant Butler, at that time in command of C Company, in submitting copies of orders, etc., for this history writes as follows:

"I am sending you copies of records the originals of which I have kept as souvenirs.

"One is a copy of the orders that were issued to me by Major Stickney about eight

o'clock on the night of the drive. As soon as I returned to camp I divided the company into the three parts called for, and started out the two 'details' that had to go to zones 1 and 3. Just what happened to them that night and the next day is about the most interesting part of their experiences.

"The 'detail' to zone 1 was in charge of Sgt. Haviland and they had only a short distance to go to Camp Fitz Patrick—and walked—arriving there between 11 and 12 o'clock. The 'detail' to zone 3 was in charge of Sgt. Sterl and I sent them in the truck as they had to go to Ansauville. They were on the road when the barrage opened and Sgt. Sterl gave me a very humorous account of the things the men said and did. I say humorous because it seemed humorous after it was all over, but at the time it was serious enough to all of them. They received very scant treatment at the hands of Captain Davis—had no place to stay, and most of them lost their packs next day.

"The 'detail' that I kept with myself was in charge of Sgt. Jones and Sgt. Clifton. Sgt. Walkotte was out on the road by himself the night of the drive and gave valuable service to the troops in directing them as to roads.

"Enclosed also is a copy of the narrative report called for in the last paragraph of the orders. This was written by Oppenheimer. This report was never called for by Major Stickney and this is the first use I have had for it. It covers in a general way everything that happened after the first night. I will be glad if you can use it, or at least let Oppenheimer know that his efforts have helped in another way if not for the original purpose. However, I never told him that the report was never called for.

"As you probably know, the men were rather disgusted with their experiences with the labor troops and their officers, as it was a plan that sounded all right in theory but would not work in practice. It caused considerable trouble for me, too."

The orders mentioned are as follows:

OFFICE OF CHIEF ENGINEER, FIRST ARMY
DEPT. LIGHT RAILWAYS AND ROADS
FOURTH CORPS AREA

11 September, 1918.

Memorandum: No. E-67

The following organization will be conformed to until further notice by the road troops in this area:

1. The Fourth Corps Area is divided into three zones numbered consecutively from west to east—No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3. The center lines of these zones are, respectively, the Raulecourt-Broussey-Bouconville Road, the De l'Etoille Road, and the Menil-la-Tour-Flirey Road. The extent of these zones is shown on the plan attached hereto.

2. Personnel assigned to zones will be under the command and the work done therein under the direction of the following named officers:

Zone No. 1: Captain W. D. Peaslee, Co. "A," 537th Engineers.
Zone No. 2: 1st Lieutenant J. Vernon Butler, Co. "C," 23rd Engineers.
Zone No. 3: Captain P. B. Davis, Co. "C," 524th Engineers.

The following named officers are assigned to duty under Captain Peaslee:
Lieutenants Waters, Normile, Meyers, and Lee.

The following named officers are assigned to duty under Lieutenant Butler:
Captain Carden, and Lieutenants Murphy, Garforth, Linburg and Taylor.

The following named officers are assigned to duty under Captain Davis:
Lieutenants Painter, Devereaux, Nelson and Nash.

25295 and 25255—U. S. Official.

Upper View—Heudecourt and a Portion of the St. Mihiel Salient. Nonsard in the Distance and Pannes on the other side. The Road to the Right Leads into Creuë.

Lower View—No-man's Land for Nearly Four Years. Reclaimed by the Americans for the French on September 12, 1918. Montsec in the Distance, by the Germans and French Thought Impregnable. Xivray-Marvoisin in the Middle Distance and our Trenches in the Foreground. Sept. 17, 1918.

3. Sanitation in Zone No. 1 will be under the direction of Lieutenant Rossman. Sanitation in Zone No. 2 will be under the direction of Lieutenant Stockton. Sanitation in Zone No. 3 will be under the direction of Captain Banks. These specific duties are in addition to the functions exercised by Lieutenant Stockton and Captain Banks as Battalion Surgeons.

4. General supervision over all operations in these zones will be exercised by the Corps Roads Officer, with the assistance of Major R. E. Childs, who is temporarily designated as Assistant Corps Roads Officer.

5. Personnel is assigned to the zones as follows:

Zone No. 1:

Detachment Co. "C," 23rd Engineers;
Detachment Engineer Truck Co. 2, 23rd Engineers;
Detachment Engineer Wagon Co. 1, 23rd Engineers;
Company "C," 508th Engineers; and
Detachment Company "A," 537th Engineers.

Zone No. 2:

Detachment Company "C," 23rd Engineers;
Detachment Engineer Truck Co. 2, 23rd Engineers; and
Detachment Engineer Wagon Co. 1, 23rd Engineers;
Company "A," 524th Engineers; and
Company "B," 524th Engineers.

Zone No. 3:

Detachment Company "C," 23rd Engineers;
Detachment Engineer Truck Co. 2, 23rd Engineers;
Detachment Engineer Wagon Co. 1, 23rd Engineers;
Company "C," 524th Engineers;
Company "D," 524th Engineers.

The Battalion Surgeon of the 23rd Engineers and the 524th Engineers and the Veterinary Surgeon of the 23rd Engineers will make as nearly an equal distribution of the sanitary and veterinary enlisted personnel attached to their commands, among the zones, as is possible.

6. The following transportation is assigned to each zone:

6 trucks;
6 teams;
1 solo motorcycle;
1 sidecar;
2 saddle horses;

The following transportation is assigned to the Corps Roads Officer and his deputy:

5 saddle horses;
3 sidecars;
4 solo motorcycles.

The following transportation is assigned to the Corps Roads Transportation Officer:

2 side cars;
2 solo motorcycles.

7. The following points of command are established until further notice is given:

Corps Roads Officer—Camp LaReine.
Hdqrs., Zone No. 1—Camp Patrick (508th Engineers.)
Hdqrs., Zone No. 2—Camp Central Park (Co. "C," 23rd Engineers.)
Hdqrs., Zone No. 3—Camp Ansauville (Co. "D," 524th Engineers.)

8. Upon the arrival of the personnel assigned to each zone, the officer in command thereof will designate one officer or non-commissioned officer as in charge of transportation, and one officer or non-commissioned officer as in charge of supplies. The officers or non-commissioned

officers so designated will immediately establish liaison with the Corps Roads Transportation and Supply Officers respectively.

Zone Commanders will also assign the necessary personnel for duty as couriers, for the purpose:

FIRST: Of maintaining liaison between the zone and these Headquarters;

SECOND: Of maintaining liaison between all parts of the zone.

9. The Corps Roads Transportation Officer, in addition to his other duties, will be responsible for the unloading of all road material coming in by rail. To enable him to perform these functions, Master Engineer, junior grade, Raymond T. Bevan will report to him for duty. Personnel for unloading such material will be supplied to the extent of not to exceed 75 men from the personnel assigned to Zone No. 2 and of not to exceed 25 men from the personnel assigned to Zone No. 1. If additional personnel is required for unloading, application will be made direct to the Corps Roads Officer. To permit of the promp unloading of such materials the Corps Roads Transportation Officer will establish and maintain the necessary liaison with the Soixante system. He will also designate from time to time, as may be necessary, the storage points from which road materials will be supplied to the zones.

10. In addition to his duties as Commanding Officer of Engineer Wagon Company No. 1, 23rd Engineers, 1st Lieutenant Charles E. K. Fraser will report to the Corps Roads Officer for such duties as he may be directed to perform.

11. Second Lieutenant S. B. Moore, Supply Officer, 524th Engineers, will report to the Corps Roads Supply Officer for duty as Assistant Corps Roads Supply Officer.

12. Organization Commanders will immediately take such steps as may be necessary to conform the stations of their officers and troops to the above outlined plans. The Corps Roads Transportation Officer will take immediate steps to distribute transportation in accordance with the above plans.

13. It shall be the duty of Zone Commanders to keep the roads within their zones open to traffic and they will be responsible for the necessary patroling of the roads, and distribution of troops, tools, equipment, and materials to effectuate this.

14. No work in addition to such as may be necessary to keep the roads within the zones in such state as will enable traffic to move over them will be undertaken without the approval of the Corps Roads Officer.

15. In addition to the prescribed work reports, Zone Commanders will prepare themselves to submit a narrative report of their operations and of the operations, discipline and behavior of the troops under their command.

DISTRIBUTION:

Army Roads Officer.
Engineer, 4th Corps.
Div. Engrs., 1st, 42nd and 89th Divns.
Each Zone Commander (3.)
Company "C," 23rd Engineers.
Truck No. 2, 23rd Engineers.
Wagon No. 2, 23rd Engineers.
Sanitary Dept. 23rd Engineers.
C. O. 524th Engineers.
C. O. 508th Engineers, Co. "C."
C. O. Company "A," 537th Engineers.
Transportation Officer.
Supply Officer.

.....

H. H. Stickney, Jr.,
Major, Corps of Engrs.,
Corps Roads Officer.

38434—U. S. Official.

Top Surface of Old and New Road, Showing Traffic Open and Road Being Regained.
Near Bernecourt, Meurthe et Moselle, France, Nov. 20, 1918.

NARRATIVE REPORT

Company "C," 23rd Engineers,
Central Park, American E. F.,
12th September, 1918.

At eight thirty last night, an order came to the Company to split it into three organizations, each to maintain a given zone of roads with the aid of negro service outfits. The night was black and rain poured down in torrents, but not a man whimpered when his name was called to roll his pack and leave the meager comforts of Central Park for an unknown destination. Good order prevailed and the men were soon loaded onto trucks and under way.

The big drive started at 1 o'clock a. m. with deafening outbursts of "peace talk" from the big guns that paved the way for the advance. The Hun artillery made only a feeble reply. When the wedge of tanks and fighting men started over the top at 5:30 a. m., a solid line of vehicles and guns covered the road from the rear to Beaumont, along the De l'Etoille, the traffic moving in a solid column practically without interruption and continuing so throughout the day.

Our Officers and men were on the job bright and early. The labor troops were apportioned among the men and soon became part of a smoothly running organization, working courageously and eagerly with apparent disregard for the ear-splitting discharges of the heavy artillery along the roadside.

The road held up exceptionally well under the conditions, altho the heavy rains of the past week, the intermittent showers of the day, and the heavy traffic, made immediate attention urgent. The roads were untouched by shell-fire. A maintenance patrol extended from Etang Neuf to Beaumont on the De l'Etoille and from the De l'Etoille to Gerard-Sas, Leon Val, Longeval and Raulecourt. Shoulders were rebuilt, turns repaired, trucks and overturned wagons pulled out of the ditches, dead horses buried and traffic kept moving. Near Mandres a ration road was made passable by the use of blockage and crushed rock, the work being performed while the road was under traffic.

The first day of the drive closed with all roads in the zone clear and traffic moving systematically, delays conspicuous by their absence.

Company "C," 23rd Engineers,
Central Park, American E. F.,
13th September, 1918.

Fair weather today was favorable to effective work, with a steady wind to aid in drying up the roads. The organization was distributed over a zone of roads in advance of where yesterday's work was done. Traffic diminished to a negligible degree over the De l'Etoille to the rear of "Lights Out," while from Mandres to the front, it continued as a solid mass. Our work was mostly between Mandres and Beaumont, Beaumont and Flirey, and in the towns of Mandres, Beaumont, Rambucourt, and Flirey. In advance of Mandres in the towns named, no road improvement had been undertaken for a long period, so the work consisted of making the poor roads passable by filling old shell holes and ruts with the material available in the immediate vicinity, such as debris from old stone buildings and loose rock in the fields. No permanent improvement was possible, because of the inability to get material through from the rear. However, the men worked exceptionally well with the limited facilities, and marked improvement was noticeable at the end of the day.

Company "C," 23rd Engineers,
Central Park, American E. F.,
Saturday, 14th Sept., 1918.

Last night Sergeant Walkotte's detail worked on an impassable stretch of road over the old German trenches near Richecourt, on the Xivray-Richecourt road, building temporary bridges over the caved in places, using old rails, planking and sand-bags. The road was soon made passable and traffic allowed to continue. Sergeant Walkotte's men had worked all day on another detail. However, all were ready to continue their labor on thru the night until they were relieved by Sergeant Clifton's men this morning. The latter detail continued the work at Richecourt today by widening the road at the bad places and filling in the many small shell holes.

On the Flirey-Essey road, Sergeant Orr's men were called out last night when the heavy traffic collapsed the temporary bridges over the larger shell holes in the road, about three kilometers from Essey. The men labored faithfully all night re-building the spans and keeping the demolished road open by the use of rock, brush and debris. They continued their work today by working in shifts.

Sergeant Jones' men are unloading reserve material at the various dumps at Hill Top, Raulecourt, Mandres and LaReine.

The willingness with which the men have been working long hours with a minimum of sleep since the drive started, is worthy of mention when it is realized that they have lived on short rations, due to the heavy traffic from the rear hindering the prompt forwarding of food supplies.

Company "C," 23rd Engineers,
Central Park, American E. F.,
Sunday, 15th Sept., 1918.

The Richecourt and Flirey details continued their work through last night and today without stopping, except for food and sleep. One shift is on the roads all of the time.

At Richecourt the road over the trenches is being widened, ditches are being built, and an old culvert is being cleaned out and made serviceable again. Trucks are hauling rock from the ruins of the town.

Near the Essey end of the Flirey-Essey route, the one-way bridging over the old trenches was removed and the opening built up with blockage to a full width road. Shoulders and ditches are also being improved.

On the Seicheprey road, Sergeant DeMars' detail is working on general repairing, principally filling old shell holes and ruts.

Other details under Sergeant Jones are working at the various rock dumps and on general maintenance along the De l'Etoille road.

Rapid progress is being made on all of the reconstruction work.

Company "C," 23rd Engineers,
Central Park, American E. F.,
Monday, 16th Sept., 1918.

The work is being continued today at the places referred to in the log of yesterday at an unslackening pace.

Company "C," 23rd Engineers,
Central Park, American E. F.,
Tuesday, 17th Sept., 1918.

The work of the organization is now principally that of continuing the repair and maintenance of roads in the zone. Shell holes are filled, trenches filled in, surface mud removed, bad stretches widened, dead horses buried. Shelled buildings in the towns are pulled down by rope and tractor. This material, in addition to the supply from the rock dumps, is used on the roads. The routes now maintained are the De l'Etoille thru Central Park-Mandres-Beaumont, the Bouconville-Rambucourt-Beaumont-Flirey road, the Flirey-Essey road, the Beaumont-Seicheprey-Montsec road, and the Bouconville-Xivray-Richecourt-St. Bassant-Essey road.

SECOND ZONE DETAIL

The detail numbered about sixty men. Our orders were to keep the roads open for traffic in the immediate neighborhood of Central Park, but more especially the road we had practically built to Mandres. We had several tractors and they did splendid work. The road which had just been resurfaced was—owing to the heavy rains—very slippery, and a little narrow in places for heavy traffic to pass, so that many trucks, guns, etc., slipped into the depths of the drainage ditches, and they were there to stay

25284 and 25282—U. S. Official.

Upper View—View of Road Constructed in Three Days by the Engineers Through the German Trenches. The Stone was Taken From the Old Buildings in Flirey. Through this Valley the Germans Retreated 25 Kilometers in 27 Hours. Near Flirey, Meurthe et Moselle, France, Sept. 24, 1918.

Lower View—Trenches at the Top of the Hill near Flirey, from which the Germans were Driven on Sept. 12. A Small American Cemetery in Front of the Trenches at the Left. Taken Sept. 24, 1918.

so far as getting out under their own power was concerned. This is where the tractor men of C Company did so much good work; they were up and down the road where ever their services were required, and not a single failure is recorded.

One of the worst places on the road was between the intersection of the Mandres and Sanzey roads, by the little lake above camp, and the narrow gauge track crossing, where we had an unloading dock. The traffic here was very heavy, the Sanzey road being used by the 1st and 42nd Divisions, and a great many came to grief at these turns.

At Mandres, where we had a detail on the temporary roads to supply stations, we saw a great many prisoners brought in as well as some of our own wounded.

At the foot of the hill going up into Beaumont the road was so slippery that trucks were unable to make the grade and traffic was blocked for a mile back. We were up against it here to do much good until we got hold of some empty grain sacks in which we carried broken tile from the ruins. The tile ground up under the wheels of the trucks and gave them a hold that made the hill easy. By this time, however, other outfits were also at work on the hill and in the mix-up some of our men went off toward Montsec and the front where they doubtless thought they could do more good or at least use a little more initiative.

At 10 o'clock the 6" batteries were still working—one being near the graveyard at Mandres and others in the open space just back of the National Highway running through Beaumont and Rambucourt. We had a splendid view of the front through glasses, from Beaumont—the fighting at that time going on at the points we afterwards worked. No very close check could be kept of the detail this first day but that they were all "busy" is evidenced by the fact that the next day we had some very competent guides to head small exploring parties to the old German positions. We bewailed the fact that we lacked trucks to haul the very rich booty that could be found. Central Park would have had to be enlarged if we had had transportation for all we found.

There was more or less confusion, conflicting orders, etc., due to so many units doing the same work. But we had less trouble in this way than the other details.

THIRD ZONE DETAIL

It was raining as our detail of 45 or 50 men met at the kitchen and walked, slipping and sliding, under heavy packs, to the cross-roads where three Macks were awaiting us. After we were all aboard and ready to start it was discovered that we were headed in the wrong direction. Our route was to follow the road past Battalion Headquarters to the Cornieville road, thence to Boucq, Sanzey, Menil-la-Tour, past Royaumeix to Camp Ansauville, a short distance from the village of Ansauville. Our trucks were headed toward Mandres and had to be turned. It is easy to turn a five ton truck in a ten acre lot in the day time, but on a slippery road crowded with traffic on a dark rainy night, and no lights allowed, it took nearly an hour of jockeying to turn the three trucks. We finally started in the right direction and were on our way to somewhere in France.

Our troubles were not all behind us, however. We had a slow, hard drive against the almost overwhelming tide being rushed to the front. It had been arranged that the

leading truck should stop at each cross-roads for the others to come up, thus avoiding the danger of becoming separated in the dark. We were continually running into the most complicated traffic snarls, and had hardly advanced a hundred yards when all three trucks had skidded into the ditch and contributed their bit toward a jam. Across the road the northward bound stream was in the same kind of trouble. One poor fellow had been caught by a side-slipping ammunition wagon and his life crushed out. We stood here in the rain for another hour till a tractor, called out from camp, made its way slowly to each truck and pulled it out.

At twelve o'clock, the time we were supposed to be safely in dug-outs at our destination, we were barely a mile from camp. We had just nicely cleared the worst of the jam at one o'clock when we heard the roar of a "Heavy" in the direction of Montsec. A fraction of a second later began the barrage that must have made the ghost of Sherman blush for having presumed to describe war! As we passed along the higher levels on the Boucq-Sanzey road we had a panoramic view of the flashes from the guns as far as the eye could reach to the east and west. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

At Boucq, in spite of the precautions taken, the trucks became separated and met again only by good luck near Royaumeix. Here we picked up a guide who took us straight into the roaring flame, which we had been watching, to our destination, in the thick of the American Artillery, which we reached at four o'clock in the morning. We were nicely settled here for a little much needed sleep when a "Heavy," a few feet away, let go with a shock that nearly rolled us out of our bunks!

At six o'clock the back wash from the on-rushing tide up ahead began to reach us. Prisoners and American wounded, both alike apparently happy, told us of the success of the first rush. The Hun was on the run. Welfare workers along the road were handing out cookies to the wounded. First Aid Stations were beginning to fill up. Airplanes were dropping messages of the progress of the fight.

At 8:00 a. m. orders came for us to move forward in three details to make necessary repairs to the roads and keep traffic moving. The next day the whole detail was concentrated at Flirey, where C Company of the 524th Engineers had been sent, and we began the work of building the road to Essey across No Man's Land. We pulled down the skeletons of former dwellings in the village to fill in the twelve lines of German trenches and the many shell holes that obstructed the road. While the work was going on trucks and wagons and guns had to be pushed and hauled through, somehow. We had little time for our raw bacon or for sleep until the fourteenth, when we began to work in six hour shifts and had time to put up pup tents, which were in anything but military style. Front porches of elephant iron and portcocheres of railroad ties were among the novelties. A shave tail of the 303rd Engineers objected to these as not in the regulations, but we overruled him.

We ate of and at the mess of the colored troops we were working and, in fact, appeared to be considered in every way just as good as they.

The enemy gave us lots to think about but really did little damage. One night a plane was spotted by the search lights directly over head, but the only bomb dropped just missed the town and fell near some horses which were frightened into the picket line of our Wagon Company where they were promptly tied up and became the property of the 23rd Engineers.

25254 and 48546—U. S. Official.

Upper View—Establishing Red Cross Headquarters in Flirey, Sept. 17, 1918. Kreighbaum and Hall Ready in Line. Hall Wearing the Company Puttees.

Lower View—Engineer Camp Near Flirey, Meurthe et Moselle, France, January 14, 1919. Kindly Left for Our Use by the Germans.

There was a lot of confusion, due to conflicting orders, mostly from those least competent to give them. No one seemed to like us any too well; we saw no WELCOME sign on the door mat, and were glad to return to Central Park one week from the day we left.

The following letter was written in "No Man's Land" near Flirey by Ray Ardis and is printed with his permission.

France, A. E. F., September 18, 1918.

I came near heading this "Somewhere in Germany," but any land we win now is France anyhow. I am now sitting out on the edge of a shell hole on what was No Man's Land several days ago. I am a little ahead of my story so I will start back a few days and bring you along with me.

I know you have read about the American drive and I am glad to say that we were not very far in back of the Infantry when it started. Our company was spread out along the whole front between the Infantry and the Artillery to keep the roads in good shape for the movement of men, guns and ammunition. We were just overjoyed when we had the opportunity to be so close to the front. I never saw such a wonderful sight in my life as when our artillery opened up with a terrific barrage at midnight. The sky was livid with gun flashes, rocket signals and star shells. Words can not describe it. We had left camp sometime before and it was pouring rain. However, we did not mind a little thing like that. We were on the go till 4 a. m. the next morning when we got a chance to snatch a few winks of sleep. The big guns were roaring right by our sides but we were so tired that we lay down and were asleep in a few seconds. We got a couple hours sleep, then went to work again and have been working night and day since with a few hours off. You have no idea how hard and long you can work at a time like this without getting tired. That same day we saw hundreds and hundreds of German prisoners coming back over our roads and we were certainly thrilled. I stood a long while watching the various expressions on their faces and I can honestly say that most of them seemed very happy to be American prisoners. The Americans treat their prisoners very well and I think the Germans are slowly but surely finding it out. At least several thousand prisoners passed down one road alone. We advanced to what was No Man's Land the night before, and in fact had been No Man's Land for four years. Here we had a big job to repair the road and were disappointed that we could not keep right on in the rear of the Infantry, but the road had to be fixed up for the Artillery. You don't know what an important part roads play in a drive. If we hadn't fixed up the road they could never have gotten their guns and supplies up to reinforce the Infantry so quickly. This one stretch of road was in pretty bad condition, but we have now been working on it for several days and have it fixed pretty well.

We are very anxious to advance some more, as we want to be where the big doings are. The doughboys have left us miles behind them. I take my hat off to them.

The first night we spent on this No Man's Land was one I will never forget. We didn't have our packs or blankets with us the first night due to a little misunderstanding, and when night came along it got pretty cold and wet. We cuddled up in shell holes with nothing over us but the stars. It seemed to be an exceptionally cold night for when we awoke we were cold and shivering. Yes, it was pretty uncomfortable, but we were glad to share in these few hardships and wouldn't have swapped places with the most comfortably quartered soldiers in France. Fires or lights of any kind were out of the question as the Germans are very fond of sending bombing planes over at night.

The next morning I had a few hours off, so I took a trip over this No Man's Land. I wish I could find words to describe it to you. I walked out, with a chum behind the old German line trenches where the fight had raged two days before. The place was just covered with barbed wire and I wondered how our boys ever got thru so quickly. I never thought it could be spread around so thickly. The field was all plowed up by shell fire; the holes being so close together that you could hardly find your way across between them. The holes were all sizes. There was one so big and deep that six or seven hundred horses could have been buried in it with ease. We walked down through the muddy trenches and went into many of the dugouts.

Some of these dugouts were forty or more feet deep and were fixed very comfortably. The Germans had held this line for four years and evidently were prepared to keep it for the remainder of the war. Some of their dugouts were palaces as compared with what our boys had. In some of the Officers' dugouts we even found such things as electric light, upholstered furniture, glass windows, big stoves, regular beds and many other things that were practically unknown in our dugouts. We had to be very careful in moving around and in what we handled, for hand grenades, shells and explosives of all kinds were scattered around the trenches and dugouts. Ludendorf may say that this retreat was planned, but if you could have seen the evidences of such a hasty retreat as we saw through the trenches, dugouts, and fields you would know that it was a surprise to him. In one of the dugouts which was built of stone and cement, was a complete machine shop with motors, lathes and many different kinds of machinery.

I can't begin to tell you all we saw. The thing that impressed me most was when we came upon the fallen American boys on the field and in the shell holes and trenches. I can't find words to describe this or the thoughts that first passed through my mind when I saw them lying there. Such a feeling of hatred and revenge arose in me that I found it difficult to calm my thoughts. These were the first fallen Americans I had seen and it impressed me very much. I was thankful that I knew Life was God—immortal—and that these brave lads were not really dead.

I stood out on the edge of that field at sunset and looked over it. The little old French village of Flirey, nearby, was a picture of ruin and desolation. There wasn't a house which was not at least two-thirds knocked down by shells. Even the little church had fallen prey to the German shells and was lying in a heap.

The scene was one which could be felt but not expressed in words. American soldiers were camped around in their little pup-tents and I was glad that I could be among them to fight against such evils.

I am living in a pup-tent now right out on that shell-torn field. We have a shell hole for our front porch. They are so plentiful that it is hard to find a space big enough between them to pitch your tent. Do you know what a pup-tent is? Here is a fair description of one. One pup-tent is for two men. You crawl into the thing on your hands and knees and if you want to turn around you almost have to come outside again to do it. If it rains real hard you throw your raincoat over the part that leaks the most. Then you lie down to sleep and, believe me, when I tell you I slept just as comfortably as I did at home. I dug a little hole for my bones to fit in and now everything is lovely. It rained pretty hard last night when I was working, so when I got back to my tent I crawled in between the blankets to dry my clothes.

Our roads were all used in this advance and were the best ones in the whole sector. Now we have a labor battalion working for us and we are scattered all around working these details.

AFTER ST. MIHIEL

Our work in France was divided into three natural time or event periods. First, from February 23rd to September 12th, 1918, when we were paving the way for the St. Mihiel Drive; second, from about September 20th to November 11th, when, the Drive having been put across, we were preparing the roads and dumps for the drive on Metz; third, from November 11th to the great day when we sailed for home—May 29th, 1919.

The first period proved to be the most important and is very well covered in previous chapters.

St. Mihiel to the Armistice

During this period we carried on much the same kind of work, but were able to cover a very much greater area by reason of the fact that our service troops had at last arrived, and our equipment had been greatly increased. Those of us who were not

skilled in operating modern machinery or keeping time and checking up on materials (not to mention the mechanics, roofers, blacksmiths, etc., who cooked (?) our "slum") were directing the work. In several other respects, conditions had improved, for some of us at least. Every "colored boy" is a natural cook and our details very often had their own colored cook or ate with the non-coms of the colored troops. Some of the details were able to "acquire" provisions in excess of the regular allowance without running too close to the guard house. Biscuits and griddle cakes became not unusual at breakfast. Frequently steak replaced the army slum.

We managed to find very comfortable billets in the towns recaptured from the Germans, or pitched tents which we floored and fitted up in more or less style, according to the supply of furnishings we could get to ahead of the owner or some other fellow in need of them.

We had our troubles, of course. It still rained, and the work never stopped. There was always mud, and we were always in it. Right after the St. Mihiel Drive rush work had to be done which meant night details. Shave-tails, and sometimes even Captains and Majors of Labor Battalions, thought they out-ranked us Bucks and, especially if they had been bartenders, ice men or mail carriers in civil life, tried to tell us our business.

We stood up for our rights, however, by heck, and made quite a reputation for being hard boiled. Some of us smoked and carried matches! As an example of our little troubles we quote from a report of the detail at Bernecourt, which received orders at nine in the morning of November 7th, from the chief engineer of roads of the area, to have ramps and roads for unloading "seventy-fives" and "hundred and fifty-fives," at four points, completed by four in the morning of the 8th. We decided to build the roads without regimental sanction. Oakes and Ellis confidently expected to win Croix-de-Guerres but later lost confidence.

For once, during our sojourn in France, there was an ample supply of blockage, good No. 3 trap rock, binder, trucks, teams, rollers, picks, hoes, and *American* shovels on hand, when the job started. These materials were to have been used for finishing the railhead road, and there were just sufficient quantities for that purpose. The artillery roads as we called them, would just finish them nicely.

With a distressing similarity of expletives, we commandeered four companies of our famous attachés (23rd Engineers, Colored) and began tearing down some of the "two room-an-manure-pile" chateaus. Objections from the French arising, we heaved another sigh and commenced using our precious blockage.

With but a short interruption for dinner, we labored through the heat of the day and made plans for a night force. At 4 P. M. orders arrived granting us two more days in which to complete the job. The "man" were recalled at five o'clock and we dined with Company A, 5th Engineers—good fellows but bum cooks.

Followed, our visit to Germain's for liquor and cigars (beer and Prince Albert).

Throughout the night we heard machinery "clanking" and decided that caterpillars were pulling guns through the town. Aside from this noise, and the occasional awakening to throw a hob-nail at a rat, we slept the sleep of the just.

On our way to breakfast in the morning we saw, with much surprise, a company of white troops and two companies of colored troops, working our roads with our

tools and rollers. Inquiry developed that "I" Company—star company of the third battalion and home of Ted Walker (am uncertain about Ted's "home" company but remember it as "I") had been given charge of roads east of the Bernecourt-Toul road and had assumed completion of the railhead and artillery roads. Desirous of winning, say a "Sharpshooter's Medal," the doughty manhood of "I" had labored throughout the night, on a sixteen hour job with forty-eight hours in which to complete it.

We asked the "Native Son," (Captain of "I") what the "Big Idea" was, and were insulted for our pains. Waiting was the best thing we did—didn't do anything else better but,—so we waited.

Major Watson and the Dancing Master appeared about ten o'clock. We told our story and received the hearty thanks of the Major. His interview with the "Native Son" terminated as had ours. Major Wirsching arrived, and after airing his views, accepted the railhead. We were ordered to roll out and roll up. The day ended with our usual visit to Germain's, the Pruitt-Milligan dialogue, and sleep."

About two o'clock on the morning of November 10th orders were received in camp at Creuë, and by each detail, to "Roll out and roll up." We were to assemble in Nonsard before "sun-up." Those near enough to make it in the time given hiked. The more distant details came in trucks. Daylight saw practically the whole Company in Nonsard with light packs, road equipment, and big appetites. Truck Co. No. 2 was on the job as usual and colored troops by the thousands were camped in and about the village. When the gong sounded at 11 on the 11th we were ready to march straight into Metz.

After the Armistice

While some of us were disappointed to miss the chance to capture Metz, we were all glad that the war was over, and we immediately began to plan what we would pack in our suitcases and what we would wear on our journey to "The States." We did not realize that a thousand transports were not waiting in the harbors of France ready, as soon as we could reach them, to take us across; that, being volunteers, we were supposed to hanker after army life, and would be among the last to get back to civies; that, coming from every state and all the possessions, we would have no political pull in Washington; that, having contributed belated but much needed money, men and materials to make the winning of the war possible, Uncle Samuel would be held accountable for the damage he had done to the French roads; and, finally, we did not realize that our Uncle Samuel must make amends to the men he had forced into his service, through the draft, by showing them every attention, and that there is a vast difference between the gratitude of a grateful government when it wants you and when it is through with you.

Gradually all these things began to dawn on us, and we settled down to build roads for tourists, in a very different frame of mind from that of the pre-Armistice days. Most of us were in camp at Creuë during December, prepared to start for "home and mother." This was a sad mistake and mistakes are punishable by hard labor on the rock pile. We have a suspicion that we shouted twice for the sins of others to once for our own on the rock pile at Vigneulles. After this, if we worked less and kicked more, or were lacking in discipline and respect, it is because we felt that we were being unfairly treated. And those whom we were supposed to respect were

32922 and 29896—U. S. Official.

Upper View—Main Street of Nonsard. Only Town in this Vicinity where Buildings are in Good Condition. Nonsard, Meuse, France, Nov. 6, 1918.

Lower View—View of Main Street in Buxieres, Meuse. Oct. 20, 1918.

oftener guilty of sins for which we would have been court-martialed—and in a few cases were—and severely punished.

Early in January details went out again to various locations along the old line from Verdun to Pont-a-Mousson. Conditions were much the same as before the Armistice. German prisoners as well as colored troops were used, however. We had fairly comfortable billets and good "eats." We were more reckless in our "salvaging," having less respect for property rights, and a feeling that little was coming our way that we did not go after. We spent more time "souveniring" and took less interest in our work.

Finally, we went back to Le Mans, only to find that we must build a road to the Rifle Range for others to use—once, and then abandon. The cost of that shooting match at Le Mans would go a long way toward building a transport to take us home!

However, we managed to get away with a feeling that we had done our full share toward winning the war and are ready for another if it doesn't come too soon—say in a hundred years.

UNDER FIRE

C Company was under fire but once—from February 23, 1918, to November 11, 1918. Between the former date and September 12th, Company Headquarters was continously within the zone of artillery fire in the Foret de la Reine, north of Toul and about half way between St. Mihiel and Pont-a-Mousson. From September 12th to about the first of November, when camp was moved to Creuë, near Vigneulles, (where the points of the pincers met in the St. Mihiel Drive) "Headquarters" was comparatively safe. But not so the Company, which was out in details repairing roads in the territory previously occupied by the Germans, and across "No Man's Land." So the opening sentence of this chapter is literally true.

The second camp occupied in the Foret de la Reine ("Washington Barracks," March 31st to April 18th) was frequently under fire and became so unhealthy as to make it necessary to move to a new location. The camp at Central Park was never fired upon directly. Many shells passed over the camp to Boucq and other towns to the south; German air craft were almost continuously humming overhead and their battles with allied planes were frequent; anti-aircraft shells proved the rule that "all that goes up must come down." An observation balloon near camp drew enemy planes and shells. The Company was working, the greater part of this time, between camp and the front line trenches, under direct observation of Montsec and the German observation balloons, where they occasionally drew artillery fire and were often indirectly under fire of shells aimed at the batteries stationed near the roads. Between the time we moved into camp at Creuë and the Armistice, German shells went over us at night into the nearby villages, sixty shells being sent into Hattonchatel during the night of November 8th.

But the lucky star of C Company was shining brightly throughout and not a man of the Company was killed or even wounded and only two were seriously gassed. Even lucky stars must have good support, however, to work their charm to the best advantage and C Company developed great cunning and lightning speed at getting "from under."

Many were the narrow and remarkable escapes—so many and so narrow and remarkable were they as to be accounted for only by falling back on our good luck for an explanation. That all was taken as a matter of course and part of the day's work, goes without saying, and, even during the most tragic events, a sense of humor was never lacking.

Naturally these little events of everyday life made no lasting impression on the mind unless they were, in some way, unusual and, being overshadowed by larger events, have been forgotten.

SEICHEPREY

A handful came to Seicheprey
  When winter woods were bare,
When ice was in the trenches
  And snow was in the air.
The foe looked down on Seicheprey
  And laughed to see them there.

The months crept by at Seicheprey;
  The growing handful stayed,
With growling guns at midnight,
  At dawn the lightning raid,
And learned in Seicheprey trenches,
  How war's red game is played.

September came to Seicheprey;
  A slow-wrought host arose
And rolled across the trenches
  And whelmed its sneering foes,
And left to shattered Seicheprey
  Unending, sweet repose.

—Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt. F.A.

1—Apremont—Spring 1919. 2—Main Street Through Creuë. 3—Enroute from Creuë to Belgian Camp. 4—Going on Leave—Commercy. 5—Camouflaged Road Into Creuë.

Camp Creuë

As the Germans put up so little resistance at the time of the St. Mihiel drive, the roads which we had repaired for that were not in bad condition after the drive was over. Our work was therefore moved forward to the roads that had been in German occupied territory for the four preceding years. These were too far from Central Park for that to remain a convenient center and we needed another campsite. Also, as the drive on Metz was the next move, it was necessary for us to be close to the front. The matter of finding a new camp was simple enough to the most of us. The C. O. went out, found a location which was suitable, and moved us up. No one was there to receive us, we asked no one if we could move in, no lease was signed and there was no rent to pay.

One rainy morning camp was broken at Central Park. Everything movable was gathered together, ready for loading on trucks. And then we waited until about three in the afternoon when a truck train from another outfit came for us. An hour after starting there was little daylight left and we crawled along in the misty twilight, up through what afterwards came to be such familiar territory that we could easily find our way, in darkness or daylight. Central Park had been a comfortable camp, as camps go, and we had been there long enough to feel that it belonged to us. But the ever-present homesickness, which manifested itself in a restless desire for a change, made us glad to be leaving it. Any change seemed to bring us one step nearer the end of our work in France and we were really only staying in France to be able to come home, though our Uncle Sam did not seem to realize it.

So we left Central Park on a new adventure. We went through Cornieville, over the road we had laid, through Gironville and Apremont. Just beyond that we circled a shell-hole on a temporary corduroy roadway. We climbed a hill and slid down the other side into Varnieville. At Woinville we passed a detachment of troops coming back from the line. They tramped doggedly along, their figures, with packs on their backs, barely outlined in the gray dark, and no one of them making any other sound than the grit of his hob-nails on the gravel of the road or the splash in the mud. Up through Buxerulles, Buxieres and Heudecourt and almost to Vigneulles we went and then turned sharply to the left and doubled into the village of Creuë along two or three kilometers of the wierdest camouflaged road any of us had ever seen. Into Creuë we came, crossed the little bridge to the right, passed the village wash pool and the drinking fountain and came out into a horseshoe shaped valley with buildings in it left by the Germans. It was so dark by seven o'clock at that time of year—Nov. 7th—that nothing was visible at more than arms length and lights were not allowed. We could tell little enough of this new camp except that mud on a hillside is slippery; and it was well none of us knew that night we were to spend five months there.

By daylight we found a dirty old kitchen and mess hall, stables and barracks. The German officers had built for themselves two comfortable bungalows on one slope of the hill in a clump of trees, which also sheltered a shrine to some saint, the kind one finds along any roadside of France. The cleanliness and efficiency of the Germans was lacking in this camp. The kitchen in particular was very dirty. Some of the dirt may have been left by an artillery unit of the A. E. F. which spent a few weeks there just

preceding us but the most of it unquestionably had accumulated during the German occupancy.

As most of C Company was distributed about the surrounding country, living in the neighboring villages and working on roads at this time, the buildings we found in camp were sufficient for our needs until almost Christmas. Among the first improvements, however, were a new kitchen and mess hall. The old stables were eventually pulled down, the buildings in use were repaired and added to, a road was built into camp from the hard road which passed the mouth of the valley and went on up the hill to the ridge back of us, gravel was put on the paths and we were very comfortable, though we did not appreciate how comfortable until we later left and spent some time in the forwarding camps. That, however, being a failing not confined to the A. E. F. we offer no apologies.

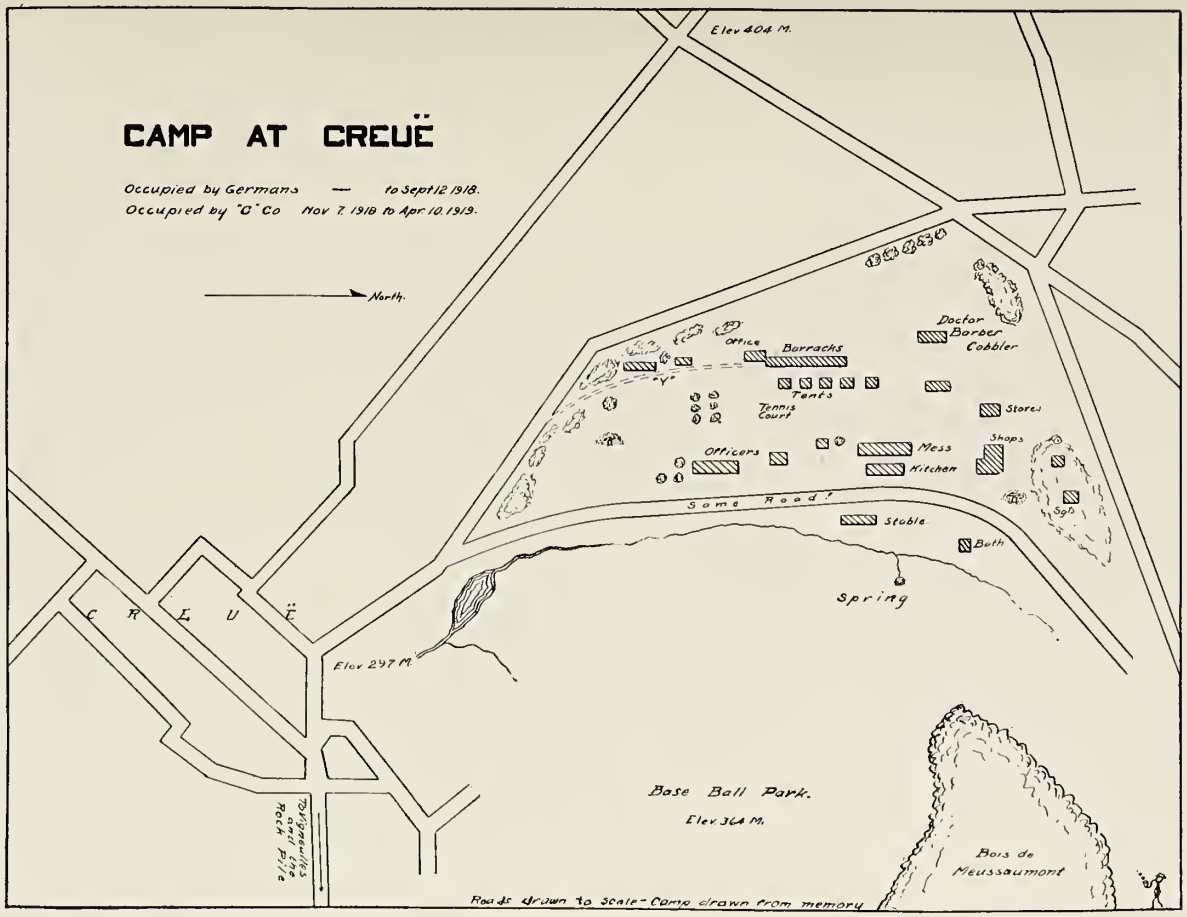
The old stable which was used as a Y canteen at first proved too airy for winter weather so the old Y tent, that we had originally adopted and used at Central Park was moved and put up again on Thanksgiving day. The piano was installed, a brick stove was built and it was ready for use. Our Thanksgiving dinner was the first meal eaten in the new mess hall. The dinner was bought mostly in the market at Nancy and was a credit to those responsible for it. Our mess hall, with a platform at one end, came to serve as a theater also, and with two spot-lights it offered a welcome to visiting players. After the first of the year, between the Army and the Y we had a number of entertainments. The hall was always filled, with Oaks in his reserved seat and McGee to lead the parting cheer.

Our business interests were cared for in the west end of the camp. Here were the quarters of the motor drivers—a lean-to against the blacksmith shop—the latter the headquarters for souvenir makers. The supply house was here also, where new clothing was given out—if you could first find the supply sergeant and then persuade him that you needed what you wanted. Across the road stood the professional offices, the "medic" having one small room and the tailor, the shoemaker and the barber in the larger room on the other side of the partition. This last shop is deserving of special notice as it was also the headquarters for collecting rumors. Through the winter these were gathered, in camp or outside, any place they could be found. The Y was one of the best places to look for them. A rumor of any value was reported to this shop and prepared for distribution. When there were any on hand a bell was attached above the door so that those entering could tell there was news to be had.

The main barracks were in one long row with the offices in the end nearest the officers' quarters and the photograph shop in the other. Some of the sergeants were billeted here and the rest in the German officers' "chateau." The men who were first in camp found billets in the barracks and continued to use the names and numbers that the Germans had left over the doors.

The officers' quarters were nearer the entrance to the camp. These had to be repaired and added to as the number in camp increased. Later an officers' mess hall was built near them.

The bath-house was down near the stream that ran through the camp. A few men found quarters there. We were particularly fortunate in our water supply. Spring water piped from the north hillside by the Germans was soft for washing purposes. And the drinking water brought from the town fountain did not need to be


CAMP AT CREUË
Occupied by Germans — to Sept 12 1918.
Occupied by "C" Co Nov 7. 1918 to Apr. 10. 1919.
North.
Elev 404 M.
Office
Barracks
Doctor
Barber
Cobbler
"Y"
Tents
Tennis Court
Stores
Officers
Mess
Kitchen
Shops
Some Road
Stable
Bath
Spring
C R E U Ë
Elev 297 M.
Base Ball Park.
Elev 364 M.
Bois de Meussaumont
Roads drawn to scale - Camp drawn from memory

clorinated. This was brought up in tanks, McGee having to miss inspection every Saturday afternoon to fill the tank for the Y.

At Christmas time when all of the Company was assembled in camp there were not enough billets and a lower terrace was leveled in front of the barracks and tents put up. As the men came in or went out again through the winter these tents were set up and taken down over night. They appeared with the suddenness of mushrooms and were gone again just when we had grown accustomed to them. The officers used one for a mess at first and Miss Arnault and Mrs. Burd used another for billets until it leaked so badly they had a house built on the path which led from the barracks to the Y tent.

A small barrack was put up west of the tent row by seven of the men who came into camp late and found no adequate quarters. This "chateau" came to have all of the comforts of home, as most of the billets did. With a stove, easy chairs, mirrors and a door bell it is not surprising that one member of the happy family should begin each day by sitting on the edge of his bunk and singing

The joys of yesterday are gone,
They vanish like a dream,
As through our lives we hasten on
As flows a rushing stream.
So stretch no eager hand to clasp
The joys of yesterday;
But turn to those within your grasp
And enjoy yourself today.

The last building erected was an office for the map maker and here Dinty made our section map. With the hillside slope it was easy to have a well drained camp and when the walks were leveled so we could stand upright it was comfortable. In the spring our P. W.s began to appear and they eventually filled in and cleaned the camp, laid out the ball diamond on top of the north hill and made a tennis court which they finished the day before we left. Electric lights were installed in parts of the camp late in the winter to take the place of candles.

The steep hills on all sides but one protected us from storms and gave us much exercise. Eventually all this country was thoroughly cleaned up and all wire, camouflage, etc., was salvaged by the 28th Division men in the territory but when we first went in there was much of interest left by the Germans. In the woods over the hill to the north was an old stable and half way down to camp was a wooden chapel that they had evidently built and used. Back of us to the west were two gun emplacements and the ammunition still lay in piles. These guns were the ones fired for the few nights after we moved in and before the armistice and to which the Germans sometimes sent replies. Vigneulles, where the Americans closed in from both sides and captured their German prisoners in the St. Mihiel drive was ten minutes walk to the northeast. Historic Hattonchatel was half an hour walk back over the ridge and to the north, where the whole surrounding valley could be seen on a clear day and even the towers of Metz. Heudecourt was near and Chaillon, where one old French woman remained of all the inhabitants. Over the hills to the southwest and in another beautiful valley was Chateau Etange which had been used as a German prison camp and before that as

living quarters for the Germans, from all indications of the refuse left. But before all this had happened to it and it had been shelled and burned, it must have been a beautiful country home, with its private chapel and its terrace facing the hill, its vaulted ceilings and wonderful old dark oak hood over the kitchen fireplace. The valley surrounding belonged to it, for there were the stables, the farm house, the mill and its mill race and grounds that must have been used for polo or steeplechase. Just over the hill was an old German watch tower that overlooked the country for miles in all directions. Graves of German officers, with pretentious stones were found in several places outside the cemeteries and at Vieville-sous-les-cotes was a vault where a general had been buried and afterwards dynamited by the French when they came back.

Our own village of Creuë was the typical small village in that devastated country, with its crooked streets, public square, wash-house over the stream, and its church spire topping the hillside. Almost every house had been damaged. Some of them could still be lived in and about seventy-five of the inhabitants who had remained through the invasion were there when we came. They gave us scant welcome at first as the Germans had told them we would not be kind to them. The old women were the first to make friends, coming through our camp on their way up the hillside for wood, which they carried down in baskets on their backs. These old women did more than they will ever realize to strengthen the bonds of international friendship, by their favors both conferred and accepted. The children were shy but soon grew friendly. Even the little old man who lived alone and came to our garbage cans for food finally smiled upon us. Before the winter was over most of the village was clothed in army shoes, army shirts and knitted sweaters.

We had other neighbors than the French. An artillery battalion camped in our valley for a week after the armistice and lived in their pup tents in the old orchard and cut down two trees that we afterwards were sent a bill for. They built the first camp fires that anyone had seen in the advanced area since the war began. We all enjoyed and took part in the general display of fireworks that lasted for several nights after the armistice. Star shells floated over the hills each night, in spite of orders to the contrary. Some of the 28th Division were down in the village and spread out over the hills until late in January. As they moved out the colored troops moved in and some of them were still there when we left. We used some of them on the road work and some German prisoners.

From this camp some of the men went on the morning of the 10th of Nov. to meet the rest of the Company at Nonsard, ready for what emergency called if the Germans had not signed the Armistice. A few men were left with the camp awaiting further developments. Two or three days later we all marched back again and then and there began our favorite pastime of wondering when we would go home. For three weeks after that we had clear, crisp November weather and it was during this period that the prisoners of the Allies began straggling back from the German prison camps, half clothed, more than half starved and almost frozen.

December was dark and rainy and we hadn't even Christmas to look forward to as mail was uncertain and little could be sent from home. On Christmas eve a snow came that decorated every tree in the valley. We had our own Christmas tree in the Y tent, with candy and anything else that could be found to add to the spirit of the

22521 and 24327—U. S. Official.

Upper View—Vieville-sous-les-Cotes, Showing old Church and Cemetery. Upper Half of Cemetery was Added by the Germans. The Large Monument, of a German General, was Dynamited by the French when they came back into the area. Taken from Hattonchatel Hill, Meuse, France, Sept. 13, 1918.

Lower View—Street Corner in Vieville-sous-les-Cotes, Showing Numerous German Signs in the Foreground and Ruined Buildings in the Background. Sept. 15, 1918.

season. There were hot chocolate and real French cakes from Paris and we put on our own vaudeville show. Also there was beer in the mess hall. On New Year's eve we gave another entertainment and had informal talks from several and a reading by the Captain. Afterwards there were drinks to suit everyone's taste and the old year was shot out with a fusilade that would have done credit to a German attack. The Top Sergeant and the Captain spent a busy night. Everyone else enjoyed it, possibly they did.

From the first of the year to April 10th, when we left Creuë, was a long weary drag. Our work was not important and we all knew we were marking time until there was transport space to send us home. The war was over and there was not the inspiration of helping to win to keep us up. Rumors reached us that we were to be kept over there to rebuild the roads of France. Others that we could not be sent home until peace was signed as we were the only road builders left in the A. E. F. "Leaves" came more regularly and we had the opportunity of seeing other parts of France than the devastated country that we lived in. We could not, like other outfits, get "leave" for England or other countries, however, so even men having relatives there did not see them. Paris "leave" was almost impossible but all roads led to Paris so most of us saw it for a day, at least. Excepting on "leave" we saw little of France that was interesting. Creuë was well back of no-man's land and a trip to Commercy, the nearest town not shot to pieces, was an all day affair if one had transportation. Passes for more than twelve hours were hard to get. With or without passes, some of us got to Nancy, to Verdun and a few to Metz. Creuë offered one diversion only. Its only shops were cafes which did a good business, the stock being replenished by a poilu who came several times a week with a barrel on a cart drawn by a fat horse.

This period between the Armistice and the time of going home was well named by some one the demoralization period and it was at this time that we got the name of Bolsheviki. But, for these surroundings and under these conditions, the morale of the Company was good. Being between the S. O. S. and the Army of Occupation and belonging to neither, having to fend for ourselves in many cases when we might have expected the higher-ups to assume the responsibility, we did a lot of complaining, as was our privilege, but we sat tight on the job and came home with little against us on the records and much to our credit.

Camp Creuë was only a German camp but even so, it had an atmosphere of home that we felt rather than realized. To men coming in from outside for an hour or a day it was apparent. In true American fashion we had made it ours. We left it on the morning of April 10th and as we went out of Camp the French people came in—to take back their own.

HOW WE WERE RATIONED IN THE A. E. F.

For rationing of C Company in May, 1918, the Q. M. C. had things worked out after a certain system which according to their viewpoint was perfect.

We drew our rations at a railhead commissary, at that time at Sorcy-Gare. They were drawn for the whole Battalion and loaded on the narrow gauge for transportation to the various camps, C Company drawing about 60% of the total issue. At that time our camp was usually the first stop. Here the "chow" was split up more or less un-

fairly and always hurriedly, because we always held up ammunition or water trains going up or empties coming back. Of course a quarter of beef, or a barrel of Java, or the butter or tobacco issue would sometimes be lost in the shuffle and not be missed in the rush of unloading but was usually in our favor.

Our meat came thru in very good shape while we drew in this manner. The "Stars and Stripes" told of so many tons of fresh pork, picnic hams and chicken that had been shipped to the A. E. F. But they forgot to state that fresh pork and nice juicy hams were not good for troops at the front but were sent over for the fighting Q. M. C., Ordnance and other S. O. S. outfits.

The Army ration is supposed to be perfectly proportioned and would be if it were not for the various substitutes. As an illustration, if no beef was to be had of course our friends Corn Willie and Gold Fish were substituted. If the spuds were half rotten, full of dirt or frozen and were refused, watery tomatoes filled the bill as far as quantity was concerned. Corn, peas or big stout onions also could be substituted in part or in whole for our regular issue of "Murphies." On down the list various articles could be substituted for the original, like Karo syrup for sugar, corn meal for flour, red beans for navy beans, lard or oleo for butter, rotten English marmalade in paper containers for good American made jam, which the Q. M. C. preferred.

Some components of the ration came through with monotonous regularity, such as mouldy bread, prunes (mouldy and rotten usually), Bull Durham, hand and laundry soap and T. P. Why no ships bearing these articles were torpedoed is one of the unsolved mysteries of the World War, but boats laden with our chicken, pork, ham, Camels, candles, candy and chocolate issue were continually being sunk. At least that is the report the Q. M. C. would pass out as these things failed to materialize after being heralded for weeks in the "Stars and Stripes."

The 1st Battalion got such poor service at Sorcy-Gare that they finally went to Menil-la-Toul, which place was overworked and understocked most of the time. The details at that commissary were such enthusiastic and persistent souvenir hunters that we had to carry our own loading details, which necessitated our taking an extra truck because they would get mixed up somehow in their directions about carrying out stuff and when we got back to camp we often found extra cases of milk, syrup, candles, or a sack or two of sugar or flour. This was unfortunate, so to avoid a recurrence of the episode the same detail was selected again and cautioned to leave what didn't belong to them absolutely alone (?)

In deference to the details of the truck and wagon companies of the 1st Battalion, as well as the men on detail from C Company it can be said that they never were known to take a thing that did not belong to them from the Menil-la-Toul commissary while the guards were looking.

Sometimes when particularly unfortunate in the quality or quantity of the ration we were issued, the officers would miss their extra can of butter or milk and they would have to be told that it had been a rainy day and the Q.M.C. guards were out in force instead of hunting souvenirs as was their habit.

The method of procedure in drawing rations was like this: The mess sergeant or his legal substitute would take the issue slip of the ration period elapsed, go to headquarters to get the new issue order countersigned, then hie away in an F. W. D. or Mack truck to the location of the issue commissary. This occurred as early in

the day as he could get a truck driver to realize that it was his duty to get up and "turn her over" and get away. On arriving at the commissary he reported at the office and warmed his shins or scraped his feet until the high and mighty quartermaster-sergeant deigned to notice, when he advanced with blood in his eye, to demand a good ration. Then the fun began. Over his shoulder he had a view of the tiers upon tiers of milk, sugar, hams, candles, flour, candy, cigarettes, dried peaches, apricots or apples, etc., and the Q. M. Sgt. would begin: "No ham today. Only one hundred of flour. Have to give you prunes again. No milk or candles. Can give you Bull Durham, but no cigarettes and we have some candy today, but not enough for the whole sector, so we can't issue it, etc." Tear your hair, stamp your feet and cuss or cry in your disappointment and he only leaned back and lighted another cigar and said, "If you don't like it go to the C. O." Then he gave out a number, ten, fifteen or twenty, which meant that you were to appear in that order at the warehouse for your Gold Fish and "such other punishment as a court martial may direct."

In due time, usually four or five hours, the chow was hurled at you and you wended your way "happily" back to your family and the joyous welcome they were to give you when they found you brought no cigarettes, candles, candy or other things that were unknown luxuries except in the far off S. O. S. and home camps.

This illustrates some of the trials of a mess sergeant. About the worst that ever came to ours was when we were at Central Park and about half of the 82nd division came over to the crossroads "decootieizer" for new apparel and forgot their "Willie and Hardtack." It was the last day of our four day ration period and we were pretty low. The Colonel in charge came blustering into the kitchen to make us bump our heads on the ground and beg for mercy, and demanded that we prepare food for his poor, starving draftees whom he had neglected to provide with rations before starting on their little parade. He was referred to the C. O. where he again demanded that we "FEED THOSE MEN!!!" When he found we really only had red beans and empty pots and pans to cook up, he softened down, drew out his silk handkerchief and said, "Captain, can you give just bread and coffee to say one hundred and seventy-five men who did not eat breakfast?" This was done and that battle was over.

C Company was pretty fortunate on the food question at that, considering the blacksmiths, plumbers, truck drivers, etc., we had to draft as cooks and mess sergeants. Then the men who warmed things up or camouflaged them on the "cut off" and other details helped in no small way to make our culinary department more of a success.

Of course there was our Thanksgiving dinner at Camp Meigs in 1917 which Walborn engineered even under quarantine and the feed on Christmas at Washington Barracks under perhaps worse difficulties. Then Easter Sunday 1918 when we ATE and moved the same day. These three big turkey dinners and those of Thanksgiving and Christmas at Creuë will ever stand out in our memories.

A tribute to the women who served in our "Y" hut might be in order here also. Many was the time, after we served "goldfish, slum or hash" that the boys could go over to the "Y" and get doughnuts or cookies and a cup of chocolate to take the taste of our poor "chow" out of their mouths.

OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

By the Doctor

Clear on the morning air sound the silvery notes of the bugle, ably produced by the leathery lungs of the versatile Rawhouser, who could produce tones from anything, be it a tin pan or a Uke. Loud and clear through "La Foret de la Reine" sounds the refrain:

"Come and get your quinine, come and get your pills,"
"Come and get your quinine, come and get your pills."

Scarcely do the echoes die away, before the stentorian cries of Tommy Doran again set the air currents reverberating with:

"Sick outside! Sick outside!"

Slowly the little line wends its way toward the Infirmary, headed by the non-com and the sick book. Infirmary is an apt name for that institution at Central Park. No modern hospital graced the site; simply a squad tent having a floor space of about 225 sq. ft. Let us glance inside and behold its luxurious (?) appointments before proceeding with sick call.

For a floor covering the never-to-be-forgotten, nice, soft, affectionate, clinging mud of Sunny (?) France we find the famous duck board. On the east side we behold the bunk of Grant which he has fashioned from odd pieces of lumber and for added luxury supplied with springs made of poultry wire. At one end gracefully reposes his blue barrack bag and underneath, his other various possessions, consisting of his shoes, belt, tin helmet, gas mask, and if he has just drawn down his beaucoup francs, plus a few insignificant clackers, one may discern his commissary department of a can of pears, jam and possibly a bottle bearing * * *, which said bottle, if discovered by the Louey, "just growed," like Topsy. On the southern side we behold its mate in the bunk of Palmer, that wizard at African Golf. That boy could shout: "Read 'em and weep," and you usually wept. Near the center pole is a square form containing baked mud surmounted by a conical shaped Sibley stove; and artistically running from the center pole to the rear we find a line draped with the family wash. On the north side is the dispensary consisting of a rickety table surmounted by a cabinet containing pigeon holes for the various records and spaces for the *numerous* collection of bottles and drugs. No paint adorns this beautiful piece of furniture, but in order to lend a touch of local color, our old friends Iodine and Argyrol have contributed numerous dark brown stains. Sitting gracefully under the table is the Surgeon's chair, another elaborate piece of furniture; namely, a canned-goods box.

Having given you a glimpse of the interior of this noble institution, let us proceed with sick call.

Picking up the sickbook the Surgeon calls the first name:

"Schaeperklaus!" Louie shuffles up.

"Take your hat off!" yelps Grant.

"Well Louie, what's your trouble?"

"I've got some skin disease, Captain. It itches."

"Take your undershirt off, Louie. Let me have it. Yes, Louie, you have a pretty bad skin disease called Pediculus vestimenti."

"Huh! Qu'est ce qui c'est, Captain?"
"Cooties. Send him to the delousing plant, Sergeant."
"Gustafson! What's on your mind, Gus?"
"I've got an awful headache and my stomach don't feel right."
"Did you go to Boucq last night?"
"Yes sir."
"Dose of Maggie Sullivan, Grant, and a few soda bicarb."
"Buss."
"I cut my finger."
"Paint it with Iodine, Grant."
"Have no Iodine, Captain."
"All right, give him two O. D.'s."

So it went from day to day. One column of the sickbook was to be marked either duty or quarters. Duty if a man was able to perform his work, and quarters if it was necessary to confine him to his bunk. Many were the weird symptoms listened to as some of the old regulars tried to put one over and get marked quarters. Had some of them had the symptoms of which they complained they were about due to be wrapped in the Flag of the Free, receive the honors of the firing squad and have Taps sounded over their last resting place.

Of all the companies that I attended, Company C had the least malingerers and I have heard men demur when marked quarters, which was contrary to the usual course of events.

I first made my acquaintance with Company C at Gerard-sas, France, on the 28th of March, 1918, and was formally assigned as Company Surgeon at that place. Prior to this my army career had been a checkered one. I had the honor of being the first medical officer of the 23rd to be ordered overseas. Owing to army red tape, I was not the first one to reach France, however, as a member of the 23rd. I was ordered to report to C Company of the 23rd at St. Nazaire. On my arrival at St. Nazaire, I found that the Company was at Menil-la-Tour. Upon my arrival at this place I found that it was up to me to hike to Boucq. From here I was sent to Gerard-sas.

March 31st was moving day and we went into camp at Washington Barracks. Here I drew down a wonderful infirmary consisting of a tar paper covered shack. Palmer and Kelly were my Sanitary Corps men and they had their work cut out for them in getting the shack into at least the resemblance of a sanitary place. Despite its location and nearby stagnant pools of water, the health of the men at this camp was unusually good. All sanitary precautions that were possible were taken and the men cheerfully cooperated in the work. The camp was destined to be unhealthy, however, not due to unsanitary conditions but to Fritz's playful pastime of trying to play ten pins every afternoon with us for the pins. Something must have been the matter with his nerves for he never made a strike but he made up for this in coming too near for comfort.

April 13th was moving day again and we dropped back and established the famous Central Park. Here the sanitary conditions were excellent. The largest amount of sickness was during an epidemic of Influenza (which diagnosis was prohibited by G. H. Q.) At this time about sixty men were sick, the Company Surgeon included.

I have often wished that my name was on the list buried under the stone marker at Central Park, for I was proud of having been at this camp. For some reason which I could not fathom, it seemed that the Surgeon and Sanitary Corps men were not considered as a part of Company C, although officially assigned to them, and the general attitude seemed to be "anything is good enough for the Infirmary." I never could draw a wooden building for an Infirmary at Central Park; a tent had to suffice, as it was not evidently deemed important—as the barber shop, for instance. This was the only company of the 1st Battalion which did not provide adequate medical quarters.

No doubt some of the men grumbled at the medical treatment received, but I know the majority appreciated the difficulties under which I labored. I had been engaged in the practice of medicine for ten years prior to my entrance into the service, and was used to having many drugs at my command. In the A. E. F. I worked on a one-legged stool as it were, in the treatment of the various diseases. Had a man bronchitis, I could only give him Brown's Mixture or ammonium chloride tablets; if rheumatism, sodium salicylate; if intestinal trouble, salts, O. D.s and bismuth tablets! If a sore throat, paint with argyrol. So it went with all diseases.

Possibly few of you realized the difficulties in securing these few drugs. Often I was turned down at the Medical Supply depot in Toul, because we did not belong to the division then in our area. I would beg, plead, and do everything to obtain drugs. In Toul I faced the higher-ups and pleaded my case. I considered it quite a record never to have gone on a hunt for drugs without coming back with some.

Of the Sanitary Corps, Pvt. Grant was the longest with Company C. He sure did have one grand faculty for crabbing and almost seemed a Bolsheviki in his utterances, but there was not a man in the Corps who would do his work more cheerfully and was ready at any hour of the night or day, to do all in his power to alleviate the suffering of some buddy. Palmer was with C Company for a brief period and he likewise was right on the job, and always cheerful.

I continued with Company C until I received the appointment of 1st Battalion Surgeon on August 20th, 1918, a change which necessitated my moving to 1st Battalion Headquarters. As Battalion Surgeon I still looked after Company C and left Grant and Palmer in charge of the Infirmary.

A history of the medical side would be incomplete without mention of the ambulance service.

Our equipment was, as you know, a Ford, and none in the A. E. F. had more service than she did. Only a "Hunka Tin," but we were sure of going there and coming back, and only once in her many months of service did she fail to bring us back under her own power. Often she would limp home a cripple. At the time of turning her in the only part of the original car remaining was the chassis frame, the body and part of the engine. Before I acquired her, she had been driven by the former Battalion Surgeon, Captain McLaughlin, and he had her well broke. Give her her head and she would point direct to Toul, Nancy, Lagny, Boucq, and other well remembered battle grounds.

At the time that I became 1st Battalion Surgeon, Albert L. Rose was driver, and drove me hundreds of miles over the roads of France. We were required at times to go long distances and the tracings on our road maps show that we went as far

north as Spincourt, south to Neufchateau, west to Bar-le-Duc and Verdun, and east to Pont-a-Mousson and Nancy. There is hardly a road in the area of these boundaries that we did not cover.

During the active days prior to the Armistice, ambulance driving was a particularly hazardous job, especially at night, running without lights, as you who rode the trucks well know. On the forest roads this was particularly nerve racking. Sometimes we would almost be into a truck, the next minute nearly sliding into a ditch. During the nights preceding the St. Mihiel drive it was more so owing to the roads being filled with marching troops, truck trains and artillery. I recall one night just before the drive that was a nerve racker. Rain was falling in torrents when we started for Sebastopol with an artilleryman who was injured by a gun rolling on him at a camp just above Central Park.

It was necessary for Sgt. Jack Sawtelle to proceed ahead, guiding Rose, and I brought up the rear to see that no one crashed into us. Quite often we were nearly into the ditch and near Lagney were almost run down by a truck train. At Boucq a French touring car full of French officers disputed our right of way and refused to back up so we could go around a truck train. A group of doughboys literally shoved that car off the road accompanied by beaucoup parley vooing on the part of the French. That was the least of our worries. The trip consumed about three hours in making the twelve miles.

The day following the drive we were placed under arrest at Beaumont by one Colonel Rutherford, who claimed we were bucking traffic, yet directly following us was a Y. M. C. A. car and it was allowed to proceed, while an ambulance going in the line of duty was compelled to draw out to the side of the road. I waited some time and then walked up to the Colonel and explained that I was going to Flirey for a man hurt in the wagon company there. He refused to let me through, so taking a chance we turned and proceeded back to Mandres and tried to beat around from there, but were unsuccessful. At Flirey we were caught in a traffic jam and had our guns barking away over our heads. On the road from Heudicourt to Nonsard we were in direct line of fire from shells being hurled at one of our observation balloons. Fortunately none found the road until we were past. I write this only to show what Rose of Company C had to contend with in driving the ambulance. No doubt he thought he had a crab of an officer to put up with at times, besides this. If he did, I ask his forgiveness as it was tres necessaire.

On January 8, 1919, after having carried the 1st Battalion from August, 1918, I was superseded by Major Anderson and upon having my choice of companies asked to be re-assigned to Company C.

I once again took up my quarters with Company C, this time at Creuë, and here established the last infirmary of the Company. Owing to no quarters being available in the camp, it was necessary to put the infirmary in the front room of one of the ruined houses in the village. This was quite inconvenient for the men as it necessitated about a half mile walk. A little room was finally built in the rear of one of the men's bunk shacks. This was little more than a closet and would just about hold my outfit and leave no room for sick call. I promptly issued an ultimatum that the Infirmary would stay where it was in the town until adequate quarters were provided.

After several weeks a larger room was built in back of the barber shop, and here sick call was held until our departure to the coast. Rose had been superseded as ambulance driver by Jackson Robertson and was helping Grant in the Infirmary.

ON LEAVE

The first "leave" detail left for Aix les Bains on July 16. One-tenth of the Company was to leave about every twelve days but only two or three details got away before cancelling orders came through and leaves were off till in the fall. Some of those who were lucky enough to be among the first had two leaves. Others had a few days in Paris. Others *took* a few days in Paris and still others *got* a few days.

WRESTLING

C Company took up wrestling shortly after arriving in France. The bouts were all very interesting and the contestants displayed a great deal of spirit and humor, but very little science or knowledge of the rules.

DEAL VS. W. S. WILSON

After an argument in the mess line at Gerard-sas, Deal threw Wilson down and sat on him. Wilson doubted the wisdom of being rough with the Captain's military adviser and Deal won the bout.

DEAL VS. DORAN

At Central Park the officers backed Deal to win from Doran. The company backed Doran. The match was held in the "Y" tent on the hottest night of the summer of 1918. Deal had Doran down on the mat for more than half an hour, but could not put him on his back and no decision was given by the referee.

DEAL VS. FRITZ

Deal wrestled Fritz ten minutes after his match with Doran, but neither one could gain a fall. They tried it again several days later with the same result.

DEAL VS. NEWMAN

Newman of B Company heard that Deal was some wrestler and came over one night and threw Deal for two falls before Deal fully realized that the bout had started.

MAUD VS. THE COMPANY

Maud Samuels offered to wrestle anyone and on Wednesday nights under the trees at Central Park a canvas was spread and one after another the strong men of the Company went down to defeat.

MAUD VS. GRZYBOWSKI

After Maud had been proclaimed champion, Grzybowski challenged and won so easily that no more matches could be arranged.

DEAL VS. SOTIE FELCH

One day Deal tried to get in the mess line in front of Felch and was thrown out on his ear. This affair was called a draw because Fisher scolded Felch.

MCCARTNEY VS. ARMY MULE

McCartney drove the only mule C Company ever had. The arguments they had were hardly fair because as Babe Adams said, "The mule couldn't understand McCartney."

WALKOTTE VS. F. W. D. TRUCK

Walkotte, our transportation expert, wrestled with a truck and landed on his head.

SPENCER VS. LOMBARDI

Spencer and Lombardi settled an argument in back of the kitchen at Central Park one day. This match was a draw—Spencer drew a lot of bandages for his head.

BAILIE VS. JERRY CREIGAN

Jerry was a Sergeant with the 524th Engineers. One day at Sanzey he threatened to get rough with a C Company detail, so Bailie picked him up by his belt and threw him off the job.

MCCARTNEY VS. G. I. CANS

McCartney wrestled the white washed G. I. Cans that were placed in the rear of the barracks at Central Park. McCartney won—he quit.

LIEUT. HUDSON VS. THE I. D. R.

The Lieutenant wrestled with the Infantry Drill Regulations whenever he was present at a formation. He won the furlined mess kit with his knowledge of "At the trail."

FISHER VS. THE TOP SERGEANT'S JOB

Write your own ticket.

FIELD DAY AT SORCY GARE

On July 4th, 1918, several companies from the 21st, the 28th and the 23rd Engineers met for a Field Day at Sorcy-Gare.

Only a few days before it had been announced that C Company would run against A Company in the four man relay race, and a tug-of-war team would pull against A Company's team.

We did not know we had any runners and we had some doubts about a tug-of-war team, as all of the men had used all the pull they ever had, first to get into the Regiment and then to get out of it.

But as Lieutenant Garforth had made all arrangement even to the amount we would bet, we figured we had been handed another job that was strictly up to us to finish, and when we learned that Lieut. (Gas Abie) Kern was in charge of the A

Company end and was the one who had enticed our charge of our unsophisticated Lieutenant, we were all anxious to enter the contests.

Remember Gas Abie, the little fat red-faced Lieutenant who put us through the gas drills at Central Park. How he loved C Company and how we loved him. Surely he saved our lives with his instructions and advice which was always just as clear as mud,—"If you don't get the gath math on in thix theconds you will be S. O. L."

After starting the ball rolling, Lieut. Garforth retired and left it to us to push it along.

Dave Heatly was chosen to lead, and manage the tug-of-war team in which were such able men as Haviland, LaBell, Dugal Allen, Dolven, Bailie, Nave, Guy, Grzybowski, Samuels, Karl Reed and Cootie Conway.

Sgt. June collected the money for the bets and in a few hours he had several thousand francs more than A Company would cover, the final amount being five hundred francs on the tug-of-war and another five hundred on the relay.

On July 4th, the 21st Engineers ran a train on the narrow gauge from Etain Neuf to Sorcy-Gare and most of C Company took advantage of the "outing."

A Company headed by Lieut. Kern and backed by Ben Clark came on the field prepared to pull under rules all their own, in spite of the fact that they had drawn up the rules for the contest and C Company was prepared for these rules only.

Loud arguments ensued and the "Y" man in charge of the meet drew up some rules of his own. The teams took the field and listened carefully to the instructions. The "Y" man said he would blow one whistle to "get ready" and another "to go."

He said, "All ready" and blew one whistle and A Company started to pull. He did not blow his whistle again. C Company expecting two whistles were not ready, two men not even having hold of the rope and Nave our anchor man was not in position at all.

The white cloth which marked the middle of the rope jumped right over to the A Company side of the line, one, two, three, four, five feet and then C Company started and it came right back until it was six inches on the C Company side when the word was given to "hold," and although A Company tried hard, the cloth did not move and we won. We won in spite of a complete change of rules, of a very unfair start, of fouls by Lieut. Kern who frequently touched the men on his team, and last but not least, we won without the services of Dave Heatley who had worked so hard to pick and prepare the team and who was a most important member of the team itself. Dave was left in camp with the "Flu" but he had his money on the team and was quite satisfied with the result.

The relay team came on the field all dolled up and caused quite a commotion.

The teams from the 21st and 28th Engineers and A Company of the 23rd Engineers took off their hats and they were ready.

The C Company team took off a lot of other things and appeared in sawed off underwear, which was evidently supposed to be track suits. This scenery with hob nailed shoes was very effective; the spectators (even the French women) gathered around our athletes and gasped.

The race started. A Company won. C Company athletes (?) are running yet, and C. V. Reed said, "Another good fifty francs gone wrong."

BASEBALL HISTORY COMPANY C—23rd ENGINEERS

While at Creuë in March, 1919, a meeting was held by the officers of the 23rd Engineers. Plans were made to have a Baseball League composed of men in our regiment. The four divisions of the regiment included one battalion each and whatever truck and wagon companies were attached to it. Further plans were made to have each company play a series of games with the other companies of the division in which they were placed. The champions of each division were then to play each other in the finals to decide the championship of the entire regiment.

Lieut. Garforth represented C Company and he appointed Private Fortner as manager of Company C baseball team.

It was arranged through the Y. M. C. A. to get baseball equipment, but we were unable to get either uniforms or baseball shoes and had to play in our "O. D.'s" and hob nails. As the Boche never played baseball, they left us no grounds to play on, which necessitated a search for a suitable spot to lay out our ball field. We finally found a level spot on top of a hill, which was later named "Blay Hill" because Blay walked to the top more than any other member of the outfit. With the aid of seven husky German prisoners, who cleared the spot of the barbed wire and filled in a few trenches, etc., our field was laid out and ready to play on. The only difficulty was the walk to the top of the hill to reach the ball field, it being about eight hundred feet high, and by the time a man got to the top he had used up enough energy to play two full ball games. Of course, had we been officers there would have been very little trouble, as they rode horses—don't you all remember "Joan of Arc" the white horse?

As the season was to start immediately, and we had no idea who could play ball in the outfit, a sign was posted calling for candidates to report for trials at the top of the hill. We had a good turnout of material and our first game was between the Bolsheviki and the Red Guards. The Bolsheviki or "Cognac Nine" as they were also labeled were composed of such peace loving and timid men as Gus, Rogels, Watts, Blay, Nave, Oakes, etc. Many of the quiet, gentle men of the company were rooting for the Cognac Nine and tried to urge them on to victory. Among the rooters were Col. Duffy, Etter, McCartney, Gallaway, Pruitt, Felsh, Smith, Clay Martin, Thomas, "Cootie Conway," Wolf, Christian and even Dinty Downing.

The Red Guards were composed of what was left of the Company—Livingood, Rickard, O'Brien, Ardis, Fortner, June, McGuire, Hughes, Wilde, Lowther and Peters. It was a great game while it lasted. Even though Gus only had one good arm at the time he was the star player of the Cognac Nine and always gave the outfielders a chase for the ball. The game ended 21 to 4 in favor of the Red Guards. The Cognac Nine was not defeated in spirit. Sergeant Fisher could vouch for this as he often found them bubbling over with different kinds of "spirits" many days after the game. After a good workout it was decided to play a game between the "Non-Coms" and Privates. This, naturally, caused everyone to take a deep interest in the games and it was the talk of the camp. The Bucks kidded the Non-Coms until they forced bets out of them and by the time the game was played there was a good deal of money up.

Sergeant June managed the Non-Coms and Private Fortner managed the Bucks. At game time there were a goodly number of fans present and the game started with cheers from all sides. As there were more Bucks present they ruled the day as far as

noise was concerned. Private Weatherly pitched for the Privates and Sergeant Flahive pitched for the Non-Coms. It was a good game until Flahive weakened, due probably, to the long hill climb he had made, and was replaced by Corporal Smedley, who was also knocked out of the box, and replaced by Sergeant June who held the Bucks. However, the game ended with the Bucks on the long end of the score and a volley of cheers echoed all over the camp. We will not give the score, as it might lead you to misjudge the class of our ball club.

Due to the large amount of work ahead of the company and most of the men being out of the camp on detached service, it was impossible to have all the men out to play in more practice games, so we had to pick the best players from the men who played in the game between the Non-Coms and Bucks for our Company team, with Fortner as manager.

The opening game of the season was scheduled for Wednesday, March 26, and B Company, which was stationed near Conflans, was our opponent. On the morning of the game, Top-Sergeant Rosenthal with three truck loads of B Company players and rooters, arrived at camp just in time for dinner. We welcomed them and made them feel right at home. They were given a good dinner and Miss Arnault and Mother Burd took good care of them at the Y, where hot chocolate and cookies were served. After a good rest, they climbed the hill for a little workout on the ball field and outlined their plans for beating our club and later winning the championship. It was a poor day for a ball game, as it rained practically all night and made the field soggy and slow. However, the crowd was on hand and B Company was confident of defeating us, so the game had to be played in the mud. Everybody in and around Creuë was present and we had plenty of noise. All we needed was a peanut and crackerjack vender and a band and it would have been a great reminder of one of our big league games back home.

The game started and C Company pinned their hopes in the following lineup:

Private Ardis—2B
Corp. Deal—CF
Private O'Brien—3B
Private Fortner—SS
Private Livingood—C
Sergeant June—1B
Private Wilde—LF
Private Peters—RF
Private Weatherly—P

Smith was named to face C Company, and pitched good ball until the 8th inning at which time he was knocked from the box. B Company went into the lead in the first inning and kept it until the 8th, when a triple by O'Brien, double by Fortner and a single by Livingood tied the count. Then the rally started. The crowd went wild and could be heard in the next town. In the 9th inning there was a double by June, and a single by Wilde and when the smoke of battle lifted Company C had pushed five men over home plate and won the game 6 to 5. This put C Company on the road to the championship. It just proved the old slogan "You can't hold a good team down!" The fact that we won this game aroused the interest of the whole camp and every

evening after work the boys could be seen playing and everyone seemed to take a keen interest in baseball.

The Non-Coms still thought they could beat the Bucks so a game was arranged for the following Saturday, and as was the case in the first game, a good bit of money was bet on the result of the game. Sergeant Fisher came around with the news that he was going to play and bet fifty francs his team would win. To stimulate interest in the game, Captain Burke offered the winners of the game a truck to take them out the following day.

The Bucks uncovered a new twirler in Private Rickard. LaBell started in the box for the Non-Coms. He looked like Goliath to us mere Bucks but this was one time when we didn't have to respect rank. We hit his "smoke" ball so far that they had to call in Corporal Payne to relieve him. Next Sgt. Whitt was called in and the last choice seemed to be the best for he managed to pitch the rest of the game.

Rickard certainly was in splendid form, and only toyed with the Non-Coms. Sergeant Fisher was determined to win his fifty francs and in order to make it sure he attempted to play center field for his team. He kept the crowd very much amused with his antics in the field, as he greatly resembled a grasshopper. At one time a fly ball was hit to him and he almost drove the crowd to hysterics when he started after it. He hopped around, waving his long arms, like a sailor wigwagging a distress signal. He certainly was in distress, as when he finally got under the ball it hit him on the head and bounded away, amidst the wild yells of the fans.

Corporal Deal also contributed plenty of amusement; when running bases he would dive at the player tagging him instead of sliding to the base. He kept this up all season and made a great hit with the fans (as a football star or wrestler.) Sergeant Whitt was the star of the game, making four hits off Rickard's delivery. The Bucks won and the Non-Coms were satisfied they couldn't play ball. The Bucks had the use of the truck and went to Metz to celebrate until the M. P.'s found them and led them out of the city.

The following Saturday Truck Company No. 2 come to Creuë, and again Company C won, making it two straight in the 23rd Engineers League. The following day the Grave Registration outfit, stationed near Creuë, came over to play and C Company won again.

On the next Saturday we left Creuë to play our first game away from our home field. We left camp with three truck loads of fans and players, and went to Chambley, where we played Truck Company No. 1. We came away with another victory under our belts. After the game they fed us well.

Sunday, April 6, the 29th Engrs. sent a crack team over to play us. By the end of the game they were worse than crack—they were cracked and we won—16-1.

Our boys had plenty of faith in us now and were putting their hard-earned francs on us. This inspired us to fight even harder and on Wednesday, April 9, we defeated Truck Co. 2 by the score of 21-9.

We had our baseball diamond in good shape by now and had finished the tennis court, which was a sure sign that we were going to move. Thursday, April 10, we bade farewell to the hills of Creuë, to the barracks built in the sides of the hills where we had known our first real comfort since our arrival in France, almost fifteen months

before. We said farewell to our fine mess hall and kitchen and to our Y tent and Mother Burd, who caught up with us again ten days later in the Belgian camp.

Our next game opened up on Saturday, April 19, with Company A at the Belgian camp—LeMans. Now there was always a decidedly friendly rivalry between Company A and Company C, so everybody turned out to root for his respective team. In beating A Company we won the championship of our Battalion. Both sides were flush with francs and "beaucoup centimes" were up on the game. Company A had a team which simply couldn't be "beat"—but we won 3 to 2.

On May 16th we moved to the forwarding camp. Having cleaned up for everything in our prize First Battalion, we were anxious to meet the best teams from the other and more unfortunate ones of the 23rd. Now Company L claimed to be the champions of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions and we met them at the forwarding camp on Sunday, May 18. This was by far the most interesting game of the season as it was a contest, not between teams of the same Battalion, but between teams representing different Battalions.

Any man of the First Battalion knows how the other battalions led by the famous Ted Walker with his "Highwayman," would not recognize the First Battalion as having played any part in the war. Naturally the game was for blood as well as for honor, to say nothing of the approximate 3,000 francs which were up.

The side lines were packed with rooters. All members of the First Battalion were rooting for us while Company L was supported by all the others. Company L started off right in the first inning with two runs and we didn't seem able to get a man as far as third base. In the seventh inning we started one of our famous Company C rallies. With three men on base Fortner knocked out a long triple which brought three men across the plate. This put us in the lead 3 to 2 and the First Battalion went wild with excitement. Company L scored one more in the 8th inning but we crossed the plate both in the 7th and 9th innings to make up for it and the final score was 5 to 3 in favor of Company C.

Having lost the services of Sergeant June, who was made a Lieutenant and transferred to the Wagon Train, Sergeant Whitt took his place, and was quite a factor in the winning of the game. Rickard pitched a wonderful game while Ardis and Peters featured with their star fielding.

This gave us the right to claim the title of Champs of the 23rd Engrs., so naturally we adopted it. To have played the whole season without losing a game was a great fact and served to uphold the reputation of Company C's supremacy. There was more joy and excitement that night in Company C than was seen since the Armistice was signed.

The following day we formed an All-star club composed of men from the 1st Battalion and played a club composed of the stars of the Wagon Train, and we won handily. At the forwarding camp C Company played A Company, a club from Regimental Headquarters, and another from a Medical Detachment, and won all three games, which gave us a clean slate, as we won every single game we played. At Brest the 1st Battalion All-stars beat the 21st Engineers and lost to the 3rd Battalion of the 23rd Engineers. This was the last game we saw or took part in before we sailed for the "Good Old U. S. A."

39174—U. S. Official.

Upper View—Miss Grace Arnault and the French-German Combination of Horse and Buggy that Sgt. DeMars Salvaged, with Supplies for Company C, 23d Engineers. Boucq, Oct. 27, 1918.

Lower View—The Vieville Family and their Neighbors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Early in the summer we frequently had moving pictures at the Y tent and the tent was usually filled to suffocation. The machines and operators were French. Acetylene gas light was used. The films were of all nationalities and most of them originated in the Paleozoic period. The best part of the entertainment was furnished by some of the men who interspersed interpretative remarks in regard to the characters and scenes depicted. One evening the gas tank exploded and that tent exuded men from every pore! The poor "frog" operator was put on the casualty list with a battered head and a possible fracture of the wrist.

These were followed by a season of lecturers and Y entertainers, good, bad, and indifferent, but all welcome, as a break in the regular monotony. After we moved to Creuë army bands and show troupes also came our way and gave us some interesting evenings in the mess hall and the Y tent, for which we tried to show our appreciation by offering them the best we had in "bed and board." But what we probably enjoyed the most were the shows put on by our own men. A Company of the 21st Engineers and C of the 23rd combined talent for the first entertainment on March 9, 1918. After that there were several shows given by C Company including the minstrels on May 3rd and the Christmas vaudeville. Perhaps the one that furnished the most fun for the entire Company was that of August 27th at Central Park. This play was put on in the open air, where the tennis court was supposed to be, but never was. Under the direction of Mr. Silas Barber, the Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Central Park at that time, and I dare say one of the best friends the enlisted men had, this show was quite a success. Mr. Barber made several trips to Toul to get girls clothing, mens clothing, wigs, powder and paint, and other articles necessary for the play, and he made a good job of it.

"Have Mercy Judge"

Cast of characters as well as remembered

Judge Rummy (The Dutch Justice).....Tate Magee
Dist. Att. Smart.....Denny Clynes
Lawyer Baum (Bum).....Steve Mullery
Officer Moriarty (Bouncer of Court).....M. Samuels
A Tough Character.....Bott
The Awful Rummy.....Rawhauser
A Poor Little Boy.....L. Wilson
Bright Eyes.....Rice
Mrs. Pankhurst.....Slim Schiener
Mademoiselle Fatima.....Bill Bailie

The act opened with the judge asleep on the bench. After the usual court hustle and by-play several persons were brought before the judge for trial and the arguments between the prosecutor and the defense, often joined by the judge, furnished repartee for the company for the rest of the summer. The last case on the docket has gone down in company legends as the best ever "put over."

Judge—What is the next case?

Dist. Att.—The next case on the docket, your honor, is that of a young lady who was arrested last night in a cafe in Paree for doing a naughty little dance, known to the occupants of the cafe as a Hawaiian and Oriental dance.

Baum—I, for the defense, believe in my own mind that this young lady is not guilty of the crime of which she is charged. So I therefore ask that the case be struck from the docket.

Dist. Att.—Your honor I disapprove of the statement the defense has just made as I find by my own careful investigation that this young lady known to the general public of Paree and of noted cafe circles is guilty of that of which she is charged and I shall, for the betterment of the people and the welfare of the community, use my utmost power and influence to stop all such dancing either in private or public. So, therefore, your honor, I believe this young lady is guilty of the offense of which she is accused and that the law should punish her.

Baum—Your honor, I believe it to be true that the prosecution is trying to influence the court to convict the young lady and have judgment brought against her without giving her a fair trial. So, your honor, in behalf of the defendant, I ask your honor to have the young lady dance before the Court so she may not be wrongfully judged.

Police officer brings in prisoner. Her costume is of a rare shade of pink or flesh colored tights (underwear) that fit snugly. The abbreviated skirt (of mosquito netting) is short. Her adornments are brilliant breast plates, headdress and spangles (of tin, made by McFarland, the blacksmith.) She steps up in front of the Court and begins to dance, to the strains of Oriental music, and then to shake, and roll her vamping eyes at the Judge. He comes down from the bench and dances with the naughty maiden. This creates a riot in the court-room.

At the end of the dance the company was in tears and the Judge rolled on the floor with laughter.

After the Armistice, in Creuë we put on a Christmas vaudeville that was a credit to us and followed it by a New Year's entertainment that has also gone down in our annals of fame as unsurpassable.

FORBIDDEN CITIES

A Sightseeing Detail Will Leave Camp at 8 a. m. Sunday Men Wishing To Go Will Leave Their Names at the Office

This notice appeared on the bulletin board for several weeks when we were at Creuë in the spring of 1919. Joy riding in trucks was strictly against orders, so the joy riders went sightseeing as a detail. A Sergeant in charge carried a paper signed by the Captain, this paper gave him permission to be absent from camp with a detail, and so armed, we went wherever we pleased or at least as far as a good line of bunk would carry us past the American M. P.'s and cigarettes would salve the French.

Thibault and Bradshaw made seats for the truck, the cooks fixed up meat balls for sandwiches and at 8 a. m. Sunday morning we climbed aboard, twenty-seven strong and started out on a long, hard ride.

Verdun was thirty-three kilometers to the northwest of our camp and to reach the historic city we traveled over badly damaged roads and through a great many ruined towns. Leaving Creuë we took the road to Vigneulles, then north through Hattonville, Billy, St. Maurice, Thillot, Hannonville to Fresnes where we always stopped to stretch our legs and look over a town that saw some of the worst of the war. Fresnes formed the northern hinge of the St. Mihiel salient and was totally destroyed.

Leaving Fresnes we took the road west through Manheulles to the St. Mihiel-Verdun road and north to Verdun, or east two kilometers and then north to Etain and west to Verdun. Entering Verdun after a two hour ride we passed through the old gates in the walls built in the seventeenth century. We rode through the narrow winding streets to the foot of a stairway leading up to the Cathedral. Here we parked the truck and walked up to the Cathedral where we bribed the French guard to let us all in at the same time as they had some sort of orders to allow only a limited number to enter at one time. A few cigarettes did the trick. The Cathedral which was built in the twelfth century was badly damaged as were the buildings surrounding it, through which we wandered. After spending about half an hour at the church we tried our luck at seeing the underground city. Out of five tries we succeeded three times and thought we were quite successful as only officers were allowed to enter. A "Y" man told us that we might get in at an out-of-the-way entrance that he directed us to and we made it.

Returning to the truck we ate the meatballs, pickles and bread and started for the hills east of the city where the battles of Verdun were fought. Here we parked the truck at Dead Man's Hill and walked over the hills for an hour or more before it was time to start back to camp, where we usually arrived just in time for supper.

A great many of the company saw Verdun on these trips and although the going was rough we enjoyed it and everyone who went appreciated the fine work of the volunteer drivers who had anything but a joy ride. We owe a lot to Metzker, Jackson, Rudolph, Racey and Maud.

Metz

Metz was our Forbidden City. The Boche held Metz until the Armistice was signed, after which it was open to the American Army for a very few days, during which time some of our best walkers visited the city. Only a few made the trip however, as only the more daring cared to take chances of missing a meal or two.

Along in the Spring of 1919 the Buck Privates of the Company offered to trim the Non-Coms in a ball game. This game was played on a Saturday and as our regular sightseeing truck always went out on Sunday, Sgt. June, who acted as guide and rubber neck wagon spieller, offered to take the winners for a ride to any place they wanted to go on the following day.

The Buck Privates won and the next morning at 8 o'clock the truck was loaded with a roaring mob of ball players and their friends, the Sergeant came down the hill and asked where they wanted to go and they all shouted "Metz." This looked like a tough assignment for the Sergeant and he felt that he really could not keep his promise and offered trips to Verdun, Etain, Bar Le Duc or as he said, some more reasonable place, but the crowd would not take "No" for an answer. Leaving Creuë we passed through Vigneulles, St. Benoit, Chambley and on to Conflans where we made our first

stop after a rough cold ride. Here Sgt. June talked to a Signal Corps Sergeant who told him that passes to cross the line were given out to working parties only and that it would be useless to try to get across into Germany. Again the Sergeant offered Verdun but it was Metz or bust—and perhaps get busted.

So we went on to Briey where we stopped for lunch. We had some bread and canned stuff in a bag but found a cafe where we could buy eggs and beer and a bakery where we purchased some French bread so we had quite a good meal.

At Briey we were told by the M. P. that the Infantry were patrolling the line and we would not get by. Still the crowd wanted to try so the Sergeant said he would go as far as he could and we started out for the line taking the road to the little town of St. Private which the map showed was right on the line. Travelling through a pretty country that had not suffered from the war we headed southeast in the direction of Metz. As St. Private came into view we could see a soldier in O. D. patrolling the road and we felt that we had reached the end of our trip but as we got nearer we saw that the soldier was an Algerian and we decided to try to run past him. Jackson was driving with Racy on the seat as his helper, Sgt. June told Jackson to step on the gas and not to stop unless he told him to. We hit the town going just as fast as that old truck could travel and as Felch would say "making miles per hour," children and chickens were scattered right and left on the narrow street, the Algerian sentry looked up in surprise as we rushed past, and we were in Germany.

Now we were on a beautiful road that wound through the valleys between the hills before Metz, no Americans were seen and we had the road to ourselves and we sailed right along into the town of Moulins, a suburb of Metz, from which the street car line leads into the big city. We followed this car line until Metz itself came into view. Stopping to view the wonderful city from a distance we wondered if we would be lucky enough to get in. The Sergeant had very little hope but was determined to take any or all chances. The cover was drawn back over the body of the truck and everyone told to keep inside as the Sergeant thought we might camouflage ourselves as a load of supplies for the M. P. company who were the only American troops allowed in the city. Continuing along the street car line we passed many French soldiers out for a stroll along the river banks. As we approached the bridge over the river we expected to be stopped but crossed the bridge without seeing an M. P. Now over a broad road crowded with French soldiers and people from the city, we approached the gates of Metz. As we crossed the bridge over the old moat and passed through the massive gateway in the old stone wall we expected to be halted at every turn, but no one seemed to pay any attention to our truck. On entering the city we found ourselves on the main street so we turned to the left at the first crossing and entered a very narrow street. At the next crossing we turned to the right and parked the truck in a still narrower street where we hoped to be out of sight.

All of this was done in a hurry as we hoped to see as much of the place as possible before we were discovered by the M. P. outfit. As the truck stopped the Sergeant jumped down from the seat and told the fellows to get down quick. He then told everyone to scatter and keep under cover as much as possible and to keep out of trouble if possible and last but not least to get back to the truck at 4 o'clock. It was then 3 o'clock and we were to have an hour in the forbidden city, if we were lucky. Sergeant June with Corp. Gilsenan, who with Corp. Deal had managed to hide him-

self among the Buck Privates and make the trip, started out to see the sights. They were joined by Strickland and they were swinging along feeling like the Three Musketeers when they heard some one whistle behind them. They had only gone one square from the truck and on looking around were surprised to see an M. P. waving to them to stop. They pretended not to see him and were very much surprised when he ran up and asked what the hell they were doing in Metz. As there was not much to say the Sergeant undertook to say it. He told the M. P. he had a pass permitting him to be absent from camp but that meant nothing to the M. P. who said he would have to take the Sergeant to the M. P. Major. Corp. Gilsenan offered to go to the Major's office and give any legal advice necessary. Strickland was sent back by the M. P. to gather up the crowd and get them ready to be sent out of town. He started but simply walked around the corner and continued his sightseeing.

On the way to the Major's office the M. P. said that he had seen our truck when we stopped to cover up the body of the truck before entering town. He had jumped on a street car and followed. He proved to be a pretty good fellow for an M. P. and advised telling the Major that we did not know that we were not allowed in Metz and as no one had stopped us we were perfectly innocent. However the Major was not in his office and some sort of a Sergeant got all swelled up for a while but finally agreed to send the outfit out of town at once. This, as Sgt. June explained, could not be done before 4 o'clock as our fellows were then scattered all over the place so the M. P. Sergeant gave us until 4 p. m. to get out of Metz and he told the M. P. who had made the pickup to take the Sergeant and Corporal back to the truck and see that they left on time or arrest the whole crowd.

A few drinks of Cognac and the M. P. changed from a keeper to a guide and took the fellows all over town pointing out the things of interest until almost 4 o'clock when the crowd began to come back to the truck. As Sgt. June was anxious to take every one back to camp he gathered John Farsht under his wing and kept him there although John always wanted just one more little drink and said a few minutes more or less would not make any difference to an M. P. At 4 o'clock every one was at the truck but Racy and O'Brien, the M. P. was nervous and the truck was surrounded by German children and we were getting conspicuous. We were anxious to leave but determined to make the trip a complete success by bringing every one back, so at 4 o'clock Jackson discovered that he had to oil up the truck and water had to be carried for the radiator and then the thing would not go, anyhow. Of course we could not leave if the truck would not run so we waited and sent out scouts to look for the missing ones. We had about given up hope when they came running around the corner and rushed into the middle of the crowd in an effort to hide from a couple of M. P. birds who were chasing them. The truck suddenly came to life and we started out. There was no cover over the body of the truck as we went out and we made all the noise we wanted to and Jackson broke all time records getting back to Creuë, where the Captain on hearing of our escapade said "Now I expect I will get Hell."

GAS DRILL

Gas drill was usually an exercise to gain skill and speed in handling the mask. Once in a while it included a given length of time in the gas chamber when "Gas

House Abe" would shoot the gas from his little pistol. The stone house near Gerard-Sas or our bath house was the gas chamber. On a few occasions the Company drilled Flahive.

A COMBAT COMPANY

In July all those who had no rating at the targets were required to go to a French rifle range on the road to Toul to comply with army regulations. The few shots fired on this range were the only ones ever fired from an army rifle by the writer. Ex-Buck Caldwell made the high score.

PROPAGANDA

German propaganda came down in little balloons dropped from airplanes sailing over so high that we would not know of their presence until the leaflets began to shower down on us. They were generally printed on one side in French and on the other in English. One dropped at Woinville on October 29th says in part:

THE GERMAN PEOPLE OFFERS PEACE

The new German democratic government has this programme:

"The Will of the People is the Highest Law."
The German people wants quickly to end the slaughter.
The new German popular government therefore has offered an

ARMISTICE

and has declared itself ready for

PEACE

on the basis of justice and reconciliation of nations.

TOO FAST!

Five months in France in an outfit in which no pick and shovel men were wanted and we were still doing pick and shovel work. How well we were doing it was revealed when we were put on "piece work" in the ditches near Hill Top on August 1st. The average of what had been a day's work—and then some—was laid off for each man as his stunt for the day and we had finished by 11 a. m. But it would never do to return to camp so early so it was ruled that the work must not be finished before the middle of the afternoon!

HATS AND CAPS

We had been equipped originally with the regulation campaign hats, with the engineers cord, which gave good all weather service. The trench caps issued to us April 3, were no good as sun shades and were especially designed to collect rain and let it trickle down back of the ears. We continued, in spite of orders, to wear our campaign hats. When a new division came in the Colonel would give us a call on his first trip through but by the time he got around again he would have forgotten a whole lot of things that were of first importance in the S. O. S. and we got away with the hats for a long time.

SUNNY FRANCE

The official weather record—according to a Company C Buck—for the month of April, in the Foret de la Rheine, was: Rain, 12 days; cloudy, 7 days; partly cloudy, 4 days; clear, 5 days; no record, 2 days.

REMINISCENCE

Do You Remember?

Maud's goatee?
Fisher's mustache?
McCartney's Irish?
Jordan's speeches?
Felch's bald head?
Terry Turner's T T T T?
The Battle of Boucq Hill?
Any time that Millen worked?
Miss Arnault's bobbed hair?
The Slave Driver at Creuë?
The beautiful view at Meade?
"No pick and shovel men wanted?"
The Easter dinner at Washington Barracks?
The time Dr. Grant's Drug Store was locked?
The Christmas Tree and the eats at Creuë?
The time Gus gave the Medical Capt. "At Ease?"
The bell over the door of the barber shop?

We Will Never Forget

How Phillips blew Reveille on cold mornings.
That special edition of The Highwayman.
"Camouflash dem windows—Taps has blew."
"At the trail—Right shoulder arms."
How Dr. Grant stood by his pills.
The Dancing Master's pretty feet.
How we drilled at "Central Park."
"You man will have to police up."
Dad Millens curved stem pipe.
Lucky's thirty dollar smile
Our Comical Corporals.
Mother Burds doughnuts.
Pruitts other skull.
Buss on guard.
The spy hunt.
Army haircuts.
McMaster.

WE WOULD LIKE TO FORGET

Picks
Shovels
Corned Willie
Issue tobacco
Our tender hearted dentist
Most things at Washington Barracks
The rest of the things at Washington Barracks
Other times we were bawled out and—
The time we forgot to salute the Second Looey
That "Here comes another" feeling
Camp Gerard-Sas
Army beans
etc.

J ust like many another poor prune
Up from the ranks arose Harry June.
Now we all know a G. H. Q. Looey
Elevated said June and our pride goes cafluey.

We Would Like to Remember

Our remarkable engineering accomplishments.
What a good medical Captain we had.
The sugar we had (!) in our coffee.
The promises Uncle Sam kept.
How democratic the army was.
What good soldiers we were.
The Sun in "Sunny France."
How old De Mars is.
Several other things.

We Can't Remember

What we did to win the war.
When it didn't rain in France.
Anything good about Sergeants.
Anything—after 8 P. M. in Boucq.
That we ever even met a French girl.
What Wallcotte knew about gas motors.
How much we borrowed and didn't repay.
Where that extra sack of flour came from.
How we managed to get seconds at the "Y."

The Cute Little Lieut!

Lieut.: Sergeant, do you carry that pistol loaded?

Serg.: Yes Sir, I don't know of anything more useless than an empty gun. If I don't carry it loaded I might as well carry a handful of confetti.

Lieut.: Unload that pistol this instant, there is no order that says that Sergeants shall not carry loaded pistols but there is one that forbids officers carrying their arms loaded, so if US OFFICERS can't carry our guns loaded WE are going to be damned certain that ENLISTED MEN don't.

Bethel Says—

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest were these, "Fini du vin, M'sieu."

McCartney

A sergeant is a buck private with his brains knocked out.

Harvey Escaped

"Hard" Harvey was a member of a detail sent out to search for escaped German prisoners at Creuë. Harvey went through the old abandoned dugouts with a lighted candle in one hand and one of Mother Burd's doughnuts in the other. The prisoners didn't find him.

The Prize Souvenir

Felch still has the piston ring Wallcotte tried to fit to a piston with a sledge hammer.

How Come?

The only man in the company who wanted to work was "Bat" Connelly and his trick heart wouldn't let him!

What's the Difference

At sick call they were called "Sick, lame and lazy." Joe Jordan called them "Dog Robbers, Duty Dodgers, and Souvenir Collectors."

Engineering Ability Recognized

There were details and details but Clifton drew the prize—he had the detail in charge of Post Holes!

Topsy Turvy

If you were never on hand to hear the Capt. giving Bill Jones engineering advice you missed one of the best comedies ever staged!

A Top Notch Man

Sgt. DeMars was a man of great ability. Before he began working for $1.10 a day the lowest figure he would consider was $17.00 a day. One of his big stunts was to measure Shoshone Falls. This was done by stretching a rope from one side of the canon to the other and then going out and lowering another rope to get the measurements.

Overcoming Obstacles

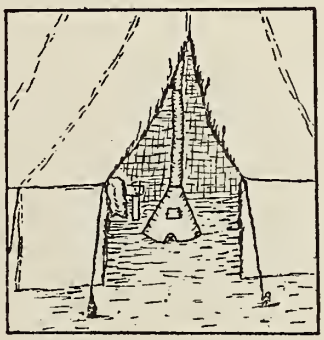
When Sgt. Wallcotte was in charge of a fleet of trucks hauling ore from a mine in California 90 miles all down hill he made the trip in six hours and managed to make it back in five hours by going another route that was all down hill, too.

Wins the Vitrified Hash

Sgt. Walborn had not the least trouble unloading Henry Fords 90 ton gas engine crank shaft.

Fire Alarm

La Bell and I were sitting by our stove in the house on the hill in Creuë when I sniffed the air and said, "I smell rubber burning." La Bell took a sniff and said, "No, it smells to me like tar paper." A few minutes later we heard a most leisurely voice out in the hall say "Come on out heah you fellas, this whole gol-dunned house is on fiah." Who else could it be but Dugal A. Allen.



Honorable Mention

HEADQUARTERS
1st Division

April 2, 1918.

From: Commanding General, 1st Division.
To: Captain W. J. P. Simpson.
Subject: Improved road conditions.

I find a manifest improvement in the condition and up-keep of the roads. I desire to express to you and to have you express to the officers and men my appreciation of their efforts. Their work is absolutely essential to the cause.

(Signed) R. L. BULLARD,
Major General N. A.

HEADQUARTERS 21st REGIMENT ENGINEERS (LIGHT RAILWAY)
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Bulletin
No. 27

May 27, 1918.

1. The following letter from the Commanding General, 26th Division, is hereby quoted for the benefit of all concerned:

"HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

26th May, 1918.

From: Commanding General.
To: Colonel E. D. Peak, Engineer Light Railways and Roads, 1st Army.
Subject: Care of railways and roads.

1. The other day, coming from the advance trenches in my heavy limousine I went over the Mandres-Boucq Road. I was astonished and pleased with what had been accomplished from the first day I had arrived here in turning that mire into a practical road. It promises, by carrying on, in a short time to be as good a macadam road as there is in the area.

2. I have noticed throughout the area your men on the railroad and on the roads working as individuals and as parties, and I have as yet to see a loafer at his various tasks. If it is digging out a gutter, laying a rail, ballasting, levelling up, on a railway or a sprinkler, the men are carrying on and working hard.

The rule that is inspiring the men seems to be that on which we pride ourselves in the 26th Division; Look out for the man in the mud.

3. You have planned well in the development and extension of your light railroads and the work has been well done. It gives me pleasure to thus express my appreciation, and I request that you advise the various elements of your command of my pleasure and congratulations on the work accomplished.

(Signed) C. R. EDWARDS,
Major General."

2. The Engineer of Light Railways and Roads takes great pleasure in being able to quote such a letter and desires to add his own appreciation to the faithful application of the personnel under his command on whatever work they may have been assigned; he takes advantage of the opportunity to add also a word of caution to the effect that these tasks are gigantic in their magnitude and are as yet just begun; he trusts that the same spirit and devotion to duty which has brought forth such favorable comment will be maintained unaltered and will be augmented in the future by even greater effort being exerted if such should be needed.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL PEEK:

EARL W. EVANS,
Captain, Engr. R. C.,
Executive Officer.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY
Office of Chief Engineer

Orders
No. 18

16 September 1918.

EXTRACT

Par. (1) The following is quoted for the information of all Army Engineer Troops.

1. Number 105 Sec. G. S. PERIOD The Army Commander directs that the following message from the President of the United States be transmitted to you for transmission to all troops of your command QUOTE Washington September 14th PERIOD To General John J. Pershing, American Expeditionary Forces, France PERIOD Accept my warmest congratulations on the brilliant achievements of the Army under your command PERIOD The boys have done what we expected of them and done it in the way we most admire PERIOD We are deeply proud of them and of their Chief PERIOD Please convey to all concerned my grateful and affectionate thanks PERIOD Signed WOODROW WILSON PERIOD UNQUOTE.

2. No. 104 Sec. G.S. The Commander in Chief is pleased to transmit to the command the following telegram which he has just received: QUOTE My dear General: The First American Army, under your command, on this first day has won a magnificent victory by a maneuvre as skillfully prepared as it was valiantly executed. I extend to you as well as to the officers and to the troops under your command my warmest compliments. MARSHAL FOCH. UNQUOTE. The Army Commander directs that the foregoing telegram be distributed to the forces of your command.

Par. (2) The Commander in Chief further directs that the Engineer Troops be advised of his appreciation of the way in which they have performed their duties.

By direction of Brigadier General Morrow,

T. H. Dillon,
Colonel, Corps of Engineers.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

General Orders
No. 20

28 September, 1918.

1. The allied troops are now engaged all along the Western front in the largest combined movement of the war. It is of extreme importance that the First American Army drive forward with all possible force.

There is evidence that the enemy is retiring from our own front.

Our success must be followed up with the utmost energy, and pursuit continued to bring about confusion and demoralization, and to prevent the enemy from forming his shattered forces.

I am counting on the splendid spirit, dash and courage of our Army to overcome all opposition. Our country expects nothing less.

John J. Pershing,
General, Commanding First Army.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST ARMY
Office of Chief Engineer

23 November, 1918.

From: The Chief Engineer, First Army.

To: The Commanding Officer, 23rd Engineers.

Subject: Services rendered during offensives.

1. The Chief Engineer desires to express his highest appreciation to you and to your Regiment for the services rendered by you to the 1st Army in connection with the St. Mihiel Offensive, starting September 12th, and the offensive between the Meuse and the Argonne, starting September 26th, and the continuation of that offensive on November 1st, 1918.

2. The success of these offensives and the supply of the Army is largely due to the excellent work performed by your Regiment and its attached troops.

3. A copy of this letter has been sent to the Chief of Staff, First Army.

4. It is desired that the terms of this letter be published to all the officers and enlisted men of your command at the earliest opportunity.

GEORGE R. SPALDING,
Colonel, Engineers, U.S.A.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
HEADQUARTERS SERVICES OF SUPPLY
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER, A.E.F.

25 February, 1919.

Memorandum for: All Engineer Organizations.

1. The following letters are forwarded for your information. It is requested that you communicate the same to your command.

"Major General Wm. C. Langfitt,
Chief Engineer, A.E.F.
My dear General Langfitt:

As the activities of our army in France draw to a close, I desire to express to you, and through you to the officers, enlisted men and civilian personnel of the Engineer Department, my appreciation of their loyal and energetic work, which contributed so greatly to our success.

The various units attached to combat troops distinguished themselves at all times in the assistance which they rendered. The Division of Construction and Forestry, with limited resources at its disposal and under conditions of extreme severity, more than met the many demands made upon it. The Department of Light Railways and Roads furnished the indispensable link between the railheads and the front lines for the transportation of troops and supplies, and for the evacuation of sick and wounded. Its record in the construction and operation of Light Railways and Roads has seldom been equalled.

The many other services of the Engineer Department, connected with the acquisition and distribution of Engineer supplies, particularly those needed for combat operations, were so conducted that our forces never lacked for any essential.

The Engineer Department has made a proud record for itself, and it gives me pleasure to express to you my sincere thanks and admiration, and that of your comrades of the American Expeditionary Forces, for its splendid achievements.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING."

"General John J. Pershing,
Commander-in-Chief,
American Expeditionary Forces.

My dear General Pershing:

Not only on my behalf but on behalf of all the Engineers who have served under your leadership in France, permit me to express my deep appreciation of the sentiments of your letter of February 20th.

The knowledge that the Engineers have to so great an extent earned your good will and commendation is the highest possible reward that could have come to officers and men alike. Without these their service in France would have been to no purpose.

It will give me keen satisfaction to communicate the contents of your letter to the organizations and individuals concerned, so that they may be stimulated to continue their efforts to merit your approval.

With renewed expressions of the desire of every Engineer in France to give his utmost service to you in your great work, believe me,

Cordially yours,

(Signed) W. C. LANGFITT,
Major General, U.S.A."

G. H. Q.
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, February 28th, 1919.

General Orders
No. 38-A
My Fellow Soldiers:

Now that your services with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I cannot let you go without a personal word. At the call to arms, the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and its valor.

With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested, and the forces of autocracy have been defeated. To the glory of the citizen-soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offensives have overcome the menace to our civilization.

As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one in the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's stronghold; whether enduring monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part. By willing sacrifice of personal rights; by cheerful endurance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial co-operation, you inspired the war-worn Allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established and maintained never before attained by any army. With mind and body as clean and strong as the decisive blows you delivered against the foe, you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories, may I ask that you carry home your high ideals and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought and to the fallen comrades you leave behind.

It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation.

Faithfully,

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
HEADQUARTERS SERVICES OF SUPPLY
OFFICER CHIEF OF CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE

19 May, 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.

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 services 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 everyone as we separate and again take up our civil duties.

Sincerely,
FREDERICK B. KERR,
Colonel of Engineers.

Our Wound Stripes

John F. Gruber J. R. Martin

OUR GOLD STARS

We have five graves, one in Sebastapole, France, one in Vannes, France, one in Bucyrus, Ohio, one in Winchester, Indiana, and one in San Diego, California.

William Henry Davis

The only member of the company killed in France was William H. Davis. On Sunday evening, August 18th, 1918, "Scotty," as he was affectionately called by the company, and C. W. Van Gundy went to Boucq on a pass. What happened as they were returning to camp is told by Van Gundy as follows: "Davis and I were on our way to our company camp at Central Park and were near the outskirts of Boucq, about 9:30 p. m. We saw two men walking ahead and as we were walking rapidly we overtook them in a short time. When about fifty feet back of them Davis started diagonally towards them. I continued to walk ahead and on the opposite side of the street. These two men proved later to be a military police and a prisoner he was escorting to his camp. We knew nothing about an arrest in Boucq and I am sure Davis did not recognize the man as being an M. P. Davis was between the M. P. and me and as I was walking and looking forward I did not notice it either. Davis approached the men closely but I am sure he did not touch him. Suddenly a challenge or order was given, which was immediately followed by two revolver shots. I was slightly in advance when the shots were fired and saw Davis stagger and fall to the street. Then I was halted and taken to their camp with the man who was under arrest. When we went back to Davis he was lying dead in the street near where he fell. It is my impression that he thought the two men were some of our own boys going back to camp."

In March, 1921, it was brought to the attention of the officers of C Company by the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, that "Wm. H. Davis, Co. C, 23rd Engineers, was reported in cablegram as shot and killed not in line of duty and as a result of his own misconduct." Lieut. Garforth passed this information on to the members of the company and through their efforts this record was later changed and read that "William H. Davis, (No. 177609) Private, Company C, 23rd Engineers, A. E. F., died August 19th, 1918, of gunshot wound inflicted by a military police, and that upon investigation it has been ascertained by this Department that the death of this soldier occurred in line of duty and was not the result of his own misconduct."

William H. Davis was born in Glasgow and lived there until he was grown. He belonged to the Highland Light Infantry Volunteers and Plantation Lodge, No. 581, of the Masonic Order in Glasgow. His father was an American who had fought in the southern army through the Civil War.

The original company roster shows Davis' age as 38, so he was beyond the first draft limit. He came into the company well recommended and volunteered, like the rest of the company in 1917. His officers found him quiet and attentive to his work and his comrades were fond of him. To the end of their service, they unanimously spoke of him in an affectionate way and regretted his unfortunate death. He

was buried with full military honors and with the Masonic rites, in-so-far as army regulations and Masonic restrictions would permit. About thirty of the members of the company went from camp to his funeral and the Masonic members attended in a body. He was buried near Toul, at Sebastapole, grave No. 32.

James Locke McFarland

James L. McFarland enlisted in the 23rd Engineers at Ft. McDowell, Angel Island, Cal., on Nov. 1st, 1917, and was in the service for 13 months. He was born in Porterville, Cal., Oct. 19, 1889; was a high school graduate and had spent two and a half years at the University of California when he stopped to get some practical experience. At the time of his enlistment he was with the General Petroleum and Pipe Line Co. Soon after we moved up to Creuë he was sent to the hospital in Toul. After several weeks he was transferred to Vannes, on his way home. From there he wrote his mother a card, dated Feb. 4th, 1919. On the 16th he died of bronchial pneumonia, after an illness of less than a week, at Base Hospital No. 136. He wrote his mother from France that she was not to worry about him but must think of him as having gone on a trip and that when he returned he would have so much to tell her about his adventures.

William E. Miller

William E. Miller was a native of Bucyrus, Ohio. He was born there Nov. 28, 1882 and died there at his father's home on March 10, 1920. At the time of his enlistment he was manager of the Bucyrus Hydraulic Stone and Building Block Co. He enlisted in the 23rd Engineers, Nov. 6, 1917, at Toledo. After returning from France he had gone to Toledo to work. Before the end of 1919 he contracted a cold and cough. In January, 1920, he gave up his work and went home, where he suffered from tuberculosis of the throat. The trouble finally reached his lungs and he died in March, 1920. Miller was an experienced construction man and his work in France was of material assistance to the company. Particularly was this true when they were given the task of rebuilding and widening the De l'Etoille which was the main military route used by the A. E. F. in the St. Mihiel Offensive. This road will stand for years as a monument to the faithful and conscientious work of Private Miller and the rest of the company.

Theron K. Moxley

T. K. Moxley was a "native son" of California, born in 1895. He enlisted from the Dodge Bros. Automobile Works in Sept., 1917; was first a member of A Company, 23rd Engineers and was later transferred to C Company, going over with them in Jan., 1918. In a letter to his mother he wrote "We are building highways from ———— to ———— and from ———— to ————, which covers the territory from ———— to ————. Now you know just what we are doing and where we are. Ha! Ha! Once in a while some homesick chap will commence talking of home and white collars and polka-dot ties. Oh, boy, what a grand and glorious feeling. Then a big gun booms and his dreams are knocked off their golden pedestal and he wakes up to find himself leaning on the handle of his shovel."

In Nov., while working on the roads, he was injured and sent to a hospital. After one operation he was sent back to the States for a second, arriving in New York in March, 1919, with "New York's Own." He went directly to Camp Kearny, Cal. His second operation was successful and in May he was dismissed as well. He married in June and in July went back to his old position in Detroit. His health began to fail soon after. In Dec. he went to a government hospital and was sent from there to the Detroit Tuberculosis Hospital. At the last he made a desperate effort to reach home but died on the train near Albuquerque, New Mexico. He was given a military burial and went to rest as the bugler sounded "Taps."

Raymond K. Shockney

Raymond K. Shockney was the Corporal of one of C Company's original squads. His home was with his mother in Toledo, Ohio, and he enlisted there on Sept. 24, 1917.

He died at the age of 31 in Tucson, Arizona, on Feb. 4, 1921. When he came home he seemed well and worked through the winter. In April, 1920, he developed tuberculosis. The doctor sent him to the country with orders to stay in bed. In Oct., 1920, his mother and sister took him to Tucson, Arizona, and he made a brave and cheerful fight until February. The American Legion carried his body to the train after his death and he was brought to Winchester, Indiana, for burial.

Company Roster

REGIMENTAL COMMANDERS

Col. E. E. Johnston
Col. Frederick B. Kerr

FIRST BATTALION COMMANDERS

Maj. H. H. Stickney
Maj. J. P. Watson

OFFICERS WITH C COMPANY BEFORE THE COMPANY WENT OVERSEAS

Capt. W. V. Buck
Capt. Gault Applegarth
Capt. H. Edmund Burke
1st Lt. J. J. Estill
1st Lt. W. B. VanInwegen
1st Lt. L. S. Bruner
1st Lt. J. Vernon Butler
2nd Lt. D. M. Cooper
2nd Lt. A. S. McMaster
2nd Lt. Ezra Garforth

OFFICERS WITH C COMPANY WHEN THE COMPANY WENT OVERSEAS

Capt. J. Edmund Burke
1st Lt. J. J. Estill
1st Lt. W. B. VanInwegen
1st Lt. J. Vernon Butler
2nd Lt. A. S. McMaster
2nd Lt. Ezra Garforth

OFFICERS WHO WERE WITH C COMPANY WHILE THE COMPANY WAS OVERSEAS

Capt. J. Edmund Burke
1st Lt. J. J. Estill
1st Lt. W. B. VanInwegen
1st Lt. J. Vernon Butler
1st Lt. H. Thomas Stockton
1st Lt. Roger J. Hudson
2nd Lt. A. S. McMaster
2nd Lt. Ezra Garforth
2nd Lt. John H. Stevens
2nd Lt. Frank H. Freeto
2nd Lt. Charles E. Miller (Assigned)

Adams, Charles P., Amarillo, Texas.
Akerholm, Oscar, 3303 Avenue P ½, Galveston, Texas.
Allen, Dugal A., 983 Liberty Avenue, Beaumont, Texas.
Allen, George B., 1222 Eleventh St., Racine, Wisconsin.
Anderson, Lawrence, 2729 W. 22nd Place, Chicago, Illinois.
Ardis, Raymond H., 4210 Lancaster Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Arnseth, Marcus
Baggott, Richard M., 811 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois.
Bailie, Ira J., 1148 Copeland Place, Los Angeles, Cal.
Baker, George C., 542 Washington Street, Marine City, Mich.
Baumgartner, Charles A., Brewer Furniture House, Tucson, Ariz.
Bittenbender, Earl G., 1009 S. St. Bernard St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.
Blay, Andrew, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.
Bloomdahl, John H., La Fox, Illinois.
Boote, Arthur, 880 S. Franklin St, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Bott, Asa W., 603 W. Broadway, Glendale, California.
Bowman, James C., 2208 Grape St., Denver, Colorado.
Bradshaw, Robert T., La Grange, Texas.
Brady, Thomas M., Santa Rosa, California.
Braud, Wilbur C., Thibadaux, Louisiana.
Britney, Elmer W., Litchfield, Minnesota.
Brohman, M. E., Blue Lake Farm, Brohman, Michigan.
Brown, Bayne, 46 Q Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
Browning, Taylor S., Hutto, Texas.
Buck, W. V., Assist. State Highway Engineer, Topeka, Kansas.
Burke, H. Edmund, 545 Union St., Hudson, New York.
Buss, Leo, 2809 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Illinois.
Butler, J. Vernon, P. O. Drawer 338, Huntsville, Texas.
Caldwell, W. P., Danville, Texas.

Christian, Emanuel H., 1089 D St., Hayward, California
Clark, Aylett D., 914 Speedway, Tucson, Arizona.
Clark, Ben C., Clayburne, Texas.
Clark, Charles H., Smithville, Georgia.
Clement, Robert W., Palacious, Texas.
Clifford, Jack B., Care of K. of C. Hdqtrs., Dallas, Texas.
Clifton, Guy L., Elk's Club, Victor, Colo.
Clynes, Dennis J., 1680 Purchase St., New Bedford, Massachusetts.
Cody, Arthur B., Ohio Bell Telephone Co., Salem, Ohio.
Cole, Myron F., 533 Tennis Avenue, Ambler, Pennsylvania.
Connelly, Vincent M., 509½ Locust Street, McKeesport, Pennsylvania.
Conway, James A., Gildford, Montana.
Cooper, D. M., Lisbon, Ohio.
Costa, Umberto, 924 Vallejo St., San Francisco, California.
Courtney, John P., 7382 Constance Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
Crawford, Henry B., Gary, Indiana.
Crickmer, Chas. S., 3722½ S. Main Street, Los Angeles, California.
Crider, Ellison S., Bishop, Texas.
Cross, Chas. E., Baltimore Sun—Composing Room, Baltimore, Maryland
Cyr, Bert P., Everson, Washington.
Davis, Walter L., 2210 Fitzhugh St., Bay City, Michigan.
* Davis, William H., Central Falls, R. I.
Deal, Howard S., 63 Division St., Amsterdam, New York.
De Mars, A. J., St. Anne, Illinois.
De Pledge, W., 201 WaWaWai St., Colfax, Washington.
Dolven, Noel B., Care of Security Bridge Co., Billings, Montana.
Donovan, E. R., 178 E. 4th St., Oswego, New York.
Doran, Thomas H., 3914 Brandywine St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Downing, Daniel F., 30 Ash St., Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Drake, Chas. B., Thompson Bldg., Harrisburg, Illinois.
Dredge, A. F., 282 Adams St., Los Angeles, California.
Duffy, Frank M., 5530 Howe St., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Dugger, Walter A., 815 N. Forest Ave., Brazil, Indiana.
Eckerd, Kennedy M., 1103 State St., Erie, Pa.
Ellis, Frank, 1405 E. Twelfth Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Epstein, David
Erikson, Clarence G., 5715 Glenwood Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Estill, Joe J., Grapevine, Texas.
Etter, Charles G., 4112 Old York Road, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Farsht, John W., La Crosse, Wisconsin.
Felch, Will P., 916 East St., Colfax, Wash.
Fenner, Ray, Gen. Delivery, Muskegon, Mich.
Ferry, Edward P., 38 Hawthorne Avenue, Crafton, Pennsylvania.
Fishburn, Cyrus C., 340 Ludlow Avenue, (Clifton) Cincinnati, Ohio.
Fisher, William C., 104 S. Richards Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey.
Flahive, Francis B., Connecticut Power Co., New London, Connecticut.
Fortner, Edward, 5434 W. 24th Place, Cicero, Illinois.
Foster, Clee W., 512 Jackson Ave., Seward, Nebraska.
France, Elting A., 1503 Kenilworth Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Francis, Leonard, 1227 Perry Street, Detroit, Michigan.
Fredley, Louis J., 506 Second Avenue, Yuma, Arizona.
Freeto, Frank H., 130 N. Volutsia Avenue, Wichita, Kansas.
Frink, Russell A., Engineering Dept., Sibley, Iowa.
Fritz, John M., 820 S. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.
Fry, Geo. W., Burlington Pike and Cove Road, Merchantville, New Jersey.
Funk, Frank F., 139 Ulysses St., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Galloway, Frederick S., 2980 St. Jean Ave., Detroit, Michigan.
Garforth, Ezra, 5128 Parkside Ave., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
George, Ermire X., Lilly, Pennsylvania.
Germain, Alexander J., Somerset, Wisconsin.
Gibson, Robert J., Jr., 230 North Pitt St., Mercer, Pennsylvania.
Gillespie, John W., Nat. Oil and Refining Co., Houston, Texas.

* Deceased.

Gilliland, Joseph W., Co. G, 22 Inf., Fort Niagara, New York.
Gilsenan, Thomas P., 2837 Webster Street, Berkeley, California.
Gloege, Arthur J., Bellingham, Minnesota.
Gonter, Anthony J., 1501 Clay Ave., Detroit, Michigan.
Gosling, Kenneth C.
Grant, Arthur F., Lakeview, Maine.
Gray, Durbin L., 3703 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Greene, Raymond O., R. D. 36, Middleport, New York.
Grigsby, Henry B., 220 S. Church Street, Palestine, Texas.
Gruber, G. F., Hagerstown, Maryland.
Grzybowski, Thadore D., Ruth, Michigan.
Gustafson, Oscar R., 390 Congress St., Detroit, Michigan.
Guy, Walter G., Clyde, New York.
Haeberhorn, John V., Baltimore, Maryland.
Hall, John, 1741 S. 55th St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Hankins, Ray L., Box 24, Dunbar, Pa.
Harrower, Bruce L., 1029 Murrayhill Ave., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Harvey, Walling E., 1626 Monroe St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Hauser, Marion L., Ingomar, California.
Haviland, John T., 1415 Lafayette Street, Alameda, California.
Heatley, David B., P. O. Box 261, Manchester, Connecticut.
Hess, Walter, Strauss Bascule Bridge Co., Chicago, Illinois.
Hewitt, Frank C., R. D. Box 81, Loomis, California.
Hicks, Elwood L., Chestertown, Maryland.
Higgins, Frank W., New York.
Hill, Harvey, 919 Emmet St., Petoskey, Mich.
Hinnant, Archie A., 930 Coffman St., San Antonio, Texas.
Hodgdon, Walter L., 18th and Washington Sts., Springfield, Illinois.
Hodson, Bernard
Holland, George W., 1045 E. 71st Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Holtje, Herbert F., 108 Morgan St., Union Hill, New Jersey.
Hoskins, John T., Route 8, Box 3, Memphis, Missouri.
Houppert, Cyril H., 2071 Ferdinand Ave., Detroit, Michigan.
Hudson, Roger J., 510 Burwell Bldg., Knoxville, Tennessee.
Hughes, Frank H., 744 East 27th St., Paterson, New Jersey.
Jackson, Clarke R., 43 Lincoln Ave., Binghamton, New York.
Jacobsen, Petter A., 249 First St., San Francisco, California.
Johnson, Nelson C., 1330 Nineteenth St., Detroit, Michigan.
Johnston, William A., 913 Kearney St., Port Huron, Michigan.
Johnston, W. Earle, Box 178, Freeport, Pa.
Joiner, James W., Rock Hill, Maryland.
Jones, Oliver M., 90 Highway Com., 629 Cedar Rapids Savings Bank Bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Jones, William F., 326 Exchange St., Emporia, Kansas.
Jordan, Joe F., Irvington, Illinois.
June, Harry F., 5744 Race Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Kaeding, George J., 378 Lawndale Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
Kerr, Frederick B., Clearfield, Pennsylvania.
Kinney, Fred B., N. 16th St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Knight, Glen K., 905 W. Rich St., Columbus, Ohio.
Knutson, Raymond J., 126 S. E., Bell Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.
Kreighbaum, Earl G., 415 High St., Barberton, Ohio.
Kretz, William A., 1311 Diana St., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
La Bell, Alfred, Ossineke, Michigan.
Lewis, George G., Chinchulla, Alabama.
Linabury, Glen J.
Livengood, Wesley C., Ford Cliff, Pa.
Longley, Frank R., Miller Mfg. Co., Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Lowther, Russell A., 539 Continental Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
Lucas, Robert M., 867 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore, Maryland.
Luley, Ray A., 2944 Kenwood Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.
McCall, H. G.
McCartney, P. L., 49 High St., Newburg, New York.
McCullough, Nelson, Libby, Montana.
* McFarland, J. L., R. D. 1, Box 168, Porterville, California.
McGee, Tate, 324 N. Broadway, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

* Deceased.

McGovern, Emmett A., 1763 Townsend Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
McGuire, Walter T., 491 Broadway, S. Boston, Massachusetts.
McKenzie, William D., Box 456, Hattiesburg, Mississippi.
McLauthlin, Thomas F., Care of W. O. Smith, 2232 Walbrook Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.
McMaster, A. S., 4024 Worth St., Dallas, Tex.
McPherson, Kenneth R.
McRoberts, Howard W., 7313 Idlewild St., Homewood, Pennsylvania.
Maier, Charles, 1572 Winton Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.
Marble, Wiley H., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Marc, Louis F.
Marckhoff, Carl S. T., 41 Woodland Ave., San Francisco, California.
Marsh, Daniel
Marsh, George S., 306 Berger Bldg., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Marshall, John L., 1601 Dodd Street, Rosedale, Kansas.
Martin, Clay S., Box 1203, Ponca City, Okla.
Martin, J. R., Eldorado, Illinois.
Matheson, Bruce, Hadlock, Washington.
Metzker, Victor, c/o Jack Couch, Dulce, New Mexico.
Miehls, George H., 301 N. Gay St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Millen, Clarke, 237 Raymond Ave., South Orange, New Jersey.
Miller, Earl H., 614 Grace St., Williamsport, Pennsylvania.
Miller, Charles E., Jersey City, N. J.
* Miller, William E., 611 East Warren St., Bucyrus, Ohio.
Milligan, Jesse C., Gary Indiana.
Mitchell, William E., Birdsboro, Pa.
Moninger, William H., 20 Stanley Ave., (Ingram), Pittsburg, Pa.
Morrison, Arthur J., 3554 Kroger Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Morton, James G., 1623 Vine St., Nashville, Tennessee.
* Moxley, Theron K., 541 21st St., San Diego, California.
Mullery, Stephen P., 521 W. 131st Street, New York, N. Y.
Nave, Louis J., P. O. Box 6, Novato, Cal.
Nesvold, Ira O., 1142 Clinton St., Portland, Oregon.
Newman, Benjamin
Noble, William W., Platina, California.
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Oliver, Frank J., Los Angeles, California.
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Oppenheimer, Arthur L., 404 Sheldon Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Orr, John, Box 512, Hayden, Arizona.
Pagels, George E., Roger City, Michigan.
Patterson, J. S., Care of Patterson-Gibbs Co., Chicago, Illinois.
Payne, Joseph S., 306 W. Market St., Mercer, Pennsylvania.
Perry, Henry V., 1035 Goodfellow Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.
Peters, Henry D., 460 N. Pacific St., Cape Girardeau, Missouri.
Phillips, Harry H., Fresno, California.
Piche, Ralph J., 650 Bedford St., Sandwich, Ontario.
Pruitt, Bethel H., Stotts City, Missouri.
Quinn, Wilbur, Camp 33, Southern Cal. Edison Co., Big Creek, California.
Racey, Theodore M., Care of D. & R. G. R. R., Soldier Summit, Utah.
Ransom, Charles F., Spencer, New York.
Rawhouser, Glen D., Murdo, South Dakota.
Reed, C. V., Sanger, California.
Reed, Karl D., Elmore, Ohio.
Reed, Leroy T., 11805 Buckingham Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Rice, Frank L., 5862 Harding Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
Rickard, William H., Colo. Fuel and Iron Co., Pueblo, Colorado.
Roberts, Lewis, Box 601, Victor, Colorado.
Robertshaw, Henry M., Los Angeles, Cal.
Robertson, Jackson, Berea College, Berea, Ky.
Rogals, Leo, 3941 S. Kedzie St., Chicago, Ill.
Rose, Albert L., 409 N. Pittsburg St., Connellsville, Pennsylvania.
Rowbotham, G. S., 1421 N. 17th St., Apt. 4, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Rudolph, Luther H., Crown Point, Indiana.
Sallers, Harry, Emeryville, West Virginia.
Samuels, Henry E., Monticello, California.
Satran, Peter M.
Schaeperklaus, Lewis, 3841 Lowell Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Deceased.

Schiener, Walter F., 108 Deerfield Avenue, Buffalo, New York.
Schuster, Joseph B., Box 1012, Wenatchee, Washington.
Scott, Robert P., 623 West Main Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Seaver, Clifford M., La Mont, Washington.
Shaner, Paul L., 8th and Ann Sts., Homestead, Pennsylvania.
Sheadle, Paul R., Williamsport, Pa.
Shepley, Charles H., 640 W. 11th Street, Erie, Pennsylvania.
*Shockney, Raymond K., Toledo, Ohio.
Siddall, Herbert H., 5557 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
Sisson, Edwin E., 408 Taum Ave., Houston, Texas.
Sluyter, Ray H., 951 Division Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Smedley, Wallace A., 2296 N. Sixth Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
Smith, Dudley E., Carlsbad, New Mexico.
Smith, Thomas, 320 Richland Ave., Warwood, West Virginia.
Smyth, Clyde H., 921 E. Washington Street, New Castle, Pennsylvania.
Snyder, Charles S., New Bethlehem, Pa.
Spencer, L. J., Used Car Dept., Reo Auto Co., Los Angeles, California.
Sterk, Henry J.
Sterl, Carl W., 28 Montague St., Worcester, Massachusetts.
Stevens, John H. Rome, New York.
Stockton, H. Thomas, 905 Market St., Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania.
Strickland, William M., Dallas, Texas.
Sullivan, Charles E., 243 Walnut St., New Orleans, Louisiana.
Suppnick, Walter A., 3141 Crane Ave., Detroit, Michigan.
Tanner, Henry L., 514 Pacific St., Monterey, California.
Templin, Arthur W., Minneapolis, Kansas.
Thibault, John S., Lyons, Nebraska.
Thomas, Ambrose, Detroit, Michigan.
Thompson, Harley M., Willard, Wisconsin.
Thompson, William A.
Turner, George E., American Ry. Ex., Franklin, Pennsylvania.
Underhill, John A.
Van Gundy, Clarence W., R. R. No. 8, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Van Inwegen, Willard B., Port Jarvis, N. Y.
Vollette, Otto W., 416 Dallas Ave., Houston, Texas.
Walborn, Karl W., Dearborn, Michigan.
Walkotte, Harry W.
Wall, Frank, San Francisco, California.
Wallace, John, 2730 Zephyr Avenue, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
Wannamaker, Homer F., 3007 Penn Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Watson, P. J. Jr., 1961 Ry. Exchange Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri.
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