



Then the Priest took us into his chambers where he showed us small statues and religious artifacts dating from the days of the Romans in France, around the First Century A.D.

The priest told us about a small church in a small village, across the valley,

A close-up of the other bomb, which was totally destroyed by German bombs in 1918. The priest of the destroyed church had given this Priest a silver Chalice dated 1527 and inscribed with the name of the parishioner who had given it to that church.

We had been unable to locate the Tannery on our way into town, so, before departing, we asked the Priest if he could direct us to it. He did, but we still had a little difficulty finding it. We stopped and asked an elderly man who looked like he could have been around in 1918. My memory couldn't think of "Cuir," the French word for leather, so I tried the sign language method and showed him my leather billfold throwing in the word "Vache" meaning "cow." The old gent deducted we were looking for Milk!



The building in the background is the Tannery where Dad and his Buddies bedded down while in Dielouard. The red tile was still going.

After about ten minutes he finally figured out we were looking for the Tannery. He pointed out that it was on route N57 and that we had come past it on our way into town. The reason we had missed it is that it

was no longer a Tannery, but was now a building supply house selling cement blocks, bricks and other masonry products.

We easily found it, Dad recognized it and we took several pictures. It had been repainted, advertising it's new products, but we did find one faded gable end still identifying it as a tannery.



Close-up of the faded gable end of the Tannery building, now selling masonry supplies.

As we passed the church again, on our way out of town, Dad had one of his most emotional moments of the trip. *"If Morf, Sneed and McTaggart could have only been with me to see this again."*

Editor's Note: These three, along with Dad, were the only ones left of the 254 men who trained together in Paris Island, South Carolina and who lived to march down Fifth Avenue in New York in August of 1919.

St. Mihiel

Enroute to our next objective, the town of Thiaucourt, we passed the the cemetery where many of Dad's outfit were buried.



The American Cemetery with the graves 4,152 U.S. military who lost their lives in the Battle of St. Mihiel