

bye, we headed toward the village of Vierzy. Right there where the road branched off was a house practically overgrown with weeds.

On the side of the house facing the road to the right we saw a man and lady. I went to them and asked if there was a puit (French for well) there anywhere. They said they didn't know of one. While I was talking to them, Dad was exploring. Sure enough, practically covered with weeds he found the well where he filled his canteen 53 years earlier.



The couple who didn't know they had a well at the end of their house. That is the well cover with the shaggy roof just left of the lady's head.

Dad went around the fence, got back to the well and under the cover he found a rusty old pulley and chain. It was just like he left it 53 years ago.

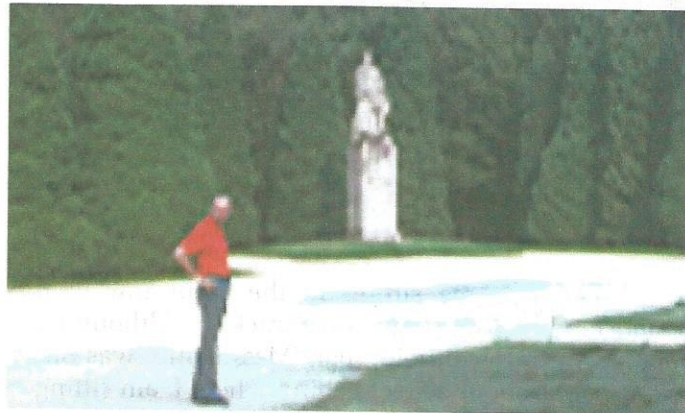
The Armistice

Our tour, following the same steps Dad covered, but in the opposite direction, covered 214 miles from Honningen, Germany to Vierzy, France. His first battle was in the wheat field at Vierzy, followed by Belleau Wood, Thiacourt, Dieulourde, St. Mihiel and finally, the Army of Occupation, at Honningen on the Rhine.

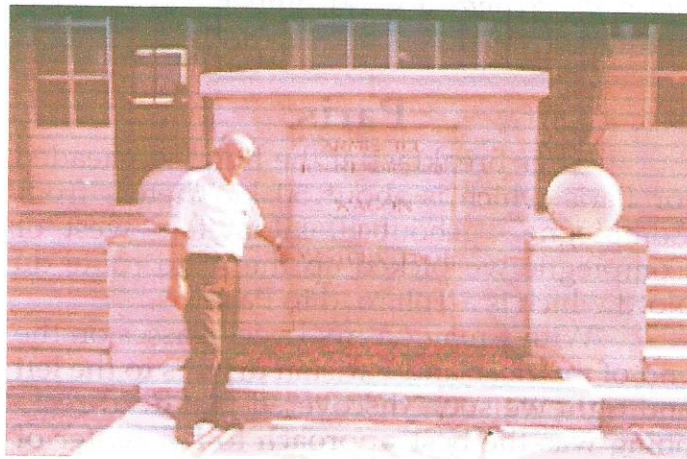
Our remaining WW1 mission was to visit Compiègne where the Armistice was signed on the 11th of November 1918. This is where representatives of the German Army signed a truce between the Allies and Germany.

This date was called "Armistice Day" in the United States until 1954, when the name was changed, by Congress to "Veteran's Day."

In March of 1918, French Marshal Ferdinand Foch was placed in supreme command of all British, French, Portuguese, Italian and American forces engaged in the battle against Germany. Foch was considered the greatest military strategist of the allied countries.



Here I am viewing a statue of Marshal Foch at Compiègne where the Armistice was signed.



Dad pointing to the memorial inscribed:
ARMISTICE 11 NOVEMBRE 1918
WAGON
DU
MARECHAL FOCH

The signing took place in a railroad car, in the building behind the monument, which in French is a "Wagon."

In addition to being the site of the Armistice, Compiègne also has a sizable history museum and a race track. This marked a place on our tour where we crossed paths with one of my adventures in WW2.

As mentioned earlier, (page 29) I was living in a tent in the infield of the race track on VE Day. We paid a visit to the race track and I would say it was "26 Years Without