

# World War I Photo Albums

The Photo Story of  
a Doughboy's Journey Through  
France and Germany  
in World War I

Louis Z. Daris



Edited by Louis Forget  
Foreword by Charles L. Daris





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Arlington, VA, 2018

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*This project is dedicated  
to the memory of my father, Louis Z. Daris.*  
Charles L. Daris





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## Foreword

THIS IS A COMPANION piece to the narrative memoirs of my father, Louis Z. Daris, published separately as *A Memoir of the War: A Doughboy's Journey Through France and Germany in World War I*.

My father, writing on black construction paper in strikingly contrasting white ink, neatly penned captions to the photos and postcards he collected during the war in France and afterwards while serving in the Army of Occupation in Germany. The four albums he created constitute a fascinating illustrated narrative of his personal journey.

You are shown scenes of his home town, South Ashburnham, Massachusetts, a typical New England village where Louis and ten of his buddies lived and worked for the town's major employer, the Whitney furniture factory. There is a shot of the train station where, after signing up enthusiastically as a group, the volunteers boarded their train for boot camp to the rousing cheers of the entire village. There are scenes of boot camp in Syracuse and other training sites, drilling, rifle ranges, an unseasonably freezing winter in North Carolina. Finally, they boarded a troopship in Hoboken for the perilous voyage across the U-boat-infested North Atlantic. Upon arriving in France, they strutted to General Pershing's cry, "Lafayette, we are here!"

Scenes show them in more training, first with experienced British army regulars then with battle-hardened French army units who taught them how to fight the evolving trench warfare (Dad's comment: "French rations are better"). They discovered awesome and deadly new weapons of war, from guns that fired a projectile for seventy-five miles to warplanes, tanks, and gas ordnance, scenes of which are all portrayed.

When General Pershing deemed their training adequate, you see them trudging mile after mile through ubiquitous mud, devastated villages, denuded forests, materiel-clogged roads until they arrived, with mixed satisfaction and trepidation,

at the front. The St. Mihiel battle, scenes from which are shown, was their first trial by fire. Their unit was spared most of the heavy combat there, but then came the murderous battles of the Meuse–Argonne campaign, illustrated in graphic shots.

Then, suddenly, the Armistice was agreed. The fighting ended. The headlines showed the exhilaration.

Dad's unit was sent to Germany as part of the American Army of Occupation.

Upon arriving in Germany my father absorbed everything in wide-eyed awe. The beautiful river valleys, the charming villages, the castles, the opulent spas all fascinated him. He collected postcards by the dozen. He commented on his travels, his observations, but these did not erase his anger over the injustice of a Germany left intact while its soldiers destroyed so much of France.

His tour over, he returned to Ashburnham for family celebrations shown in multiple portraits. The village turned out in force to honor the returned veterans and they are seen marching down Main Street with the flag proudly flying.

Dad's time in uniform, he wrote elsewhere, was "the greatest experience of my life." He would be pleased to know that others can now share that experience through his writing.

I had been sitting on Dad's trove of memories for years, promising to do something with them but always daunted by the task and ignorant of the processes involved in exploiting them. I owe my decision to tackle this to three people.

Two are recently deceased friends in Reims, France, an area where so much American military activity took place in the Great Wars of the past century. Arnauld Desplanques was my counterpart in Reims when I was president of the Arlington-Reims Sister City Committee. One of its members, Jacques Pernet, was an amateur historian who wrote several books on the American military role in the two wars. After I showed them my father's work, they literally begged me to publish it before the centennial had passed. Alas, they are not here to see their request met.

But I needed the inspiration and publishing experience of my friend Louis Forget to demystify the process. He did all the formatting and conversion to manageable text and illustrations, and his suggestions as to organization were invaluable. I am deeply grateful for his generosity in showing me the way.

Charles L. Daris  
January 2018

Album 1





## Enlisting



Chair makers flock to flag.

[Chair Factory of W. F. Whitney & Co. and General Store of A. E. Garlick, South Ashburnham, Mass.]

It all happened this way:

Since the entry of the United States in the World War conflict, not a day passed but the subject was freely discussed by us of military age. The time had now arrived for America to put an army in the fight.

While enjoying our noon smoke on Garlick's store steps, a sudden desire to enlist made its appearance. Rab, Boisse, Mac, Shorty, and myself resolved

that we'd do so at once. Rushing into the shop we informed our bosses that from now on we would take orders from Uncle Sam.

Word of our action spread over the village and when we arrived at the station to take our train for Fitchburg, two more volunteers had decided to follow us.

These were Ted and Pete. Before the train departed, Joe Pelletier and Wild Bill McClenathan and about the same time Henry Bennett put in an appearance.

Harry Lock who was engineer of the factory caught the spirit of the occasion and completed the party.

440 Main St, Fitchburg, Mass., where the recruiting station was located was a busy place for the next hour. A large crowd, attracted by our chatter and joking was assembled outside.

## So. Ashburnham Soldiers Given Send-off.

Assembled outside. Four men at a time we were put thru the exams and when these were complete only nine of us had made the grade.

The recruiting officer gave us instructions to report back the next morning and with this in mind we hurried back home to celebrate before our departure.

That same night we congregated in Greenville N.H. to celebrate at Shorty's home.

The townspeople made hasty plans to send us away

with enthusiasm. Factories closed and the railroad station platforms were crowded

with cake, candy and smokes, we boarded our train and our first lap

and instructions to report to Springfield recruiting station. Here we were

It was here we got our taste of Army life for the first time.



Boston & Maine Station, South Ashburnham, Mass.



with townspeople who had brought all sorts of gifts to give us. Loaded down

in our trip to the great adventure was underway. At Fitchburg we were given transportation

re-examined and sent on our way to an Army Camp that was being established in Syracuse, N.Y.

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At Fitchburg, we were given transportation, re-examined and sent on our way to an Army Camp that was being established in Syracuse, N.Y.



## "You're in the Army Now!"



### "Hello, Syracuse!"

[456 Empire State Express Passing Through Syracuse, N.Y.]

"What's the matter with our engineer?" asked Shorty, as we arrived in Syracuse. We looked out of the car window and were surprised to see that we were going right down the main street. Imagine a train on a main street?

Shorty couldn't believe it and came to the conclusion that something he drank out of a bottle must have changed his vision.

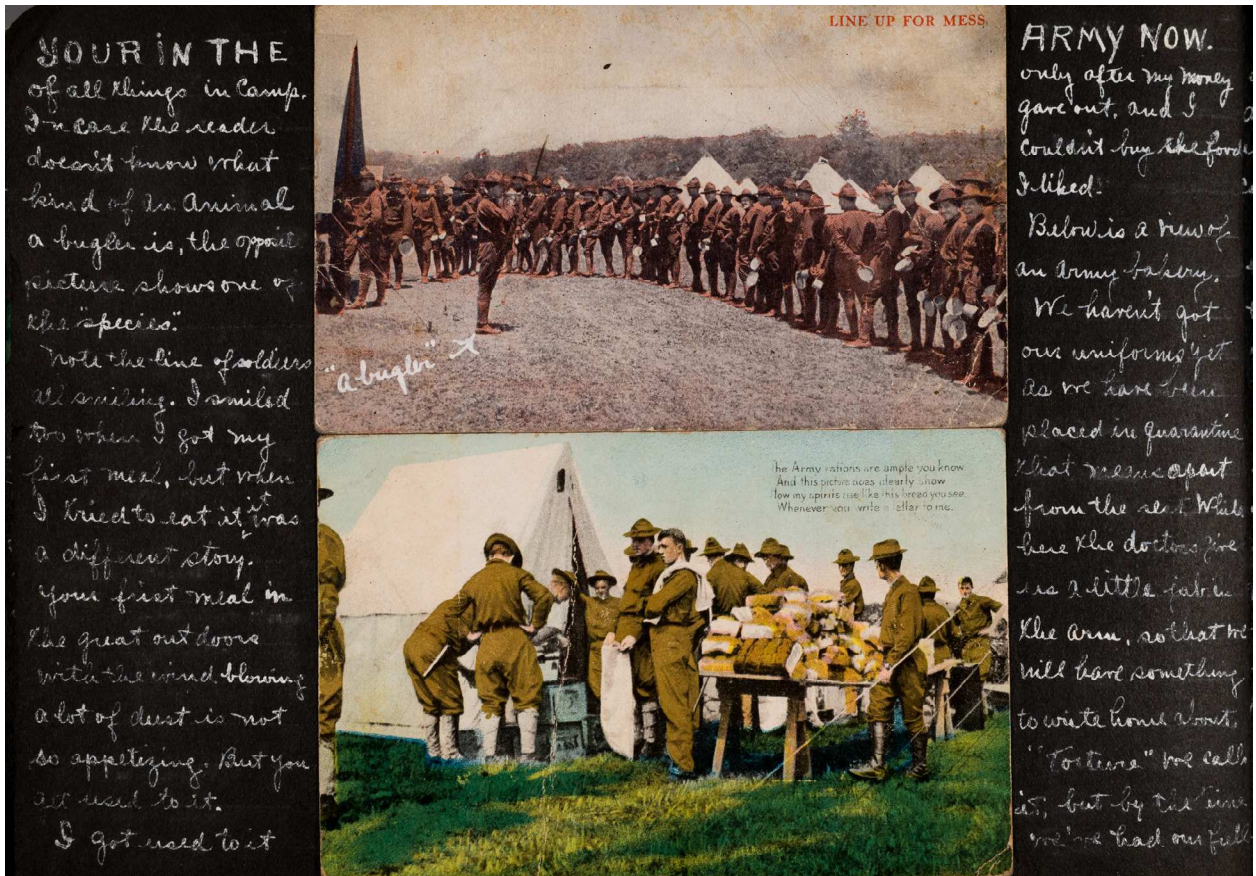
Arriving at the station we lost no time piling out, and lost less time when the greeting soldier said it was last chance to get a drink.

We took the last chance and dove through the swinging doors. A very happy group wended their way back to the station where the soldier took charge and told us to "fall in."

Hiking a short distance, we boarded a trolley marked Fairgrounds and after a stormy session en route, we left the car at the fairground gate. Passing through the gate we got a wonderful view of our future home.

Tents were pitched around the race course and the exhibit buildings were used to house the men. Reporting to the commanding officer, we were sworn in and became full-fledged would-be soldiers. Our first formation was to eat, better known as "chow," and officially termed "mess."

A bugler we soon learned was the regulator...



**"You're in the Army now!"**

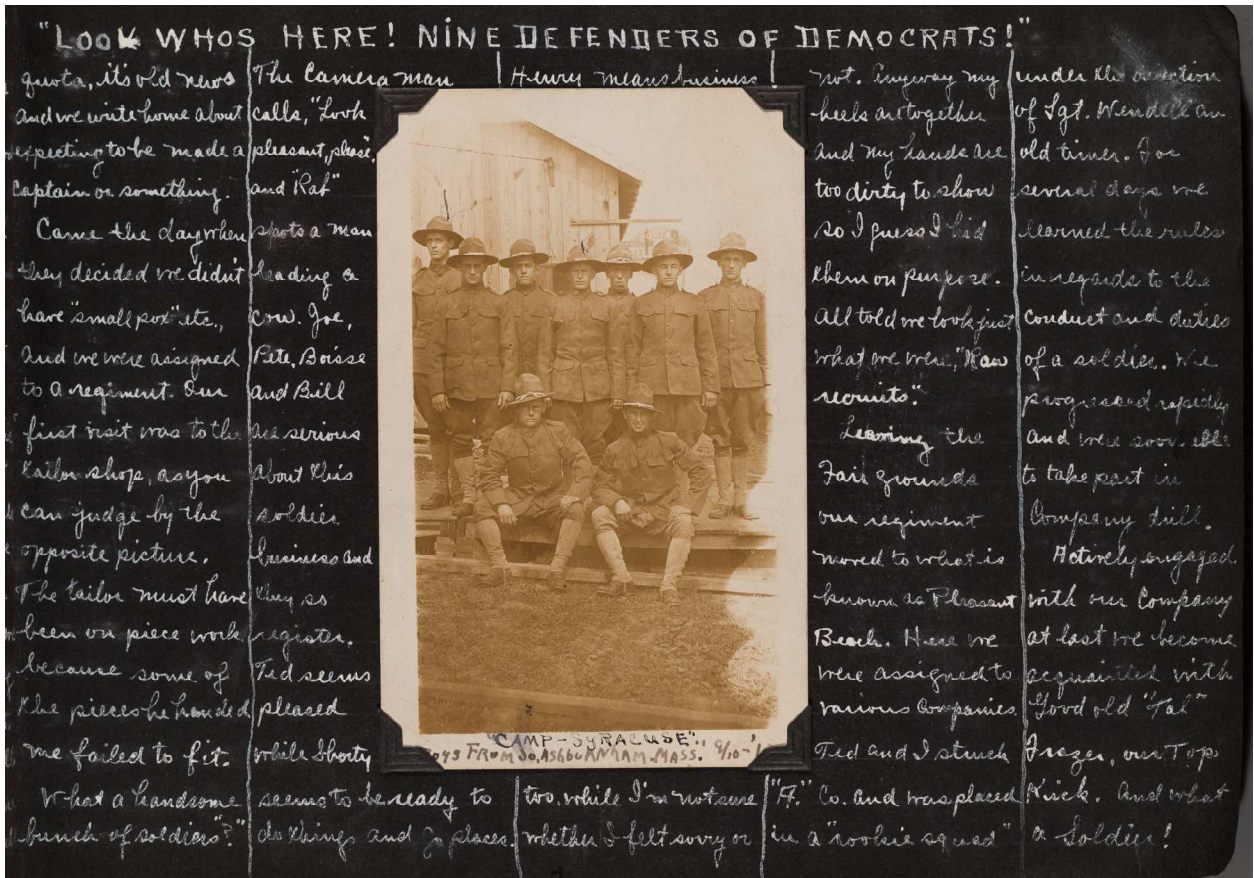
... of all things in camp. In case the reader doesn't know what kind of an animal a bugler is, the opposite picture show one of this "species." Note the line of soldiers all smiling. I smiled too when I got my first meal, but when I tried to eat it it was a different story. Your first meal in the great outdoors with the wind blowing a lot of dust is not so appetizing. But you get used to it.

I got used to it only after my money gave out, and I couldn't buy the food I liked.

Below is a view of an army bakery.

We haven't got our uniforms yet as we have been placed in quarantine, that means apart from all the rest. While here the doctors give us a little jab in the arm, so that we will have something to write home about. "Torture" we call it, but by the time we've had our full...





**"Look who's here! Nine defenders of democrats!"**

[Camp Syracuse. Boys from Ashburnham, Mass. 9/10/17]

... quota, it's old news and we write home about expecting to be made a captain or something. Came the day when they decided we didn't have "smallpox" etc., and we were assigned to a Regiment. Our first visit was to the tailor shop, as you can judge by the opposite picture. The tailor must have been on piecework because some of the pieces he handed me failed to fit. "What a handsome bunch of soldiers?" The camera man calls, "Look pleasant, please." And Rab spots a man leading a crew. Joe, Pete, Boisse and Bill are serious about this solder business and they so register. Ted seems pleased while Shorty seems to be ready to do things and go places. Henry means business too, while I'm not sure whether I felt sorry or not. Anyway my heels are together and my hands are too dirty to show so I guess I hid them on purpose. All told we looked just what we were, "raw recruits." Leaving the fairgrounds our regiment moved to what is known as Pleasant Beach. Here we were assigned to various companies. Ted and I struck "A" Co. and were placed in a "rookie squad" under the direction of Sgt. Wendell, an old timer. For several days we learned the rules in regards to the conduct and duties of a soldier. We progressed rapidly and were soon able to take part in Company drill. Actively engaged with our Company at last we became acquainted with Good Old "Tal" Frazer, our Top Kick. And what a soldier!



**"Listen, you birds, here's how!"**

Top:

Listen, You Birds. Here's How! – Frazer  
 August 1917, Pleasant Beach Camp, Syracuse, N.Y.  
 Recruit Days

Bottom:

Supposing you were advancing and an enemy machine gun opened fire, what would you do?

Left:

"PORT ARMS" Shorty, Co. E, 47th Inf.

Right:

If you drill like hell all day and sweat all night I'll know you are a good soldier.  
 1st Sgt Tal Frazer. My Top Kick. 33 years' service





**What a few weeks will do.**

Sept. 1917 - Pleasant Beach Camp., Syracuse, N.Y.  
 Ed. Boisse, Co. H, 9th Inf, Joe Pelletier, Co. M, 9th Inf,  
 Bill McClenathan, 47th Inf., "The kid hisself", Co. A, 47th Inf.

## "ON THE ROUTE TO SOLVAY"

"Over the fence, across the railroad tracks, through the Salt Works and into Solvay."

Solvay, a suburb of Syracuse was our hangout during the time we were supposed to be in quarantine.

Just as soon as darkness set in, every day, rain or shine we'd be found on this route.

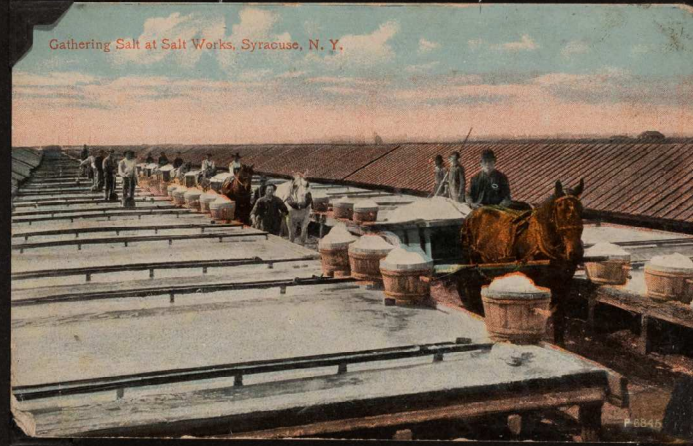
A combination Bar and Pool room where we could get a few glasses of beer and play a few games of pool was our destination.

at 9:30, we'd leave the place, armed with pickled pig's feet

our way in pitch black darkness through the salt

Police to identify us as soldiers, and the same held

got caught leaving and returning to and from camp.



Gathering Salt at Salt Works, Syracuse, N. Y.

and crackers. These we'd munch on our way back to camp.

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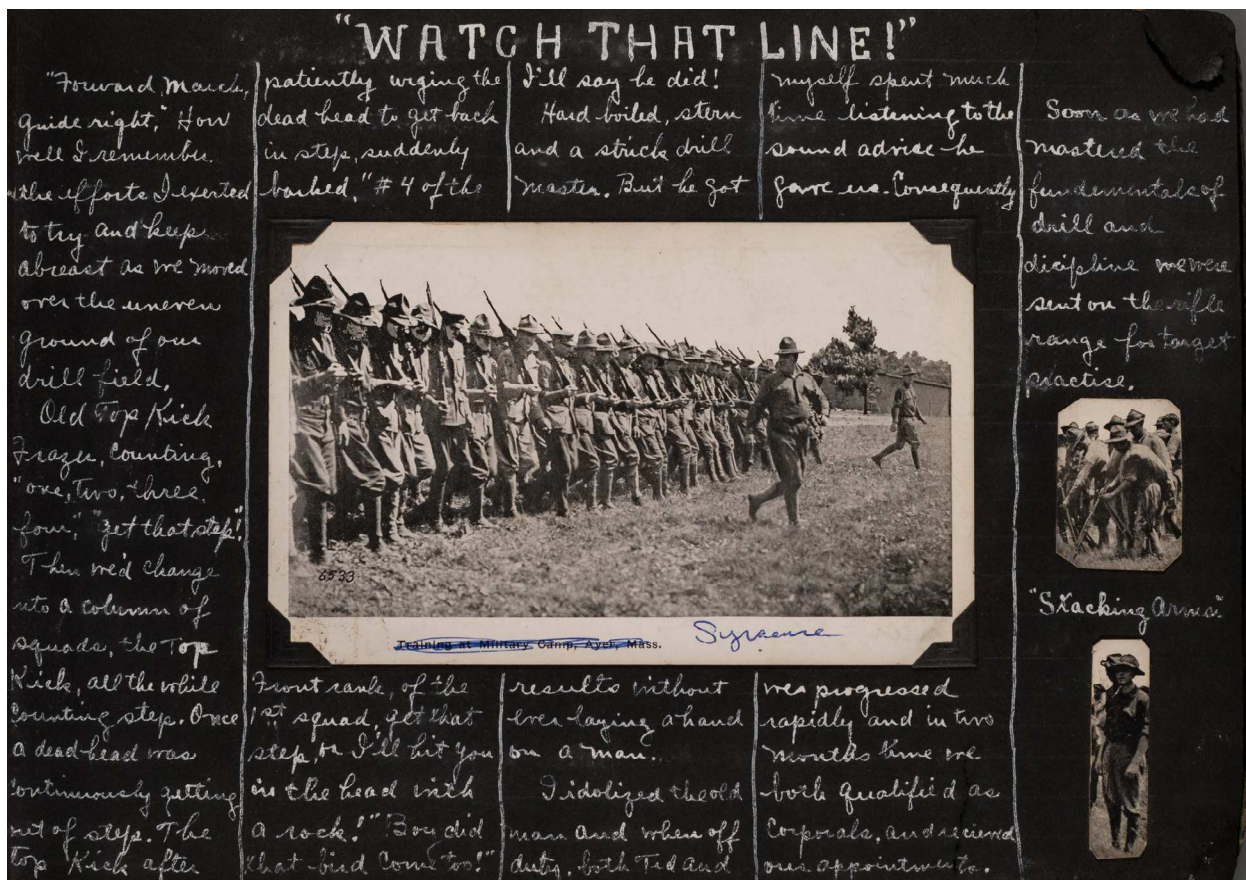
A combination bar and pool room where we could get a few glasses of beer and play a few games of pool was our destination.

At 9:30 we'd leave the place, armed with pickled pigs' feet and crackers. These we'd munch on our way back to camp.

Many a fall we've taken as we made our way in pitch black darkness through the Salt Works.

Having retained our civilian clothes, it was impossible for the military police to identify us as soldiers, and the same held true of the barkeep who, had he known, would have refused us drinks. Not one of us ever got caught leaving and returning to and from camp.





**"Watch that line!"**

"Forward march, guide right." How well I remember the efforts I expended to try and keep abreast as we moved over the uneven ground of our drill field.

Old Top Kick Frazer, counting "one, two, three, four. Get that step!" Then we'd change into a column of squads, the Top Kick, all the while counting step. Once a dead head was continuously getting out of step. The Top Kick after patiently urging the dead head to get back in step suddenly barked, "#4 of the front rank of the 1st squad, get that step or I'll hit you in the head with a rock!" Boy did that bird come to, I'll say he did.

Hard-boiled, stern and a strict drill master. But he got results without ever laying a hand on a man.

I idolized the old man and when off duty both Ted and myself spent much time listening to the sound advice he gave us.

Consequently we progressed rapidly and in two months' time we both qualified as corporals and received our appointments.

As soon as we had mastered the fundamentals of drill and discipline we were sent on the rifle range for target practice.

Bottom right: Stacking arms



### On the Rifle Range

Here's where we learn to shoot. This picture shows a range used in an army camp during the war.

The group on the left is a detail to relieve the men as shown leaving the "Pit"

The soldiers on the extreme right of this picture are picking up the steel jackets that have flattened themselves in the sand.

Each man is assigned a target and from various positions back of firing position he shoots the various distances such as: standing, 100 yds slow fire, or prone 1000 yds rapid fire.

The man assigned each target in the "Pit" marks each hit on the target with a long marker used for the purpose. For instance: a shot hits the target to the right of the bull's eye, the pit man so marks the spot. On complete misses a flag is waved.

Left: Shooting in sitting position

Right: Off hand shooting



## "GOODBYE SYRACUSE."

After becoming Regular soldiers we had had the freedom of the City. Passes to all men who had good conduct records were freely issued. This gave us an opportunity to become very much acquainted with the city.

So Salina St. was our favorite promenade and every night the walks were filled

with soldiers. The people took to us. And hardly

gave us free rides to and from Camp, until some of the

Theaters always had seats reserved for us free of all

spot in my heart for the good people of Syracuse.

To show our appreciation for their many good deeds our regiment staged two parades while here. It was my first parade and both of them had to be in the rain.

October 25<sup>th</sup> we bade farewell to these good people as we entrained for the so-called "Sunny South."



a Sunday passed but what one of us was a guest at somebody's home. Trolley cars

ungrateful ones started abusing the privilege by creating rough houses on the cars.

Cost, churches would not accept even a contribution on Sundays. In fact I have a warm

### "Goodbye, Syracuse"

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The people took to us and hardly a Sunday passed but what one of us was a guest at somebody's home. Trolley cars gave us free rides to and from camp until some of the ungrateful ones started abusing the privilege by creating rough houses on the cars.

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## CAMP GREENE IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

To complete our training and to recruit up to full strength we came to Camp Greene.

This camp is on the outskirts of Charlotte N.C. located in a field of clay. Here on a plot someone had used to raise cotton we pitched our tents and tried to get settled for the

coming winter. It was our misfortune to come here, in what

during our stay here was a regular sea of mud which

impossible to get around. For some weeks it was

Condition schools were established. At these classes

we got instructions from French Army instructors who had been assigned to teach us the up to date methods of warfare.

Completing this course we were in turn given the task of imparting our knowledge to



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUSINESS SECTION.

the natives termed as an unusual winter. The Camp

froze and thawed and frozed again, making it almost

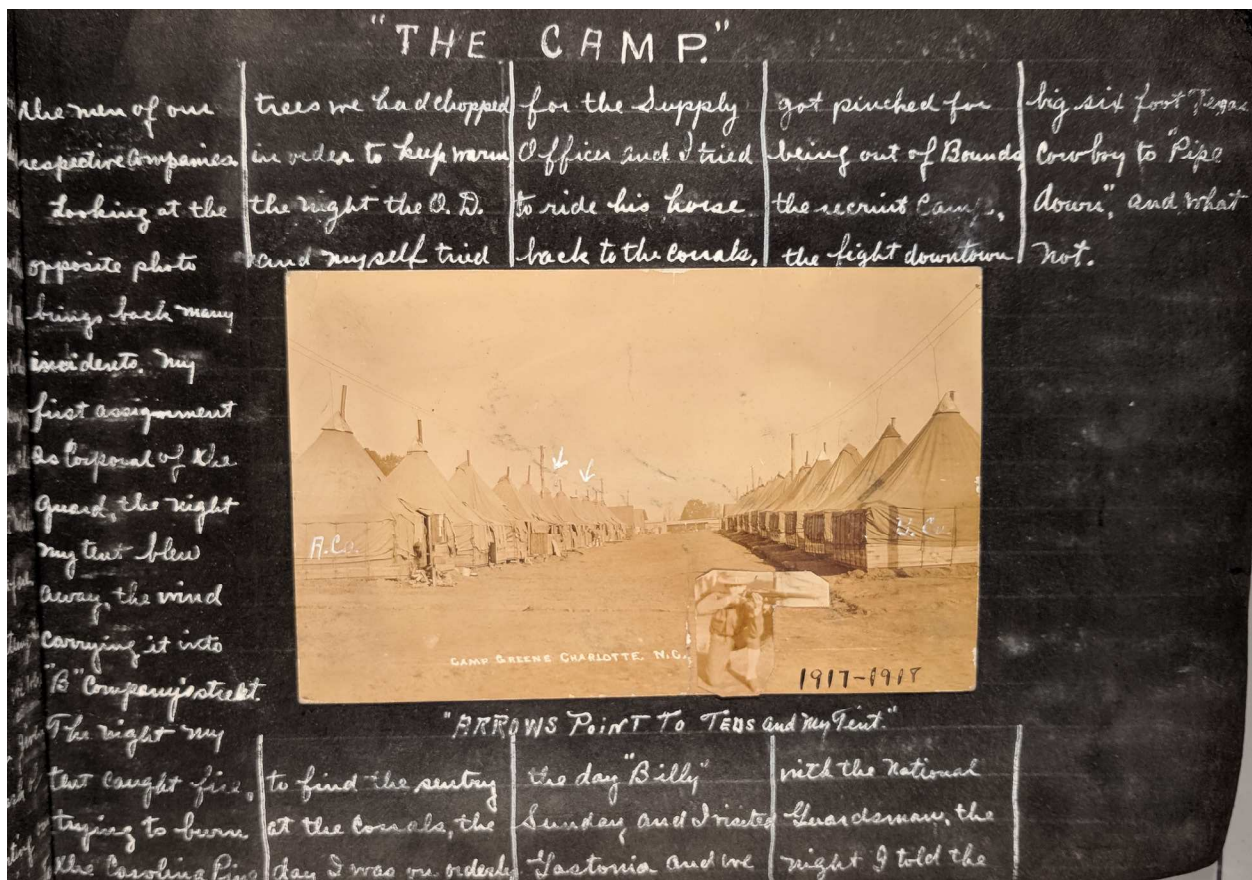
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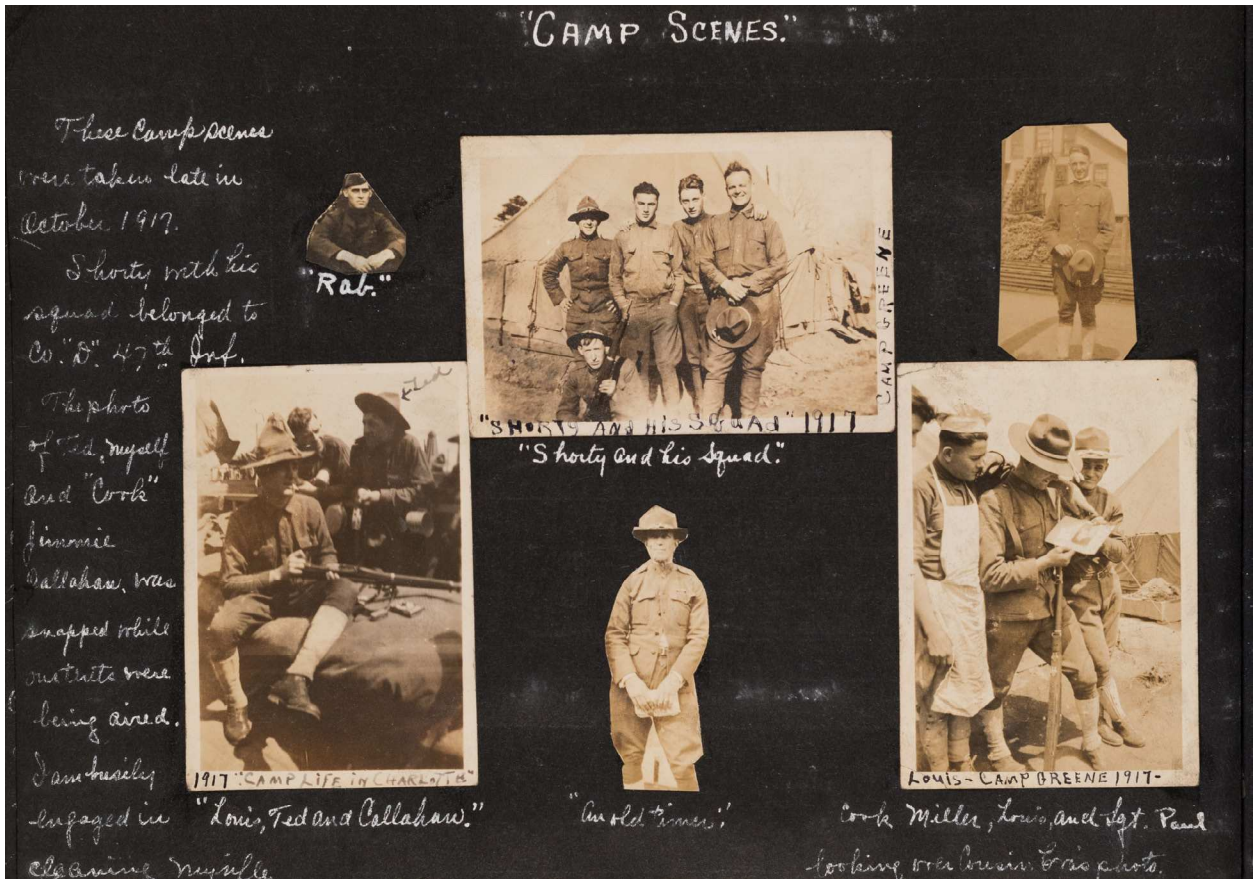


### The Camp

... the men of our respective companies.

Looking at the opposite photo brings back many incidents. My first assignment as corporal of the guard. The night my tent blew away, the wind carrying it into B Company's street. The night my tent caught fire trying to burn the Carolina pine trees we had chopped in order to keep warm. The night the O.D. and myself tried to find the sentry at the corrals. The day I was an orderly for the Supply Officer and I tried to ride his horse back to the corrals. The day Billy Sunday and I visited Gastonia and we got pinched for being out of bounds. The fight downtown with the National Guardsmen. The night I told the big six foot Vegas cowboy to pipe down, and what not.

Below picture: Arrows point to Ted's and my tent.



### Camp Scenes

These Camp scenes were taken late in October 1917. Shorty with his squad belonged to Co. D, 47th Inf. This photo of Ted, myself and "Cook" Jimmie Callahan was snapped while our tents were being aired. I am busily engaged in cleaning my rifle.

Captions, clockwise from top left:

"Rab."

"Shorty and his squad"

"Cook Miller, Louis, and Sgt. Paul looking over cousin's photo"

"An old timer"

"Louis, Ted and Callahan"



## DIG SOLDIER, DIG!

In addition to using a rifle a soldier must master the art of using the pick and shovel, as shown below. An elaborate system of trenches was underway when we departed from Camp Greene, and to our regiment went the honor of starting some.

Two weeks digging was our share in the work and when we had ours done, French instructors showed us the way to feel at home in them.



TRENCH DIGGING, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

The first time in history that armies opposed one another in trenches was during the World War.

At first the trenches were comparatively straight, shallow

"Trench Digging in Carolina."  
affairs; then as artillery searched them out and machine gunners learned the art of looping their shots so that the bullets would drop into the trenches of the enemy, the trench systems gradually became more scientifically involved. Crisscross and communication trenches that lead back to the open road in safety were constructed.

### "Dig, soldier, dig!"

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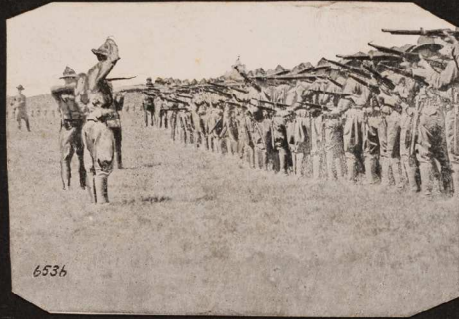
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On photo: Trench Digging, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N.C.

Below photo: Trench Digging in Carolina

"THOSE LAST THREE WEEKS!"



"Ready, aim, fire!"



"Advancing by infiltration."

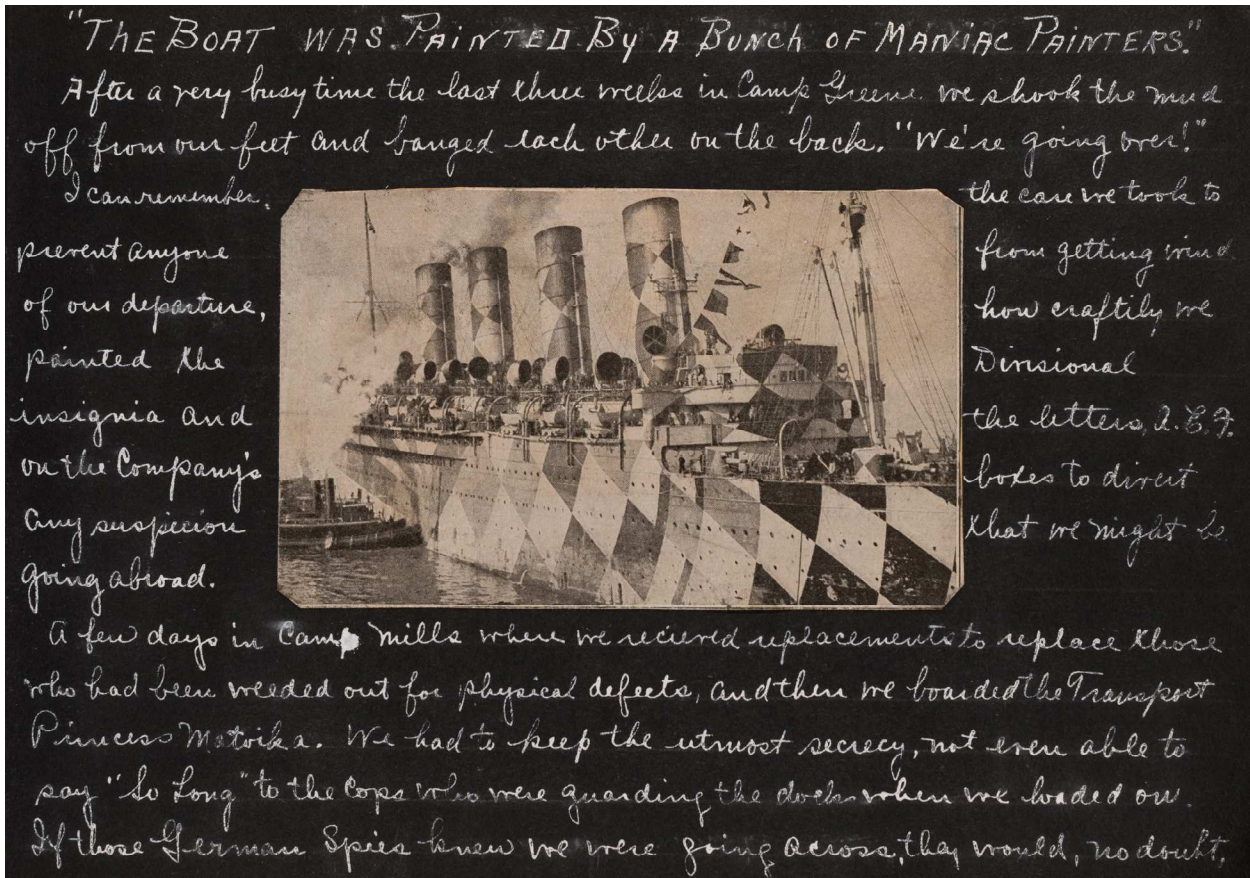
Those Last Three Weeks

Top: Ready, aim, fire!

Bottom: Advancing by infiltration



## Across the Atlantic



### "The boat was painted by a bunch of maniac painters."

After a very busy time the last three weeks in Camp Greene we shook the mud off from our feet and banged each other on the back. "We're going over!"

I can remember the care we took to prevent anyone from getting wind of our departure, how craftily we painted the divisional insignia and the letters A E F on the Company's boxes to divert any suspicion that we might be going abroad.

A few days in Camp Mills where we received replacements to replace those who had been weeded out for physical defects. And then we boarded the Transport *Princess Matoika*. We had to keep the utmost secrecy, not even able to say, "So long" to the cops who were guarding the docks when we loaded on. If those German spies knew we were going across they would no doubt...

[Picture is probably of the *Mauretania*—Ed.]

## "DATED UP WITH A U-BOAT."

date us up with a U-Boat somewhere on the ocean. There we'd be in a fix like the boat in the picture. Albert Maingy who witnessed this sight gave me this photo.

Things were very quiet for a few days. The sea was calm and we hadn't got seasick. Soon we breezed into what is known as the "war zone." We had to wear our life preservers all the time now until we landed. U-boat destroyers had met us as we reached the zone and we had a great time watching their stunts.



U.S.S. Covington

Many hours we spent watching those "ocean-going flivvers." Our convoy split up the next day, we going to Brest, France others to England. One of the boats headed for England, the Moldavia, was torpedoed and sunk before she could make it. I'm glad

SUNK BY U-BOAT—1918—KINDNESS OF R. MAINGY.

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On picture: U.S.S. Covington

Under picture: Sunk by U-Boat—1918—Kindness of A. Maingy



"ONE OF THOSE U-BOATS."

we went to France instead of England. We got a scare as one was sighted two days before we landed, but depth bombs either sunk it or the U.S. Navy wasted some good powder on something that didn't show up anymore. This photo shows a U-boat surrendering to the U.S.S. *Fanning* after being disabled by depth bombs. They are the terrors of the sea to sneak



under water. They sure are the terrors of the sea while able to sneak under water.

Kindness of Albert Maingy, U.S. Navy.

Reaching the safety of the harbor we lost little time in debarking. France at last, and now for our big adventure!

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On picture: U-58 surrendering to U.S.S. *Fanning*  
Below picture: Kindness of Albert Maingy, U.S. Navy

"THOSE OCEAN-GOING FLIVVERS."



THE DAY'S WORK OF UNCLE SAM'S DESTROYERS

More than 2,000,000 men were safely landed in France and the answer is the destroyer, ready day or night whenever an enemy submarine threatened a convoy, as was the case here in a trip over of the *Adriatic*, loaded with troops. In the foreground is the periscope of the attacking submarine trying to submerge before she is hit.

"Built for speed, and how! " They can turn around on a ten cent piece!"

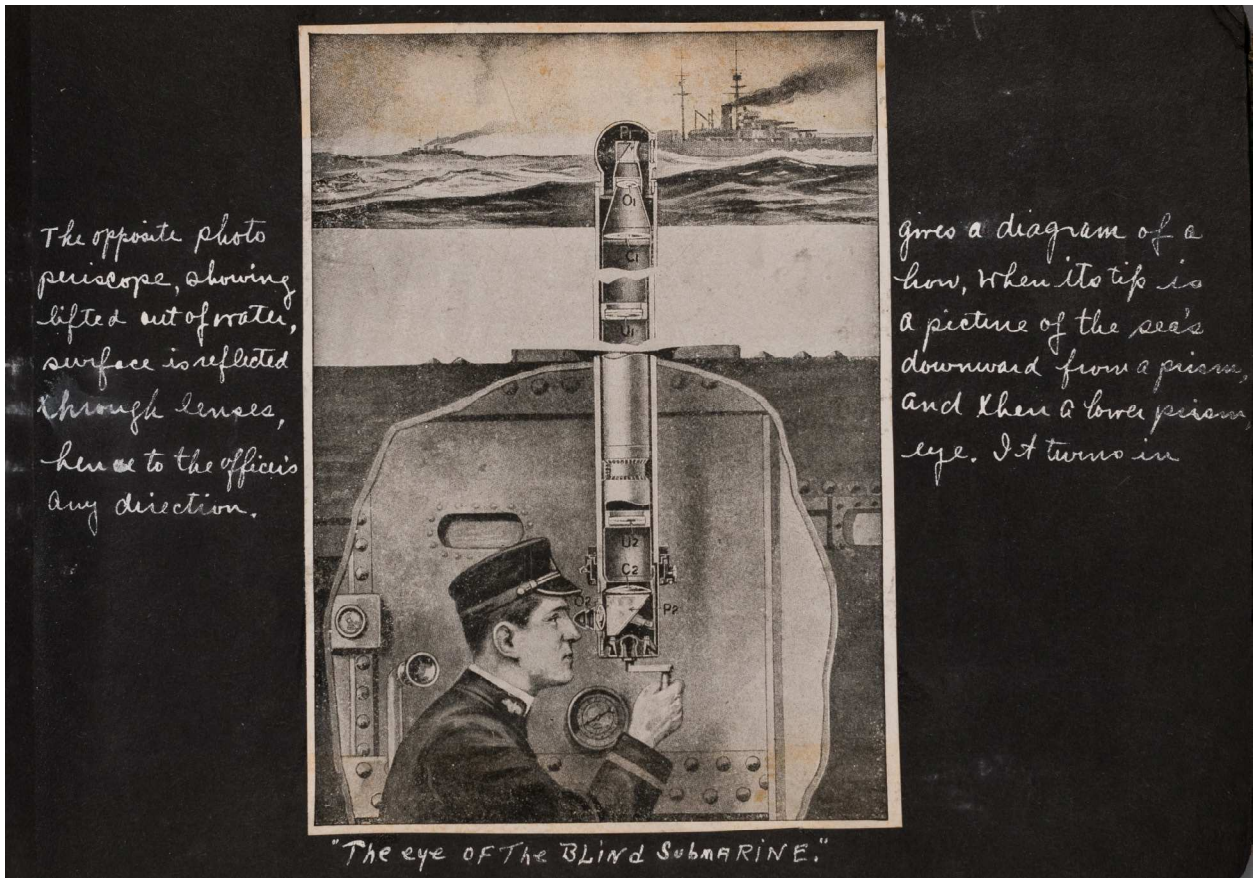
### Those Ocean-going Flivvers

On picture: The Day's Work of Uncle Sam's Destroyers

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Below picture: "Built for speed, and how! They can turn around on a ten-cent piece!"





### The Eye of the Blind Submarine

The opposite photo gives a diagram of a periscope, showing how, when its tip is lifted out of water a picture of the sea's surface is reflected downward from a prism, through lenses, and then a lower prism then on to the officer's eye. It turns in any direction.

Below picture: "The eye of the blind submarine"

## Training in France

LAFAYETTE, WE'RE HERE!



"SAFE ON SHORE, AT LAST."

"We didn't wait on the docks very long when they marched us off. Note the full pack, extra shoes, slicker, and three blankets. Boy, what a load!"

"We continued to march, ---- and up hill! Up and up, like the side of a house. All cobblestones too, that hurt our feet.

"after climbing with that load for an hour, the worst "skirt scouts" in the outfit had nothing to say. Cleopatra could have walked through the whole outfit with nothing on but a smile and never even get a second look."



"Where's the war?"

"Lafayette, we're here!"

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Top left: "Safe on shore at last"  
Bottom right: "Where's the war?"





### Our First Night in Calais

Top left:

Reception: Received Our First Night in Calais

Bottom left:

Map—Showing Calais, where we were attached to the British army. June 1917

Right, middle to bottom:

Airplane attacking German zeppelin

Sound detector

Searching

Note: two air raids were repulsed the same night the zepp. visited us.

## "A LETTER FROM HOME."

Leaving Calais after being there about 2 weeks we entrain for the Forest of Hesdin. In a pouring rain we de-train and hike to Engenhaut. In this village we get our first experience with French billets. Here in town the French people see for the first time the careless smile of American soldiers. The constant rumbling of heavy artillery firing away on the British front kept us informed that the war was still on. All our training was done under cover of the woods in order to conceal us from the view of enemy planes. Here we absorbed the latest dope on machine guns, bayonet and combat from our British instructors. Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc was easier to get than water, consequently while here we got no baths. Here also was our first opportunity to learn the French language.



### A Letter from Home

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"TURN BACK? HELL NO, WE JUST GOT HERE!"

The German onslaught against the French in early June found the French totally unprepared, which resulted in almost a rout of the weary French. As town after town was taken by the Germans the available American Army was hastily summoned from their training areas as a last hope to stem the tide. Our regiment was hastily relieved from the British and we entrained for the Marne sector. Meanwhile Soissons had fallen to the Germans and the French fell back in confusion. The 2nd and 3rd American Div. with our Division in reserve were ordered in. As our troops moved forward the retreating French cried, "Turn back, Boche coming!" To which our boys replied, "Turn back? Hell no, we just got here!" The German advance was stopped as the above picture shows. While we were in reserve our training continued until the mobilization of attacking troops could be completed. From now on the Boche must...



© Committee on Public Information Underwood and Underwood.

**CHATEAU-THIERRY, WHERE AMERICA INFLECTED A SECOND GETTYSBURG ON GERMANY**

Poilus and Yanks in the foreground looking over the roofs of Château-Thierry, where in the middle of July in the last year of the war, the Americans at a crucial moment stopped the German advance in the second battle of the Marne. After that Germany never went forward on any field of battle again.

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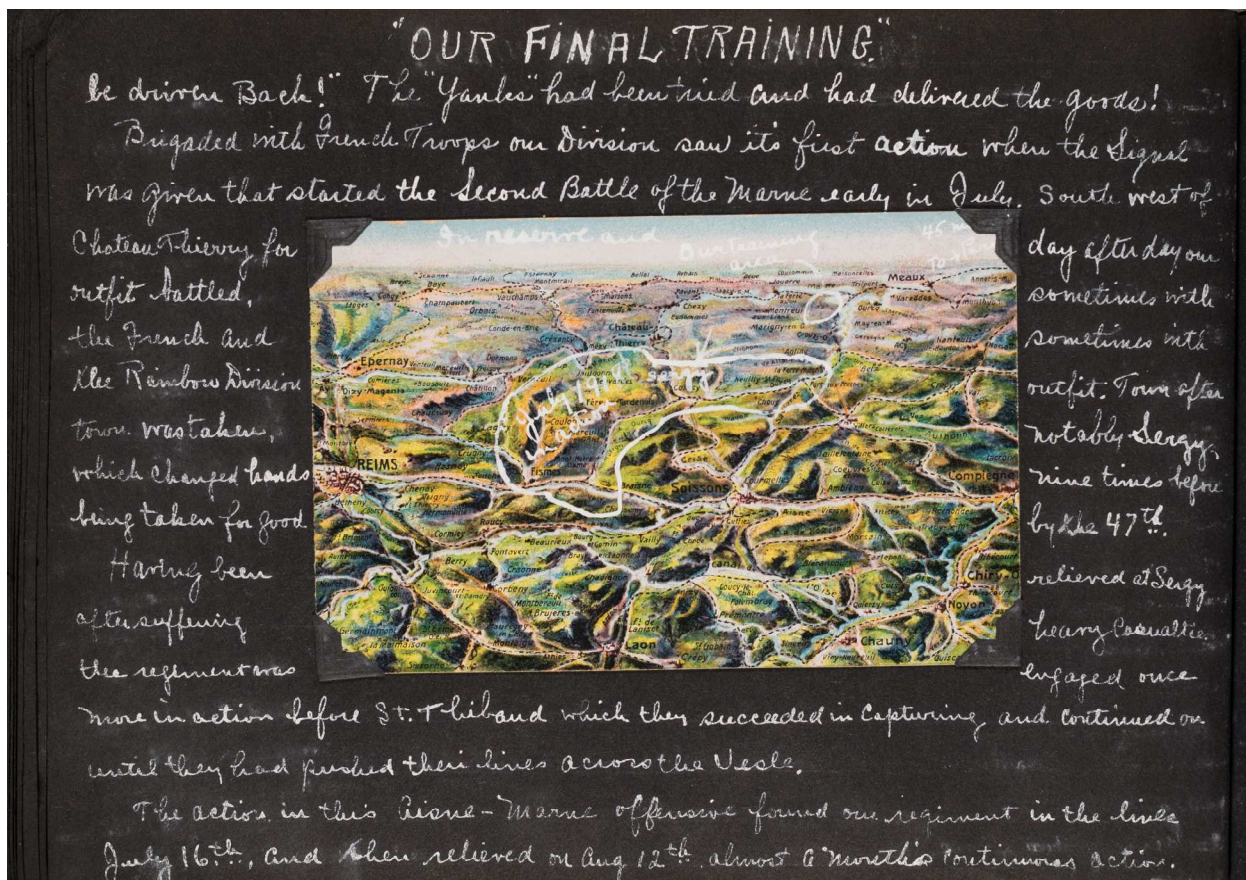
**"Turn Back? Hell, no, we just got here!"**

On picture: "© Committee on Public Information Underwood and Underwood.

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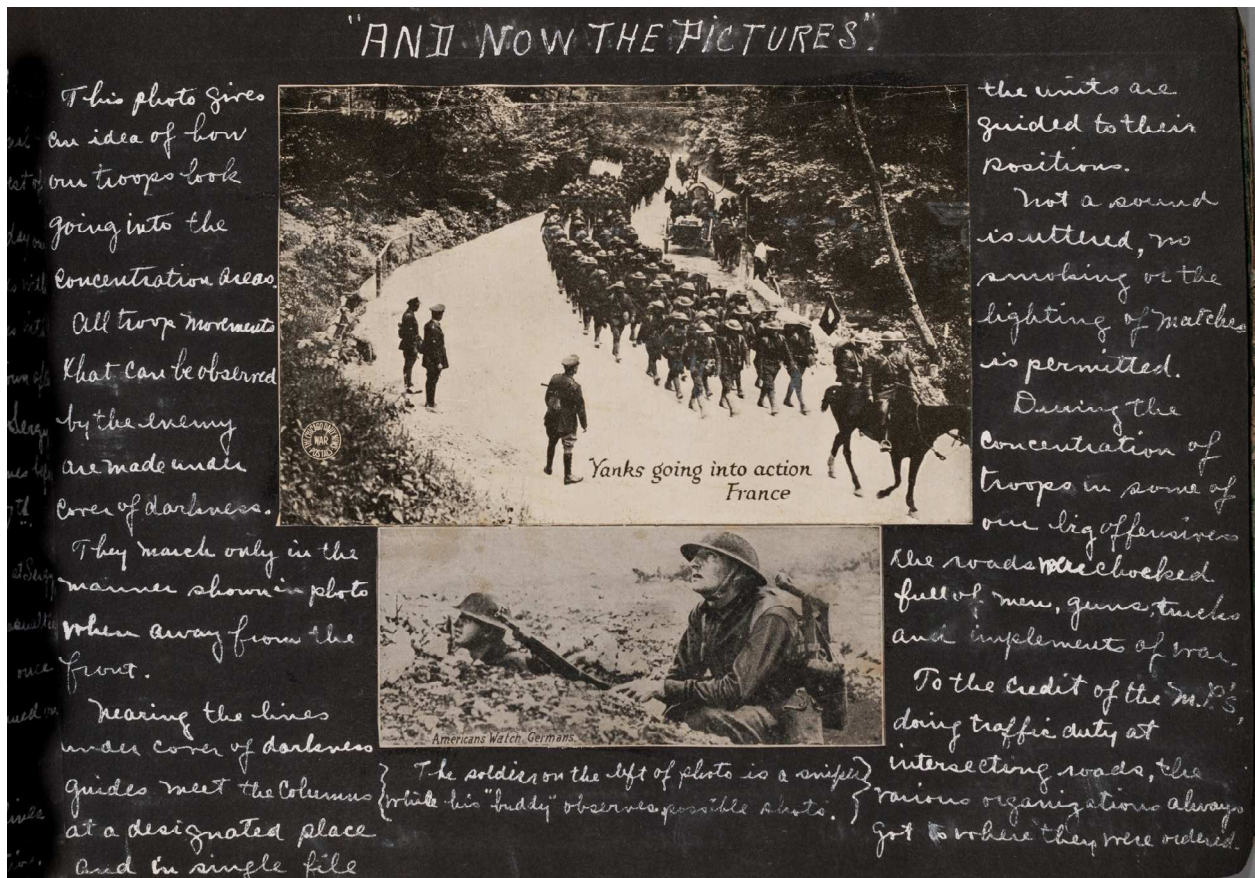


### Our Final Training

... be driven back! The Yankees had been tried and had delivered the goods!  
 Brigaded with French troops our Division saw its first action when the signal was given that started the Second Battle of the Marne early in July. Southwest of Château-Thierry for day after day our outfit battled, sometimes with the French and sometimes with the Rainbow Division outfit.  
 Town after town was taken, notably Sergy, which changed hands nine times before being taken for good by the 47th.  
 Having been relieved at Sergy after suffering heavy casualties the regiment was engaged one more in action before St. Thibaud [sic., for St Thibaut] which they succeeded in capturing, and continued on until they had pushed their lines across the Vesle.  
 The action in the Aisne-Marne offensive found our regiment on the lines July 16th, and when relieved on August 12th, after almost a month's continuous action.



## "And Now, the Pictures"



### And Now, the Pictures

On top picture: Yanks going into action—France.

On bottom picture: Americans Watch Germans.

Below bottom picture: The soldier on the left of photo is a sniper, while his buddy observes possible shots.

This photo gives an idea of how our troops look going into the concentration areas. All troop movements that can be observed by the enemy are made under cover of darkness.

They march only in the manner shown [in] photo when away from the front.

Nearing the lines under cover of darkness, guides meet the columns at a designated place and in single file, the units are guided to their positions.

Not a sound is uttered, no smoking or the lighting of matches is permitted.

During the concentration of troops in some of our big offensives the roads were choked full of men, guns, trucks, and implements of war.

To the credit of the MPs doing traffic duty at intersecting roads, the various organizations always got to where they were ordered.

## "A LITTLE EXCITEMENT FOR JERRY."

When it was necessary to find out what enemy regiment was in opposition a party like shown in lower photo was organized. With grenades in their sacks the boys would creep onto the unsuspecting Boche. It was essential however of the Boche be called elsewhere than where the attack was to be made. When all the bombing squad throwing distance position & shower send the Boche cover. Following



Barbed wire cut, Americans creeping on the Germans with Hand Grenades—France

that the attention called elsewhere goes well and comes within of the German of these grenades looking for up under the

barrage of bombs quickly a prisoner or two is captured and the squad hurries back to our lines. Usually after a raid like this, Boche artillery is notified and a reprisal in the form of shells is the result.

During an advance this method is sometimes used to clean out machine gun nests.

### A Little Excitement for Gerry

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## THE MARINES AT BELLEAU WOODS.

Fierce hand to hand fighting was necessary to dislodge the Boche at Belleau Wood. The Marines covered themselves with glory in this battle that

took place

-Marne offensive.

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Steel.

The collection of debris in the picture shows that the position had been fortified by the use of machine guns and one pounders.

This is the place the Marines advanced yelling like Indians, using their bayonets and rifles, and also where the Germans sent picked divisions, "in order at all costs to prevent the Americans from achieving success."

### The Marines at Belleau Woods

On picture: Cold Steel, U.S. Marines First Hand Battle, Painting by George Scott, Eye Witness—France

Fierce hand-to-hand fighting was necessary to dislodge the Boche at Belleau Wood.

The Marines covered themselves with glory in this battle that took place prior to the Aisne-Marne offensive.

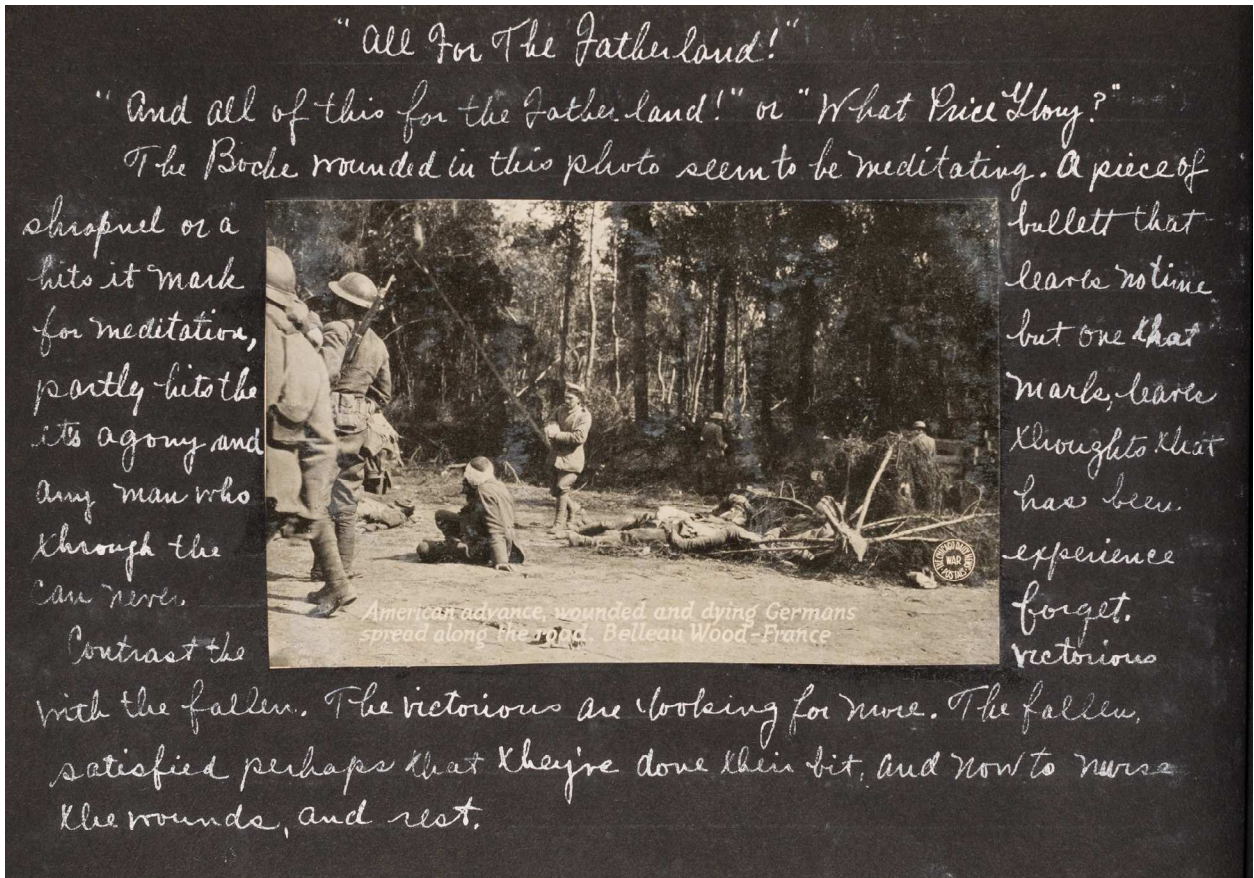
Note the splintered trees. High explosive shells sure are powerful!

"Kamarade!" calls the Boche as they beat a hasty retreat.

One Boche wanted an argument which was quickly settled with cold steel.

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This is the place the Marines advanced, yelling like Indians, using their bayonets and rifles, and also where the Germans sent picked divisions in order at all costs to prevent the Americans from achieving success.



**"All for the Fatherland"**

On picture: American advance, wounded and dying Germans spread along the road.  
Belleau Wood—France

*"And all of this for the Fatherland," or "What price glory?"*

The Boche wounded in this photo seem to be meditating. A piece of shrapnel or a bullet that hits its mark leaves no time for meditation, but one that partly hits the mark leaves its agony and thoughts that any man had been through the experience can never forget.

Contrast the victims with the fallen, satisfied perhaps that they've done their bit and now to nurse the wounds, and rest.



## "AN IRON BUDDY."

Concealed enemy machine guns have halted the advance. Bring on the Tanks! You Birds better get those shovels working as fast

As soon as tank there is shower of "Sure" nough awake and machine guns tating away, little bullet against a



Whippet Tank in action  
Troops digging in - France

Jerry sees that going to be a scrap Iron." Jerry is wide first the concealed are rat-tat-tat-but what's a going to do thing like that?

Then the Boom - Boom - Bang, of the Artillery starts functioning. Still the tank crawls on! Machine guns are silenced by the tanks guns and all seems rosy, when all of a sudden the Artillery scores a direct hit on the tank. Boy what a bang!

### An Iron Buddy

On picture: Whippet Tank in action, Troops digging in—France

Concealed enemy machine guns have halted the advance. Bring on the tanks! You Birds better get those shovels working as fast. As soon as Jerry sees that tank there is going to be a shower of scrap iron.

Sure enough Jerry is wide awake and first the concealed machine guns are rat-tat-tat-tating away, but what's a little bullet going to do against a thing like that?

Then the boom-boom-bang of the artillery starts functioning.

Still the tank crawls on! Machine guns are silenced by the tank's guns and all seems rosy, when all of a sudden, the artillery scores a direct hit on the tank. Boy what a bang!

## "A DIRECT HIT."

"When the shelling ceases we got an eye full of this."

Originally these tanks were caterpillar tractors invented here in America

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Germany frantically endeavored to manufacture tanks to meet the Allied monsters,  
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### A Direct Hit

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Originally these tanks were caterpillar tractors invented here in America and adopted in England. At first there were two varieties, the Male, which carried heavy guns only, and the Female, equipped with machine guns. To these was later added the Whippet tank, named after the racing dogs in England. These Whippet tanks averaged 18 miles an hour, carrying death and terror into the German ranks. All the tanks were heavily armored and had as their motto the words, "Treat 'em Rough."

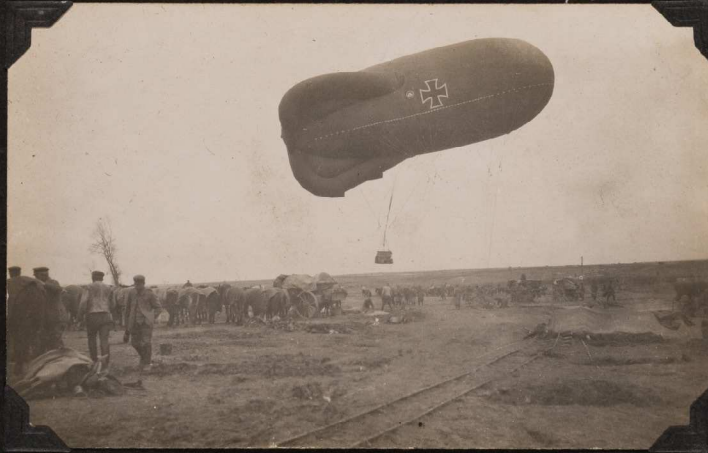
Germany frantically endeavored to manufacture tanks to meet the allied monsters, but their efforts were feeble when compared to the great output opposed to them.



## "THE EYES OF THE ARTILLERY."

This photo shows a German "Sausage Balloon" as named by the Yanks.

These are used by observers, who seated in the suspended basket, and with the aid of long range field glasses and a telephone system, direct the fire of long range guns engaged in shelling distant points. Allied planes have a weakness when they spot these "sausages," as they never fail to pass one by without attacking.



At the sight of an allied plane however the Germans make haste in hauling the balloon down before a bullet strikes the bag and set it in flames. I have seen both German and Allied planes engaged in a pretty duel in trying to get, and protect one of these sausages.

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## ALL SET? LET'S GO!

This picture gives an excellent idea of the method of combined tank and infantry attack. Behind a low ridge among the artillery positions they are forming their line. A company falls in behind one of the waddling monsters that will break a way for it through all obstacles while on the road other detachments await the arrival of the tank they are to accompany.



Troops are also shown carrying sticks of wood which they will use to form a roadbed across swampy ground to enable the artillery to pass over road to keep up with the advance.

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## "THE DRIVE IS ON!"

Yankees advancing over captured German trenches, after heavy artillery fire had reduced them to tangled ruins and crushed their powers



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So intense and thorough was the fire of our artillery that very little combat was necessary to conquer the bewildered Germans. In the upper left corner, a bunch of Germans are waving a white flag token of surrender. One doughboy can be seen with pistol leveled in case the Germans try any treacherous moves.



## "TRENCHES IN NO MANS LAND."

Not even a weed sprouts on this ground. Ploughed up time after time from the explosions of shells and grenades nothing had a chance to take root.

Trench warfare occupied most of the time and caused nine tenths of the discomforts of the both armies. If doubts that any could stand for, themselves to be has only to ask been through it. trenches soldiers vermin-infested



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there under conditions of Arctic cold, frequently enduring long days without food, fuel, and suitable clothing. During the early stages of the war, before men became adjusted to the rigors of the trenches, many thousands died as the result of the exposure. Thousands were incapacitated for life by "trench feet" etc.

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## "A CLEAN SWEEP,"

"This village, or rather what is left of a village, has been battered for three years with gun fire from both sides." "A village of the dead where months of incessant bombardment have driven away the last

inhabitants and few lonely and pillars of once proud buildings. This view shows a small detachment of perhaps have stopped while burdened with supplies for a rest. Note trees that have been completely stripped of branches.



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"Chaos, devastation and what not!" War is sure Hell!

### A Clean Sweep

The village, or rather what is left of a village, has been battered for three years with gunfire from both sides. A village of the dead where months of incessant bombardment have driven away the last inhabitants and left only a few lonely and ugly appearing pillars of once proud buildings. This view shows a small detachment of Germans who perhaps have stopped while burdened with supplies for a rest. Note trees that have been completely stripped of branches.

Chaos, devastation and what not! This is sure Hell!



"WHAT IS LEFT OF MAIN STREET."

Looks as if an earthquake had struck this town, just one more of the many French Towns destroyed by shell-fire.

Snow had

fallen when this photo was taken.

It is necessary to demolish homes as shown as machine gunners infest every building and the only way to save time and lives is for the attackers

to call on the artillery. The homes usually are of flimsy construction and one shell does a lot of damage.



fallen photo

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"NOTHING LEFT THAT'S GOOD."

A sight common on the battle fronts of France. Debris strewn along the road side. Those reconstruction days in France after fighting had ceased must have been busy days.

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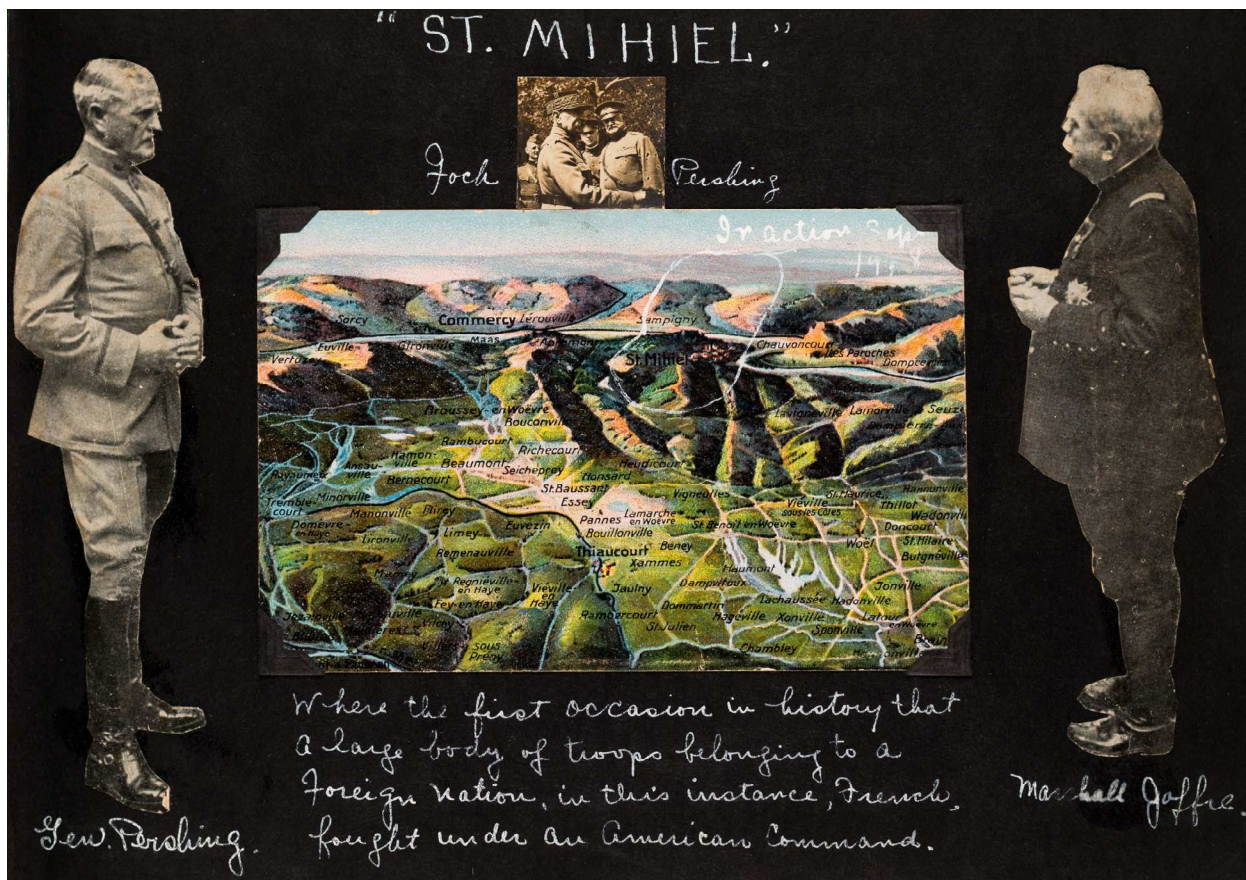
A sight common on the battle fronts of France. Debris strewn along the roadside. Those reconstruction days in France after fighting had ceased must have been busy days. It is almost discouraging to think of rebuilding, but France is an ambitious nation and soon the scars of war will have disappeared. During the period of reconstruction, thousands of German war prisoners were utilized to advantage in clearing the wreckage. This was in accordance with the Peace Treaty.

Album 2





# St. Mihiel



## St. Mihiel

Foch, Pershing

Where the first occasion in history that a large body of troops belonging to a foreign nation, in this instance, French, fought under an American Command.



## ST. MIHIEL.

The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient will go down in military history as a well conceived, carefully planned, and efficiently executed operation. It opened a new chapter in the history of the American Army in France. This was the first independent operation ever carried out by the A. E. F. Every preparation was made for the attack. The artillery was massed in the greatest possible strength, the aeroplanes were gathered together in flocks, French, American, and British, and the infantry was concentrated for a swift, sure blow. Troops from the 4<sup>th</sup> Division had already relieved the French troops, who were occupying the sector, which was known as the Toulon sector, southeast of Verdun. This sector was very quiet at the time and it had been held continuously since 1914. Both the opposing lines were heavily entrenched with the utmost thoroughness. Nothing was lacking. Every new device, every new trick of



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## ST. MIHIEL.

trench warfare had been introduced in the sector, which the 4<sup>th</sup> took over when it relieved its French Comrades. The terrain in no man's land bore all the scars of former suffering. Shell holes were so thick that it seemed as if a shell had fallen every foot. The roads, in many places, had disappeared. Hills devoid of every form of vegetation, woods that knew only the hanging, blackened branches of what had once been trees; all the surrounding country white with the overturning of the chalk subsoil. This



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We occupied nine kilometers of the front. We had been directed not to attack without express orders from the 5<sup>th</sup> Army Corps. At the extreme edge of...

St. Mihiel

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## ST. MIHIEL.

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The night was very quite; nervously, expectantly quite. At exactly one o'clock on the morning of Sept. 12<sup>th</sup>, 1918, the greatest artillery concentration ever on the Western front roared forth in unison. The drive was on! In a few seconds after the first discharge, ton after ton of explosive was being hurled into the front lines of the enemy and the immediate rear. Long range naval guns merged their heavy discharge with the sharp reports of the "75's," as they sought out objectives many miles behind the German lines. The whole sky, reflecting the flashes of the thousands of guns, looked, as one doughboy said, "like a great white way." It stretched along the entire front, as if miles of munition



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## ST. MIHIEL.

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## ST. MIHIEL.

"We had released the inhabitants of many villages from enemy domination, and established our lines in a position to threaten Metz. This signal success of the American First Army in its first offensive was of prime importance.

They had a Army to aid enemy learned he had one with."

Our job we were assembled at

This hike was made in a night that was pitch dark, with rain falling in torrents, and the only road that could be used, blocked with guns and transportation belonging to units of the French Artillery, who had taken part in the drive, and were moving to another sector. In the next few days we resumed our training routine.



The Allies found formidable them, and the finally that were to reckon

Completed here relieved and Les Tremblais.

### St. Mihiel

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Our job completed here, we were relieved and assembled at Les Tremblais. This hike was made in a night that was pitch dark, with rain falling in torrents, and the only road that could be used blocked with guns and transportation belonging to units of the French artillery, who had taken part in the drive, and were moving to another sector.

In the next few days we resumed our training routine...



## "LES TREMBLAIS"

special attention being paid to liaison, preparatory to the next big drive, the Meuse Argonne. On the Marne the Division had suffered many gas casualties, and for this reason gas masks were required to be worn two hours

training continued and on this kilometer hike the woods north-west of Senoncourt, of hard training 8.30 on the night we hiked to Sivry, about



daily. Our training continued until Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> and on this night a 15-kilometer hike brought us to the woods west of Senoncourt. Three days followed, at the night of Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> we hiked to the Bois de Sivry, about 7-kilos distant.

The two succeeding days we spent in final rehearsals for our part in the next big push. The night of Sept 24<sup>th</sup> we hiked into the woods south of Bethelainville. Roads in every direction were choked with guns, trucks carrying ammunition, and supply vehicles.

### Les Tremblais

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"GERMAN SUPPLY CO. HID UP."

of all kinds; and every available strip of woods were filled with hiding troops. To this day I carry with me the thought of those nights spent in ditches at the side of some road or in some woods, while with somebody's feet sprawled across my own feet in ear, the French sky with its shining stars.



on those hikes, feet sprawled, middle and my someone else's velvet-black above studded multitude of This night of because it

didn't rain, as we started our move up to the lines, those stars looked down on us. Finally number two of the rear rank, a college graduate who wore spectacles, and was under suspicion of poetry, remarked something about the deep vault of Heaven during a ten-minute halt, when he could better have been occupied speaking of

German Supply Co Hid Up

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## "TAKING A RIDE."

officers and first sergeants, who didn't care how fast they hiked the troops. "Those stars," he said, "I wonder if they're sending some kind of message down to us."

"Sure they are," I grunted. "They're saying you're a hell of a ways from home, soldier." Bivouacking in water-soaked woods, plodding at night along muddy, crowded roads in utter darkness with clothing soaked and no prospect of dry blankets



or a cheering fire; such was the preparation for the greatest of all offensives during the war, that of the Meuse-Argonne, which before it was completed, extended Allied activities from the North Sea to the Swiss border, and which, before its end, was to see the whole German Army broken and in full retreat. We kept under

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### Taking a Ride

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"BACK TO THE WHITE SHEETS."

cover, and rested all day the 25<sup>th</sup>. And that night we moved into the trenches, northeast of Esnes; the entire area about the front lines was a

ant-like mass of men, animals, wagons and trucks. They covered every road, trail, and footpath. All this was in utter darkness not a light was shown, and rain, rain, rain with mud, mud, mud. "Get a rowboat, soldier," whispered someone.



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"And go drown yourself," cried another.

"Ain't this fun," bellowed an old-timer.

"Aw, will you shut up," demanded his buddy, as he wiped the mud from his eyes.

"Oh there's mud in yer eye brows, there's mud up yer nose, and there's..."

Back to the White Sheets

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"Oh, there's mud in y'er eyebrows, there's mud up y'er nose, and there's..."



"HEAVEN, HELL OR HOBOKEN, BY CHRISTMAS!"



"YANK WITH GERMAN MACHINE GUN"

in y'er  
leggings  
to add to  
y'er woes,  
The mud in  
y'er boots  
finds its  
place,  
Sunny  
France!  
Officers  
looked  
at each  
other,  
but no  
attempt  
was made  
to stem  
the  
outburst  
and on it  
rolled.  
"Oh the  
grimy mud,  
the slimy  
mud, the  
mud that  
makes you  
swear,  
the cheesy  
mud, the  
greasy  
mud, that  
filters  
through  
y'er hair,  
Sunny  
France!"  
"See the  
dank,  
dank mud.  
The rank,  
rank mud.  
There's  
just one  
guy to  
blame, we'll  
wish him  
well, we  
will."  
"That's  
the way  
the gang  
felt, ready  
to do or  
die!"  
That's  
the battle  
cry from  
now on  
is: "Heaven,  
Hell or  
Hoboken,  
by Christmas!"

The mud in y'er boots finds its place, Sunny France! Officers looked at each other, but no attempt was made to stem the outburst and on it rolled. grimy mud, mud, the makes you cheesy mud. mud, that through y'er Sunny France dank mud. rank, mud, one guy to wish him like Hell, And Kaiser Bill's his name!" the way the gang felt, ready to do or die!

"Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas!"

On left picture: American wounded arrive at field hospital.

Below right picture: Yank with German machine gun.

"... in y'er leggings to add to your woes. The mud in y'er boots finds its place t'ween y'er toes. Sunny France!"

Officers looked at each other, but no attempt was made to stem the outburst and on it rolled.

"Oh, the grimy mud, the slimy mud, the mud that makes you swear, the cheesy mud, the greasy mud, that filters through y'er hair. Sunny France."

"See the dank, dank mud. The rank, rank mud. There's just one guy to blame, we'll wish him well, we will. Like hell, and Kaiser Bill's his name."

That's the way the gang felt, ready to do or die! The battle cry from now on is: "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas!"

## Meuse-Argonne



**Brig. Gen. Poore and Staff**

Commander of the 7th Inf. Brigade, 4th Div. Mapping out plans for our Meuse-Argonne campaign



## "THE MUESE ARGONNE."

"With artillery lined up hub to hub, from Switzerland to the Sea," the barrage that was to shake the whole of Europe as if an earthquake were in progress, let go at two o'clock on the morning of Sept. 26<sup>th</sup>. For three hours the incessant din continued and at five o'clock there we stood in the cold, gray and grizzly, first wave, second wave, moppers up, scouts, runners, automatic rifle men, and ammunition luggers, all piled up in the jump-off trenches raring to go. Rehearsals were over and the big show was now. German artillery was feebly trying to answer before the "over" signal could be given. St. Mihiel had been the scene of tremendous shelling, but this was only a flash in the pan compared to what was going on now. Whiz! Blam! A rocket went up, and the temperature of my dog went below zero. That was the signal for the rolling barrage.



### The Meuse-Argonne

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"THE MEUSE ARGONNE."



4TH DIVISION OFFICERS INSPECTING VERDUN.

The Meuse-Argonne  
4th Division Officers inspecting Verdun



"THE MEUSE ARGONNE."



DIGGING IN TO ESCAPE SHELL FIRE.

The Meuse-Argonne  
Digging to Escape Shell Fire

## "THE MUESE ARGONNE."

But I went over, with the first wave! A helluva an hour to launch an offensive; I hadn't slept a wink all night. We couldn't hardly see a thing in front as we

slipped  
forth  
trying to  
and each  
he so  
enches.  
hop a  
ile of  
then I  
lood. I'd  
hurdling  
at I soon  
my  
terances



back and  
in the mud  
pull ourselves  
other out of  
called jump off  
Then we had  
hellish half  
barbed wire,  
drew first  
had no training  
barbed wire,  
caught on  
pants gave  
to a sickening

p. Soon we were  
"TIMES UP! OVER YOU GO!" crossing "Suicide Swamp,"  
the jinx of the French for four years. Our first wave was to march sixty  
paces behind the rolling barrage. We hadn't been told which artillery outfit

### The Meuse-Argonne—"Time's up, over you go!"

But I went over with the first men! A helluva an hour to launch an offensive. I hadn't slept a wink all night. We couldn't hardly see a thing in front as we slipped back and forth in the mud trying to pull ourselves and each other out of the so-called jump-off trenches. Then we had to hop a hellish half-mile of barbed wire, where I drew first blood. I'd had no training on hurdling barbed wire, but I soon caught on as my pants gave utterances to a sickening rip. Soon we were crossing "Suicide Swamp," the jinx of the French for four years. Our first wave was to march sixty paces behind the rolling barrage. We hadn't been told which artillery outfit...



## "THE MUESE ARGONNE."

was to bungle the barrage this morning. All we hoped was that they'd nail the Jerries for everything down to their dog tags and Iron Crosses. Jerry was now expecting us, and said it with a shower of scrap-

iron, also  
novelties,  
buttons etc.

began migrating  
Steel nosed  
their troubles  
that I was  
flakes of high  
and tore the  
Every few  
flash would



lead, hardware  
elephant collar  
Ash cans in flocks  
hither and yon.  
wasps whined  
in my ears, not  
interested. Big  
explosives pattered  
earth to Jell-O.

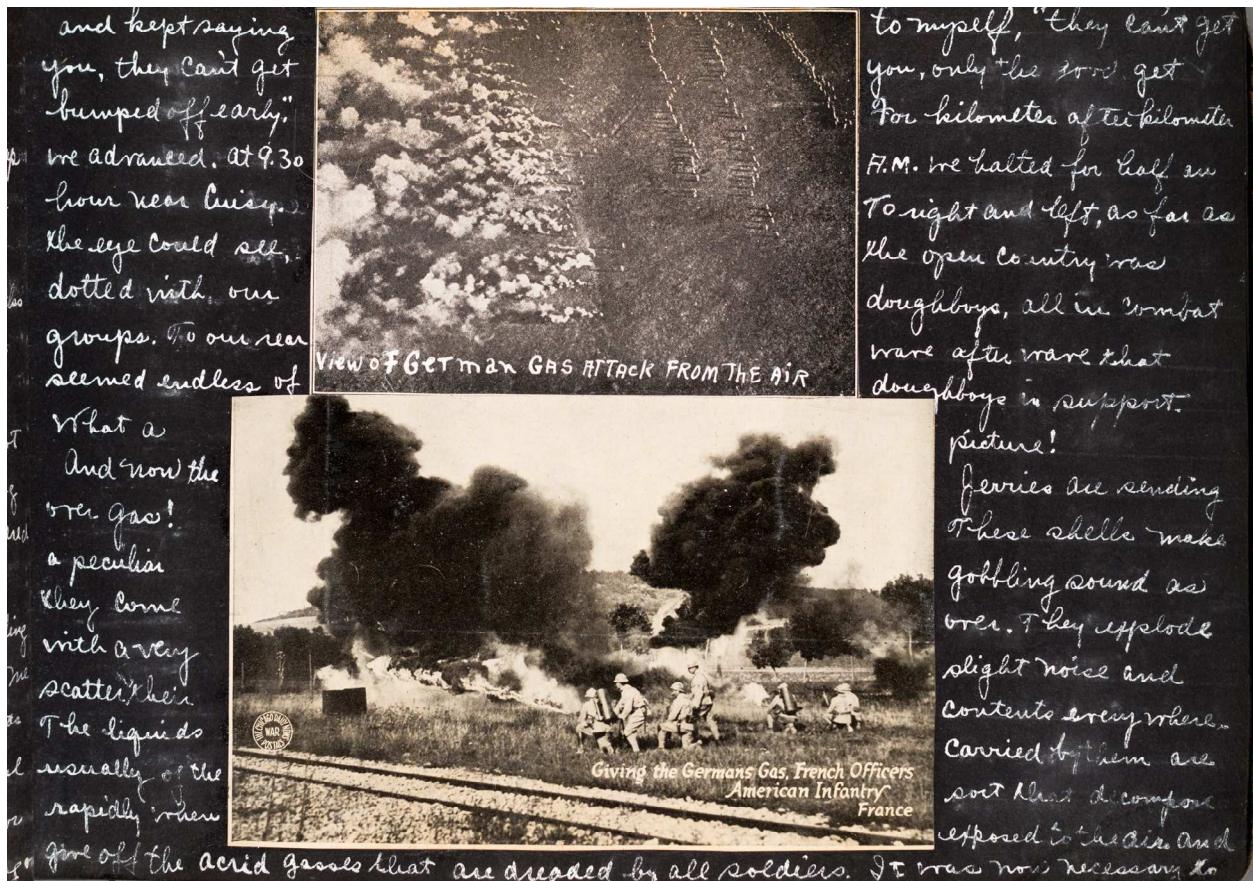
seconds a blinding

### GERMANS FORMING FOR COUNTERATTACK.

would remind me  
that war wasn't all beers and Mademoiselles. Overhead a Boche plane was  
spraying machine gun bullets on us. The noise and confusion and awful  
smells increased with every step, and each step grew more difficult, for  
the ground was laid out like the Devil's Golf Course. But I kept plugging on

### The Meuse-Argonne—Germans Forming for Counter Attack

... was to bungle the barrage this morning. All we hoped was that they'd nail the Jerries for everything down to their dog tags and Iron Crosses. Jerry was now expecting us, and said it with a shower of scrap iron, also lead, hardware novelties, elephant collar buttons, etc. Ash cans in flocks began migrating hither and yon. Steel-nosed wasps whined their troubles in my ears, not that I was interested. Big flakes of high explosives pattered and tore the earth to Jell-O. Every few seconds a blinding flash would remind me that war wasn't all beers and Mademoiselles. Overhead a Boche plane was spraying machine gun bullets on us. The noise and confusion and awful smells increased with every step, and each step grew more difficult, for the ground was laid out like the Devil's golf course. But I kept plugging...



### The Meuse-Argonne

Top picture: View of German gas attack from the air

Bottom picture: Giving the Germans gas, French officers, American Infantry, France

... and kept saying to myself, "they can't get you, they can't get you, only the good get bumped off early." For kilometer after kilometer we advanced. At 9:30 a.m. we halted for half an hour near Cuisy. To right and left as far as the eye could see the open country was dotted with our doughboys, all in combat groups. To our rear wave after wave that seemed endless of doughboys in support. What a picture!

And now the Jerries are sending the gas! These shells make a peculiar gobbling sound as they come over. They explode with a very slight noise and scatter their contents everywhere. The liquids carried by them are usually of the sort that decompose rapidly when exposed to the air and give off the acrid gasses that are dreaded by all soldiers. It was now necessary to...



## "THE MEUSE ARGONNE"

put gas masks on. The advance must go on. These masks are sure uncomfortable, especially at this moment as we are panting from the exertions of the last few hours advance. It's hard enough to breathe without having our nose pinched with a clamp, through the piece and our mind tells us that four breaths of the deadly chlorine is sufficient to kill. The first breath we were told would produce a spasm of the glottis, whatever that is, the second brought mental confusion



and delirium; the third produced unconsciousness and the fourth death. Now every shell hole held the vapors of the deadly gas, but we continue on. Artillery was now crossing "Suicide Swamp." A plank road had been constructed over the swampy ground. Every dug out

and delirium; the third "A FIGHT IN A CLOUD OF GAS:" produced unconsciousness and the fourth death. Now every shell hole held the vapors of the deadly gas, but we continue on. Artillery was now crossing "Suicide Swamp." A plank road had been constructed over the swampy ground. Every dug out

### The Meuse-Argonne—A Fight in a Cloud of Gas

... put gas masks on. The advance must go on. These masks are sure uncomfortable, especially at this moment as we are panting from the exertions of the last few hours' advance. It's hard enough to breathe without having our nose pinched with a clamp and inhale through the rubber mouthpiece and tube. But our mind tells us that four breaths of the deadly chlorine is sufficient to kill. The first breath we were told would produce a spasm of the glottis, whatever that is, the second brought mental confusion and delirium, the third produces unconsciousness and the fourth death. Now every shell hole held the vapors of the deadly gas, but we continue on. Artillery was now crossing "Suicide Swamp." A plank road had been constructed over the swampy ground. Every dug out...



### The Meuse-Argonne—German Prisoners

Below picture: View of German prisoners captured in Argonne

... yielded prisoners who seemed terrified. Only occasionally resistance was being met but which was speedily overcome. As fast as possible, prisoners were turned toward the rear where the oncoming waves would look after them. Mopper-up squads following us would clean out the dugouts. We now had the Jerries out of their trenches and how they made for the woods! The famous and what the Germans considered impossible to break Hindenburg Line was now behind us, our advance continuing until we reached our objective, the Bois de Sept-sarges.



## "THE MUESE ARGONNE."

Before reaching our objective however we came upon a battery of German field guns which are shown in photo below. These the Germans hastily abandoned as we came upon them.

Turning around some made good use of them.

An ammunition pile was discovered in the nearby woods, which was quite convenient.

Halting in the woods above on the left of this photo for the night, we waited further orders. Our advance wasn't resumed until the following morning

and flush in the face of severe machine gun fire. Overnight the Germans had taken advantage of the pause to fortify and reorganize their defense. From now on progress was to be slow as...



### GERMAN FIELD GUNS CAPTURED BY 47<sup>TH</sup> INF

The face of severe machine gun fire. Overnight the Germans had taken advantage of the pause to fortify and reorganize their defense. From now on progress was to be slow as...

### The Meuse-Argonne—Captured Field Guns

On picture: Near the Bois de Septsarges, France, 1918

Below picture: German field guns captured by the 47th Inf.

Before reaching our objective however we came upon a battery of German field guns which are shown in photo below. These the Germans hastily abandoned as we came upon them. Turning these guns around, some of our men made good use of them. An ammunition pile was discovered in the nearby woods, which was quite convenient. Halting in the woods above on the left of this photo for the night, we waited further orders. Our advance wasn't resumed until the following morning and flush in the face of severe machine gun fire. Overnight, the Germans had taken advantage of the pause to fortify and reorganize their defense. From now, on progress was to be slow as...



### The Meuse-Argonne—Just Behind the Front

On picture: Territory near Cuisy, France. Taken by the 47th Inf. 1918.

Below picture: Just behind the front

... we must now fight in the wooded and machine gun infested Argonne Forest. The photo shows the final line of German trenches we captured and also a fine view of what goes on behind the front lines while a drive is on. The tents are used for a field hospital. Note trucks carrying supplies and also ambulances that are returning from the base hospitals after leaving their load of wounded.





### The Meuse-Argonne—View from Cuisy

On picture: View as seen from Cuisy, France Oct 1918

This photo shows a view from Cuisy, a village that was leveled by the gunfire. The group of soldiers are around a fire which they built to warm their food. Near the tree on the right of the photo can be seen the Company barber giving someone a haircut. (a) Shows spot where our regimental supplies were grouped. (b) Along the skyline shown in photo, naval guns are concealed which at the time were shelling at long range the town of Sedan. When this photo was...



### The Meuse-Argonne—A Captured Pillbox

... taken, the front lines were about four miles away.

This photo shows a group of engineers who have been examining a German pillbox captured at the cost of many of our men. This pillbox, which is shown in the rear of the group, is of cement construction and about 2 feet of sod is placed over the construction making it almost shell-proof. This pillbox is placed in a commanding position, and the attackers are in full view. Machine gun fire from these have often held up the advance of an entire regiment.



"THE MUESE ARGONNE."

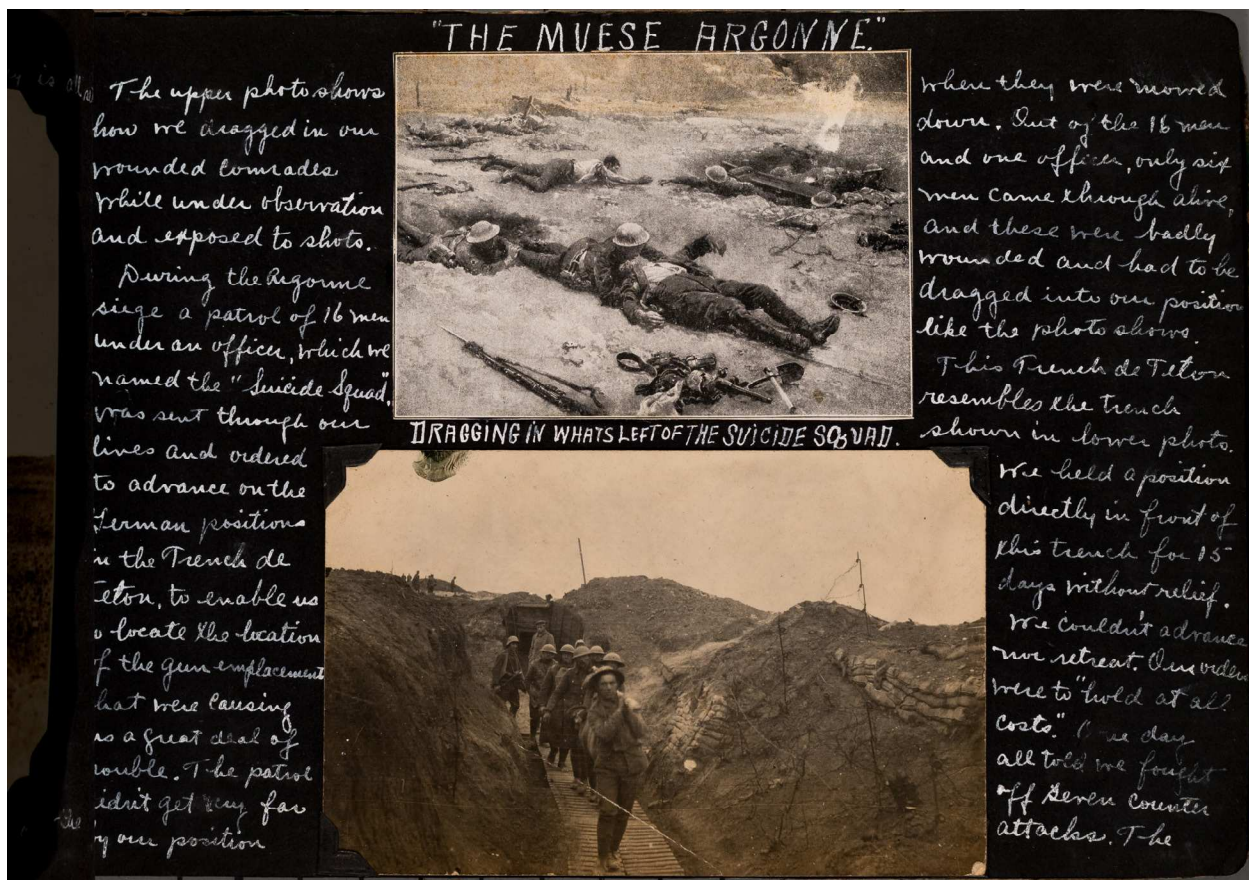
This photo shows our men resuming the attack. The artillery is all set awaiting the signal for a barrage. About in the center of the photo can be seen the explosion of a German shell. The Germans have seen our men and hope to stop them before the attack gets underway. Soon our artillery will start functioning and before the machine gunners get a line on the advancing men shell fire will drive them to cover, maybe.



The Meuse-Argonne

On Picture: Troops of the 47th Inf. Advancing Near Bois de Septsarges, France

This photo shows our men resuming the attack. The artillery is all awaiting the signal for a barrage. About in the center of the photo can be seen the explosion of a German shell. The Germans have seen our men and hope to stop them before the attack gets underway. Soon our artillery will start functioning and before the machine gunners get a line on the advancing men shell fire will drive them to cover, maybe.



### The Meuse-Argonne—What's Left of the Suicide Squad

Below top picture: Dragging in what's left of the Suicide Squad

The upper photo shows where they were moved, how we dragged in our wounded comrades while under observation and exposed to shots.

During the Argonne siege a patrol of 16 men under an officer, which we named the "Suicide Squad," was sent through our lines and ordered to advance on the German positions in the Trench de Teton, to enable us to locate the gun emplacements that were causing us a great deal of trouble. The patrol didn't get very far from our own position when they were mowed down. Out of the 16 men and one officer, only six men came through alive, and these were badly wounded and had to be dragged into our position like the photo shows.

This Trench de Teton resembles the trench shows in the lower photo. We held a position directly in front of this trench for 15 days without relief. We couldn't advance nor retreat. Our orders were to "hold at all costs." One day all told we fought off seven counter attacks. The...



## "THE MUESE ARGONNE"

German infantry would no more than leave their trench when our terrific automatic rifle, machine gun and rifle fire would mow them down like a scythe mows grass. Just before dark we could hear their officers pleading with them to make one more try. In response the men seemed to be

Shortly after  
as if Germany  
all to pieces  
sent ton after  
into our position  
through that I  
Luckily the  
the shells were  
rear where a



Wonderful Night War Photo  
American Attack on German Line-France



crying "No."  
this it seemed  
would blow us  
as their guns  
ton of shells  
How we lived  
don't know.  
biggest part of  
a little in our  
machine gun

company was supporting our line. For two hours this punishment continued and much to our delight when they stopped our own guns got into the show. Boy, maybe that wasn't a sight! The above photo gives a fair idea of what shelling looks like at night. When our guns ceased their retaliation, things were quite for the rest of the night. The next morning

### The Meuse-Argonne

On picture: Wonderful Night War Photo—American Attack on German Line, France

... German infantry would no more than leave their trench when our terrific automatic rifle, machine gun, and rifle fire would mow them down like a scythe mows grass. Just before dark, we could hear their officers pleading with them to make one more try. In response, the men seemed to be crying, "No." Shortly after this it seemed as if Germany would blow us all to pieces as their guns sent ton after ton of shells into our position. How we lived through that I don't know.

Luckily the biggest part of the shells were a little in our rear where a machine gun company was supporting our line. For two hours, this punishment continued and much to our delight when they stopped our own guns got into the show. Boy, maybe that wasn't a sight! When our guns ceased their retaliation, things were quiet for the rest of the night. The next morning...

## "THE MUESE-ARGONNE."

an Allied plane flew over our position and strips of paper were dropped which the wind carried to all parts of the front. I managed to get one however

and found a message to us, as follows, "You

The infantry didn't try but late in the afternoon over while things were quite

low I could see a possible

so I let a shot from my

me he released one of those about five yards outside

thing I remember it was strange place. I woke up

station feeling as if I'd lost a lot of my many parts. After dark men from

my platoon had dug me out of two foot of French earth and failing to revive me they carried me to a dressing station where the Doc's done the trick.

Returning to my position once more I tried to locate my equipment



from our Corps Commander

are there, Stay There!"

anything the following day

German Bombers came

One of them was flying so

low I could see a possible

chance of picking the pilot,

so I let a shot from my

rifle go! To get even with

me he released one of those

bombs which landed about

five yards outside of my

hole. The next thing I

remember it was dark and

I was in a strange place.

I woke up in the field

dressing station feeling as if

I'd lost a lot of my body

### The Meuse-Argonne—A Bomb Near My Hole

... an allied plane flew over our position and strips of paper were dropped which the word carried to all parties of the front. I managed to get one however and found a message from our Corps Commander to us, as follows: "You are there. Stay there!"

The infantry didn't try anything the following day but late in the afternoon German bombers came over while things were quiet. One of them was flying so low I could see a possible chance of picking the pilot, so I let a shot from my rifle go! To get even with me he released one of those bombs which landed about five yards outside of my hole. The next thing I remember it was dark and I was in a strange place. I woke up in the field dressing station feeling as if I'd lost a lot of my body parts. After dark men from my platoon had dug me out of two feet of French earth and failing to revive me, they carried me to a dressing station where the Docs did the trick.

Returning to my position once more I tried to locate my equipment...



## "THE MUESE ARGONNE,"

and was surprised to find it among the missing. I salvaged another rifle from nearby and reoccupied my hole after throwing out a few shovelfuls of dirt which I had to do in between the flashes of rockets.

The next day I was ordered to report to Battalion Hdqrs. where an assignment to lead a patrol into the town of Brieuilles awaited me.

Picking my nine men I started out to the prearranged position where I was to cross the German line inside Trench de Teton. Bailey, one of the men halted us a few minutes with a plea that he be dismissed from the patrol. I asked him his reasons and he

replied that he had a hunch that something was going to happen to him. It was too late



German land battleship captured in 1918 on the western front

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### The Meuse-Argonne—German Land Battleship

On bottom picture: German Land Battleship Captured in 1918 on the Western Front

... and was surprised to find it among the missing. I salvaged another rifle from nearby and reoccupied my hole after throwing out a few shovelfuls of dirt, which I had to do in between the flashes of rockets.

The next day I was ordered to report to Battalion Hdqrs. where an assignment to lead a patrol into the town of Brieuilles awaited me.

Picking my nine men I started out to the prearranged position where I was to cross the German line inside Trench de Teton. Bailey, one of the men halted us a few minutes with a plea that he be dismissed from the patrol. I asked him his reasons and he replied that he had a hunch that something was going to happen to him. It was too late...

## "THE MUESE ARGONNE."

to turn back and get another man, so I compelled him to come along. I had previously instructed each man to look out for himself in case of being separated and to avoid enemy patrols if we met any. We were after information and could not risk the danger of combat, not even be seen. Shortly after crossing the German support position we heard a group of men coming and not daring to even breathe while they passed near enough to touch us. We reached our objective, the town of Brioules, without anything further happening. On our return trip however we ran into another group of Germans and only the fact that we heard them first saved us, as hearing them gave us a chance to avoid them. When we resumed our way once more I noted I was one man short, but didn't dare risk the chance of questioning the other men then, so I waited until we were safely back in our own lines. Here I found the missing man was Bailey (arrow points to him).



The Meuse-Argonne—Patrol in Brioules

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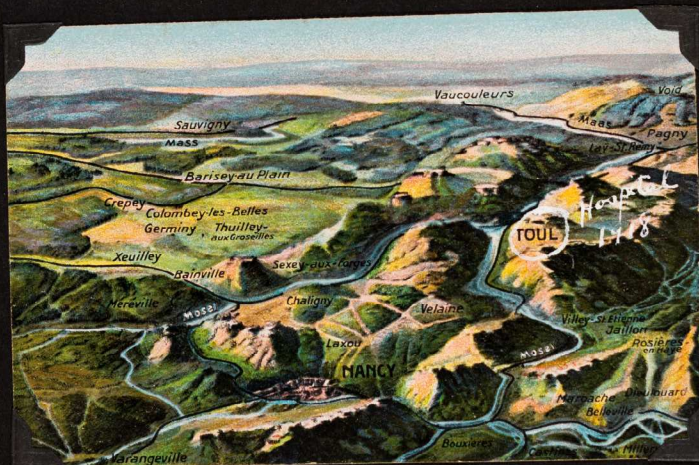
## "THE MUESE ARGONNE."

Nobody knew what became of him. As far as we knew no combat had taken place. It was some weeks later while in Germany I received the photo shown on the other page, which was sent by Bailey. He stated he had been wounded and had been taken prisoner. How where, he did so even today what happened

photo was sent

Camp with no address. Shortly after experience we after having 24 days. From Oct. 19<sup>th</sup>. Our suffered

casualties in this drive. There were rumors flying around that Germany wanted to quit. About this time I got an attack of the flu and was sent to a base hospital in Toul, where I remained about three weeks. While here I witnessed a real thrilling air fight



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### The Meuse-Argonne

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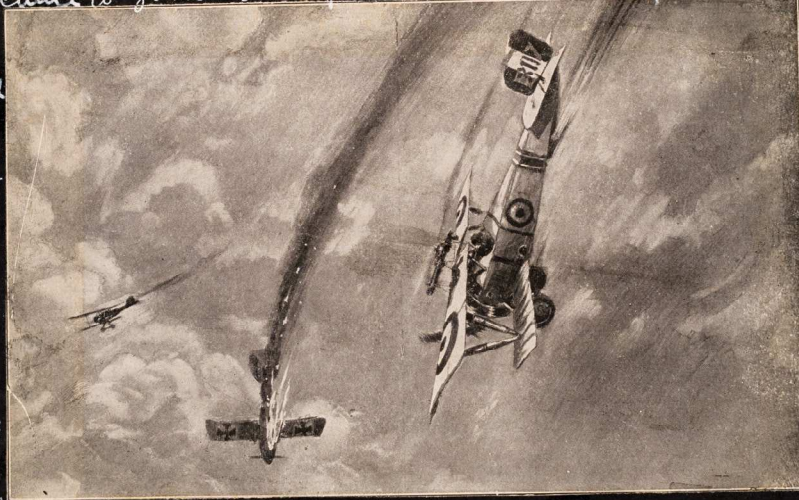
The photo was sent from a prison camp with no address.

Shortly after the above experience we were relieved after having been in for 24 days, from Sept. 26th to Oct. 19th. Our division had suffered casualties in this drive. There were rumors flying around that Germany wanted to quit. About this time, I got an attack of the flu and was sent to a base hospital in Toul, where I remained about three weeks. While there I witnessed a real thrilling air fight...

## "BATTLE IN THE AIR."

which ended when the "Boche" plane came plunging down aflame and the plane crashed onto the hospital roof. The Boche pilot used his parachute to good advantage and made a safe landing. There were

several French soldiers in the crowd that wanted to knife the Boche, but several American soldiers in the crowd put a stop to that. It was at this hospital also that I first got the news of the signing of the Armistice. What a



celebration was held in Toul! There was no sleep that night! It was only a few days later that I was discharged from the hospital and sent to the replacement camp to await orders as to whether I would rejoin my regiment or not. It was with satisfaction that I received the news I was to join them in their march into Germany.

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"THE WAR IS OVER."

When Marshal Foch, the greatest soldier the world has known, representing the Allies and United States delivered to the envoys of Germany the terms upon which they could surrender, he brought to end

the bloodiest and most destructive war ever known.

More than four million American men were under arms when the fighting ended, of these more than two million



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"Justice Follows The Crime."



The Kaiser was forced to flee the country. He went to Holland, where he must remain in exile the rest of his life.

"Justice follows the crime."

The Kaiser was forced to flee the country. He went to Holland, where he must remain in exile the rest of his life.



## "FRANCE TRIUMPHANT."

This photo shows Marshal Pétain of France as he led his triumphant troops into historic Metz. In the year 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War, Prussia had whipped France and had retained Alsace-Lorraine. With the close of the World War, Prussia beaten, was compelled to restore this territory to France. The success of the American Army in the



Meuse-Argonne had made this possible. Had the war lasted a few days longer in all probability this city would have been added to our conquests, as an attack had already got underway with this object in view when the Armistice was signed.

### "France Triumphant"

On picture: Entrée triomphale à Metz, du Maréchal Pétain, le 19 Novembre 1918

This photo shows Marshall Pétain of France as he leads his triumphant troops into historic Metz. In the year 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War, Prussia had whipped France and had retained Alsace-Lorraine. With the close of the World War, Prussia beaten was compelled to restore this territory to France. The success of the American Army in the Meuse-Argonne had made this possible. Had the war lasted a few days longer in all probability this city would have been added to our conquests, as an attack had already got underway with this object in view when the Armistice was signed.

## "HOMEWARD BOUND!"

"And we won't come back 'till it's over, over there!"

We didn't object to being crowded on board the boat when we

got orders home. Just to "hang on" that most The war and France more attraction 25 months saw home, of getting do.



to come room enough was all of us wanted. was over, held us now. It's since I any old way back will

I've got a little 8 month's time to spend. With the Army of Occupation in Germany before I realize this ambition.

### Homeward Bound

"And we won't come back till it's over, over there!"

We didn't object to being crowded on board the boat when we got orders to come home. Just room enough to "hang on" was all that most of us wanted.

The war was over and France held no more attraction now. It's 25 months since I saw home and any old way of getting back will do. ["25 months" refers to Daris's length of service, from enlistment to honorable discharge—Ed.]

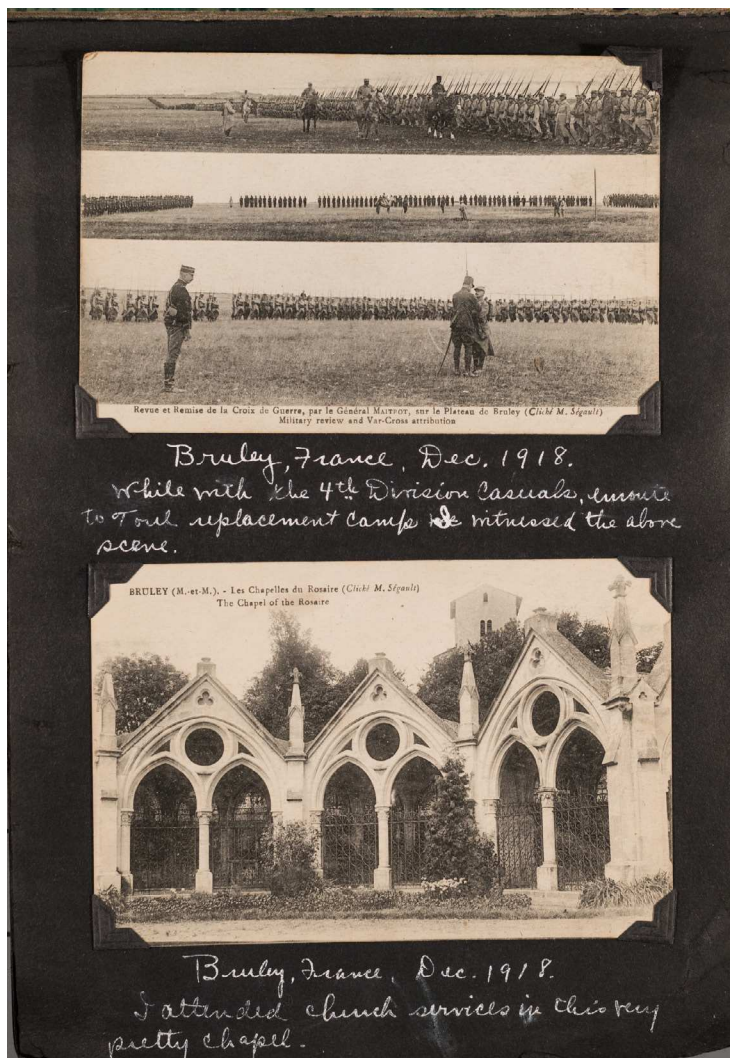
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Album 3



## To Germany



### Bruley, France, Dec. 1918

Top:

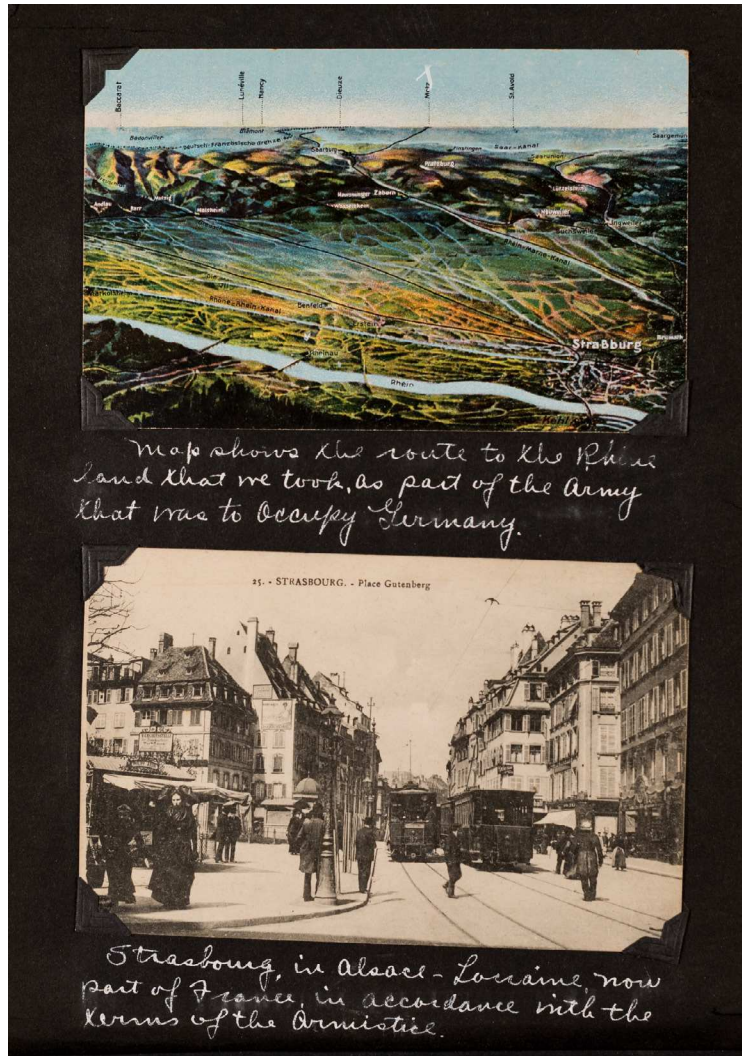
[Remise de la Croix de Guerre, par le Général Maitrot, sur le Plateau de Bruley (Cliché M. Ségault)  
Military review and Var-Cross [sic] attributions]

While with the 4<sup>th</sup> Division casuals, en route to Toul replacement camp, I witnessed the above scene.

Bottom:

I attended church service in this very pretty chapel.





### Strasbourg

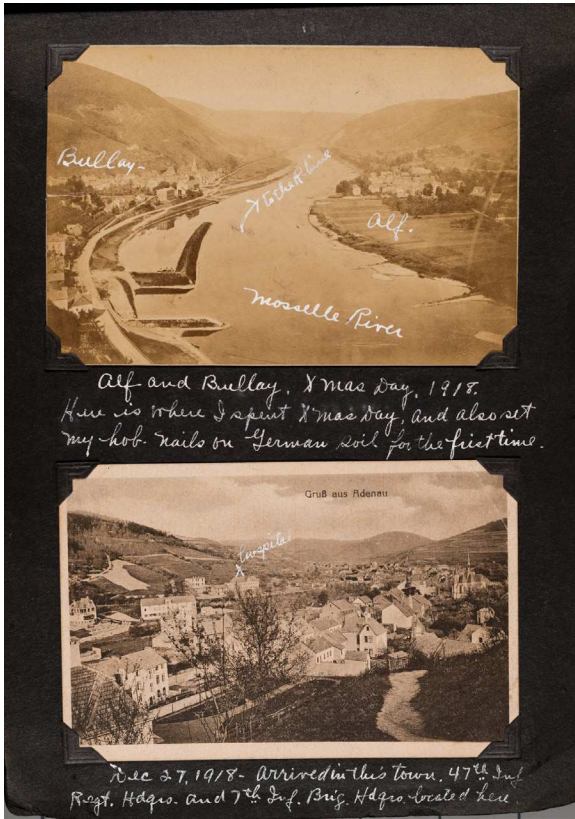
Top:

Map shows the route to the Rhineland that we took, as part of the Army that was to occupy Germany.

Bottom:

Strasbourg, in Alsace-Lorraine, now part of France in accord with the terms of the Armistice.

# Adenau



## Alf, Bullay, Adenau

Top:

Alf and Bullay Xmas Day, 1918

Here is where I spent Xmas Day and also set my hobnails on German soil for the first time.

Bottom:

[Grüß aus Adenau]

Dec 27, 1918. Arrived in this town, 47th Inf. Regt. Hdqrs and the 7th Inf. Brig. Hdqrs located here.



## Adenau

Top:

[Adenau Hauptstraße]

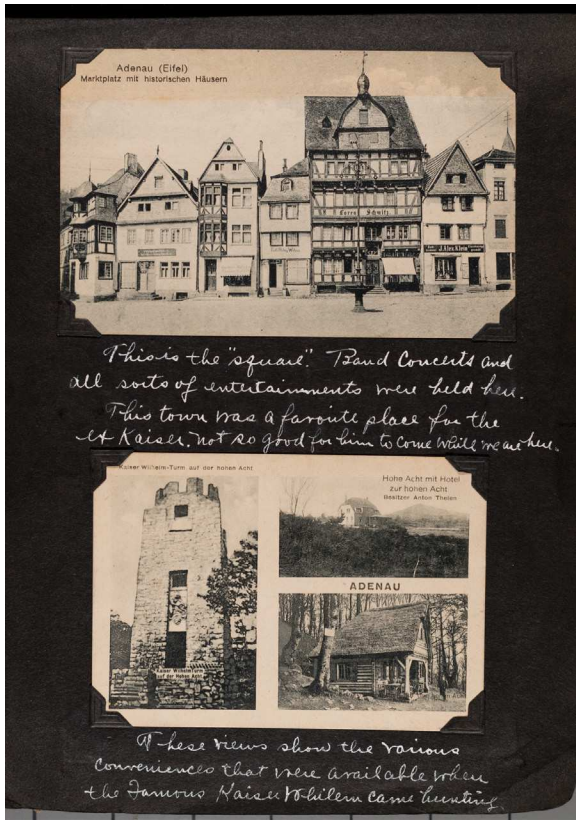
The main street of Adenau where we whiled away the hours off duty, buying souvenirs and learning the Dutch talk.

Bottom:

[EIFEL, Adenau Hauptstraße]

Another view of Main street.





**Adenau**

Top:

[Adenau (Eifel) Marktplatz mit historischen Häusern]

This is the square. Band concerts and all sorts of entertainments were held here.

The town was a favorite place for the ex-Kaiser. Not so good for him to come while we are here.

Bottom:

[Adenau, Kaiser Wilhelm-Turm auf der hohen Acht, Hohe Acht mit Hotel zur hohen Acht, Besitzer Anton Thelen]

These views show the various conveniences that were available when the famous Kaiser Wilhelm came hunting.



**Insul**

Top:

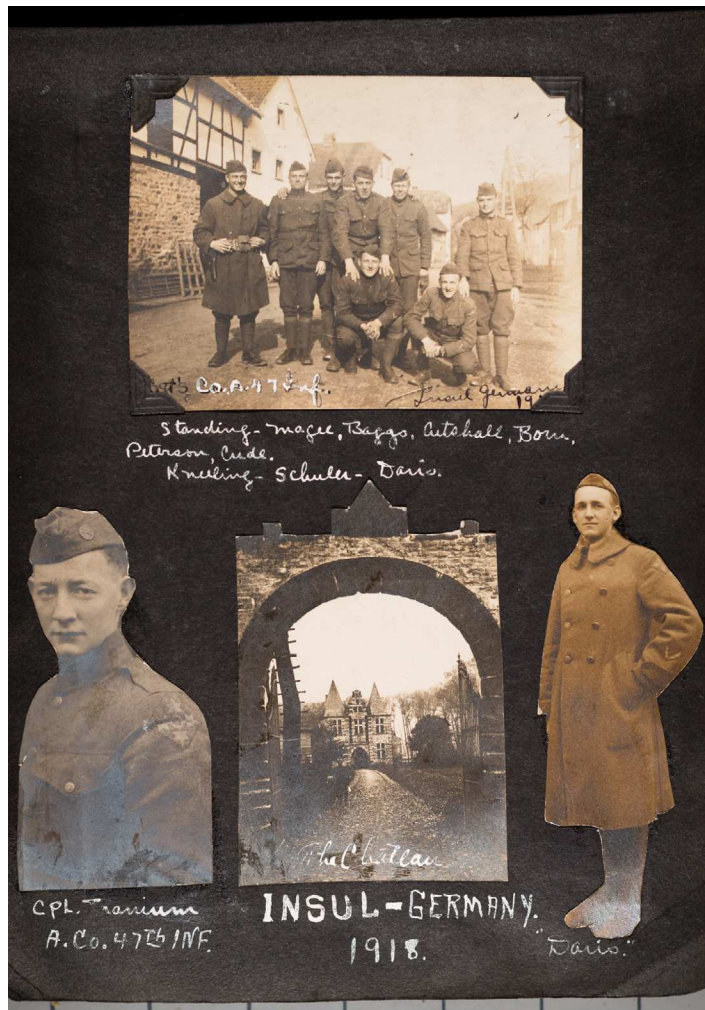
[Das Ahrtrtal von Mayschoss bis Adenau]

Map showing our location as part of the Army of Occupation, Dec. 29, 1918

Bottom:

[Grüß aus Insul a. Ahr]

Here was my home town during the winter of 1918. Our duties were chiefly to guard the tunnel which was on the main line railroad to Remagen and Luxembourg.



### Insul

Insul, Germany. 1918

[Sgt's Co. A, 47th Inf., Insul, Germany, 1918]

Standing: Magee, Boggs, Aitshall, Born, Petersen, Cude.

Kneeling: Schuler, Daris

Left: Cpl. Tranium, A Co, 47th Inf.

Center: The Chateau

Right: Daris





### Buddies

Left:

Mac MP Trinier

Top:

Luchetti, A Co. 47th., Cpl Truedell, Co. D. 47th, Cpl  
 Hooper, Co. A 47th

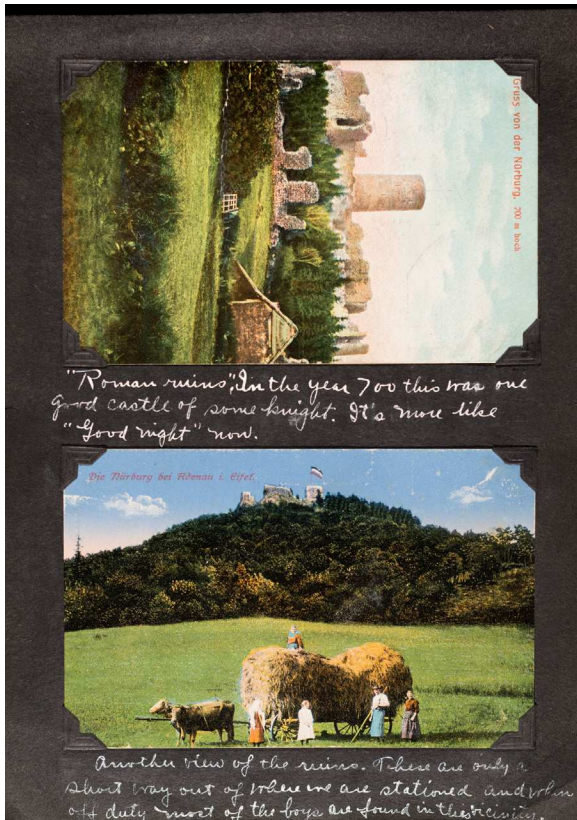
Center:

2nd Lt. Gillispie, formerly Sgt Co. A 47th. Lothair, Mont.

Right:

Joe Pelletier Co. M 9th Inf, Greenville N.H.

Cook Banker Co. A 47th, Cal. Hard-Boiled Born, Butte,  
 Montana



**Nürburg Castle, near Adenau**

Top:

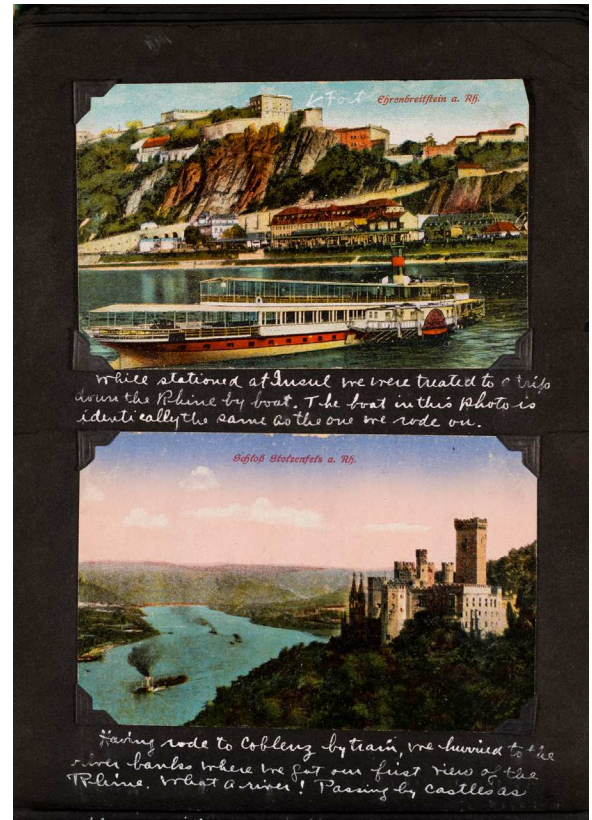
[Gruss von der Nürburg, 700m hoch]

Roman ruins; in the year 700 this was one good castle of some knight. It's more like "good night" now.

Bottom:

[Die Nürburg bei Adenau i. Eifel]

Another view of the ruins. These are only a short way out of where we are stationed and when off duty most of the boys are found in this vicinity.



**Ehrenbreitstein Fortress and Stolzenfels Castle**

Top:

[Ehrenbreitstein a. Rh.]

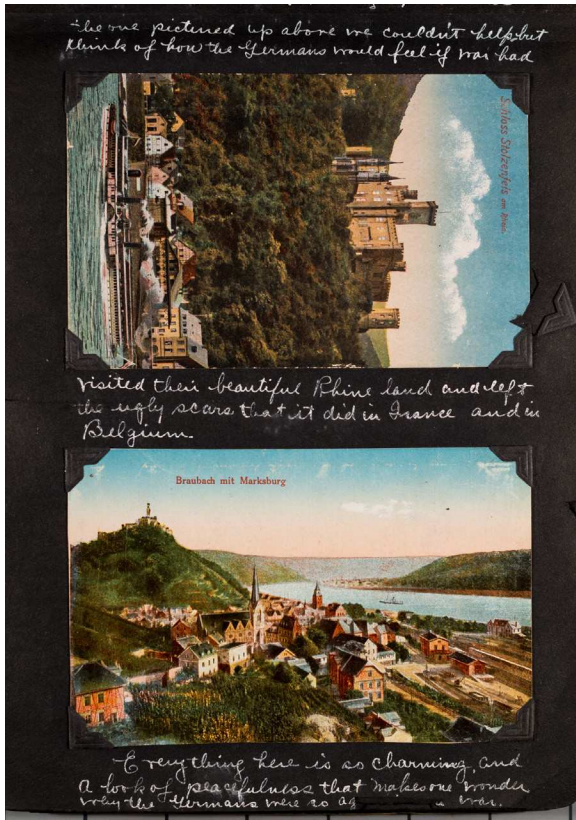
While stationed at Insul we were treated to a trip down the Rhine by boat. The boat in this photo is identically the same as the one we rode on.

Bottom:

[Schloß Stolzenfels a. Rh.]

Having rode to Coblenz by train, we hurried to the river banks where we got our first view of the Rhine. What a river! Passing by castles as...





**Stolzenfels Castle and Braubach with its Marksburg Castle**

Top:

[Schloß Stolzenfels am Rhein]

Bottom:

[Braubach mit Marksburg]

... the one pictured above we couldn't help but think of how the Germans would feel if war had visited their beautiful Rhineland and left the ugly scars that it did in France and in Belgium. Everything here is as charming and a look of peacefulness that makes me wonder why the Germans were so aggressive in war.



**Marksburg and Bornhofen Cloister**

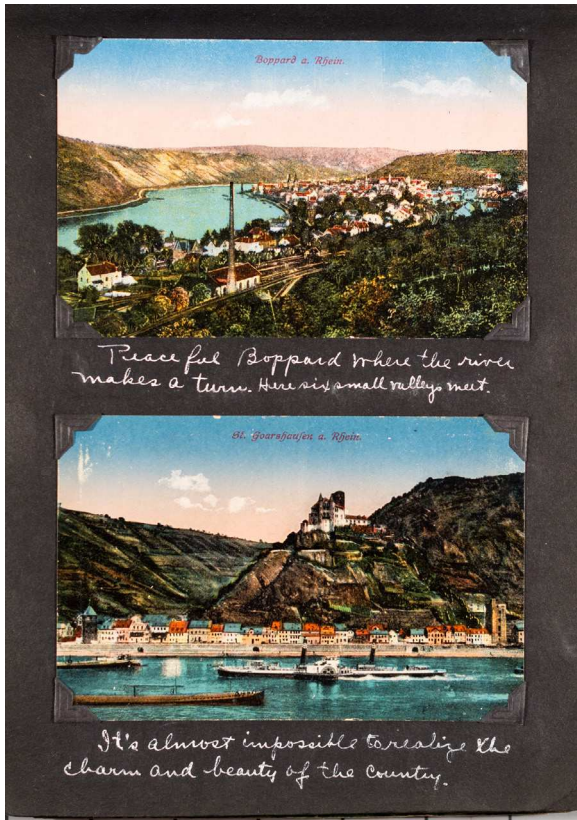
Top:

[Marksburg am Rhein]

Bottom:

[Kloster Bornhofen, Ruine Liebenstein und Sternberg]

For hours we ride by castles, pretty villages, and occasionally some historic ruins are seen. Mountainous country, and invading army would find it pretty tough sledding.



**Boppard and St Goarshausen**

Top:

[Boppard a. Rhein]

Bottom:

[St. Goarshausen a. Rhein]

Peaceful Boppard where the river makes a turn. Here six small villages meet. It's almost impossible to realize the charm and beauty of the country.



**The Loreley and Bacharach**

Top:

[Loreleyfelsen]

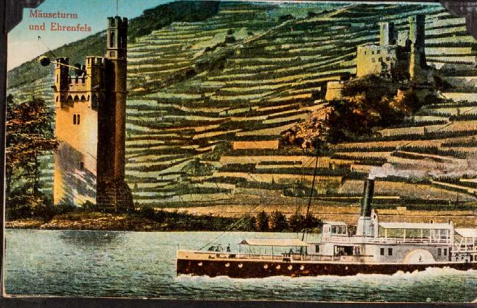
Bottom:

[Bacharach]

Lovely rock where the sailors claim a beautiful maiden appears on the rock and lures their boat to wreckage. The pillared platform in the photo we were told was used by the Kaiser to witness the different events held on the river.



*to witness the different events held on the river.*



*The ridges shown on the side of the hills are grape vineyards. This is the chief industry along the river banks.*



*This place seems large enough to house a number of people. Some old King has gathered his flock under one roof probably.*

### Mäuseturm and Falkenburg Castle

Top:

[Mäuseturm und Ehrenfels]

Bottom:

[Die Falkenburg b. Bingerbrück a. Rhein]

The ridges shown on the side of the hills are grape vineyards. This is the chief industry along the river banks.

This place seems large enough to house a number of people. Some old King has gathered his flock under one roof probably.



*At Bingen we pass the famous Mouse Tower, built, according to Rhine story, by Bishop Hatto of Bingen, an avaricious cleric who refused his starving people bread*



*from his plentiful store. What he would not give, rats came to devour, and when the Bishop fled for safety to his tower in the Rhine the rats swam after him and destroyed him there.*

### Bingen and Bingerbrück

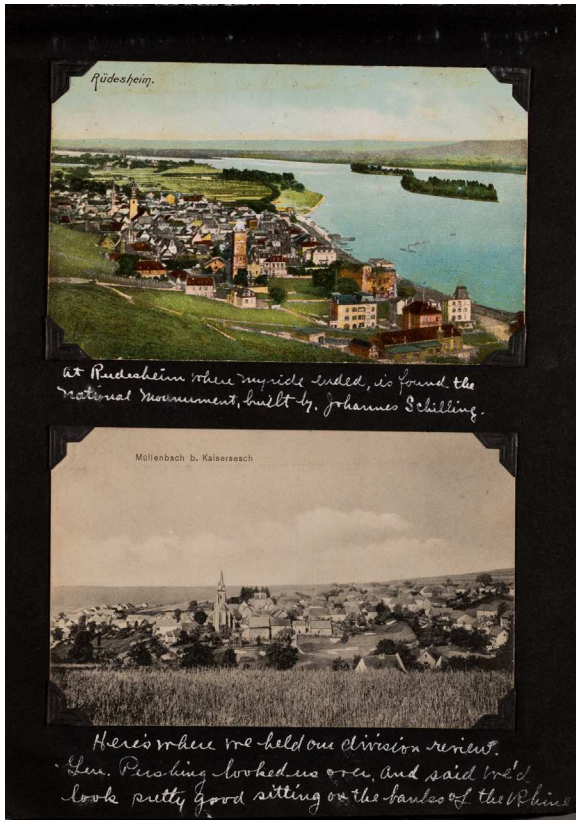
Top:

[Bingen a. Rh.]

Bottom:

[Bingen und Bingerbrück]

At Bingen we pass the famous Mouse Tower built, according to Rhine story, by Bishop Hatto of Bingen, an avaricious cleric who refused his starving people bread from his plentiful store. What he would not give, rats came to devour, and when the Bishop fled for safety to his tower in the Rhine the rats swam after him and destroyed him there.



### Rüdesheim and Müllenbach

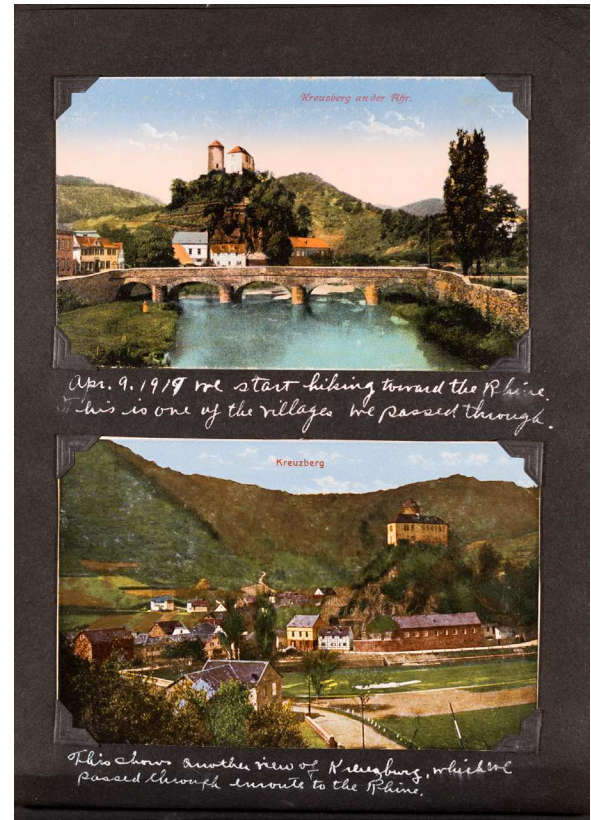
Top:

[Rüdesheim]

Bottom:

[Müllenbach b. Kaisersesch]

At Rüdesheim where my ride ended is found the National Monument [Niederwalddenkmal] [with sculptures] by Johannes Schilling. Here is where we held our division review. Gen. Pershing looked us over and said we'd look pretty good sitting on the banks of the Rhine.



### Kreuzberg

Top:

[Kreuzberg an der Ahr.]

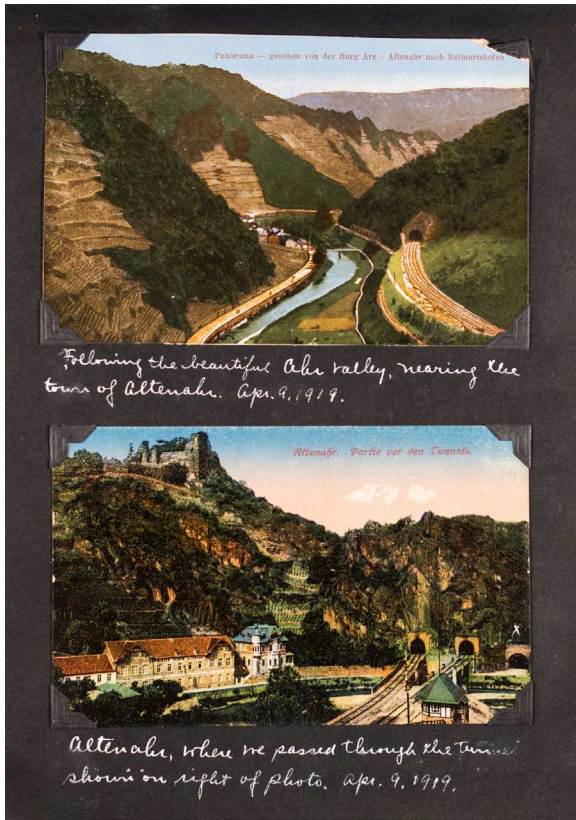
Apr. 9, 1919, we start hiking toward the Rhine. This is one of the villages we passed through.

Bottom:

[Kreuzberg]

This shows another view of Kreuzberg, which we passed through enroute to the Rhine.





**Altenahr**

Top:

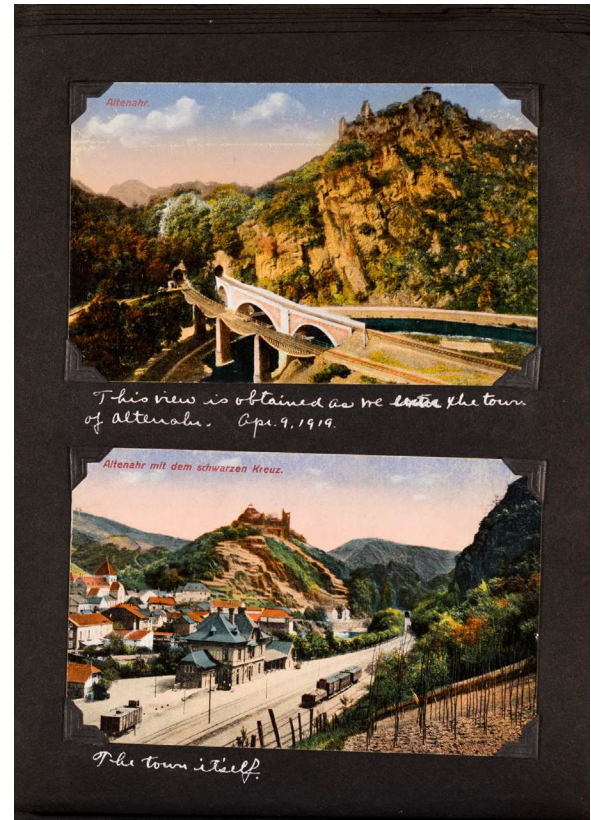
[Panorama—gesehen von der Burg Are  
—Altenahr nach Reimertshofe]

Following the beautiful Ahr valley, nearing the town of Altenahr Apr. 9, 1919

Bottom:

[Altenahr—Partie vor den Tunnels]

Altenahr, where we passed through the tunnel shown in right of the photo, Apr. 9, 1919



**Altenahr**

Top:

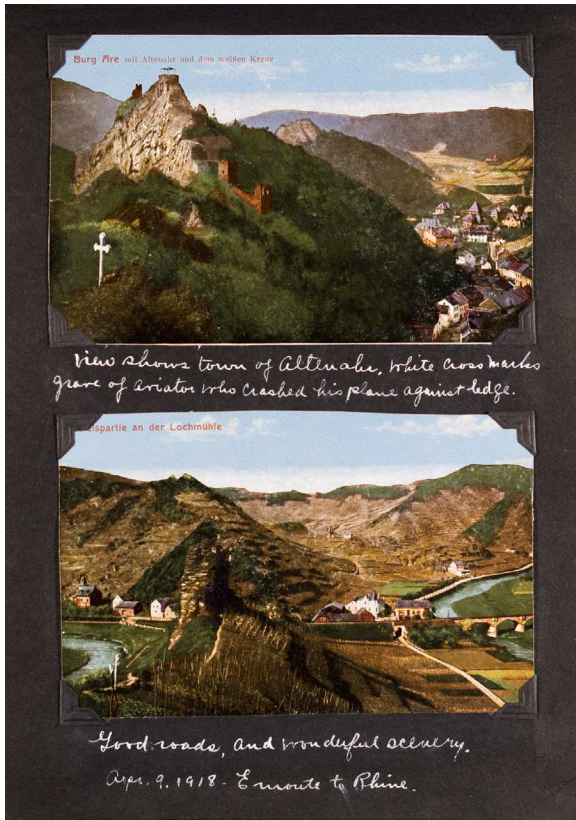
[Altenahr]

This view is obtained as we enter the town of Altenahr, Apr 9, 1919

Bottom:

[Altenahr mit den schwarzen Kreuz]

The town itself.



Altenahr

Top:

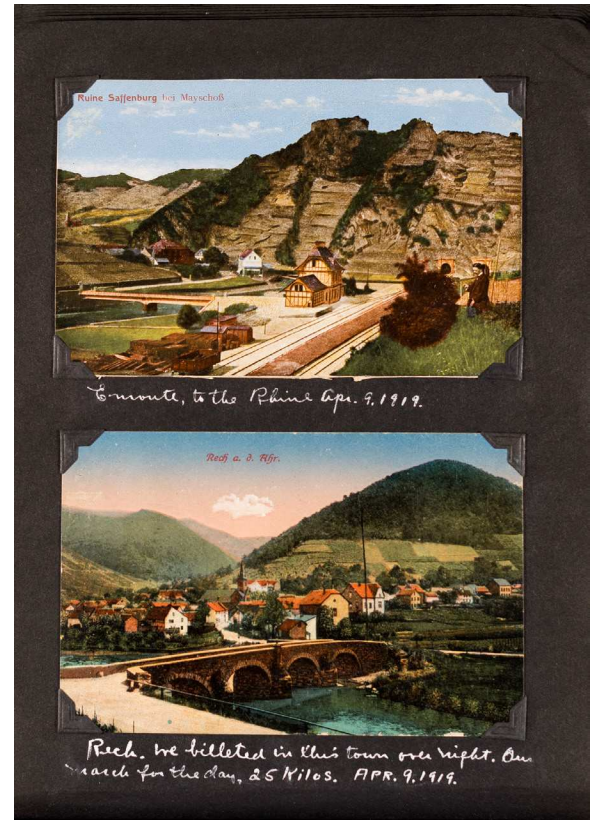
[Burg Are mit Altenahr und dem weißen Kreuz]

This shows town of Altenahr. White cross marks grave of aviator who crashed his plane against ledge.

Bottom:

[Felspartie an der Lochmühle]

Good roads, and wonderful scenery. Apr 9, 1919. Enroute to Rhine.



Rech

Top:

[Ruine Saffenburg bei Mayschoß]

Enroute to the Rhine. Apr. 9, 1919

Bottom:

[Rech a. d. Ahr]

Rech, we billeted in this town overnight. Our march for the day: 26 kms. Apr. 9, 1919





**Dernau and Marienthal**

Top:

[Dernau a. d. Ahr. Gesamtansicht]

The morning of Apr. 10, 1919 we resumed our hike, passing through beautiful Bernau.

Bottom:

[Marienthal]

Here's Marienthal, the next village on our route.



**Ahrtal**

Top:

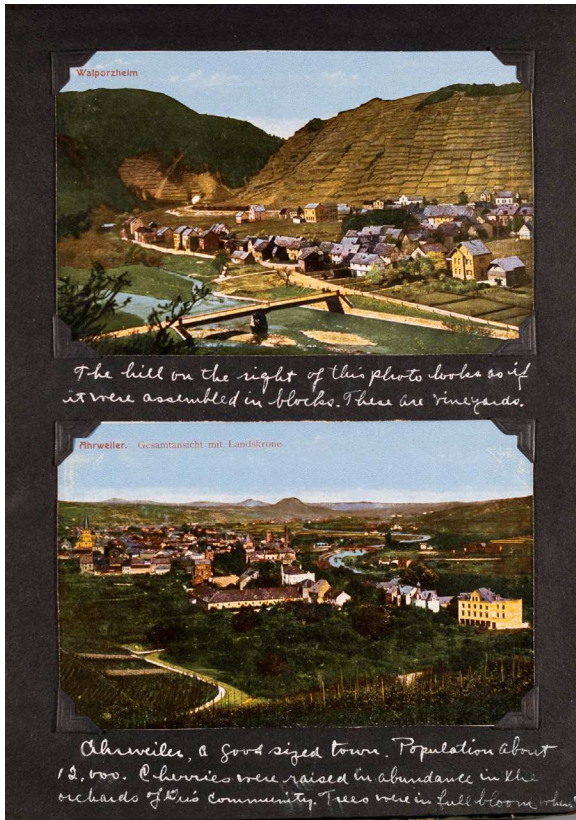
[Ahrtal. Bunte Kuh]

Approaching the town of Ahrtal.

Bottom:

[Ahrtal]

Ahrtal



### Walporzheim and Ahrweiler

Top:

[Walporzheim]

The hill on the right of this photo looks as if it were assembled in blocks. These are vineyards.

Bottom:

[Ahrweiler. Gesamtansicht mit Landskrone]

Ahrweiler, a good-sized town. Population about 12,000. Cherries were raised in abundance in the orchards of this community. Trees were in full bloom.



### Bad Neuenahr and Heppingen

Top:

[Bad Neuenahr]

Here's Bad Neuenahr, the famous world health resort.

Bottom:

[Die Landskrone u. Dorf Heppingen]

The last village before we hit the Rhine.





### Remagen

Top:

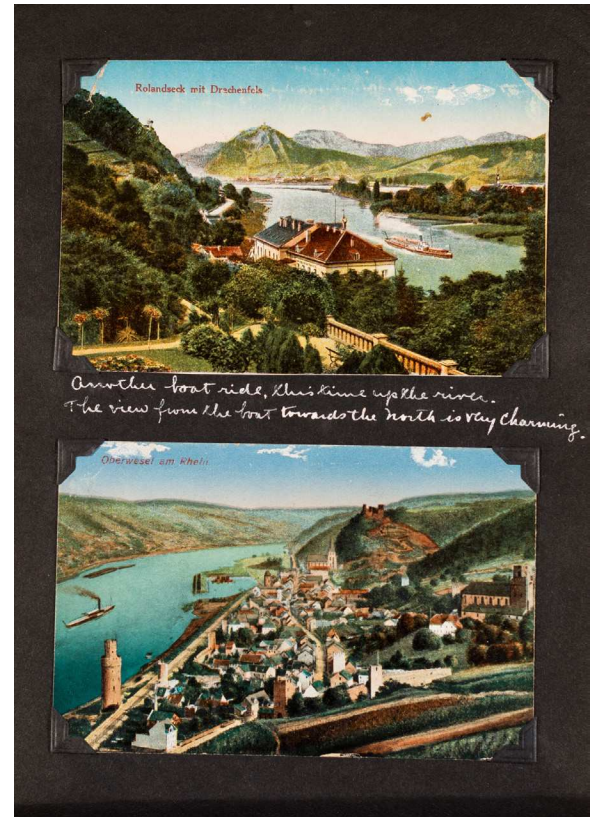
[Remagen a. Rh.]

Remagen, and the Rhine! This is our destination. We made the march from Insul to Remagen in two days, covering 52 kms. Apr. 10, 1919

Bottom:

[Remagen – Rheinpartie]

This photo shows the various hotels on the waterfront where we were quartered. All formations were held on the paved roads directly in front of hotels.



### Rolandseck and Oberwesel

Top:

[Rolandseck mit Drachenfels]

Bottom:

[Oberwesel am Rhein]

Another boat ride, this time up the river. The view from the boat towards the north is very charming.



*Another boat ride, this time up the river. The view from the boat towards the north is very charming.*

**Rolandseck and Oberwesel**

Top:

[Rolandseck mit Drachenfels]

Bottom:

[Oberwesel am Rhein]

Another boat ride, this time up the river. The view from the boat towards the north is very charming.



*To the left of this town is a health resort, Godesberg, above which town the ruins of a castle bears*

*the same name.*

**Königswinter and Bad Godesberg**

Top:

[Drachenburg und Königswinter]

Bottom:

[Ruine Godesberg]

To the left of this town is a health resort, Godesberg, above which town the ruins of a castle bears the same name.





**Bonn and Köln**

Top:

[Bonn. Rheinbrücke]

Bonn. A university town (80,000 inhabitants). The Romans at one time had a Castellum here; in the middle ages, 500 years ago, it was the seat of Cologne Bishops.

Bottom:

[Cöln a. Rh.]

Cologne, Population 600,000



**Cologne**

Top:

[Cöln a. Rh.]

Bottom:

[Coeln. Panorama mit Hängebrücke]

This is the most important city of the Rhine Province and the center of Rhine industries. It is also famed for its beautiful churches and church treasures. Linens and Cologne watches are among the city's important industries.

This city is called the Paris of the Rhine and the Cologne people are gay and light-hearted. A special feature of their life is the annual carnival here celebrated more elaborately...



## Cologne

Top:

[Cöln: An der Rampe der Hohenzollernbrücke]

... than anywhere else in the world. The city is protected by walls of more historic than military value, but up to date forts make it a fortification of first rank.

Bottom:

[Cöln: Kaiser Wilhelm-Ring]

It is at present headquarters of the British Army of Occupation.

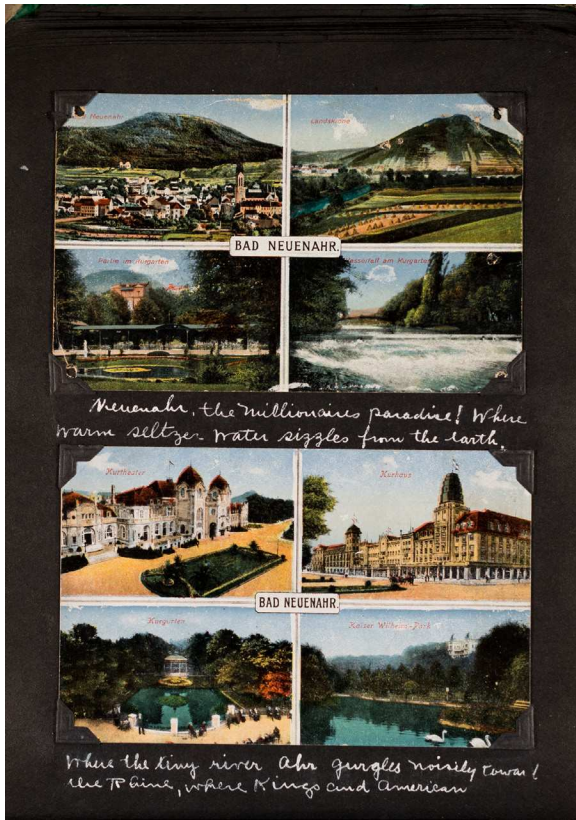


## Bad Neuenahr



### Bad Neuenahr

The Casino at Bad Neuenahr. Leaving Remagen, my company was assigned to special duty at this health resort which was now being used to entertain soldiers on leave.  
Apr. 22, 1919



**Bad Neuenahr**

Top:

[Clockwise from top left: Bad Neuenahr, Landskrone, Wasserfall am Kurgarten, Partie im Kurgarten]

Neuenahr, the millionaire's paradise! Where warm seltzer water sizzles from the earth.

Bottom:

[Clockwise from top left: Kurtheater, Kurhaus, Kaiser Wilhelm Park, Kurgarten]

Where the tiny river Ahr gurgles noisily toward the Rhine, where Kings and American...



**Bad Neuenahr**

Top:

[Neuenahr. Bahnhof]

... millionaires formerly were soaked, financially as well as aquatically, and which is one of the most famous watering places in Europe. For some weeks we were destined to enjoy at Uncle Sam's expense all the comforts of the rich.

Bottom:

[Neuenahr Kurhotel mit Neuenahrer Berg]

Here, where in pre-war days the mighty enjoyed...



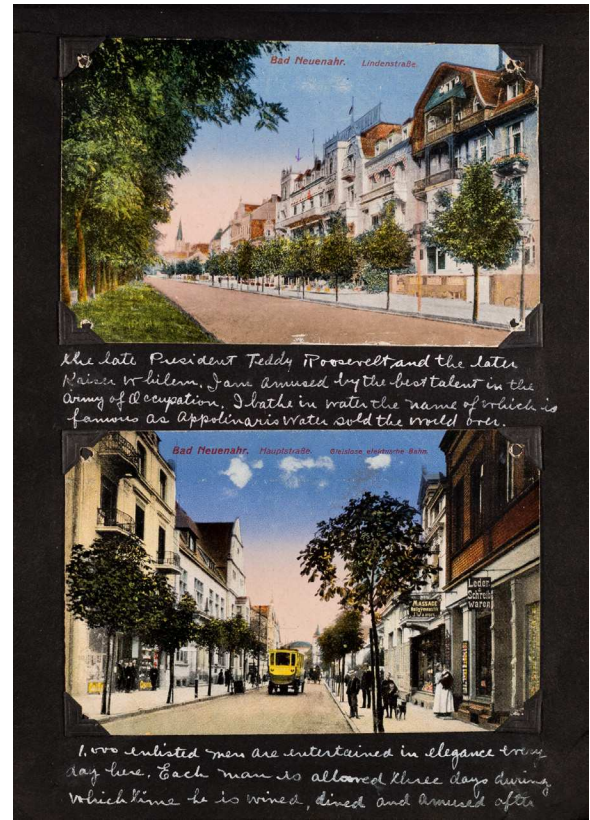


### Bad Neuenahr

Top and bottom:

[Bad Neuenahr Kurhaus]

... the luxuries of mineral baths and elegant hotels the American soldier now rests supreme. My billet is a room in one of the best hotels of Europe. I eat in a restaurant formerly patronized by John D. Rockefeller...



### Bad Neuenahr

Top:

[Bad Neuenahr. Lindenstraße]

... the late President Teddy Roosevelt and the later Kaiser Wilhelm. I am amused by the best talent in the Army of Occupation. I bathe in water the name of which is famous as Appolinaris Water sold the world over.

Bottom:

[Bad Neuenahr. Hauptstraße.  
Gleislose elektrische Bahn]

1,000 enlisted men are entertained in elegance during which time it is wined, dined, and amused after...



**Bad Neuenahr**

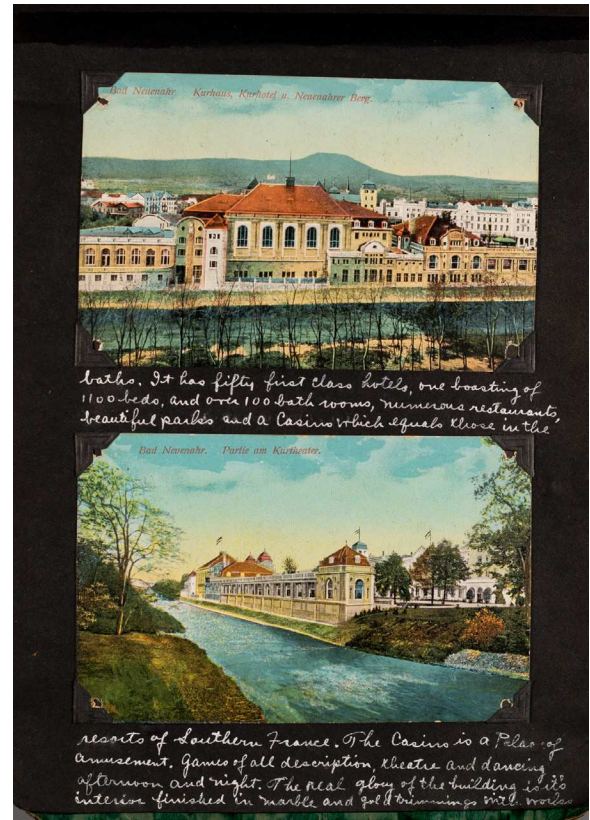
Top:

[Bad Neuenahr. Kurhaus und Kurtheater]

... which he departs and makes room for others. Neuenahr itself was built primarily for housing the thousands who came yearly to enjoy its mineral...

Bottom:

[Bad Neuenahr. Kurhaus m. Terrasse]



**Bad Neuenahr**

Top:

[Bad Neuenahr. Kurhaus, Kurhotel und Neuenahrer Berg]

... baths. It has fifty first class hotels, one boasting of 1,100 beds and over 100 bath rooms, numerous restaurants, beautiful parlors and a Casino which equals those in the...

Bottom:

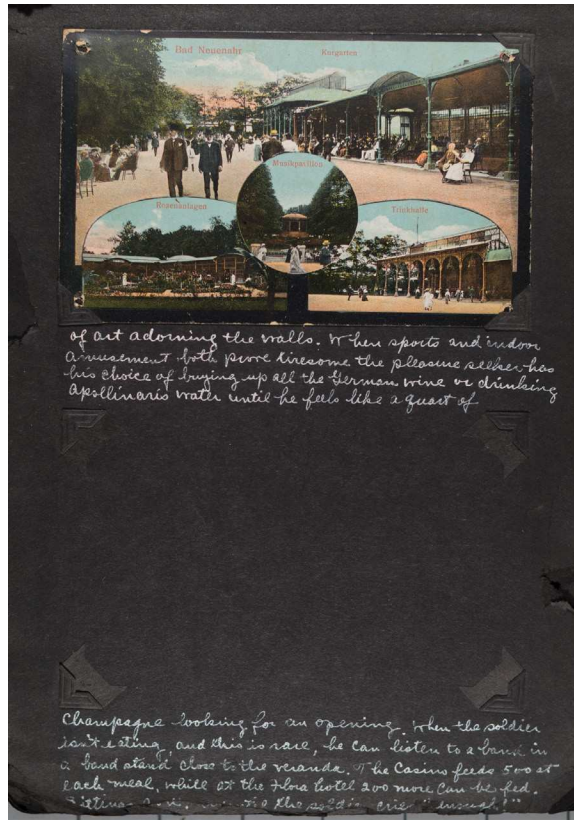
[Bad Neuenahr. Partie am Kurtheater]

... resorts of Southern France. The Casino is a Palace of Amusement. Games of all description, theater and dancing afternoon and night. The real glory of the building is its interior finished in marble and gold trimmings and works...



Album 4





## Bad Neuenahr

Top:

[Bad Neuenahr. Kurgarten, Rosenanlagen,  
Musikpavillon, Trinkhalle]

[caption continued from Album 3] ... of art  
adorning the walls. When sports and indoor  
amusement both prove tiresome the pleasure  
seeker has his choice of buying up all the Ger-  
man wine or drinking Appolinaris water until he  
feels like a quart of...

[missing photo]

... champagne looking for an opening. When the  
soldier isn't eating, and this is rare, he can listen  
to a band in a bandstand close to the veranda.  
The Casino feeds 500 at each meal, while at the  
Flora Hotel 200 more can be fed. Sitings contin-  
ue until the soldier cries, "Enough!"



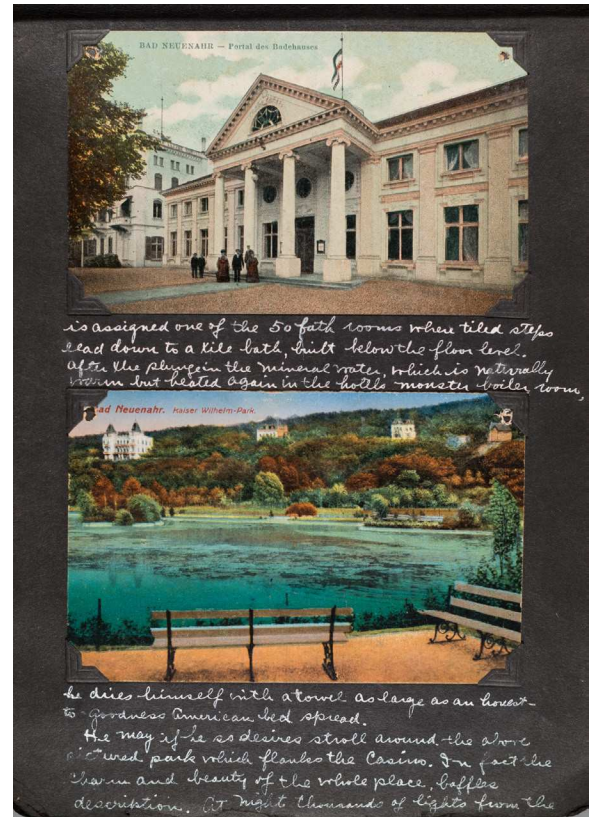


### Bad Neuenahr

Top and bottom:

[Bad Neuenahr Willibrordus-Sprudel]

The meals are the best money can provide. French pastries, ice cream and everything. In fact the soldier eats a meal never hoped for in the days of hiking 30 kms on one corn willie slum. If the desire is a mineral bath the soldier is guided to the "Kur Hotel" or Badehauses. Here, he...



### Bad Neuenahr

Top:

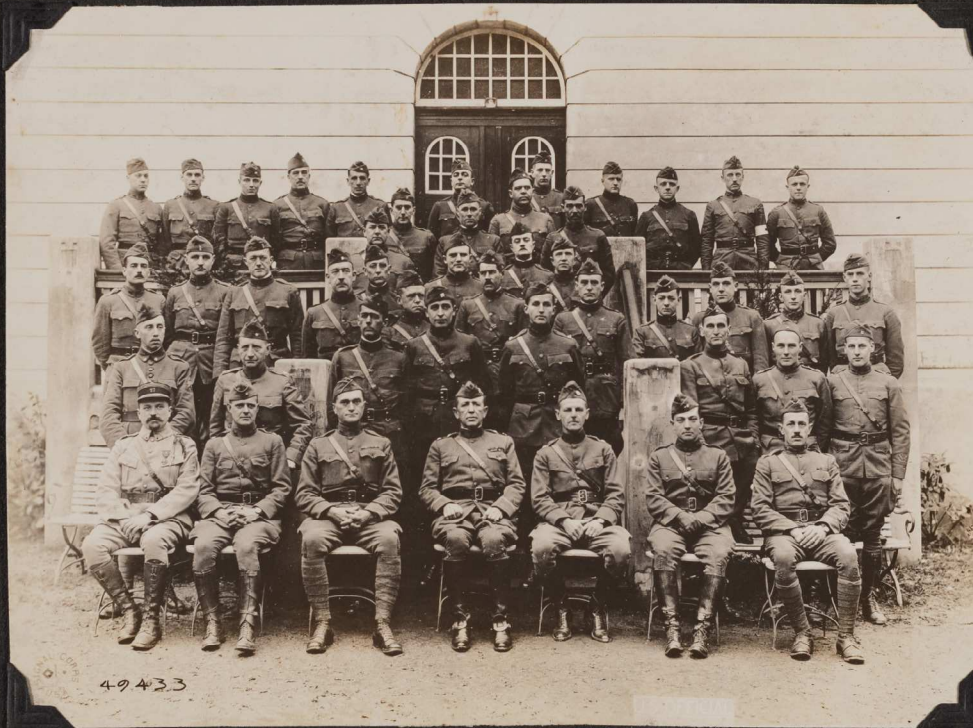
[Bad Neuenahr. Portal des Badehauses]

... is assigned one of the 50 bath rooms where tiled steps lead down to a tile bath, built below the floor level. After the plunge in the mineral water, which is naturally warm and heated again in the hotel's monster boiler room, he dries himself...

Bottom:

[Bad Neuenahr. Kaiser Wilhelm-Park]

... with a towel as large as an honest-to-goodness American bedspread. He may if he so desires stroll around the above pictured park which flanks the Casino. In fact, the charm and beauty of the whole place baffles description. At night thousands of lights from the...



**4<sup>TH</sup> DIVISION OFFICERS.**

*Casino and hotel buildings aided by the street lights give the entire place the appearance of Luna Park on a Fourth of July night.*

**4th Division officers**

... Casino and hotel buildings aided by the street lights give the entire place the appearance of Luna Park on a Fourth of July night.



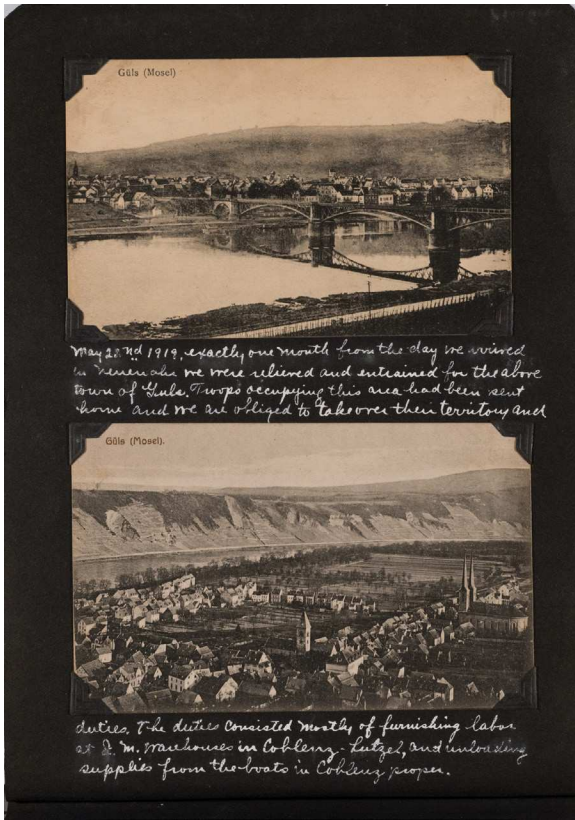


SERGEANTS OF CO. A, 47<sup>TH</sup> U.S. INF., 4<sup>TH</sup> DIV. Neuenahr-1919.  
FRONT—Jaegger, Cude, GRACE, Peterson, Rachus, Winnie.  
BACK.—L. DARIS, McKEE, CUTSHAM, MacKenson, Schuler, BAGGS, GROSS.

Sergeants of Co. A. 47th U.S. Inf. 4th Div.,  
Neuenahr, 1919

Front—Jaegger, Cude, Grace, Peterson, Rachus,  
Winnie  
Back—L. Daris, McKee, Cutshall, Macenson,  
Schuler, Baggs, Gross

## Coblentz

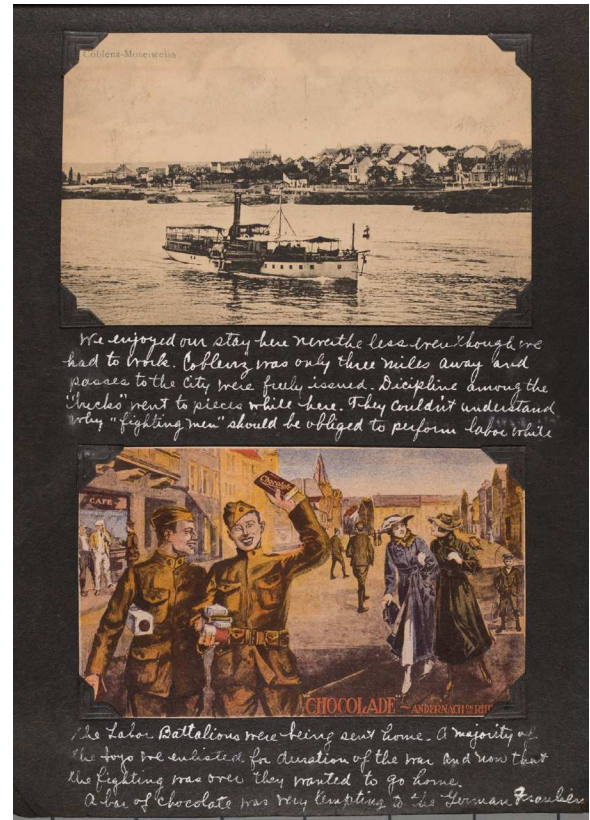


### Güls

Top and bottom:

[Güls (Mosel)]

May 22, 1919 exactly one month from the day we arrived in Neuenahr, we were relieved and entrained for the above town of Güls. Troops occupying this area had been sent home and we are obliged to take over their territory and duties. The duties consisted mainly of furnishing labor at J.M. warehouse in Coblentz-Lützel and unloading supplies from the boats in Coblentz proper.



### Coblentz

Top:

[Coblentz-Moseiweis]

We enjoyed our stay here nevertheless even though we had to work. Coblentz was only three miles away and passes to the city were freely issued. Discipline among the "huks" went to pieces while here. They couldn't understand why fighting men should be obliged to perform labor while...

Bottom:

["Chocolate" Andernach on Rhein]

... the Labor Battalions were being sent home. A majority of the boys were enlisted for the duration of the war and now that the fighting was over they wanted to go home. A bar of chocolate was very tempting to the German Frauleins.



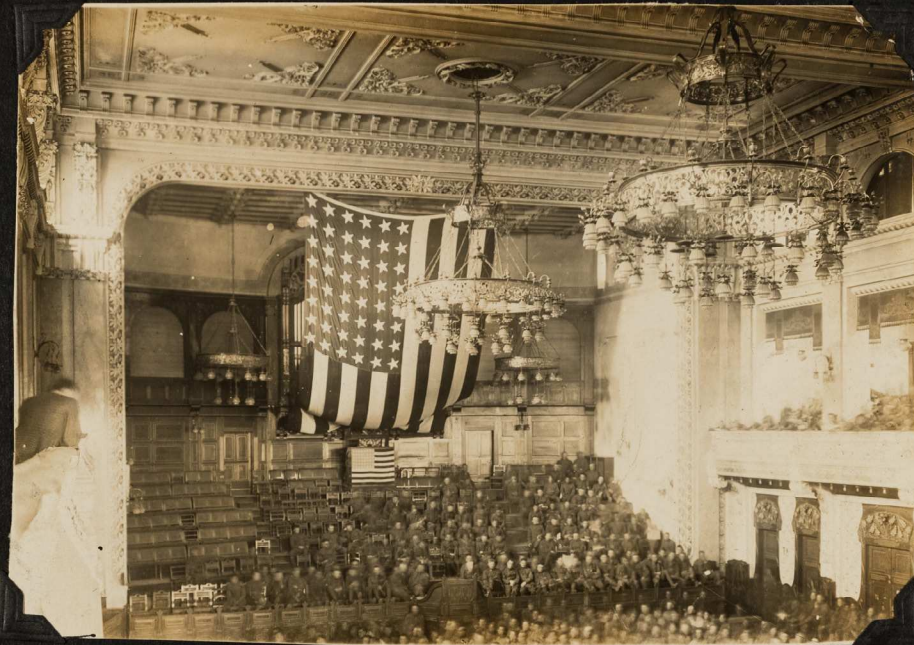


58<sup>th</sup> Inf. Fourth Div.—Guard Mount, Coblenz—Germany—1919.  
GUARD MOUNT, IN THE CITY SQUARE.

**Coblenz Guard Mount**

[58th Inf. Fourth Div.—Guard Mount, Coblenz,  
Germany, 1919]

Guard Mount in the city square

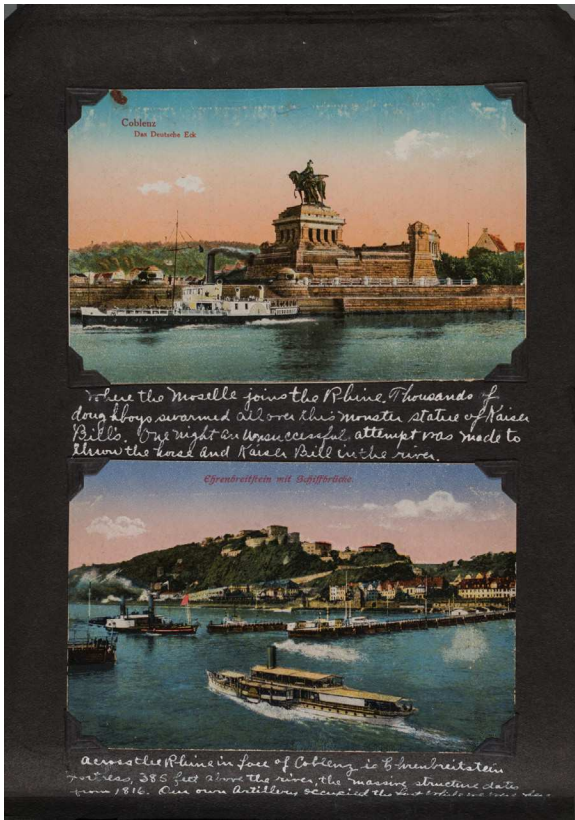


*The FESTHALLE IN Coblenz. Soldiers WATCHING BOUTS.  
Many soldiers of the Army of Occupation got their first glimpse of  
famous boxers at this place. Carpentier of France, Gene Tunney of the  
Marines, Bob Martin, A.E. F. Champ, and Eugene Criqui of France, fought here.*

**The Festhalle in Coblenz  
—Soldiers watching bouts**

Many soldiers of the Army of Occupation got their first glimpses of famous boxers at this place. Carpentier of France, Gene Tunney of the Marines, Bob Martin AEF champ, and Eugene Criqui of France fought here.





**Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein**

Top:

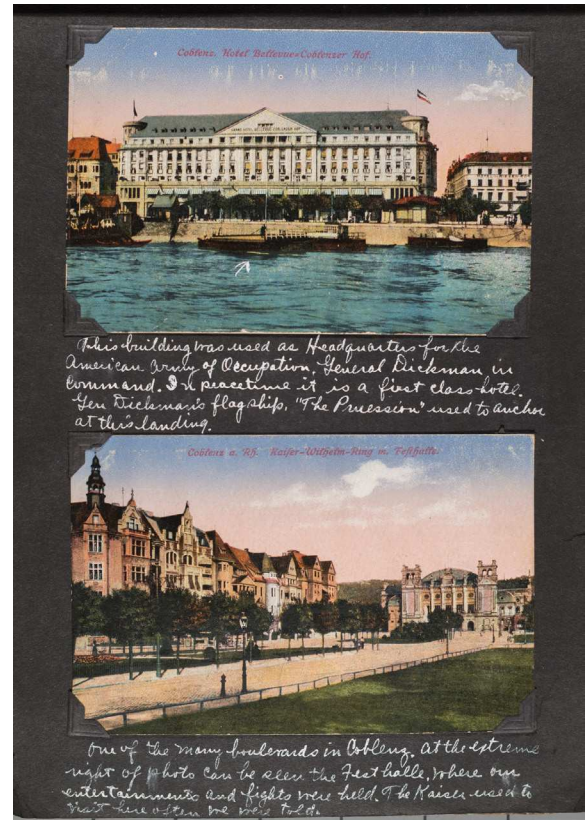
[Coblenz, Das Deutsche Eck]

Where the Moselle joins the Rhine. Thousands of doughboys swarmed all over this monster statue of Kaiser Bill. One night an unsuccessful attempt was made to throw the horse and Kaiser in the river.

Bottom:

[Ehrenbreitstein mit Schiffbrücke]

Across the Rhine in face of Coblenz is Ehrenbreitstein fortress, 386 feet above the river, the massive structure dates from 1816. Our own artillery occupied the fort while we were here.



**Coblenz**

Top:

[Coblenz. Hotel Bellevue-Coblenzer Hof]

This building was used as headquarters for the American Army of Occupation, General Dickman in command. In peacetime it is a first class hotel.

General Dickman's flagship, "The Prussian" used to anchor at this landing.

Bottom:

[Coblenz a. Rh. Kaiser-Wilhelm-Ring m. Festhalle]

One of the many boulevards in Coblenz. At the extreme right of photo can be seen the Festhalle, where our entertainments and fights were held. The Kaiser used to visit here often, we were told.

## Along the Rhine



### Coblenz and Vallendar

Left:

[From Sergt Louis Daris, Co. A. 47th Inf. Fourth Division, "With the Army of Occupation," AEF]

Right:

[Vallendar um das Jahr 1770-1800]

Leaving Coblenz behind we are ordered to guard duty at the Mulheim ammunition dump. A week here and we rejoin our regiment which is assembling at Vallendar. Here we are told that in a few days we are to leave for home. Boy that was good news!





### Vallendar

Top:

[Vallendar Katholische Pfarrkirche u. St. Josephshospital]

June 28, 1919 aviators flying over the village dropped copies of newspapers, stating peace had been signed! We had one big celebration that night. For weeks there had been rumors that the Germans wouldn't sign. We...

Bottom:

[Fourth of July 1919 on the Rhine—So this is the Rhine!]

... had things all ready to move on to Berlin for two weeks, and now that the actual signing had taken place we busy ourselves with homeward bound preparations.



**Fourth of July on the Rhine**

Left:

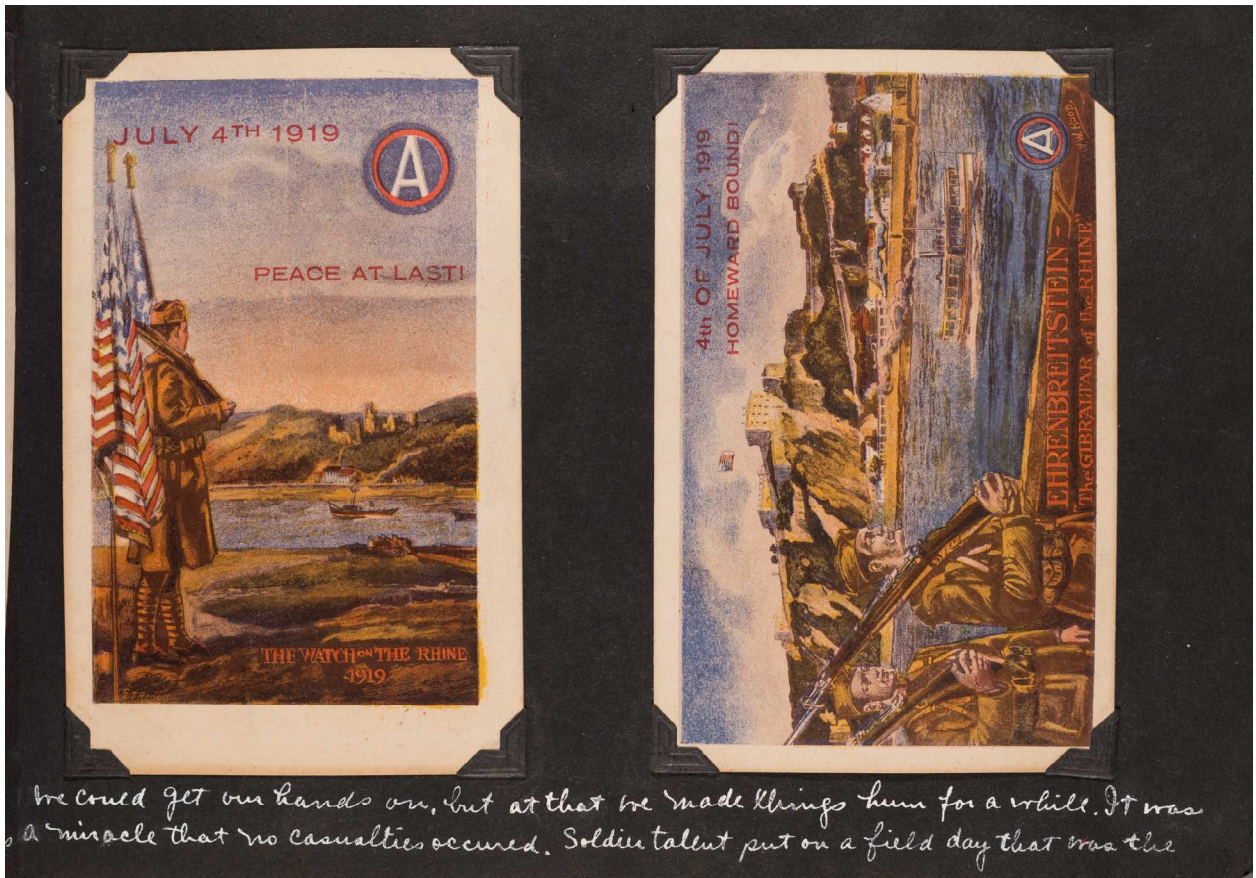
[July Fourth in Germany 1919—Any firecrackers, Mister? Fraternizing on the Rhine]

Right:

[July 4th 1919—History on the Rhine]

The 4th of July found us still here. And how we raided the ammunition depots in search of “fireworks!” Rockets and grenades were the only suitable things...





**Fourth of July on the Rhine**

Left:

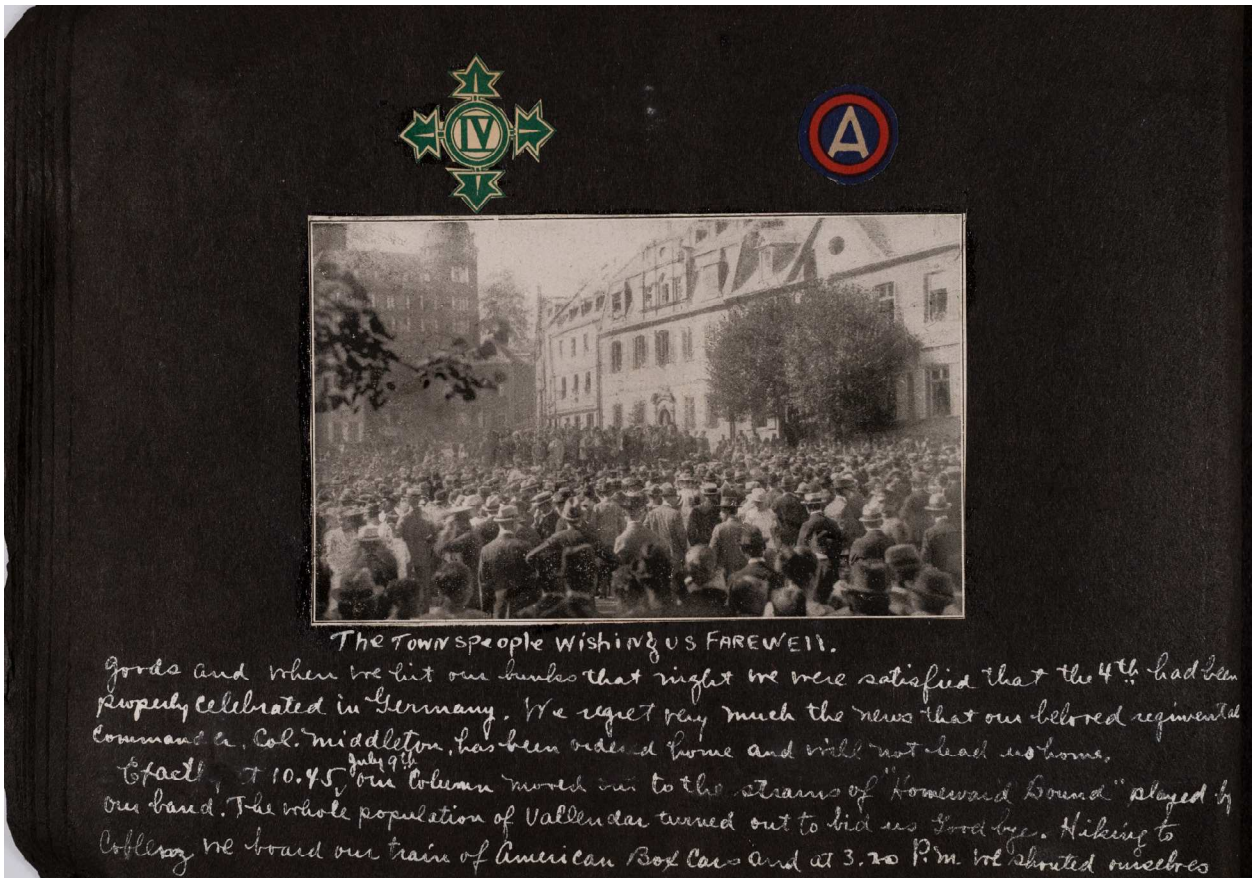
[July 4th 1919 Peace at Last! The Watch on the Rhine 1919]

Right:

[4th of July 1919 Homeward Bound! Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine]

... we could get our hands on, but at that we made things hum for a while. It was a miracle that no casualties occurred. Soldier talent put on a field day that was the...

## Homeward Bound



### The Towns People Wishing Us Farewell

... goods and when we hit our bunks that night we were satisfied that the 4th had been properly celebrated in Germany. We regret very much the news that our beloved regimental commander, Col. Middleton, has been ordered home and will not lead us home.

Exactly at 10:45 July 9th our column marching to the strains of "Homeward Bound" played by our band.

The whole population of Vallendar turned out to bid us good-bye. Hiking to Coblenz we board our trains of American boxcars and at 3:20 p.m. we shouted ourselves...





Paris

Top:

[Paris—La Place de la République]

Bottom:

[Paris—L'Institut et la Cité]

... hoarse as the train got underway. We were routed to Cologne through Belgium. We passed through the ruined towns of Liege, Mons, and Valenciennes where the gallant Belgians made their heroic stand. Thence the train rolled through northern France, battered towns everywhere. Three days and three nights aboard that train...



### Going Home!

[Le Mans—La Rue Gambetta]

... and on the morning of Sat. July 12th we awoke to find our train stopped in the railroad yards at Brest. Five days in Camp for inspections, etc. and we boarded our transport, the USS *Mobile* for home! Boy we were a happy crowd when our boat got underway! Ten days of wonderful sailing weather during which we amused ourselves by deck games, boxing, and listening to band concerts. The 10th day found the boat passing the Grand Old Statue of Liberty! With lumps in our throats we couldn't say anything if we wanted to. After some delay, we finally docked and how we rushed down the gangplank in a hurry to set foot on the Good Old U.S.A. soil once more. Exactly sixteen months overseas. After taking lunch provided us by the Red Cross we ferried across the river and took trains back to Camp Mills where we were to be separated from "buddies" that had been real...



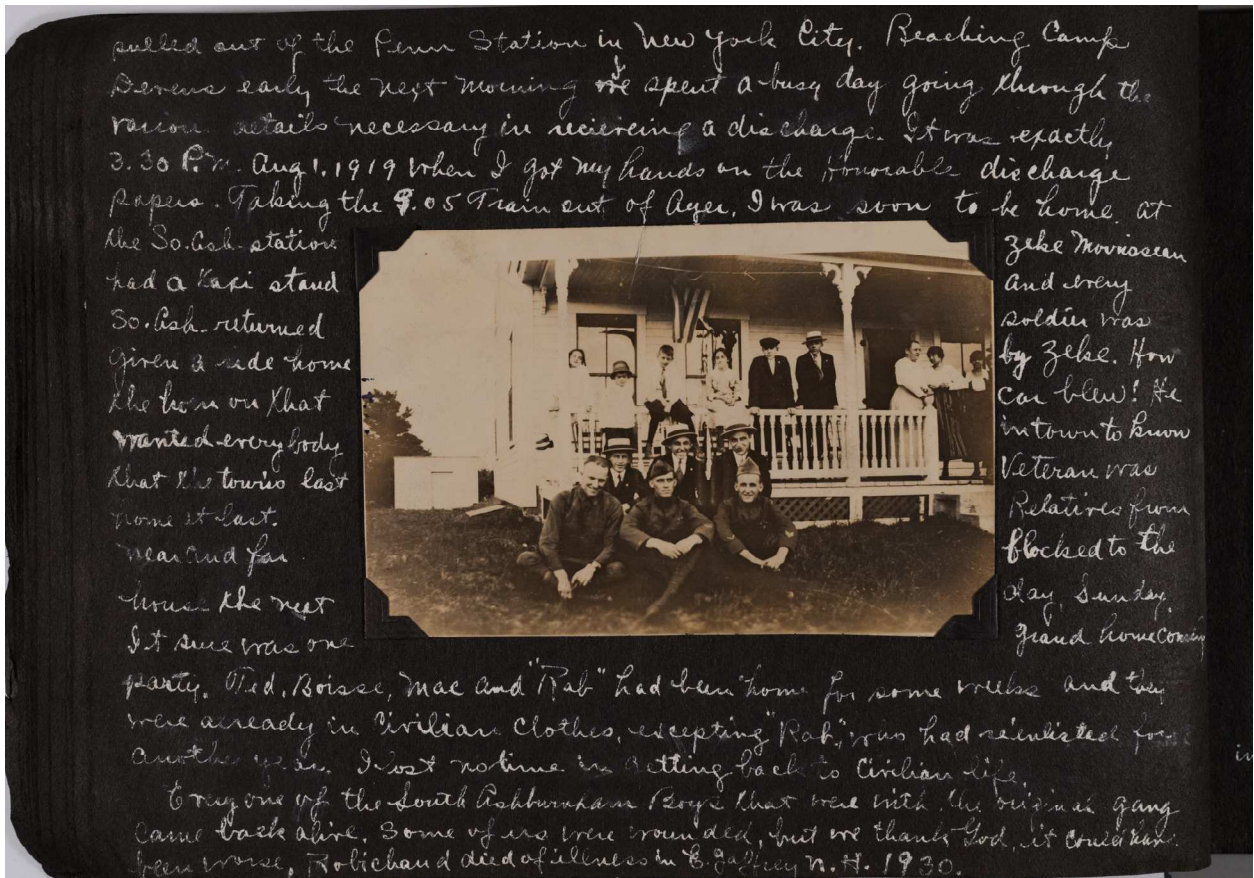


### Family Gathering

... "buddies." As I write this exactly 12 years after the big experience, I can't help but remember the scene when our company was broken up. New England boys in one group, Southern in another one. United together for 25 months and now that 12 years have passed and I have met very few of them, I can't help but wonder what and where the gang is. For two years having seen the same faces, it takes more than 12 years to forget. We have taken part in the greatest adventure which humanity has so far ever seen launched. We have been face to face with death. Our contact with men of many nations, our journey in foreign lands, the discipline we have accepted, the close association with men from every State in the Union has certainly give me a point of view that is bound to have its influence on the future conduct of the affairs of our community and nation.

Though we disperse now that we have reached home from a job that was well done, a common determination will hold us together. Out of this great adventure will spring up a new organization, namely the American Legion, which is destined to formulate the policies of a better country.

The 31st of July, 1919 found me bidding farewell to Camp Mills and a wonderful bunch of comrades. At one o'clock the train bearing me on the last lap home...



### A Homecoming Party

... pulled out of the Penn Station in New York City. Reaching Camp Devens early the next morning we spent a busy day going through the various details necessary in receiving a discharge. It was exactly 3:30 p.m. Aug. 1, 1919 when I got my hands on the honorable discharge papers. Taking the 9:05 train out of Ayer I was soon to be home. At the So. Ashburnham station Zeke Morrisseau had a taxi stand and every So. Ash. returned soldier was given a ride home by Zeke. How the horn of that car blew! He wanted everybody in town to know that the town's last Veteran was home at last. Relatives from near and far flocked to the house the next day, Sunday. It sure was one grand homecoming party. Ted, Boisse, Mac and "Rab" had been home for some weeks and they were already in civilian clothes, excepting "Rab," who had reenlisted for another year. I lost no time in getting back to civilian life. Every one of the South Ashburnham boys that were with the original gang came back alive. Some of us were wounded, but we thank God, it could have been worse. Robichaud died of illness in E. Jaffrey, N.H. 1930.





TED AND LOUIS IN CIVVIES.

TED.

Rab and Louis  
Strolling on station platform  
in East Jaffrey, N.H. 1919.

Visiting my Cousins in  
Fall River, Mass. 1919.

Ted and Boisse home  
again. 1919.

**Family and Buddies**

Top:

Ted and Louis in civvies

Left:

Rab and Louis strolling on station platform in E. Jaffrey N.H. 1919

Center:

Ted

Right:

Ted and Boisse home again, 1919

Bottom:

Visiting my cousins in Fall River, Mass. 1919

# WELCOME HOME CELEBRATION

of the TOWN OF ASHBURNHAM, MASS.  
To its HEROES OF THE WORLD WAR on  
**THURSDAY, AUG. 14, 1919**

## PROGRAM

- 2.30 P. M. PARADE. Veterans of the World War, G. A. R., Fraternal and Social and Religious organizations, Floats and Automobiles.
- 4 P. M. Band Concert on Fairbanks Memorial Hall Grounds, addresses by Congressman Calvin D. Paige, Lt. Gov. Channing H. Cox, and others.
- 6 P. M. Banquet in Fairbanks Memorial Hall, to Veterans and invited guests.
- 8 P. M. Entertainment. Henault's Orchestra of Fitchburg, and four entertainers from Boston.
- 10 P. M. Dance in Fairbanks Memorial Hall.

*From the Daris archives.*

Citizens are earnestly requested to cooperate in every possible way to make the day a memorable one in the history of the town.

## Music by Leominster Cadet Band, of Leominster, and South Ashburnham Drum Corps.

DETAILS OF THE PARADE.—World War Veterans will form in line at Fairbanks Memorial Hall at 1.45, and under command of Sergt. Louis Daris, and escorted by the Band will proceed to the Depot, where the procession will form in the following order:

<b>Marshal and Aides</b>	<b>Aides in Charge.</b>
Band, - - -	FRANK LOMBARD
G. A. R. Veterans,	CAPT. C. H. PRATT
World War Veterans,	L. P. GATES
Guests, - - -	CAPT. C. H. PRATT
Organizations on foot,	JAMES F. HARE
Drum Corps, - - -	FRANK LOMBARD
Floats, - - -	JOHN R. BRIGGS
Automobiles, - - -	LEON LaBRACK

The procession will start at the Station at 2.30 P. M. sharp, and all organizations should be in their position as indicated below between 1.30 and 2.00 P. M. World War Veterans, and Band, Parkman Hall Grounds.

All marchers aside from the above, East side of Central St. facing North. Autos for guests and G. A. R. South side Academy St. facing East. Floats West side of Pleasant St. facing South. Autos, West side of Maple Ave., facing South and North side Puffer St. facing West.

ROUTE OF PARADE: From Station to Main St., Main St. to Ashby Road, Counter march Main to Water and Chapel Sts., Lawrence to Main St., Upper Main to High St., Counter march Main to Pleasant, Pleasant to Central, up Central to Fairbanks Memorial Hall, where procession will disband. Floats will proceed up Water St. and automobiles down Maple Ave.

Automobiles and teams arriving in Ashburnham after Noon will enter on Pleasant St. to Methodist Church; outgoing traffic will go up Main St. to School St.

Parents and wives of Veterans will have reserve seats provided for them at the Methodist Church grounds.

**MAJ. O. J. SCHOONMAKER,**  
Chief Marshal.

**H. S. COWELL,**  
Chairman.

*From the Daris archives*





"WELCOME-HOME-DAY" Aug-1919. "WORLD-WAR VETS"  
*Ashburnham's Own, Welcome home day, Aug. 1919.*

**Welcome Home Day**

[Welcome Home Day Aug. 1919. World-War Vets]

Ashburnham's own. Welcome home day, Aug. 1919



Welcome Home Day

[Welcome Home Day. Aug 1919—The Veterans]





**Welcome Home Day**

[Welcome Home Day Aug 1919.

Left to right: Ed Dufresne—Howard—E. Boisse]

THE FIRST MEMORIAL DAY.



The Colors, May 30, 1920



Entering meeting house hill  
Cemetery. MAY 30, 1920.



"VETS."  
Bill McClenathan, Joe Cadoret, L. Daris,  
James Whipple, McDonald, Bill Derois.  
May 30, 1920.



Up Main Street,  
May 30, 1920.

The First Memorial Day

Left:

The Colors, May 30, 1920

Top:

Entering Meeting House Hill Cemetery, May 30, 1920

Right:

Up Main Street, May 30, 1920

Bottom:

"Vets" Bill McClenathan, Joe Cadoret, L. Daris, James Whipple, McDonald, Bill Derois,  
May 30, 1920



# The American Legion



## Birth of the American Legion

Left:

John F. Herbert, Worcester, Mass. State Commander 1919, Installing officer of Ashburnham Post #142

Top:

Front: MacChuk, Ted, Boisse, R. Whitney, back: LaBrack, Gaudreau, LaFrenie, Whipple

Bottom:

May 30, 1920

Right:

Edward L. Logan, Boston, Mass. State Commander 1920

IN THE AMERICAN LEGION.



*James T. Duane,  
Clinton, Mass.  
State Commander, 1921.*



*"The Legionnaire."*



*Charles H. Cole,  
Boston, Mass.  
State Commander, 1922.*

**In the American Legion**

Left:

James T. Duane, Clinton, Mass. State Commander, 1921

Center:

"The Legionnaire" (with brothers Arthur and Edward)

Right:

Charles H. Cole, Boston, Mass. State Commander 1922





**The American Legion**

Left:

Wm. H. Doyle, Malden, Mass. State Commander, 1923

Center:

[Photo missing] Post Commander, Ashburnham Post #142, 1923

Right:

Clarence Edwards, Westwood, Mass. State commander 1924.

State convention held at Pittsfield, Mass.—Wartime commander Y.D. Division, died

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY, WE ASSOCIATE  
OURSELVES TOGETHER FOR THE  
FOLLOWING PURPOSES



*Leo M. Harlow,  
No. Easton, Mass.,  
State Commander, 1925.*

To Uphold and Defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to Maintain Law and Order; to Foster and Perpetuate a One Hundred Per Cent Americanism; to Preserve the Memories and Incidents of Our Association in the Great War; to Inculcate a Sense of Individual Obligation to the Community, State and Nation; to Combat the Autocracy of Both the Classes and the Masses; to Make Right the Master of Might; to Promote Peace and Good Will on Earth; to Safeguard and Transmit to Posterity the Principles of Justice, Freedom and Democracy; to Consecrate and Sanctify Our Comradeship by Our Devotion to Mutual Helpfulness.



*Francis J. Good,  
Cambridge, Mass.,  
State Commander 1926.*

Constitution of the American Legion

Left:

Leo M. Harlow, No. Easton, Mass. State Commander 1925

Right:

Francis J. Good, Cambridge, Mass. State commander 1926





**The American Legion**

Left:

Wm. McGinnis, Lawrence, Mass. State Commander 1927. Convention held in Fitchburg.

Top:

Wm. Griffin, State Commander, 1929. Convention held in Westfield.

Bottom:

John J. O'Connell Amherst, Mass. Commander 1930.

Convention held in Williamstown, National Convention held in Boston

Right:

John W. Rith, Rosindale Mass. State Commander 1928. Convention held in Newburyport.



























975 Co. A. 47th Inf. Insul Germany

Standing - Magee, Baggs, Aitchhall, Bonn,  
Peterson, Cude.  
Kneeling - Schuler - Davis.



CPL. Tranium  
A. Co. 47th INF.



The Chateau  
INSUL-GERMANY.  
1918.



"Davis."



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