

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING CO.  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

832



25 17  
at day on board the Rochambeau

up along with a score  
old. 10 passengers on  
New York City and finally  
my line of port. inspectors  
I signed some more  
and then proceed the  
to my home for the  
days.

and my ticket to a Frenchman  
me a little card with a  
- as I couldn't understand  
as saying and it had  
in French.

and Frenchman then took  
three flights of stairs  
abin where my trunk and  
had been delivered. after  
pected. - two double deckers  
great deal smaller than a  
bed.

the up stairs - walked around  
catch crowd and looked  
over and seeing the  
used against the railing  
en to feel the excitement  
all around.

Bob Allen and Hine Klein and  
my arkhile - went into the  
room and wrote several  
well letters home.

so they started to call off  
an halt over the boat swinging



Monday June 25, 17  
First Day on Board the Rochambeau

Lined up along with a score of other would-be passengers on Pier #57, New York City and finally passed a long line of Port Inspectors at 3:30 P.M. Signed some more papers and then crossed the gang way to my home for the next ten days.

Turned over my ticket to a Frenchman who gave me a little card with a mugging - as I couldn't understand what he was saying and it had cost 67.25 francs.

Some kind Frenchman then took me down three flights of stairs to my cabin where my trunk and duffle bag had been delivered after being inspected. - two double de luxe beds - a great deal smaller than a Pullman bed.

Came back upstairs - walked around in the excited crowd and looked over at the pier and seeing the crowd pressed against the railing really began to feel the excitement that was all around.

Met Bob Allen and Heine Klein and after talking awhile - went into the drawing room and wrote several last love well letters home.

About 3:30 they started to cast off and a man went over the boat singing



Monday June 25, 17  
First Day On Board the Rochambeau

Lined up along with a score of other would-be passengers on Pier #57, New York City and finally passed a long line of Port Inspectors at 3<sup>30</sup> P.M. Signed some more papers and then proceed the gang way to my home for the next ten days.

Turned over my ticket to a Frenchman who gave me a little card with a misgiving - as I couldn't understand what he was saying and it had cost 67.25 francs.

Some kind Frenchman then took me down three flights of stairs to my cabin where my trunk and duffle bag had been delivered after being inspected. - two double decker beds - a great deal smaller than a Pullman bed.

Came back upstairs - walked around in the excited crowd and looked over at the pier and seeing the crowd pressed against the railing really began to feel the excitement that was all around.

Met Bob Allen and Heine Klein and after talking awhile - went into the drawing room and wrote several last fare well letters home.

About 3<sup>30</sup> they started to cast off and a man went over the boat singing



a large bell - the last notice for visitors to leave.

A bunch of us gathered near the gangway and grew interested in a little light haired boy about 5 yrs. old who was hanging far out on the rail and with tears streaming down his cheeks calling to his brother on board "Joe Joe, Oh! Joe" in drawled out tones that ~~it~~ sounded like a rain crow and then he would motion with his little hands for Joe to come ashore.

I believe it affected us all and we felt awful sorry for the little kid.

The gang way was pulled off and the ropes were thrown ashore and the ship started moving. - immediately they started blowing the whistle clear and kept it up til we were ~~away~~ clear of the pier - I don't believe I ever heard as loud a whistle.

By this time the crowd from the side of the pier had run out to the end where they could see the ship going down the harbor - just then a bunch gathered in the front of the ship started singing "America" and that combined with the cheering, waving crowd on the pier left a rather queer feeling in the pit of your stomach.

We dropped down the bay and finally reached the submarine net stretched across the harbor - a battleship being anchored right alongside the mouth of it - we slowed up - passed thru safely and out into the ocean.



6/5/17

Not far out we noticed a bunch of about ten ships off in the distance steaming along in a line - some one suggested the Atlantic Fleet - we all leaved over the rail to get a better view - Ha! Ha! When we got closer we found that it was a line of tug boats coming in - so the whereabouts of the Atlantic fleet is still a mystery.

Finally came a call for dinner - a man carrying a large gong around the deck beating on it. & we went in to the dining room for our first taste of real French food.

Heine & I sat at a small table and imagine my surprise when I saw two bottles of wine, one light one dark - for us two - and second surprise - ~~the~~ no wine glasses were visible - you drink it by the tumblerful like water - "hee; hee!" "Mon sieur."

He pulled the tough, seemingly unsalted bread to pieces and ate it with the wine until - at last, our dinner was served. - we had several glasses of wine, and finally went up on deck feeling very good indeed - no wonder the French men are always happy.

Finally two girls were initiated into the Deck Unit and we sat and talked to them - it was growing dusk and they started putting plates over the port holes so that no lights would show and



smoking and lighting of matches were forbidden.

After witnessing a beautiful moon playing on the water as long as we could stand it and control ourselves we went down to our bunks and found our port holes tightly closed and the room too hot to be comfortable.

We were told we would be thrown in jail in Bordeaux - due to England's orders if we opened them.

We finally went to bed after my wrist watch ~~was~~ standing the water test. - filled the basin with cold water and stuck my arms in to cool my blood - was enjoying it when I happened to look down and saw something around my wrist - my wrist watch had been submerged for about five minutes. - took it off, wrung it out and hung out it to dry - in the morning it was running same as ever.

As my berth slanted towards the middle of the room I got a good grip on the mattress before going to sleep.

Woke up several times as our cabin was in the back near the engines. but thought of the trenches and was satisfied.



Tuesday June 26, '17

On board "Rockhambeam".

Woke up at 4 A.M. as the "garcon" was opening the port hole - "Gee!" what a relief - laid there in the fresh breeze and as the sun was coming up I couldn't go up to sleep - so crawled out and made for the bath room.

Ha! Ha! The deep sea-going French bath tubs with the little step up so that you can get into them - when you sit down in them your head just comes over the side. - The salt water made me feel fine so dressed and went up stairs about 5:45 - ~~the~~

One of the prettiest sun rises I've ever seen - not a cloud in the sky - and the fresh air made you feel like a king - the few walking around were all smiling and greeting everyone "Bon Jour" Messieurs.

Ate breakfast about 6 o'clock and then crossed the ship.

Had beautiful weather all day and with the regular abundance of wine - all felt happy.

At night we danced to some French music - all waltzes.

Wed. June 27, '16

On board "Rockhambeam"

Had hardly arrived on deck this morning and was gazing up at the lookout when I heard the clanging of a bell on the bridge followed by a similar clanging of a bell by the lookout



I looked around expecting to see a submarine but saw none - however several people were setting their watches & upon looking at my watch noticed they were striking the hour.

Have been trying to absorb French all day to day - Heine Klein is teaching us and has set a lesson for tomorrow -

We neophytes who have never been across the ocean are praying for a storm to test our ocean going qualities - late this afternoon it started clouding up and the sea is getting a little rough - These hoping its fruitful.

Thurs. June 18, 16

"Rochambeau"

Woke up in time for the 7 am. exercise - muscles all sore from day before - sea rough, weather cloudy and drizzling.

Studied French when ever I had a chance.

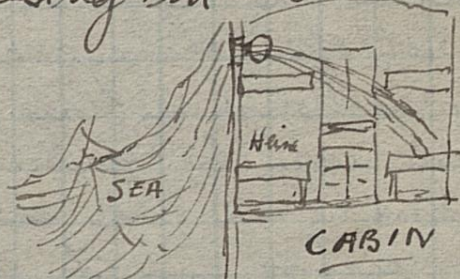
Had a long talk with Madame Michel about conditions in France - her husband is an aviator - has been in service 7 yrs not killed yet - just bruised from falls.

As several fellows have lost coats, over coats, pocket books, etc. I spent the afternoon sitting on my steamer trunk with my sewing kit on one side and a large bucket of white paint and a brush on the other - marking them which way seemed best.



Friday June 29, 17<sup>th</sup> "Rochambeau"

He wanted to see some big waves -  
we did - only too close for comfort -  
Heine was in Bob's bunk - Bob was  
dressing in the middle of the room.



All of a sudden  
the port hole flew  
open and a stream  
of water the large  
as the port hole  
poured in across my bed over into the  
lower opposite. - Heine said he laid there  
awhile expecting it to stop but it kept  
on coming so he decided to get out and  
got up only to be hit by the stream and  
knocked around and soaked from head  
to foot - He said "Never before, did I  
see so much water at one time."

Finally the wave died out. - we later found  
that right along on both sides of us the  
cabins had all rec'd the same treatment.  
Gee! What messes of ~~that~~ wet clothes, blankets  
overcoats, mattresses, sheets, etc.

We had 6 inches of water at one time and  
as most of Bob's stuff was on the floor - it  
was floating all around. - My mattress  
was soaked clean thru.

Well, Heine had to change everything he  
had on - and hang his now - like sweated  
pass - port out to dry. - while I loaned  
Bob another pair of shoes to wear as all  
of his were sogging.

As a result two of us had to hunt  
bunks for the night - we luckily found  
some vacant ones - mighty glad I  
(over)



Sat. morning the "garcon" who  
takes care of our cabin showed Bob  
a slip of paper with this written on it

"It is your fault if the bed sheet is  
wet - you should not open the eye-window  
because the sea was rough on that side  
and that you should care by yourself  
about the water coming in your cabin.

For any further claim ask to the  
purser

I cannot help it."

"Gierchot"



6/29/17  
didn't sleep there for besides the  
wet mattress, Heine said that during  
the night (the port hole closed of course)  
the odor from the wet carpet, etc. was  
awful - he finally went up on deck  
and had hardly gotten to sleep when at  
3 AM. they started washing the decks  
and almost washed his blanket away.

We were told this morning one fellow  
was put down in the "lock-up" for  
leaving his port hole open last night  
- no danger of us doing that.

Another incident happened - about  
3 P.M. they dropped a barrel off of the  
stern and when it was some distance  
away they fired at it with the  
gun on the stern. We had been  
warned of the explosion but Madame  
Nicol was sick and asleep in her  
cabin - didn't hear the warning of  
course and when the shot was fired  
- fell out of bed - woke up on the  
floor of the cabin - thinking a submarine  
had hit us.

We are now nearing the danger zone  
and at dinner we were warned to  
wear our civilian clothes if we had any  
or else stay away from the rail as  
much as possible & cause the Germans  
would take that as an excuse for  
firing on us. - also after getting in  
the life-boats the Germans would fire  
on them if they saw uniforms. - so  
we all felt pretty queer - especially about  
the life-boat clause.



Sat. June 30, '17<sup>on</sup> "Rocham bean"  
woke up in my strange bed - dressed  
- met Heine - we were late for breakfast  
- doors were locked - I told Heine of  
some fruit I had seen piled on the floor  
between several cabins - so we walked  
down thru this veritable orchard -  
- suddenly spied a crate of canteloupes  
- walked "nonchalantly" down the way  
to the port-hole - looked out - on the way  
down noticed no one in the cabins and  
then we proceeded to accept one of the  
"gifts of the gods." - we tossed up to see  
whether we should give Bob some - he lost.  
(altho he never knew of it) so we each ate  
a whole one.

Nothing happened this morning  
because as usual there wasn't time -  
with breakfast at 8<sup>30</sup> A.M. - get on deck  
about 9<sup>15</sup> A.M. - stroll around the deck  
stretch yourself - smoke a cigarette and  
fore you even get the last taste of coffee  
out of your mouth you see the little  
"garcia" with his piece of rope and the  
brass gong noising himself all over the  
boat announcing that it's 10<sup>30</sup> - time for  
dinner "dinner". And then even tho you  
know you're not hungry you realize you won't  
get anything until 5<sup>30</sup> so you go down to  
the table and force food down into yourself  
- having to wash it down with glassfuls  
of wine so as to last enough to last  
you 'til supper time.

Have decided "Deacon" is a fitting  
name for Bob Allen. - So be it!!!



## Big Afternoon Meet.

6/30/17

About 4 P.M. the athletic meet spoken of around the decks for the last two days took place.

We all gathered in the front of the ship - spectators lining along the different deck rails - first was the three legged race - after watching several others Om Jarpley & I entered - we started - he had on heavy shoes - I had on sneakers - he was taking big strides - I little ones, as a result he finally came down to my stride but - - - - on top of my <sup>linguist</sup> toes - I couldn't stop and tell him about it so the latter part of the race was run on two of my feet and one of his - he lost!

They had several other events "Japanese sword fight", "cock fight" and a free for all and then lastly had three couples - (Madame Nicol & I for one) line up for the "cigarette rolling - needle threading contest."

The three fellows stood at one end of the deck holding the papers and the "Bull" - the girls ran up - and we handed them the stuff to roll the cigarette - Madame was so excited she would have a cigarette rolled & then lick it every where except the right place - it would stick to her fingers - "Finiis" - I'd pass out another one and so finally she rolled something that the judges passed - then we ran back and she held the needle for me to thread - another couple ~~was~~ up to this stage also & picturing the many I'd seen thread a needle - I put the thread in my mouth - pointed the end and put it thru the needle - "Trasbian" - we were first. Whee! The second fellow said he must not have had the right end of the thread.



I snapped several pictures of the different games.

At dinner tonight I rec'd a lot of sympathy because I came in about 10 min. late after having powdered my face and sending Heine up with a story about finding me sick and pale in my cabin. Told 'em afterwards but now they believe I really was sick - its the last time I'll joke about so serious thing as a "Non-Sea-sick Reputation".

We are to have some slides tonight.  
- Nothing very interesting happened.

Sunday July 1, 17

My Lochan bean  
Not a d- in thing to do but  
sleep - eat - set - eat - set - eat - sleep.

Monday July 2, 17

Things are starting to look interesting  
- a notice has been posted that we should  
sleep with all of our clothes on tonight  
- everyone is talking of that one subject  
"Submarines" - a lot of the women are  
worried to death

The sun came out today and felt  
mighty good

At noon as we are now in the  
danger zone the gunners are standing  
side of the guns fore and aft (some  
nautical term eh?) and the life boats  
have been loosened and are swinging  
clear of the side of the ship.

The sailors claim the submarines are  
afraid of the "Lochan bean" because its too



11/2/7

fast and the gunners are too accurate - they claim to have hit a submarine on one trip and that on the last trip they were attacked but got away easily.

What's the use of worrying - be a fatalist, "Pack up your troubles in your old duffle bag & smile, smile, smile."

Had a concert this afternoon in the "Salon de Conversation" and all of the talent aboard displayed itself.

About 10 <sup>p.m.</sup> saw a school of porpoises leaping out of the water - mighty pretty sight to see them make a clean ~~half~~ half circle. - saw some more this afternoon.

After dinner we were looking at the sunset when we saw a little puff of smoke (apparently) ~~out~~ on the horizon as we have been expecting a convoy but haven't seen it so we thought it was the battle ship at last - finally someone suggested the puff of a Diesel engine of a submarine - whee! Now they started - the crowd quickly pressed against the rail & increased - it happened several times again and finally some ole sea dog said, "it's a whale" - tough luck.

No one now intends to stay in tonight - one after another you see them going out on deck - carrying pillows, blankets, etc. and most important of all their life preservers - I heard some women have belts <sup>filled</sup> with food tablets and lots of other stuff in case they get lost in the "ocean lands".



7/17

The moon came up at last and Oh! what a moon - the decks were as bright as day and everyone crowded into the open spaces to bask in that intoxicating light. - Then someone suggested a dance on the forward deck - and - the flame started - gathered the tango players and three girls and we started - Oh! how good it felt - the crowd soon swelled and for long we had about fourteen couples swarming around in the moonlight.

It was a wonderful setting for a dance.

About 11 P.M. the musicians had to go in for a smoke - couldn't stand it any longer - they said - and the dance broke up.

As the submarine lugaboo had increased to enormous proportions everyone prepared to sleep on deck - a queer sight about 300 people carrying everything imaginable, ~~down~~<sup>even</sup> to the mattress off of their beds.

About 12 P.M. Bob & I took a walk around the deck & such a queer sight I've never seen before - people lying on chairs side of chairs back of boxes in little nooks - all over the deck - up against the hoists etc. - Ha! Ha! Exactly like a bunch of refugees. - It was a very democratic party - we saw Mrs. Vincent Astor in a pink silk flimsy gown with Miss Harriman in a blue one - both with their hair down their



backs and carrying steamer  
rugs - side of what pile of boxes  
they laid down to sleep - I didn't  
stop to see. Dark huddles of  
shapeless things (people under venth)  
were stretched from one end of the  
ship to the other.

7/2/17  
Bob & I laughed ourselves thin &  
went down to the second floor and  
slept in Reed's room (ours is on the third  
floor down) (near the water line). He had  
a lot of fruit candy, etc. so we ate  
as much as possible (maybe our last)  
and flopped on the bed with our  
clothes on.

July 3 '17 Tuesday  
"on Ro Cham beam"

We woke up at 5<sup>30</sup> A.M. with Reed  
standing side of our bed. - we finally  
got up on deck and to everyone was up  
- a few brave huddles still slept on  
- we found a pile of blankets someone  
had vacated and crawled in and  
slept until 6<sup>30</sup>.

We were in the real danger zone now  
and everyone was leaning over the rail  
looking for periscopes.

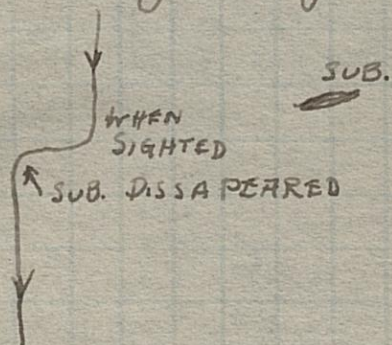
We ate lunch and ~~the~~ were sitting on  
deck. The second bunch were down eating  
there's when about 11<sup>30</sup> Mme. Nichol came  
tearing down the deck - "Submarine  
Submarine - get your life preservers."

Everyone jumped up and ran to the  
rail. I chased up front to see where  
the guns were pointing and they were



at right angles to the line of the ship. <sup>7/3/17</sup>  
 I looked out - but could see nothing  
 - then I thought of my camera and as  
 it was down in my cabin I recited  
 going down for fear of missing the sight  
 of a torpedo. Finally seeing nothing  
 I flew down stairs past a crowd of  
 hurrying passengers coming up with  
 life belts. - I had left my preserver in  
 another cabin so didn't stop to think  
 of it. - I knew I could keep afloat for  
 awhile. - Rushed into the cabin  
 grabbed my camera and then picturing  
 myself in a boat floating around on  
 the ocean. I thought of smoke, grabbed  
 a pack of fatines and with these two  
 articles phased back up.

Nothing had happened and looking  
 back at the wake of the ship saw  
 where the boat had been swung around  
 at right angles to the supposed submarine.



The sailors afterwards  
 told us the submarine  
 was heading for us  
 but disappeared in a  
 short time and that  
 it really was a submarine.

By this time the people  
 from the dining room had come up and  
~~men~~ were going around all excited - hardly  
 able to breathe - the majority of people  
 had their life preservers on and everyone  
 telling what they had seen and heard.  
 I admit I had a mighty queer feeling  
 inside of me when I saw the guns trained  
 over to the side and the gunners feeling



off their coats - I don't know whether it <sup>7/5/17</sup>  
was fear or plain excitement

It was a nice little bunch of excitement and helped pass the rest of a very dull day for nobody seemed able to do anything else except talk submarines and make various trips to their cabins to get something (talcum powder - face lotion - pocket book - diaries etc.) they wanted to take along in case they were torpedoed. Ha! Ha! It was a funny sight to see every person with his or her little pile of stuff - mostly hers.

About 9 <sup>and</sup> a lot of people started going to bed ~~and~~ <sup>to</sup> sleep until 2 A.M. when we were supposed to reach the mouth of the river Gironne and started making their beds all over the hatches etc. - As it was a wonderful moonlight night a few of us decided to have another dance - the crowd increased and we were having a fine time - when the captain sent down word that we would have to stop as the music was liable to be heard some distance away - one poor little mandolin and we had to dance close around the player to hear it.

You can't blame him tho."

Most of the people walked the decks until 2<sup>30</sup> A.M. when we picked up our pilot and finally anchored in the harbor of the river - SAFE!!!

So empty the <sup>forward</sup> gun they fired it & people came running up - a submarine - but - they saw land instead - all smiles.



July 4, 17 Wednesday "Fourth"  
on Rockham team. ~~at anchor.~~

The fun started early in the morning just after breakfast when everyone started packing. About 10 A.M. a tug came alongside and a bunch of inspectors came on to do the necessary.

They inspected the first cabin and rumors in regard to the quantity of tobacco started around - now ones started every five minutes - first you could only have 100 cigarettes then 200 then 300, etc. (official dope is 100 cigarettes & 1 pound of pipe)

That question ~~about~~ "How much tobacco have you" was all we were asked. Then they started carrying out the excess with fellows pleading and begging and cussing behind them. You just had to declare what you had and if you declared too much they would search your stuff - if you said a small amt. they put a chalk mark on your trunk & left. Hence some fellows now have 100 cigarettes others have many more. And those with the 100 are cussing themselves.

A most perfect disorder reigned and everything was being moved around - then we were told to carry all of our stuff up stairs <sup>groups of</sup> five fellows put theirs in one pile - then Dante's Inferno took place. Whee! Such traffic was never seen on 5th Ave. New York City.

We ~~stepped~~ <sup>stepped</sup> up the river and it was certainly a beautiful sight. at times we



7/4/11

we would pass within 30 feet of the shore and could get a good view of the beautiful chateaux. The trees all looked queer - just busy at the top - then we were told that the French don't cut down the trees as we do but just cut off the bottom limbs instead - thus saving the trees - the saving nature of the French.

We passed a German prison camp about six miles below Bordeaux and saw an enormous amt. of Germans and a regular village of houses - all had red slate roofs - were painted a light color and looked mighty clean and fine in the sun.

We finally started nearing Bordeaux and everyone came down to the shore and cheered and waved and we waved back and yelled until we were all in. - It made you feel mighty happy tho to hear in yell like that and wave flags, etc.

We passed a bunch of French steel ships being repaired on the sides of the river and finally pulled up alongside of the Chicago which had arrived three days before us then the ship was turned around in the river altho it was almost as long as the river was wide and altho it landed at 6 o'clock P.M. 4<sup>th</sup> of July - it took us a half an hour to turn around.

We threw our baggage into the busses and lined up in columns of 4 then the 250 of us marched thru Bordeaux



7/4/17

My what a yelling & waving - the people stopped and took off their hats as the American flag passed and "Vive la Americains" was in the air all of the time.

he marched along singing and stopped suddenly when we saw a woman with a dirty smudged face driving down the street in a bumping coal cart. Hi! Hi! A woman coal driver.

Later on a street car passed and a woman conductor leaned out of a window and called to us - I wonder how she will appreciate the jokes men pull off on the back platform.

Next saw a queer hut with half way exposed stalls right on a corner near the gutter and was told it was a male urinal - the males surely ~~are~~ exposed - but they say in France that they are not so particular about these little *micetoirs*.

We finally arrived at the station - were given an hour to wander around so made for a cafe and drank some good old Bordeaux wine.

About 9<sup>30</sup> we boarded the train - 8 of us in one compartment with our packages of lunch which had been given us for our supper.

Then the agony started - we hardly had room to sit down in and to think we that we had to ride this way to Paris 13 hrs. away.

About 12<sup>PM</sup> we decided to go to sleep and slipping our feet in between the seats opposite we started out - we slept an hour and then the train stopped at a



station - we woke up with sore spines  
hard bottoms, etc. - got out and stretched  
and decided not to go to sleep any  
more - finally one fellow thought of  
the baggage packs above us - cleared  
one off and crawled up - they were about  
12" deep and he had to hold on to keep  
from falling off on the floor - it was  
fairly resting the and so we took  
turns stretching out on the slate meant  
for clothes & suitcases.

In the morning we passed some more  
prison camps near Paris.

Thurs. July 5 17. Paris 7/5/17

We passed thru a long tunnel and  
finally came to our station - got out  
on the street finally - caught a taxi  
and rode up to 71 rue Raymond  
on the way up we passed Napoleon's  
tomb and then gazed in wonder at  
the Eiffel tower. - about four squares  
away from it we struck headquarters  
- were marched down registered given  
beds and altho we had had no  
breakfast then kept us busy signing  
papers etc. - talking to us until 3 P.M.

Then we started buying equipment  
that we had been told we couldn't buy  
and this buying habit once started  
we had to keep up all of the time  
we were there. - we slept in tents - were  
given a mattress & a pillow - no sheets  
and everyone froze the first night  
he washed in the shower in ice  
cold water.



7/5/17

Fri. night Keine, Bot. Fergerson & I.  
started out to see the show - drove  
down to see the "Follies Bergers" - bought  
prom. made tickets and walked in.  
The show hadn't started so we walked  
around and were immediately beset  
with wonderfully dressed - fairly good  
looking girls - they were not "back ward" at  
all - would walk right up to you and in a  
minute were very familiar. - they all ask for  
drinks and candy, etc. - the show started  
and I had to laugh when I saw a little  
box - arrangement in the front of the stage  
floor and getting around on one side I  
saw a piece of paper moving and finally  
realized it was a prompter. - when the  
work started this little box dropped  
down level with the stage floor.

As soon as a girl popped the question  
when drinking with you and you told her  
"no" - it didn't take long for her to say  
good bye and hunt for someone else.

We met some Amer. sailors that had come over  
on the scout cruiser St. Louis - that conveyed  
the first American troops over and they told  
us of sinking two submarines - one of the  
submarines came up right in the midst of  
the group of supply ships - but of no avail.

They were with some Canadians who had  
been at Vimy Ridge and Verdun and they  
told some wonderful stories about bayonet  
charge and getting in a German trench  
before the Germans realized it and as  
they passed their dugouts dropping  
bombs down into them - killing groups at  
a time.



Just as we were leaving a man walked <sup>7/5/17</sup>  
up to us and asked if we wanted to  
see some beautiful red women dancing  
around - we did of course - and followed  
him - up some dimly lighted street  
- stopped at a house - walked in - mirrors  
all around - richly furnished - stair case  
all paneled with mahogany carving of  
people and forests, etc. - on 3<sup>rd</sup> floor  
landed in a room - mirrored walls &  
ceiling and ten girls sitting around  
with only a short thin silk dress on  
- shoes & stockings - we bought champagne  
- danced - were disgusted - left - went  
home to bed.

Friday July 6, 17 in Paris <sup>7/6/17</sup>  
Had coffee & bread for breakfast  
and spent the day buying stuff and  
getting a woman to sew the French  
steel buttons on our uniforms and the  
red grenade symbol of the Field Service.  
Heb given a talk by the staff doctor  
- he said - all women in Paris very diseased  
- for God's sake don't - told how Russia had  
lost the Russo-Japanese war due to  
women and disease - the Japanese had  
taken oath on joining the army never  
to touch a woman during the war and  
so being better physically won out.  
He was examined - I passed grade  
A. - he signed some more papers  
- went up to the French office signed  
a statement not to reveal any  
thing we saw or heard til after the  
war was over - were given guns and



and steel helmets and gas masks 7/6/17  
to add to the kit bag - mess kit and other  
stuff we had to carry

That night we went down to Hotel Madison  
and had our last real food, real butter, etc  
with Mr. Lansing - who told us he had an  
apt. now and was ready for any tech  
man that wanted to spend a few days in  
Paris - said he would help us out at any  
time no matter what we wanted.

He met two little girls on the street who  
took us to some little theatre with room  
for about 40 people - we witnessed a rotten  
show - then brightened up when the chorus  
came out and sang a song in English  
about the American troops coming over

The audience couldn't understand the  
language so they just sat still during  
the song - we applauded so loud & long  
that some of the girls poked their heads  
thru the curtains after it was over to  
see us.

Saw some richly dressed girls carrying  
dogs and cats around on their arm and  
poking them in the face of the  
soldiers drinking on the side walk.

The French soldiers have wonder full  
uniforms but you never see two alike  
all seem to have different kinds on

Saturday July 7, 17 - Paris  
Long Pont.

Up at 5<sup>30</sup> packed - at 7<sup>30</sup> lined up  
crawled into French army trucks  
and were hauled to the station  
- different from the one we came in



it was the "Nord Station."

7/7/7

he lined up along the side walk and a large crowd gathered - all smiling - a bunch of French soldiers were also waiting around so we talked the sign language to them and three different times I was taken across the street to a cafe and given a glass of wine. I would pass around cigarettes and we would talk sign language. He would show me different trinkets and finally with a *Qu'Revoir* we would part.

I had to get a bottle of snuff and so walked down the street to a little shop - two French soldiers were buying books - they saw me - "Américain" - we all shook hands - we talked - tried to - then they explained in pantomime to beware of the Germans - one acted like a wounded German on the ground and the other the Frenchman charging - the German held up his hands for mercy - Frenchman stopped to help him - just then the German reached in his belt grabbed his pistol and fired up - "No! No!" both of us said - "Beware Don't" and both pulled out long 8" knives from their belts and showed how to cut his throat or rip him from stomach to throat with such a vividness that I got sick - I got my ink - said good bye - the woman came around the counter to tell me "Bon Chance" and I went back to the crowd at the station. He finally entrained.



Saw a bunch of Japans working on 7/7/27  
the railroad tracks just outside of Paris  
and later on a bunch of Chinamen  
- lots of em over here now they say.

Passed a large aviation camp with  
about 70 hangars and slew of machines  
scattered around - they say its' the  
camp that guards Paris.

Finally we passed thru another town  
and you could hardly see the ground  
the soldiers were so numerous around  
there - they were getting ready to  
go back to the front.

Finally landed at Longpont -  
helped unload our trunks - then  
piled em on trucks and we after them  
- received our first jolts in Pierce  
trucks - landed at camp - were  
assigned to tents - were given beds  
about 9 P.M. and we went to bed  
immediately.

July 8, 17 Sunday

Didn't have much to do - went  
out in the trucks - had a lecture  
on the clutch - learned the duties  
of the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> driver - several  
cars were ditched in turning around  
in the roads - but pulled out easily  
by others.

The meals here are better than at  
Paris headquarters so we are happy

Fixed our bunks better than the  
night before as we had frozen from  
inexperience.



Wednesday July 11, 17

Haining Camp.

Woke up almost frozen even tho I had on three blankets with my rain coat, clothes, towels, etc. piled on top of me - Gee! But it gets cold here at night even tho you roast during the daytime. Most of the fellows sleep with their clothes on. Heard a lot of gun firing last night.

Had setting up exercises at 6 A.M. then had our coffee and bread reported at 7 A.M. and were drilled for an hour. went out driving in the trucks - each taking the wheel for about 15 min - back at 11<sup>30</sup> - had dinner.

As we had until 1<sup>30</sup> and everything was damp hung out all of our blankets in the sun. - happened to go down and look at them at 1<sup>00</sup> clock and found the wind had blown one of my heavy ones into a pond - dam nice mess - hung it out on ropes & it dried by night.

Oiled my putters, shippers etc. cause we made thru mud almost all day long.

1<sup>30</sup>. Reported - told to wash and oil cars so we took off our clothes and slipped on our overalls. washed 'em with buckets and brushes - splashed all over each other then had to crawl around underneath.



the cars and fill all of the grease cups and wash all the greasy axles, springs, etc. with gasoline.

As we had to lie on the grass under the cars - last night I found I had added 8 "chigger bites" to the mess of 'em I already had on my legs and ankles and shoulders. - Have a new cure for them tho - burn them with a lighted cigarette. - kills all of the itching - altho it hurts at the time.

Bob asked me to go to dinner at the village with him - so six of us went down - had champagne cheese, peas - ONE EGG - (you can only have one) preserves - more champagne (it only costs 60¢ a bottle) and finally tickled to death and with a loaf of fresh bread under our arm and a can of honey we walked back to camp happy mostly cause we had no dishes to wash.

People carry bread around here same as you would a block of wood - never think of wrapping it up. - throw it around like coal.

Thursday July 17, 17

Beautiful day all day altho it is still dam cold at nights. - every one has a nice cold - pajamas have been tucked down in the bottom of our trunks and everyone sleeps in his clothes.

In the morning after 10 of us had



peeled a sack of small potatoes  
others chopping wood - some fixing  
the road - others cleaning the walls  
we had a drill review in front of  
Sant. Gilette (the man in charge) and  
were called out in trench - at the end  
of two hrs. tired, sun burnt and hot  
we had dinner - most of us are buying  
fresh bread, butter and - in the  
village. Bread 6¢ a loaf, butter 10¢ a lb.  
- everything fairly cheap - eggs @ 5¢

In the afternoon 12 trucks each  
with 8 fellows started for Villis Cottages  
- had an awful bumpy trip thru

beautiful woods - it was a fairly sized  
village and we were given an hour  
in which to buy anything we needed.

We were covered with dust when  
we finished and as we were all in  
when we landed 7<sup>30</sup> P.M. - we went  
to bed immediately.

Friday July 13, 17 - Longport.

Couldnt hardly get out of bed for  
exercise - had breakfast - drilled  
went out in the trucks - passed 1000  
soldiers coming back from the front  
for a rest - asked one to stop so we  
could take his picture - "Too tired"  
he said - he looked it with his knapsack  
- gun - blankets and a pile of everything  
else on his back.

As we had bought a pair of clippers  
everyone has clipped everyone else's  
head and we all look like a bunch  
of convicts.



11/3/7  
Aeroplanes are buzzing over  
our heads all of the time and the  
high ones can be seen going up  
behind the clouds - then out again  
etc. - once in a while one will  
swoop down close over the camp  
and look as if they are going to  
hit the trees. We can hear him  
practicing with bombs early in the  
morning.

When we went out in the morning in the  
trucks for a long ride were surprised  
when they took us on another long  
trip in the afternoon - we headed  
straight north passed thru Courves  
we had a 5 min. "repos" - got something  
to eat then on thru Laversine up  
thru Ambleny and stopped a few  
miles past there - All thru this  
section of the country the French  
have barbed wire entanglements and  
tranches about every few miles so  
that the Germans would have an  
awful hard time if they tried to  
come thru here again.

They have places for cannons - dugouts  
with concrete, I beam reinforced roofs  
behind clumps of trees and are  
certainly prepared. - We saw the  
effects of shell fire for the first time  
in Ambleny - a big hole in the  
thatched roof and the whole inside  
demolished altho the house on the  
outside looks perfectly good.

As all of the houses are of stone they  
stand a great deal of rough usage



Looking down other streets you <sup>9/13/17</sup>  
could see whole strings of houses  
demolished.

No one is living in them except  
a few soldiers that patrol the place.  
One beautiful old church had received  
shells in various places as large  
portions of the walls and roof had  
been demolished.

It was mighty interesting and  
for the time we forgot the blazing  
hot ~~sun~~ sun and the brain jarring  
bumps of the trucks but on the  
trip back we felt it - the dust was  
so bad you could hardly see the  
truck ahead of you at times so we  
all had our goggles and steel helmets  
on and some wrapped handkerchiefs  
around their noses.

We got home about 7<sup>30</sup> P.M. and  
after filling our machines with gas  
and cleaning 'em a little we were  
so sun burnt, sore, tired eyelashes  
and clothes white with dust that we  
fell in our beds with our clothes  
on.

Sat. July 14, 17 French 7<sup>th</sup> of July  
Longpont

As this is a holiday we didn't have  
to get up this morning - we certainly  
needed it. - got up about 9 o'clock

We have been getting horse meat all  
along but today - Whee! the cook  
just stuck up the menu and  
everyone has gone wild.



## Menu

7/17.7

Radishes with Butter (real)  
York ham - thick sausage  
Roast beef - Salad  
Fresh Beans  
Cakes - Jam  
Apricots  
Champagne  
Tea - Coffee  
Cigars.

We are to have dinner at 11<sup>30</sup>  
its 11<sup>A.M.</sup> now and fellows are lining  
up with their dinner pail now.

We have been told that our  
bunch will be sent in about a  
week to Jonaigues where our  
headquarters will be. - travel all  
around that section. (look it up  
on the map)

We expect to walk over to the  
Lafayette Escadrille (American aviation  
camp) this afternoon and see  
some real aeroplanes that you can  
touch.

(Continued.)



## Lafayette Escadrille

7/4/17

Had a wonderful dinner - finished up with a quart of champagne for every three fellows - everyone was happy -

In a pouring down rain we started for the aviation camp 4 mi. away -

Passed the repair camp first and saw about 70 broken up aeroplanes being repaired - most of 'em meant the death of their driver - you spoke of the driver being killed as if it was a matter of course - Not once did you hear any expression like " Gee what tough luck," or something similar.

The trucks passed loaded with a bunch from our camp going to Soisson so we hopped on and rode up as far as The Escadrille.

The first glance gave you the impression of a large circus - the large portable hangars of canvas - great numbers of trucks around - some for cooking - hauling water - carrying supplies, etc. Hundreds of Frenchmen doing all sorts of work from cooking to repairing the machines. There were rows of shacks for the aviators and officers - wireless station, etc.

Bob and I knew one fellow from the Univ. of Virginia and accordingly looked for him - found him and were immediately asked over to the American bar - a regular bar fitted up with American whiskey & all sorts



of other liquors. The aviators 7/14/17  
seem to drink quite freely  
one fellow claiming that his chum  
flew better drunk than sober. The  
officers don't care how much they drink  
so long as they can get around - if they  
get too pie-eyed tho they won't  
let 'em go up. - Of course if a fellow  
is killed due to being drunk it's  
no one's fault except his own - One little  
Frenchman came into the bar - had  
two drinks - left with "well, I have to  
make a sortie now" - another called  
after him - "Here's hoping a Boche (German)  
gets you" - no one paid any attention  
to the remark - it's an everyday  
saying almost.

It is hard to believe that this  
is a real war aviation station and  
when we watched four Frenchmen go  
up to fly over the German trenches  
10 miles away you felt as if they were  
just going up in the air to come  
and dip around for a little pleasure  
instead of a life or death jaunt. They  
slip on their fur lined suits and hats  
and crawl into the little seat - the engine  
is started - two attendants grab a hold  
of the ends of the wings and face the  
machine towards the wind - let go the  
machine goes bumping along the  
ground for about 300 or 400 feet then  
gradually rises and climbs up into  
the air - circles wait for the other  
three - no one waves good-bye - just  
go on with their work.



The Lafayette Esca drille consists  $7\frac{1}{4}/11$   
of about 70 Americans and each  
man is given a machine - their  
machines occupy only two hangars  
or sheds and the other eight were  
occupied by Frenchmen's machines.  
The Americans have an indian head  
painted on the side of their machines  
and the different French have different  
symbols - some a wolf's head, or a <sup>unit</sup> knight's caghe with flowing plume  
or a dragon, etc.

Most of the machines were "Spad" type  
or an 8 cylinder motor on a V block  
stationary capable of 220 kilometers  
an hour. - they are small machines  
only about 15 ft. long and about 18 ft. from  
wing tip to wing tip. - they carry one  
machine gun fastened to the front of  
the hood and is geared to the engine  
so that it fires thru the propeller  
while it is revolving without hitting  
it. - some new ones have two guns on  
each. - Another type the Rhone similar  
to the old "Guome" motor has nine  
cylinders that revolve out in front of  
the hood - had two machine guns and  
is claimed to be better than the "Spad".

All the machine guns are operated  
by a trigger attached to the main  
guiding stick or arm that controls  
the wings and rudder. the feet  
control the lifting or lowering tail  
in the back (it may be just the  
opposite but not sure). The machines  
start on compression - an attendant



turns the propeller several times then the aviator twists a small extra magneto and the machine starts.

The machines are only good for about 60 hrs. or as a flight lasts 2 hours and each man makes about 2 flights a day (sometimes less) a machine is sent back to the repair shop at the end of 15 days.

The Germans are not very aggressive and so in order to have fights the Americans have to go over the German lines.

He took a bunch of pictures of starts and landings - crawled into the machines and took in this whole "circus of war".

They had a lion cub 18 mo. old called "Whiskey" - the cub I had read about in the book "Flying for France" by R. McConnell and it felt rather strange to walk around in surroundings where the book was written and still feel so unexcited as compared with the high state of tension I was in when reading his accounts of the things I witnessed during this visit.

Most of the fellows knew McConnell - some new ones had heard of him.

The lion cub is as big as a shepherd dog and as playful as a kitten runs around - never hurts a soul. - They have another cub named about 4 mo. old which they have named "Soda" - Together the two are "Whiskey Soda".



One fellow was up the other day and one of his trings broke - he managed to land safely however - very unusual happening - he asked a bunch if they had had an accident lately and one told us about this one - the fellow happened to be sitting there and he said - "My god - won't I ever live that down?" as if it was so damn trivial that it wasn't worth talking about - a matter of one's life - whee!

The whole bunch looked as if they had lots of money - and spent all they could get from home besides the 95 cents per day paid them which is given the cook to get 'em decent food from Viller's cottages.

Nope! I don't believe I care to go into it - I want to enjoy a little more of my life along the banks of the Ohio River.

We caught a water truck going back to Longport. and then were delightfully surprised when Bob Allen invited the five of us to a little dinner in commemoration of a wedding taking place in Virginia ~~the~~ at that time where he was supposed to be best man.

We had jam - one egg apiece, bread butter, honey & champagne - Gee!

What a banquet - we put our initials on the lead top of a champagne bottle and wrote a note of congratulation all signed it and mailed it to the happy couple.



Sunday July 15 17

Longport

Woke up in a heavy down pour and with rain beating in my face about 5 <sup>A.M.</sup> - I pulled my rain coat over my head and fell asleep again. - Got up at 6 <sup>A.M.</sup> and found that all of our pegs on our side of the tent had pulled up and the tent had fallen over about three feet - as my bunk is the outside one ~~I~~ and my head is right at the door I had been sleeping out in the rain.

Our section was not detailed to work this morning so we were given from 9-11 to go to church. No one went however - had sewing etc. to do.

Everyone is getting bitten up by bugs so several of us sat out in the sun and took off our clothes piece by piece and examined our shoes, socks, shirts, ties etc. and turned each one inside out and examined each piece for fleas, bugs etc. - it was a comical sight to see a fellow sitting on the ground naked examining his underwear minutely.

We have caught three all together. forgot to state that the other day when an aeroplane just missed the tops of our trees we wondered what was wrong - when over at the Excelsior one of the aviators told us it was



his machine and that his engine after a long dive from the skies had refused to start so he had to glide down & down to get it started. it finally started - but if it hadn't he would have more than likely landed in a tree and been injured - he just laughed at the incident.

At 1<sup>30</sup> P.M. started out on the trucks for Grefy, en Valois - our truck got stuck half-way over and we had to abandon it - our eight men were distributed among the rest of the trucks and the "Cannions" (trucks) went on.

Reached the town about 4<sup>30</sup> and were given an hours leave - we chased around the town - and as no trucks with Americans had been there for a long while - the whole town turned out to see us.

Saw some good looking women - they would not be noticed at home tho - bought chocolate, cakes, champagne, etc. - a lot of fellows bought fresh bread and carried it around on their shoulders like a gun.

Finally started home and after a deadening bumpy ride got home at 8<sup>30</sup>.

All you see on the road nowadays are trucks, ambulances, ~~or~~ French officers tearing along in their limousines at about 45 mi an hour.

You never see any pleasure cars at all - I guess it cause we are in the



7-15-17

was gone and none are permitted  
Had supper waiting for us and  
as we had no lights and it was  
dark - we had to eat stuff we could  
hardly see - we were starved - we  
didn't care.

Monday July 16 '17 Longpont,  
(Battle field of the Aisne)  
Washed cars in the morning  
- both inside and out - had drill  
rested - reported at 10 o'clock for truck  
driving.

Headed for Soisson and finally began  
to see dugouts for canons - along the  
road - leading down into the ground about  
30 ft. - wireless stations scattered all  
over - barbed wire entanglements running  
thru fields and over hills as far as you  
could see. - past roads with brush  
along the side where they were exposed  
so that trucks driving along could not  
be seen by the enemy.

We went around back of the city and  
missed the scenes of the worst destruction  
- saw one large stone church - once  
beautiful - now almost demolished - an  
awful picture of destruction - then  
we started thru the town - buildings  
with holes thru them others all fork-  
marked with pieces of shrapnel and  
masonry and brick layers all around  
working, repairing recent damages  
from the day before - all of the  
stores closed - not one in sight but  
soldiers - camions - officers - all



working repairing the city as it is generally shelled every night at about 7 P.M.

After winding around narrow streets we came to the newly built bridge over the Aisne River - where a fierce battle took place - several months ago - the Germans on one side of the river and the French on the other - all of the buildings around the river gave mute evidence of the fight - for those that were not in ruins were lined with little port-holes thru which the infantry fired. - all around the port holes were hundreds of places where bullets from the Germans or French had knocked holes in the stone. We crossed the bridge to the North side of the river and began to see worse destruction - for here the French had shelled the Germans so hotly that they had to retreat. We passed some big war house where the Germans had made one last stand and the walls almost looked like stucco instead of smooth stone from the enormous amount of shells and bullets fired against it.

Barbed wire entanglements were everywhere - in the back yards - streets etc. French men were cleaning up everywhere and I must say they are very tidy.

Passed trenches blown up - jagged stone walls and drove down to the little town of Tontenoy which was a not completely



demolished - but almost so.

7/16/17

All of the houses were marked  
with Care

14 Hommes ou 7 Cheval

which is 14 men or 7 horses - all these frontier towns are so marked so as to tell how many men can stay in each place and not be crowded - some houses take 6 men - 4 horses etc.

After passing thru the town we took a long gradual climb up the hill to the plateau where a fierce fight had been waged during the latter part of march. All along up the hill we passed dugouts and once in a while an officers hut built into the side of the hill of sand bags.

At the top we found true desolation it was flat for several miles and every part of it was burrowed with trenches and dugouts - little signs hung in the trenches directed the men to the different places - the trenches were so crooked - the signs must have been used a great deal.

Graves were frequent - some in French others German - most of the German ones had the "Iron Cross" carved on the wooden or stone cross - which had been knocked flat by the Frenchmen after they captured the place.

As we had been warned to be extremely careful about numerous unexploded grenades and shrapnel,



it ~~was~~ was a comical but not <sup>1/16/17</sup> surprising sight to see a bunch of 20 fellows tear pell-mell in all directions when one fellow up on a hill found four iron balls similar to a canon ball (that had been used in decorating some German officers grave) and had rolled one down a path way into the bunch of fellows examining the German graveyard.

The town of Neuvion was an impressive sight. - it was situated on the side of a hill which formed a horseshoe bend with the main road running around half way up the hill. - As we came around one end of the horse shoe at the top here the whole deserted village was stretched before us like a stadium.

A picture of the ruins of Pompeii would depict it exactly.

Not a house standing and on an average of one wall of a house whole.

It was our first real ~~view~~ picture of the terrible destruction of war - not a human being around except a sentry on the hill - not a cat or dog - rat or anything - the hill above the village near the crest lined with dugouts that looked like some cliff dwellers homes.

We drove thru the village - one truck bumped into a over hanging stone wall and broke a spring - its a wonder the whole wall didn't fall over the way it was hanging - like the "Balanced Rock".



He went to the end of the village  
turned around and drove back to  
the side of the hill where the Germans  
had taken their stand against the  
French on the other side of the hill.

I have read about the Catacombs  
but they surely can't be any more  
complicated than the sight we saw.

We went thru some officers quarters  
built of concrete with a German  
inscription over the door - the ceiling  
was a big curved piece of corrugated  
steel like a steel conduit - wooden  
floor and a bunk on one side - then



a doorway into  
another room we  
started - it was  
just a start

- for we went from one room to  
another down stairways up stairways  
into kitchen - past wireless stations  
with a shaft up to the surface the  
looking up which you could see you  
were about 50 feet underground -  
piles of rubbish every where - small  
shells exploded and unexploded  
every where - large ones in the same  
condition - these shells were generally  
in some room near the surface and  
when we found the first shell about  
a foot long we gathered around - saw  
it had not been exploded and  
quickly & EASILY laid it down.  
It wasn't long then before shells were  
common and so we saw so many  
that we paid no attention to them.



Most of them were similar to 7/16/77 ones I had seen in America with their graduated tip that times the explosion and the brass or bronze band around near the bottom - we had flash lights and so kept on going and going - the rooms were wired for electric lights with a socket near the door - "all the conveniences of home" - we would pass more stairways leading up to the surface but finally came out in a room <sup>on the</sup> side of the hill and when we walked out into the open and looked around - finally got our bearings - found that we were about 400 feet from the place we had entered and were way down below the road we had started from.

I could write a whole book in an attempt to describe the sights we saw - suffice to say it was the most complete underground city I had ever seen.

To think of the time and energy the Germans must have expended in doing this stupendous job is almost unbelievable. - Rooms 30 feet square with 8 ft. wide hall ways.

One room must have been a store room was lined with shells about 3 feet high - packages of small bullets and lots of other queer looking things we were afraid to touch.

Some of the rooms had German



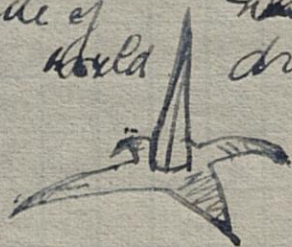
inscriptions carved on the walls <sup>7/16/17</sup>  
as if it had been used for a  
rather keller - empty bottles of  
Cognac with German titles all  
around.

To think of this enormous amt.  
of time, money, life etc. that  
they expended to try and hold a  
hill about 2 miles long - digging  
their way underground foot by foot.

Some Canadians in Paris told us  
they had captured German trenches  
with rooms 80 feet underground all  
fitted up with a piano etc.

Finally the whistle blew and the  
fellows came out of the numerous  
holes, stairways and doors calling  
to others maybe 40 feet below them  
that it was time to leave.

Some fellows were carrying loaded hand  
grenades - pockets of bullets - pieces  
of shrapnel etc. even the women not  
to. Some had a thing similar to  
a letter punch or holders  
used on desks around an office. they  
were made of heavy steel and the  
Germans would drop in on a road  
so that a horse  
would tramp on  
in.



I found a snipers rifle buried  
in a hillside - all rusty and worn  
out.

We finally started home - each  
fellow telling of the strange things  
he had seen - one fellow had a



a little cloth bag with an 8" fuse <sup>7/16/17</sup> sticking in it. & we were going down a steep hill. the car was in second gear (act as a brake) and it back-fired like a pistol shot.

we were all looking at this thing guessing what it was - some were afraid to touch it - when the machine gun fired - whoopee! The whole bunch jumped clean off of their seats ~~and~~ ~~to~~ and ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> standing up in the middle of the car. Ha! Ha! it was comical & just showed the tension we were in from walking around amongst covered up dangers.

As ~~the car~~ is shelled about 7 P.M. <sup>evening</sup> and it was 6<sup>30</sup> then - we

took a different road back home.

- we could see two long observation balloons away up in the air and aeroplanes above them - later on we could look back and see little puffs of smoke - which we were told were German shells exploding.

he rode back along the Aisne thru Vic-sur-Aisne thru villages that were damaged with shell fire - just stone garden walls - systematically perforated every 3 feet with port holes. - just a bridge - blown up by the French - built up by the Germans (on their way to Paris) - blown up by the Germans (on the way back) and rebuilt by the French. - in between the much used barbed wire entanglements the fields are all full of beautiful fields.



of wheat - cabbage etc. - the fruit trees <sup>7/16/17</sup>  
are loaded with green fruit (which  
we hope ripens soon) and amongst the  
barbed wire entanglements are  
~~the~~ immense quantities of red  
poppies sprinkled in between with  
these blue straw flowers.

The whole battle field spoken of  
earlier is covered with flowers the  
same way.

We had to go away out of our  
way to find a bridge that would  
support our trucks so we could  
cross the Aisne.

About 8 P.M. it started raining and  
so we bounced and jolted along under  
our steel helmets and oilskins  
arriving home about 9<sup>30</sup> - dead  
tired.

Rushed to the mess tent as we  
were starved and as there were  
only two candles in the kitchen  
- none outside we ate our food in  
the dark - too tired & hungry to  
look to see what we were eating.

It was one of the most  
vitaly interesting days I've ever  
spent.

~~Tuesday~~  
~~Wednesday~~ July 17, 17.

Woke up dead tired - everyone woke  
up at 7<sup>30</sup> A.M. and cursed out one  
fellow thoroughly who had picked  
up his tin mess kit and was  
digging down into it trying to  
determine (from experience) how



7  
he could eat breakfast the most  
efficiently and ~~and~~ have the smallest  
number of dishes to wash afterwards.

Our view had to string a sack  
of beans before drilling - (Had in for  
dinner - all of the strings were still  
in the beans - question - How many  
strings has a bean?)

Reported at 145 for truck practice  
- Bob & I found out that they were  
going to some town near Villers Coteret  
- feigned a headache and got out  
of it. Two other fellows witnessed our  
successful exit from 6 hrs. of jolting  
- tried the same stall and now  
the four of us are getting our diaries  
up to date.

After a long uninteresting ride  
the bunch returned - sore cause  
they hadn't pulled the same trick  
we had.

In the course of the evening an  
incident happened. - our chef, a  
young fellow from Amherst (a chef  
has charge of a "jam" or bunch of  
trucks) who has been getting in bad  
with the superior officers due to his  
freedom of speech was fired - we hated  
to see him go as he was mighty nice  
to us. He will no doubt be sent back  
to the states.

~~Wed~~ Wednesday  
~~Thurs~~ July 18 '17

up early but told we would have  
nothing to do until 1:30 P.M. as we  
were going on our night drive. - the



Last thing we do before going to  $\frac{7}{12}$   
the front.

We were given a cold lunch to take along and at 1<sup>30</sup> P.M. started out returned at 1<sup>30</sup> A.M. all tired out. We passed thru Saillefontaine and Rechenl to Pierrefonds - stopped and inspected the castle then on thru Gilocourt and down to Crepy en Valois ate supper and from there back to Longpont.

At Pierrefonds we (some of us) saw our first real castle. - "Le Chateau de Pierrefonds" built about 1875. You could see it long before you reached the town and it was a beautiful sight - away up on a hill with its numerous towers and gables.

In town we stopped alongside the base of it and were given 30 min. to inspect it. - we walked around the whole thing - it looked 30 times as large now that we were at the base of it. As it had rained all day we had left our cameras at home and now kicked ourselves for so doing as the sun was shining.

The lowest projection from the smooth massive walls were some gargoyles - used as drain spouts and they were about 60 feet from the base. about 70 feet above them the first small windows appeared - on one side we saw two iron cannon balls imbedded in the walls about 20 ft from the ground - and the stone cracked away from the side of them as if they



had landed with a great force (maybe <sup>11/18/17</sup> they were placed there for tourists - I don't know). We passed thru a stone portal - up a long slope - thru another stone gate - up another slope and finally passed thru the third gate and came to the draw-bridge. Altho only a few mentioned it everyone had a rush of imagination and pictured a knight on horse back riding across this bridge into the courtyard. - The bridge was about 15 feet long and looking down one could see a sheer drop of about 60 feet - more rushes of imagination - we passed thru the portal and stopped as we came into the courtyard - what a vast difference from the bleak exterior.

A promenade ran around the whole interior covered with a stone roof that ran up to the second story - beautiful arches of stone with carved figures of lions, fools, cats playing with balls etc. over each archway. All very elaborate and suggestive of unlimited work.

At one end of the courtyard was a bronze figure of a mailed knight on horse back just in front of a stairway leading to some big entrance hall.

We were gazing around in open-mouthed wonder when a guide showed up and we immediately pushed Heine forward as he was our best French scholar. After getting the 80 or 90 fellows together the guide consented to take us three. First he showed us the statues of the architect, the owner and his wife alongside



of the main entrance then took us  
thru a little iron door into the room  
where the guardians of the dungeon used  
to stay. - it was all smooth stone with  
stone seats and a massive fire place  
that reached to the ceiling - due to  
several small slits or windows we  
saw that the walls were about 6 ft. thick.

Then we marched into the dining room  
with its beamed ceiling all lightly decorated  
with all the colors imaginable! The  
walls were paneled with oak half way up  
with beautiful carvings of "the heart"  
running around the top. A huge fire  
place ~~was~~ at one end was about 8 feet  
high and about 10 feet wide.

Thru a door which formed one of the  
panels we went into the Lord's bedroom.  
- paneled similarly to the dining room  
and "Scenes of France" in systematic order  
covered the walls and fire place. Around  
the upper part of the walls as a border  
were painted different phases of the lord's  
life - his birth - playing - learning to  
hunt - his first love - his first love  
- as a knight - as a judge - etc.

At one end was a paneled place - similar  
to a screened exit. - Behind which his  
two trusty guards stayed at all times.

Then thru a panel used as a door  
we tramped into the hall of justice -  
- a long room with the shields or  
emblems of the different justices of the  
kingdom around Pierre folds arranged  
along the wall. In the middle of the  
two doors thru which we entered



was a statue of "Charles mange" and 7/8/11  
some others on each side. at the end  
of the room was an enormous fire  
place with 9 (nine) statues of the  
favorite ladies in waiting above it.  
- then down a ~~of~~ circular stairway  
- noticeable because of the marvelous  
stone carving and besides because it  
was a double stairway - we could look  
thru openings and see another stairway  
winding around in between ours.

Finally into the long room where  
the soldiers lounged - a beautiful long  
room - fitting as a main hall for  
any millionaire's mansion. There the  
whistle blew and after filling his  
hands with coins we rushed back to  
the trucks - filled with all sorts of  
sorrowing emotions.

we passed thru Gilcourt and the  
people came running down the streets  
to see us.

Finally landed at Cergy en Valois ate  
our cold lunch and for an hour and a half  
we toured the town.

Bob & Heine Klein and I were looking for  
a cafe to eat in a man invited us into  
his home - gave us plates etc. His family  
were refugees from northern France - his  
daughter had been killed in an air raid  
- they had been fed and clothed by Americans  
for over a month up north and so they  
said this was only one little way of  
repaying their debt of gratitude. I treated  
us mighty fine - Heine talked - Bob & I  
ate. - they wouldn't take any money.



The cafe of the Three Pigeons was the centre of town so we all thronged there and imbibed.

at 9<sup>30</sup> P.M. left for home drove along in the dark - no lights on at all - had no accidents altho several trucks slipped off of the road - which you could hardly distinguish - no moon shining. Flopped in bed about 2<sup>AM</sup>.

Thurs. July 19, 17  
Longport.

Slept late - chopped wood - nothing to do - are going to the village for a dinner we have ordered as a farewell to Longport. - we pack up and leave tomorrow for Graigue.

Our last big meal!!!

About 6 P.M. we gathered at the L'Hotel de Foret at Longport and sat down to our last real meal. those present were Robert Allen - Roanoke Va. "Bob" "Villa" Howard Allen - Mexico City "Heine" Franklin Kline - Chattanooga, Tenn. "Terge" Geo. Fergerson - Brockton, Mass. "Kirk" Kirkland & Day - Cambridge, Mass. Numpy Fritz - N.Y. & Ky.

We did not know how long it would be before we had another real and as we knew the ~~hotel~~ hotel (a roomy keeper well we had her get some real food for us.

We started out with champagne - omelette - bread, butter, preserves - then came peas - later - real - champagne - Jell again (Gel! they were good) apricot pie and finished with peaches and grapes.



7/19/17

My Lord how we did eat. -  
we ate and ate and then ate some  
more - we ate until we could hardly  
get up from the table. Gee! when  
they brought out that roast veal  
we almost passed out. It is against  
the law to serve a meal like that.

Kirk had been kidding the "only  
daughter" and one of the soldiers told  
him she was going to cry when he left  
so we had a great deal of fun kidding  
the two - he couldn't talk French and  
she couldn't talk English so we had  
to be the go-between on the love-making  
stuff.

Finally we left - at peace with  
the world - I scrambled home just in time  
to mingle with the "angry mob" gathered  
around the fellow that passes out the  
mail each night.

To top off my more than happy day  
my name was called four times - one from  
Moin, one from Amy, one from Lee Smith  
at Youngstown - and one other. - Happy?  
I was ready to give away anything.  
Some of the fellows haven't received  
any mail to date.

As it was dark - we went up in our  
tent and I pulled out a candle I had  
swiped off of the bar at Crepey en Velois  
and the lucky bunch gathered around to  
read their mail - the rest looking on  
jealously. It was a unique picture -  
the candle throwing grotesque shadows off  
the bunch of us against ~~of~~ the top  
of the tent - all waiting eagerly for the



bits of information passed out by 7/9/17  
the lucky ones. - Bob couldn't control  
himself and asked to read one of my  
letters. - I gave him the fourth & he  
had hardly started reading when another  
fellow who was examining the envelope -  
let out a yell and stuck his nose deep  
down it. She had scented it with  
some sort of sweet smelling powder -  
Ha! Ha! A howling mob passed the  
envelope around and as each one took  
a smell he would close his eyes and lay  
back on a bunk and dream of his  
lady love. - gee! The expressions. Well  
the letter and envelope kept passing  
around until the smell was almost  
worn out. Finally I gathered it up  
and we went to bed - all  
talking about that letter and praising  
it even tho its considered poor taste to  
scent a letter.

Friday July 19, 17

Up at 5<sup>30</sup> - packed our trunks and  
at 8<sup>30</sup> am. we were loaded on trucks and  
shipped to Bouaigue. - Found a fine  
 bunch of fellows and also learned to our  
great delight that we are in the first  
camp of American transport drivers. - so  
that when the U.S. takes us over we will  
be the first ones and get first crack  
at the cream.

We were given bunks and were not  
entirely settled when several fellows were  
sent out with some old fellows at 2<sup>30</sup> P.M.  
and arrived at 2<sup>30</sup> A.M. while we were sound



asleep.

They have about 80 Pierce Arrow 5 ton trucks here and about 200 fellows counting the officers.

The Univ. of California unit - the Marieta, and several others are right near us.

There are several aviation camps near here and so aeroplanes are passing over us continually.

We are sleeping in wooden barracks about 16 to a building and it is a great deal better than sleeping on the ground in a tent.

We can hear the guns continually just over the hill.

Saturday July 20, '19

We loafed the whole day and became familiar with our surroundings. Watched the French men that are supposed to do our repair work - making "Brigets" (cigarette lighters) out of shells etc. They are all very inefficient.



Tuesday the 25<sup>th</sup> July, 1944

Woke up in the midst of some  
fitful dream to hear the urgent  
yelling - "Allen - Kohlhepp - car #12  
must leave in 20 min" - it was 4:30 A.M.

He went on down the line waking up  
the others that were to go out and  
heard groans - mumbles, "Oh! But I'm  
sick!" etc. - no use - we had to "roll".

The majority of us simply threw  
off the blankets slipped on our shoes  
and puttees, cap, grabbed our gas masks  
helmets, rain coats etc. - beat it down  
to the mess tent amid a bunch of  
garons - grabbed some breakfast  
(cornflakes, bread & coffee) - then read  
our lunch for the day - a hunk of  
army bread (tastes fine now) a piece  
of cheese, a hunk of meat cooked  
maybe 10 days ago at some meat center  
and shipped to us, and a little piece  
of "sandy" chocolate.

The sky was just brightening - got  
our cars started, and off we went - in  
the thick dust. (half awake - teeth  
unwashed - face unwashed etc. - (common  
practice)). The road was filled

with some artillery moving to  
some new location - the men and  
horses and wagons thick with dust  
- they sleep like we do in our clothes  
most of the time. - we are either too  
tired and dusty to take off our clothes  
at night or else hate the idea of



of having to dress in the <sup>7/8/17</sup>  
cold early morning cause we are  
liable to be called any minute.

A fellow in pajamas is the  
signal for an outburst of unique  
comments.

Well, back to the caissons -  
we travel along past camp after  
camp and sometimes a hospital -  
see the soldiers just coming out.  
Then turn our attention to the sun  
just showing its nose over the hills.

We get to the main road - pass  
all sorts of hustling motor cars and  
about 7<sup>30</sup> come to a newly made  
freight yard. and see piles of boxes  
of shells just unloaded.

A bunch of French men load our  
cars and finally after they are all  
loaded we start for the ammunition  
parks which are situated amongst  
the batteries.

Today we carried 7.5 centimetre  
shells - about 3" in diameter and about  
18 inches long - had about 700 of 'em  
for a load - some heavy load - easy  
6000#. The shell is complete except  
for the fuse in the end - hence no  
danger. - some are gas shells - some  
high explosives - and some shrapnel

This freight yard or ammunition  
park is about a mile long and  
funny looking piles of stuff covered with  
canvas painted all colors to correspond  
with the ground. - These are piles of  
large shells - some about 5 feet high



They are covered this way so  $\frac{1}{2}$  1/7  
that German aeroplanes can't  
distinguish the piles of  
ammunition from the ground.

- he started - passed thru  
Vimier - Bazoches and over to  
the Aisne River - crossed and  
passed thru some more towns.

he realized we were amongst the  
French batteries when one went  
off about 100 feet away in a  
clump of trees - we jump no  
more - were used to being snored.

he were between the observation  
~~balloons~~ balloons of the French and  
the first line trenches - the balloons  
are generally placed about 5 kilometres  
or 3 miles from the front. and  
seem to be about 1500 feet from the  
ground. - they can be hauled down  
very quickly when attached - and as  
they are attached to automobiles with  
winding drums. - you will sometimes  
see an automobile running along  
the road pulling this observation balloon  
(way above it) to some new position.

he have watched lots of German  
aeroplanes pass over these balloons  
but not come very close - as the balloons  
have machine guns on 'em. and can  
fight pretty good.

going along the road we will hear  
some popping in the air and  
looking up above we can see a little  
German aeroplane. floating around  
dropping shells or taking observations



for the coming night's bombardment<sup>7/15</sup>  
all around underneath the  
aeroplane are little round puffs  
of white or black smoke - shells  
bursting - fired from French  
anti-air guns - as soon as they  
get too close the aeroplane goes back  
home - they are seldom hit because  
they can change their elevation so  
easily and a shell has to burst  
just above them in order to do  
any harm. - I've seen about 30 or  
40 German aeroplanes flying over  
us - only a few dropped shells - (mostly  
near the first line trenches - which  
we never see) and I've seen as high  
as 30 shells or puffs of smoke  
around one and still they fly away  
safe and sound. - They paint their  
machines a sort of aluminium color  
and so are hard to see in the sky  
- you'll see a little glister and finally  
discover it - some are transparent.

Finally we drive into a patch of  
woods and see the whole ground  
under the trees covered with shells  
ready for the ammunition wagons  
that come in at night and load up  
- to take them to the batteries scattered  
all over the hills.

after unloading we fill up with  
empty boxes and drive back.

A bunch of French men were  
unloading our truck and jabbering  
away in French when all of a sudden  
in plain English we heard "Damn,



but these boxes are heavy" - 7/17/17  
"Jee! he looked - called the fellow  
over - he had worked in the  
kitchen at the Plaza Hotel in  
New York City for two years and  
had come back to France for the  
war. -

On the way back we passed hundreds  
and thousands of French soldiers  
and I don't know how many negroes  
- Martiniquais - all marching  
towards Craonne - where a big  
battle is taking place - which  
Frenchmen claim will be worse  
than Verdun.

These negroes are always sent  
where there is heavy fighting  
- cause they point stand for straight  
trench work - "Jee! they are queer  
looking fellows - all smiles and  
white teeth - cool black faces that  
are cut up with scars and tattoo  
marks etc.

Unloaded - got home at 5 P.M.  
had a big meal and now we're  
ready for bed - liable to be up  
at 3 or 4 A.M. helping feed the  
French batteries for the coming great  
advance.

Watch for this big advance.  
- we're the feeders of the batteries.  
- No sleep for us after it gets  
going.

(Skipped a couple of days - too tired)



Thursday July 26, '17

Up at 6<sup>30</sup> and as <sup>Prunier.</sup> Root, who had gone out with a section at 4 A.M. and run into the machine in front of him, smashing his radiator disabling his machine - Bob and I were told to rush over to Colandou and load up and take his place.

The roads were packed with caissons, troops and artillery all moving towards Craonne.

We carried a load of fuses for the shells - which the French men loaded and unloaded very carefully as they are very dangerous.

The day as a whole was very quiet - saw very few aeroplanes but lots of troops and artillery and about six generals looking over sites for camps - riding around in their limousines and fancy suits.

There is no doubt in our minds now in regard to a big offensive about to take place here - judging from the ammunition we are carrying and the crowded roads.



Saturday June 28 '17

Loaded up at Coulamond and started out for Viller en Prayers. <sup>Prainque</sup> When passing thru Merval a guard told us that they were shelling the road so we were told to run 150 yds. apart. A French man was riding with us and when we told him what the trouble. He said - "I'll get off and go around thru the fields" - we laughed at him and drove on - all along the valley on top of the hills were little crowds of soldiers watching the fun.

We looked all around but no shells dropped near us - you could see em bursting on the hills near the batteries.

We unloaded in the park and drove home - in time to see a small air raid on Notre Dame. It's a great sight; numerous search lights - sky rockets - the small flash of the bursting shells and the continual purr of the German aeroplane.

We were just getting in bed when we heard excitement outside rushed out to find one of our bunch - the first one - injured. - Gilles who drives the chef's car was sitting on the fender drinking some ~~Pinard~~ "Pinard" when a shell burst near - a piece cut his knee - another hit on his helmet putting a big dent in it knocking him unconscious and



worst of all - a piece broke the bottle full of "Pinard". Some Frenchmen had picked him up carried him to a dugout - gave him smelling salts and then some fellows brought him home. - One man was unloading at another park west of us while the Germans were dropping shells all around it. Several of the fellows were hit but none hurt except Jilles.

He groaned and moaned so much and told us in such detail how he was hurt that his life was <sup>one of</sup> a constant job for a few days afterwards.

Sunday July 29, 17 - Jonaique.  
Nothing interesting

Monday 7-30, 17

Rained all day - Our car is in the shop - clutch worn out.

Tuesday 7-31, 17

Rain again - worked on machine most of the day - drilled for an hour and a half.

Wednesday Aug 1, 17

Rain & rain - camp is one mile large puddle - machine still in shop - Frenchmen are awful slow besides being rotten work men.



Thurs. Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1917

Up at 6<sup>A.M.</sup> - pulled on my shoes and my hat - beat it down for the piece of cheese, meat, chocolate and one orange - our dinner.

Jumped over to Fere en Tadenois loaded up and then started on the 30 mi. bump to Park C<sup>3</sup> by way of Mareuil en Dole, Chery, Bimles, Merval, Venilly, and Beaurieux. The park is just outside of the last town.

It is just outside of the latter town. Just before we reached this last town as we were coming along the road - we saw a queer looking machine standing in a field of weeds and blended so that we did not notice it at first. - then our hearts jumped a little more when we saw some queer looking things moving around it.

It turned out to be an armored anti-aircraft 15 m. m. gun painted with blotches of various colors so that it matched the ground. Around it were the men wearing long cloaks with hoods over guns painted the same way and as their backs were turned at first we couldn't tell what it was.

We were all anxious to get out and examine it but had to keep going and were delightfully surprised to find just about 300 yds. from the park - two similar guns. After parking our machines a few of us



slipped over the examine it 8/21.  
It was an 8 cylinder motor car  
covered with  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plate steel and  
mounted with one of Francis most  
widely used guns - the "Soisante quinge"  
"75 mm."

Ya! It was a queer sight to  
be up close and examine the  
painted out pit - men and machine.  
- It was a rainy day and the captain  
was asleep or else. We would never  
have gotten a chance to see it.

The machine has four jacks to  
jack it up off of the wheels and  
they say they can set up and fire  
in 7 min. - They were out in  
an open field back of a hill the  
side of which was covered with  
batteries which were firing constantly  
all of the time we were there - they  
were guarding these batteries against  
aeroplanes. They had a dugout  
in the ground side of the machine  
and the fresh dirt was covered with  
a worn grass net to make it look  
like grass.

I took two pictures and only hope  
they turn out good. They had some caps  
from some German shell which some  
Belgians bought as souvenirs. On the  
whole it was one of the most interesting  
sights I've seen so far - They looked  
like a bunch of magicians or night  
riders. They were telling us how they  
had brought down 6 aeroplanes when  
up walked their captain from the woods



he jumped on us and them at the same time so we hurried away.

As the batteries about a half mile away were shooting steadily we watched them while our truck was unloaded and afterwards loaded with the empty boxes.

Bob and I pulled out of the place into the main road to wait for the rest to start home and as it was pouring down rain - fell asleep on the seat of our canteen. All of a sudden we jolted up - "What was that?" - I struck my head out and just about a half a square away a German shell had exploded above the tree tops near where we had unloaded. As we watched we heard another long drawn whistle coming nearer and nearer - it seemed like it was just above us - then another exploded near their anti-aircraft gun. It was funny to see the bunch of us run down into their dugout. They were on one side of a gully and we on the other so we could see the whole performance. Well we heard some more "arrivés" (as the French men call them - pronounced "airway") and watched in break around in the trees harmlessly - about 8 arrived and the excitement died out. The Germans must have been trying for the batteries but had the wrong range.

It was the first time I had witnessed shells exploding in daylight at close range - off in the distance we saw



some larger ones exploding near the batteries. - it was time to leave tho so we pulled out reluctantly for it was an interesting spectacle.

Friday Aug 3, 17

Talk of the Amer. Army taking us over is the topic of the day and all of us are praying for it as it will mean a cleaner camp, cleaner food etc.

Left about 7<sup>P.M.</sup> for Ville Savoye - still raining - loaded up and bumped over to the park near Villen en Prayères. The roads were terrible - mud like pig pen slush three inches deep all over the road and flying off to the sides or on some passing truck or pedestrian. We never got off of our trucks - the mud was too thick - we watched the poor Frenchmen wade around in the slush ankle-deep - felt sorry for 'em - but went no further. Unloaded at Bazoches and then raced home in the darkness. - Our steering wheel has been getting looser and looser and when you would hit & rut the wheel would jerk right out of your hands - as a result our hands and arms were dead tired when we arrived at the camp.

Sat. Aug. 4, 17

Rain. will it ever stop? - No one was sent out - we worked at the machine



most of the time.

Two fellows who had just arrived from their leave in Paris said word that they had passed the exams for the Lafayette Escadrille and had been resigned from the transport work and to report to the training camp. One was our sergeant and a peach of a fellow so we hated to see him go. A bunch of the fellows around here are trying to get into aviation - but - not for me. I've seen a little of that life and it was enough.

Sunday Aug 5<sup>th</sup>

Did guard duty last night from 9<sup>pm</sup> until 12<sup>am</sup> in a pouring down rain - marched up and down the road in the slush and rain - sweet work.

Well! well! well! the sun has returned to earth - Gee! but it feels good. - got up at 7<sup>am</sup>. So that I should get some breakfast then back to bed.

Who! what a dinner. - Had real French fried potatoes (all I could eat), cold meat (cooked 6 days ago) - salmon, tea, cantaloupe (a small piece) pear and an orange.

Gawd! How we did eat. even tho the mess tent is ankle deep in slush.

Our cannon does not roll today so I'll write a few letters (try to) and read my.

Our "filthy crew of six" took off their clothes washed, shaved, scrubbed teeth, etc the first time for three days. - it seems hardly time but it is. - What dirt we had under our beads - hehew!



Wednesday Aug 4 17

Up at 5 A.M. loaded with lumber at Bazoches and rolled over to Moulin St. Pierre (between Cille & Vailly) by way of Braisne and Soisson - beautiful day - As we neared Soisson we passed artillery trains for half an hour and were still passing them as we came to the edge of the city when we heard shots near - looked over and saw an anti-aircraft gun with about 15 men around it - popping at an aeroplane that we discovered was almost above us. After about 20 shots it made for home and we felt easier.

While unloading in a yard side of an old water mill - with some batteries about a square away going at a regular rate - we laid our backs on a pile of lumber and watched some observation aeroplanes - the large two seated kind - circling above between us and the trenches with a small fighting plane hovering over.

(2 P.M.) - two fellows just got in from Paris - I let one have my bed and found another for the other one - they have been up in the French Alps - where we expect to go.)

Every once in a while a few German shells would explode around us but never do any damage.

On the way back we picked up a French soldier just back from



the trenches. - Last night the French sent out patrols and couldn't find the Germans any where around. - This morning they found that they had slipped back about 9 kilometres 5.4 miles. - The French for the last few days thought that they were only 10 kilometres away. Guess will read about this in the paper tomorrow. The Germans had kept up a heavy shell fire all the while.

(At 4 A.M. - found a fellow walking around - couldn't find his blanket - was freezing - took him in my trailer - I let him have an extra coat of mine. put the lamp between his legs - finally got him warm. - at 5:30 getting light. went over in an orchard and picked plumst woke up the cook at 6:30 - to bed at 9 A.M.

bed. Aug 5, 16

Hang around camp - worked on a new large dining room - made a tray for my tank.



Thursday Aug 6, '17

Up at 5<sup>30</sup> A.M. Over to Bazouche loaded with logs for a parc outside of Braisne. As we were passing thru Braisne - Bob Allen & I were on the last car we saw two good-looking nurses coming up the street. They looked like Americans so when we got opposite to them I called "American?" - they stopped and said "what?" - whee! That word was like magic. Bob almost forgot his wheel and I lost my brain - when we came to, we were ten feet past them - by that time my brain was starting to work - I hopped out rushed up to them and could hardly believe it when I heard English spoken by two good-looking girls. - As the trucks were moving off I had to talk quick - they invited me to come see em and told me the place - by that time the camions were a square away and I had to run like wild down thru the town to catch em.

Well! when I hopped on the seat Bob just drowned me with questions - he had almost run into everything on the road trying to look back at 'em.

Well! our minds were gone for the rest of the day - the whole bunch had seen 'em and it was the whole topic of conversation while we unloaded.



Fri. Aug. 7, 17

Were too tired to go to Braisne to see the girls - as Bob had to work on this car.

Sat. Aug 8, 17

Rollled over to Cell with some lumber - poor trip

Sunday. Aug 9, 17

Nothing to do - so Bob & I dressed up walked over to Braisne -  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles (who ever heard of it - to see a girl) and found the two good looking girls out and the other two getting ready to play bridge with the Commandant.

They are running a canteen for the soldiers - have only been here 10 days - all of em are rich - have been living in Paris last few years - speak French wonderfully - One was born in New Albany tho - think of it - Ha! Ha! - married an Englishman - her name is Reicher or something like that.

Bob and I sat in a chair for the first time in 2 months - saw our first piano for 2 months - were fed cigarettes and chocolates - took em over to the Commandant & left - enjoyed it wonderfully - were going back again first chance.



Friday Aug 10, 17. <sup>Jeune</sup>  
Machine in shop for three days  
again and went out for first  
time today.

Spent a wonderful half hour last  
night - rec'd five letters - one from  
Mom, Amy and three fellows in the  
G. F. Co. - It sure makes you feel mighty  
good to hear from home. None of  
my letters have reached home yet but  
soon they will be coming in bunches  
- none of the letters so far have been  
censored. - Hope mine are not.

Took a trip over to Villersaroy  
picked up a load of am. munition  
and tramped over to Villers en  
Prayeres - machine running  
fine - saw some shells exploding  
on a nearby hill but none near  
to us.

As we get a week's permission  
or vacation after 3 mos. service - we  
are planning what we shall do.  
- we can go anywhere in France  
or over to England - transportation  
paid.

Some of the fellows have left and  
joined the aviation service - but  
there is no chance of Bob & I  
doing this.

A bunch of French Lanciers are  
encamped near here and a bunch  
are in the barracks talking to  
the fellows now - we are the first  
Americans they have seen and as



one of them speaks English fairly well  
we intend to get a lot of dope from  
him. tomorrow if we don't roll.

Whee! A fellow just walked in  
here and gave me a Murad cigarette  
- First American cigarette I've had for  
a week. - these French ones are awful  
strong

Am sitting here by candle-light  
writing while a bunch of fellows are  
reading the article on "Camion service"  
in the Sat. Evening Post July 18 - as there  
is only one copy one fellow is reading  
it out loud to a bunch crowding  
around him.

Saturday Aug 11, 17

Well, I haven't heard that any of  
my letters have been rec'd yet. - I guess  
it will be about a week before I get 'em  
tho.

We didn't have to roll today so laid  
around camp - cleaned the machines - had  
inspection - Heine and I boxed a little  
- both of us were out of breath in five  
minutes tho.

Drilled in the afternoon - then visited  
the Lanciers or "Dragonets" across the  
road - had a long talk with these two  
that speak English. they showed us the  
machine rifles that they are using - just  
like our cavalry they have been  
turned into artillery or machine gun  
companies. - They are tickled to death to  
have their pictures taken and saddled



8/11/17

their horses and put on their whole uniform and we took pictures of em then their crack shot dressed up and laid down in the grass and I took a picture of him pointing the machine rifle.

Then we took the gloves over and Bob and I boxed with some of em - they were not experts - neither were we so the bouts were about even - I have the names and address of the two ~~regiments~~ and we are going to correspond with each other.

One fellow read a New York Herald photographic supplement and it showed a picture of a church in Foxton almost identical to one I snapped from a camion when we passed thru there - it was full of shell holes.

Sunday Aug 12, 17.

No orders to roll yet. - we get awful tired of loafing but they say this service is not near as tiresome as the ambulance work because they loaf a great deal more than we do. - you read a string of experiences of some ambulance driver and people think its a daily happening whereas its maybe the experiences of six months.

All of the fellows except a few of us are excited about aviation and talk about it continually. - We want to live in America again and so are willing to stay in this service.

Its a beautiful day and everyone feels



8/14/17  
lazy like a regular Sunday morn.

Monday Aug 13, 17 - Juncaine  
Orders to roll arrived at 10<sup>30</sup> AM.  
but we didn't roll until 2 P.M.

We were all lined up for noon-  
mess when someone yelled, "There it  
goes!" pointing in the direction of  
a French observation balloon near our  
camp - we looked just in time to  
see the balloon go down like a shot  
- a mass of smoke and flames. and  
the German aeroplane hurrying back  
to its own lines. - as we were watching  
a French aeroplane trying to catch  
the German, someone noticed the man  
from the balloon coming down slowly  
in his parachute so we turned our  
attention from the fruitless chase and  
watched the parachute float down  
gradually. As the whole scene  
was several miles away we couldn't  
see things sharply. This same  
observation balloon has been the scene  
of excitement every evening for the last  
three days - after supper we would  
watch aeroplanes chasing around it  
and German shells bursting near.

- In the afternoon (8-13) we were talking  
to some French men at Bazoches where  
our camions were being loaded and they  
told us the balloon had dropped just  
the other side of a hill near there -  
the Germans unsuccessful with the  
~~aeroplane~~ shells had finally sent over  
an aeroplane to get this balloon



And as it was a cloudy day it had <sup>8/13</sup> come swooping down out of the clouds and opened up with the machine gun and literally ripped the balloon open from one end to the other - the steel cables of the balloon pulled them and did the rest. The balloon occupant had taken to his parachute as he saw the machine swoop down out of this cloud.

We said our good-byes - went on eating and at 7 P.M. rolled over to Bazouche to load with trench supplies for Soupir (The next day another observation balloon was up in almost the same place and as before shrapnel are bursting around it. - How long will it last?)

We watched a bunch of negroes unloading gravel at the park and then we happened to hear a report - looked ~~off~~ over in a field and saw some Frenchmen practising with hand grenades - so over we went.

Heine & I wandered up to them and came upon a bunch of ~~im~~ practising with stones then a little further some more practising with an empty grenade.

They are shaped like a football only about 5 inches long - with the fuse on one end. - a man takes one in  each hand - holds one out in front of him cracks the one to be thrown against it reaches back and then throws it stiff armed over-handed. They make an awful report - sound like a 75 m.m.



Right near there we saw an anti-aircraft machine gun or "mitrailleuse" and went up to examine it - a pit about 12 feet in diameter about 3 feet deep with the gun set up in the middle.

The men were standing around in the pit with the ~~sergeant~~ sergeant on the level, looking around with his glasses. These guns are used along with the 75's and shoot a bullet only.

Finally loaded - we ate supper (cheese, bread, meat, eggs) and waited until 8 o'clock to start. Swiped a bunch of tar paper, board walks boards etc. out of the park to use around camp.

Started at last - passed thru Courcelles, Braire (saw in hand an observation balloon down) then turned to the right over to Vieil-Arcy and after passing thru that half-ruined city came to the bridge Pont-Arcy - Near the bridge guard stopped us and told us to run 250 yds apart as the German aeroplanes were pretty active tonight - just as the machines stopped I hopped out and took a time exposure of the old bridge - broken in half by a shell and with some cloth stretched across above it to protect the new bridge from Balloon observation - we had noticed numerous aeroplanes in the air after we left Braire and as the sun was setting it was a beautiful



8/13

sun set (just after a rain) it was a wonderful picture to see an aeroplane silhouetted against the setting sun with about 20 shrapnel cloudlets around it.

Almost everywhere we looked you could see an aeroplane in the air (about 10 or 15 at a time) so we were not surprised when we passed an automobile anti-aircraft gun alongside of the road under a big overgrass screen and about 20 feet away two officers sitting on chairs with about four or five instruments in front of them.

This was the first time we had been to Sompri in daylight and so we looked around eagerly at things we had only seen before in darkness.

For the first time we saw what a beautiful chateau the Chateau of Sompri must have been - passed a big lake with a big stone building at one end of it (soldiers were in swimming) - saw statues and stone figures of all kinds scattered around in the open spaces.

Finally came to the large hole in the wall where we drove in and - all of a sudden we heard a familiar sound - the contagious laugh of a bunch of negroes out on a lark - they came running out - to get on our trucks and go up to a new unloading place (we carried a load of logs) with us.



8/13

to unload our trucks - They were from the Island of Martinique and various other French colonies - they had on the colonial kiki colored suits and the strangest of all was to hear "niggers babbling and giggling in French." - (Imagine me at home talking French).

Well Bob Allen and sat back and roared to hear and see these negroes - acting just exactly like the ones back home. - Finally they all hopped on yelling and laughing like a bunch on a picnic and we rolled on to a place a few miles up the road.

We were going along at the base of a hill - (from the top of which you could see the first line trenches about a mile and a half away) and were not surprised to find battery dugouts all along the road. Saw some of these big guns with the pad or catapillar feet under there covers of sod and sand bags etc. - It was early and the firing hadn't started so the men all stood out in the road and watched us pass - a couple hopped on our running board and a nigger riding with us told em we were Americans - Zi! They let out a yell stuck out their hands "Comrade" and started asking questions about our army coming over.

We passed about 20 or 30 big guns inside of a square along the road and saw a lot more scattered



all over the side of the hill, which was a pretty big one.

Finally reached the Parc. - The negroes rolled off - Bob & I were enjoying it more than anything since we hit France - better than a B.F. Keith show.

If you did or said the least thing funny they would cable and laugh and slap each other - some Frenchmen near us told us these colonials were the best fighters of them all. (English French and Canadian included).

They have little tiny beards, gashes on their cheeks - top knots on their heads and ~~we~~ look a great deal like the South Sea Islanders.

They all carry big long knives and we were looking at one as he described and acted (crawling along in the grass on hands and knees) how he fought the Germans - (I would hate to meet one in a fight). He then stood up & telling how the Germans wounded would say "Comrade" - "Ha! Ha! when they are dead on the ground then I call 'em 'comrade'." he said.

The show was all over when we were unloaded and we left 'em feeling as if we had been hearing some of the darkest lark home laughing and so we were singing all of the way home.



Tuesday Aug 14, '16  
Loafed around camp - sent over  
and mailed the lancers across  
the way.

Rained almost all day.

Wednesday Aug 15 '16  
Up at 4 P.M. took a trip to  
Bazoches, loaded with ammunition  
and took it over to a place near  
Braisie. Howard Allen & I slipped  
off and spent an hour in Braisne  
looking around. Howard bought a  
"Croix de Guerre"  (medal for bravery)  
for 5 francs (1 dollar)  to put on  
a cigarette lighter of his.

Thursday - Aug 16, '17  
Rain again - loafing again  
had inspection of guns and drill  
- some of the lancers are leaving  
for the front so we told em  
"au revoir et Bon chance".

Friday 8-17-17  
Up at 6 P.M. rolled over to Tere-en-  
Jardenois - loaded with ammunition and  
started for Villers en Brayons via  
Tignes, Merval, - it was a clear day  
and numerous aeroplanes were  
tramping around overhead.

He noticed numerous shells bursting  
on the ridge beyond Villers-en Brayons  
and could see the German observation  
balloons away up in the air and  
they could see us awful easy in lots of



places where the screens along the road were down.

Arrived at the park and ate our lunch on the seat of the car - at the same time watching several Boche aeroplanes around up in the air followed by the usual trail of bursting shrapnel.

He noticed one especially that was floating around over the ridge where the French batteries are situated and it had been up there for about 10 minutes.

All of a sudden he started twisting around in a corkscrew turn - still going forward - we had seen no shells burst very near him and so wondered what he was doing - then his front turned down and the tail started twisting around above it - he was away up in the air - a Frenchman said 10,000 feet - he looked almost like a mosquito - away above the clouds. Well, this falling continued - looks just like a maple leaf falling - aviators use it to fool their opponents and so we thought he was fooling - he finally dropped into the cloud and we said well, hell skim away to Germany now and kept on watching - but - here he came still twirling around out of the bottom of the cloud - he was not falling fast - just slowly turning around like a leaf - as he came down the machine became more easily visible and by the time it hit the trees we



see the whole machine distinctly  
It hit right on the top of the ridge  
across the river from us about a  
half a mile away and everyone let  
out a yell when it hit.

It was the first one we had seen  
brought down and it surely was a  
thrilling sight.

Got back to camp and heard that  
only the other sections had seen an  
aeroplane bring two French observation  
balloons down but they admitted ours  
was the best sight.

Sat 8-18-17

Woke up - heard shells - walked out  
about 5<sup>30</sup> A.M. and saw a Boche  
dropping shells on Notre Dame.

In the afternoon another one came  
over and passed right over the  
camp - all shells were bursting over  
us - it didn't take long before we  
heard a bunch of whistles and pieces  
of "Sixant quinzies" started dropping around  
us - Steel debris were put on immediately.

Sunday 8-19-17

Went to bed last night thinking of  
the French fried potatoes we were to have  
for dinner Sunday - but - woke up at  
5 A.M. with the Corporal standing over me  
- Orders to roll - so into our cold  
shoes and clothes we went.

Loaded up with Lumber at Bazoches  
and started for Celle-sur-Aisne - via Soisson  
It was a beautiful day and as we had



5-19

never been to this place we didn't  
mind missing our dinner. - he  
passed thru Braisne and then  
struck a smooth straight road  
- it was a lucky thing for I was  
driving when Bob noticed about  
8 aeroplanes away up in the air  
dodging and ducking around in  
what looked like a pretty good fight.  
- I forgot about driving almost to watch  
it. Everyone that passed us - officers  
in machines - soldiers in wagons, etc  
were watching the same thing - well  
we drove for about 3 miles (my throttle  
foot went to sleep) and finally the  
ducking and diving stopped and they  
were hidden by the clouds.

Finally we came to Soisson - we felt  
at home here on account of our  
previous visit - I shared a loaf of our  
cannon - bought a loaf of fresh bread  
then as we came to the bridge - hopped  
off took a picture of it and later some  
of churches etc. From Soisson we  
turned to the right and passed thru the  
ruins we had seen before and then thru  
some new villages (new to us) that were  
completely demolished - Boucy le Long -  
Misy-sur-Aisne, Condi and finally  
reached Celles sur Aisne - All of the towns  
were heaps of ruins - shell holes - stone  
walls used as forts with port holes in  
them - no sign of life except the  
usual soldiers camped around in  
places where a little piece of roof was  
left whole.



8/19

he saw our first picture of German  
destruction along this road - All of the  
fruit trees - loaded with fruit as far  
as we could see had either been  
cut down or had a ring chopped  
into the trunk to kill the tree

The French had doctored some  
of the cuts on the trees  
tho and they were loaded  
with fruit.



Upon arriving at Belle we heard  
~~some~~ loud "départs" and so rushing thru  
our lunch Al Collinson and I walked  
over towards the hill where the batteries  
were. We followed a little railroad track  
that we knew held the guns and ammunition.  
- the track was sprinkled with dead  
weeds so that aeroplanes couldn't  
distinguish it.

Just as we came to a patch of woods  
with the branches hanging down covering  
the entrance of the tracks we noticed  
the stacks of shells alongside in the  
brushes and "Bang" - there! we jumped  
as if shot - a gun just inside had  
gone off - we were "leary" now and  
walked slowly - soon we saw men  
and then we happened to look to our  
right and there was a big 120 m.m.  
gun with its sheet steel frame and  
the wheels encased in their caterpillar  
feet rings.

The men standing around greeted us  
and we asked if we could stay "Oui, Oui"  
they said - I asked "Défense de fumer?"  
and when they said "No" tossed around



51  
cigarettes and we were all good friends  
- All took a picture of the group and  
then I took one - finally they said they  
were going to fire - A sergeant came  
running down - "Fire 13 shots - Ga! How  
they jumped around to their jobs -  
One hopped up - pushed in the iron shell  
or projectile and then a bag of powder  
(powder that looks like strips of cardboard  
or celluloid) - slammed it shut and  
another one put a little level on the  
gun set it at the right degree - another  
off to one side from a steel rail took  
a squint at the gun thru a glass to  
see if the carriage was in the right  
position then they all got away from the  
back - one hooked a cord on to a trigger  
and waited for word to fire (I snapped  
a picture then - he smiled) - we waited and  
waited undecided all the while whether to  
put our fingers in our ears or not  
- finally decided to on the first shot -  
~~they were~~ there were about 12 guns  
in this string of woods and finally we  
im start - one at a time - the man at  
the trigger was watching for the word now  
finally the gun side of this one fired  
and at the same time a man came  
racing down the track - waved his hand  
and "Whee!" - I didn't have time  
to stop up my ears - a swish and a bang  
a flame spouted thru a little hole in  
the middle of the breech - the gun  
rolled back about three feet and then (was  
on a slope) rolled back into place - I  
was kind of dazed from the noise etc.



8/19

and looked around to find the men running around like wild - going thru the same operation - The man was standing ready to fire again - well! we stayed for two more then beat it - too much noise.

When we got to the edge of the woods we stood there - heard in fire a round and it sounded as if the air was being ripped open - you could hear the shells chasing after each other and we stood for a few minutes trying to see the shells in the air but it was impossible.

On the way back we saw a bunch of fresh shell holes dropped the night or day before.

Back at the camions we told the bunch what we had seen and so half of them rushed away (half here to stay with the camions) to see the sight.

While they were gone a Boche passed over us and as it was shelled - pieces of shell casing came whistling down in the woods around us.

Soon we heard a long drawn out whistle - we picked up our ears - an explosion - a Boche shell had exploded in the valley where we had been (from the top of the hill the trenches were only a mile or so away). Finally the bunch came back told how they had flopped flat in ditches when the shells exploded (they were arriving steadily) so three



of us chased back and watched some  
arrive - they were not landing near  
these batteries - but about 200 yds away -  
you would hear a whistle (seem like  
it was right over head) then see  
a puff of black smoke in the air  
- the whistle would continue then you  
would hear the explosion (right being  
faster than sound). - we watched several  
arrive then back to the canon and  
home ward -

Passed thru Vailly - a ruined  
deserted village and over a bridge  
which had been constructed over the  
old one lying in the river below - a  
saval dam alongside the river - was  
dry now tho and it was full of  
shell holes - one canon started the  
wrong way - so Bob & I waited on the  
far side of the bridge - a guard came  
up for the reason - told us this bridge  
was shelled continually and for us to  
move on - we did.

Oh! Yes! Forgot that at Lille the  
German and French observation balloons  
seemed to be almost the same distance  
away from us.

Monday. Aug 10, '17

Loafed - took a walk over to Notre  
Dame as we had been awakened by  
aeroplane dropping shells that  
shook the ground so - we could feel  
it in our beds - early in the morning  
- they did no damage however.



Tuesday Aug 21, 17  
woke up hearing an aeroplane buzzing  
again.

cleaned machines.

In the afternoon while writing letters  
stopped about six times as Bosche  
aeroplane passed over the camp. at  
one time we saw a Frenchman tear  
after a Boche - the Boche dove down  
(we thought he was dead) but swooped  
into a cloud and disappeared.

8-22-17

In camp

Thurs 8-23-17

Fri. 8-24-17

8-24-17

Sat.

Rollled over to Celle - nothing  
happened - quiet day

8-25-17

In Camp. - New chef arrived

8-26-17

No news

8-27-17

(1 letter each)

8-28-17

Wed. 8-29-17 - Rec'd mail from home

Amey & J.F.C.

Rollled over to Villers en Harpers  
nothing exciting.

Thurs. 8-30-17

In camp - The new chefs are causing  
conditions to improve around here.  
Washed cars in a creek near here.



Friday 31<sup>st</sup> August

was assigned to a new car  
being repaired in the main shop  
so spent the day helping in down  
there - was given a new driver  
Renfrew from Dartmouth - pretty  
nice fellow

Sat. Sept 1<sup>st</sup>

Reid orders to roll at 11 A.M. to  
Bazosche - loaded up with trench <sup>to feed</sup>  
~~material~~ and hung around  
Bazosche until 7<sup>30</sup> then set out  
for some place on the south side  
of the Aisne river east of Vailly

Witnessed a beautiful sunset  
about 9<sup>30</sup> after passing three Braies  
- the next town we reached was  
Chassemy - it was dark now but a  
beautiful harvest moon made the  
roads as clear as day - As we passed  
thru the town we had to force a  
long string of soldiers - bound for the front,  
upon the side of the road - They were  
loaded down with their blankets - extra  
pair of shoes, mess kit, gun and a pile  
of other stuff - they would look up at us  
as we passed them and the most of 'em  
were Frenchmen - here and there  
you would see a black negro face - The  
French have no objection at all to having  
negroes alongside of 'em - There is the  
same enemy they say. We had  
hardly past their troop before we  
came upon another long string of  
'em trenchward - bound - we would  
call to 'em and everyone in a



in a while you would hear one  
use maybe the only English word he  
knew - such as: "Good morning"  
"Hello Jack" - "I'm well" - "Good night"  
or any other word in the English  
language - Most of 'em are laughing  
and joking - ~~at~~ smoking and  
shooting along ~~and~~ even tho they  
are about 300 yds. from the trenches.

I'm going to record a night's  
happenings as I'm corporal of the guard  
tonight - have to sit up all night  
here in a trailer near the main  
entrance - trying to catch up on my  
diary in between the two hour intervals  
when I have to go up and wake the  
next guards - and hear the groans  
and a general damning of guard  
duty and the man who originated  
it. I've been up since 5<sup>PM</sup> - rolled over  
near 11 - will be up all night - might  
have to roll in the morning - here's  
hoping not. - It's a beautiful moonlight  
night and as expected the Boche  
aeroplanes are floating around - just  
heard the hum of a motor then several  
chrapnel - crawled out to see it -

You can see a little flash in the air  
and a few seconds later the explosion  
- then a search light will spring up  
from some where and begin mopping  
the sky. - then some signal rockets  
will go up to show the direction he is  
taking - they are bright like star lights  
but do not hang in the air - very long as  
they float along in the direction fired



and gradually go out. - I heard  
a bunch of put - put - put - from  
his machine gun and then repeated  
- don't know what that was for unless  
a Frenchman was up after him.

You can rarely ever see iron at  
night unless they pass in front of  
the moon. - the motor gradually  
dies away and all is still again  
- occasionally a dog will bark away  
off in the distance or you can hear  
a train crawling along over near  
Notre Dame. it's a wonderful clear  
quiet night - no artillery fire to  
speak of. - it 11<sup>30</sup> P.M. now.

You can't help feeling awfully sorry  
for these poor fellows plodding on  
cheerfully to God knows what.

He finally reached the Vailly bridge  
but turned eastward along the Aisne  
- finally reached the park. for  
about three squares on either side of  
the park the road was lined with  
French or American caissons - all loaded  
with the same thing - trench torpedoes.  
- one of the most terrible of trench  
explosives.



wings on it  
bottom that  
gun that  
about  $\frac{1}{4}$  ft  
and the  
come down  
where they explode on the surface  
killing men for 30 ft around.

- a long shell with four  
and a stem at the  
fits into the trench  
fires it. they are  
from end to end  
wings cause it to  
straight into the ground

Well, it took me 10 min. to walk



from one end of this Tark to the other and I could see nothing but piles of these crated torpedoes.

The canions were being unloaded and the crates were tossed upon the ground - broke open and the torpedoes loaded into the usual horse-drawn "cason" (wagon) and taken right up to the front. No automobiles carry ammunition to the batteries because they are generally on the side of a hill and no roads lead up to them.

On the ridge across the river we could see shells coming and going about 20 French to one German. - As we were lining up to leave we ~~heard a boom~~ saw a big red glare - the sky was lit up for a mile around - then a minute later we heard a terrific explosion - felt like the ground shook - we thought at first it was a big battery - but a French man told us it was a mine exploding - no doubt a French one ~~in the German trenches~~ (at 1:30 p.m. - ~~under~~ can hear the hum of another aeroplane) the loudest he had heard for weeks.

We arrived home at 1 A.M. nearly frozen - blankets felt like ice at first.

Sunday - Sept. 2, 17  
Loafed.

Monday - Sept. 3, 17  
Loafed.



Monday Sept 10 17

Awoke at 5 A.M. - cold as - L - all of my clothes still damp from yesterday - Loaded with lumber at Bagdad and started for Cella - were running fine when we reached Sermoine and H. Allen broke a piston crank. As the corporals' duties are to pick up all broken down cars - we proceeded to tow him towards Soisson. As both cars were loaded with over 5 tons it was a job. - Finally Heines' car sprung an oil leak in the reservoir and the fan started ~~beating~~ beating on the radiator - we had to stop and fill up with oil every 7 miles - did this about 4 times - came to Soisson and as Heines' car was getting worse we pulled Howard up on the side walk (same as a road almost over here) and left him. - Finally got over to Cella after passing a bunch of trucks loaded with soldiers, all covered with dust, being rushed up to the "Chemin de Dames" most of them drunk with "Pinard" (the soldiers army drink) (took some pictures of em). Unloaded chased back to a place near an old sugar factory near Soisson (now an ammunition park) put on a load of ammunition and went up a long hill past Grouy to a park on the top of the hill. (If we had had the time could have walked a mile and viewed the trenches - first time). There were piles of guns French & German



stacked all around - old shells -  
bayonets - machine gun etc. - I picked  
up a nice bayonet and a set of  
ammunition pouches - off in the  
distance you could hear the cannons  
booming.

Came back thru Swisson and one  
truck took the load out of Howards  
truck while we pulled him home  
empty - to bed at 10<sup>30</sup> - the cook  
had some hot hash waiting for us  
and it tasted fine - we had had no  
supper.

Bob Allen was ordered to  
Longport to train to be a sergeant  
- left today - may be back in  
three weeks.

Heine Klein is going over tomorrow  
and train to be something also.

th:js - On our way to Belle we  
noticed a bunch of French sailors  
putting up a big grass screen and  
then digging a flat place underneath  
to mount a gun - found out that  
they are going to put some big naval  
guns along there - we can see in  
plainly then - only 20 feet from the  
road.



Tuesday 11 17 - Sept.  
Woke up at 3<sup>h</sup> a.m. heard a heavy  
bombardment - woke up again at  
6<sup>h</sup> a.m. orders to roll. Gee! But I  
felt rotten. Helped the cook build  
his fire and finally rec'd our break-  
fast (omelette and coffee)

The roads were full of soldiers  
and wagons and artillery. Loaded  
at Bazoches with logs and started  
for Boucy-le-Long - all the way over  
we were passing more trains of wagons  
- soldiers resting along the roads  
and officers of all ranks tearing  
up and down in their limousines

Everyone seems to be in a hurry  
as if a big attack was expected.

Roads that used to be almost empty  
are now crowded - and due to this  
and the dry weather the dust is  
terrible. We were covered after an  
hour's ride.

Unloaded and then took a load of  
ammunition up to a new place  
near Missy - while unloading we  
crawled up on a big hill near  
there and Gee! what a mess of  
trenches - the hill was covered with  
trees and underbrush and all  
about this ran series of trenches with  
dugouts opening into them and a  
little port hole so that the occupant  
could look down the hill side.

German and French shells were in  
evidence all around - From up here you  
could get a beautiful view of the valley



9/11

of the Aisne - could see all of the  
camps and parks scattered around  
and then you would notice a long  
band of dust rising in the air  
(a busy dusty road)

As we were coming back thru Braisne  
we noticed crowds of officers at different  
spots and at the main square found  
a great crowd of soldiers talking and  
gesticulating.

Arrived home tired, dirty and  
hungry.

Wed. Sept. 12, 17

Had hopes of getting a little rest but  
were called out at 6<sup>00</sup> A.M. - loaded  
at Bazoches - My what a bunch of  
trucks - the park was crowded -  
about 250 trucks were loading or  
waiting to be loaded. - Seems like  
every truck is in active use at  
present.

We loaded with sacks (for sand bags)  
about 12000 to a truck and took  
in over to a little place near  
Chassemy.

For about 3 or 4 miles back from the  
trenches I bet there is not a patch  
of woods that is not packed with  
parks - troops - ammunition wagons  
with horses, etc. - The old saying  
"the woods are full of em" certainly  
holds good here.

We were supposed to make two  
trips but by some act of Providence  
we only had to make one so here



I am at 7<sup>30</sup> P.M. - Resting in 9/12  
camp in day light - first time  
for three days -

About 6 P.M. found that I was to  
be corporal of the guard. and so didn't  
get a chance to catch a little sleep.  
The bureau clerk came down about  
11 P.M. and gave me the orders of who  
was to roll in the morning. - At  
3<sup>30</sup> A.M. I woke up the first cook - two  
of us helped him start his fire so  
he cooked us a big omelette and  
the two of us ate it with relish  
- at four o'clock started waking up  
the different chiefs of the section (2nd  
Semi-tendants) and lieutenants etc who  
woke their men. Wednesday 9/13/11

At 6 A.M. our section had to roll  
and the chef asked if I would go  
- so I sprinkled a little water in  
my face and hopped the last truck.  
Loaded at Bayorches and started  
for a place near Vailly. I started  
getting sleepy - even tho the car  
was bouncing along on the rough  
roads - I would come to every once  
in a while and find I had been sound  
asleep, lying up against the driver.

The roads are still full of wagon  
trains, soldiers, caissons etc.

The French are building places for  
batteries all along the road and the  
machines will be put in position soon  
no doubt. We unloaded near another  
sugar factory near ~~Saint~~ Vailly which  
had been the scene of a big fight.



Arrived home about 5 P.M. dead  
tired - went to bed about 9<sup>30</sup>.

Friday Sept. 14, 17

Up at 5 A.M. - Gee! these are busy  
time nowadays. - loaded with the mean  
looking trench torpedoes and took in  
over to a woods between Chassemy and Vailly.  
Arrived back to Bazoches about 11<sup>AM</sup>.  
- about 100 camions waiting to load  
so we were finally loaded about 2<sup>30</sup> P.M.  
As we were going to Surpvi we had to  
wait until dark to start - so I read  
a volume of "Vanity Fair". Finally we  
left at 4<sup>30</sup> and drove thru Braisne  
and parked in a little gully up on  
the plateau in front of the Aisne River  
to wait til 7<sup>0</sup> ~~clock~~ instead of waiting  
at Bazoches - it had been raining  
all day and was cold and damp.

As most observation balloons are let  
up from the top of a hill we were  
lucky enough to see one lying down in  
a little wooded valley nearby - so we  
chased down to see it. They are made  
of a thin waterproofed silk - greenish  
color and almost match the ground -  
it was inflated - held down with  
sand bags - a guard in a little house  
near it and the dugouts scattered  
around alongside. As they are let up  
from a reel on an automobile the  
machine was nearby - a long armored  
machine that can run along pulling  
the observation balloon - we left shortly  
and could see no more.



the sky finally cleared and we <sup>9/14</sup>  
would see the German observation  
balloons coming up and the shells  
busting on the ridge across the  
Aisne from us - on the other side of  
which is the first line trenches.

Finally reached Jorquin and pulled  
into the Chateau grounds into a tall  
forest. - By this time it was dark  
and we could hardly see - looking  
up thru the trees we could see the  
star shells floating around on the  
ridge above us.

The woods were just packed with  
these torpedoes - Gee! they are using  
a bunch of em.

When unloaded we had to cut  
thru a narrow place to get on the  
road to go back out. - the trees met  
above and it was so dark it was  
impossible to see. - besides this the  
ground was soft and so several trucks  
were stuck up to their hubs - were  
finally pulled out with ropes chains  
spades etc. -

One fellow got off of the path and  
fell half way into the hole left by  
a big uprooted tree - Gee it was  
mess - he thought it was hopeless  
but finally pulled him out - another  
fellow fell into a trench six feet deep  
by that time we started using  
flash light - cigarette lighters etc.

It was so dark that I was talking  
to Gilles who was smoking an American  
cigarette - several others were standing



right along side - we were only a foot  
away from each other - he laid his  
cigarette down to do something and  
I picked it up. "Who's got my cigarette"  
he yelled. - here I was right side of him  
but it was so dark he couldn't see me  
- could only see the glowing end of the  
cigarette which he jumped for and I  
- laughed so hard he had taken it  
before I came to.

Well it took about 1 1/2 hours to get  
13 trucks thru this 200 ft. stretch of  
road and after a fearful eye straining  
ride we got home at 1<sup>30</sup> A.M. - woke  
up in the morning with a headache  
- its an awful strain to drive on  
a dark cloudy rainy night.

Sat. Sept 15-17

Lucky we didn't roll today - were  
"all in" - scraped mud off of our shoes  
& cleaned up in general - shaved some  
1/4 inch whiskers off of my face and  
washed my face - first time in days.

This afternoon all of the companies  
turned out in full dress & steel helmets  
and paraded in a field near here  
came to "Present Arms" while some  
Major pinned some "Croix de Guerres"  
on a couple of Frenchmen - the bugler  
blew a couple of green notes - a  
little speech was made and as he  
pinned in in shook hands with  
each one.



Sunday Sept. 16, 17

Moved down into a remorque (trailer) with Ferguson where Klein used to live.

About 7 P.M. Klein came running up a bunch of ein had rec'd the afternoon off and had come over in a cañion. Ticked to death with the place and the way they are being treated.

Had a big dinner with French fried potatoes. Ha! Ha! about 7:30 P.M. a Packard 12" rolled into camp containing P. Andrews Head of Amer. Field Service - Gee that machine looked good after seeing nothing but French ones. - Everyone crowded around it and shored it to our French mechanics.

Great News! Tuesday or Wednesday the service will be taken over by the American government.

Ha! "Beaucoup the money then." we are all liable to get good jobs out of it. Rec'd a letter from Mom.

Monday Sept 17.

Made two trips over to Braisic from Bazzache carrying lumber - nothing exciting.

Tuesday Sept 18, 17

Loafed around camp - built some stairs for the remorque (trailer) and fixed things up generally.



Wednesday. Sept. 19/17

Up at 4 P.M. - rolled over to Bazoche - watched a beautiful sunrise with our eyes half open. The Frenchies fooled around and it was 9 P.M. before we were loaded and rolled to Braisne to unload.

Came back to Bazoche about 12 P.M. - were finally loaded at 3 P.M. and started for Moulin St. Pierre.

I had spent most of the morning working on Gillie's carburetor and was pretty tired.

When we started out the roads were one steady stream of artillery and horses moving towards the "Chemin de Dames" as far as you could see in either direction. We were passing through Courcelles (you are not allowed to pass anyone in a village) when the long string stopped. We sat there about 20 minutes when we asked a man going the other way - "How far up was the line halted?" "About 5 kilometres (3 miles) he said."

It finally started however and we passed by the slow moving horse drawn vehicles.

Passed thru Disson - saw some new shell holes where the place had recently been shelled - and on up the road along the Aisne -

My! What a crowded road - usually not a crowded road - but has just



been turned into a "Route Guardee" 99  
(guarded road - not allowed to stop on, etc)

A long string of camions loaded  
with "Chasseurs" - the "Blue Devils of France"  
- their best fighters - their faces, mustaches  
clothes, etc covered with dust passed  
us as we were passing more wagon  
and artillery trains. - The whole  
road was a cloud of dust - which  
never got a chance to settle. We

were coming along on the last car  
when we noticed one of our camions  
stop - we pulled up in back and  
stopped to find out the trouble. -

A pin on the drive shaft of the  
water pump had broken and as  
no water was circulating the motor  
had gotten so hot that it was  
blue. - I touched one of the brass pet  
cocks and it dropped off as if it  
was clay. - Well we worked for an  
hour - turning it at the same time  
so that it wouldn't freeze - but we  
couldn't get the old pin out. - So

we hooked up the rope and started  
towing it. - Gawd! what a job thru  
that crowded road. We would go

along in the line then jump out  
and run along on the left side  
to make time - worrying for fear  
an officer would come flying past  
in his limousine who would be held  
up while we got back into the line  
again - then the brakes on the "Dead  
Car" caught on fire - we put that out  
- Gilles started out ~~pulling~~ towing



again - started too fast. broke the 9/19  
1 1/2 inch. rope - well, - these are  
just a few of the troubles we had.  
we were pulling one hill - both  
trucks were loaded with over 5 ton each  
when jillies motor stalled - wouldn't  
pull the hill - the train stopped  
for square back - I finally motioned  
for them to pass us and they started  
by. jillies carburetor was on the  
burn and was spitting black smoke  
out of the muffler - just as a fellow  
on a low two wheeled wagon was  
passing (and they had to pass close  
cause the road <sup>cut</sup> thru a hill -  
was narrow and rose steep on each  
side) jillies tried to start up again  
- the machine belched smoke and  
just covered the whole side of this  
poor fellows face with soot. Ha! Ha!  
it was funny - how he cursed & swore  
- then the machine started to back-  
fire and the explosions out of the  
muffler sounded like a cannon.  
- just then a six horse team pulling  
an ammunition wagon was passing  
- the horses jumped, snorted and  
altho there is a saddle driver for  
each two horses - the whole team  
started ~~to~~ climbing the steep side  
- the men were yelling - the whole  
squad blocked - then the horses half  
tumbled down the side and got  
tangled in the taut rope between  
the two caissons - whee! what a  
mess - I was trying to grab a



couple of horses by the head - was yelling at Gilles to shut off the motor and all was confusion.

Finally he shut it off and the "cason" got past - at last we got up the hill by starting up the dead machine and letting it help pull the hill. - he broke the rope a few more times - had several exciting scrapes and finally arrived at Marlin St. Pierre (near Vailly).

~~The~~ I forgot to say that there were about 8 observation balloons in about a space of 3 miles - more than I had ever seen before - saw several German shells burst near one - the dead villages were crowded with soldiers - the sky was dotted here and there with bunches of shrapnel puffs and numerous French aeroplanes below these which were exploding around some Boche aeroplanes higher up. All excitement!!! Everywhere you looked.

The chef finally arrived - had been caught in a crowded road - hence had not come back to find us - as it was past supper time 8 P.M. he had brought out some supper for us - which we ate like so many hungry wolves.

The four of us from towing that machine were dead tired and ready to fall asleep.

Just as the last camion was unloaded some shells started arriving on a hill about two squares away - you could



Leaving whistle unpleasantly close 9/17  
- so not wanting to risk towing the  
machine home on these dark congested  
roads we left it at the park and  
about 10<sup>30</sup> P.M. - we arrived home  
- May I never have another machine  
break down under similar conditions  
(from 4 A.M. til 10<sup>30</sup> P.M. - a good day)

Thursday Sept 20, 17

Up at 9 P.M. - too late for onelette  
- dead tired - thankful we didn't  
have to roll. - but -

at 4 P.M. - orders - rolled to Bazaras  
carried torpedoes to a park near  
Chasamy - back here at 8<sup>30</sup> P.M.  
- in time to get a much welcome  
letter from Amy - said her face  
had been swelteringly singed - hence  
have been sitting here catching  
up on my diary for the past four  
days.

The time is drawing closer for  
the U.S. to take us over and  
all are debating whether to stay  
or not.

(Saw some more shops the other day  
- "Cheval 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> classe" (Horse meat  
1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> classe). Glad we are eating  
no more of it - altho we could  
hardly taste the difference between  
it and beef when we had it.)

(Helene did never mention  
the horse meat we used to have  
- have I?)



mom. please let

me know whether

my diary is arriving  
whole or with parts missing

- I mean letters missing  
containing a few pages.

With love

Mom



Friday Sept. 21, '17  
"En Repos" - laid around all day  
too lazy to do a thing - didn't  
take off my slippers all day.

Sat. Sept. 22, '17  
Big Day. - Up at 4 A.M. rolled to  
Braine - loaded with logs and rolled over  
to South of Chassemy. - As we knew there  
was an anti-aircraft gun near we  
walked over to get a good look at it - and  
whee! the unexpected happened - a Boche  
was coming within range - we saw  
a man rush out beat on a big empty  
shell used as a warning bell and the  
men came rushing out of their huts - a  
card game going on under a tree was  
dropped - each man ran to his position  
The instruments for measuring the  
altitude - speed - distance away, etc. of the  
machine are located about 100 ft. from  
the gun (a 75 m.m.). In a few seconds  
a man started calling out the altitude  
etc. of the Boche to the gunners who  
repeated it. - Two shells were dropped into  
the contrivance that sets the time fuse - were  
set - quickly passed to the gunners and  
about 30 sec. after the bell had rung the  
gun barked and the "obus" ~~went~~ whistling  
up towards the Boche. - the second  
followed in short order - some more  
distances were called out and some  
more shells timed. - The fourth shell  
was being fired when we saw the first  
one burst away under the grey spec  
of a Boche. - He had been flying parallel



to the "front" and now started turning, heading back towards his lines. - a battery near "ours" had been firing at him and has stopped as he had passed from their range into the range of this gun. 9/21

Well, the shells burst nearer and nearer - some would occasionally explode too low - they were firing mighty fast - Just after the gun would recoil - get back into position - another shell was slapped in and fired. The Boche in making his curve passed almost directly over us and at that time the gun was pointing almost straight up in the air.

The shells did not seem to worry the Boche any and he kept on his way finally passing out of range - about 35 shells had been fired at him in the space of a few minutes - near the instruments a man with a receiver fastened on his ear was telephoning something all during the firing.

After the firing stopped a few men hurried around the instruments watching the departing Boche and several others further down the "line" being shelled. While the others went back to continue their various huts and those in the card game picking up the hands they had dropped and the game went on.

He finally walked back to our caissons and as it was 10<sup>30</sup> started nibbling on some bread and chocolate when - whee-e-e! we heard a long drawn out whistle and



an explosion - it has sounded near  
so looked in the direction where the  
noise came from and about 300 yds.  
over in a patch of woods - about 100 feet  
from one shed of an ammunition park  
(near our park) we saw a cloud of  
black smoke up in the top of some  
trees. - A bunch of French men besides  
ourselves had run out to see where it  
had landed. - we stood there trying to  
decide whether they intended shelling the  
park or not (some of the French men had  
gone down into two dugouts then and  
we were standing near the mouth of it)  
- finally no more arrived and  
we walked off. - All of a sudden I  
heard a quick sharp whistle and an  
explosion. - I glanced up in time to  
see a cloud of black smoke with the  
air full of black fragments - about  
100 yds. away in the top of some other  
trees. - This was too close - everyone  
came running up to see the excitement  
and hear the talk of the ones who had  
seen it. - Some more French men went  
down into the dugout and we sat  
on the bags around the mouth of it.  
(A Frenchman told us this park had  
never been shelled before and doubted it  
now)

Well, after another lapse of time  
we heard another whistle and explosion  
and saw the cloud of smoke passing  
out of some trees about 400 yds. away.  
- we felt easier - another came and  
soon all reached the decision that  
they were trying for a bridge about



a mile away from us. - we were right  
- for not long after - we saw a grey  
armored machine coming along the  
road with about six men on it and  
then noticed it was towing a balloon  
away up above us. - they passed by  
us - we saw the small (about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " diameter)  
steel cable and telephone wires running  
up to it. they turned a sharp corner  
into the main road where the telephone  
wires ducked under ground and a sign  
on the telephone posts read "Prohibited to  
stretch wires across road - balloon passes  
here". - they went down the main  
road about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mi. an hour and later  
on after leaving the park - we noticed  
the balloon floating above the bridge  
trying to discover the whereabouts of  
the battery that was firing at it.

320  
guns

Back to Bazorkhe we rolled and  
to our surprise noticed some large  
guns mounted on trucks standing over  
on a railway siding. Upon parking  
the cars we chased over and they grew  
in size as we neared them. They sure  
were whoppers 325 m. m. (about 14 inches)  
- they were all opened up and upon asking  
the reason heard that some American  
officers were coming to inspect them.  
They were covered with dark paint  
and streaks to resemble scenery along  
the locomotives and box cars.

he crawled all over them - saw the  
hoisting apparatus to bring the projectiles  
that are carried in the box cars.

32 batteries - of 4 guns each (all France



possesses of that kind) were up at Verdun <sup>21</sup>  
Loaded we rolled over to a place near  
Vailly (one car broke a fan belt - we arrived  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. after the rest) and lined up in  
the road had to wait 2 hrs. for the  
men to unload us.

It was about 7<sup>30</sup> getting dark little by  
little - we could see some German shells  
bursting about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mi. away on the side of a  
hill swarming with batteries. - others  
were bursting on the top of the hill above  
us. - the roads were crowded with  
wagons - canions - "caissons" etc. and to  
keep the Germans from seeing all of  
this - in one small space above us  
we counted 18 aeroplanes idling around  
in the air - Ge! they were thick -  
looked as if someone had shot at a  
flock of crows and they had flown  
up into the air.

You could hear "arrivés" continually  
and "départs" along with 'em.

Unloaded we chased home in the  
dark - passed a bunch of large guns  
about 220 m. m. (short barrel) ~~the~~ each  
being towed by two four wheel drive  
trucks. - In bed at 10<sup>30</sup>.

Sunday, Sept. 23, 17

Up at 6<sup>45</sup> a.m. - made three trips  
between Bazoches and Courcelles  
hauling "Schneiders" - loaded brass  
shell for 155 m. m. gun.

Monday Sept. 24, 17

Loafed all day



Tuesday Sept 25, '17

has on guard duty all night - had  
an air raid near here about 9 P.M.

(moonlight nights are coming now). you  
could hear the bombs dropping around  
from time to time - see little flashes in  
the sky from the shrapnel - <sup>search</sup> flash lights  
wig-wagging all around.

At one time the whole camp was all  
excited - all the search lights met above  
our camp - shells were bursting - and  
most of all you could hear the Boche  
motor plainer than I've ever heard  
them before. - they were shooting  
sky rockets to show his direction  
and they lit in the woods side of the  
camp.

Well, the rest of the night was  
quiet. - our cook woke up at 1 A.M.  
started getting lunches ready - he has  
a bullet in his lungs - can't breathe  
good when the usual nightly fog  
rises up around camp. - He had  
this trouble for 3 years - "C'est la guerre"  
he says and smiles. God, it's a pity.

Slept all day until 4:30 P.M.

Wednesday Sept. 26, '17.

Didn't roll until 11 P.M. - aired  
my blankets and cleaned things in  
general in the morning.

Went to Bayosches - loaded - started  
for Moulin St. Pierre. - Roads are  
still crowded - one Frenchman who  
rode along with us for awhile told  
us the big drive would take place



in five days. They are screening <sup>9/16</sup>  
all of the roads now! that we used to  
go over without a thought of danger.  
Passed a couple of large guns on  
the road - and several troops headed  
for the front.

At the park while unloading we  
heard some "amirés" and walked back  
on a hill to see 'em. - were watching  
'em first - about 400 yds. away when  
Zing! - sounded almost like a mosquito  
passing your ear. - a thud on the  
ground about 3 feet away from me. - we  
looked at each other and finally  
decided if those pieces flew that far  
we had better get back a safe distance  
so we left.

They were shelling some trench  
batteries up on a hill.

Unloaded - chased home - found a  
letter from Bob Allen - tough luck  
- he couldn't pass the U.S. Army exam  
and now is up a tree as to what  
to do. - we expect 'em back in camp  
here tomorrow.

The U.S. Officers are to come tomorrow  
and enlist us. - am going to  
try & get a day in Paris before  
enlisting.



Thurs. Sept. 27, 17

Up at 4<sup>30</sup> - cold damp & foggy - we've been having foggy mornings for the last week or so. - you drive over to Bazoches in a dense fog which doesn't start to disappear until about 10 A.M.

Loaded with logs and lumber and tramped over to S. Chassemy and were back home by 11 A.M.

Friday Sept. 28, 17

Breed and I about 1 P.M. started out on a walk to the ruins of an old castle just beyond Braine. - As permits for walks have been held up for five days we cut straight across the hills so as not to meet any gendarmes on the road. Crossed over fields <sup>here</sup> - almost lost in a lot of black berry bushes - and finally got up on the hill near the castle - we struck a lane which finally led to an open place - it was round and standing in the middle you could look down eight straight lands that ran thru the woods.

~~Sitting~~ (like the spokes of a wheel) - around here we found a bunch of Chasseurs - all young fellows - well built - they were taking exercise - took off most of their clothes and playing follow the leader started running thru the woods. for about five days before an attack these fellows do an awful lot of exercising so as to be in good shape for the fight.

We finally picked out one lane - walked about a square and camp upon another.



"hub" from which eight straight lanes <sup>9/28</sup>  
led away thru the dense woods.

Further on we noticed tents and  
cannons & horses every where and found  
ourselves on a regular parade - "Les  
Américains" some one would say and  
it would pass around and men would  
come running to see us pass. - Gee!  
we felt funny. - We walked along for  
about a half mile - viewed from all sides  
like this - Cannons! Gee! I never saw  
so many - standing every where under  
the trees.

Finally we came to the ruins - part  
of two of the corner towers are standing  
and most of the walls all around. The  
moat about 90 feet deep and 60 ft. wide  
is filled where the draw-bridge used  
to be and we walked across this. Just  
as we walked in the gate - a rather portly  
man of about 40 yrs. in his shirt-sleeves  
met us with a "Howdyou do?" in good  
English. He complimented him and told  
him who we were and he said he would  
show us around. Took us over  
to the front of the castle where an  
officer was sitting writing. And looking  
over some low shrubs. My! what a view  
he could see the whole town of Braine  
below us and you could see for miles  
and miles across the hills. - On a  
clear day you can see some of the hills  
now occupied by the Germans.

We enjoyed it for a long while - he put  
on his coat and we saw he was a  
captain of artillery and then showed us



9/28

where he lived. - took us up a  
stone circular staircase and into a  
room in one of the towers. - had a stone  
vaulted ceiling - beautiful place and  
in one of the windows (the walls were  
five feet thick) he had his cot. Then  
we continued up the stairs and came  
to the top of the tower where you could  
look around for more miles. - I took  
this and Oued's picture here. He then  
went down into the court yard and  
he showed us a tunnel where you could  
escape from the castle and come out  
away down on the side of the hill. No!  
we had no flash lights so didn't go  
down.

He then told <sup>us</sup> of an American retinary they  
had and as we wanted to see him walked  
down the road with us. Well, the review  
started again as we walked along and it  
certainly sounded good to hear him ask  
a fellow where the doctor was and hear him  
answer something with "Mon Capitaine"  
(my captain) on the end of it. See him  
speak to some fellow bringing on the grass  
- see the fellow jump to his feet stand at  
"attention" and answer him.

We finally found the doctor - a South  
American - never been to the U.S. spoke  
English rather poorly but glad to see us  
- we talked a while - he wants to get into  
the American Army. (like all Frenchmen  
who speak English - we have met lots of  
em). He said there were 2500 horses on  
this hill and he had to take care of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  
em - so as he was busy we left - he telling



us to be sure and come back as they left  
in a few days. The Captain said "Good bye"  
- asked the Doc if he <sup>had</sup> said it OK. - "No" said  
the doctor "say so - long". He explained what  
it was so the Captain with a laugh said  
"So - long" and we parted.

Saturday Sept 29, 17.

(Gee! It's hard to write a diary like this  
- you have to exert yourself. - I only  
know of one other fellow who has kept  
up his diary.)

Up at 4 A.M. I took five cars over to  
Braine loaded and rolled thru Venizel  
to Boucy-le-Long - saw 'em putting up a  
pontoon bridge over to Celles - left two  
cars there and took the other three  
over to (East) Vailly to a new park. On  
entering Vailly - which is shelled frequently  
now we were stopped and the orders examined  
and finally allowed to proceed.

The hills around this park are covered  
with large batteries. - he went in and  
examined some 270 m. m. guns - watched  
'em pulling another into position and  
listened to some "arrivées" about a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile  
over the hill. Were talking to some  
soldiers there and they took us down  
into some German dugouts where they were  
living. - about 50 ft. under the ground.  
little places about 8 ft. square. - not bad  
tho. - I took some pictures and we left.

Sent the other cars home as I had to  
take one away over N.E. of Soisson for a  
load of apples for a farmer who furnishes  
water for the camp. - Passing thru Celles we  
saw a big naval gun about 20 ft. long mounted,



And ready for the big drive. - further on noticed some queer looking things on a freight car - noticed catapiller wheels on them and a French man told us they were french "tanks" they were only about 18' ft long - flat - you could see the steering wheel - no guns - the hood of armor had not been put on them yet. - They were about a 100 yds. away so we couldn't examine them.

Passed thru Soisson out over the Aisne and after going up over several large hills - just ruined villages landed at Vauvres. found the people we were to see in a wooden barracks like ours drinking champagne - made us sit down - have two glasses - they were just farmers - looked like the Schneiders at Skylight - we went down the road - loaded with sacks of apples - two girls helped us as if they were men (snapped a picture) - they made us take some more Champagne - finally we left. - came back thru one of Soissons best streets (where officers live now) - it seemed like driving out 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave. - all beautiful stone residences.

Home at 6<sup>30</sup>. time for supper.

Heard an American officer had been here in the afternoon and had made a speech - said we would all start as "privates" but would go up rapidly - in going to join.



Sunday Sept. 30 '17

Rollled at 3 <sup>P.M.</sup> to Bazosches - loaded with logs for roads and passing thru Braine parked alongside of the road outside of Chassemy in some woods to wait until 9 <sup>P.M.</sup> so that it would be dark and we could procede

About 8<sup>30</sup> our chef brought out our mail and as it was a beautiful moonlight night we read our letters without any other light - at least I did - my single one.

Finally we started - after all had gone the last car stalled and wouldn't start. - we hopped out to fix it and were working on the carburetor when we heard shrapnel bursting above us. Heard a machine gun some where near the woods popping and looking up saw several search lights focused above us - and between us and the moon we could see the small shrapnel clouds - you could hear the hum of the Boche motor awful plain and immediately some French men standing near us crawled under our car. - We didn't know whether to get under or not but decided to get started & get away - which we finally did.

Finally caught up with the French because the roads were jammed with convois and soldiers (coming back & going to the trenches).

Got across the bridge were stalled there while a little ammunition train of about twenty flat cars pulled by a gasoline engine crossed the road on its visit to the batteries along the hill.



then we raced thru the village <sup>9/30</sup>  
of and passed a bunch of pack  
mules being loaded with boards logs  
etc. for dugouts up near the first line  
trenches. - These mules afterwards passed  
us after we had stopped up on top of  
the hill beyond the above mentioned village  
- the men leading the mules and  
holding on to the tail of the mule ahead  
of him when he got tired of propelling  
himself. - looked like pictures in the  
mountains of S. America.

The place where they were unloading  
was alongside of the road and we just  
pulled up side of the road while they  
pulled out the logs and piled in to  
be carried further on - later.

We were between the batteries that line  
the hill, side of the Aisne river and  
the small field artillery that were on  
the far side of a hill in front of us  
we could hear the big shells whistling  
over our heads and see the sky light up  
from the flashes of the field artillery  
just in back of the trenches.

It was not near as exciting as we had  
expected altho we would occasionally hear  
a German shell pass over and explode  
in among the artillery, side of the river.  
- I walked up on a little hill near where  
we were unloading to get a view down  
in the valley below us - heard a Boche  
shell explode over in some woods near  
me - when - Buzz - Buzz - Buzz - (sounded  
like a little bee) Bing - a little piece  
of shell had landed on the ground side



of me - Whoof! 'twas ~~enough~~ 9/30  
enough - I want to see America  
again - I returned to the camions  
& we tramped back to camp.

Oct. 1, 17

Orders to roll at 12 P.M. - loaded with  
<sup>lumber</sup> logs at — and rolled over past —  
up to the edge of the woods from where  
the road ran out in the open to the  
bridge across the Aisne where we were  
supposed to unload.

Altho the road has cloth stretched  
along on both sides to guard it we  
could only send four camions ahead at  
a time to unload side of the bridge.

Finally I went up with the last two  
- just before we reached the bridge I  
noticed a Boche aeroplane above us  
being shelled - looked at it thru  
a fellows "binoculars" and for the first  
time saw the black cross on the  
bottom of the wings.

While unloading we saw in picking  
an aeroplane out of a field nearby, so  
we ran over to view the ruins and  
found that a Frenchman shot in the  
leg over the German lines had landed  
here last night. - he had landed pretty  
good and had only broken one wing.

- As our camions were not unloaded  
we decided to take a swim (we were  
only about 50 feet from the river) so we  
~~for~~ undressed and dove in whee! Cold  
- just like ice water - while shivering  
we heard some shots - looked up and



watched another Borch being followed  
by some black & white puffs.-  
hell! we took about 3 blinks and it  
was too cold to do anymore - we  
dressed - watched another plane  
- finally left for home.

Oct 2, '17 Tuesday

Big excitement - we marched up to  
the village - were examined by some  
U.S. officers - about  $\frac{3}{4}$  passed of the  
50% that went up there.

Wednesday Oct 3, '17

Louped around camp expecting  
orders to go to \_\_\_\_\_

Thursday Oct 4, '17

Louped around & had our stuff packed  
to leave any minute. - but no orders  
at 10 A.M. we went up to the  
Y. M. C. A. and listened to a talk  
by ~~the~~ Captain Mallet. - He said the  
fellows who had not enlisted would  
have to stay out their time or at least  
until some more Americans arrive to  
take their place.

Friday Oct 5, '17

Orders finally came - we put our  
stuff in some trucks and rolled to  
Sisson - arrived at 12 A.M. - rained  
all day and finally we had to  
make our beds in an extra barracks  
(cold damp & clammy) - woke up  
about 2 A.M. - found my bunch of  
keys pressed in to my hip - bone



- pulled em out - woke up later on - found a bolt in the floor sticking me in the back.
- hell! we got up early - cause
- it was almost impossible to sleep.

Sat. Oct. 6, '17.

- Loufed around all day - froze.
- about 4<sup>30</sup> P.M. were given beds
- were assigned to sections.

Talked to an American drill sergeant "Bull" Thomas (regular army) who is to drill the fellows.

Went to bed early to get warm

Sunday Oct. 7, '17 - Big Day.

was assigned to a car - was supposed to roll at noon when at 11 A.M. after helping string a sack of beans (yes! about 3 bushels) I was informed I was one of eight to go to Cherigny - whe! Best news of all - while packing to go at 12<sup>AM</sup> some fellow told me of a registered letter for me.

Chased to the post office & found a letter from Mom with \$16. And also a package from the G. F. Co. (Fatimas - 20 pack. & 2 cans of chocolate) well, my joy was complete -

At twelve o'clock I told Fergie Kirk & Heinie - good bye & eight of us rolled over to Longport.

Arrived in the rain - was assigned to a bed - and four of us walked to the village arranged for a supper at 5 P.M. - at the



the little bakery. in the village -  
frozen from walking around in the  
rain we returned at 4<sup>30</sup> and found  
a grate fire waiting for us - Je! it  
was fine - finally supper was served.  
- some cold lamb - fried potato - sliced  
tomatoes - butter - ~~confiture~~ - jam - butter  
fresh bread - and some champagne -  
a meal for the gods & we enjoyed it.  
- Left about 6<sup>30</sup> warm & contented -  
- it was pouring down - all I had on  
was a sheep skin coat - after our half  
mile walk arrived at our quarters  
soaked from the knees down.

- We are living in one of the stone  
barns - used to be a cow barn -  
two stone troughs run along the  
ends - we put our trunks in these  
- 10 fellows are in here and 10 in  
a similar place next to us - they  
are right side of the place where  
the oxen sleep & only a tar paper  
partition (put up recently) separates  
them - in the morning we wake up  
as the farmer comes in to get them  
open - also you can feel the stable  
odor in your nose quite easily - but  
"C'est la Guerre"

Monday - Oct. 8, 17

Work started today.  
exercise - 8-9 AM.

Lecture on discipline by Gilette 10-11  
(drill from 9-10)

After dinner - two hours drill  
- Lecture for 1 1/2 hrs. by Lents Vincent.



Wednesday Oct. 9, '17.

Up at 6<sup>30</sup> - coffee & bread breakfast  
as usual here. - exercise for  
an hour - drill without guns  
- lecture by Lt. Vincent on Organization  
of the French transport service.  
In the afternoon drill with guns  
for 1½ hrs. - lecture on map making  
by Lt. Gillette.  
I to bed early - all tired out.

Wednesday Oct. 10, '17

Up at 6<sup>30</sup> - exercise (getting stiff  
now) Drill - lecture.

More drill - lecture on 4-cylinder  
motors by Lieut. Vincent.

After supper two of us walked to  
town to get some candles etc. - on  
the way back stopped in the  
~~to get some soap -~~  
we had noticed a bunch of soldiers  
marching past as we were going down  
and now found em sitting in here  
drinking wine. - suddenly some one  
side of us said "Are you U.S. regulars  
or volunteers?" in good English.

Imagine our surprise when we looked  
around and found a little fellow in  
the plain blue uniform of the French  
army. - was <sup>so</sup> surprised I could hardly  
answer him - finally did - then asked  
"Are you an American or Frenchman?"  
- "Both," he said - so we started talking.  
He is an American from N. York City  
- was over here with his father when

Don't know if any of the men saw me



12/10

the war started - joined the "Foreign Legion" - (the fighting regiment that never asked you who you were) afterwards went into aviation - broke a machine - was sent back into infantry - has been in the war ever since it started.

he started pumping him with questions as usual - he seems to be a fellow who has always done as he wanted to - I asked him why he was only a private - (shrugged his shoulders). "I was in prison for 150 days."

Some of the questions

Are there any Americans in the Foreign Legion now? None!

When is this big offensive to come off - "No one knows." The Germans know it is going to come off - ~~they~~ A German patrol dropped a note in the trenches the other night - "We're ready for you - come on." He said - the French know all about the German positions etc. - and the Germans know all about the French - can drop shells on any place they want almost.

In the first line - no shells will arrive for 8 days - the Frenchmen get lax - start drying their clothes all of a sudden, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" - a slew of shells arrive & a few are killed. - unless they get the Germans ~~pushed~~ out of the trenches, the war might last 10 years. He asked him when he thought it would be over - "Well, the last five years will



be the worst." — and all of us <sup>19/16</sup>  
almost agreed with him. & the  
more you see of it over here the  
more you believe that it will last  
several years.

The French men are tired - so are  
the Germans - there are about 30,000  
French deserters in Paris he said now  
- hiding - the prisons are full.  
- men in the trenches do almost as  
they please - officers try to get a  
stand in with the men instead of  
ordering 'em around. - No one is ever  
court martialled anymore. - There  
are few if any at all bayonet fights  
any more - mostly a war of  
hand grenades and artillery.

- he finally left - asked him  
to drop up and see us - floundered  
our way home in the dark and  
now to bed.

Thursday Oct 11, 17 ~~1917~~  
Regular routine.

Friday Oct 12, 17  
Raining as usual - we started  
out at 8<sup>30</sup> A.M. - and made a map of  
part of the country around here - seemed  
like we walked 10 miles.

Routine afterwards

Sat. Oct. 13, 17  
More & more drill and then some  
more drill - most of it in a wet soggy  
stubble field - we could hardly stand  
up when the day was over.

no rest for us



Sunday Oct 14 17

Up late - regular clean-up work  
then - free for the day.

A few of us finally got up now and  
took a shower in a cold damp stable  
in ice cold water - Whew! - we moved  
like lightning from start to finish -

After lunch Wright (from California) and I  
walked over to an aviation camp near  
here - he wanted to see a fellow he knew  
and I wanted to see Rockwell a fellow  
from Cincinnati who has been flying  
with the \_\_\_\_\_ for two years



Sunday Oct 14 17 Juraigne  
Up late - regular clean up work  
then - free for the day.

A few of us finally got up, none and  
took a shower in a cold damp stable  
in ice cold water - I knew! - we moved  
like lightning from start to finish -

After lunch Wright (from California) and I  
walked over to an aviation camp near  
here - he wanted to see a fellow he knew  
and I wanted to see Rockwell a fellow  
from Cincinnati who has been flying  
with the Lafayette Escadrille for two years.

As we arrived - met a bunch of  
Chasseurs who were camped nearby  
and come over here to see the circus  
regularly. Saw a machine landing  
and walked over to see what type it  
was - noticed that it was a two seated  
Sopwith with a machine gun over the  
rear man - when the two men crawled  
out - disrobed - and started asking an  
aviator questions - we found that they  
were lost. They finally got their  
directions and started off and disappeared.

Aeroplanes get lost occasionally when  
making long trips - such as changing  
camps etc. - or on cloudy days.

Over at the barracks we met the  
fellows we wanted to - sat around and  
talked awhile - there are 14 Americans  
there now - they told us they had  
lost two fellows lately.

Lubbock the best aviator (American)  
of the bunch was standing around - talking



in a queer French accent (he has <sup>10/4</sup>  
lived here long.) After leaving the  
the Germans bombed their place near  
Jordan and many more other stones  
we walked over to the "angers" and  
looked at a bunch of new machines  
they had just received. - noticed im-  
mediately out a machine gun so walked  
over for a closer view. - they had the  
aeroplane sitting about 100 yds from a  
target and after firing a couple of shots  
would examine the target. - then adjust  
the gun - fire some more etc. - Every  
fifth bullet would leave a streak of  
white light (is filled with a compound)  
- quite a queer sight in daytime.

Noticed Lufberry getting ready  
for a trip so walked over and  
watched him start. -

Examined the skyrockets they are  
putting on some of the machines now  
for setting fire to balloons - they are  
set off with a spark. - It is all volunteer  
work and mighty dangerous.

About a half hour later we noticed  
a machine coming in - made a couple  
of loops the loops and finally landed.  
Rockwell said "that's Luf now - can tell  
the way he circles."

Just as he was landing, some one  
yelled "look at the balloon" - we looked  
in time to see one off in the distance  
going down in flames with the observer  
in a parachute. - just then he landed  
and we turned to him. - Some one  
asked him if he got one - "Gee" (yes)



The Lafayette escahillle has been brought over here on account of the big attack coming off.

They are patrolling about 7 kilo.  
near ~~Butte~~ Sisson and the balloon  
had come down in their territory.  
so Luffery was pretty mad as they  
showed him the trail of smoke.

When the attack starts each man will have a balloon assigned to him that he will have to get - so that all of the German balloons are supposed to be dropped at a certain time.



We loafed around a while longer  
and as it was getting chilly - beat it  
for home.

Monday Oct 15, 17

Out at 8<sup>30</sup> on another map making  
expedition - more drif - lecture etc.

Tuesday Oct 16, 17.

Clean up - drif and after a dinner at  
9<sup>30</sup> A.M. started on a map making trip  
on camions - went S.W. to  
and arrived about 2 P.M. Loaded with some  
lumber at a mill where we talked to  
some girl (19 yrs. old) carpenter - handled  
the hammers pretty good - one woman (40 yrs)  
was planing - looked rather queer.

At 2<sup>30</sup> were given "leave" until 4 P.M. - so we  
chased down into the main business section  
of the city and parked our noses up against  
the pants like so many school girls - a  
couple of fellows went into a bath (25¢)  
and we hunted for bacon to help out our  
coffee & bread - finally found some - 65¢  
for a 6x12x1" piece.

Finally went into a hotel and asked for  
a meal - "Right away" - the chef could speak  
a little English and mentioned peas,



the entire - drive -



He had brought down a German and had only been gone a half hour.

He walked around to one of the wings of his machine - pointed to several holes in the silk covering where bullets had gone thru - and then started bawling out some French mechanics cause his machine hadn't been working right.

He loafed around a while longer and as it was getting chilly - beat it for home.

Monday Oct 15, 17

Out at 8<sup>30</sup> on another map making expedition - more drill - lecture etc.

Tuesday Oct. 16, 17.

Clean up - drill and after a dinner at 9<sup>30</sup> A.M. started on a map making trip on camions - went S.W. to Chateau Thierry and arrived about 2 P.M. Loaded with some lumber at a mill where we talked to some girl (19 yrs. old) carpenters - handled the hammers pretty good - one woman (40 yrs) was planing. Looked rather queer.

At 2<sup>30</sup> were given "Leave" until 4 P.M. - so we chased down into the main business section of the city and parked our noses up against the yards like so many school girls - a couple of fellows went into a bath (25¢) and we hunted for bacon to help out our coffee & bread - finally found some - 65¢ for a 6"x12"x1" piece.

Finally went into a hotel and asked for a meal - "Right away" - the chef could speak a little English and mentioned peas,



one letter, beef steak, - Whoo! we went wild <sup>10/16</sup>  
- were ushered up into a little dining room  
- we had 30 min. before the trucks left  
- hell! we waited 15 min. before some salmon  
, radishes and bread, butter & cocoa arrived  
- so we ate them hurriedly so as to be  
ready for the rest. - they arrived about  
5 min. later (5 min. left.) - he asked for our  
bill and ate fast to finish & get back  
- about 2 min. left. the girl walked in  
with some more peas - Gee! we wanted to  
leave but hated to leave her so set to  
work - just finished when the door  
opened - "Mais non!" we yelled - expecting  
more food - when two English girls walked  
in - yawn! good looking - what fate  
no time left - we shook hands - talked  
a little and beat it hurriedly - they were  
English girls driving ambulances around  
hospitals there.

Well, we cursed our luck all the  
way home (3 hrs.) but I stopped when mail  
arrived & I read a letter - one from Amy.  
- Mail certainly tastes good here.



Wednesday Oct 17, 17  
Drill and routine around  
camp.  
Dive hasn't started.

Thursday Oct. 18, 17

About noon went on a convois  
thru Viller-Cotteret - saw some  
English nurses - also a funeral - the  
horse drawing the hearse draped  
in black covers with holes trimmed  
in white for the eyes - looked like  
a knight's horse in the olden  
days.

After filling up with cakes and  
beer we rolled over to Neuilly St. Front  
to get some lumber.

On the way over talked to a  
Frenchman named Krag (lives at our  
camp) (belongs to the Krag family  
noted champagne makers - he speaks  
English well)

He told me how at the beginning  
of the war France had about 10  
of the trucks they had now - and how  
truck drivers were treated like things  
due to that fact.

Told me of several large factories  
in France that do nothing but build  
wooden imitation guns with stuffed  
dummy men to stand around them  
to fool the enemy and use up their  
ammunition - of another factory  
that builds hollow steel trees for  
observation posts



10/18

Told how when the Germans first started using gas in the trenches - they attacked at one place and 8000 men were lying in the trenches dead (French) but as they were unaware of the fact they waited a few hours to attack and by that time the French had brought up reserves. - dope like this never gets into the newspapers.

On the way home - it was dark we could hear the guns off in the distance and see the flashes

Friday Oct 19 17

Well, the big attack is on - all last night we could hear a roar of guns off in the distance - Heres hoping it comes thru good.

We rolled early for Chantilly - the big race track town of France - passed thru Jaller-lotteret and at noon landed in Cergy-en-Valois - the town looked like home to us - we immediately chased down to the cafe of the "Three Pigeons" and had dinner and then started on for Chantilly.

Passed thru several more towns and finally landed in Chantilly (only 18 mi from Paris think of it!)

- As we came into town we got a beautiful view of the chateau of Chantilly - a big garden of water ways laid out in front of it - a wonderful sight.



Finally we parked in the town <sup>12 1/8</sup>  
and were given  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to run  
around in - - so we kat it down  
towards the chateau - but it was  
too far away - however saw the  
race track - (not as large as Churchill  
downs) (the grand stands) - made me  
home sick.

Looked around in the shops and back  
at the square found some fellows talking  
to an American and his French wife  
(a trainer) - He told us that there  
were more English and Americans  
there than French. That August Belmont  
from Ky. had had some horses over  
there just before the war but had  
sent 'em home.

Arrived home late and heard the  
roar of artillery off in the distance  
well, I guess the infantry will  
start forward in a few days. - this  
war is surely a war of artillery  
only Sat Oct 29, 11 - Regular work

Sunday Oct 30, 11

At 1 P.M. got permission to take  
a truck load of us over to Sisson  
and Jonaignes, so I rode over to Sisson  
to see "Jorge", "Heine" and "Kirk".

They like us have received most  
everything except uniforms and hats  
He had a long talk and found they  
have been having exciting times  
Last night Heine was waiting with  
three camions to cross the main bridge  
- a bunch of trucks load with soldiers were



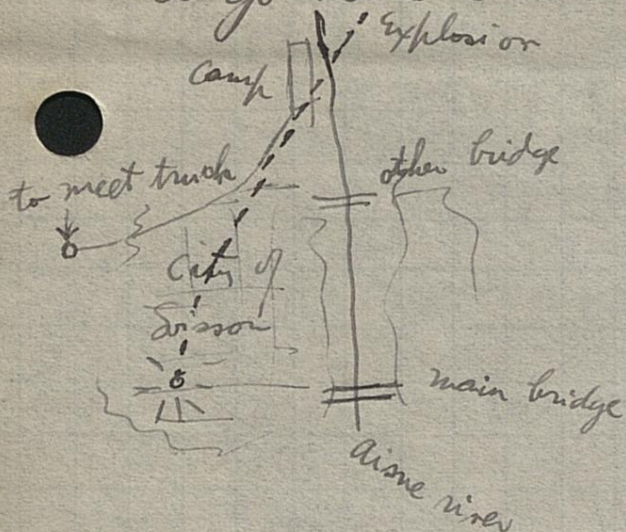
crossing when a shell landed - blew <sup>10/29</sup> up a Bakery where we used to run into to get cakes when passing - and killed 20 men in two trucks. - a piece flew over and hit the gear shift on Heine's car. - He walked up to find out if he could cross the bridge - stopped a man to ask him - the man mumbled - stuck his face towards Heine - his face was covered with blood and ~~he~~ was out of his head - Heine went on - arrived in time to see 'em pushing a dead man into a truck loaded with wounded. - the street was covered with blood. - He said it was the worst sight he had ever seen.

Torgerson told me how the batteries were roaring continually and that the hills were one mass of flashes. - the batteries we saw placed in the hills.

Had a good meal of Salmon Patties creamed onions with them and while we were eating we heard a gun off in the distance then a whistle - ~~and a~~ shell seemed to pass right over us - and then an explosion in the city. Whee! I looked around - then the fellows told me that they have been bombarding the city every night for the last three nights. They told me that I had heard the German gun - the shell pass over and ~~the~~ landing - it was a queer sensation - hell, about six passed over us.



before we finished. - it was time <sup>10/11</sup> to go home so we started.



well, to meet the truck we had to walk thru one side of the village and out to the back of it. - It was an

unpleasant sensation to have to walk towards the place where the shells

were exploding and

be constantly reminded of them because one would whistle over our heads every few minutes. A few made a dull sound when they exploded and as it was in the direction of the river we knew they were trying for the bridge and the shells had hit in the river.

(forgot - In camp about 4<sup>30</sup> - its 5<sup>30</sup> now - an order had come around for no one to go to the city as the French were going to bombard the Germans and they would more than likely retaliate - so everyone must keep his gas mask near and be ready to run to a dug out.)

At first we thought they were gas bombs so we unbuttoned our gas masks so that we could slip 'em on in a hurry.

The streets were now pretty dark and only a few people were out.

Noticed one shop keeper putting up



his steel shutters - saw ~~another~~ <sup>10/19</sup>  
a woman standing in a doorway  
looking down towards the middle  
of the city (about 4 squares away) where  
the shells were dropping - Admired  
her for living in that city. As the  
fellow I was with had left his  
coat at the Hotel Lion Rouge we  
stopped in there after having passed  
no one on the last square except two  
drunken soldiers.

He found no one around except two  
girls in the lobby - saw the door open  
to the wine cellar - looked down and  
saw the hotel keeper and his wife -  
some waiters and a bunch of Frenchmen  
- the girls asked us to stay & eat  
- laughed that they had been left  
to wait on the tables alone.

Back out into the dark street  
- about ten minutes later passed a  
hospital station (an ambulance) and saw  
some men sitting on a few machines  
smoking & talking - ready no doubt.

We breathed a sigh of relief when  
we finally got out of the city and  
could hear the shells whistling &  
exploding behind us.

While waiting for our truck to  
come along from Praigue at this  
cross road and pick us up - a  
little French boy came along -  
saw us in the dark - stopped &  
excitedly told us that he had been  
in the city visiting a boy friend  
- a shell burst across the street



and a piece flew thru the window <sup>10/11</sup>  
and cut his friend in the hip. He  
was all excited - and rushed on home  
The gendarme there at the cross  
roads was stopping everybody  
telling em to pass around the  
city.

We were all happy to see our  
truck come along and take us home

Monday Oct 22, 17

Regular routine work - Heard that  
the Infantry had come over Sun. after  
noon at 2 P.M. and that the 75's  
were to be moved up 3 kilometers  
that night

Tuesday Oct 23, 17

Made another map - in the rain  
- had to find strategic positions  
(for learning army maneuvers) for  
sentries on certain hills - Darn  
rotten rainy day.

Could hear the guns all day long  
- a fellow from Soisson told us the  
French had gained their first objective  
Fort de Malmaison - 3 1/2 kilometers and that  
the Germans counter attacked but the  
French held. - they could go no farther  
because the guns had to be moved up.

Wed. Oct. 24, 17

French still advancing - Have captured  
about 11,000 prisoners - only a few  
Frenchmen killed.

Regular routine work.



Thurs. Oct 25, '17

Regular routine.

Friday Oct 26, '17

Heard rumors that a bunch of German prisoners had escaped and were in the woods around Villers Cotteret.

Sat. - Oct 27, '17

Org in stone quarry. Drilled in afternoon.

Sunday Oct 28, '17

Bud Chapinlin and I started for Villers Cotteret and after walking an hour were picked up by an empty French staff car and we rode the rest of the way in style.

Ate "beaucoup" the "pâtisseries" and filled our bellies.

Tough work - Had to walk all of the way home. - 2 hrs. steady walking.

Monday Oct 29, '17

Had our first exam - had a map making trip around near Chemin.

Drilled in farm yard by St. Vincent - rather sloppy place.

Tuesday Oct 30, '17

Exam on motors - drew diagram of motor and Pierce carburetor.

Drill in farm yard - amongst cows - hayrack, shop etc. - our drilling exam is on.

Wed. Oct 31, '17

Dug & hauled stones for the road into camp - Damn hard work.



November 1<sup>st</sup> 17 Longport  
All Saints Day - Chapin School

Full holiday for us.  
Some tramped over to Swisson &  
brought back tales of how the  
fellows had collected piles of  
German souvenirs and that  
some of our fellows were being  
sent over to Chaumont where the  
American headquarters are.

Nov. 2, 17  
Worked digging & hauling stones  
all day - having our fill of  
this labor now.

In afternoon drill in court-  
yard - Lt. Vincent called on me  
to drill the company and I  
got them without any mistakes.

Nov 3, 17  
Haul Stones 9<sup>th</sup> to 11<sup>th</sup> AM  
" " 1<sup>st</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> to 16<sup>th</sup> 30

Get! Hauled stones from a quarry  
about a square mile wheel barrows  
to the truck in the road.

All of our hands are sore  
King Rumor says we will leave here  
Tuesday - for no one knows where

Sun. Nov 4, 17

Tom Cow then (cin. 0) and I started  
for Swisson - walked for about  
an hour before a truck came  
along and picked us up.

- Arrived in Swisson just before  
the ~~cater~~ restaurants closed and  
had a big meal in a room along



Thurs. Nov. 5 -

All of us went on a convoy to  
Langlo's Farm for straw - to be used  
in making mats to cover the  
radiators in the cold weather.

After loading the trucks our  
necks and backs were filled  
with dust and itchy particles.

Friday Nov. 6

Stayed around ~~our~~ camp - drilled  
in mud before the American captain  
who arrived recently.

Sat. Nov. 7

In a pouring down rain all of  
us had to wash trucks all morning  
from top to bottom - everyone was  
wet & cold after all was over.

Oiled them in the afternoon amidst  
more rain.

Sun. Nov. 8

Nov 9.

About 9 P.M. an order came in  
for 6 trucks to go down to Remij to  
get some American regulars that  
were coming here to be trained as  
drivers - Everyone had to get out of  
bed - help set up 76 beds for the  
men and then I slipped up to the  
kitchen and helped the cook slice and  
fry about 300 pieces of bacon.

I waited until 12<sup>00</sup> A.M. for them  
but as they hadn't arrived I went to  
bed - they arrived at 2 A.M. and in  
the morning we heard their thanks  
as this was the first place they  
had landed and didn't have to  
make their own beds.



Thurs. Nov 8, 17

Big excitement - we were ordered not to leave camp on our regular rock quarry jobs until after the paymaster arrived. - He showed up about 10<sup>AM</sup> and we lined up & marched in. - Before going we debated which was correct - salute upon entering or afterwards - Well!! we did everything & finally rec'd our money and all felt like millionaires with these new crisp bills in our hands (88 francs \$33<sup>00</sup>) & here we had only been getting about \$1.50 a month while in the French service.

Well all the fellows cleared their debts up & all wore smiles.

Worked in the quarry in the afternoon.

Friday (See Nov 9, on page before this)

Big Day Sat. Nov. 10, 17

Worked in the morning then at 12<sup>30</sup> ~~the new 76 fellows and us 40~~ left for Soisson in trucks in our overcoats - belts etc. with guns.

12<sup>30</sup> St. Vincent took 10 of us over to Soisson to witness the decoration of the troops that participated in this recent advance along the Aisne.

When we arrived the ceremony had been in progress for about 1/2 hr.

The French soldiers lined up about 1-2 deep formed a huge rectangle about a square long and 1/2 square wide



In the center was Gen. Pétain Nov 10 -  
Grand Marshal of France and several  
other generals and in front of them  
were two long rows of men and  
officers with their individual  
company flags - to be decorated.

Some captain it seemed would  
read out the name of the regiment  
and the amount of material and  
men they had captured then another  
man would hand the medal or  
cord to Gen. Pétain and he would  
tie it around the top of the flag.

The Captain and the flag bearer had  
walked out 10 paces - the Captain  
holding the flag and after tying the  
medal or cord on the flag Gen. Pétain  
would shake hands and congratulate  
the Captain - then another name  
would be called out and the next  
Captain would walk out. They  
decorated about 40 of these then several  
other officers were called out and  
congratulated and had individual  
medals pinned on them.

Several aviators were decorated this  
way also.

Then the decorated men marched  
around and formed a small  
rectangle - the buglers let go with  
the Legion D'Honneur call. Then  
afterwards the band played the  
Marseillaise and Gen. Maistre  
walked forward to receive the  
Legion D'Honneur - You could hear  
the yells of the officers all down the



large rectangle "Present Arms"

It was a wonderful moment and the little nerves tingled up and down my spine. - to see all of these thousands of men - rigid at "Present Arms" - all of the bayonets glistening and along with the drawn sabres.

Then Gen Petain ~~congratulated~~ Gen. Maistre placed the red band around Gen Maistre's neck kissed him on both cheeks, stepped back drew his sabre and tapped him on each shoulder. then congratulated him and it was over. - He had been given the highest degree of the Legion D'Honneur. Degree of "Commandant".

Then ten other men rec'd the first degree of Legion D'Honneur. - Had the red sash hung around their neck and each was kissed in turn.

Finally after 2 hrs. the awarding was finished. the General mounted on a small knoll and the troops who had been cited formed at one end and marched down passed him. - It was another wonderful sight to see this great man in a simple blue uniform & overcoat with no decorations except three stars and a bar on his cap watching his men march past - some in overcoats still slightly muddy from the recent attacks.



all turning their eyes towards him as they passed.

Then the troops halted at the end of the field and faced the road where the general would get into his machine. - the officers running back to hear a little speech by Gen. Petain for officers only.

We pushed in along with the officers and listened to the remarks - he closed with - "The staff made the plans - the commander gave the order - the troops did the work."

While listening to this we were rubbing elbows with captains, colonels, all who had half of their chests covered with medals - so we felt pretty cocky after it was all over - and were telling the unlucky ones about it back at the camp that night.

The General finally stepped into his limousine and drove away.

Nov. 11, '17

Stayed home.

Nov. 12, '17

Had our first experience as teachers - the ten of us, Carrothers, Arch Ralston, C. Grandy, Sandy Kid Hall, Giesmer, Cowan, Mr. Kinney, Wit Wright & myself.

Each had 6 men on a truck - went out and spent 3 hours



teaching in the principles of shifting gears.

The other 30 fellows had to work on the rock pile and so felt rather jealous.

At 1230 all of us lined up in full equipment - guns, overcoats, gun belts, etc - Gee! it was heavy. (first time I've had ever worn them) - all piled into camions and drove over to Sorsion to help in the presentation of a Legion D'Honneur to Capt. Mallet.

With the regulars there was about 170 of us and as most of the French were lined up when we arrived we were the object of conversation when in our thin derbies we marched down the field and took our place.

We waited for 2 hrs in the cold & damp - waiting - no officers had arrived - finally about 3 hrs late they arrived. The ~~the~~ bugles blew and all came to present arms as the officers marched on the field.

We held this "Present Arms" for about 15 min. and finally saw Capt. Mallet walking along reviewing the lines with some high officers.

Then back into the field and the program started.

Some Americans were given Croix De Guerre for having been



under shell fire and finally  
the bugles blew and the band  
played the "Marschallaise" and  
Capt. Mallet walked out &  
was given the medal. - It was  
so far away that we could see  
very little - finally it was all  
over and we were mighty glad  
to move back to our quarters  
and stomp our feet a little.

Nov. 13, '17

hatched & oiled cars - instructed  
the men how to do it.

Nov. 14, '17

Instructing

Nov. 15, '17

Instructing

Nov. 16, '17

Instructed men in the  
morning - were greasing and  
oiling cars in the afternoon  
when at 3 P.M. Lt. Vincent rushes  
out to me (I was officer of the day)  
and tells me 6 trucks are to  
start in 20 min. for Breng to  
get some more new men who  
had just arrived.

They left & we were busy setting  
up 86 more beds and making  
room for them. - Moved our  
platoon #2 over into barn with #1  
and us 10 instructors went  
up to live in the chateau.

That night about 8 of the other  
30 of our bunch went down town  
& got pickled due to the various



tough luck that they had had recently and the room was certainly a sight that night when I went down to see how fellows and found beds in every available space and in the dim light all the different drinks falling all over different beds tables etc.

We felt pretty good up in the Chateau - sleeping in a regular house with a roof over us.

I slept in a regular bed & took 15 min. crawling into my sleeping bag due to the springs giving, when ever any weight was put on them.

Nov. 17.

The other 30 are leaving! We came back after instructing and found that the other 30 were going to Sisson. - Gawd! what a mess when they were packing.

About 1 P.M. the 40 of us lined up in front of the office and Lt. Gillette & Vincent came out. Lt. Gillette made a speech said that all of the fellows would be made sergeants later on - spoke of the good work then read off the names according to their standing. Grandy 1<sup>st</sup> Kohlhepf 2<sup>nd</sup> Wright 3<sup>rd</sup> etc. - it was a surprise to all of us.

The bunch then piled on trucks and another good bunch broken up.



Tue Sunday Nov. 18, '97 <sup>Chateau</sup> Visit to  
Got up late - got two pails of  
hot water - took a bath with a sponge  
in the old stable (shower bath room)  
had a hair cut. Came out of the  
barbers place saw fellows running  
- heard there was a fire in the  
village so hopped on a truck  
along with a bunch of fellows  
and rode down to Longport  
Found that a stone cottage on  
the outskirts of the village was on  
fire - a bucket line had formed  
and our fellows were passing along  
buckets for about a square.

I chucked up along the line - helped  
pass for a while then went up  
to the house.

Here the village volunteer firemen  
were at work. The old hand pump  
with 4 men on each handle was  
eating up the water quicker than  
it could be poured into the  
pump reservoir. - The roof had  
burned off and the attic full of  
straw etc was burning merrily.

Fellows were carrying out preserves  
- bed clothing etc - several old women  
and men about 75 yrs. old were  
helping and in half an hour  
nothing was left in the house.  
- then they started passing buckets.

I took a turn at the pump  
and every time the hose was turned  
our way and sprayed water on  
us we would stop pumping



Every once in a while the  
firemen pumping would start  
arguing - stop to use their  
hands - forget the fire & pump  
until the man with the hose  
would start yelling at them.

As the house was only about  
30 ft square - the fire was put  
out in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. and we  
gathered our buckets & left.

A nice Sunday morning entertainment  
In the afternoon bright Bangs<sup>man</sup>  
& I walked down to the Chateau  
of Longpont. I went thru the place  
to see the relics.

Up a marble stairway we came  
upon an original painting of  
Raphael "The Fire" - some famous  
tapestries - saw the sedan chair that  
Louis 14 used -  - a lot more  
famous paintings - some windows  
given to the family of the Montagues  
by some Germans in 1650.

We then went down another  
hall saw some very very old paintings  
some German ones on wood showing  
the Father son & Holy Ghost dated  
1495.

Three pictures of the  
birth of the world and then into  
a little hall with walls covered  
with embossed leather into  
a sitting room containing a  
desk & chiffonier decorated with  
inlaid brass used by Henry 15  
then into a bed room used  
by Henry 15. Here was a big



wonderfully carved oak bed with  
4 posts & a top and an altar  
alongside.

All was furnished magnificently  
the doors about 3" thick and  
all full of carvings.

When we went down into the  
"Salon" - all white with several  
statues in the corners and  
Italian glass chandeliers.

Well, by the time we left  
we felt as if we had been  
living with the kings for about  
two hours.

As the temperature in the  
marble halls was about 50°  
we had each picked up a nice  
cold by the time we left.



Montdidier Sunday Nov 30, 1914

Up at 4 A.M. - dark & cold and  
rain pouring down in sheets

Twelve camions had been to Soisson  
- loaded with material from the main  
shop over there and so we had to take  
it over to Montdidier about 60 miles  
from here - as the Americans from  
Soisson have been moved there.

Well, we spent an hour filling the  
cars with gasoline, the lamps with  
carbide & oil etc. and finally  
all soaking wet we started. Passed  
thru Compeigne - saw two wonderful  
girls - stopped in a little town ate  
our cold beef & hard tack and  
about 4:15 P.M. landed at Montdidier

We found them setting up the  
repair shop in the main square  
and saw the trucks lined along  
various streets. I chased up to  
see some of the fellows and was  
certainly surprised to find 'em all  
living in their camions. and  
they were all a sorry crew. Then  
they told me how they had spent  
3 days & 3 nights driving steadily  
moving stuff for the English who  
had made an advance of 8 miles.  
How<sup>just</sup> they had nothing to eat  
except what a U.S. C.A. auto  
passed out to them at times  
- coffee, chocolate, etc. They have  
been wet for 3 days - no place  
to dry out - not at the world  
etc. - Said the women there



are worse than in Paris.

Well, I certainly appreciated our warm place at Chemigny and didn't care to be with them.

We finally left about 6 P.M. had a fine fast convoi home - no trouble - except we started out in a little sunshine - ran into a rain storm - cleared - then a hail storm - clear moon again later ran into three different snow storms - hell, it's 60 miles. You can expect anything.

Arrived home about 12 A.M. cold & damp. - Mighty glad to get back.

Nov. 26, 17

Woke up at 11 A.M. - four of us sick with bad colds.

Filed & greased cars in the afternoon - rather watched the 1st & 3rd Company men do it.

Nov. 27, 17

Feeling pretty good - cold almost gone. St. Vincent told us to stay in - so we are resting while the others have gone out on convoi - in a sleety rain - snow on the ground.

Big Excitement. Barracks where cold - wanted to start fire in a hurry - used gasoline - can caught on fire - threw it out door - Hull was just coming in - hit him in chest - he caught on fire - but rolled



on ground & we finally put  
light out - slapped my hand  
on mouth of gas can - still  
burning & put it out - burnt  
my hand - not bad - finally  
found no one was hurt - not  
burnt - cause ground & ourselves  
were wet. I hereby swear off  
of gasoline !!!

Wed. Nov. 17

Gandy & I still resting with our  
colds walked down to the village  
with the turkey that we bought  
here at the farm and turned it  
over to the woman at the "Hotel Des  
Ruines" who is going to fix up our  
Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow.

Afterwards tramped down to  
the Boulangerie and Co! Saw the  
good looking girl that McKinley  
has been teaching English. Hi!  
But she's good looking - Stayed &  
talked as long as we possibly  
could - walked out feeling like Kings  
from just talking to her.

Thurs. Nov 17 - Thanksgiving  
Holiday for us - loafed all day  
- at 5<sup>30</sup> the 10 of us walked down  
to the village to eat our Thanksgiving  
dinner at the Hotel Des Ruines.

My! what a meal - started out with  
some soup then we made her serve  
the rest American fashion - meat  
- potatoes & gravy together. When  
she brought in that big brown  
turkey - Whew! What a sight!



The first taste of the turkey was a revelation - Tender & Sweet - Wow!  
- with baked potatoes & gravy - we ate & ate & ate - with a little Champagne & some pumpkin pie that one of the Americans here at camp had baked

Well, it was a wonderful meal  
Mon. Dec. 30, '17

Took men out in morning  
- instruction in running courses.  
Oiled & greased machines in the afternoon.

Sat. Dec. 1, '17  
Routine work

Sun. Dec. 2, '17

The turkeys arrived for the companies here so at 4 P.M. we had a big meal.

In the evening Company #3 assembled in the Y.M.C.A. and had a little candle light, Wright, Carothers & I sang several songs as "What the Hell, Bill", "The Boastful King of England", etc. All the talent in the company sang or recited something.

Mon. Dec. 3, '17

Teaching all day long - at 9:30 P.M. we were called down to Lt. Vincent's office and he told us all 10 of us were going to Meaux. Gee! What a happy crew!

He then told us good-bye as he was going on his permission the next morning for 14 days & we all shook hands with him. - He's certainly a fine little fellow and one of the best I know



Tues. Dec. 4, '17

The ten of us rode over to Swisson to appear before the Major Robinson, Capt. Mallet, Lt. Gillette & some other capt. We went into the office one by one - All eyed you up and down, one fired questions, then said "Well, I'm satisfied" and would turn to the next.

It was pretty trying for they asked you all sorts of questions on your past life. - but the whole bunch passed thru.

Had an hour before our trunks went back so went over to the Amer. camp there - saw Heine Klein - just going into Paris on permission. I saw Fergusson & Ole Kirk day - who has been sick in Paris for 2 months.

Wed. Dec. 5, '17

Camp inspected and regular weekly personal inspection.

Thurs. Dec. 6, '17

Expected to leave for Meaux today, but - no luck. - regular convoi practice

Fri. Dec. 7, '17

Turned in our rifle belt, gas mask & helmet. - Thank the Lord. - No more cleaning of guns. Guns will carry pistol after we get our commission.

St. Baugs came in at 9<sup>30</sup> P.M. told us all good-bye and told us we were leaving for Meaux at 10<sup>30</sup> A.M. tomorrow. - so jubilation reigned supreme - our last night at Cherigny - after 2 months there.



Sat. Dec. 8, 17 - Meaux  
Left at 11 A.M. after packing all of  
our stuff in short order - All of  
the fellows of the 1st & 3rd Companies  
came out to tell us good-bye and  
hoped we would come back to be  
their officers later on.

Stopped in La Forté Milon for  
dinner then arrived at Meaux  
at 3 P.M.

It's a wonderful old city - as  
we crossed over the canal bridge  
with the mills alongside - the fronts  
of them looking like the pictures  
of old days - we could picture the  
knights of old, crossing over there  
and the class of people that used  
to hang out the windows and yell  
at the passers by.

Finally assigned to our barracks  
we were settled at 5 P.M. - The  
barracks are fine - sheets on our beds,  
blankets, etc. - a "garçon" to tend  
the fire & clean up - make the beds  
etc. - we feel almost ~~by~~ like officers  
- Running water at one end of the  
barracks.

At 6 P.M. we went to supper - were  
served on plates like a regular  
restaurant.

After supper Art Rabston, Tony C. & I  
went to town - Gee! It was fine  
- electric lights on the streets (have  
them in our barracks also),  
all sorts of shops - as many civilians  
as soldiers here.



Sat (Dec 8, 17) Inaung  
across the canal we heard loud  
church bells ringing and finally  
came to a wonderful cathedral  
- Bigger than the ones in Suisun  
- were all going to church tomorrow  
- ~~Am~~ just getting to bed now  
- the sheets are too cold to sleep  
in so they're all getting and  
are making their beds on top of  
the other bed with their own  
blankets.

~~Monday Dec~~

Sunday Dec 9, 17

Assembled at 9<sup>30</sup> A.M. and  
were told by St. d. Karkason  
about the work we were to do  
and about the rules of the camp.

Had dinner and were starting  
down town when we were told to  
wait in camp as the pay master  
was coming.

Well we waited all afternoon  
and after supper started down town  
to get a bath - when a machine  
with strong headlights stopped  
side of us (it was the pay master)  
and he told us to go back to  
camp. - waited until 7<sup>30</sup> and  
were paid at 8 P.M. - too late  
to go down town - so went to bed

Monday, Dec 10, 17

Had the morning off - so we  
all went downtown. One bath  
house was closed due to lack  
of coal - so we went to a bath



house in the river - sort of a  
house boat & had a fine bath  
in a deep sea going tub.

Tramped all over town in the  
morning.

Started our first class at 12<sup>30</sup> p.m.  
- on Army organization.

A lecture on technique of the  
motor after wards. - rehearsed all  
of our old physics & mechanics  
learned at school.

None of the buildings are warm  
enough.

Walked downtown in the evening

Tuesday Dec. 11, 17

Up at 6<sup>30</sup> - breakfast at 7<sup>00</sup>  
first lecture at 7<sup>30</sup>.

Gen. here working now.

Had drill for an hour

The captains & lieutenant from  
the American army here with us  
are having a hard time most  
of em are old men.

Still can't find a warm spot  
in the whole camp except right  
over the stove.

Wed. Dec 12, 17

Routine lecture - all day long  
on topographic - service interiors  
etc. - Had to study from 4 to 6 p.m.

Walked down town at night.

Thurs. Dec 13, 17

Today was sort of a holiday  
- Children's holiday. Had drill  
8<sup>30</sup> - 9<sup>30</sup> - one lecture in the



after-noon. - spent the day around camp - studying & catching up on our work.

I am officier of the day to-morrow and so took charge at 7 P.M.

Had to make the men go to bed at 10 P.M. etc..

Friday Dec. 14, 17

Long interesting lecture on autos in 7<sup>30</sup> - 9<sup>30</sup> by Dr. Olircan.

Dill in the muddy field for an hour.

Sat. Dec 15, 17

Routine work

Sunday Dec. 16, 17

Slept late - got up in time for dinner. - In afternoon but Ralston and I took a walk down in the village. - passed some old castle walls dated 14<sup>th</sup> century - walked along the bulvard and past various statues erected after the different wars.

Finally went into the wonderful old cathedral. A wonderful place - but built like most of the ones I've seen over here. the main altar at one end in the center. - surrounded by an iron fence. - back of it different booths for confessions - each priest having his name on his own little altar.

Had two large marble statues of some cardinal on either side



of main entrance and some  
enormous religious paintings  
over head.

As there was a picture show  
in town that afternoon - we  
went down at 7 PM to get  
tickets for the 8 o'clock performance  
but saw a crowd and decided to  
go in right then. Finally  
got seats - so small my knees  
almost pressed thru the backs of  
the one in front of me. They  
also have seats (collapsible) in  
the aisles in case of a crowd -  
quite against our customs.

All of the American officers  
were there in boxes.

Finally the first film "The  
Clown" was shown - a French film  
- not streaky - like an old film  
and hurt your eyes.

After that an interlude - then  
a scenic travel some where.

Finally Pearl White appeared  
in some part of a continued film  
"The Courier of Washington" - Gee! what  
a clapping and yelling - The French  
audiences are worse than the Americans  
when it comes to displaying feeling.

Pearl White took the part of a  
detective - traces some criminals  
and after they have robbed a man  
she catches him coming out of the  
room - jumps on the neck of one  
and starts trying to wrestle him.  
Whee! the audience went wild



and screamed & yelled. Ha! Ha!  
we roared. Guess they think  
all American girls are like that.  
Well finally it was all over  
- we had enjoyed the people more  
than the picture.

Walked down to the Hotel Dudaq<sup>quatin</sup>  
and had a Sunday supper.  
Roast Pheasant, potatoes etc. - tasted  
wonderful.

Monday Dec 17, '17

Routine in morning.

Had our first comm. in the  
afternoon - cold & windy - were  
glad when it was all over.

Tuesday Dec 18, '17

Routine work

Wednesday Dec. 19, '17

Orders came in due to shortage  
of coal that we would have no  
fires in the barracks during the  
day only from 5:30 to 7:30 A.M. and  
5:30 P.M. to 10 P.M. So now we  
have to stay in the study and  
lecture building all of the  
time during the day.

Thursday Dec. 20, '17

We were told that we could  
go to Paris for Xmas & New Year  
but C. D. Thorsen put a  
cancel on it due to the  
French men here in the camp  
who would want to go also.



Friday Dec. 21, '17

Routine work & lectures.

Temperature was about  $15^{\circ}$  above  
- all of the spigots were frozen  
when we got up. and the water  
troughs to which the spigots  
are attached were hard about  
 $\frac{1}{4}$ " layer of ice over the top  
Gel! But your hands and  
face get cold when you wash  
in this ice water - takes about  
an hour to warm 'em up.

\* Sat. Dec. 22, '17

My birth day and I had  
forgotten all about it until about  
P.M. when the mail came in and  
I rec'd a letter from Santa - wishing  
me a happy birth day - Strange  
to come on the right day.

Also rec'd some letters from Mom  
and Amy. Mail is starting  
to come in good now.

Studied a little French and  
then Prince opened up on the  
banjo and we sang til 9:50 P.M.

Sunday, Dec. 23, '17

Up at 8:45 - cause Col. Jones  
from the Ambulance Service was  
coming to give us a lecture on  
hygiene. Had the usual ice  
on the water troughs and the "garcon"  
(attendant) had to thaw out the  
spigots on the stores.

The Col. showed up about 10 A.M.  
and gave us a talk on sanitation  
personal and for the camps.



warned us about watching over  
the men & the camp closely.

After lunch Art Ralston and  
I took a walk thru the village  
and snapped some pictures.

Spent the night trying to  
study French (see other side of page)

Monday Dec. 24, 17

40° above zero - Farenheit.  
- whee! cold - everyone moving  
around freezing.

Had a D.R. lecture on  
automobiles in the morning and  
everyone pretty near froze - and  
when we kicked to the Frenchmen  
"Oh, if we burn all of the coal now  
we will have none for winter" - what  
the Hell good will it do us to have  
just a little heat - might as well  
none at all.

At 12<sup>30</sup> lined up for convoi  
practice - Had on everything we  
could get on - to keep warm.

It was snowing when we got down  
to the trucks and as the trucks  
were almost frozen spent almost  
an hr. getting over trucks started  
went out N.E. of Meaux and  
thru the old battle field of the  
Marne - graves just covered the  
fields (French) with a few black  
crosses here & there with 186 or  
94 on them which showed that 186  
or 94 germans were buried there.

At one crossroads saw a big  
monument to the heroes of the



ZEPPLIN

About 6 P.M. while we were eating supper. the electric light went off and everyone started yelling for lighter. Finally some one passed the word about a Zeppelin coming over, - and we walked out on the streets and found all of the lights were out except one or two in some houses.

Finished our meal with a candle and pretty soon heard a machine pass blowing a siren - the signal for some sort of air raid. - You could hear different whistles all over the city.

He walked down into the village - saw a few people standing around but nothing happened.

About 9 P.M. we heard the siren again and a little later our lights went on.

He figured it out that maybe an airplane squadron (German) was seen coming this way and the news was telephoned back.

He didn't hear whether any one place was bombed or not.



battle fought around there.

Finally parked in some village (Barcy) and altho the houses were not torn up the church had been shelled - the large bell in the tower had fallen clear to the floor (was lying there) and not broken.

Finally had a cold ride home in the cold sleet & snow.

24th Jan 1918  
Came into the baracha - cold and damp and found a letter from Mally on my bed. Sat down by the stove and read it and then started thinking about home and how excited the kids used to get with the parlor all closed up - sat there by the stove for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. and pictured all different times up to the present time and how they had gradually changed. Started feeling worse & worse & after supper a few others who felt the same way & myself were discussing the war and everything in sight.

Finally Mackinley & I decided to go over to the little Hotel de Soleil levant order a bottle of Champagne - write some letters there & go to bed. (The officers Americans - had been allowed to go to Paris if we hadn't due to the French students here).

Over at the hotel found some fellows feeling as we did - so we all had some Champagne together & talked of old times instead of



writing letters.

About 8 o'clock (closing up time)  
the little 4yr. old child came running  
down with her newest shoes - put  
em in front of the ~~fire~~ stove - for  
Santa Claus - she said. - well,  
it struck home to us & when she  
was not looking we all dropped  
some money in them. - paid our  
bill & went home - disgusted with  
the war. - Had will call by camp off.

Xmas Tuesday Dec. 25, '17 that night  
up at 9:30 had breakfast.

Walked down town - the sun  
came out & things looked fine.

About 3 P.M. we all assembled  
for our big Xmas dinner.

Gee! It was fine. After soup  
- they brought in a big fish  
about 3 ft. long. - then 3 turkeys  
etc.

Had wine, cider and  $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle  
of champagne for each one. - so  
we had a fine bunch of speeches  
with Tom Carothers as toast master.

That night a bunch of us  
walked down town - found a piano  
in one place - we had the  
room to ourselves - so we had a  
little dance.

Wednesday Dec. 26, '17

all of the officers came in  
showing the results of a day in  
Paris.

Had drill in the snow &  
a bunch of lectures.



Thursday Dec: 27,

Lectures in the morning

A long cold conroi in the snow  
to a railway station and practiced  
wading a conroi.

Unloaded at another town (theoretically)  
and then home.

Got home about dusk - cold, etc.

Found a box from Amy - "Indyasha"  
Caramels - Tasted like "Home sweet Home"

Friday, Dec 28, '17

Lectures - Drilled in snow - fellows  
would slip all over coming to a halt

A blizzard blew up Thurs. night  
and now all is covered with snow.

Good thing I have plenty of blankets.  
Have about 6 or 7 over me now.

Sat. Dec 29 '17

Lectures on motors etc. - huddling  
around stoves all day

Sunday Dec 30 '17

Up late - loafed all day.

Monday, Dec 31, '17

Conroi - in afternoon on snow  
- covered roads. Capt. Berry in  
ambulance service from Newport, Ky  
was with me on the car so we  
talked over Cincinnati. He told  
me Kettig Berle (Louisville) was  
over here at the same place with  
him. Had a captain's commission.

Expect to write him soon.

Four of us had a little party  
at the Cafe du Commerce and  
then wandered around seeing  
the dark parts of Meaux



JANUARY 1<sup>st</sup> 1918

Well, well - never thought I  
would be ~~me~~ here now. - hope  
I don't see another January  
over here.

Slept until late walked  
down town - saw im pushing  
ice over the dam.



Jan 14, 18  
Schools over all except the  
exams

W. d. Kersanson outlined the  
exams which will start Fri. morn.  
at 8 am. and last til about Tues.  
or Wed. (next week) - we get Tues.  
Wed & Thurs. this week to study

At 7<sup>30</sup> we (French & Americans)  
gathered in the study hall and  
heard a lecture by Com mandant  
Ballou (has charge of our camp  
- but we have never seen him  
before)

Whew! Three packages of my  
beloved cigarette from the G. F. Co.  
(2 fat. each) and about 5 letters  
Thom, Amy, Ben Potts, etc. - feeling  
like a king

Jan 15, 18  
Studying for the exams -  
spent part of day down on trucks  
learning how to oil & grease  
them.

Jan 16, 18  
studied in morning. - Heard  
a talk from Com mandant  
Dumenc - head of the auto  
service of the French army  
about 2 PM. - looked like a  
mighty capable man - tho  
he had a face like "Mutt"  
of "Mutt & Jeff."

Jan 17, 18  
Studied.



Jan 18, 18

Ed. d. Kersanson gave each of us a personal exam. - big excitement until it was all over.

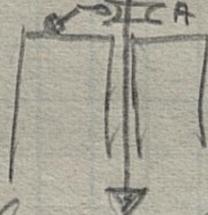
Jan 19, 18 - Friday

- Exams Start -  
Had exams in Technique drew a differential and told all about them.

Then had an exam on free hand drawing - of a full floating axle.

After dinner had a problem on a carburetor.

Exp.



put a patch on float - how far will it drop?

he almost fell over - but after awhile a bunch of us worked it.

Sat. Jan 19, 18

Had a problem on conveys - lasted all morning.

In afternoon we all relaxed and. Art Ralston - Jones (Los Angeles) & I hired some bicycles and took a long ride.

Going along a road we saw an aeroplane come swooping over our heads and land in a field side of us. - he knew some thing was wrong - ran over & found he landed OK



- had come down due to his motor getting too hot.

There was no one in sight except a farmer ploughing - he came over - the motor cooled - we pulled it out of a ploughed field he had landed in and then he examined it carefully - we took turns pulling the propeller around (which cranks it) & finally got him started - He told us good bye & flew off.

He got back about 5 p.m. so sore we could hardly stand - took a bath (Sat. night) & had a good meal at the Hotel Du Sacquaine.

Coming home about 9 p.m. we met one of our French Lt. in station who made us go back with him & have a little champagne.

He was very interesting - told us all about himself & about 11<sup>30</sup> we hit for camp.

Sunday Jan 20, '17

Woke up at 9<sup>30</sup> sore from our ride of yesterday - had a good breakfast - sitting around & talking.

In the after noon Major Robinson drove in from



Sorison. - ready to stay  
a few days and help in  
our examinations. For  
the oral exams start  
tomorrow.

Monday Jan 21, 18

Rals started at 8:30 AM  
Major Robinson      Capt. Uhje  
"      Stelle      J. Persson  
Lt. Olbreus      Lt. Cleve  
Lt. Verhaegen

here on the two examining  
boards.

As soon as the first one came out  
the bunch of us flocked around  
him to get the dope.

I passed my Military Exam  
before dinner & my one in  
Technique about 4:30. They  
didn't finish with all of the  
bunch & the strain of waiting  
gave a bunch head aches, etc.  
Ha! Ha! was funny to see us  
pacing up and down - waiting  
our turn.

Tuesday Jan 22, 18

All morning - more exams  
but the bunch haven't finished  
yet - the last ones and all in  
from the strain of waiting  
their turn - glad my name  
starts with K. Not H.

In the afternoon had a personal  
inspection by the 7 Amer. Major



Japanese. - ready to stay  
a few days and help in  
our examinations. For  
the oral exams start  
tomorrow.

Monday Jan 21, 18

Nals started at 8:30 A.M.  
Major Robinson Capt. Ojey  
" Stelle S. Korsunov  
Lt. Chirean - Lt. Cleve  
Lt. Verhaegen

here on the two evening  
boards.

As soon as the first one came out  
the bunch of us flocked around  
him to get the dope.

I passed my Military Exam  
before dinner & my oral in  
technique about 4:30. They  
didn't finish with all of the  
bunch & the strain of waiting  
gave a bunch head aches, etc.  
Ha! Ha! was funny to see us  
pacing up and down - waiting  
our turn.

Tuesday Jan 22, 18

All morning - more exams  
but the bunch haven't finished  
yet - the last ones and all are  
from the strain of waiting  
their turn - glad my name  
starts with K. Not H.

In the afternoon had a personal  
inspection by the 7 Amos. Surprised



looked us over & asked up  
dope on street life.

Everyone felt lost for something  
to do that afternoon so we all went  
downtown and about 6 P.M. everyone  
drifted down to the Hotel Du Dauphine  
for supper.

Everyone felt relieved after the  
straining of the last five days and so  
we sang & all talk about studies  
was forbidden.

We finished supper and asked if  
we could play the piano in the  
hall upstairs - received permission  
& went up.

The fun started - "Stewy" Prince on  
the piano and the bunch dancing  
around with each other - or some  
jigging - singing, etc. Had some  
Jell-O Pique and about 8:45 we  
started for home.

Met some of the French Maréchal-  
des-Logis - on the road & we were  
told we were leaving at 9:00 A.M.  
the next day.

So we started packing our trunks  
& telling fellows good-bye - and  
taking addresses of everyone felt  
pretty sad because we had all  
made some good friends. Then  
some fellows came in stoned -  
one especially - found his bed  
setting on two tables & so he  
started looking for the fellow who did  
it he picked up some pieces of  
boards and started breaking up



looked no over & asked up  
dope on flat life.

Everyone felt lost for something  
to do that afternoon so we all went  
downtown and about 6 P.M. everyone  
drifted down to the Hotel Du Dauphine  
for supper.

Everyone felt relieved after the  
straining of the last five days and no  
one said a word about studies  
was forbidden.

Had finished supper and asked if  
we could play the piano in the  
hall upstairs - received permission  
& went up.

The fun started - "Stewy" Prince on  
the piano and the French dancing  
around with each other - or some  
jigging - singing, etc. Had some  
Jell-O Pique and about 8:45 we  
started for home.

Met some of the French Marechal-  
des-Logis - on the road & we were  
told we were leaving at 9:45 A.M.  
the next day.

So we started packing our trunks  
& telling fellows good-bye - and  
taking addresses of everyone felt  
pretty sad because we had all  
made some good friends. Then  
some fellows came in stowed -  
one especially - found his bed  
set on two tables & so he  
started looking for the fellow who did  
it he picked up some pieces of  
boards and started breaking up



the tables & things looking for  
him - well! It wasn't long before  
you could hear it all over camp.  
Well, the place was a wreck  
when we got in bed.

Wed. Jan 23, 18  
up early - bidding fellows good-bye  
- the ambulance men left at 7<sup>40</sup>  
and the transport men at 9<sup>40</sup>

Finally walked to the station in  
the rain & at 9<sup>50</sup> pulled out of Meaux.  
Landed at Bulchy Le-Chateau at  
12<sup>40</sup> - hated to leave the train.

Ate some lunch loaded our baggage  
on some trucks waiting for us &  
left for Soissons.

Went to the Major's Hdq. at Soissons.  
- finally he showed up. He came  
walking up to us - stopped at  
10 paces - we all saluted - he stood &  
looked at us - one at a time (we  
smelt trouble then) - finally called  
Sturgis & Wilkinson out - talked to  
them for 5 min. & left. They came  
back & told us that he had heard  
all about the disturbance the night  
before - was awful sore - had asked who  
caused the row - they had told  
him the fellows name - "it" "bright"  
& said they might hold up all  
of our communications. But

Well, we had supper here  
assigned to beds & barracks in G. D.  
Found all of our old crew here.

They had double-decker beds  
- composed of thin slats - and



the table & things looking for  
him - hell! It wasn't long before  
you could hear it all over camp.  
Well, the place was a wreck  
when we got in bed.

Wed. Jan 23, 18

Up early. Hidding fellows good-bye  
- the ambulance men left at 7<sup>40</sup>  
and the transport men at 7<sup>40</sup>.

Finally walked to the station in  
the rain & at 7<sup>50</sup> pulled out. of Meaux.  
Landed at Bulchy-le-Chateau at  
7<sup>50</sup> am. - hated to leave the train.

Ate some lunch loaded our baggage  
on some trucks waiting for us &  
left for Soisson.

Went to the Major's Hdq. at Soisson.  
- finally he showed up. He came  
walking up to us - stopped at  
10 paces - we all saluted - he stood &  
looked at us - one at a time (we  
smelt trouble then). Finally called  
Sturges & Wilkinson out - talked to  
them for 5 min. & left. They came  
back & told us that he had heard  
all about the disturbance the night  
before - was awful sore - had asked who  
caused the row - they had told  
him the fellows names - but "bright"  
& said they might hold up all  
of our commissions. But -

Well, we had supper here  
assigned to beds & barracks in Co. D.  
Found all of our old crew here.

They had double-decker beds  
- composed of thin slats - and



as no towers were left we  
had to take uppers. Well  
the mattresses of hay are supposed  
to be put on first - we had  
none - so had to sleep on those  
wood slates - couldn't find a  
comfortable way to sleep - finally  
fell asleep as we were all in;  
woke up at 4<sup>30</sup> A.M. - a bunch  
leaving on convoi - so could  
sleep no more - as my back  
was full of imprints of slates.

Thurs Jan 24, 186 Sardinia.  
hashed & shaved out in the open  
first time for a long while.  
Heard one fellow of ours had flunked  
a meamp.

Took a little walk in the morning  
and at 1 P.M. we were called into the  
office & told we were to leave tomorrow  
at 5 P.M. for Pont St. Maxence (a  
little place north of Senlis.) to  
train some 1000 men to drive. - Then  
at 5 P.M. were called into office  
again - told we were going on a  
7 day furlough - that "Vit" was  
under arrest & one other fellow Griesmer  
was not going with us. - Why, we  
don't know.

What a trouble some world this is.  
Well - we leave at 3 P.M. tomorrow  
for Paris - expect to see Bob Allen.  
So I guess I'll try the slats  
once more.



As no towers were left we  
had to make uppers. I told  
the mattresses of hay were supposed  
to be put on first - we had  
none - so had to sleep on these  
wood slates - couldn't find a  
comfortable way to sleep - finally  
fell asleep as we were all in.  
Woke up at 4:30 A.M. - a bunch  
leaving on convoi - so could  
sleep no more - as my back  
was full of imprints of slates.

Have Jan 24, 1880 Journal.  
Washed & shaved out in the open -  
first time for a long while.  
Heard one fellow of ours had flunked  
a Duenn.

Took a little walk in the morning  
and at 1 P.M. we were called into the  
office & told we were to leave tomorrow  
at 5 A.M. for Pont St. Maxence (a  
little place north of Senlis.) The  
train runs 1000 miles to drive. - Then  
at 5 P.M. were called into office  
again - told we were going on a  
7 day furlough - that "Wid" was  
under arrest & one other fellow prisoner  
was not going with us. - This, we  
don't know.

What a troublesome world this is.  
Well - we leave at 3 P.M. tomorrow  
for Paris - expect to see Bob Allen.  
So I guess I'll try the slates  
once more.



N. KOHLHEPP

1513 MORTON AVE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. U.S.A.

4. AMERICAN AMBULANCE FIELD SERVICE.

T. M. 526 Telata B.  
Section: Group American  
Common  
Par. B.C. in Paris



# LECTURES

OCT. 8/17

## DISCIPLINE

BY LIEUT. GILLETTE

Started out with a talk on discipline. Everyone is a part of a machine - each moves with the other.

Without discipline an army is a mob. Described an incident at Verdun where a trench shellied - three men left un wounded.

- Germans advanced - the Sergeant ordered - wounded - Stand up - men held their wounds shut - and managed to drive back the Germans and then fell down and died.

1. Always salute any superior officer & equal when passing - walking salute & faces away. 2. Hold it - looking at him and drop it when you pass.

3. Going into a sworn salute - take off hat. Stand at attention til recognized then deliver message. . . . ?

5. In a convoi - Idle man on front & last car salute - men on cars in between sit at attention & face him.

If a car is standing still - idle man stands up & salutes.

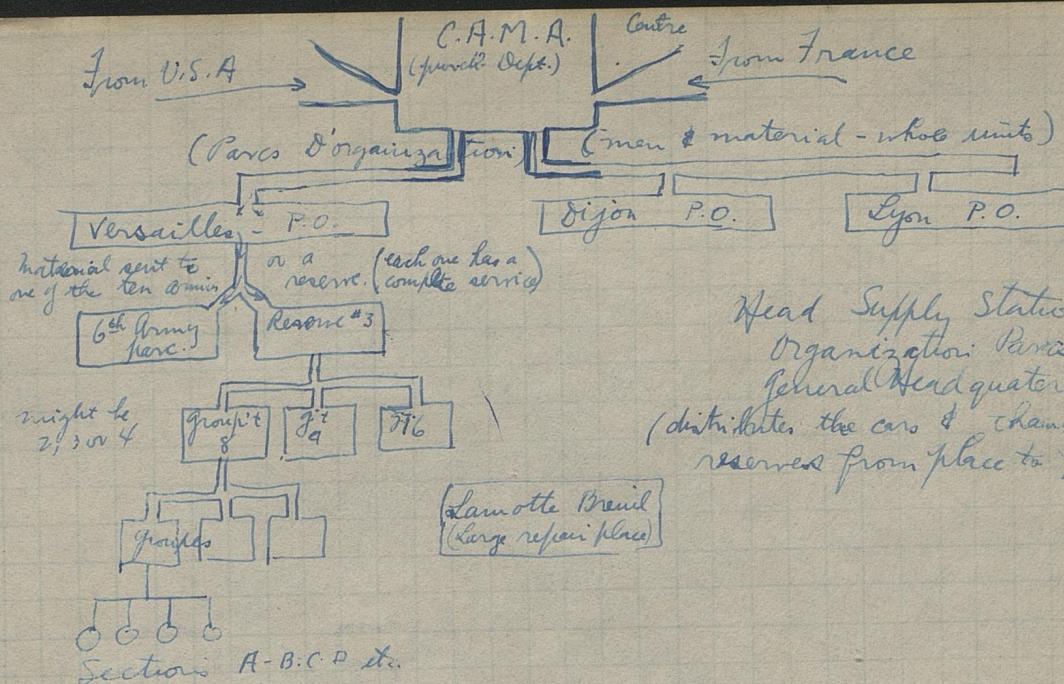
6. Officer in charge of any men salutes - not the men - except. eyes right or left. & left arm across.

7. Guard on duty - brings gun to front arms til officer passes.

8. If officer asks you to do something and does not give it to you written - perform it. then return asks for written order - then put your complaint on thru the line of your superior officers.



Tues. Oct. 9. Morning  
 By Lt. Vincent



Head Supply Station  
 Organization: Paris.  
 General Headquarters  
 (distributes the cars & change  
 reserves from place to place)



Tuesday Aft Oct. 9 17  
Lieut. Gillette

## Giving Orders

Speak distinctly  
If important order give it written  
If you give an order - if possible explain it  
to command - you must make your  
men respect you in some way or other  
- Don't try to be too friendly - it ruins  
discipline.

Don't drink with strangers

Don't swear !!!

Watch details - watch their boots  
- act as a governor to them

The sergeant knows the men - not  
the officers

Address your men by their ~~first~~ <sup>last</sup> name  
Sergeants should eat together not with  
the men.

A sergeant can give punishment  
like all sorts of extra work - can  
keep a man in 2 days.

Punishment.

{ extra work  
- stay in during leisure hours.  
roll call police - kept in here when  
not drilling etc.

Punish.

Drunkness - order some men to  
take care of him.

If you see some one else's men doing  
wrong - you can reprimand.

Never scold a corporal in front of  
the men.

When you have something done - tell  
the corporal.



Clear land & river

DEPTH of river



Monday 21st. 1918.

Use 4 of sheet for notes to  
your check  
Chas's sheet for others. where several  
have to put notes on sheet & pass on.

Service Automobile  
Reserve No 3

(Margin)

Form 4 Report 3 - (but not) leave space  
for Non Commissioned Officers School  
with the Amble (date) -

Report of the Non Com. off. of the day  
(name) J. M. 23 - Platoon No 1  
to St. Vincent commanding Section T.M. 23

Accidents - -

Incidents - - (stolen goods, etc - unusual)

Work - - - - -  
completed - ant. - ~~com~~  
no. of men assigned. ground camp.  
convois work - time leave - time return

Cars to be repaired -

Sick men - -

Special Notes - -

Suggestions, etc.

The Non. com. off. of the day.



Work - come work as per instructions  
Arrive to Chantilly & return  
Departure 7<sup>30</sup>  
Arrived at Crefy 12<sup>00</sup>  
Stop 1/2 an hour in Crefy  
Departed from Crefy at 13  
Arrived at Chantilly at 15  
Departed from

Road ~~Road~~ incidents - none except water in carburetor #5  
Cars to be repaired  
No 5 oil pipe broken  
No 7 glass in head light broken

77



Maps  
Scale 80000

Monday Oct 10 '17  
St. Jillette

800 metres = 1 cm.  
1 kilom. =  $\frac{1}{4}$  cm. on map.  
1 paving = 2 kilo.

Detail smaller than 25. metres can't be shown

○ = church

⊙ = important church

— STA. — R.R. track & station

Departmental Route  
no. 112 or name.

Rt. NAL. No 3

level crossing

narrow path

TRAIL

R.R. tracks under

road not kept  
good - not good  
in bad weather

Road deep under

LOCKS

CANAL

GARAGE

forest roads  
generally  
no good.

LAKE

RIVULET

RIVER

Bridge

YARD

CHURCH

(VILLAGE)

PREFECTURE

(PARIS, RHEIMS.)

SOUS PREFECTURE

TOWNS (adjacent)

Saïsson

CHEF LIEU DE  
CANTONNEMENT

FOREST

MARSH

SAND

ORCHARD.

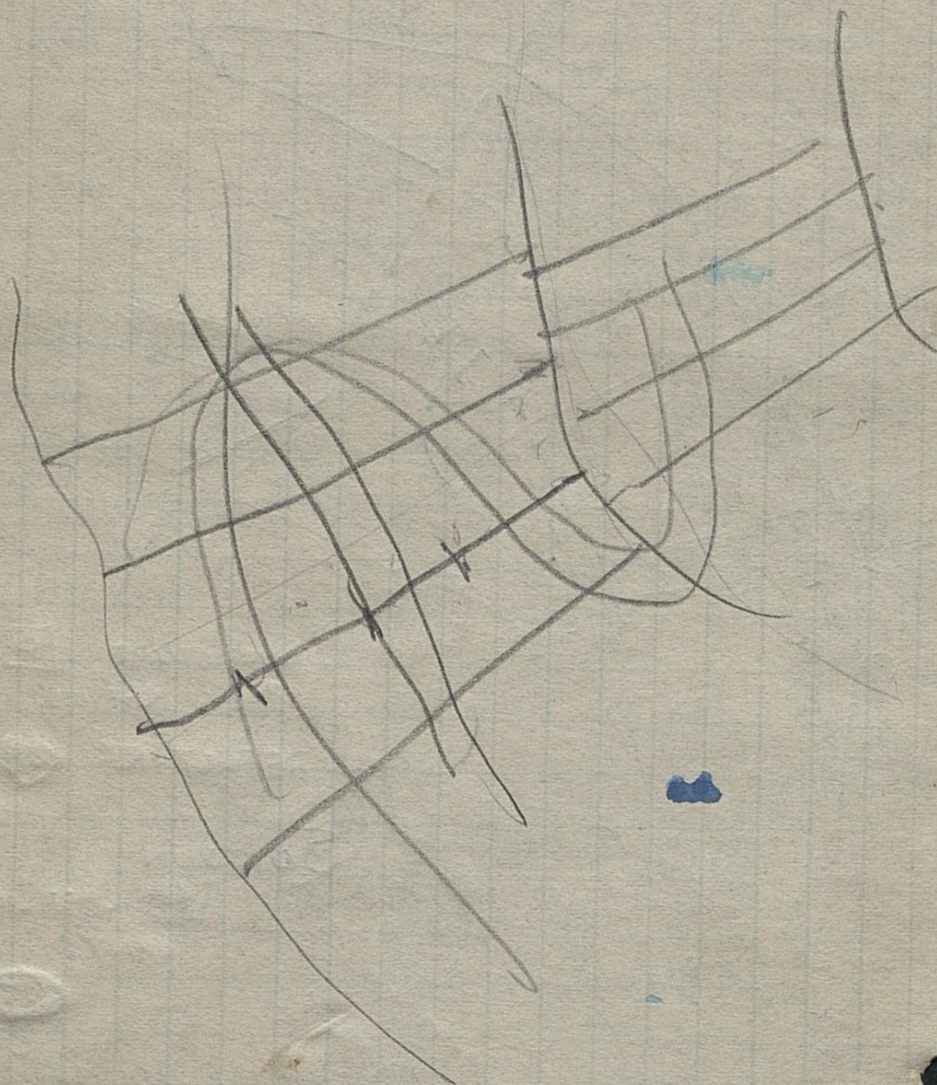
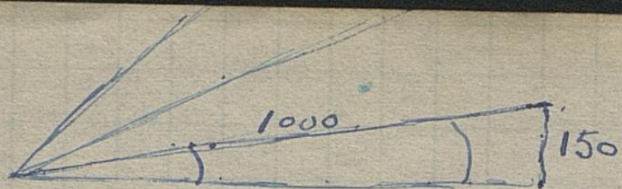
WINDMILL

WATER WHEEL

ENTRANCE

IRON FACTORY.







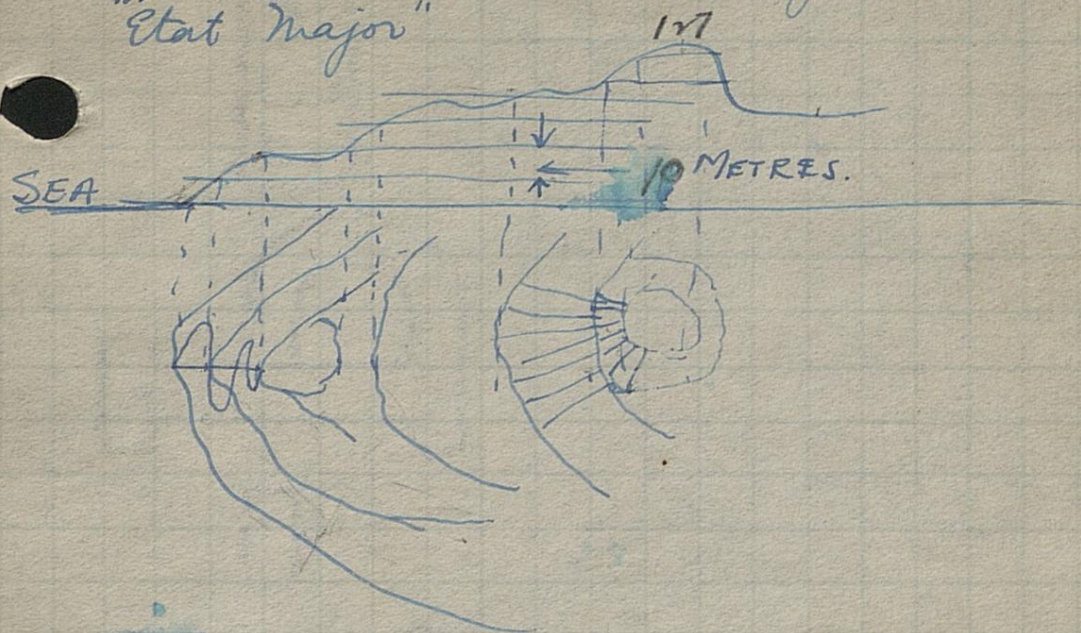
Maps

red. sheet Oct. 11, 17

Sea level - base

St. Gilette

"Etat Major"



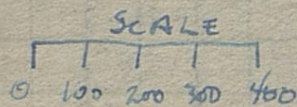
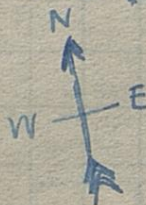
Numbers show distances above sea level in metres

10 met distance - altitude

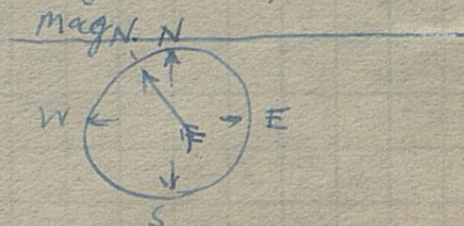
dia. of lines =  $\frac{1}{4}$  of their length



In Mountainous countries you have to add sometimes 15% to get distance on roads -



Magnetic north is 10 degrees east of the N pole



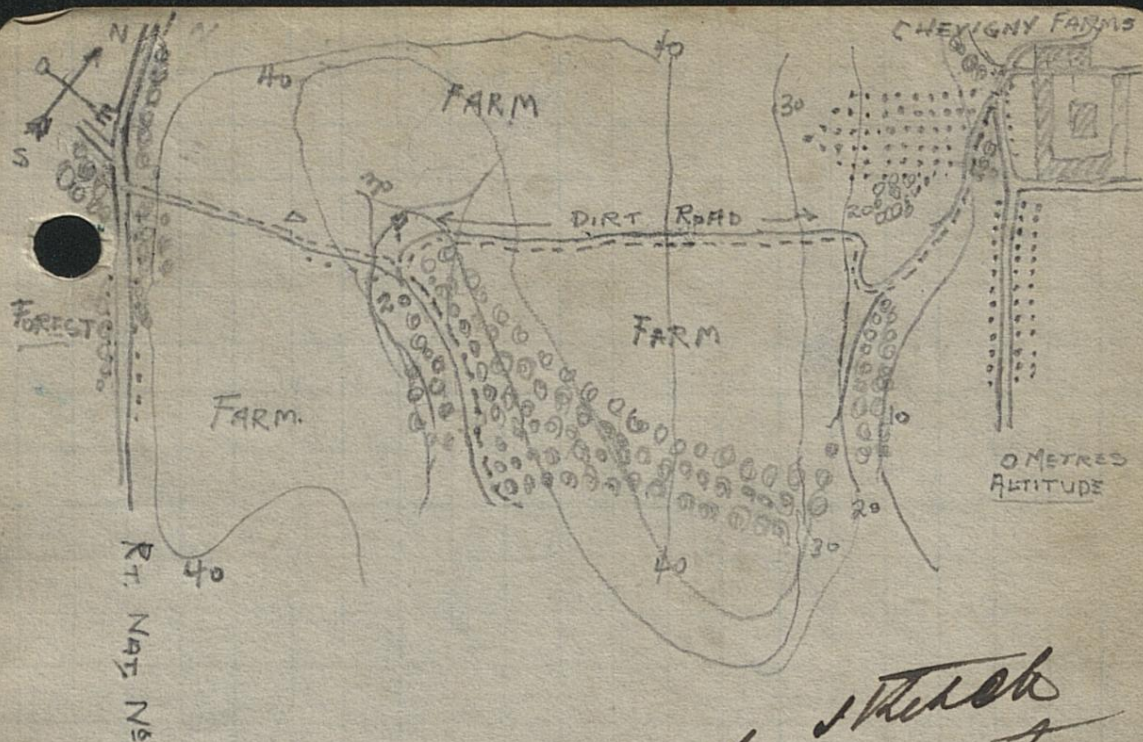




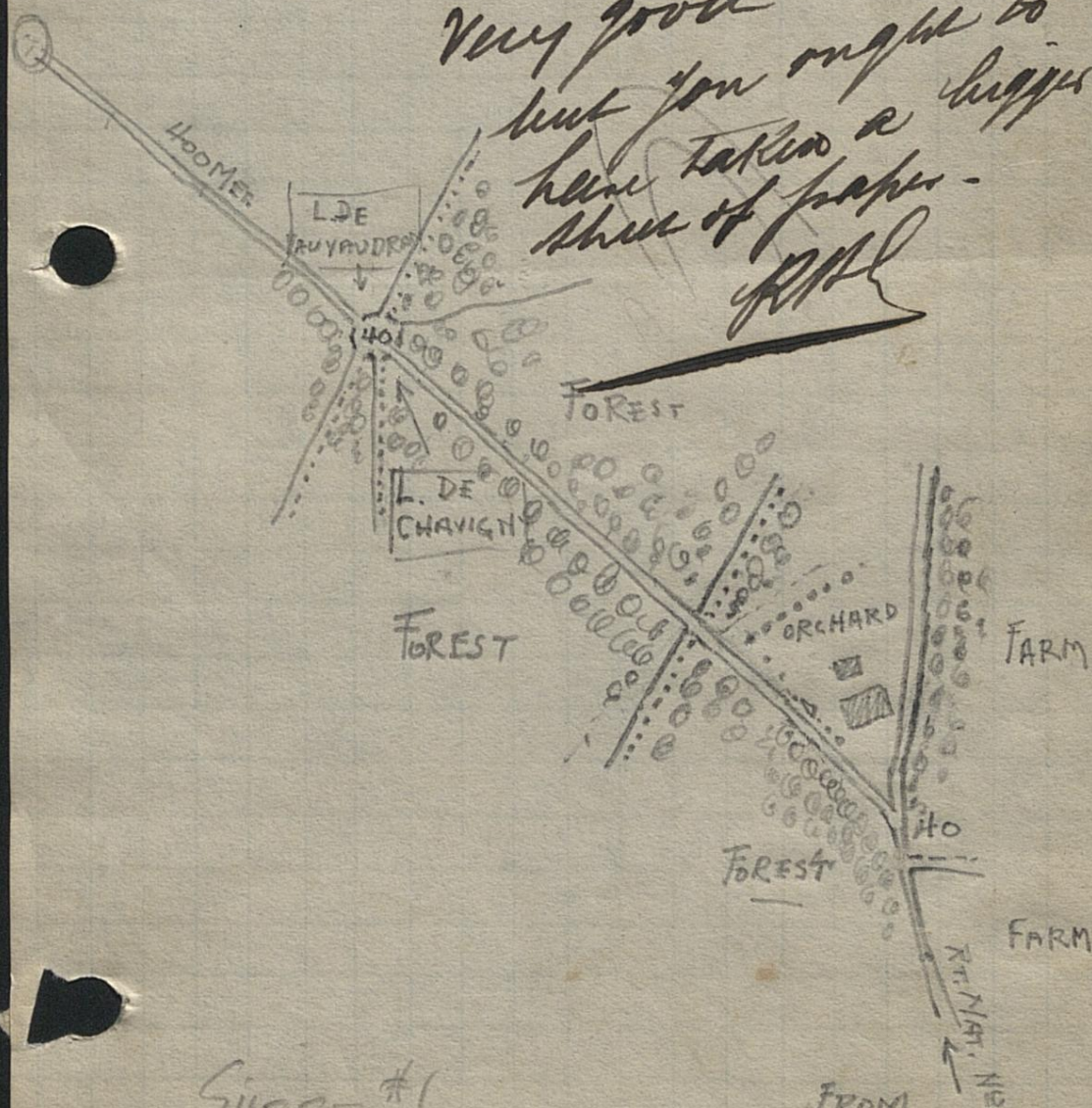
Getting ~~the~~ direction  
from the sun.

Allow 1/2 hr. for sunlight





Very good sketch  
but you ought to  
have taken a bigger  
sheet of paper.



SHEET #1

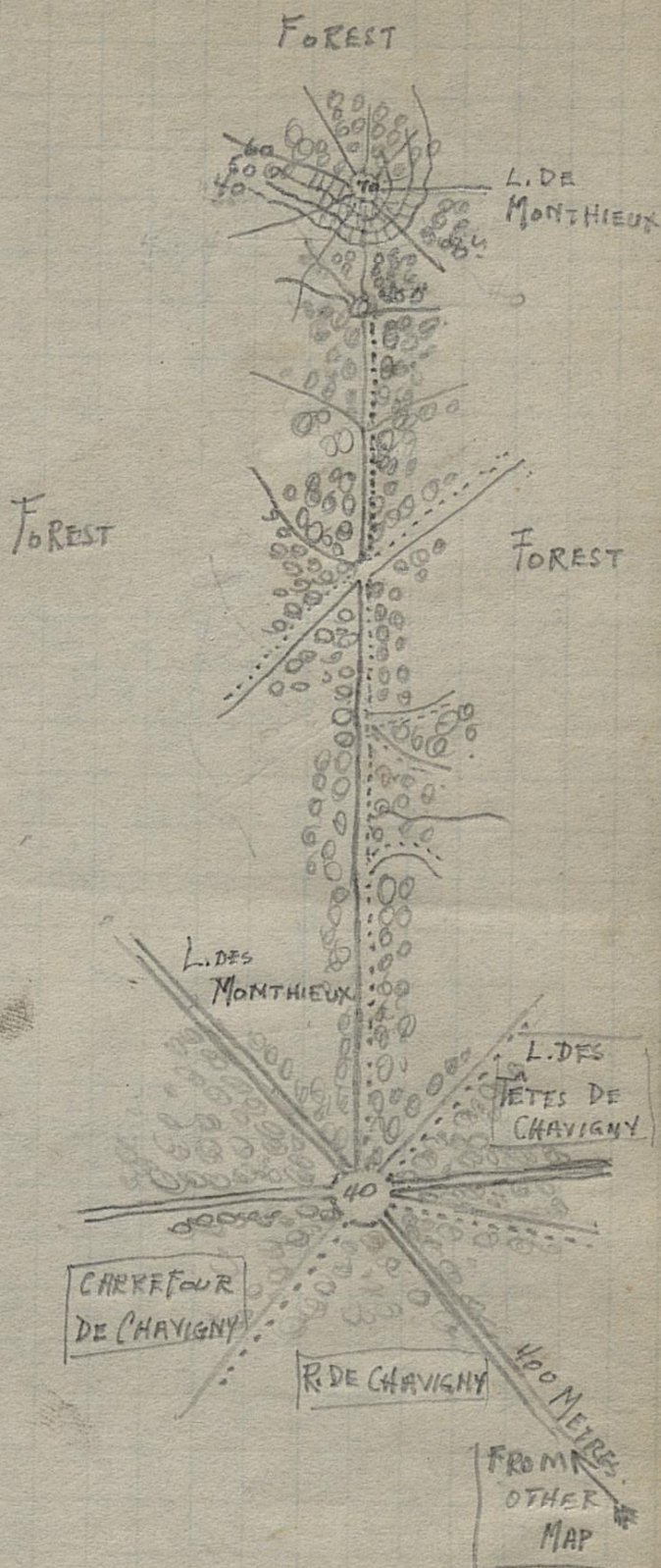
FROM  
OTHER MAP ABOVE

N. KOHLHEPP

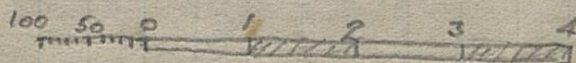




Lair



SCALE 1cm = 60 METRES



N. KOHLHEPP







LONGPONT  
57° 15'

VALLÉE

BLONZAC

HOTEL DE VILLE  
Mairie  
Eglise  
Maison de la commune

LE DUC  
Mairie  
Eglise  
Maison de la commune

CHENY

BOIS DE  
S. MARTIN

On a vu des blés  
mûrs en cet état de profusion  
par cette place à ce moment  
du f. - marque très  
bonne récolte

PLP



CHATEAU  
THIBERT

Top of  
Road  
Bottom of  
Hill

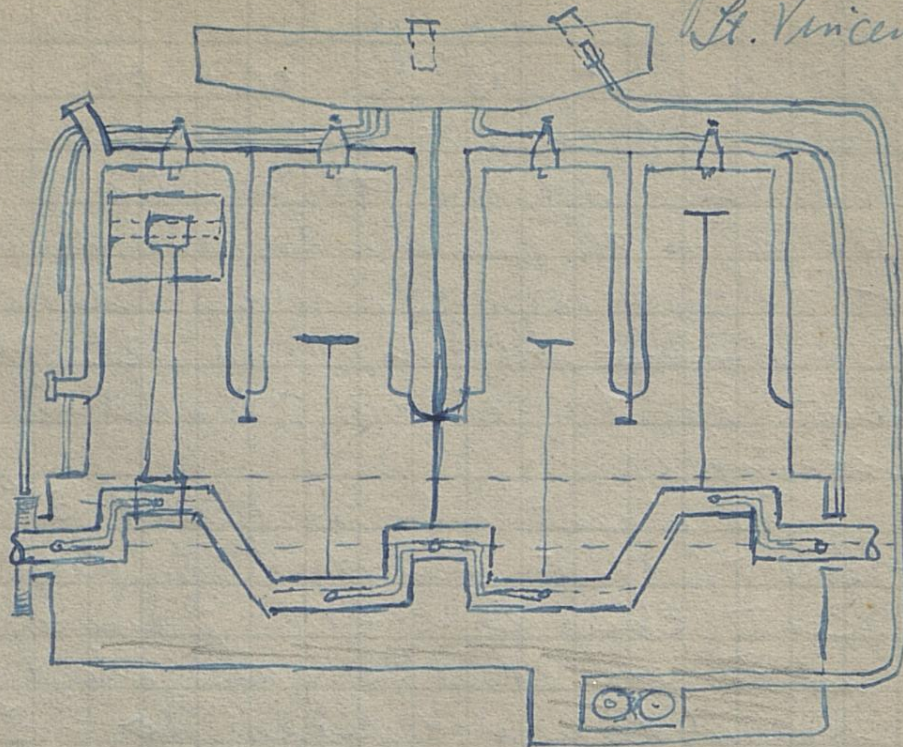
CHATEAU  
THIBERT

1000 500 1 2 3 4 5

11 Kollmeier 18/84



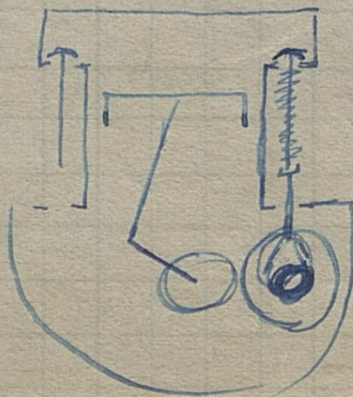
Tues. Oct. 9, 17  
St. Vincent.



In <sup>all</sup> French car the wrist pin is locked  
in the piston - the connecting rod  
moves around it. (Pierce also) - some  
American cars are opposite  
Hayden intake

Compression  
Explosion or work  
Exhaust

Firing order on a 4 cylinder motor  
can be 1, 3, 4, 2 or 1, 2, 4, 3



T. VALVE  
MOTOR



The inlet valve opens a little past dead center <sup>5°</sup> so that the piston will have created a vacuum and hence overcome the inertia of the gas in the carburetor and cause it to come in with a jump - then the ~~exhaust~~ <sup>inlet</sup> valve is closed after the piston has passed over 70° and is coming up.

The exhaust valve is opened (35° to 40°) before the piston gets down to dead center & due to a little pressure left in the cylinder the gases start out immediately and hence do not retard the motor much when piston comes up. - exhaust closes as piston passes over dead center.



Motors

Wed. Oct. 10, 17  
St. Vincent.

Oiling & Cooling.

Qualities of Cylinder oil -

Must not burn too quickly  
Mineral oils generally used  
Castor oil can be used tho - is  
used in aviation - is better than mineral  
but very expensive.

1 - Self-Oiling or Splash - (Pierce)

One way have level above bottom of  
bearing on shaft - and have little  
troughs on the side for the splashed  
oil to run to main bearings

2 - Pump or pressure system

pipes run from pump to bearings  
direct - not thru a reservoir.

Friday Oct. 10, 17

The best oil burns about 300° C. - a motor's  
heat is 1000° C.

Cooling Systems

1. Air is always the prime factor.

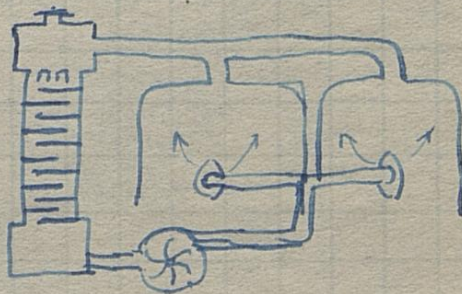
- Thermo syphon

Connected  
glasses



do not let water get below this level.  
no communication then

resistance  
for water →  
so as to slow it  
down.





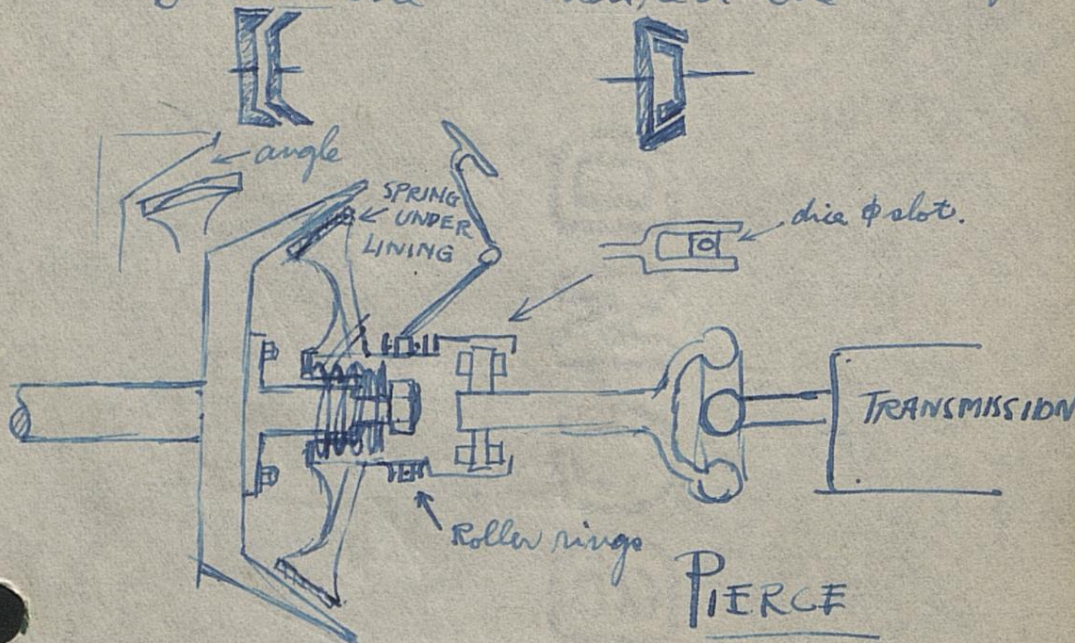
# Clutch.

RT 15 M  
to Vincent.

1. Is to disconnect motor from transmission
2. To overcome inertia of car gradually.

Direct line

Indirect line



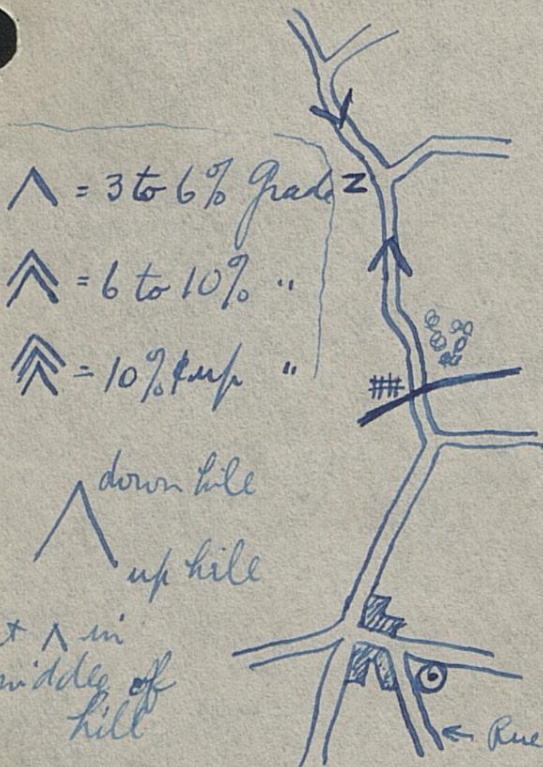
## Cleaning Clutch

Dirt and grease form a wax on clutch surface. - squirt gun of gasoline - turn over engine - let clutch in gradually  
spring cause equilibrium.

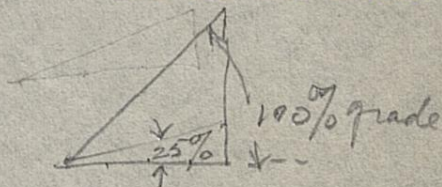


Maps.

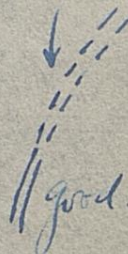
Oct. 17, 17  
St. Gilette



1% grade = 1 meter  
rise in 100 meters.

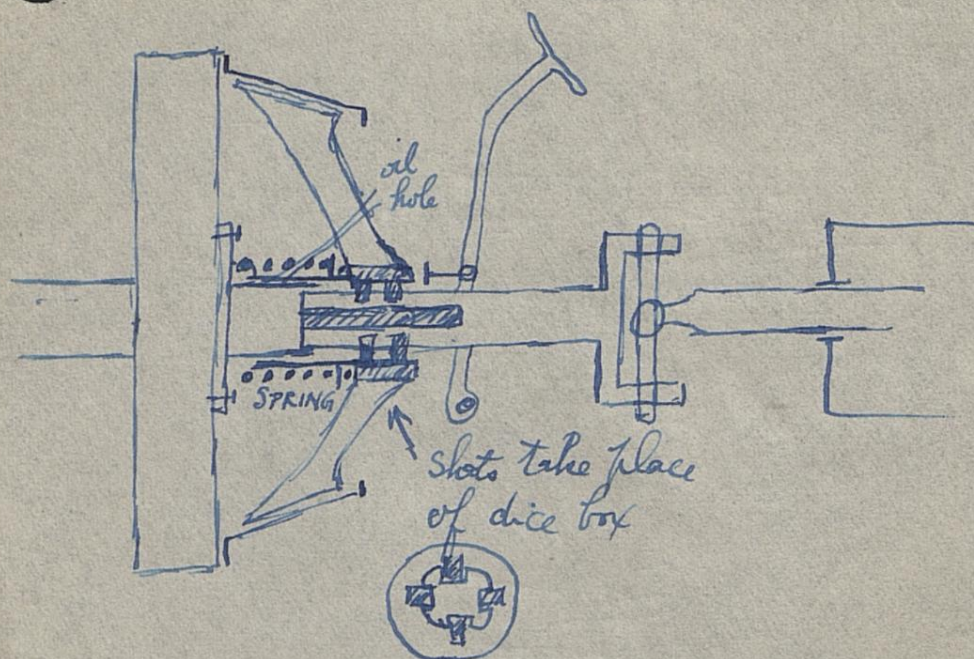


Bad road





Reverse Cone Clutch *Wed Oct 17, 17*  
*Ed. Vincent.*





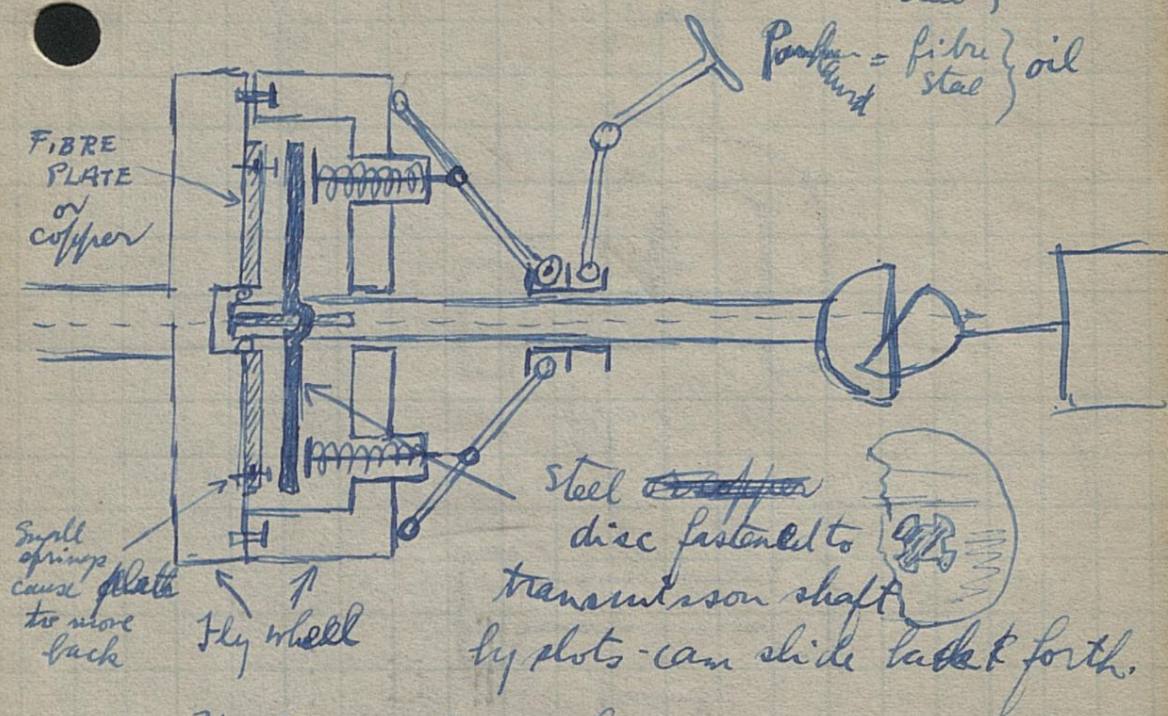
# Mono-Disc Clutch

Thurs 10-18-17

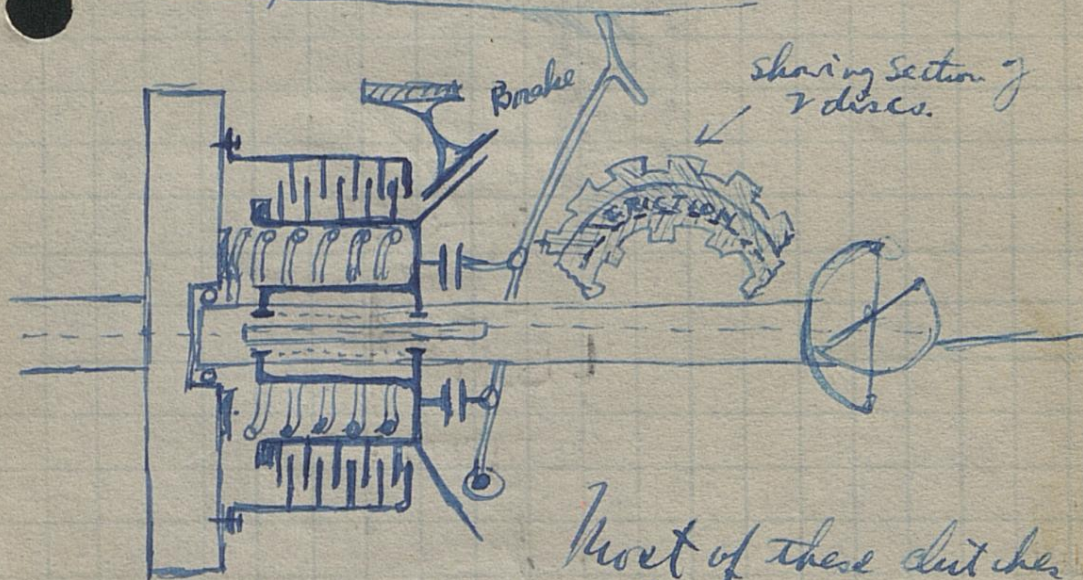
St. Vincent.

Disc = copper } dry  
                  steel }

Pusher = fibre } oil  
                  steel }

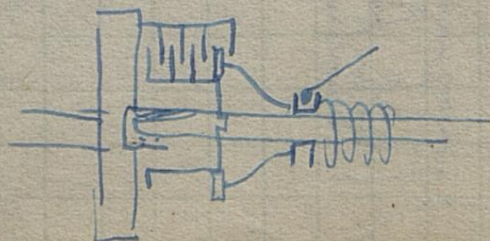


## Multiple Disc Clutch



Most of these clutches work in oil.

Discs can be steel or have one a soft metal and one hard metal.





## Convoy Rules

Fri. Oct. 20, '17  
St. Vincent

Departure (1) Attention - chief of section holds hands straight over head - 1<sup>st</sup> driver mounts and takes wheel - 2<sup>nd</sup> driver stands in front of machine.

(2) Two blasts on whistle - "Chank up" and 2<sup>nd</sup> driver stands on step and holds arm extended.

(3) One long blast - convoy starts.

## Road

(1) All cars should start together  
Min. distance between trucks

30 yds. at 10 mi/hr.

20 " at 8 " "

15 " " 5 " "

3 to 5 yds. when stopped (without further orders)

(2) Rams should be  
50 yds. apart when moving  
25 " " " stopped.

(4) After ~~time~~ starting - stop after 10 min. run and ask if cars are all OK.

(5) Disc on end of ram

Sergeant on first car except - last ram  
Sergeant on last car.

Signs (6) attention - front of machine

Ready - arm out

Slowly - hand up & down

Forward - arm forward

Stop - energetically down

Turn around - hand around over head

Stop motors - cross arms - palms down

Use own locking rollers



- ⑦ When stopped drivers never leave cars.
- ⑧ Never pass trucks going 10 mi. per hr.
- ⑨ Never pass convois standing still without consent of their chef.
- ⑩ Convois coming back empty must stop for loaded ones going up to the front.

Home.

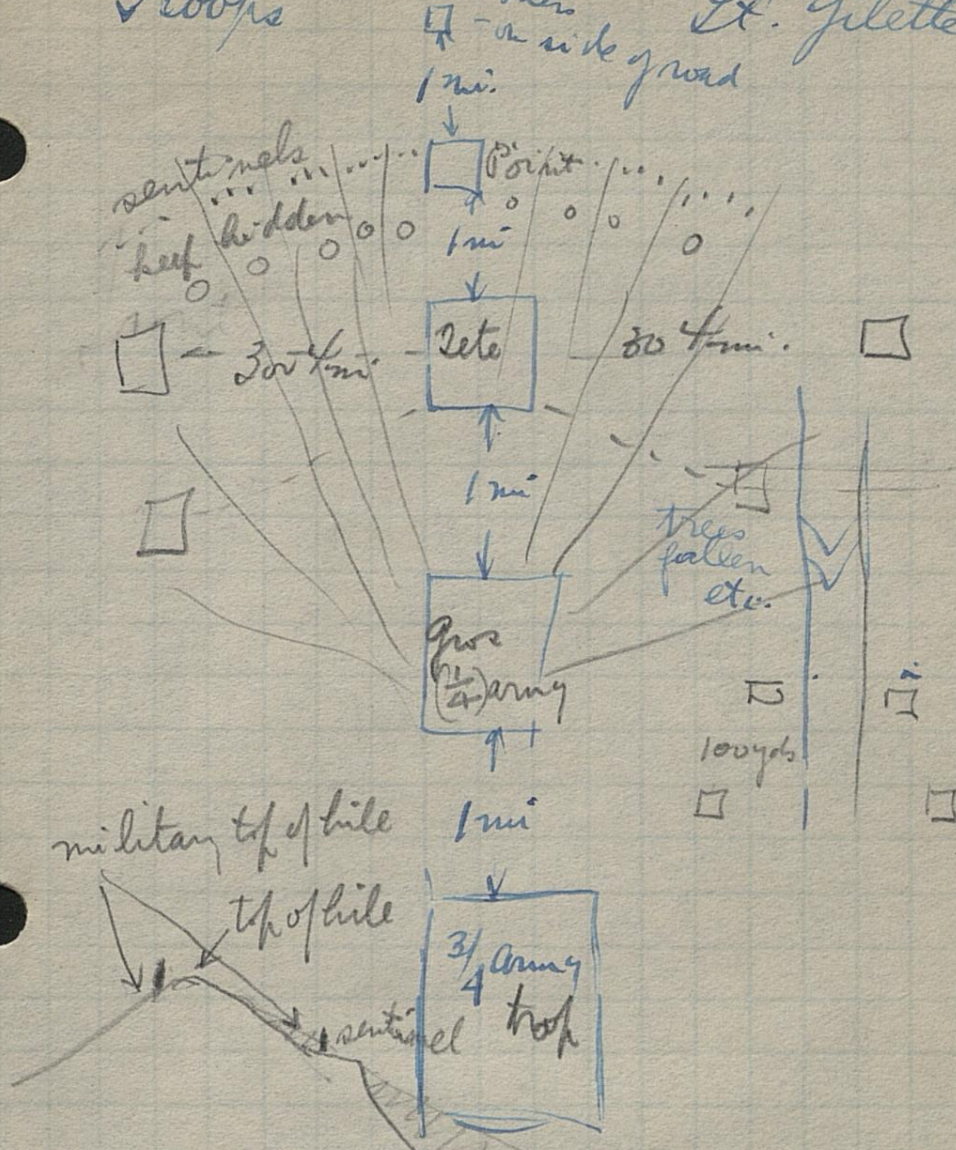
get report on cars 10 min after returning



Troops

Skirmisher

Monday Oct 22, '17  
St. Gilette

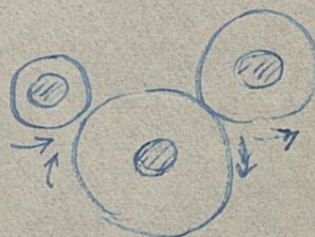
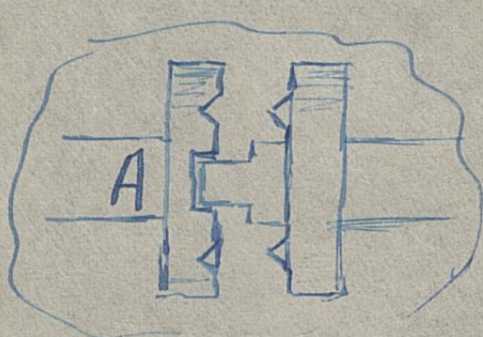
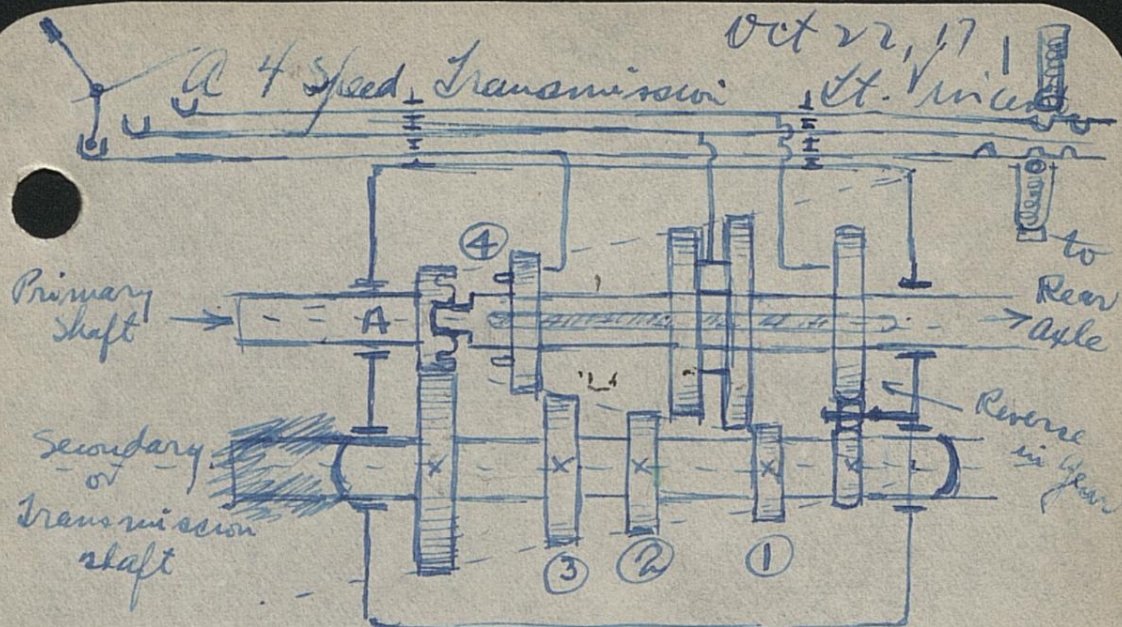


going thru a village two men run  
thru village and wait at other side

Arriving at a hill two men run  
ahead

When stopping all outpost stay there  
to guard





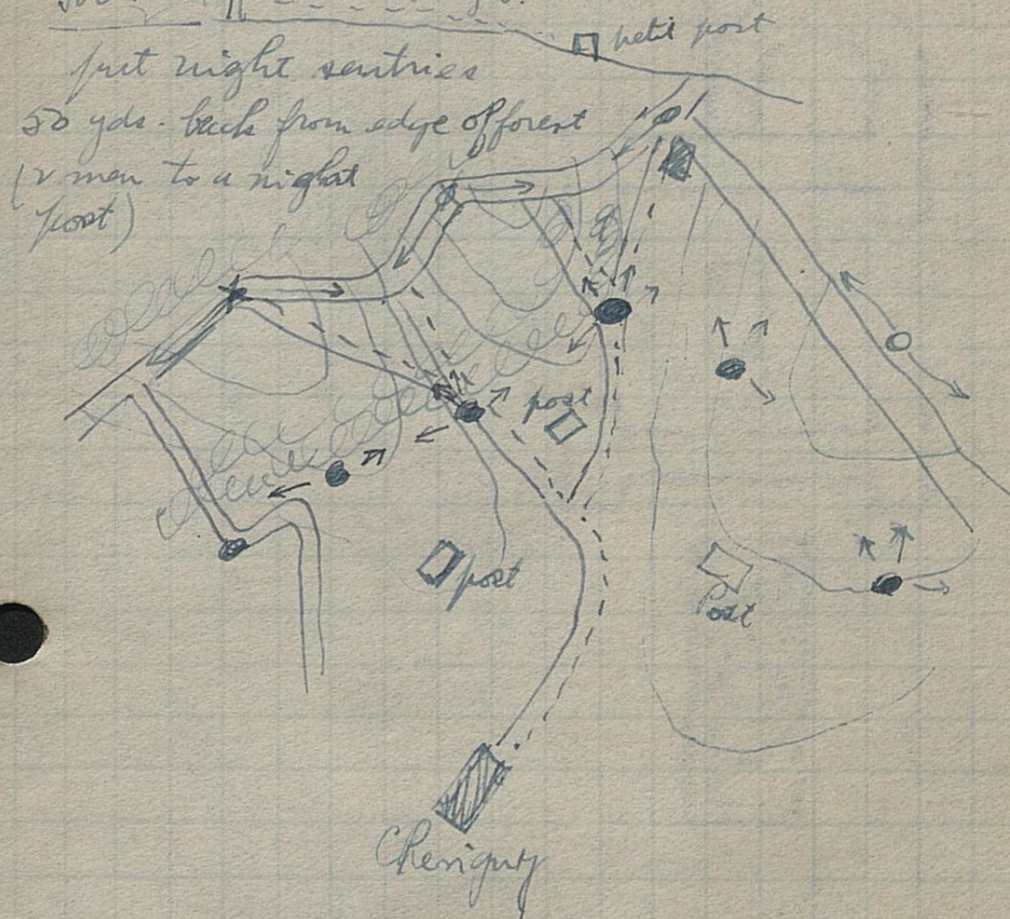
Sliding gears (balladeers)  
oil level must touch smallest gear



Put posts

Oct 24 17  
St. Gillette

Petite posts must be in such a position  
so that they can resist an attack for  
a while - space in front 800 yds. clear  
forest

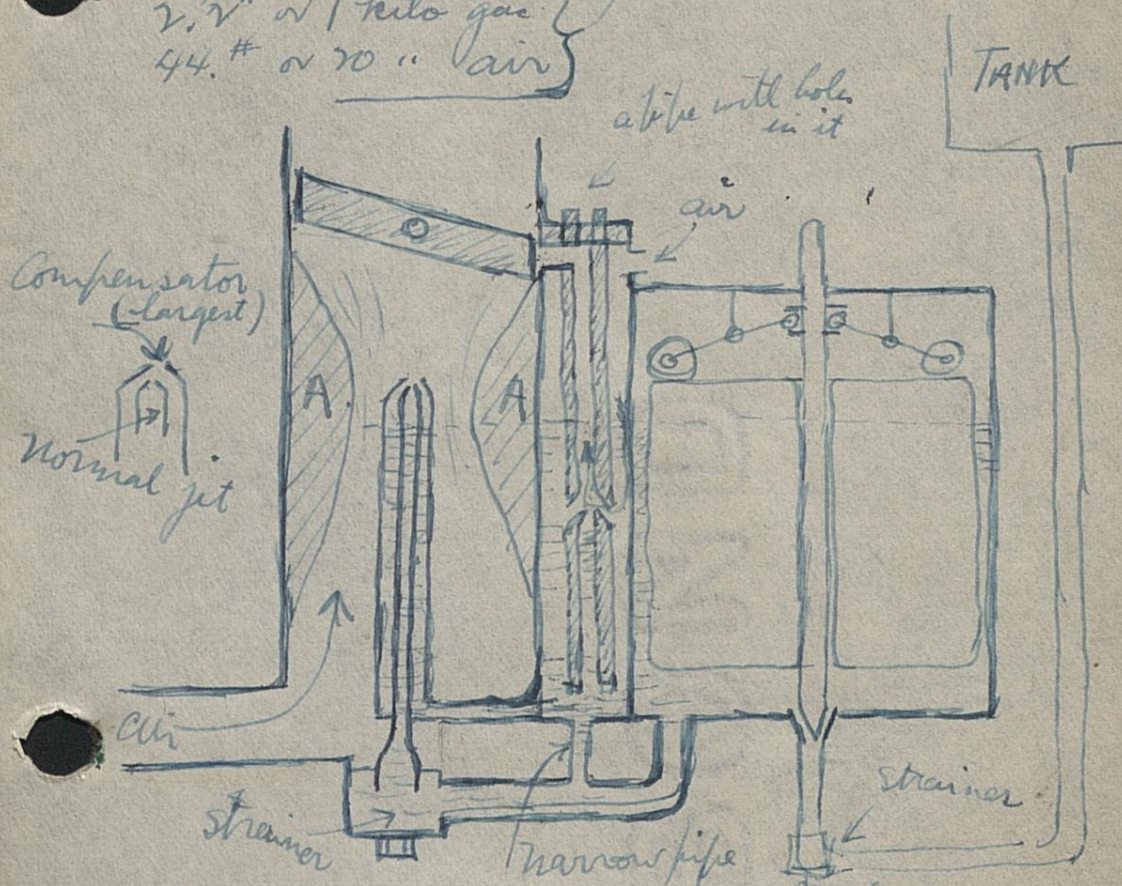




Carburetor

Wed. Oct. 24/17  
St. Vincent.

Explosive Mixture  
2.2# or 1 kilo gas  
44. # or 20 " air



When starting gas comes from  
three jets  
after motor starts reservoir is  
emptied and air comes in at all  
places.

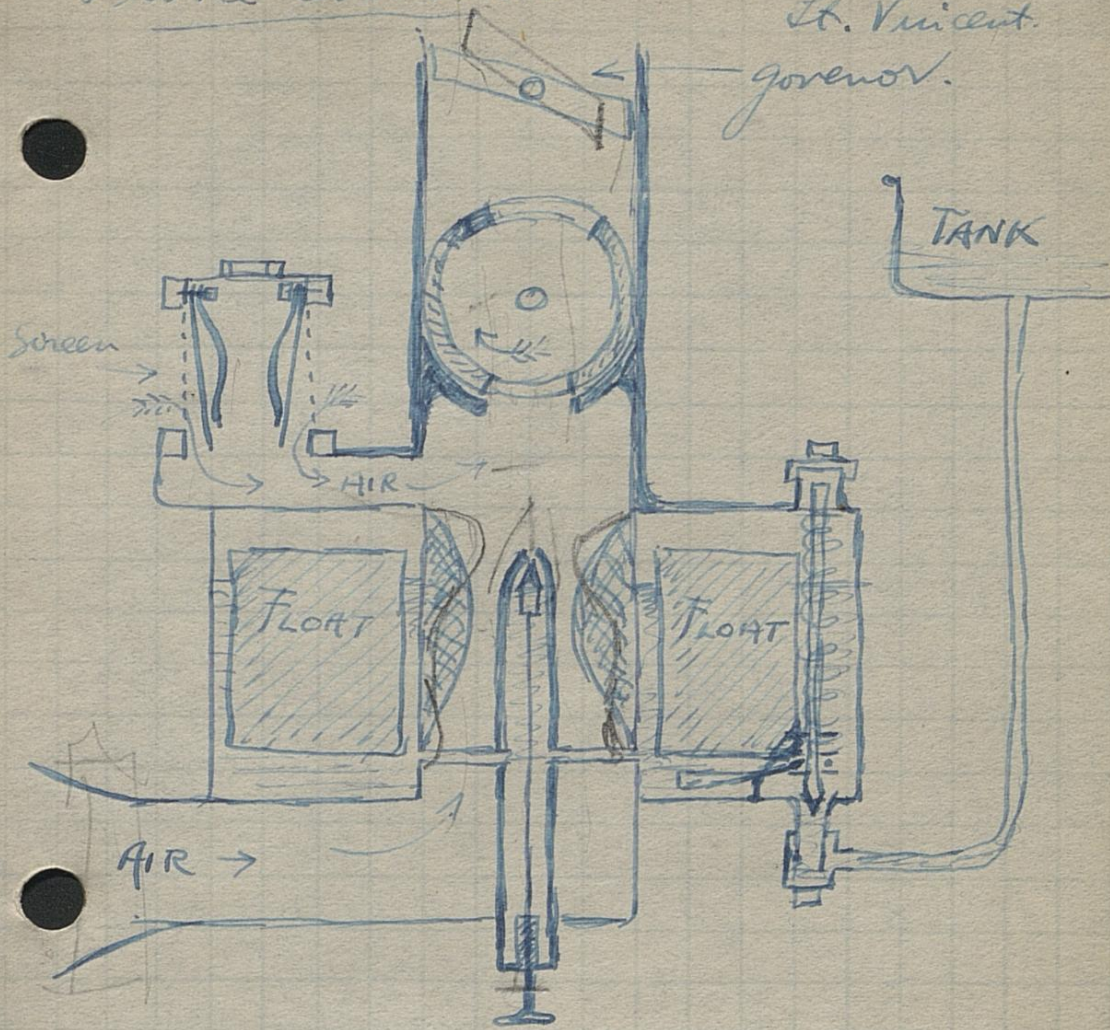
A - curved walls tend to break  
up air.

If machine runs for a few minutes  
- it shows normal jet is dirty



Pierce Carburetor

Thurs. Oct 15, 17  
St. Vincent.  
governor.



Air from high speed hits top of  
gas jet & tends to slow up the  
gasoline coming out - acts as a brake



Cantonment Rules. Oct 26 '17

In town Commandant: D'Arms  
Elders officers of highest rank  
has charge of everything

Major der Cantone ment  
Next highest grade officers  
Bedding  
housing of troops  
Conduct of troops & inhabitants

Step troop out of town - go in &  
see Major & show order & ask  
for housing.

100 trucks space.

One truck requiring 4 metres x 10 mt.

When space is shown look for

1. water

2. fuel

3. if loft is assigned see if it is  
strong enough

4. Prepare for fire.

5. Leave a light in each sleeping  
quarters all night.

6. Select a spot for assembling  
men

7. Pick kitchen site.

8. Get village rules - call men together  
and tell them all

9. Set guard over camions.

10. Release men.

11. Look to your men first!!!

Le



## Leaving Cantonment.

Call upon Majors & get a certificate that all is OK. after 2 hrs after leaving showing that no claims have to be settled. - Important!!!

If inhabitants come in 2 hrs with complaints - the two of you see to justice

If village has no Majors go to see Majors of Village.

Inhabitants have to furnish water, light, heat, shelter - not straw

Form a Poste de Police in a town where no other troops are (watch the behaviour of camp.)

Never stop a convoi in a big town - stop in some village a mile from it.



Leaving Cantonment.

Call upon Major & get a certificate that all is O.K. after 2 hrs after leaving showing that no claims have to be settled. - Important!!!

If inhabitants come on 2 hrs with complaints - the two of you see to justice

If village has no Major go & see Mayor of Village.

Inhabitants have to furnish water, light, heat, shelter - not straw

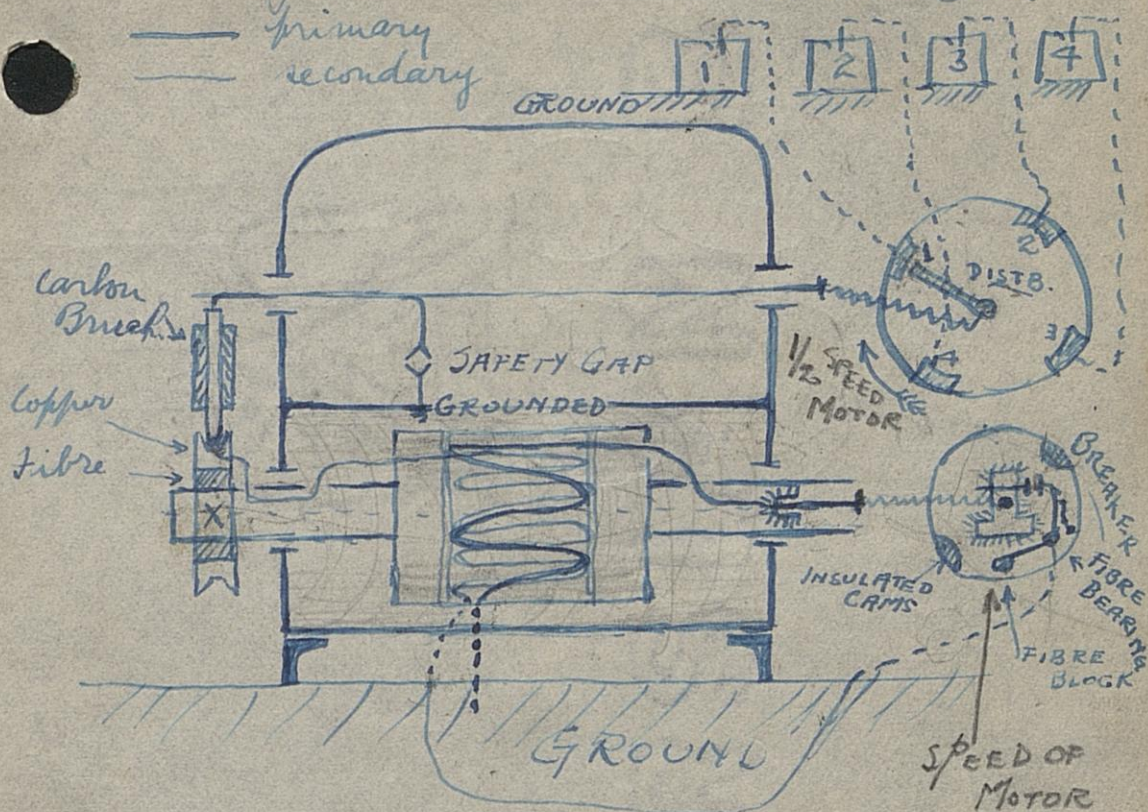
Form a Poste de Police in a town where no other troops are (watch the behavior of camp.)

Never stop a convoi in a big town - stop in some village a mile from it.



# Magneto

Oct. 26, 17  
St. Vincent



2 sparks = 1 rev.

4 sparks = 2 rev.

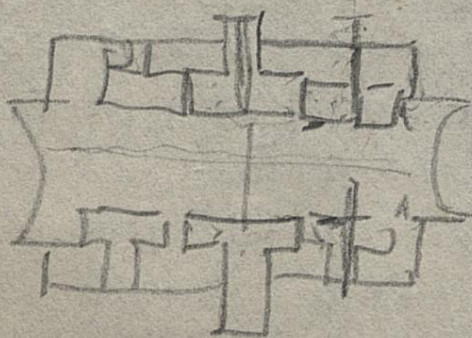
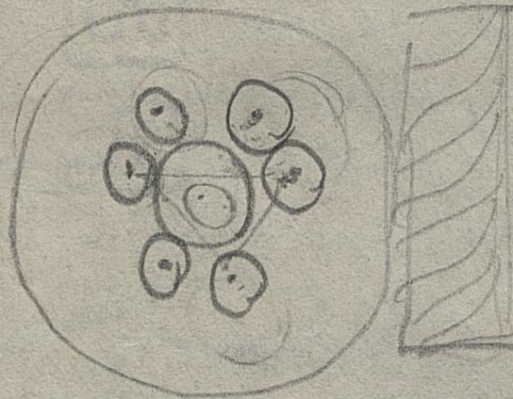
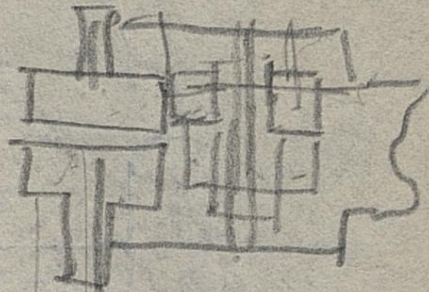
Primary wire - 70 yds. of thick wire - is attached to armature which grounds it.  
Has 8 or 9 volts thru it.  
Breaker runs at same speed as motor

Distributor runs at  $\frac{1}{2}$  speed of motor  
Secondary wire - 1700 to 2000 yds of fine wire - 8000 to 10,000 volts

Best firing point - just as piston goes over dead center. Kicks if spark comes before reaching dead center

Firing of explosive mixture best at highest compression







# Magneto Trouble

St. Vincent

Begin looking at spark plugs  
- test 'em.

No spark at end of plug wire - maybe trouble in the wire - try new piece  
If not there to find trouble in distributor - connect carbon brush on collector with frame by wire - test for spark.

If ~~spark~~ here look in distributor for dirt or see if wire from collector to distributor is broken.

also look for connection in safety gap.

Supposing all is in order - no spark from collector to frame.

See if brush is worn out or dirty. - clean copper wheel.

If trouble not there - see if copper wheel or fibre wheel may be broken and spark is jumping thru to axle  
generally tho the mag. is not giving secondary current because the breaker is not in order



Maybe hammer is not high enough & does not cause a break in current  
Maybe axle sticks - or hammer is worn off.

Inspect breaker box every 8 days  
clean with small brush moistened  
with gasoline - clean out dirt & dirt  
from under hammer etc.



Opening between points should be  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  of a millimeter - a thick calling  
card

Oiling - put 5 or 6 drops every 8 days  
in bearings.

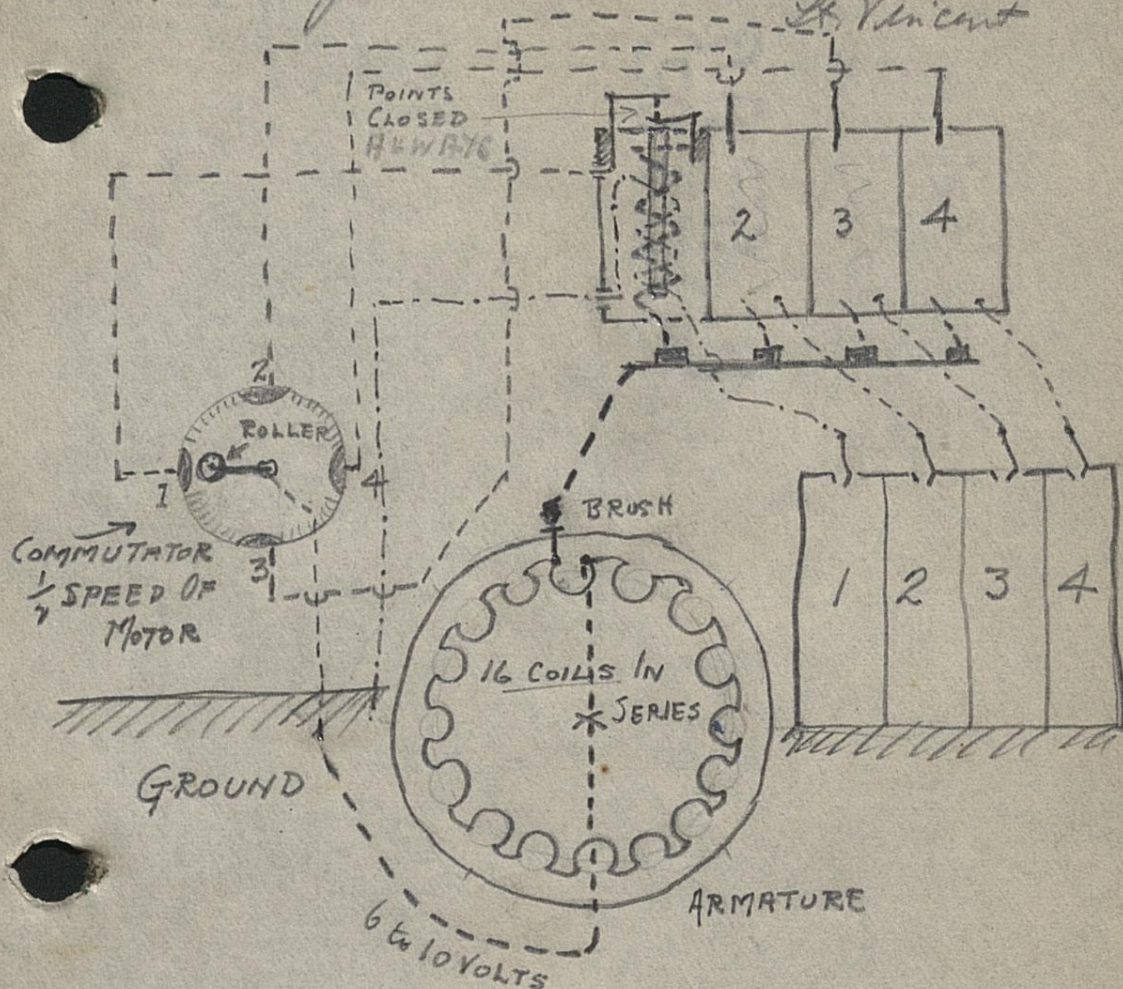
$$H = \frac{D^2 (\text{diam of pin}) N (\text{no. of cycles})}{2 \pi \sqrt{2}}$$



# Ford Ignition

Oct 21 '17

A. Vincent



Low tension magneto

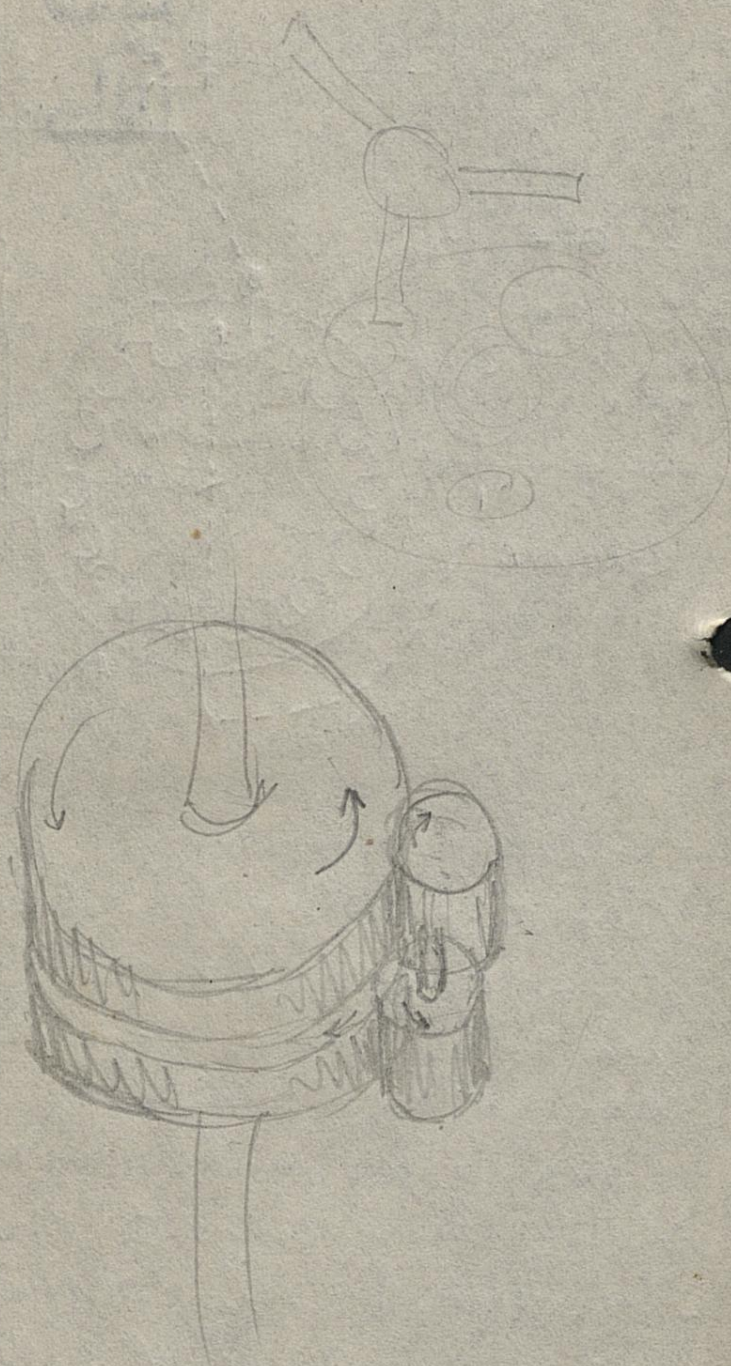
Magnets move in front of coils or armature

Firing order - 1, 2, 4, 3.

When roller runs in heavy oil - a contact may not be established

When roller makes a contact it closes the primary current - then coil boxes - the current then magnetizes the soft iron rod - which pulls down the lower contact arm - thus breaks the current and induces a current in the secondary thus causing a spark







Cleaning, Oiling & Greasing Oct. 7 '17  
For a thorough cleaning St. Vincent

1. Take off of cake mud
  2. Wash.
  3. Remove dirty grease & wipe off
  4. Grease & oil
- \* 1. & 2 - Begin on upper parts - use a flat piece of wood  
Wash with a brush or a sponge
- #3 - Remove greasy mud in corners & joints of moving parts with a scraper  
Clean with kerosene or gasoline
- #4 - Grease & oil according to chart  
Besides this, oil joints from which greasy mud was removed.  
Then oil the joints which should take heavy grease before putting in the heavy grease.
- Use oil can frequently



Art. 60 Military Correspondence.  
(Army Paper Work)

Pass. 775- Telegram follow by  
Letter. - 3 copies { 1 file  
1 confirmatn  
1 sent.

FILE # Letters :                       
From:                      Crease should

2.

Subject.

Subject: 3 copies made - 2 sent - 1 file.  
Orig. signed.

making indorsement.  
1<sup>st</sup> Ind.

From C.O. M.T.C. School #1 Decize.  
9 Sept, 1918 to D.M.T.C. A.P.O.  
1. - Returned

# Filing - Dual Decimal System

| Subjects | Subdivisions |
|----------|--------------|
| 0.1 v    |              |

21.3v

21.3v  
Key necessary. — alphabetically  
All subjects numbered.



By order of \_\_\_\_\_  
(less than general)



Mail sent from Hdqts. - not  
seen by Commander. - but  
signed by Department  
By ~~Director~~ Command  
General Walker.

If letter goes to man of equal  
rank to Director Motor Transport  
(Gen. Walker). General Walker must  
sign.

Par. 777 - Name of towns in  
intermediate section can be  
used - but not at base port  
or advance zone.

Par. 778 - Confidential Mail  
- doubly enveloped. - but usually  
sent by couriers.

Telegram comes in - copy made  
and filed and telegram sent in  
to the dept.

Par. 779 - In the absence of commander  
Signed Adjutant.

(Thru channels)

Lt. Col. Rob.

Director M.T.C.

Adg. S.O.S.

Adj. Gen. Jf.

Commander in chief



789- Unimportant notices can be stopped and sent back by any officer who thinks matter too trivial.

794- Special or General orders

"Effective this date —  
Part is transferred to

796- Address to Commanding Officer  
Never the individual.



