



HISTORY

OF

SEVENTH COMPANY TWENTIETH ENGINEERS

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY

FORCES

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

J. M. Ward
Sight
Ark.

HISTORY

OF

SEVENTH COMPANY TWENTIETH ENGINEERS

A. E. F.

DEDICATED

to two hundred and fifty "Yanks" now disbanding; after passing sixteen months with the American Expeditionary Forces "Somewhere in France".

*Made possible through the combined efforts of the following
men of Seventh Company.*

1st Sgt.	HAROLD I. PRATT.
Sgt 1 cl.	ROLAND E. OAKES.
Sgt.	EDWARD S. ST. MARTIN.
Sgt.	FAUNT S. LEROY.
Sgt.	EEWARD P. TREICK.
Corp.	JOHN J. HOLLISTER.
Corp.	JOHN A. RYAN.
Wag.	MELBOURNE C. ROUTT.
Pvt.	VICTOR SOLBERG.
Pvt.	CARLETON W. HORNIBROOK.
Pvt.	AMOS M. HOOPER, JR.

IN MEMORIAN

Corporal JOHN T. FAWCETT.
Private JAMES L. COBB.
Private ALFRED J. COLBY.
Private MARION W. FITZSIMONDS,
Private RAYMOND S. JEFFERS.
Private FRANK KELLY.
Private CLARK B. WATERHOUSE.

*Under a wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let one lie,
Glad did I live and gladly did I die,
And I laid me down with a will.*

*This be the verse you gave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*

ROBERT LEWIS STEVENSON.

TRIBUTE TO OUR COMMANDER

It is with the deepest sense of gratitude that the men of the Seventh Company extend to our Battalion Commander, Major H. W. Sanborn, our sincere good wishes. We appreciate fully the fine spirit he has shown in his efforts for the betterment of the conditions with which his men have had to contend. The value of his services is much more appreciated in the realization of the unusual difficulties which had to be overcome due to the lack of proper facilities, which in the early days of the A. E. F., were unobtainable. These difficulties were overcome through skillful manouvering and a splendid spirit of good-feeling, harmony and team work was obtained throughout our entire period of service in the Advance Section, "Somewhere In France". So, as the relations now existing between us as members of this great national body are about to be broken, we extend to our commander this passing tribute in all good faith and understanding.

Men of the Seventh Company.

HISTORY

OF

SEVENTH COMPANY TWENTIETH ENGINEERS



It may be well stated that every company of the newly formed American Army was looking forward with great anticipation to the day on which they would board a transport bound for "Somewheres in France." Certainly Co. "A" was as anxious as any of them when the closing days of December, 1917 came and the company roster was filled. Under the surveillance of our company commander, Capt. H. W. Sanborn, many clothing surveys, inspections of many varieties, and practice departures were made. Finally the real time of departure approached and at dusk on January 2d, 1918, "A" Co. rolled their packs, filled their barracks bags, and.... waited. As the hands of the clock were nearing the midnight hour, the telephone in the orderly room conveyed the message which started Co. "A" on their eventful trip through the danger zone to some European port. The line of march took us around the walls of Arlington National Cemetery and through the outskirts of Washington to the site of the old Pennsylvania Station. Coaches awaited us there and it was soon found that our trip to the Port of Embarkation was to be a cold one as the steam pipes in our train were frozen solid. After a cold and tiresome trip of about ten hours, we were marched onto a lighter at Hoboken where we were taken to our pier and there spent three more cold hours marking time before boarding our ship which was to take us across. It might be well in passing to state that after we were properly located on board ship, strict orders were issued to keep below decks and away from port holes; this caused our first grave doubts concerning the Army's slogan "Join the Army and See the World".

As the good ship "Amerika" (before the war, a Hamburg-American trans-Atlantic liner) left the port of New York at four o'clock on the afternoon of January 4th, 1918 on her zig-zaging trip across the Atlantic, little thought or care was given to the possible dangers from "U" boats or hidden mines. The transport "Mercury" accompanied us and also the U. S. S. "Seattle," the

latter being our protection until the danger zone was reached. Before the voyage was over, however, there were many amongst us who were evidently not sea-going veterans and it is secretly believed that if many wishes had been granted, some German submarine would have had the satisfaction of sending our good ship to Davy Jones' Locker. Life aboard ship was practically one continuous round of "Abandon Ship" drills and nights of total darkness with the slight exception of none too numerous blue lights in the interior of the ship. The night before entering the danger zone was spent in bobbing around on the surface awaiting the arrival of our convoy which was to escort us through the submarine-infested waters. The first two units of our convoy arrived at about eight o'clock on the morning of January 15th and by noon the number had been increased to seven fantastically camouflaged submarine destroyers. At this point, her duty fulfilled, the U. S. S. "Seattle" turned about in her course and soon passed out of our line of vision on her return trip to the States. It is a matter of official record in the ship's log that early in the morning of the seventeenth a torpedo was launched at our ship by a "U" Boat. However, the torpedo passed parallel to the length of the ship, from bow to stern, at a distance of about fifteen feet from the ship's side. No sight was obtained of the submarine. About eight o'clock that morning land was sighted and, after a fourteen-day trip, it was a welcome sight indeed. The city that loomed up in the distance proved to be the now famous city of Brest where so many of the A. E. F., have debarked and are now embarking. On the third day after our arrival in port we were taken by lighter to the dock where we first placed our hobnails on the soil of France.

As we marched through the city of Brest we received our first impression of French ideas and customs. It did seem strange, indeed, to see so many different costumes, wooden shoes, and the marketing booths which were so entirely different from our own modes of living and dress that we had so recently left behind. Our first impression of France was not very favorable, perhaps made more so by the driving rain which accompanied our first march but as we later went further into the interior of the country, we found that France had her agreeable as well as disagreeable sections. After passing through the city of Brest, we marched to Pontannenzen Barracks, a point about three kilometres outside of the city. This Barracks is where Napoleon was made a corporal early in his military career. Although our first meal at this place was not a very substantial one, consisting as it did of four hard tack and a spoonful of syrup, it was one of the most appreciated meals that we ate while in France.

Five days were spent at this post, the time being devoted to drills, hikes and a general clean-up. At the end of this period, January 25th, we left Brest for the interior aboard a typical third class French troop train. We were piled in eight men to a compartment with all baggage and you may well believe that there was no lost motion inside the compartment. This cannot be so truthfully stated of the loose French car couplings. At every stop, and these were all too frequent, we received such a shock as would lead us to believe that our car was about to leave the rails. The first afternoon of our rail trip as we were passing down a rather steep grade, our freight cars containing rations, tents, etc. became uncoupled from the rest of the train and when the engineer discovered that he was leaving part of his train behind he immediately applied the brakes which brought the train to a sudden stop and waited for our baggage to come down the hill and continue the journey with us. We at first were not aware of what was going on but our curiosity was quickly satisfied in the form of such a jar that made us wonder whether or not we had already arrived at the front. Baggage in the racks, hardtack, tomato cans, corned willy, (and possibly a few bottles) came down in a shower upon our heads, at the same time throwing us out of our seats and jostling us against one another. One of our coaches containing a company of Marines was telescoped and several of the occupants were severely hurt. After a five-hour delay, caused by the skillful manipulating of our French engineer, we proceeded on our way without further marked mishap arriving at Mirebeau (Cote d'Or) on January 28th. After our long and tedious seas voyage and trip on the French railroads was completed, we were well satisfied to call the barn into which we were corraled; — "home", and it might be well said that the most popular song in camp at this time was "No more I'll roam away from Home". Before going farther with our tale, it should be here stated that at Dijon, (Cote d'Or), a point 24 kilometres from Mirebeau, our company was split into three detachments; the First Detachment under the command of Lieut. I. M. Standifer leaving for Vitteaux (Cote d'Or) and the Second Detachment under the command of Lieut. E. B. Birmingham leaving for Montbard (Cote d'Or), and the Company Headquarters Detachment leaving for the place mentioned above.

SECOND DETACHMENT — MONTBARD (COTE D'OR)

Montbard is one of those typical small cities in France in the very northeast corner of Cote d'Or. Deep valleys cut into the high plateau and leave bald-faced cliffs and rocky promontories overlooking the meadows. Forest of white oak and government reserves of spruce, densely surrounded with a thick growth of underbrush, cover the hills. The Brenne River, the Biergogne Canal, and the Paris, Lyon and Mediterranean Railroad form the transportation facilities. The town of old stone houses clusters about a great wall of rock on which the Burgundaire Dukes erected a great fortress. Into this town some sixty men and non-coms headed by Lieut. Birmingham made their way. Since no tents had arrived we were billeted in a theatre lent by a French Priest. Immediately "Birmy" came through with a speech tactfully informing the men of the work expected of the Detachment. It was first of all a lumber camp..... its object was to fill the orders with the greatest possible speed and thoroughness. Then there were a few conditions about antagonizing the French, an apology for lack of "grub" and an estimation of the percentage strength of cognac, etc. Last of all a warning about being found in the gutter. Confidence on his part gave the men a general incentive not to abuse their liberty. The first case of drunkenness resulted in a two days confinement in the French Jug and a general resolution to keep the right side of the penalty line.

About ten days after the arrival, The Detachment moved out to the forest, beside the town of St. Reny. Sergeant Anker set the crews to falling timber. These crews consisted of to fallers, two sawyers, and one packer. (The crews and packers broke their backs is what I mean.) Everything in the tree was used, down to the slender stem two and half inches through, either for trench posts or camouflage purposes. A couple of French teams carted the "bois" down to the road where it was transferred to a truck and carried to the railroad station. The whole affair was pursued so successfully that by the middle of April the contingent was a month ahead of its schedule.

Of course Montbard had it over most of the other towns because it had an ammunition plant and a couple of barracks full of girls. It wasn't long before "Kees me quick" got to be a counter-sign along the dark alleys. Hanna, who began singing "They go wild, simply wild over me" on Monday, carried

a club with him on Saturday. Mattatall found his'n, "Red" Vernon his'n, etc., etc., ad libitum. Then too if you sat lat over the "bubbles" you could always count on getting a ride into camp with Lieut. Birmingham or Doc Killeen. We will not speculate as to where they had been. There was still another advantage. If you were out of cash before the end of the month you could go the officer's tent and friend "Doc" would shell out a cinquante.

Great progress was made in the study of French and English. and the study of human nature. Several discovered talent in the pianoist at the "movies". Every cafe girl in town began to wear U. S. buttons and pins and they all bragged about their "Soldat Americaine fiancee". Hords of citizens strolled around the camp on Sundays and peered into bags and boxes, and the kitchen kettles, and in fact prodded you in the ribs to see if you were really flesh and blood. It was necessary to post signs "Defendu".

Green wood and "bubbles" caused some trouble in the cook-house at first, but toward the end of March the food began to improve. The bull cook split dozens of cords of wood and got it well dried and handy for..... for the niggers that replaced us.

Near at hand to the camp a popular road-house stood, which was christened the "Mad House". At almost any old hour of the night you could hear the penny piano rattling out and the boys shuffling with the Mademoiselles over the floor. They got to be pretty fair fox-trotters.

The Detachment was split on April 16th, the forestry men going to Mirebeau and the mill specialists to Vitteaux. "Soup" Smith was for taking the camp mascots, "Blondy" and "Speck", but it was feared that they would wither away under the new environment. The trip was made by truck.

FIRST DETACHMENT VITTEAUX (COTE D'OR)

The First Detachment moved into its billets at Saffres close to the village of Vitteaux on January 29th. This village at once discouraged the whole crew. It was impossible not to become skeptical about France after walking up the main drag. Everyone knew that they were in a country of home industries and that the chief manufacture was limberger cheese. You either had to carry smelling salts or hold your nose in order to survive.

Lieut. Standifer put his men to work at once. They were equipped with a dozen axes, six cross-cut saws, a thousand feet of rope and an abundance of orders to fill with a "make it snappy". Then the "Louie" bought an old nag which looked as if the frame was up and horse about to be built. In fact, that horse must have been a nervous wreck for whenever anyone would yell "Hey" he would jump clean out of the harness. He was dubbed "Napoleon". If he had been renamed Phillip possibly he would have become fat.

"Old Nap" went to work decking logs for the jammer. Everytime that he got too big a load the deck hands would catch hold and help pull it into place. But the rope played out and the knots finally got so big that they couldn't squeeze through the pulleys. A volunteer offering of shirts for a new rop was considered but a new supply finally arrived from Is-sur-Tille. This discovery that you could get supplies from Is-sur-Tille continued. If we had remained in France for another two years we could probably have been able to have gotten the necessities of life. The sixty men of the Detachment worked day and night to get out their supply of poles which were carried by an English truck some six kilometres to the station at Vitteaux.

At Saffres the billet went by the name of "The Wild Boar's Nest". It consisted of a combination "Boulangerie, cafe, mercerie, epecerie, magasin and maison des Vaches." The ceiling had sufficient cracks to let the dirt from upstairs down into the kitchen and office below. You could always tell when it rained during the dark hours, by the water dripping on your blankets.

The wild boar season soon began. One day a big brute charged right through the camp. The eleven Springfield came down out of the rack with a

bang and the mad pursuit began. You couldn't see the beast for the khaki legs clearing the hedges. Lt. Standifer led on his skinny pins, but the boar evaded the entire crew.

A small French mill was taken over to turn out road plank. The engine had the marks of a French artillery officer, bright red with lots of shiny copper knobs and bands, etc. The usual machinery being absent, the boys used to get in and play with oak logs, tossing them on the carriage, jamming them through the circular saw on a single track carriage. The slabs went to Is-sur-Tille, the ties, bridge timbers, and road plank to the front. Every now and then someone would let a log down on his leg when it got too heavy to hold, then he would rest in his tent for a month or so. By working both day and night and increasing the size of the Detachment to one hundred and twenty-five men the amount of production was doubled. By placing a weighted idler on the "Coffee Mill's" fly belt, laying decauville track, putting dogs on the carriage and installing a new winding crank the mill raised her capacity from five hundred feet to sixteen hundred feet for the two shifts. The biggest single cut of oak came to eleven thousand one hundred and forty-five feet and the highest single cut per shift was fifteen thousand two hundred and ninety-eight feet, the greater part being spruce.

Owing to the lack of rainfall, an unusually dry season for the Cote d'Or, the city electric plant failed, lanterns were then nailed to the carriage and carbide lights installed. Fortunately on evening just as the carbide lights played out, some friends came down to see the boys and brought a lunch with them and after pouring the vin rouge into the river or some other place, we then broke the necks off from the bottles and used them for candle sticks and started the wheels going again. A little thing like running a sawmill in the dark wasn't going to keep us from winning the war. Nix!!

Each crew worked fifty-five hours a week being free Saturday afternoon and Sunday. The night crew worked eleven hours the first five days of the week thus completing their required work and enabling them to be free from Saturday morning until Monday night. The crews changed shifts every two weeks. There were three rollways to the mill aggregating a length of two hundred feet and their capacity was six hundred logs.

The French forests are peculiarly foreign to America. In part this is due to the forests being hundreds of years old. No one knew when his axe bit into a tree how many spooks of knights in gaudy rags and ostrich feathers or

princes rolling their crowns with a faggot were protesting. The undergrowth is heavy enough to remind one of the jungles of the Amazon and it grows to a height of twenty feet being full of thorns. All the small stuff had to be cut into metre wood. Trees had to be cut off even with the top of the ground, branches cut into metre lengths, even the slender tips come in for faggots. A little matter like swamping three hundred feet for a single eight foot log was nothing to a "Frog" officer. It wasn't anything to Mock or Dwight N. Kent either..... nothing but fun. Yes, that officer delighted in persecuting the swampers. One fifteen hundred foot swamp netted less than three hundred board feet. The forests average from five hundred to two thousand feet per acre.

A track was laid through the heart of the forest for transportation. The underbrush was so heavy at one time that "Gentle Annie" had to shin up a tree to get a line on a straight course. During June, July and August there were fifty men in the woods. The average cut was forty logs of eight foot lengths, two and three logs to the tree. The average cut daily came to ten thousand feet.

Owing to a mile detour to get around the granite cliff at the top of the hill, Brockus put in an Idaho shoot. It was nineteen hundred feet long and let the logs down gently to the road at a rate calculated to make a Liberty Motor hump. Once in a while a log would clear the road and chase the cows down in the pasture below. The "Frogs" used to drift in from all the outlying districts to watch the spouting timber.

On the fourth of July the baseball team went over to Chatillon and got trimmed in a double header. But in later games they gave the Second and Headquarters team a show down. Bowles pitching, "Wildfire" Mock on third and Olie in the field worked brilliantly. The Vitteaux citizens prepared for a glorious celebration but made no announcements so the boys missed a friendly entertainment. The "Boulangerie Quartette" ground out a bit of agony in return.

The First Detachment began moving from Vitteaux to Mirebeau on Sunday, August 18th were they took over the Mirebeau operation, the Headquarters Detachment moving to Velet (Haute Saone). The First Detachment soon completed the work at Mirebeau and moved from there to Beze (Cote d'Or).

At Beze the "Flu" attacked the camp. Two mornings after its appearance two men were in the Dijon Hospital and twenty-five more in special tents at camp.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT — MIREBEAU (COTE D'OR)

We will now follow the Headquarters Detachment to Mirebeau. The first work done at Mirebeau was the cutting of trench props and entanglement stakes which at this time were sorely needed at the front. We then built a railroad which was called the "Todd and Powers Special" and the power was backbone and gravity..... and the track..... oh Boy! Sergeant Stier had a crew of men and all they had to do was keep up the track and put the cars on when they jumped the track which was possibly every time one came down, not any oftener. Anyway, the office wasn't overloaded with applications for positions on the railroad. About this time Runnebaum proclaimed himself President of the road and began selling stock.

Of course, we needed wood at camp which was nearly a mile from the job so we hired a French horse and right here is where we faced another problem, as that horse couldn't understand English. After scanning over our long list of interpreters, Leon Couturier was chosen and he successfully mastered the situation.

About that time all of us imagined that we would like to parlez-vous so we set about this task in various ways. Some getting into the homes of elderly people, others meeting up with Mademoiselles, while still others bought dictionaries and studied in camp. Well the dictionary artist after muddling his brain for two or three weeks then started out to tell the world what he knew in French. Possibly he would meet a girt and the conversation would run something like this. "Bon jour, Mademoiselle, 'Come out..... Come out..... Oh, how in H..... are you?' Just a minute." And then he would rummage through his pockets for his dictionary and after wetting his fingers and scratching his head a few minutes he would hear the sound "Clickety Clack Bang" and thinking it to be a modern fire department would look up, only to find out it was the sound of wooden shoes worn by the little girl that stood before him a few moments previous and had gotten tired of waiting for him to say something.

Well, getting back to the job, we had been promised a sawmill, which of course we didn't expect after viewing the surroundings. But to our surprise

the first mill arrived. It was a classy affair on a wheelbarrow, in fact it was too classy and as the horses had arrived, Jess Rice asked the Captain for the wheelbarrow end of the sawmill stating that he needed it to haul the fertilizer out of the stable. After an investigation they decided to let him have it, thus it was necessary for some one to hew out a sled to replace the wheelbarrow. This task was performed by Brockus, and the following day the little mill started sawing wood for the office and the camp.

Twenty head of horses fitted with French artillery harness had arrived and as we didn't understand French equipment, it was difficult for a time to keep from getting things mixed up. In one case one of our men hitched up four of the plugs to an old French wagon and after plugging holes in a few walls and houses and knocking down a few hop poles he finally succeeded in bringing in a load of metre wood. This man was Sgt. Frank Kelly who afterward went to the front and made the supreme sacrifice. In another case the wagon was rigged up for three horses and friend "Dynamite" Mathews made a dash for life which would have made Ben Hur look like small town stuff. After losing a wheel at the post office he ran on the other three to the Hotel where he piled horses, wagon and rack in a twenty foot ground space. The next pile-up was made by Hooper, MacMaster and Ryan and it was on this trip that we crippled a horse, but if we had had a speedometer on that wagon we would have showed up some of Barney Oldfields records.

Of course the "Table de Hote" at camp wasn't anything to brag about and when everything wasn't just like "Home Sweet Home" we were all going to investigate the mess fund; some would investigate it in the messhall; others while washing their mess kits; some in the camp and still others in the in the cafes. Somehow we all forgot to hold an investigation office where the mess fund and accounts were kept.

Well the big mill at last arrived, capacity ten thousand feet. Shortly after the mill was in good running order, Lieut. Woodruff of Company "F" put a bulletin on our board which read something like this, "Our Company "F" mill cut thirty-seven thousand feet in one day, when you beat this take it down." Probably a week passed without mention, then one fine morning our millmen took that bulletin down and Captain Hamilton sent out one to them which read something like this, "Company "A" mill cut forty-two thousand feet in one day, when you beat this bulletin down." That bulletin got old and weather-beaten and we had no more bulletins from Company "F".

We had a few mascots of which two were goats owned by Sergeant St. Martin and named after two famous battles we fought, "Cognac" and "Rhum Chaud". Two other mascots were "Herman" and "Rhinehalt" who happened to be two German prisoners captured in the wilds of the Haute Saone by Lt. Birmingham, Lt. Bowen and Capt. Hamilton. We also had several dogs of different breeds but as a rule they were regulation color so we called them all "O.D.". One little "O.D." was the victim of a C. C. pill given to him by "Castor Oil Slim" or "Ramrod" our crack medical Sergeant.

We will now take a trip over the new improved railroad called the "dinky route". This consisted of a five-ton locomotive and about forty cars which kept the rails warm bringing in logs to the mill. "Casey" Grisell was the chief whistle artist of the engine.

The music of the saws, and the swearing of Shaffer, Yerden and the rest of the skimmers, together with Haller and McDill's tractors and Eaton's and MacDonald's jingling chains made a perfect harmony and John Anker would stop in his tracks and listen to it and gradually smile and say "She's birds, eh fellers."

From Mirebeau we went to Velet (Haute Saone) and our operations began at once in a large oak forest, the Saone river forming one of its boundaries. Colored troops had been cutting the brush and cleaning out the forest so when we (the real loggers) arrived and butchered into it the French people threw up their hands in despair and it wasn't long before we had too much timber cut, that is, the armistice was signed and we had to get the logs out and on skids.

As stated before, negroes were stationed near us and had access to the village of Velet and of course we could not get along together. Captain Bird of the negro outfit told Lieut. Birmingham that he was going to keep the privilege of letting his men into the village and "Birmy" told him to trot them along. So on one Sunday evening a grand battle was staged between the Blacks and us. We are not bragging about who won, but those niggers never showed up in Velet again.

After getting in the logs and tearing down the sawmill, which was never completed, we were then ready to go home and had orders to leave January 15th, 1919. But the orders were changed and we had to remain a while longer at Velet to ship metre wood. This was a sore disappointment to

all, but we finally pulled out on the 30th day of March in high spirits, for this was the first lap of our journey back to the good old U. S. A.

A band which had been made up from members of the seventh and ninth companies under the direction of Lieut. Scherrer was, after only a few weeks practice, doing unusually well. One piece on which they specialized was the never-to-forgotten "Ragtime Violin".

We had also for amusement a show in the city of Gray which we attended in formation. One day an announcement was made that all men who could box or wanted to learn would have the opportunity. They were to do no work other than training for the coming boxing tournament with the ninth company. On the first day there were twenty-five who volunteered and some showed up quite well. In one case, Ryan outpointed in his tent so easily that he signed up as a regular pug with Manager Epps, but after going a round with "Kid" Davis and seeing many beautiful stars and comets he decided the water-wagon wasn't such a bad job after all. The best boxers proved to be Sgt. Epps, Pvts. Telford, Madeson, Davis, Yerden, Douglas and Sheehan. The time for the tournament arrived and the theatre in Gray was packed with the seventh and ninth company men each rooting royally for his respective men. Telford was our man for the first bout and although fouled two or three times he easily outpointed his man, fighting clean and showing good head and foot work. Davis then went in and owing to a sprained shoulder was outpointed. Yerden fought a game little fight with a broken hand, but was outpointed. Pettingill then took the ring and outpointed his man and Sgt. Epps had a walk-away. Then came "Comedian" Sheehan. Dear old Frank you could always depend on him for a laugh and for three rounds he pulled the rubber ball act; bounding out of the ring and back at his man.

Lt. Bump got into the ring after the last bout and began to call for Captain Power. We thought it was challenge and began placing our sous on Bump right there but we were disappointed. Capt. Power extended an invitation to all to meet him at the Hotel de Paris the following afternoon to pull off a danse with the "Frogs" to the tune of "Ragtime Violin".

TO DAX AND BEYOND

As a French Mademoiselle longs for a fiancee,
As a doughboy yearns for cognac,
As a whad-u-call-it pants for someting or other,

That's the way this company suffered for that famous opening act which was to see us on our way to "Amérique". We had heard of this show since the armistice and once it had been billed for the 15th of January, but the orders failed to show up. Finally on Sunday, March 30th, the necessary orders arrived Nature did her bit to give a proper setting by alternately raining and snowing for three days. On Saturday the mess supplies were loaded and cuisine put into shape. On Sunday morning packs were rolled, barracks bags loaded on a car, tents taken down, and after a lunch the march to Gray via the tramway tracks were made. Arriving near Gray we donned our over-seas caps, caught up with the band and marched in formation through the streets. The band gave us a surprise with some classy rags and led us triumphantly out of Gray. We boarded out third-class German coaches here and were soon off for the south. When night fell we had covered our first thirty kilometres. Between thirty minute halts for water and waiting for trains to pass on the other track, we got sufficient rest from the jerks to get in a few winks of sleep here and there. That evening we got our eyes opened. Mess call brought forth a hand out of potato salad, jam and coffee, etc. Lieut. Bump figured like Napoleon that an army marches on its stomach. Every time we turned out to mess we got something hot and good while another company on the train went to the "Gold fish" and "Monkey Meat". We hand the glad palm to you Lt. Bump. You showed up right there and we certainly appreciate your thoughtfulness. The men responded with the best of behavior. All together this was the most pleasant trip we have and in France, baring none.

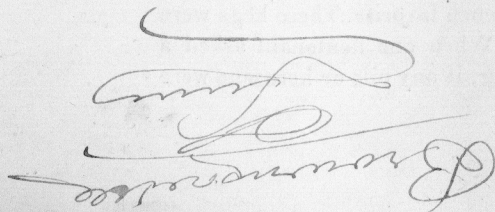
On Monday night the band fell out to render a few numbers. The men piled out of the cars to rag. In about two jerks the station platform was full of bobbing couples. Among the most prominent were Engblom and Hanna. Some amazing dips and whirls were pulled off. Along the line of travel we would stop next to freight trains carrying the French favorite. These kegs were tapped to see if they contained any potable. When one lieutenant asked a sergeant if any mistakes were made in tapping, if any oils or kerosene were

found, he replied, "Well, Sir, I've tapped fifteen and haven't made a mistake yet."

At the date of this writing we are comfortably settled at Dax. Our camp is situated on a well-drained knoll. The country is sandy and dry, the sun shines warmly all day long. We shall be here until May first, then we will go to the Embarkation Area at Bordeaux. There we will drill, be examined and put aboard transports bound for a land where the freight cars are not marked "30 hommes — 8 Chevaux".

In the meantime a big squad is out for basebal and basketball. The battalion band and the musicians of the fourth battalion are preparing to put on a entertainment at the casino at Dax. The life around here looks good. The irksome, struggling days are over...the play days have arrived. In a few weeks we will be disbanded, this huge family that has lived together for so many months will be absorbed in civilian duties. We are proud that the seventh Company was among the first troops to arrive in France. Facts will show that we were handicapped from the start for tools, for clothing and for food; But we came through without a whimper and with the amazing pep and spirit which characterized the entire American contingent in France. Today there is not a man from Major to buck private that may not look the whole world in the face and say "I honestly did my bit".

FINIS

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely the author's name, located at the bottom left of the page. The signature is written in dark ink and is somewhat stylized, with a large initial letter.

ROSTER OF SEVENTH COMPANY, TWENTIETH ENGINEERS

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March 31st, 1919.

- 1st Lieut. BUMP, Sumner M. Grinnell, Iowa.
2nd Lieut. BOWEN, John S. / Forest Service, Red Lodge, Mont.
2nd Lieut. HOUP, William E. Mercersburg, Pa.
- Pvt. AHL, Frank Route No 3, Timothy, Wis.
"O. D.s Right Hand"
- Pvt. ALBRECHT, William C. 91 So. Main St., Lapeer, Mich.
"The Michigan Cow-boy"
- Pvt. ALLEN, Daniel E. Victor, Idaho.
"Pewink Allen"
- Pvt. ANDERSON, Smiley S. Gloster, Miss.
"Smiley, the Gentleman from the South"
- Sgt. 1 cl. ANKER, John N. Shawano, Wis.
"The Galloping Dane. 'Birds, eh fellows' "
- Pvt. ARIENS, Joseph N. Connersville, Ind.
"The Hoosier Engineer, alias 'Velvet Joe' "
- Pvt. 1 cl. ARMSTRONG, David S. Enigrant, Mont.
"Yellowstone"
- Pvt. AVENDT, Leo B. Route No 4, Box No 400, Tawas City, Mich.
"Dats eight'en dice — Sevened out, gott o'mighty"
- Pvt. 1 cl. BALAAM, Lee B. 314 No. 'E' St., Tulare, Cal.
"Mark Twain"
- Corp. BANKS, Robert H., Jr. Durango, Col.
"He collected 5-franc pieces 45 months — at présent has 2"
- Pvt. BARLOW, James B. River Falls, Wis.
"Cannes"
- Pvt. BAUMAN, Frederick J. Greenville, Mich.
"Kokoma"
- Corp. BIDWELL, Lawrence Birchrun, Mich.
" 'Bid' The Mademoiselle Maniac from Michigan"
- Pvt. BISHOP, Jesse C. Terminal, Cal.
"The first man in Co. "A" to adopt wooden shoes"
- Corp. BLAIR, Albert W. Placerville, Cal.
"Napoleon Bonaparte, Moderne"

Pvt. Blevins, Robert Bluff City, Tenn.
 " The Tennessee Mud Hen ".
Pvt. BOBERG, Walter H. 603 Second Av., Eau Claire, Wis.
 " Babe — a pink envelope every day ".
Bugler. BOWLES, Emmet J. Musselshell, Mont.
 " Some Bugler ".
Pvt. BRISTOL, Delyle F. Marion, Mich.
 " ' Bris' the featherweight — Popular Chef of Villeaux ".
Pvt. 1 cl. BROOKS, Charles, R.F.D. No 1, Empire, Mich.
 " Plain Brooks — not even a K. P. ".
Pvt. BUKOSKI, Edmund. Ubly, Mich.
 " Hobnail Specialist ".
Sgt. 1 cl. BROKUS, Jay G. Geo. Murray, Montesano, Wash.
 " By the Holy Miraculous Gentle Annie ".
Pvt. CAMERON, Arthur A. Petrolia, Cal.
 " I want a pass to Besancon ".
Pvt. CAMPBELL, Abner E. Knoxville, Ala.
 " ' Possum' — the terror of the cornfeds ".
Pvt. CARDOZA, Alvares Rodeo, Cal.
 " Senior Dog Robber ".
Hs. CARLISLE, Grover C. Pendleton, Ore.
 " ' Eyebolts' — ' I don't wanna squad' ".
Cook. CARSON, Charles A. Solway, Minn.
 " ' What! The price of Jam — Sanferian' ".
Corp. CARTER, Giles W. Caro, Texas.
 " The Yellow Rose of Texas ".
Pvt. CHESNUT, Vivian L. 2225 1-4 2nd Ave., Seattle, Wash.
 " ' My man Chesnut' Said Lool Parsons ".
Pvt. CHILDS, Marshall H. 539 Lake St., Eau Claire Wis.
 " Light Duty ".
Pvt. CHURCH, Bruce. R.F.D. No 4, Bad Axe, Mich.
 " Often seen and seldom heard ".
Wag. CHURCH, Calvin M. Utica, Mich.
 " ' Adenoids', the Snoring Wonder ".
Pvt. CHURCH, Earl. Montasano, Wash.
 " Paragoric ".
Corp. CLYBOURN, Prince A. Surveyor, W. Va.
 " He never was a trapper but can skin four mules ".
Pvt. 1 cl. COOK, Clinton K. Puidoso, N. Mex.
 " Save me a pass for Mirebeau ".
Pvt. 1 cl. COLEMAN, Louis A. 724 Danaherst St., Ludington, Mich.
 " Ranking 1st Class Private — ' How in hell did I know it?' ".
Pvt. 1 cl. COUTURIER, Leon J. R.F.D. No 1, Cedar, Mich.
 " Taps had no terrors for me until I struck Camp Candale ".

Sgt. CRAWFORD, Chester. Creighton, Mo.
 " Too modest to wear a wound stripe ".
Pvt. CRISP, Lonnie M. Balsam, No. Car.
 " A Besancon Fan ".
Pvt. CROOKER, Claude. Manton, Cal.
 " Jerry, the Prune Picker ".
Sgt. CUSTARD Philip B. R.F.D. No 2, Ridgefield, Wash.
 " Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ".
Pvt. DAVIS, Edwin A. Colgate, Okls.
 " We know why you do it, but how do you get away with it? ".
Pvt. DAY, Joseph L. White Salmon, Wash.
 " Ikie, the White Salmon, Jew ".
Corp. DEER, William J. Ulmar, So. Car.
 " The Carolinan Night Hawk ".
Pvt. DIMURO, Henry 130 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N. Y.
 " ' The Evaporating Kid' ' Where in hell did he go this time?' ".
Pvt. DOUGLAS, Robert B. 200 Congress St., Detroit, Mich.
 " The Man who Invented the Poncho for a Stew ".
Pvt. DOUNAY, Moses A. Craig, Col.
 " The Champion Souvenir Collector of the 3rd Bn. ".
Corp. EATON, Jay, S. Spokane, Wash.
 " They (the ladies) go wild, simply wild over me ".
Pvt. EIDSAA, Paul. Klamath Falls, Ore.
 " A favorite with old people especially ladies ".
Pvt. 1 cl. ENGBLOM, Gust B. Swenson, Ore.
 " The man who cleaned the 427th Regiment of French Cavalry at the
 " Hole in the Wall' ".
Sgt. EPPS, Bryan, A. Eureka, Cal.
 " The Battling Sarge — fights in modern Eve attire ".
 " Target for French Opera Glasses ".
Pvt. FALLON, Cecil L. Hutchinson, Minn.
 " Bull ".
Pvt. 1 cl. FARMER, Guy W. R.F.D. No 4, Leonard, Mich.
 " All Business ".
Pvt. FORD, Hiram J. Ewart, Mich.
 " The Volley Ball Expert " " ' You didn't think it was in me, did you?' ".
Pvt. FLETCHER, John W., Jr. Sommerville, Tenn.
 " Men may come and men may go but I go on forever ". The Sphinx.
Sgt. FRIEND, Harry. Vandali., Ill.
 " Sergeant Nookie " " Daw gone it, I thought I had the joker ".
Pvt. FRAZIER, David J. Rhinelander, Wis.
 " Some sport, when I get a lucky streak, he quits ".
Pvt. 1 cl. GAMBLE, Robert F. Section, Ala.
 " Pussy, alias Sergeant ".

Pvt. GARRET, Miles N. 23 Aldrich St., Northampton, Mass.
 " A Back-Bay Favorite "

Pvt. 1 cl. GAY, Charlie 83, E. Main St., Statesboro, Ga.
 " They never will believe me "

Pvt. GILCREASE, John A. Wills Point, Texas.
 " I'd rather work than stand inspection "

Pvt. GOLDEN, Charles A. 6 Avenue West, Flint, Mich.
 " The Ladykiller "

Bugler. GOODROW, Roy J. 4549 Southeast St., Tacoma, Wash.
 " Clarion Louie Josseff Goodrow "

Pvt. GORMAN, James H. Skamakama, Wash.
 " Encore du Bierre "

Pvt. GRAHAM, Charles E. 1425 ' Q ' St., Sacramento, Cal.
 " The Knockout Kid "

Pvt. 1 cl. GUSTAFSON, Gunnar A. 2536 So. ' L ' St., Tacoma, Wash.
 " ' Gus ' A fellow who don't have to buy a drink to be popular "

Pvt. 1 cl. GRISELL, Raymond R.F.D. No 2, Pennville, Ind.
 " The Man who Wrecked the Velet Express "

Pvt. 1 cl. HAGER, Byron H. Gladwin, Mich.
 " ' Barney ' who featured in ' One-Eyed Riley ' "

Wag. HAIGHT, Franck M. R.F.D. No 7, Hastings, Mich.
 " After all others failed "

Wag. HALLER, Oscar Wanamingo, Minn.
 " ' Baldy ' He generally plays a good hand "

Pvt. 1 cl. HANNA, Earl S. 1445 Mallory Ave., Portland, Ore.
 " ' Portland Kid ' ' Hurrah for the Lettuce ' "

Corp. HANSON, Casper. Box 476, Portland, Ore.
 " He loves an Engine like a Daddy does his first Boy "

Pvt. HARDING, Eddie. Ben. Del., Jacksonvillé, Fla.
 " Not a traveling salesmann. just a drummer "

Pvt. HARDY, Carleton. Orland, Glenn Country, Cal.
 " What d'ya sav ? - Loves Labor Lost "

Pvt. HATCH, Allen E. Spring Green, Wis.
 " Major Hatch " " There Comes the Enemy "

Pvt. 1 cl. HAYNER, Harry E. 29 Washington St., Gloversville, N. Y.
 " ' Shorty ' Simon Saw Tooth Specialist "

Sgt. HAYWOOD, William H. Eutaw, Ala.
 " Sergeant Van Rouge "

Wag. HECKARD, Marion. Astoria, Ore.
 " Motorman on the Owl Car "

Sgt. HENSON, Carl A. Cyossett, Ark.
 " Base-Hospital No 192, has its attractions after all "

Wag. HENDERSON, Fred G. Ioyalton, Cal.
 " From magnetos and spark plugs to cornets in 14 months "

Pvt. HESCH, Erank A. Westwood, Cal.
 " German Interpreter "

Pvt. HIPKINS, Fred. 760 McFellan St., Flint, Mich.
 " The heir to the Boulangerie "

Pvt. HOLIFIED, Alonzo. B R F.D. No 3, Soso, Miss.
 " A. B. "

Sup. Sgt. HOLLISTER, John J. Ponchatoula, Ia.
 " Jack " Cinquante centimes or 100 % profit " Louisiana Couch cootie "

Corp. HOLMER, Ralph. Cokato, Minn.
 " The man vin rouge never floored "

Pvt. HOOPER, Amos M., Jr. South Lyon, Mich.
 " Going back la mem shows, 100 % pure "

Pvt. HORNIBROOK, Carleton W. 1020 Cook St, Marinette, Wis.
 " Detached Service. When do we est ? "

Cook. HOUGHTALING, Jay L. 317 N. Clinton St., Charlotte, Mich.
 " Another d.....d cook "

Pvt. HOWELL, John F. Unicoi, Tenn.
 " The Sth Wonder, K. P. d eight months and never gained a pound "

Pvt. HUFHAM, Fred. R.F.D. No 4, Birmingham, Ala.
 " Demonstrating Porous Plasters "

Pvt. HUTSELL, David F., Jr Decatur, Tonn.
 " Once a farmer, always a farmer "

Pvt. JOHNSON, Charles. 919 45th St.. Cakland, Cal.
 " ' Toughy ' on Monsieur Swede "

Pvt. JOHNSON, Ed Broken Bow, Okla.
 " Not related to ' Toughy ' "

Pvt. KENT, Dwight N. Little River, Cal.
 " Rather slow during the day but some speed at night "

Pvt. 1 cl. KENT, Marion. R.F.D. No 6, Bloomington, Ind.
 " If he only didn't love so many, how happy one poor girl might be "

Pvt. KINTER, Lester B. 527 E. Railroad Ave., Verona, Pa.
 " ' Red ' Switchman on the Mirebeau Special "

Pvt. 1 cl. KNUDSEN, Walter W. Orleans, Humboldt County, Cal.
 " Small man with a big voice on pay day "

Pvt. KOKESH, John. 4301 James Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.
 " The Big Bohamian "

Pvt. 1 cl. KONOSKE, Mervo Crystal Falls, Mich.
 " Tank Driver "

Corp. KRING, Georges W. Salix, Pa.
 " He knows Lieut. Green and everything "

Pvt. 1 cl. KUHN, Byron P. Cresson, Pa.
 " Shorty "

Sgt. KUHN, Ordell. Cresson, Pa.
 " Boss "

Pvt. 1 cl. LANG, John R. Chico, Mont.
" Judge Heavy sat on the Judicial Bench for 14 years and his feet never touched the floor ".
Pvt. 1 cl. LANTHIER, Lawrence E. 736 Washington St., San Rosa, Cal.
" Almost made the hill ".
Pvt. LAWRENCE, Bert. Dillon, Mont.
" The Kid ".
Pvt. LAYPORT, Benjamin M. Box 84, Cashmere, Wash.
" The Eternal interrogator ".
Sgt. † LEROY, Faunt S. Walkerton, Ind.
" Knowie " " Cord wood Ike ".
Pvt. 1 cl. LJUNGVIST, Erick H. Heath, Neb.
" The Big Swede ".
Pvt. LOVEJOY, Oce Kyle 414 So. Florence St., El Paso, Texas.
" Handsome Harry ".
Sgt. 1 cl. LUX, James R. Mandinghall Cottage, Sheridan, Ore.
" Siwash ".
Pvt. LYTLE, Marius M. New Kamilche, Wash.
" The Saw Doctor ".
Corp. MACDONALD, James W. R.R. No 2, Milan, Quebec, Canada.
" We refer you to Capt. Hamilton ".
Pvt. MACMASTER, John A. 2403 Myrtlewood St., Philadelphia, Pa.
" He sympathizes with Cinquante — his girl got married, too ".
Corp. MACNULTY, William A. Republic, Wash.
" Boob MacNutt — Enough beef there to make a ball player ".
Pvt. 1 cl. MADESON, Olie A. Bain, Minn.
" ' Olie ' Lets Go ".
Pvt. MARKHAM, Lindsey C. 716 E. Holly St., Bellingham, Wash.
" Barney Oldfield ".
Pvt. MARQUARD, Paul O. Hopkins, Mich.
" Carbuncle ".
Sgt. MARX, William O. New Buffalo, Mich.
" The short logger from Clark Forks, Idaho ".
Pvt. MATHEWS, Walter H. Lone Pine, Cal.
" Dynamite ".
Corp. MATTHEWS, Oscar D. Klamath Falls, Ore.
" O. D. " — " Where's my barracks bag? ".
Corp. MATTATALL, Albert Denver East Machias, Me.
" Subby — they found him in Maine ".
Wag. McDILL, William S. Seneca Castle, N. Y.
" Had as hard a time getting over as we are having getting back ".
Pvt. 1 cl. McDONALD, George Emory. . . . Sumner, Ill.
" Ladies Man ".

Pvt. MCGILL, Farnest E. Everglades, Fla.
" Germany Zig Zag ".
Pvt. MCKENZIE, Cecil W. Paulina, Ore.
" Modest and Unassuming ".
Pvt. 1 cl. McLELLAN, Donald E. East 2414 Cataldo Ave., Spokanné, Wash.
" Hunted Africans with a German rifle in a French town ".
Pvt. McVAY, Michael. 4911 Hatfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
" Doesn't talk his share but does it ".
Sgt. MEANS, Thomas G. Cascade, Mont.
" Shoot a Sankont ".
Cook. MICHAUD, Benoit. Plaisted, Me.
" ' Frog ' — Handles vin rouge in milk buckets ".
Pvt. MOCK, Theodore F. Noxen, Pa.
" He almost got married ".
Pvt. NEASMITH, John I. 140 Norwalk Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
" Did guard duty when every thing was quiet ".
Pvt. NEWELL, Ray E. R.F.D. No 2, Morenci, Mich.
" Gasoline ".
Wag. † NICOL, Roy O. 435 No. Clinton St., Charlotte, Mich.
" ' Nick ' He drove through a barrage of show windows ".
Pvt. NOEL, Herbert P. Freeburg, Minn.
" Silence is his specialty ".
Sgt. 1 cl. OAKES, Roland E. 7 Spring St., Foxcroft, Me.
" Sent flowers 300 kilometres — husband at home and they soon wilted ".
Pvt. 1 cl. OLSON, Christian R. Box No 81, Bricelyn, Minn.
" I need a new suit of O.D.S. ".
Pvt. OLSON, Roy. Baron, Wis.
" Rivals Noel for Silence ".
Pvt. 1 cl. OPALKA, William P. Columbia Falls, Mont.
" Skins mules alive ".
Pvt. OSWALT, Felix B. Columbia, Miss.
" Governor ".
Pvt. OTIS, Lloyd J. Sonora, Cal.
" He K.P.d four months and gained 22 pounds. Steaks agree with him ".
Pvt. PANNOCK, Edward J. Cor. 4th & ' J ' St., Sacramento, Cal.
" Advocate of the third rail system ".
Sad. PATMORE, Herschell, J. 4304 Cummings St., Memphis, Tenn.
" All around champion at African Golf ".
Corp. PELTO, John P. Maygar, Ore.
" Logging poor boy, see ".
Pvt. 1 cl. PERRY, Erwin F. Caseville, Mich.
" Encore — his first French word ".
Pvt. PESCI, Giacomo. 706 Patterson Ave., West Hoboken, N.J.
" You tell un kit you betch ".

Pvt. PETTINGILL, Russell E. 333 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.
 " He sympathyses with Crawford ".

Pvt. PHILLIPS, Stanton L. Munsie Valley, Pa.
 " Sergeant Hardtack ".

Pvt. POMROY, Herbert. Klamath Falls, Ore.
 " The man from Blighty ".

1st Sgt. PRATT, Harold I. Box 96, Berwick, Me.
 " Open to all engagements — Graves Monte Carlo atmosphere ".

Pvt. PRIESTER, Russel R. Fresno, Cal.
 " The laughing hyena ".

Pvt. PRUTZMAN, Harvey. Vancouver, Wash.
 " Jun say pa ".

Pvt. RABORG, Horace B. 2034 East 34th St., Tacoma, Wash.
 " Safety foist ".

Pvt. RADU, Charlie. 2011 Harrison Ave., Canton, Ohio.
 " Saf ees no give I'm take ".

Pvt. RADZIBON, Nik 269 Plumber St., Detroit, Mich.
 " ' Nik ' What for you make me laugh ".

Pvt. RASMUSSEN, Paul G. Anaconda, Mont.
 " Graves one more trip to Vitteaux ".

Pvt. RATHBUN, Frank I. Mason, Mich.
 " Not much on cooking — strong on electricity ".

Pvt. 1 cl. REDMOND, Carl. 59 East 78th St., Portland, Ore.
 " ' Happy ' Let me seep right here ".

Pvt. REID, Samuel W.
 " Has a horror of wild women ".

Pvt. 1 cl. REIK, Royal. 1083 Louis Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 " He always watched, his step ".

Pvt. RENTZ, George P. Ocala, Fla.
 " ' Rooster ' ".

Pvt. RENTZ, James T. Carrabelle, Fla.
 " Alias Talcum Powdes Jim ".

Corp. RICE, Jesse L. Pinto, Mont.
 " The Powder River Kid — Believes in advertising ".

Pvt. ROACH, Daniel G. 1055 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.
 " Never broke — Carries a first class string of ponies ".

Pvt. 1 cl. ROBERTS, Thomas A. Blum, Texas.
 " The Gentleman from Texas ".

Pvt. ROBESON, James Robert. R.F.D. No 7, Servierville, Tenn.
 " Pusses Pal ".

Pvt. 1 cl. ROGERS, John E. Conde, So. Dak.
 " Cyclone ".

Pvt. ROSSOW, August A. 2517 Cak St., Port Huron, Mich.
 " He knows she's a nice girl because she said so herself ".

Wag. ROUTT, Melbourne C. Box 567, Fresno, Cal.
 " " Three Ball Abie " " Battalion Banker ".

Pvt. RUBY, Rodney H. Williams, Ariz.
 " Inpenetrable Rodney ".

Pvt. 1 cl. RUNNEBAUM, William H. 204 Cleveland Ave., St. Bernard, Ohio.
 " Lost in the wilds of France, two kilometres from camp ".

Pvt. 1 cl. RUSSEL, Don. Cohay, Miss.
 " Runnies Pardner — Was guide for Runie on their march ".

Corp. RYAN, John A. Oak Park, Stillwater, Minn.
 " Pitcher painter — particular friend of Sheehan's ".

Pvt. SCHMIDT, Emil G. Osceola, Wis.
 " Company chemist — we recommend him to the Mess Sergeant ".

Wag. SCHRINER, Frank. New Richland, Minn.
 " One of the Greasy Eight ".

Pvt. SCOTT, Fred L. 370 No. 14th St., Albuquerque, N. Mex.
 " Sco'ty alias Johnson ".

Pvt. SHAFFER, Nathan D. R.F.D. No 4, Carson City, Mich.
 " He put something over on Capt. Foley ".

Pvt. SHEEHAN, Frank E. Denver, Col.
 " Firt man in the A E F to taks a furlough ".

Pvt. SMITH, Cecil R. 4107 Liberty St., Flint, Mich.
 " ' Sawdust Hound ' Staff officer with Sgt. Van Rouge ".

Pvt. SMITH, Garry L. Turin, N. Y.
 " Nine-toed Smithy ".

Cook. SMITH, Henry R. Winlock, Wash.
 " Soupey ".

Pvt. 1 cl. SMITH, James W. A.L. Bennett, Kamiah, Idaho.
 " Gentle Annies Pardner ".

Corp. X SNELGROVE, Olin G. 1602 13th Ave., Meridian, Miss.
 " I heard the boys talking " " The Company Vampire ".

Pvt. SOLBERG, Victor. Eau Claire, Wis.
 " The Company Poet ".

Pvt. STAPLETON, Patrick. Gagetown, Mich.
 " On post a week without relief ".

Pvt. STARKS, Percy H. 1307 Orange Ave., Orange, Texas.
 " If he was to start ahead of every one else, he'd be the last one there ".

Sgt. St. MARTIN, Edward S. San Francisco, Cal.
 " Capt. Todd's understudy ".

Corp. STOIANOWSKI, Anthony. 570 Grandy Av., Detroit Mich.
 " Harmless, not a Bolshevist ".

Pvt. STOKES, Jessie D. Hattiesberg, Miss.
 " A thorn in Loot Power's side ".

Pvt. 1 cl. STOVER, Arthur J. Hunters Creek, Mich.
 " The man who won the abstinence medal ".

Pvt. 1 cl. SULLIVAN, Vander J. Mt. Olive, Miss.
" Velet society leader ".
Pvt. TAUBE, Henry Herbert. Woodland, Wash.
" The Macaroni King ".
Pvt. 1 cl. TEAGUE, John K. Black Mountain, No. Car.
" John Teague !! Well, I guess I do know him ".
Pvt. 1 cl. TELFORD, Milton M. 903 Mullen Ave., coeur d'Alene, Idaho.
" The Idaho ' phenom ' ".
Pvt. 1 cl. THIELE, Arthur H. Hanover, Kan.
" ' Mother ' " " It must be morning in Billings, Montana ".
Pvt. THOMAS, Willis M. Panama, Okla.
" O. D. s able assistant ".
Pvt. THOMSON, John J. 845 Bush St. San Francisco. Cal.
" Tom, the nightingale ".
Pvt. 1 cl. TOBIAS, George W. Williamston, Mich.
" Says little, thinks much ".
Pvt. TOTHEROW, Candler. Wesser, No. Car.
" He's a Cavalryman ".
Sgt. TREICK, Edward P. Scotland, So. Dak.
" Metter Wood Slim ".
Pvt. TUCKER, Edward L. Carbella, Mon.,
" ' Tuck ' the sheed herder ".
Pvt. ULLATHORNE, Frank. Eureka, Cal.
" The man who conquered Vin Rouge ".
Pvt. VERNON, Paul D. R.F.D. No 1, Toledo, Ill.
" Red ".
Pvt. 1 cl. WARD, Albert E. Eureka, Cal.
" The Green Pea Picker ".
Pvt. WARD, Joseph M. Light, Ark.
" He hopes like Hipkins, to get part of the Boulangerie ".
Pvt. WAYLAND, John H. Plainview, Texas.
" The Texas Kid ".
Pvt. WEIS, Mathias. Elgin, Mont.
" Staff Officer with Runnebaum ".
Pvt. WENNER, Nick J. Eureka, Cal.
" 15 Months at poker without a winning ".
Sgt. WILCOX, Daniel J. 415 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Cognac Dan ".
Pvt. WILLIAMS, Jay C. Eaton Rapids, Mich.
" Ma Wee ".
Pvt. WILSON, Carl. Herbert, Ala.
" ' Woodrow ' the Alabama Kid ".
Pvt. WILSON, Mortimer F. Mt. Clemens, Mich.
" Luckiest Man in the 7th Co. ".

Pvt. WOHLERT, Albert, Richmond (P.O. Lenoux), Mich.
" Builds Dutch Ovens in France ".
Cook. WRIGHT, James F. P.O. Box 308, Highwood, Mont.
" In the Kitchen and out again ".
Pvt. WYNKOOP, Rosco. Rifton, N. Y.
" Capt. Todd's Battleaxe ".
Pvt. YERDEN, Earl G. 22 Canada St. Detroit, Mich.
" Gave up training horses for Mademoiselles ".
Pvt. 1 cl. ZARR, Charles A. 231 Vista Grand Ave., Daly City, Cal.
" Tango Specialist ",