

CAMP LOGAN REVEILLE

Houston, Texas

February 28, 1918

*Conducted without fear or favor for the interests of the Thirty-third
Division and for all other soldier-citizens of Camp Logan*

Troops Prepare for Action



ARTILLERY DRILL, MILITARY TRAINING CAMP,
Greetings from Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

All of us at camp continue to train hard in preparation for being sent over to France. We don't know when we will be called, but we work as if it could be tomorrow. The training develops a fine spirit of comradeship among the boys and aids in the up building of a stronger body, both mentally and physically. This will enable us to endure the great hardships of mind and body we may encounter overseas.

Many of us spend the morning hours at school

learning our specialties related to signal corps work. Then the afternoons are spent learning basic drill orders, command structure and weapons proficiency tasks.

This month we are being drilled in the use of gas masks. Paul Hendrickson of Danville, Illinois described the process details rather well in a letter to his parents, so we are reprinting it here so the rest of you fellas can send this paper home to your own relatives if they ask what you are up to in

camp.

From Paul's letter: "It is a mask that fits under your chin and against the side of your face and across your forehead, the edges are bound and elastic and fit tight but leave rest of the mask in front of face loose. Mask is a rubberized cloth. has two big eyepieces of glass, a spring with two rubber pads that close on your nose so you can't breathe thru your nose and a rubber mouth piece that

fits between your lips and teeth with two little lugs of rubber to hold your teeth apart so you can breathe freely thru your mouth. You inhale thru a tube that leads to a bag with a can in it that contains chemicals that purifies the air as it comes thru. You carry the bag on your chest in front of you. After you breathe the air in thru this bunch of chemicals there is a valve that won't let it go back the same way but forces it out side of the mask in to the



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Troops (Continued)

open air. and there is a valve in the outlet that keeps the air from coming in that way, making it always come in thru the chemicals.

Yesterday we took off our masks while in the gas room - they had it filled with tear gas - it made tears come in your eyes when you took off the mask. it was not dangerous. But today it was filled with poisonous gas and about thirty times as strong as we would ever get it in the trenches. We could not tell if there was any gas there until they said "test for gas" then we pushed our finger under side of mask letting some of the gas inside the mask. You take out your finger then and release your nose piece just the least bit and the gas would sting your nose or you would sniff it up, almost shock you as it would take effect so sudden. Gas like that would strangle you in a



Trench Digging—Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

half of a second if you would remove your mask in the room with it and sure would be fatal as it is so poisonous.

It is hard to get used to the masks as the nose piece keep you from breathing thru your nose, holds it tight shut all the time. And your mouth gets so dry breathing thru it all the time. We would drill in these things, run - play games and every thing - just to get used to being able to use yourself with them on. My record in putting it on, placing the

mouth piece and adjusting the nose piece is 6 seconds. You see they yell gas and you jerk the mask out of the bag and put it on and to do it all in 6 seconds is moving. And after the warning "gas" you don't breathe then until your mask is all placed and you leave mask on until given command to take it off."

These masks will be an important piece of equipment in enemy territory, so we are glad to get such good instruction and practice here at home before we ship out.

- W. H. Turysta

Camp Prank

Some of the boys have been catching horned toads and the other evening they put one in one of the corporal's mess kits. So at mess time we all fell in and marched up to the serving place, halted and one gave the order "open mess kits". We all took off the kit lid and this corporal looked in his kit and saw that ugly horned toad, he actually turned pale - threw up his hands - let out a whoop and was out of the crowd in 2 seconds - his mess outfit all over the ground and the toad too. We nearly died laughing at the expression on his face and the way he went away from that kit. He came back and got his stuff when he seen the joke - but he said he didn't believe he wanted any supper. He is always playing jokes on everybody is the reason we picked on him. He later sent the toad home to his father.

- M. Homme



BAYONET DRILL, CAMP LOGAN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

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Skills Learned at Camp Logan to Help America Defeat the Jerries



Earl Leonard Reed

As part of a continuing series of articles in our camp newspaper, we are highlighting one of our resident recruits and what skills they are acquiring at Camp Logan before they ship out to Europe to do their bit.

This time we caught up with one Private Earl L. Reed assigned to the 7th Company, 161st Depot Brigade here at Camp Logan.

Reed tells us he hails from Black River Falls, Wisconsin and originally trained at Camp Grant in Rockford, Illinois before traveling down to join us.

“It’s been a real growing experience for me here in Texas”, he relates. “I find the guys here are a swell bunch and real easy to work with. My sergeant is tough but decent and that’s all I ask from my boss”.

Working in a depot brigade can be unglamorous as this is part of the logistics end of an army, but Reed does not see it that way. “One of the things we get taught are survival skills. The lines of battle are pretty fluid on the Western Front and our command wants us to have these skills in case of a successful German attack that reaches our supply depots. We need to know how to evade capture and make it back to friendly territory”.

We found this an interesting topic of discussion, but Reed did us one better. He suggested we accompany him on what’s called a cache creation. “Basically what we do is use our hiking skills to create a cache of supplies we can later retrieve if our formal supply depot is taken”. So we decided to accompany Reed on such an exercise.

The youthful Badger took us out the back door of one of the scientific centers at the camp that studies flora and fauna. Following a corduroy trail north, we soon left this and took A. Brown street north, one of the many dirt lanes that crisscross the camp. The young man was in fine shape from the varied physical training they receive here and we barely kept up with him as he loped right at a Y junction and headed straight thru a crossroads.

We passed markers for tents 15 and then 8, this being Reed’s home away from home. After another left at a Y we passed tent marker 9 and headed left on R. A. Vines Street. Here we had to gain access through a camp gate and

underpass as we now were leaving the confines of the camp and into the woods that surround it. As we passed through we could see evidence of training by the rock-like sandbags on the side. Reed told us he had some “sweat equity” in them.

“My plan is leave something of worth on the trails to simulate a supply cache. So, to do this, our path takes us up this hill north. We have to pass a post, but after that it gets a bit convoluted”, Reed told us. Your reporter being a Signal Corp man, found this a bit taxing on the body as we struggled to keep up with young Reed.

Midway up the hill, Reed stopped and gestured right. “Our path goes this way



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Skills (continued)

and we stay right keeping the stream always on our right as well", he instructed. When I asked how he knew so well where we were going he indicated that he had already been scouting this out before our interview. This recruit is quite the prepared fellow!

We got to a hairpin turn eventually and reached a flattish area, which was quite the relief after the roller coaster hike we had just taken. Reed indicated some trail landmarks he wanted us to note. "See those three large uprooted trees on the left and that four foot stump near them as well on the right? Keep them in mind!" He quickly ran to the third tree, worked his way down the east side of it about six feet from the base and created a cache with something that looked like a small box. Reed explained it contained a small treasure that would be sure to please if you were behind enemy lines and you needed some cheering up.

But we were not done yet. Reed tells us that keeping alive and healthy behind enemy lines is only half the battle. "To really succeed, you need to know how to make your way back to safety. Our next job is to practice doing just that!" Reed exclaimed. So we

continued to a "T" in this rude woodland trail, and then took a left. We headed south to a map on the right, which diverted us leftwards down a hill to the familiar tunnel we originally passed through.

We complemented young Private Reed on his extraordinary show of trail craftiness. "I only hope I get the chance to show our Allies in France, and the Jerries as well, what it means when you take on a doughboy! We are as ready as we can be!" he averred. With such a can-do attitude, we can surely count on a swift end to this war with America showing its true colors.

- M. Martini

Life in Camp Logan Is More Than Just Training Tasks

One should not expect an easy life as an enlisted man in today's United States Army. After all, we are readying our nation's best to enter into war with a fierce enemy and the training needed to do our best is exhaustive and intense. But it's not all grim work as this article hopes to illustrate. Camp Logan is MORE than just a training camp!

A Company Canteen, Camp Logan



For instance our men have an abundance of resources at hand to enhance their leisure time. The camp boasts an American Library Association library, which is well stocked with many reference materials to help our men learn their various tasks. There are also many opportunities to send or receive mail from loved ones back at home using the many post offices the camp has scattered about the environs. There are also a number of Knights of Columbus halls, a YMCA and even a YWCA, where female visitors are allowed to meet the soldiers.

In addition there is a fine base hospital to attend to the men's health as well as many bakeries and canteens to slake a busy soldier's hunger or thirst. The enlistees also have an entertainment option provided by a movie theater on base.

Camp Logan is not perfect in that many of the streets are dirt and thus prone to dust. But the camp engineers are addressing this issue with daily waterings of the streets to hold down the dust. In addition they are making innovative use of cinders and seashells from the

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Red Cross Assists in Many Ways



Here at Camp Logan we are surely grateful for the activities of the Red Cross. Their mission is to assist the military authorities by promoting the well-being of soldiers and sailors in the United States. They do this by distributing comfort articles, rendering service to men in hospitals, operating a communication service between men and their families and other work of a similar nature. The Red Cross posters and advertisements with slogans such as, "We cannot all serve in the trenches, but we can all serve at home" have been very effective in generating funds and in soliciting volunteers and supplies.

Many of us first benefitted from the Red Cross services while we were en route to and from our training camps. The meals they provided for us were a

treat and a stop at their canteens gave us access to rest and reading rooms and much needed shower baths! All of us fellas have received many Red Cross packages while we have been at camp. The socks, sweaters and towels are much appreciated, as are all the numerous other little comfort supplies. Things such as candy, figs, raisins, cake, cookies, chewing gum, kerchiefs, pencils, sewing kits and toilet articles all help to make this place feel like home.

We also have Red Cross personnel here at camp. Some of them handle what are known as "home service cases." When situations arise in which soldiers become worried about their home affairs; they tell their troubles to the Red Cross representative, and he communicates with the

local chapter workers who do their best to straighten out the difficulties. The home service work of the Red Cross was developed to help in every way possible the families of soldiers, and, by preventing trouble and sorrow as far as it could be prevented, to affect helpfully the morale of the men in camps and overseas.

Luckily few of us have yet to experience their most important phase of service, the work done for sick and wounded men in the military hospitals in this country. The Red Cross task is one of personal service---doing the thousand and one things that the regular hospital staff cannot possibly do. As far as possible, each patient is visited every day. The Red Cross workers at our camp hospital are certainly top-notch!

The latest Red Cross news is that Camp Logan is now one of the sites that will be used for training Search & Rescue dogs. These remarkable dogs are taught to search the battlefield or in the trenches and pick out who among the men were wounded or dead. The dogs are trained to make their search at night, under the cover of dark, unattended, navigating the terrain quickly and soundlessly. Barking to alert could potentially draw enemy fire, so if the dogs find a wounded man, they know to pull off a piece of cloth or a loose helmet and carry it back to their handlers so a rescue attempt can be made. The handler will then leash the dog and follow as the dog leads him back to the wounded man. They are so incredibly well-trained and so committed to their task that these dogs aren't a bit



Red Cross Building at Camp Logan

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Red Cross (Continued)

deterred or distracted by the offer of food or company.

The first group of dogs and handlers arrived last week and some of the Red Cross folks from the main Houston office came out to meet them and tour our camp. This reporter was asked to assist with giving the tour so at 2 pm last Tuesday I duly appeared at the building where we get our instructions on native plants and animals (we are all keen to avoid anything poisonous). We headed out the back door and headed north on the planks the men had laid to avoid the muck. We continued north on A. Brown Street with the dogs straining at their leashes, ready to be set loose. But that had to wait until we got through the camp areas by taking a right at the first junction then continuing straight through the next crossroads. Our visitors admired the tent accommodations and took a peek in at tent 9 after we took a left at the next Y juncture. We then headed left on Vines Street so we could get to the camp gate and make our way down to the stream. We took a short rest as the dogs lapped up some water and then we continued through the tunnel to get to the training areas.

Our captain told the

handlers that the dogs could now be let loose and by Jove they sure did leap through the stream and fly up the hill heading north as soon as they were free! Those pups were sure eager to explore their new surroundings. Our group followed them up the hill and we were just in time to see that they veered to the right midway up the incline. We also made the turn right and discovered a hilly trail indeed as we walked on with the stream on our right. I was prepared to assist the young women from the Red Cross office, but discovered that they were quite able hikers. They told me they enjoyed the chance for a ramble in the woods, especially on such a fine day.

We followed the hounds to a "T" in the trail where they had stopped to wait for their handlers. I now learned that someone from our camp had been recruited to act as a wounded soldier so the

headquarters staff could get a demonstration of how one of the experienced dogs did his job. The search command was issued and the dog immediately put his nose to ground. He headed right from the "T", passed one of our camp map stations and a post and then trotted to the right at another post. The other dogs followed and we were close behind as the lead dog scanned the area. But this was to be no short demonstration, so our trek continued over a log ramp and then across the stream by passing over a water culvert. We passed another post marker at the top of a hill and eventually saw the dog stop when he arrived at another log ramp. He bounded into the woods and soon reappeared with a kerchief – mission accomplished! The dog was then leashed and led his handler directly to one of the men from my regiment. He laughed and said he had enjoyed the assignment – it was a real chance to lie down on the

job!

As we were all chatting near the ramp and admiring the dog's skill, a gust of wind came up and carried away a new poster one of the young women had been showing me. It drifted in a NNE direction toward a stump and fallen tree and seemed to settle near the right side of the base of the tree. We did a quick look for it, but then had to abandon our search since it was time to return to camp. It was a shame to lose it since these flyers are so helpful in getting the resources the Red Cross needs.

The "wounded" fellow joined us as we retraced our steps to the map station and we all then continued south on the main route in this area of the training grounds. This was a much more level route and we soon reached another map station on the right. At this point we turned to the left down the hill along the crushed oyster shell road. The dogs enjoyed another drink from the stream as they splashed through the tunnel. We soon were back at our starting point where we said farewell to our guests and then invited the dog handlers to join us for some refreshments at the canteen. A very interesting afternoon!



- W. Wycieczkovicz

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Life in Camp (Continued from Page 4)

nearly ocean to provide paving for these thoroughfares. Hygiene is also an important concern on base. To address the needs of over 30,000 men, a system of ceramic pipe has been laid down complete with brick and mortar manholes. An added concern is water, but this need was met with a 600 foot deep well that pumps up a million gallons of water a day!

Camp housing is not deluxe as the typical soldier's abode is a tent with canvas side walls attached to a four foot high wooden wall. Atop is a sheet iron roof with accommodations for a stove's pipe. But the floors of these dwellings are wood board and not rude dirt. So some effort has been expended to raise up the men's living conditions and keep them focused on the war effort. With creature comforts reasonably addressed, life at the camp is mainly



consumed by training for future deployment in France. But some time has to be spent on more mundane matters. Every day of the week, various platoons can be seen moving through the mess halls or taking their turns at laundry facilities to keep clothing clean and ready for wear. On the off day you might even spot a spirited game of baseball to while the time away constructively. Such is a soldier's life at Camp Logan. It's not all training and work!

- M.M. Besökare
(Staff Sergnt.)

Areoplanes Arrive at Camp

Many of us have been thrilled to see our first areoplanes here at camp. They look like big birds roaring around over camp and never a day passes but what two or three are seen flying close.

They fly right over our drill grounds and one day came

down lower than the tree tops. You could see the details of the workmanship of the plane.

An areoplane actually came down in our drill grounds the other day. I and Serg. Henderson ran over to where it was. The others were required to keep to their drills so we had no one crowding around and got a very good look up close at it. It was the first time I was ever so close to one. I was about 20 ft from it when it left the ground. It did not run on the ground the length of a lot until the wheels and all were in the clear of the ground by a foot or more.

Jove they are the most graceful things I ever saw, and so many of them flying around here all the time!

- W. Le Marcheur



(Censored)

Company Laundry Day—Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.



CAMP LOGAN REVEILLE

More Camp Life Photos



TENTS AND MESS HALLS, CAMP LOGAN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.



SCENE, CAMP LOGAN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.



ETREET SCENE IN CAMP LOGAN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.



TENT SCENE, CAMP LOGAN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.



"Inspection" at Camp Logan



Ready for Mess at Camp Logan