SSU 65

Record

France 1917
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Chicago
Illinois
U.S.A.

M. dray 2130
S.S.U.65.
May 14, 1917.

Left Chicago on the 13 and O. at 6:10 P.M. with Buel Hutchinson.

May 15, 1917.

Arrived at Washington D.C. at 4:45 P.M. Met by Art Treadwell who took us to his home where we are to stay while in Washington. In the evening we had a little party with some Washington girls.

All along the railroad, soldiers guard bridges and tunnels.

May 16, 1917.

Went on a long drive through Washington and over to see home in Arlington, Virginia. Got arrested for speeding.

May 17, 1917.

Left Washington on the 9:00 A.M. train. Got to Philadelphia at 12:05 P.M. Visited Buel's aunt. Left Philadelphia at 4:12 P.M. Reached New York 6:45 P.M. Went to White Plains where we stayed all night at Ol. Hutchinson's.
May 18, 1917.
Left White Plains early and reached New York about 10 P.M.
Got our transportation, passport, etc. arranged.
Ate lunch at the AIEE Club.
Stayed all night at the 513 chapter of AIEE at Columbia University.

May 19 - 1917.
Made all final arrangements.
Got on the S.S. Chicago about 2 P.M.
Right across the slip was the S.S. Mongolia with Steamship Unit No. 70.12.
Johnny Buggan, Bob Dunlap, Bell Singleton, Bob Hay Cohen, Potter & Cal Smith, Gordon MacCracker, Chester Tolman & Co were on board. They sailed at 3 P.M.
We sailed about 3:30 P.M. with a big crowd yelling and waving flags on the dock.
The Chicago has a gun fore and aft, manned by furious marines. At night there are absolutely no lights allowed so we sit out on deck in total darkness. There is a great deal of singing of college songs; as there are almost nothing but college men aboard.
Harvard, Yale, California, Chicago, Illinois, Minnesota, Williams, Boston, Ohio and many other colleges are represented. Every fellow is first class.

There are 14 dates aboard.

I am in a room (27) with a Guy from Illinois named Albertson, from Anderson, Ind. He is a very nice fellow.

The ocean is as calm as it possibly could be, and the weather is beautiful. The meals are first class.

May 20, 1917

The weather remains beautiful. It is so calm that you would not know you were on a boat.

For example, for supper:

Soup:
Fish
Artichokes
Fried Chicken.
Salad
Cheese
Cake
Pineapple
White and Red Wine is always
on the table.
All the crew speak nothing but French and we are learning a little are ourselves.
Today we got friendly with half a dozen "jockos" who are returning from a furlough in U.S. to the trenches. They are a very fine bunch of men. They had been 26 months in the trenches. One was an outpost. They say the war will be over before winter. They told us many interesting things about the war and conditions in the trenches.
We have our life boats assigned to us and are all ready for a "sub." We are having a SKE meeting this evening.

5 from ΦΕ
6 " " ΑΔ
1 " " ΑΤ
1 " " Φ
1 " " " Boston Tech.

There are several mandolins and ukuleles aboard, so there is quite a bit of harmony.
May 21, 1917

The ocean is quite rough today, and several of the fellows are quite sick. Redfield is the only one afflicted at our table. So Slick and I have to divide his food between us, that is, desert etc. The meals are great. The chief form of pastime is gambling in every form. I shot dice for seven hours today. Greg Upton lost 300 francs.

We also played bridge for 1/4 a point, shuffleboard for francs, and a game where you throw round lead sticks into a frog's mouth.

There are many rumors about subs, mines, etc. We understand that our ship is full of high explosive and chemicals. If a torpedo hits us, "good night." We are now going north and headed for about England. This is done so that we can be met and escorted by destroyers.
last three days. It is rumored that we will be picked up Wed. (23) by U.S. Destroyes and escorted.

The French soldiers, down in the third cabin, entertain us with songs and acrobatics. They are perpetually drunk and happy as the day is long. Took some pictures of them today.

Nordi Smith is now coming with me instead of Atherton.

Smith, Gutter, Hutchinson, Campbell and I are nearly always together.

Today we had a life-preserver drill. I am in boat No. 1. "Chef Macmillan."

May 22, 1917.

Today is rougher than yesterday. The waves dash up over the deck, and the boat is rolling quite a bit. I am quite surprised that I have not been sick and instead of being sick I am feeling in better condition than I have in.
The last month or so of course all we do is to eat and sleep, so I ought to gain in weight.

Today we received a bulletin saying that the "Mongolia," the ship on which the Beasley Unit No. 2 left just a few minutes before we left, had turned back. The bulletin said that the "Mongolia," with flags at half mast, entered an American port with the bodies of two nurses who had been killed in an accident. We can't figure out what kind of an accident would make them turn back.

We are up north, and are being driven along by a high wind and a high sea.

The dice games continue, but I had to drop out as the stakes are too steep.

Now there is always from $20 to $80 to be faded, so that is over my head.
Greg Upton lost $50 in four passes. Campbell lost $20 in 4 passes. One boy lost $300 in an hour. $5 gold pieces are usual form of stakes, and often there are 12 or 14 of these in the center, which are won or lost in one toss.

We have a system now where we sleep through breakfast, get up in time for dinner, so only get 5 meals a day. This makes the day much shorter, although time is going very fast.

My teeth are bothering me a little.

May 23, 1917.

It is very rough today. The waves are dashing over the boat, and we are rolling awfully. Nearly everyone on board has been under the weather for a while, at least. Nobody in our bunch was really sick, although Schick looked pretty badly. I was
kind of low myself.
I only ate 3 oranges and
a couple of cups of hot
water all day.

A young fellow, a Greek-
American about 20 years
old, died this morning.
He is to be buried tomorrow
at 4 a.m.

Today has been very
slow and miserable.

May 24, 1917

It is quite a bit calmer
today, and we all ate our
meals. We played bridge
and dive near all day
and evening. I won $25.00
at dive. Everyone is feeling
better today.

The young fellow who
died was buried early this
morning, before anyone was
up.

May 25, 1917

Nothing of importance hap-
pened today. The ocean is
very calm. Everyone is be-
ginning to think a little
more about submarines.
May 26, 1917

It is very calm today and raining. We stayed in all day and played Bridge. Some of the fellows are beginning to sleep out all night as we are in the submarine zone. We will probably start tomorrow. Hutch and I just had a little 3 A.M. tea—chocolate, malmsey, figs, nuts, and grapefruit. We sleep morning and stay up nearly all night, usually going to bed between 5 and 7 A.M. We had a life-preserver drill today.

May 27, 1916

This is Sunday, but that makes no difference on this boat. The sea is as calm as Lake Michigan and the day is very clear. We passed about 6 boats this afternoon. We had a life-preserver drill at 4 P.M. All the boats are running out now, ready for immediate use. We are now in the danger zone but the crisis starts tomorrow. This is
the last night I sleep in a bed until we reach Bordeaux, because we have to sleep on deck with our life preservers.

I wrote letters most of the afternoon, and this evening, from 9:30 P.M. till 2:15 A.M. we (Bub, Tom & I) have had a "bunk session." We passed within 30 feet of a shark today. It was on the surface with its fin sticking out of the water. May 25, 1917.

Today is just like the previous ones. The ocean is pretty calm, so if we get hit by a torpedo the life boats will be all right. We had a life-preserver drill again.

All lights in the smoking rooms and writing rooms are out at 9 P.M. The boat is in utter darkness now. We passed another shark and a whole bunch of whales quite close. There were three or four spouting at a time.
We have to sleep on deck tonight because we are in a very dangerous place. Everyone is on the alert and there are all kinds of wild stories and suppositions.

May 29–1917

I got to sleep about 2 A.M. this morning, and at 4 A.M. we all had to get off the deck so that the crew could scrub it. The deck is a very hard place to sleep on, but with a life-preserver bag, mattress, and with a blanket I was not so bad. At 4 A.M. I was so tired that I did not care if we were torpedoed or not, so I went to bed for four hours.

About 5 A.M., while we were playing bridge, someone wished in and said a destroyer was coming. We all rushed down to the bow of the boat and watched for it. In the distance we could see a queer looking boat of some kind, but could not make out
what it was. It looked a great deal like a sub-
marine, and everyone was scared stiff. There was a
great commotion on the
Captain's bridge, which
added to the general fear.
As it came closer it
looked more and more
like a sub, and several
fellows ran for their
life-preservers.
It was not long, how-
ever, until it came in sight
some flags and they did the same, and we
knew it was a trench
patrol which was going
to escort us into the
Garonne River.
While at supper
land was sighted, which
added more to the ex-
citement. We had to
go slowly on account
of the tides.
At 10 PM the pilot
came on board and we were taken through
to the mouth of the
Garonne where we are
now anchored.
French officers and an American Red Cross man came on board. He told us that we were to leave Bordeaux tomorrow for Paris, and we would be taken care of in every way.

There was just a big game of "Red Cross" in the smoking room. The ante was $1 each with six men in the game, and in a short time there was $200 in the pot. That was about the biggest game yet at the end of the trip I have come but just $2500 to the good.

May 30, 1917.

We left the mouth of the Garonne about 10 A.M. for Bordeaux. The scenery all the Garonne is too pretty to look real. The white houses with the red roof, the many shades of green, the little canals with the barges on them, all look
like little toy villages, or pictures. Without a doubt it is the prettiest country imaginable.
We passed a great many boats of all nationalities, mostly Greek. Just this side of Bordeaux we passed a German detention camp.

We landed in Bordeaux about 2:30 P.M. We were taken to the railroad station in a train. We passed a contingent of troops from Russia, and saw a great many wounded and crippled soldiers. Every man is in a uniform, and the street cars and all other positions which formerly filled by men are now run by women. I was greatly surprised to see old women out cleaning the streets. Great two-wheeled carts go rumbling past with women standing up in them yelling at the horses.
one-legged and crippled
men ruling life. Some
were blind, some with one
leg gone, some with two—
every conceivable deformity.
We talked to a one-legged
man who had lived in
the U.S. and could speak
English. He was shot in
the elbow and also had
lost his leg at the
front. They all seem happy.
Wounded, that is, men
who have lost a limb receive
a "Croix de Guerre" and a
"Médaille Militaire"; the latter
paying off of a year.

Sandauc is a quaint
old town. The streets are
small and winding,
newspapers, and various
daily life of a great deal of St. Augustine
Florida. We were amused
whenever any of us tried
to buy anything or ask
for directions.
At 7:40 P.M. we left for
Paris on the "Chemin de
To the Midi." The railroad
are the finest looking
things I ever saw. The
cars look like toy tri-
ones and the engines look like the early U.S. ones.

We were unfortunate in having to travel 3rd class, which in France is the day coach. This meant we must sit up all night, 11 hours.

May 3, 1917.

We arrived at Paris about 6 o'clock, after a wretched trip. We were very tired, and we had only had about six hours sleep out of 72. Eddie Hazbrook met us and we took a taxi to Hotel Raymond, our headquarters. We were given a bed, bought blankets, food, kit, etc. and listened to a few lectures. It seems no more ambulances are to be had, so they are going to try to induce us into the "cannon," or truck service. Everyone is against joining the cannon service, as they think it is
Just a game of the head man of this office to get credit for bringing so many men to the cannon service. Besides, the cannon service requires that one must drive a five-ton truck loaded with shells and ammunition from those who are best informed. We learn that it is a very poor service to water everyone is rebellious and wist in the air about it, for they are apparently slipping something over on us.

As we were sitting out on the lawn, we saw a dust-covered person coming towards us. When he got close we saw that it was Hank Rubenke, just back from the front on a leave of absence. He was glad to see us for he had not seen a friend for 4 months, and he
did not even know that we were in France.

21 Rue Raynouard is an old Château given over to this work. It is a park situated a little off the Seine in the middle of the city. I am sleeping in a dormitory at 5 Rue de la Tour in an old Chapel.

We have mess tents, and we eat out in the opening, as there are too many of us to eat indoors. This is the prettiest place I have ever seen. The buildings, even in the business sections are all beautiful. The city instead of being used like the Chicago River, has a park on each side of it all along. The suburban, elevated, and tram are good, but the taxi service is so cheap that we use nothing else. With 4 in the car you can go down Town for from 7 to 12 cts. 4 can ride at the same
price as one.
We went downtown today and were measured for uniforms. They cost $25.

July 5, 1917

Today we are kind of lost, because we don't know what we are to do. The officers say we must join the cannon service in the Paris service, but later on.

We went to the Paris service and inquired about it. We talked pretty favorably with some pretty gentle ladies who were going towards the cannon, but they said it was against it.

We spent most of the day just walking around, seeing the Place de Concorde, Champ de’Elysees and all the rest. We are picking up a little French.

The meals are not of the highest quality at Raynouard, so we have been eating out whenever possible. We found a
good place today called Teddy's. It is an old tea-room where they serve very good food reasonably. One place, the Chinese umbrella, charged some of the boys $4.00 for a half a cantaloupe. They tried to stick Americans. If you give them a coin and the change is not big enough they demand more.

Tonight we called on Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Raymond. They are Americans. Yesterday when we were at Morgan Waring's Charlie some money, a woman walked up to us and asked us if we were from Chicago. We of course said "Yes." She gave us her card, took our name and said she was going to invite the five of us to lunch. As we were leaving, a man walked up and asked us if we knew who she was. He said she was Mrs. Ralph.
June 2, 1917.

Today we went to the Norton-Karges ambulance service and signed up with them after being released from the American Field Service. They are much better organized here and are doing business like instead of sleeping in barracks or tents. In fact, we are now at the Hotel des Palais, right on the bank of the Seine. Instead of eating out of mess kits, we eat in the hotel dining room and have fine meals. We are allowed 12 francs a day expenses, which is more than enough.

Instead of driving toros we will drive fints, and every other kind of European car. There will be two men in each car. We expect to be sent out within the
We have been continuing our travels around Paris and it is better every day. It is a big city. My duffle bag had been lost until today. I went down to the Gare d'Orsay and found it this afternoon. It was quite a relief to get it, because in war time, with no receipt and unable to speak French, I thought it was gone.

June 3, 1917

We slept until lunch time, after which, Ruben and I went for a boat ride on the Seine and spent most of the afternoon in the Tuileries and the Louvre. They are the most wonderful places I have ever seen.

Sunday is a big day in Paris for then everybody dons his dress uniform and strolls through the parks. We saw nearly every uniform in ex-soldier, Italian
Russian, Irregular, French, British, Australian, German, American, in all their varieties.

June 4, 1917

Today, after discussing the merits of Norton-Harjes and the American Ashbyplane we decided to change back to the A.F.S. because they assured us we would be put into the same work N-14 would put us into, and as our money was deposited with the A.F.S. we changed back.

June 5, 1917

Went to the American Red Cross Hospital where I got my teeth fixed. We are getting ready to leave for our training camp. We are still living at the Hôtel du Palais.

June 6, 1917

We are back at Tent II. Today Campbell, Guille, and Hutchinson decided
to go into Cannon  
June 7, 1917

Hutch, Gentle, and Campbell left for Joncours with the Cannon Section at 6:17 M. We (Mrs. & I) went to Invalides and saw captured German guns, flags, and aeroplanes.

June 8, 1917

We went to Gare de l'Est, and got 15 lots of oil in a truck (l'ali). We saw a big dirigible up above us. Planes are so common we don't notice them any more.

We are still waiting to be sent out, probably within the next few days. I got my first mail yesterday.

In the afternoon we had our year-shift test on a Napier, a British Red Cross Ambulance. Casey, a S.T.A. from Illinois broke his arm in 2 places cranking the car. I think most of us passed the test all right. I got 3 letters today.
June 9, 1917.

Now Smith had to work on barracks, so I just loafed around and packed up. We loafed in the afternoon, and in the evening Cooper, Schols, Rubinkam, Smith and I walked to the Arc de Triomphe, Place de la Concorde and back. Hank Rubinkam has been recommended for the Croix de Guerre.

June 10, 1917.

At roll call we were told to be ready to leave for Maubeuge at 11 A.M. tomorrow where we will go into camp.

In the afternoon I went out to Versailles with Chris Gros. Dailey and another of Illinois fellow. Versailles is the most wonderful place I ever saw. The palace is immense, capable of housing 10,000 people. In back of the palace is a big terrace running down to an
artificial lake. All over there are fountains, statues, and promenades. A dense wood surrounds the lake, but thru these woods paths run, and every few feet is a bench or a fountain of some kind! There is symmetry everywhere you look.

June 11, 1917

We were told this morning to pack up for we are leaving for Aix-les-Bains at 8 A.M. tomorrow. Everyone is glad we are going, for it is getting pretty tiresome around Paris, and money goes fast.

Chauncey Makey drew his back working on some Ford Chassies today and will be in the hospital for 3 weeks.

June 12, 1917

We got up at 5 A.M. and got ready to leave. We rode down in cansons to the Gare de l’Est where we lifted
at 8:15 A.M. At about 11 A.M. we arrived in Croisy-sur-Oursq, which is about 15 miles beyond Meaux. From there we marched up to an old mill, about 3 miles out in the country. The mill is a typical old one with a big sail wheel driven by water from a small canal. The whole place is beautiful and reminds me of old pictures of mills. We are under a French lieutenant, and are now part of the French army. Reveille is at 6 A.M. Breakfast at 7, dinner at 11, dinner 6:30. We must be in bed at 10 P.M. The meals are better than at Rue Raymonard.

We are situated pretty close to the front in a place occupied by the Germans at the start of the war. We saw many trenches and entanglements. This afternoon we went swimming.
a small canal close to the mill. The water was fine.
We are allowed to send one letter a day free.
We had a fine meal tonight, and the French cook says they will be better than that when we get settled down.

June 13, 1917
We have nothing to do but enjoy ourselves. This afternoon smoked Gen. Mill. Myers, sawed and I took a long walk up the main road from Paris & Rheims, which was
It is a bear of an auto road with trees on both sides. This the road taken by the Germans on the advance and on their retreat. There are monuments all along it. The scenery is beautiful, and it is hard to imagine we are at war. We do not know yet when we will be sent out.
June 14, 1917

In the morning we practiced driving bids a little.

In the afternoon we walked to May, a very small village, and climbed to the top of a chapel tower. We had a fine view of the surrounding country. We are to drill 4 hours a day, starting probably to-morrow. The combined are in trench.

June 15, 1917

We drilled from 8 A.M. till 10 A.M. and it certainly was hot. After that Gammell & Cooper rigged up a "toche prisoner" made of proums and shoes, pajamas, gloves, cane etc and heid it on his bed. He got pretty peeled.

In the afternoon we listened to a lecture about French army organization from 2 till 3, and then drilled from 3 till 5. It was very hot.

After drill we went to the "Hotel Tabac" and
had a fine chicken dinner which we had ordered the day before. Smith, Gunnell, Jones, Myers & I. We ate so much it took us until 9:45 to get home, as we had to rest every few minutes.

June 16, 1917

Drilled again from 8-10, and 3-5. It certainly was not work. I swam in the canal after drill. The water is fine, although a trifle dirty.

June 17, 1917

No drill today, because it was Sunday. Bob Myers, Gunnell, and I walked out to some trenches and barked wire entanglements just outside of May. They extend as far as one can see.

It rained a little in the evening so everybody stayed upstairs and sang.

June 18, 1917

No drill today, because our section was on fatigue.
Duty. We cleaned up the yard and cellar. We went swimming again in the canal, which is getting warmer every day. It is awfully hot here. I trained again today, but as soon as it got over the sun came out hotter than before.

Our leader, Lieutenant Darling, who has been assigned to us talked to us about the way the convoy run. He also brought up the question of camouflage again, but did not get much encouragement, as we have all held so much about it we told him we had our minds made up.

It seems as though the officials of this service are bound to make us go cammion by hook or crook. From the first day we reached Paris they have been trying to force us into that service, and we are all getting pretty disgusted with
The way things are managed.

Our first month is up today, and outside of many interesting experiences and lots of travelling, we have accomplished nothing. We don't know how much longer this is going to last but have decided to stick to ambulance service. The Red Cross just tried to force the Princeton unit into going camping, but they refused so flatly that he got mad and made them do extra drill. I wouldn't mind this place except there is nothing to do.

Just before we were going to bed, Father came around and told us to be ready to leave for Paris early tomorrow.

June 19, 1917.

41 of us, including the Illinois, Chicago, and part of the miscellaneous unit left. Leaving our officers for Paris. We went to 21 Raymond.
where we saw the fellows who came in on the Cape. Among them were Harrison Fordell, Jo Sossine, and Fritz Teght. They said they were attacked by 2 submarines and sunk one.

We were told to be ready to leave the Garde du Nord at 7:10 P.M.

We arrived in Beauvais about 9:30. We were the first Americans to hit that town, so we were cordially welcomed. We were taken up to an old school where we found our beds and blankets. A lot of people stayed around talking until after 11 P.M.

Before I left Paris I went to a dentist again and had a tooth treated.

June 20, 1917

We slept late and had our breakfast (café) served in bed.

We went out to the auto park and looked at our
cars. They are Berets.

We were told that in a few days we would drive to Besançon, somewhere in the Vosges. So I went to the hospital at Beaunoir and had them heat my teeth. They are not in bad shape, but bother me a little.

One of the best cathedrals in the world is here. It is the most wonderful thing inside I ever saw. We all went there today. It is better than the Magdalene or Notre Dame in Paris.

Norman Smith and I are out in a car together. It looks like a pretty good one.

I had a little touch of the grip in the afternoon, so I went to the hospital here and got some medicine.

When I was leaving a man came up to me and in broken English asked me if I would accept the hospitality of his house for the night. I said yes.
He took me home. He is a political economy professor in "Ecole normale d'Institu-
teurs." He lived right in the school with his wife and two daughters.
One of his daughters could speak English fairly well.
He took me into a room where there was a big mahogany bed. It was the first real bed I had been since I left home.

June 21, 1917.
I slept late and got over to the vineyards just as the school was adjourning.
Before Monsieur Garguy left me he invited me to stay at his home again tonight.
I think I shall.

In the afternoon we took our cars out in the country for about 15 miles. They were
fine.
I went back to Monsieur Garguy's for the night.
June 22, 1917.

We talked with some English soldiers. They hate French soldiers and blame Russia for their weakness.

In the afternoon we went out in convoy in our cars for about an hour.

In the evening I went to the British cantonnement and talked with some Scotch, English and Irish soldiers. They say they are tired of war and welcome the entrance of the U.S. They have great faith in American soldiers. I believe that the war will end as soon as they get here.

I went back to Yangauge for the night.

June 23, 1917.

There is nothing doing around here. But it is time for us to go. Our section will probably leave for Royon on Thursday. I got an order to move to return to Paris to have my teeth.
attended to. There are dentists in Beauvais, but I do not trust these French dentists. I may have to stay as long as two weeks in Paris. So I shall go directly from Paris to my section. The corporal came up to me and just told me that I would have to wait a day longer before going to Paris. The red tape here is awful.

June 27, 1917

I went to 11:00 o'clock mass at the cathedral. It was all in Latin and French as I did not get much out of it.

I saw the big clock which tells every kind of time from seconds to centuries and has the many mechanisms. It is wonderful.

In the afternoon I visited a church built in the eleventh century. In the evening we went over to see the English.
I was speaking to one soldier who was the only one left out of a whole battalion. He was gassed with Chinee Fat Regiment, but was the only one to live through it. The English tell us many stories of life in the trenches and the Turks who sneak out at night and come back with fingers and ears that they have taken from the Germans. They say the Bavarians, Prussians, and Wurzburg are the best German soldiers. The English have not much use for the French soldiers. We have been eating at a place we call "quack-quacks". There is a simple-looking girl in there that never says anything else but "he-low", "pro-bow", "omlet", "chocolat" and "quack-quack". She thinks that "quack-quack" is English for "quack". We are going out as long as we have money because food is the most important thing here.
June 25, 1917

I was unable to leave for Paris on the morning train, but got my orde for the 2:40 train. I got in Paris at 4:50.

I visited Clark's and got my uniform section 25 which was the last section out was sent to Sec. 13's old station as soon as they got out they were shelled and the fellow had his big takes off and is not expected to live, while several others were wounded.

June 26, 1917

I went to Hank Rubins' this morning at Rue Daguerre. He is leaving for Salonika tomorrow.

I went to the dentist but he was so busy I had to make an appointment with him for tomorrow.

Sec. 65 was to leave for Noyons from Beaunoir this morning. I am to go there at their station from Paris.
In the afternoon I visited the Mollier Blow Co. I found Mr. Moore there. He introduced me to Mr. Rappler, the manager. In the evening I went to the American Y.M.C.A. here in Paris. They have a very fine place and treat you fine. I met several American soldiers who came over with Bushing.

June 24, 1917

I went to the dentist this morning and had my tooth dressed. It hurt like the blazes ever since the dentist, Dr. Davenport, is supposed to give me the best in the hospital. He put in silver nitrate on the live nerve. That is why it hurt so much.

Osborne, the Dartmouth boy who was wounded in Section 28, died today. He was buried at the front with a very good funeral.
June 28, 1917.

Back to the dentist this morning. Nothing unusual is happening around here. I went to tea at the YMCA and got some free food. In the evening I went out to visit Metres to hear what we thought was going to be a concert, but instead, it was French poetry. Of course we didn't understand much of it.

June 29, 1917.

Dentist again this morning. It's getting kind of monotonous around here now. The only ones left here are a few permisosaries and Sec 29, which goes out tomorrow. In the evening I went to the YMCA where I heard a Halee Will Twine and an author, speak on "The Italian War." There were a lot of American soldiers and sailors there. They are a hard bunch. Section 29 left this morning.
June 30, 1917.

Dentist again.
Nothing to do around here but go to the Y.M.C.A. and read or play billiards. They have teas every afternoon where you can get all the French pastry you can eat.

July 1, 1917.

It's raining again today. This is a dead place when it rains. In the afternoon, to kill time, I worked up in the post office. The "Chicago" bunch is expected to morrow.

July 2, 1917.

I got loaded up with the dentist this morning. I can go back to my section any time now, but think I will stay in Paris to see the parade of American soldiers which comes off tomorrow.

I met Mrs. Necker again at the Y.M.C.A. and they said she had been so busy with relatives that she
Could not have us over to lunch. She took my section address and said she would send me some cake and candy. I played bridge with Gates, Johnson and Bleeker until 10 o'clock.

July 3, 1917

The bunch from the "Chicago" came in late last night. Johansen was among them. In the afternoon he and I went to a tea at the Y.M. where a whole bunch of U.S. soldiers were invited. They had ice cream and all kinds of cakes & lemonade. The parade is tomorrow. I am going to stay to see it. By the evening, Johansen, Packard and I went down to the Folies Bergere.

July 4, 1917

I went down to the Place de la Concorde and saw the parade. It was not a very large one. There were French mounted police in
Their brass helmets, pikes, and then the U.S. regulars. Ponceau was in the parade. All the streets were crowded all along the route. A French aviator did some tricks over the Place de la Concorde only a hundred feet off the ground.

I went to the 11th to see about returning to my section and I leave tomorrow. In the evening Johnstone, Packard and I went to the café de la Paix and watched the American and Canadian soldiers who had been drinking too much raise roughhouse in front of L'Opéra.

July 5, 1917.

The Rochambeau bunch came in this morning. I got my order de movement and tickets to leave for my section, but I am not to leave till tomorrow at 8 A.M. I called on Mrs. Clark and she gave me a sleeveless sweater and a box of candy. The Americans try...
to help us as much as they can.

In the evening as I was walking down Rue Raynouard, I saw a young soldier with a wooden leg coming down the street. Just as he was opposite me he collapsed and fell on his face in the street. I picked him up and as his wooden leg had broken loose, I had to almost carry him into an apartment. He cried and cried with pain, and wouldn't let me call a taxi, but finally he consented to go with me in a Ford which I borrowed from 21 Rue Raynouard.

July 6, 1917.

I got up early and thinking to walk I grabbed a taxi to the Gare du Nord only to find I had to wait 2 hours and fifteen minutes, but at one o'clock I had to get off at Villers-Cotteret.
and after a great deal of red tape got on a train for Toulouse. I have been on it an hour and a half, and it does not start for half an hour yet. After I get to Toulouse I have to change for Brive and then walk two kilos to Courcelles where I suppose I won't get there till late tonight. Where I am now there are hundreds of soldiers getting on trains for different points on the front. I had not been for the kindness of a French artillery officer I never would have gotten the right train. On the way here I passed an aviation camp. It was filled with aeroplanes and wagon loads of smashed ones.
The train left Villers-Cotteret at 5 P.M. and after a very slow trip reached Toulouse at 7 P.M. The station at
Soisson is all blown to pieces, and there is not a building in town that has not some shell marks. Last night 14 German planes came over Soisson and dropped about 300 big bombs. They stayed for 2 hours. 2 men were killed in the station on their way home for a vacation after a month at the trenches. One woman was killed on her way to the cellar, and 5 horses were killed. Of course a great many buildings were blown up and right across the street from where I am to sleep tonight there is a 240 crater about 10 feet deep and 15 ft in diameter. I am assured that there will be another raid tonight. I was showed around town by an interpreter named Andre O'Leary. He, like all other French
men does all he can for Americans. An American here is quite unusual, and I was stopped and questioned many times.

I ate supper at the British Canteen and was shown to where I was to sleep. It was a hastily built 3 deck wooden arrangement about 5 feet square. As a guest of honor, was given the top deck and allowed to sleep alone. 3 soldiers sleep together in one of these usually.

As I am American, I was given a fine fork, full of new straw and a couple of old blankets and an overcoat.

After removing my hat and shoes I went to bed. The soldiers talked all night but I managed to get to sleep for a while. At 11:30 as every thing was comparatively quiet for some, just the bombardment going
on across the Line, I was awakened by three terrific explosions. The Germans were raiding again. I never had such sensations in my life. These very high explosives, 240's, were dropping all around, and for a person unused to it, it was very nerve racking. It was just like a bolt of lightning followed by the thunder. When the lightning hits close, only magnified thousands of times. I lay on my straw wondering just what would happen if a shell landed above me. This place is supposed to be fairly bomb proof against smaller bombs, but what if a 240 hit us? Soon the big steel door swung open, and a truck of soldiers who had been wandering around, and a lot of women and children rushed in. They forgot
to close the door and there was a general cry of "femmes la porte" from everyone. Of course there was not a chance in the world of sleeping during the bombardment, which only lasted about half an hour (it seemed like a day) and after the bombardment stopped, the women and soldiers made enough noise to keep me away awake.

Finally, at 4:15 M. I was just about to sleep when some artillery started to rumble past. I thought it would soon get lag but at 5:17 M. when it was still clattering past, I gave up and got up, and dressed (put on my hat and shoes.)

July 7, 1917

I tried to get some chocolate and eggs, but found it impossible here until I finally landed at the "Hotel d'Action Rouge." Then
I was able to get them from 36 50. Roard showed me around town and around the different places bombed during the last raid. The shells certainly cause a lot of damage where they land.

Many times after looking at shell holes, and especially during the raid last night, I wonder if I'll ever get back to Chicago. It is a question of luck. If you are unlucky, you get hit; but the chances are with you instead of against you.

Left Solossos at 1:30 and after many French delays I got to Corcelles about 3 P.M. on a camionette. I am very well satisfied with the place. It is right behind the lines by a road that is constantly used by artillery and cannon. Just at the top of the hill are several huge
observation balloons and many aeroplanes. There are always bursting shells around the planes. French and German planes are thick. The boys greeted me with stories of an air raid the night before last, and showed me craters within a hundred yards of camp where the shells landed. They said they were scared stiff, because they were not expecting it, as it was one o'clock in the morning. They said they were all running around in pyjamas and helmets, and one fellow even had on his gas mask.

I got my helmet and gas masks, and am all fixed up.

Norm is out on a 36 hour run so I have to drive the cannon to our next station, which is probably at Cherm. de Cames, the hottest point on the French front.
We sleep on our stretchers in a barracks.

Our section is divided into 2 groups. Our group is: Caldwell, son of Chef, Penwell, Myers, Holton, Spencer, Altherton, Fisher, Barker, Groos, Swain, Silver, Cameron, H. Smith, J. Smith, J. Smith, F. Smith, Ganger, Tanamadge, Page, Ogens Daily, Harlow, and Dand Lowe.

Tonight we are going to a concert at Colwell. Last night the fellows had a soccer game against the French battery No. 75 and got beat -

It rained so we will not have a raid tonight or account of the clouds. The air attacks are always on bright nights.

Six of the cars are at Chemin de Demes on duty.

July 8, 1917

Caldwell called me before six and told me I must go to Chemin de Dames and now in Swains and Ganger's car which had been hit last night.
I took the camerette, which I have had assigned to me until I can get on my own car again, and took 3 French mechanics with me.

The roads were up hills and very muddy as it rained very hard, and I skidded a lot.

When I got to the post I found a bad looking bunch. They had worked all day and all night, as a big attack was going on over on the other side of the hill, and they were all in. The road which they had to travel over all night went over 2 bridges, and these were being shelled all night. It was here that a piece of shrapnel went thru the motor of one of the cars that was crossing the bridge.

A great many of us have had our heads chipped off, and if the rest don't do likewise we are going to cut a front lock off while they are sleeping so they will have to have it all.
clipped off. I had minte
done this afternoon and
it feels fine.
Quite a few songs are
being made up and a lot
of poems during idle time.
One, which pertains to
our drilling at Croy, is as
follows.

To the tune of Florence.

Resemblance, gardes vous,
En avant marche as the
Frenchmen do.

Un, deux, un, deux. What the
hell are we marching for?
We never marched like this
before at home.

The rain has been continuous
now for almost 2 weeks.
It is so cloudy tonight we
are sure of not having
an air raid.

One of the regiments of
our division left in the
rain this evening. It
really is sad to see those
old men going to the
trenches and almost cer-
tain death.
We walked up to the hill and wandered among the ruins and machine guns at the top.

6 Boche planes maneuvered around above us amid signs of bursting "arable shells" until one French plane drove by a great favourite who had shot down 40 planes drove them back.

The Germans are constantly bursting shells around our observation balloons but never hit them.

July 9, 1917

It rained all night and all day. We were on duty but not a call came in. There have been several offensives right here and from reports the Germans seem to be having the best of it.

July 10, 1917

We are on rest today so we can sleep as late as we want. There are always
two fellows who get up early, so they serve us hot chocolate and bread in bed. Bed consists of our choice of sleeping on boards built into shelves, or of putting our stretchers on these shelves. After getting used to them the stretchers are not bad at all. Of course some of them are bloody as wounded and dead men are carried on them in the day time, but you never think of that.

We are on a road where artillery and ammunition cars pass all night. They make an awful racket on the cobblestone road. At daybreak the blacksmith whose anvil is about 6 feet from my head starts work.

Of course the artillery is going on all the time and especially last night, as there was a barrage.

In the afternoon we found out where we could get a hot shower bath, and as this is a great luxury,
We nearly all had one.

When I came back I found Tom Gentles and Bill Hutchinson at our cantonment. They have their place about 5 kilos away and had walked over. They seem to like their work but do not get as near the front as we.

At 12:10 A.M. we were awakened with an air raid going on around us. I don't believe a person could ever get used to these. They make you shiver and your teeth chatter even tho' you are pretty confident that you'll not going to be killed.

We are so fixed now that we could easily be killed or wounded at any moment. It is quite a strain when you know that it is going to last for months yet.

July 11, 1917.

We got up at 6:30 and packed up. At 8 A.M. we started.
to roll, and got at Villers-
Prayer at about 10 P.M.
This place is a couple of
kilo back from the line
so we hear the shells whining
as they go thru the air.
Our cantonment is in
a stone 2 story affair next
to a house which has only
part of the walls standing.
A great many of the building
here are shot to pieces.
We have a post at Vendess
which is 400 yards back of
the trenches and said to
be very dangerous by
a trench driver who has
worked this sector. We
have a hospital at Tournet
to evacuate to Notre Dame,
and one artillery post
which we only go to on
call which is right in the
open and where several
ambulance drivers have
been killed.
Squad 2 is on duty
today, so we are at present
on repose.
all we do while on repose
is to play bridge.
The avions came again but they were not very close.

July 12, 1917

On Friday again today. Tom has bought a dog for us to have in our car.

Jemmill and Myers picked up one they call "Sammy." Tom named his "Bessie." I have left an order for a police dog pup at Stokes, and I expect to get it as soon as it is old enough.

This afternoon as Sydney and I were taking a hot shower the bridge across from us was shelled. About 8 shells landed. Cleveland was crossing the bridge in the cannon at the time and one fell about 40 feet ahead of him, and another in the canal below him. He was not hurt.

We have a bear of a lout and an unbeatable chef.
The papers say the Russians have taken 10,000 prisoners and 80 cannon in 2 days. That ought to worry the Boche, because they will have to take men from the east, where they sadly need them, and put them on the east.

I ought to be a question of a short time now before they began offering place terms.

Right out in front of us the French picked off a Boche plane and about an hour later 5 Boche planes sent a French plane down in flames. They are bombardering the bridge pretty heavily all evening. We stand about 400 yards away and watch the shells burst. In 3 months they have been trying to get the bridge, but haven't succeeded yet.

Jul 13, 1917

Left Villeins at 9 A.M. for Longueval to do evacuation work for 48 hours. 4 cars are at Longueval, from where
they evacuate to Mont Nothe Dame, and 3 cars are at Vendresse, 1200 meters from the local, where the bring back the wounded to Fontevrault. About noon Walton and Atkinson came in with a load and they were scared stiff the road over which they travel is heavily shelled, and shells burst in front and behind them. Going back a man was blown up 25 yds. in front of them. We had only one load all day - 3 assis and 2 cuvettes. I walked thru the front there are about 20, where the operations are made. There are many amputations several weeks ago a boche arrow dropped a shell and killed several in this hospital. Last night at Notre Dame a bomb was dropped in between 2 barracks which were luckily empty, but killed 2 patients and wounded 17 in adjoining corps. Our cars are right in
front of the cemetery at the side of the hospital. They just buried S. There are Germans, Arabs, French and every other kind buried in this little cemetery. There are always men digging graves to be ready for the next mort.

We slept in our cars or in an abri. I was on guard most of the night in the car but finished up in the abri.

July 14, 1917

Made 2 trips to M.V.O. today. I watched several operations and watched them make of coffins and put the morts in them and then bury them. Six buried today.

The boche made an attack about 10 o'clock. It was wonderful to see the trench lights, rockets and artillery gas was used also. The noise was deafening. The boche expected the trench to be drunk, because this is the big national holiday here.
A francard gave me an officer sword and revolver today.

July 15, 1917

I was supposed to be off duty at 9:30 P.M., but on account of the crisis from the attack I had to make an extra trip. From reports, the Boche were repulsed last night. A Boche prisoner caught the day before had been forced at a bayonet's point to tell when the attack was coming so the French were ready. The Chemin de Dames certainly is a hot point. So far, in two days, five of our cars have been hit in several places. One has over 60 holes in it.

After dinner Thompson came around and said that there was going to be a big French attack tonight and every car would have to be used. We were told to go to Vendesce when called. The fixed up our cars and everyone sat around more.
We were pretty scared, because the rains were bad enough even on ordinary days, so with the extra wounded and the extra shelling, things looked as though they would be pretty lively.

We (Gamwell, Myles, Norton, and I) had some canned "pouch" jam, cookies and bread, so we had a little farewell party.

We had to sleep with all our clothes on, as we expected a call immediately.

It was all a race against time, and we were not ready at all, although ammunition and artillery had passed our door all night. It is a very very impo

July 16, 1917

I had to get up at 5:30 to go on the Camesette with Swan and Cleveland for exercise and tennis. When I came back there were 13 letters for me, so I felt about 100% better than usual. Letters are the best things in the world here.

In the afternoon 3 new men came: Johansen, Packard,
and Saunders.
It has been pretty quiet today.
The bridge at Quilly has been shelled down.

July 17, 1917

We left Villers for Tongres where we were to be the relay car to Ypres.
We didn't have a thing to do till 5 when we went to Villers for resupplyment and then out to Ypresse. There is one stretch of road about 1/2 a mile long where we have to drive in sight of the Germans. It is just between Ypres and the Bois de Bourg.
The Bois de Bourg is pretty dangerous, too, but not as bad as this strip. Believe me, we lose no time. The shells whiz overhead exactly like express trains. So not as very busy today, so we got through without any shelling
very close to us. It is a peculiar sensation to know that in any second you may be blown to bits.

The town itself is no longer a town, but some old ruined brick. We pass the Trôoie-Mont Taren, which is known all over France for the worst place on the Chemin des Dames, and the Chemin des Dames is at present the most active sector on the trench front.

I am writing this down on the 3rd floor down of an old cut out of limestone. It is absolutely safe unless the German push over and capture us. We are between the second and third line trenches, and the trench 75's and others are all around us, but mostly further back.

It is raining out, so it will be hard driving over the narrow winding
road which we must take.

There are, I admit, a great many places I would rather be than on that road with the old bombs bursting around us, but "c'est la guerre."

One of the cars we believed went to 293 kilos and carried 71 cases in 48 hours.

The philosophy adopted among us is the following.

If your country goes to war there are two things you can do:

1. Stay at home
2. Go to war.

If you stay at home you are safe and needn't worry.
If you go to war there are two things you can do:

1. Not get wounded
2. Get wounded.

If you do not get wounded you needn't worry.
If you do get wounded there are two things you can do.
1) Get a small wound.
2) Get a big wound.
If you get a small wound you needn't worry.
If you get a big wound there are two things you can do:
   1) Get well
   2) Die.
   If you get well you needn't sorry.
   If you die you can't.

July 18, 1917

At 12 midnight a train came and said, "To prem-
ure voctue, vote!" We had to take a road to Songeual and
it was so dark we could not
see the road. The road was
feeted with ammunition train
going both ways, and with
soldiers, so the trip took us
1 hour and a half, whereas it
usually takes about half an
hour. The wagons ahead of
us would stop for a rest
every so often, and we
would have to wait for
them, with the guns going
off all around us. Shell
always sound worse and close at night, anyway. At 4:30 A.M. we went back to Vendresse and at 10 A.M. we took another road to Longueval. I am writing this at Vendresse. There was another dead horse, just hit, and a lot of meadow holes along the road, since we passed along it this morning.

A boche bless has just been brought in. He is 19 years old. He is a fine, husky fellow. His uniform is a dirty gray, covered with clay. All the trenchmen stood around him and laughed and joked about him, and the poor kid is just quaking with fear. They told me in front of him and said, "American soldat, tapait les boches," and he nodded his head and said, "yes." He is only a petit boche.

The boche are blowing the hill behind us to pieces and have set the forest on fire with their shells. The road
which we must take runs at the foot of this hill. We made a trip without the maurus blassé about 8 P.M. We slept at Longueval all night.

July 12, 1917.

Back at Villers for 48 hours repose. We heard today that the Boche have received orders to take Vendresse and the hills behind it at any cost. That means there will be some pretty hot work pretty soon.

In the evening the General of our Division came around and cawled our lient out for not having better quarters for us. He said we should have a position of honor. They are pretty well satisfied with our work free, and want us to be kept well.

July 20, 1917.

Nothing doing all day, except we had to peel potatoes for several hours. We play a lot of bridge while on refuse. The Boche attacked about
9:30 and the firing was very loud all night. The troops took some trenches, but the French won them back again in counterattacks.

We never realize just how sad this war is until after an attack. Absolutely nothing is accomplished by either side, and both have hundreds of killed and wounded on their hands. When we see the carts loaded with dead go by, and our ambulances loaded with those crippled for life, some blind, others nervous wrecks, we take it as our daily work, but when we consider what it means to the hundreds of families somewhere in the south of France, it really is awful. The whole thing seems so useless if they could call off the war and make some arrangements. Whereas the lives of these men would be saved it would be all right, but every day that goes past means thousands of lives lost and thousands are
Crippled and made useless. Nearly all the French soldiers we carry are middle aged to old men. This makes it all the more pitiful, because they can't stand the rain and damp quarters like young men. Nearly everyone we talk to has a wife and children back home. They are as happy as little children when they get their permission.

One French soldier whom we picked up along the road said Vendresse was much more dangerous than the front line. Certainly so hot.

Just before our last trip from Vendresse we watched the German shells tearing down a hill with a French battery in it. Our road ran right between this hill and one to the left of it. Just then we got a call. As we were in front of the hill a B.C. shell streamed over us, and just then the French battery went off all at once right to the left of us that scared us for
The second worse than the Boche shells, because it was so close and unexpected. Every time we go along the road there are new shell holes.

July 21, 1917

On 48 hours at Solognval, starting at 9 A.M. The wounded are coming in fast as a result of the attack and counterattack last night. Our division is pretty well shot up now, and it ought not to be so very long before we go one way.

July 22, 1917

Very few wounded today. A great many Boche and trench planes are up, and a minute ago every part of the sky was illuminated with the bursting anti-aircraft shell. An empty shrapnel case whizzed by us, and when I was standing under a tree a piece of shrapnel came through about six
feet from me, bringing down some leaves. I lost no time in getting to the abri. The machine guns are popping like one cylinder motorcycles. There was a pretty bad air raid at night because the sky was so clear. All the French planes were over raiding Germany so the boche could fly as low as they want. Some eclat went thru one of the tents.

**July 23, 1917.**

Back to our new quarters for repose. The new cantonment is much better than the old. Report has it that the French have advanced 2 1/2 on this front night where we are. It seems true, because the guns are not so loud and the snares are further ahead.

**July 24, 1917.**

Want to Fismes for ravitaillement. The church at Fismes was blown up the night before Last Lay.
anxious. Had to go to Tournai again in the afternoon, which is all right because time hangs pretty heavily on repose.

July 25, 1917

Very quiet today. We are at Longueval with Kemmel, Myers, Gross, and Davis. There are very few guns today. There is a rumor that the French are bringing up a great many men and are going to try to take Soissons. That is a very strategic point and if the French take it, the road ahead is flat and much easier to progress if they can ever start a drive.

July 26, 1917

At midnight we had a call to Stiff 182. It was very dark as there was no moon, and travelling is very hard on account of the heavy traffic at night. Fresh troops are gathering east of here at Chauny, because there the Crown Prince is attacking with the Russian
We had quite a bit of activity there. One of our cars came in from Augsy with 37 relics in it. It was pretty hot out there last night. We have had nine cars hit in 15 days.

July 27, 1917

We left Villers at 4:30 P.M. for Château Thierry. We got there at 7:00 P.M. and after doing our shopping at an old-fashioned market (it was market day) we went and got it. Blacklot. He and two other officers took Smith, Cleveland, the Corporal, and I to dinner. He treated us fine.

Château Thierry is a piece of a town. You can buy nearly anything you want which you can't do in a good many towns. We got back to Villers about 6 P.M.

July 28, 1917

A great many troops are gathering on this front.
and a big French attack is expected at Cravranne at the Californie Plateau. This battlefield at Cravranne is recognized as one of the greatest of the war.

A fellow named Scudder came to Paris from N.Y. He was one of the heads at the N.Y. office and wanted to write an article about the work of ambulance sections. So he asked Andrews to send him to the section which was in the hottest sector, so Andrews sent him here to Sec. 66. Our sector is acknowledged as one of the busiest.

A new division has gone in for 48 hours as there is to be a French attack.

July 23, 1917

This was a French attack early this morning. Shrapnel was bursting right above us. Two men in Sec. 66 were killed this morning and I gassed, just to the
Mont Notre Dame

Very dangerous

Dangerous - Use by night only
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night of us. Quite a few American ambulance men have been killed or wounded in the last couple of weeks.

Today and tomorrow I am on call duty to Cuissey, an artillery post. It is the most dangerous post we have, as the road is bad, and is in sight of the Germans who shell it day and night. It has been on this road that our cars have been most badly shot up, one getting 37 cals shot out another absolutely empty.

In the afternoon we had to go to a new place called Chirigny for 2 blessis. About 7:30 a call came in for a car to go to Cuissey for a blessis. It was not our turn, but I wanted to see the place before we went on repons - Smith, Sarno, Caldwell, and I went. It was very quiet for Cuissey, but even at that there was some noise. The road we took went thru Oenilly.
up the hill and over past Pagnan to the other valley. Chissey, which used to be in this valley is blown to pieces. Vendresse is pretty well shot up, but Chissey is just bombarded. A great many trench guns are in this valley, and the Germans keep up a constant bombardment. The post have to change every day, because they only last a day under that fire. It is just one mass of tangled telephone wires and rocks. Looking down into the valley with that town, one sees a beautiful sight. The winding road in the valley, and the ruins are fascinating.

To get to Chissey, we must pass over a road for about a mile which is on the top of a hill in plain sight of the Germans. It is considered a very dangerous road, and is supposed to be only traversed at night, but we are sent
at any time

July 30, 1917.
We are still on call for
Aussey, but as it is pretty
quiet all day, all we do
is to play bridge.

The general of the two
boys who were killed yes-
terday in Section 66 who
died this morning. They
were just leaving their
post when a shell struck
their car, killing them,
I think, and wounding
two others in their car.

Andrews passed here on
the way from the funeral.
The boys are buried with
quite a little ceremony, with
American flags draped
on their coffins and the
General pins Croix de
Guerre on them.

July 31, 1917.

On repose, and it's raining,
so we played bridge nearly
all day. In the afternoon
we started for Chantillon,
but I dropped off at 7:30.
and came back in the staff car. We got paid today for the last two weeks. As we get 5 a day, & we got 4 francs. We are getting ready to leave here for Espoo or tomorrow or the day after. At 6:00 o'clock an emergency call came in from Veddres for two cars. Immediately afterwards a call came in for some extra cars. A big boche attack was going on at Veddres, and the wounded were coming in fast. Two of our cars which were out in the courtyard by the abri were put out, one of them being blown beyond even towing. The Germans took four trenches, but the French took one. The French are entrenching themselves right on the hill back of Veddres. The Germans are within a quarter of a mile of our post, and
one boche was caught wandering near our abrij. Quite a few German prisoners were taken. The road to Vendresse was bombarded worse than it ever was before, and several cars picked up eclats.

July August 1 1917 C.2.

About 2:30 clock in the morning I was waked and told that I must guard the new French position to Vendresse and Tongres at 5 A.M. Reports were coming in all night of how badly the road was being bombarded, so I didn't get much sleep.

At 3 A.M. I took some Frenchmen in a flat of 5.5.104 to Vendresse. The road was so full of shell-holes and so muddy, that it was a hard trip. All the way up the boche shells were
Whistling over us and in the valley I could still get faint whiffs of gas. The post de secours was so battered that I hardly recognized it. The two cars which were shelled were lying in the courtyard, and beside them was a dead Frenchman, lying in the dairy yard. In the grey dawn it was a very impressive sight.

We got away again, with the shells still whistling over and around us, but none landed very near us. All day long nearly our whole section was yelling. I had to go to Sognval to help evacuate the town.

While there, we talked to six Boche prisoners. We got several souvenirs and a lot of information from them. They are an intelligent-looking bunch.
A special call just came in from Vendresse for 3 extra cars, but as we are in a panic we will probably remain here all night. We roll from here for a reunion at 5 A.M. tomorrow.

Tonight can’t be as bad as last night, as it is not raining now, and the attack last night was one of the biggest local attacks ever made. The whole night was one big night mare to nearly everyone in the section, and everyone is pretty tired now.

In the evening another call came in for 3 cars for Vendresse.

August 7, 1917

I bought a Belgian police dog for 50 francs from a trenchman. He said it was a very good one of its kind. As soon as I bought it I could have sold it for 75 francs, but
decided to keep it. It is just 6 weeks old.

At 2 P.M. we left Villeneuve-Puy Convoys. We went to Sannieres, a distance of about 25 kilo, where we will stay for 2 or 3 days before we go on our permanent place for work.

Packard just offered me 100 frs. for my dog.

**Tutti August 3, 1917.**

We left Sannieres at 8 A.M. for our permanent place of residence. At 11 A.M. we reached it, a place called l'Hermitage, consisting of a few houses and l' Hermitage, consisting of a few houses and living up to its name. Our accommodation is a pretty big one, but as it has been raining, everything is muddy.

Redfield said he would give me $35 for the dog. If I would give it to him in New York. That is five times what I paid for him, but even at that he is worth more. I named him
"Crossy", after our artillery post.
We may be on repose anytime from 15-days to 40-days.

August 4, 1917.
We had to get up at 4 A.M. to leave for a new Cantonment. It seems as if all we do is change quarters.
We moved into a town named Bezu, which is just about a mile from the village.
We have nothing to do but kill time, now, for several weeks.
Our Cantonment is pretty good there being only 13 in the room I'm in.

August 5, 1917.
Blackout visited us today. It has stopped raining for the first time in 3 or 4 days. August is supposed to be a very poor month here. this, so we are expecting bad weather.
August 6 - 1917.

The Lieut. just received a des- patch telling our whole section to be present tomorrow at a small town near here at 10:30. The rumor is that the section is going to be cited for the work done at Vendresse and Crussey-et-Gery.

August 7 - 1917.

We went to Epied on a big motorbus, and on a big field we found a great many soldiers lined up, with a band and flags flying. We marched up and took our position, and waited for the General and his staff to come. Soon the band played a flourish and the General with several white-bearded officers came over the hill. The band then played the Marseillaise and the Stars and Stripes after which we all stood at attention. The General reviewed us and then those to be decorated
marched out in front.

3 officers were given the

Legion d'honneur, and

then our section received

its citation. Spencer, the

youngest in the section,
carried our flag, and

the General of our divi-

sion gave the citation.

pinned the Croix de Guerre

on our flag, and placed

Spencer on both cheeks.

Then Croix de Guerre were

given to a lot of soldiers

of the 306th and then

we marched past the

general and saluted.

When we got back to

our cantonment a big

banquet was waiting for

us. We had lobster, champagne

etc.

In the afternoon we

went to Chateau-Thierry

where many parties were

held.

I sold "Ceresy" to Packard

for 150 francs.
Order General #176

La S.S. Auto U. 65

Pendant la période du 10 juillet au 1er août et en particulier les journées des 14, 23, 31 juillet et 1er Août les volontaires qu'ayant le feu pour la première fois ont avec un sang-froid parfait et un courage qui ont fait l'admiration de tous, assuré le transport des blessés sur une route continuellement bombardée et sommise à tirs de barrage extrêmement violents. Ont honneur leur Patrie et mérité la reconnaissance de leurs camarades de combat français.

During the period of July 10th, August 1st, and especially on the days of the 14th, 23rd, and 31st of July, and the 1st of August the volunteer drivers, although under fire for the first time, assured with perfect coolness and with a courage which was admired by all the transportation of wounded over a road continually
bombardeed, and under an extremely violent ‘tir de barrage’. Their example has been an honor to their country and deserves the gratitude and appreciation of their friends and comrades in arms.

August 8, 1917. We are to leave here in a couple of days for Saint-Cloud, which is a suburb of Paris, for the rest of our repose. Very few sections have ever gone on repose that close to Paris.

August 2, 1917. Our hopes for Paris are shot, because a counter-order came in saying we are detached from our division and are now at the disposal of the general headquarters who can put us any place they want from Belgium to Salonika. The fellows are pretty downcast about it.
August 10, 1917

We left Bezu for Ronchère at 12:30. Ronchère is a little town, smaller than Bezu, which is pretty small. A whole flock of Sinagalis our Camped near us. There is nothing to do but await orders now.

August 11, 1917

Our section is changing from Berlès to Haté. Berlès are faster, but are harder to load.

Norm Smith and I have been assigned to drive the Camionette, so we are giving our car, number 25, to Barker. The Camionette job is much easier than the ambulance work, and still we can take someone's place on an ambulance if they want to be relieved.

August 12, 1917

Norm and I got up early and went to Dorman for rations. It is a beautiful place, in the valley
of the Marne, about 30 kilometers away. Our Camionette, a Fiat, runs better than the old Panhard, and the roads are very good, so we can go just about as fast as we want.

August 13, 1917.

Gurnull, Myers, Smith, Quinn and I took a trip to Chatillon. Chatillon is built on one bank of the Marne in a beautiful place.

In the afternoon, ten of the boys were allowed to go to Paris for 48 hour permission. When they come back, ten more will be sent out until the whole section has gone. Thompson, our chef, told us today that he was going back to the States in about 10 days. He will be a big loss.

August 14, 1917.

We went out in convois out in the country a short ways so that the fellows who didn't know
how to drive Fiats could practice.
We have no news as to when we leave, but we have been attached to the 10th army, which is somewhere near Soissons.

August 15, 1917
We went to Dormans for meat in the morning. It is raining again, and has been for several weeks. There are big holes in the roof over my bed, so I have to use my raincoat all the time. In the afternoon I took ten men to Chateaux Thierry to meet the train for Paris, and took back ten who came from Paris. This was the prettiest drive I've had yet.

August 16, 1917
Butch Thompson and Bruce Cleveland left this morning on their way to America.

Gerrimill and I and Packard went to Dormans for ravitaillement in the
morning. In the afternoon Bill and I went out with the Camionnette to steal some wood for our kitchen.

We are going to leave this place very soon, to go back to the front again.

I arranged to take my permission in about a week.

After supper, when I was out in the field kicking a football, I threw my knee out. It was quite bad.

We were told to be ready to leave at any hour during the night.

August 17, 1917.

At 4:30 A.M. the fourteen came up and blew his whistle. Everyone had to get up to pack up, but I was excused on account of my knee.

We left Roncherie at 7, and got to where we cleaned up our cantonment. We will be here indefinitely.

I left at 1 P.M. for Paris, where I am to
have my knee treated
At Chatenay Thierry I was
stopped for the first time
by gendarmes who asked
for an identity card
I did not have one, but
my passport seemed to
 satisfy them.

Got into Paris about 6:30
and got a bed at Ritz deiram.
Moore and I went down to
the S. M. C. A., where they have
a canteen, and a fine
building.

At night 3000 planes
came over Paris but the
French planes drove them
off before they could do any
damage.

August 18, 1917.
Saw Dr. Perreke about
my knee. Nothing can be
done, as I have torn a lig-
ament.

I am to wait in Paris
until my permission is
sent in.

Moon and I went to the
Follies Bergere in the evening.
August 19, 1917

The 48 hour boys went back at 12, and a new bunch will be in in the evening. As usual, there is nothing going on here in Paris. In the evening I was at the Y.M.C.A. and heard Mr. Wishard speak. He is going to go down to Savoia to investigate sanitary conditions. I asked to go down with him, and he said he would find out if I could.

August 20, 1917.

I went to the Moline Plow Co., but both Mr. Moore & Belinger are in England.

I went up to see Mrs. Clark in the afternoon.

August 21, 1917.

I got a letter from Buck Hutchinson saying he was in the Beaufort Hospital with pleurisy. I immediately got an order to move

ment and am leaving for there at 7:10 p.m.
I got a room in a hotel for 2 f 50.

August 22, 1917.

At 8:30 A.M. I went over to Hospital 16 and saw Bull. It was surprising to see me. Nobody in the hospital could speak English and he was not even allowed outside the courtyard. He has bronchitis and will be in the hospital for a week or two more. At 2:53 P.M. I left Beauvais and reached Paris in the evening.

August 23, 1917.

Several of the boys have been to Brest to see about Naval Aviation. I went down to see Capt. Whiting about it but did not do anything about it.

August 24, 1917.

I got a little tired of Paris, so left on the 5:25 for Chateau Thierry.
where I got a ride back to Villers. We Prayed with our priest.

August 25, 1917.

Things at Villers are the same as ever, only it has been pretty quiet today. Our posts are different now, as we no longer have Crouzet and Touquet but still Vendresse and Moulin.

August 26, 1917.

Still fairly quiet on this front. I am sleeping on the third floor of the "bureau" with Bill. It is much better than the cantonment.

August 27, 1917.

I had to get up early to go to Trones for rations for rations. The mornings are getting much colder. Only 4 were killed and six wounded on our front in 48 hours. Things are very quiet.
August 28, 1917.

Things are getting awfully dull and monotonous here now, and everyone is beginning to get crabby. The coming of winter adds a little gloom too.

Johansen left today for Paris, and he will almost certainly not come back. He will return to America if he can possibly do so.

August 29, 1917.

Rex Dangar brought back the news that the government was soon going to take over this service. We will be asked to sign for the duration of the war. The pay is $300 a month. I don't expect to sign.

August 30, 1917.

Five of the boys are getting ready to leave for Salonica. We are getting ready to leave on our permission. A great many of us will probably not come back to this section.
August 31, 1917.

We left Villers at 5:45 a.m. on the Camionnette. We got the 9:26 train from Chantilly for Paris. I had to carry my trunk every place I went.

Nothing new in Paris, except more Americans. We all went to the Folies in the evening.

August 31, 1917.

In the evening we left Paris for Biarritz, where we will spend our permission. September 2, 1917.

We arrived at Bordeaux after an all night ride about 8:15 a.m. We had to change at La Reggese and reached Biarritz at 12:00 noon.

Biarritz is a fine little resort city about 20 miles from Spain on the Bay of Biscay. The Pyrenees are just to the south of it. The scenery here is beautiful — the best I have ever seen. We played at the
Grand Hotel, which seemed to be in the center of things, overlooking the beach. For room and meals it was $5 per day. All afternoon we just wandered around the beach. There are a great many girls and Spanish going around.

September 3, 1917. I had forgotten to put down my mosquito net, and in the morning I looked and I had the mosquitoes, but no such luck. We went swimming and it was very good. In the afternoon we hired a carriage and rode around.

September 4, 1917. We left Biarritz at 9:30 in a carriage for the mountains. After a 2-hour ride we reached the base of Hendaye, where we had a won-
Dear [Name],

Then we climbed up the mts. to the clouds. We were close to Spain, but no one is allowed to cross the frontier, without a special passport. We stayed up in the mts. all day and then drove home.

September 5, 191?

We went swimming in the morning and in the afternoon it rained. I was one at the Caillon visiting Spencer and his sister when an American came over and asked if any of us that played bridge. I went over and played with them. They went with Mr. and Mrs. Carter and the Baroness de Cassin. They gave me a lot of chocolate and 2 francs which I won from them, and then asked me to get the rest of the day and go to tea with them.
We all went, altogether there were 11 of us, and had a fine time.

September 5, 1917
We went swimming again, and in the evening (5:22) we had to leave for Paris. On the train was a French girl whom we met up in the mail.

September 7, 1917
After an all-night ride we reached Paris about 9:00 AM. We found Campbell, Hutchinson, and Gentile there.

September 8, 1917
Nothing to do in Paris but eat at the J.M. C.A. and play billiards.

September 9, 1917
Still looking around Paris. Most of the time at the J.M.C.A., where we can get good ice-cream and cake.
September 10, 1917.
We left Paris at 12 and reached Chateaux-Therny at 1:26, where we now are waiting for a car to take us back to our section.

All afternoon we waited with no signs of the Campannette, so we had to take rooms at the "Elephant Hotel." They ask us $5.00 for a room and 50c for a meal.

September 11, 1917.
There are no signs of the Campannette today, and it is now 4 p.m. We will probably have to remain here another night. Except for the expense, now of us mind staying here, because we would be working hard if we were back at the section.

The medical chief of the 68th division just came up to us and told us that we would probably be back to the same place.
with him again without any repos at all this time. That will make it kind of hard, especially when this is permission time and I fellows are all ways always.

September 12, 1917.

I got up at 11:15/2 and met Bob who said we were going to Paris on the 12:30.

We got to ours about 2:30 and roamed around at the Y.M.C.A. and then went to the office at Raymond. They were sick and tried to brow us out. We just spoiled the new Chef and he told me to discipline us. We all got poor and told him to go to—

September 13, 1917.

We were supposed to go back to our section today, but after a small argument with our Chef we told the officials we
would not go back und ter Chez. They told us to stay in Paris and help around until we were released, which will be within a week or ten days.

September 14, 1917.
We walked a little in the morning.
Buel is in town and is going to Shepard Farm for a while.
The new missionaries are in.

September 15, 1917.
Waked in the morning, only.
The Y.M.C.A. is our life-saver for tailing time.

September 16, 1917.
Sunday, some work.
All our mail was lost by Jack Ives, who was supposed to bring it to us.

September 17, 1917.
We made arrangement to go home by England.
It is cheaper and faster besides being a letting boat — The Adriatic.
September 18, 1917.
We drew our money from Rue Raymond, and bought our ticket home.

September 19, 1917.
We got our passport renewed by the Embassy & the Consulate, but have to wait for our release before finishing the job with the Gendarmerie, Prefect of Police and the British Control.
All section 65 came in in the evening. Only seven signed up for the duration of the war.

September 20, 1917.
Nothing to do but wait for our release. The Adriatic sailing has been postponed which will help up a little. I packed my baggage in readiness to leave any time.

September 21, 1917.
We received our releases at 9 A.M. today. Bob and Bill and I went to the Gendarmerie and the Prefect of Police and
the British Control and had our passports filed. In the evening Bill, Bill White and I stayed at the New York Hotel, which was close to the San Lazaro Station where our train leaves from. I went down to the Olympia for the last time.

September 17, 1917.

In the morning we took the train for Adare, where we arrived about noon. After eating, we walked down to the harbor and saw the dirigibles and many hydro-aeroplane leaving and landing. There is an aerodrome here.

On going down to the boat in the evening we found our baggage was missing. Nevertheless, nothing could be done. So we left directions to forward it if found and took the boat for Southampton.
September 23, 1917.
As no berths were available we had to sleep out on deck. As the smokestack was warm, we lay down next to it on the deck, and slept there.
In the morning we landed at Southampton and after the usual red tape, proceeded to London.
At London, we stayed at the Esmond Hotel, near our station.
I visited Mary and Barbara Brown at Thurham. This is the fare for ourarda and everyone is expecting our tonight.

September 24, 1917.
No air raid last night. At noon I left London for Liverpool, where I arrived about 6 P.M. I stayed at the Hotel St. George.

September 25, 1917.
I left Liverpool in the morning and reached
Edinburgh about 6 p.m.
I had supper with
Ewen Smith and his family
and left about 8 p.m. for
Dundee, reaching Dundee
about 10:30.

After a good deal of
enquiries I found
Duncan Male fancy
and stayed there all night.

September 26, 1917.

At 10 p.m. I left Dundee
and arrived at Falkland
Roads about 2:30 p.m.

As there was no bus I
had to walk to Falkland
which is about 3 miles.
Falkland is on the road
between the station and
Falkland.

I found Miss Martyn's
house and had supper,
after which Elizabeth
Martyn showed me the
places of interest such as
the castle, the surrounding
the loam, etc. I climbed the
hill just back of the house
the Forth coast.

I looked for the games
of David Leman and his wife, but they have been sterilized.

The old house has been replaced by a new one.

Sept. 27, 1917,

I left Falkland about
7:30 A.M. and reached Glasgow
about noon. I met Collie who took me to
Maggie's where I stayed
all night.

Collie took me to Keppoch farm, which is in very
poor condition and to
poor up keep. It is owned
by Halligan and run
by Gillands. It is a piggery.

Coming across the Falls
of Forth I saw the British
Fleet concentrated near
the bridge. I took a picture
of the "Repeal" much to
the surprise of the pass-
engers in my compartment,
for it seems to to carry
a camera is an offense
now.
September 28, 1917.
I left Glasgow about 10 P.M. and arrived in Liverpool about 6 P.M.
I found that the "Ludric" sailing had been postponed till October 3rd. That means money for both. I went to the Little St. George to stay.

September 29, 1917.
I met Roland, who is also waiting for the boat.

September 30, 1917.
In the evening I heard the Newfoundland Infantry band at the Shakespeare Theatre.

October 1, 1917.
Absolutely nothing to do in this place but wait. Dutch has not come from Ireland yet, and the other boys are still in London.
On Wednesday, Oct. 3, while my sister and I were walking down a street, I was very much surprised to run into Red Graham. He had just landed from a convoy and was on his way to induce. He went down to the dock with us and then we went aboard the S.S. St. Louis of the American Line. It was camouflageed, being painted with pink and grey checks in a light blue background. There were 4 five-inch guns, one six-inch gun and 60 guns—just double the ordinary number. We were convoked by 4 destroyers for 2 days and then left. On board were Admiral Mayo's staff, a British vice admiral, Harry landscapes American Consul to Jerusalem, and Sam. Stay Beth. Harry sounded entertainment on one night when vaudeville stunts were held.

After a very rough voyage we landed in N.Y.—Burlington just enough money to send.
a telegram for Carface home.
Duncan McKenzie,
7 Union Terrace,
Dundee - Scotland

Donald Ross McKenzie
6500 Kenwood Ave.,
Chicago - Illinois

William J. McKenzie 809014
"B" Coy. 49th Battalion,
Canadian Infantry
France

Margaret Bulss,
5733 Dorchester Rd.,
Chicago, Illinois
Monsieur Yavoogues,  
Econome.  
Ecole normale d'Instituteurs.  
Beauvais  
Oise.

Mrs. C. L. Hutchinson,  
2709 Prairie Av.,  
Chicago - Illinois.

Monsieur Andre Picard,  
Interprete Auxiliarie  
E.M.A. 2. Bureau,  
S. P. 17.  
(Rheims)

Mrs. Gwyn Brown,  
Mary Brown,  
Barbara Brown,  
2 Parkside Terrace  
Edinburgh Terrace  
Scotland.

John Annan,  
Walter Annan,  
Westport,  
Falkland,  
Fifehire,  
Scotland.

John Shrop - Robert Miller - Mr. Jackson.
Passport No. 52772.

American Field Service, 
21 Rue Raynouard, 
Paris, France.

Norton-Harjes 
American Red Cross, 
7 Rue Francois Ier, 
Paris, France.

Mrs. Ralph Hickox, 
78 Avenue Malakoff, 
Paris, France.

Mr. Paul Karger, 
Mr. Clarence Edgar Moore, 
159 Bis Que Valmy 
Paris-France. 
(Moline Plow)

Mrs. Clark, 
16 Rue Raynouard, 
Paris, France.

Florence Cook, 
5227 Cornell Av., 
Chicago - Illinois.
Mildred Magee
1810 Lamont St.
Washington, D.C.

Arthur C. Joolittle
Cunard Line
Cunard Bldg.
140 No. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

Arthur Treadwell
2221 R St. NW
Washington, D.C.

Tom Gentles
5131 Kenwood Rd.
Chicago, Ill.
H.P. 303

Buel E. Hutchinson
1351 E. 56th St.
Chicago, Ill.

Norman S. Smith
544 Linden Av.
Oak Park, Illinois

Rowland Campbell
5548 Drexel Av.
Chicago - Illinois.
Wm. J. Ross
Yo Northern Engineering Co.
Fort William.
Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. C. Mackenzie
6610 Yale Av.
Chicago, Ill.

Stephens, Allen & Co.
Paris, France

A. Rubert,
Mr. Vernon,
Yo Marshall Field & Co.
24 Rue St. Georges.
Paris, France.

Fred Merrifield
5626 Kimbark Av.
Chicago, Ill.        Hyde Park 4809

Harold H. Swift
4848 Ellis Av.
Chicago, Ill.        Oakland 530.
George Bayne Stephens
1810 Seventh Av.
Moline, Illinois
Moline 218.

Frances MacKinney
5720 Woodlawn Av.
Chicago, Illinois
Hyde Park 2208

Marion Simpson
412 No. Scoville Av.
Oak Park, Illinois

AHE
5754 Woodlawn Av.
Hyde Park 3250
Chicago, Illinois

George Elder
1223 Marquette Road
Chicago, Illinois
Midway 5429

J. R. Annon
% Nat'l Bank of the Republic
39 So. LaSalle St.
Chicago, Ill.
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| Wed 29   |
| Thu 30   |
| Fri 31   |

| Sun 1    |
| Mon 2    |
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| Fri 6    |
| Sat 7    |

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| Fri 25   |
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| Fri 31   |
David H Annan
Convois Automobiles
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Paris France