

The 604th Engineer

VILLIERS-SUR-SUIZE, FRANCE

February 1919

VOLUME I, NUMBER I.

ENGINEERS ARE CORPS FOOTBALL CHAMPS

Six Hundred and Fourth Engineers' Crack Eleven Plows Through for 6-to-0 Victory Over Headquarters Troop, 5th Army Corps.

NOGENT-EN-BASSIGNY, Feb. 1, 1919.—Another victory was added to Duke Urseffa's all-star aggregation of football athletes, being the third successive trimming they have handed ambitious aspirants for gridiron honors. Headquarters Troop, 5th Corps, were the victims, 6-0 the score. The 604th Engineers are now corps troop champions of the 5th Corps.

Owing to a sprained knee, Rube did not get into the game, but Hall, who was substituted, proved to be a quarterback of no mean ability. The field was in poor condition, covered with snow, but an enthusiastic crowd was all present and accounted for. This was one occasion when the lowest buck private could slap a colonel on the back, yell "Don't them birds show class?" and get away with it!

And the Band.

What is a football game without a band? Even the loyal supporters of the defeated team found time to gather around the 604th Engineers Regimental Band while said musicians issued beaucoup music.

The Engineers outclassed and outplayed the Headquarters Troop, and plowed their way through the Headquarters defense for a touchdown in the first quarter, Hall carrying the ball.

Schultz Stars for Headquarters Troop.

Much credit must be given to the human dynamo in Headquarters Troop, Schultz, who proved to be the star of that team, but there were too many engineers in his way. It was some game, and the boys measured up beautifully to the standard set by the 604th Engineers in athletics as well as the pick and shovel.

The lineup:

604th ENGINEERS—(6).	HEADQUARTERS TROOP—(6).
Davis	L. E. Griffith
Anderson	L. T. Lesieur
Doyle	L. G. Clemons
Murphy	O. C. Leach
Yarr	R. G. Schultz
Anderson	R. E. LaFé
Hall	R. T. Stanforth
Jones	O. B. Hurley
Lawrence	R. H. Schultz (captain)
Kameron	L. H. Lashway
Kauf	F. B. Goldsmith

ANOTHER WAR HORROR.

Mothers, fathers, sweethearts and wives may have their own particular reasons for thankfulness that the war is over, but we of the A. E. F. breathed a special and very big sigh of relief when Bloody Bill shook the dust of Germany from his Number Elevens. For we are slowly being freed of one of the war's most terrible horrors—the magazine cover soldier! For many months have we shivered when he went "over the top," attired in the late lamented campaign hat and canvas leggings—neither of which have ever been seen in the A. E. F. except on the person of some ignorant gink in the S. O. S. And to the gents who have toted "gaspipe" for many a weary mile and shuddered with horror when the C. O. smartly shouted "Rusty bore, no passes," it's rather of a joke to see the magazine heroes shouldering a rifle with Krag-Jorgenson sights, Springfield barrel and Enfield bolt. Shades of Michael Angelo and James Montgomery Flagg—have a heart—you birds of the pen and brush.

OUR NEW CHAPLAIN.

After many months there has come in our midst a brand-new chaplain; about the first thing we ever got that wasn't salvaged and "made over good as new." Chaplain Kemp is a real honest-to-goodness man, a regular fellow, with a cheery "Bon jour" and a sunny smile. He takes a keen interest in all our sports and amusements, and already he has won a warm spot in the hearts of the members of this organization.

KING OF THE CANTEEN LOSES HIS CROWN

Many Months of Unmolested Reign—His Nibs Dethroned by Forces of the Red Triangle—Feminine Touch Adorns Once Barren Walls.

(Wireless from Special Correspondent.)

VILLIERS-SUR-SUIZE, France, Feb. 25, 1919.—Villiers-sur-Suize is all excited and there is a buzzing atmosphere around the canteen that has not been witnessed since it was started. Large forces of men are policing the place, and the ordinary barrenness so much in evidence in the good old days has totally disappeared. There are fancy curtains in the windows, and large posters in gay colors adorn the same walls hitherto decorated with cobwebs.

A Real Woman.

The veteran old Canteen Sergeant Baucom has abdicated in favor of the Y. M. C. A. The new ruler of the canteen is a real, honest-to-goodness American woman—the first that we've seen since we left the Land of Liberty. Miss Olive Williams is her name, and the place that used to require a shovel to force the door is under new rule.

We will no longer have to use our mess kits for writing tables, nor will it be necessary to pull the time-honored alibi to the folks at home for not writing. The place can be swept with a broom now, while we all have memories of the days when nothing short of a Kansas cyclone could extract the cigarette butts, paper wrappers and the like from the corners of the old monarch's throne room.

It's not the crown now, but beauty first, last and always.

Hero Baucom.

We remember the days when it nearly cost a man his life to fall into line for a piece of chocolate, and when the boys eased back in the line 10 or 15 times the old vet faced the barrage like a hero. There were times when we didn't know the meaning of the word chocolate—much less buying it—but we must give Baucom credit for establishing our first overseas canteen, and while he took a great pleasure in rimming us of our hard-earned francs, remember that between the wine shop and him the choice was pretty thin; the francs eventually went to one place or the other.

Baucom wasn't particular what kind of money we gave him—francs, dollars or pounds, it was all the same. Some of the wise ones tried cashing old rent receipts and Chinese laundry tickets, but it wouldn't work. When the men have recovered from the initial shock of having a place to write and read it is generally believed that the regiment will settle down to take things as they come, as of old.

A NEW RECRUIT FOR UNCLE SAM'S ENGINEERS.

On January 29, 1919, in Villiers-sur-Suize, France, the bee got in everybody's bonnet that a regimental paper would fill a long-felt want. As a result "The 604th Engineer" makes its initial bow in this issue. The policy of this paper—for a short time at least—will be that of humor, good fellowship, what news we can gather, and perhaps some constructive criticism of the organization members. Of course, choice bits of scandal will not be overlooked, for the sheet does not depend on advertisers for its subsistence. It is anti-German and pro-Homeseecker.

Until they get too rank the paper will be under the control of a staff headed by Managing Editor, Master Engineer Tom J. Fritz; Editor-in-Chief, Pvt. 1st Cl. B. C. Kiesling, Ordnance Detachment and Headquarters Co.; Assistant Editors, Pvt. Kelley, cartoonist, and Pvt. Fleming, both of Co. A; Sgt. R. H. Baugherty, Co. B; Pvt. Hagan, C Co.

YOU SAID IT, BO!

Members of this outfit are cautioned not to spend money foolishly on such trifles as socks, underwear, towels, etc. These are supplied to you gratis, and you will always find obliging supply sergeants who are tickled beyond measure to accommodate you—Like Hell you will.

The 604th Engineer

VILLIERS-SUR-SUIZE, FRANCE

Published for and by

Members of The 604th Engineer

A DAILY

Published Every Once in a While. Never Entered a Post Office
PRICE, BEAUCOUP FRANCS

"When are you coming home?" read our letters from Pfc. Egg Land.

Engineers repair roads. We are engineers. There are one million miles of war-rutted roads in France. That's the answer. Before we finish there is no doubt that the twin castles, the traditional engineer symbol, will be replaced by a more suitable emblem—two shovels crossed above an Irish chariot.

Everybody is glad to see Lieut. Frank Roderer back after two weeks in the hospital.

Furloughs are being granted, but the one all the fellows are looking forward to is an ocean trip—one way ticket, please.

Rumor has it that the A. E. F. is to be paid off with cognac hereafter. The Government figures there is only about three hours difference anyway.

Some enterprising jeweler could make a small fortune repairing watches, for about 75 per cent of the timepieces are on sick call—shell shock, you know.

We have a number of traveling salesmen in the company, and most of them are out on the road, but instead of selling goods they are making little ones out of big ones.

It will be noticed that the editorial box of this paper does not contain the stereotyped phrase, "Entered in the Umpty-Ump post office as second class matter. Once and for all we want it distinctly understood that the 604th Engineer is strictly first class matter!!!"

Sgt. Bill Resser is still hunting for the guy at First Army Headquarters who told him "on the level" that the 604th would be in the States by February 1. Pretty tough, Bill, but we admire your nerve for backing your optimism with cold cash. Beats the pussyfooting of these "Russia" crepehangers.

Loredo Taft urges all American soldiers without fail to see the wonders and beauties of French and Italian architecture before going back. He says this is a great opportunity. We agree. All we now ask is for the distinguished sculptor to show us some means of getting loose to see said architecture.

Trips are certainly hell. Sgt. Bickhart returns from school at Chaumont and Sgt. Johnson from furlough—only to find their luxurious steam-heated apartment on the Rue No Compray occupied by a couple of new officers. We welcome both of you ex-luxury lovers to the society of those who awake in the morning with icicles on the eyebrows and a ton of hay beneath the undershirt. Brethren of the Hayloft and Cowshed witness two new neophytes to our high and holy membership!

Pvt. James Drury, A Company, considers himself the luckiest man in the outfit. He received two packages from Harrel's, in London, and neither one contained a can of sardines or hardtack.

Society

It is being whispered around in social circles that Mademoiselle Madeline and Sgt. Caldwell are about to be engaged.

Major Young, Capt. Meloy, the abbey of Villers-sur-Suize, and Chaplain Kemp were entertained at dinner by the abbey of Marac last week.

Capt. Barton was agreeably surprised to have Sgt. 1st Cl. Pardee of the 27th Engineers drop in on him the other day. They were old friends back in the states.

Capt. R. E. Doherty was agreeably surprised last Saturday at inspection to find every piece in good condition. But he remarked there was a reason: Football game—dirty bore, no pass—comprée.

Capt. Meloy's Airdale "Deak" is a veteran of this great war. He lost an eye, most of his hair and all his friends; he runs sideways, which the captain explains is due to the fact that the hind legs travel faster than the front ones.

DANCE AT THE HOTEL DU COMMERCE.

A few of the elite of "C" Company attended the hobnail ball at the fashionable Hotel du Commerce Monday evening. Among the guests were Sgt. Toms, beautifully attired in his evening suit (fatigue). He spoke fluently and fluidly to the French maidens on such appropriate topics as "oui, mademoiselle," "cognac finis." Another was Sgt. Lang, professor of French. The orchestra featured the "Corn Willie" one-step.

THE OLD 604TH.

In a little town in Sarrebourg
There's a soldier boy who's blue
When he looks back on his stay in France
And the things that he's gone through.

We came overseas in September
And were eager to enter the fray
To "do our bit" and help win the war
For the good old U. S. A.

But orders were slow in coming.
After we came to France
We were billeted here and billeted there,
And never seemed to advance.

But finally there came an order
T'was back at Auzéville,
That we were going up to the front
And would surely get our fill.

We did our bit in the Argonne
And accomplished all our work
We fought through mud, with rats and slime
And nothing did we shirk.

Now we boys have bucked our non-coms.
And have talked of our officers, too,
But when it comes to a good real test,
You'll find we are all true blue.

We have groused and talked and had our quarrels,
And have also been happy and gay,
But now that the strife is ended
We all see a happier day.

For we are on the homeward lap
And we're going back with a smile,
And twill be only a few months more,
When we can laugh at that "last long mile."

And we'll make a pledge and keep it,
No matter what comes between,
The 604th has some of the finest men,
Old France has ever seen.

PVT. C. A. GRACE,
Med. Det., 604th Engrs.

A BUSY MONTH FOR 604th ENGINEERS.

During the past month this outfit has been a busy bunch. Every man did a stipulated amount of athletics, and then we had some enjoyable practice hikes in heavy marching order. There was the jump from the upper Argonne down to where we now are located, traveling by the conventional means of transportation, 40 hommes, 8 cheveaux. Arriving in Villiers-sur-Suize, we got busy and rebuilt some barracks, in order to make ourselves comfortable. This finished, we immediately started building and repairing roads. Some of the outfit were put to quarrying rock, making road surveys, and numerous military and technical schools were established. C Company was put on detached service, at 5th Corps Headquarters, Nogent, building barracks, repairing roads, and erecting hangers and grandstands for the Corps Horse Show. Everybody has a job nowadays, and no one would be surprised to see the band quit doing bunk fatigue and playing some real music.

About 100 men and officers didn't have anything to do, so the commanding officer sent them away on furlough, and now they are busily engaged in amusing themselves down near the Swiss border.

GOVERNMENT'S FURLOUGH PLAN APPRECIATED.

Two bunches are now among the furloughers from the 604th. The first 100, who went to Aix-les-Bains, have already returned. The second crew went to Nice, where they are basking in the Mediterranean sunshine and casting longing eyes at enticing Monte Carlo, which is taboo for soldiers of the United States Army. All of the fellows who have been afforded furlough opportunity under the government's plan of sending the men on duty status and paying their transportation and hotel bills are delighted with this most thoughtful arrangement on the part of General Pershing and his staff. It gives the enlisted men the maximum of a good vacation on a minimum of francs. With a majority of the men carrying heavy allotments for dependents in addition to insurance, a vacation, much-needed as such a rest is over here, would be prohibitive to many were it not for this much-to-be commended plan.

HOW PERFECTLY AWFUL.

Private Growdy, the "Remington Kid," indignantly denies the report that he imbibed freely of the cup that cheers while at Aix-les-Bains. But he does charge certain unscrupulous young Enfield toters of a plot to dislodge him from the higher heights of virtue and purity. It seems that the cup which he was led to believe contained nothing more harmless than French lemonade really held a generous bumper of Mr. Hennessey's famous Three Star Cognac. The military police records at Aix show no record of the arrest of any 604th man, so we are led to believe Growdy's story that he reached his room without further mishap, although the sky and pavement did appear to tilt a bit!

A NEWCOMER—MORE CORN WILLY.

Lieut. Beville has been attached to this organization as regimental dental surgeon, much to the joy of a great many. The lieutenant is a thorough soldier, and those who have had occasion to be on his report say he's an artist with the wheels and pullicans.

Our boxers didn't have a chance to show their mettle at the ill-fated championships at Nogent the other night, but their time is coming. Saturday night, at Bourbone-les-Bains, another attempt will be made to run through he schedule of bouts. We expect that Battling Suman, Philadelphia Kid O'Donnell and Battling Lawrence will bring home a large share of the bacon. Foxy Peters of "C" Company is managing the gang and he has a great faculty for getting the outfit all that is coming to us—and then SOME.

All "top cutters" are busy nowadays with service records. Sergeant Olsen, "A" Company, is fast getting gray, while McCormick, "B" Company, is getting grouchy. Heasley of "C" Company, is getting forty-year wrinkles around the eyes, and McGaughey of Headquarters went to Paris to recuperate. Go to it, you arch demons: you used to make us work.

Sergeant Lowenfeldt (Irish, "B" Company) is trying to figure out how a Jew can have a Christian name. You see, he wants to fill out one of those leave application blanks.

MUD-BATTLERS GET LONG-DEFERRED CREDIT.

Truck and Cycle Drivers Given Boost.

Now let's take a look at one of the hardest working and least appreciated units of this outfit—the Motor Transport section. Day in and day out the bunch sits down to grub without stopping to think that truck men have been out battling the snow, rain and mud, and nine times out of ten missing one or two meals a day or getting in to a meal of cold chow in order to have the "Willie" and beans at the mess halls in ample time. And when you get good news from home it's easy to forget the motor couriers who have plowed through the slush to bring the all too infrequent mail. Motor transport in French winter weather is no slouch of a job, and the gents who are battling the ruts deserve all the credit that's coming to them. Among the "Gasoline Bus" experts of the 604th may be mentioned Master Engineer Allen, Sergeant Peterson, Sergeant Logan, Corporals Neff, Kendall, Bara, Matson, Pierce; Couriers Lowe, Stefancih and Desforge; Privates Edmonds, Bagley, Hipp and Brownlee. Last but not least comes "Dare Devil" Magsón, who does Barney Oldfield stunts between here and Nogent with the Major's favorite Dodge benzine buggy.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

Why not a 604th Club? Why not keep up the good fellowship we have enjoyed as an army organization? Lasting friendships have been formed between men who were entire strangers before joining the outfit.

A 604th Club would be the best possible means of keeping forever alive the splendid fellowship generated during our sojourn in the land of mud.

The club would be practically nation wide in its scope. Unlike draft and National Guard organizations, its membership has been drawn from a wide, rather than a restricted, area.

The biggest branch, of course, would be the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, but there are scores of men from the Pacific Coast, not to speak of a good sprinkling of Southern

A member of the 604th Club touring the United States with a roster of the old regiment in his possession would be able to find "pals" of his life in the A. E. F. in every state in the Union.

The idea of this club originated in a rather novel but typical A. E. F. fashion. A bunch of "bucks" were sitting around a Lby. 2 stove in a barn loft down in "C" Company just peddling the "bull." Well, they peddled and peddled till they peddled out the idea.

Its rapidly assuming shape; lets make it a reality.

THE MESS FUND

Some time ago the warning was sounded to all mess sergeants about mess and company funds, but the warning must have been sounded by Bugler Murphy, for they didn't seem to hear it. Now it's all right to be philanthropic, and the Q. M. C. is deserving, but that don't fill the belts of the 604th Engineers, and the old saying is, "Charity starts at home."

We must expend these funds on this side. Why prolong the agony of a real feed?

IT HAPPENED.

Supply Sergeant Adams—Say, Swenson, what about my allotment? My folks say they are not getting it, and I want you to straighten it out.

Personnel Sergeant Swenson—Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Adams; you give me a new pair of breeches and I'll fix your allotment.

It is reported that Miss Williams of the "Y" has requested the services of Sergeant Major Himes to sing in the choir she is forming for Sunday purposes. Some poor "simp" told her that "Mick" is a bear on singing hymns. But unfortunately "Mick" only knows one—the famous "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The old Vancouver gang can remember that his nibs sure tore loose with the harmony on one memorable night. The question is, will Miss Williams provide the necessary lubricant to produce this desired musical effect?

Pvt. Larkin Owens has informed us that he has made application for re-enlistment as soon as he obtains his discharge. Say, Bo, you must have a soft job. What are you, K robber?

DRAMATICS

Since signing the armistice the A. E. F. has, in addition to promoting athletics, gone into the show business. Fine! Instead of entertaining Fritz, we'll entertain ourselves.

This outfit has been lucky enough to draw some good numbers of late. Among them was "Hobbs Hoboes," staged on the 25th of last month by the 26th Division a good, clean evening's entertainment. The show was generously studded with brilliants from home, who, in pre-war times, did squads east in the Class A houses.

On the 27th the 52nd Pioneers sent over a fun barrage that was really worth while. They called it the "Montfaucon Minstrels"—well named, played and sung. They had a most excellent bass singer, Lieut. Smith, formerly of the Temple Four. Their two Jews were rich, and their female impersonator had some of the boys thinking of going A. W. O. L.

We need more such shows, for there is plenty of good talent in the regiment, and all they need is direction. The "Narrow Gauge Minstrels" prove this, for that show has "thunk up" by less than a squad of men, and the writer believes that if the whole regiment will take the proper amount of interest in such activities and help the boys along they can in a very short time develop a class of entertainment that will do credit to the entire A. E. F.

WHEN ARE WE GOING HOME?

This seems to be the important question in every one's mind just now, and there are several angles from which to view the question. Although peace seems assured it is not yet declared. It looks as if Europe was going to quiet down to the peaceful pursuit of happiness, yet strange things sometimes happen, and this seems to be the reason why casualties, coast artillery and small units are being sent home first. We are still a long way from the end of this war game. Patience is the prime essential. We can't all go first, but we can make the time seem short by taking things as they come in a cheerful, optimistic sort of way.

There is a lot of worrying and fretting by some few individuals in the states about what to do with the returning soldiers of the A. E. F., and the calamity howlers are in the height of their glory, which is to be expected, for there have always been a series of flurries following the declaration of war or peace. But following close on the heels of these periods of unrest there have always been long periods of prosperity, and starting along in the late autumn of this year we predict unprecedented prosperity which will last many years. There is no use to do anything for the returning soldiers; nor do we expect anything but our old jobs back. The people back home seem to think that the A. E. F. are a bunch of babies. They are mistaken. There is a bunch of real He Men coming back, quite capable of taking care of themselves, and we want no petting; all we want is a sensible treatment. And the fellows who have been drawing our salaries while we have been doing a little job over here that was really necessary, can very easily afford to divvy up now.

There has been a lot of talk about giving the A. E. F. an extra month's pay—in fact so much talk about it that we don't know whether we will get it or not. But for the information of all, there are three things a soldier will never refuse—blankets, a good feed, and more pay. Accent on the last item.

When General Pershing lands this pack of war dogs back home there will be beaucoup army slang in civil life. Even love letters may be military. Take, for instance, this.

From: Pvt. Buck.

To: Miss Fat Rox.

Subject: Marriage.

Reason: (1) You speak English.

(2) Your father has a good job.

(3) I've had army experience in fighting.

(4) I can eat any kind of cooking.

Military answer: Returned, disapproved.

The police courts did a very light business last week, there being only one case.

Sgt. Bertelsen, of the non-com staff, was sentenced to 30 days' hard labor (in the topog. office) for being drunk and disorderly. He pleaded guilty.

The Friday, January 31, issue of the Stars and Stripes contained the aid of a well-known house which read: "For a year or more you have been in God's Great Out of Doors; if you dread returning to an inside job," etc. It's a cinch the nut that wrote that ad never did squads east in France.

Sporting News

SOCCER.

The men in the organization are displaying a keen interest in the game, and are anxiously awaiting the opportunity of seeing a game on the home ground. In keeping with the great sportsmanship qualities of this organization, the officers and men readily proffer their services in order to insure the formation of a team that would be able to hold its own with any team in the A. E. F. We are still shy much equipment and our soccer field is none too good, but, well, we "ave 'opes" this will soon be remedied.

Last week the boys quit road building long enough to run over to Visignes and play the 101st Engineers a fast game in which neither side scored.

ENGINEERS WIN.

Ursella goes big in dazzling shifts used by 604th Engineers.

604th Engineers, 32.

335th Ambulance Train, 0.

There was plenty of opportunity for the old leather lung crew to voice their opinion and sentiments last Saturday when the 604th Engineers and 335th Ambulance Train clashed in the opener of the 5th Army Corps League. The game was the first seen by the regiment since it left the States, and while the equipment of the teams did not resemble the armor generally used by gridiron pastimers, nevertheless some good football was put in evidence.

The score of 32 to 0 does not by any means resemble the strenuous effort of the Ambulance team to stem the furious onslaught of the rushing Engineers.

The Ambulance team, although lighter than the Engineers, put up a game battle, and did some deadly tackling, but the superior weight and drive of their opponents wore them down, and the Engineers scored at will. Rube Ursella was the big gun for the 604th and the play of the old Marine star was the outstanding feature of the battle. He carried the ball on every other play and never failed to make the distance. Next to Ursella, Lawrence played a fine game, and during the third period intercepted an Ambulance pass and rambled through for a 40-yard hike for a touchdown. He also played a good defensive game and made several good tackles. Kauth, at full, also did noteworthy work, as did Davis, Hall and Yaru. The latter, playing his first game of football, gave evidence of developing into a first-class guard.

FAREWELL BANQUET MEMORABLE AFFAIR.

Officers Bid Goodby to Fellows Ordered to First Engineers.

Captain Doherty struck a keynote when he said, "It is the beginning of the end," as part of a speech made following a farewell banquet to seven officers of the regiment who have been ordered to service with the Regular Army. The banquet took place at the Hotel Lion d'Or, Montigny-le-Roi. The guests of honor were: Captains Meloy, Wuest and Shearer; Lieutenants Gary, Rulifsen, Roderer and English. Their departure leaves only Reserve officers, who have expressed a desire for immediate separation from the service. The move is considered just one step more toward the transport.

The banquet was a real affair, quite the most elaborate thing of the kind the 604th has ever attempted. There were no formal speeches, but it is said that the Major, Captain Van Ness, Lieutenant Moreland and others unbent from their customary dignity and made contributions which assisted in raising the laugh total. The very last speech of the evening was the shortest, and yet expressed fully what we all feel regarding the loss of the officers affected. Major Young rose and after a period of silence said, "Boys, we are all damned sorry to see you go."

POKER BUD.

Speaking of sport champions, we submit the name of "Bud" Budlong of the personnel office for the coming A. E. F. championships. We don't know how "Bud" is at track athletics, but if his prowess at physical display can be compared with his ability at America's most famous indoor sport he should be a world-beater. When it comes to the devious game which involves frequent mention of a certain mysterious "Auntie," "Bud" is undoubtedly the niftiest proposition since the days of Hoyle.