

AUGUST...CONTINUED... RECOLLECTIONS.....

Morning bread delivery by bike! The loaves of French Bread were tied to the carrier over the back wheel--no covering of any kind! I wonder when they stopped making the dark brown oval loaves of World War I--baked in sawdust! Sometimes one indulged in too much sawdust. You knew it if you did! There was no need for "natures" spelled backward! In Deuloward, bread delivery had a new twist. Bread was baked in rings like a large doughnut; the delivery boy slipping his arm thru the hole. "Bon swa, Madam!" Nancy, Deuloward and Toul! We were stationed in Deuloward in August 1918 for replacement after the massacre at Solissons. Not a scalp taken! We were in a large tannery with a red tile roof. The Germans' Three Motored Bombers would come over, open the end gate at Toul, then Deuloward and wind up over Nancy. When the bombs would land in Deuloward, the concussion from them would rattle the tile on the roof of the tannery causing century old dust to almost choke us.

THE OLD CHURCH AT DEULOWARD.....

Like all French Towns, Deuloward had its large church built in 1739. At some time two bombs were dropped. One bomb dropped thru the roof on one side of the ridge, the second bomb on the other side. The distance between them when they came thru the roof was so exact you would swear the space between them had been measured. Neither bomb exploded. The people of the church mounted them on two pillars inside the church with names of those killed by the bombing. This took place in the summer of 1918. The old main door of the church is in place but not used, still shows the holes made by shrapnel from bombs.

Don and I entered the church August 21st 1971; Mass was being said. There were the two bombs mounted on the two pillars! After Mass we met the Pastor who greeted us warmly, invited us into the study and showed us two silver cups taken from the old church ruins of the days of the Romans. Those very large bombs of 1918 had small propellers in a frame on top of bombs to keep the bomb from tumbling end over end when dropped. This propeller caused a sharp whistling as they came down. A long as one could hear the whistle--no need to call the roll. When the whistle stopped and you could still answer "here" you knew all was well with your soul!

MIGHTY FORTRESS..VERDUN.....

Verdun, that solid fortress was never taken from the Germans in 1918. The acres of barbed wire stretched out in front of the fortress looked like an unharvested field of dead ripe wheat. Although this front was only 12 miles wide, one million and quarter men of France gave everything they had--life itself, in an attempt to capture it.

Pershing, it was said in 1918 desired to take it. I'm very glad he was denied the opportunity to make the attempt.

9:45: on the road to Theicourt; large church of Pont a Mussian; flower beside it; large cross with name of Pont a Mussian on it. We never got into the town but made night