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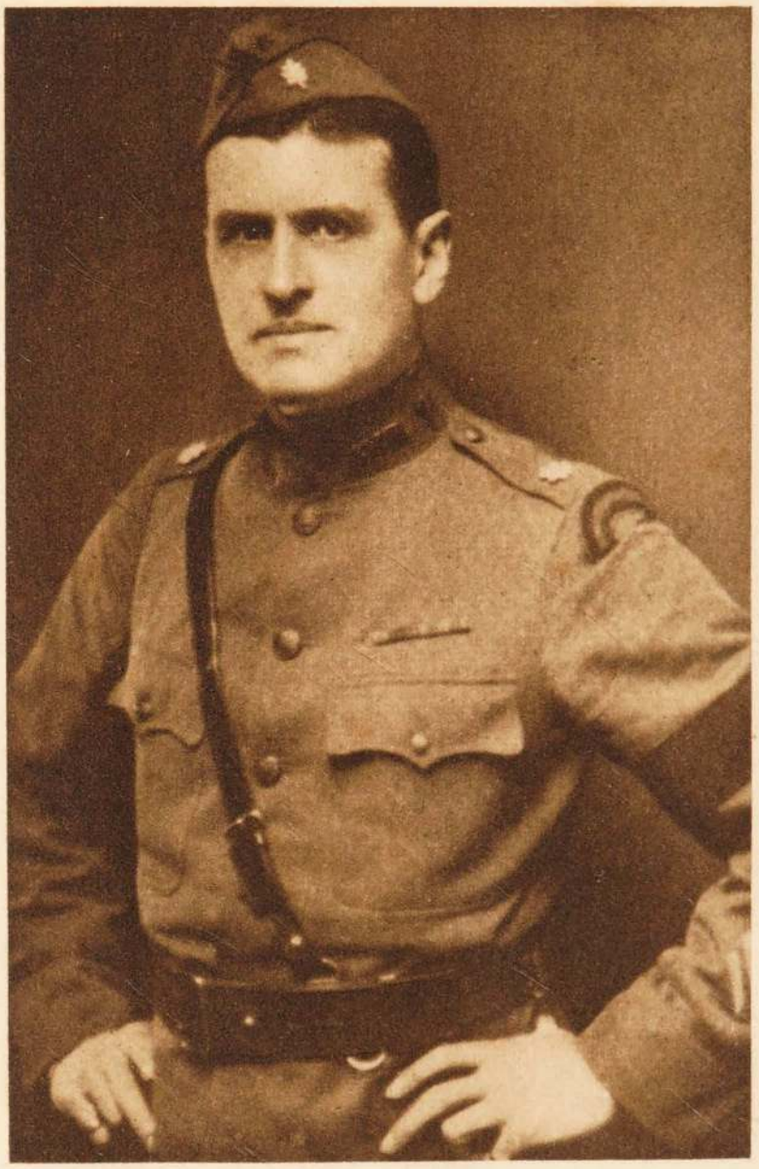
A DOCTOR IN FRANCE

1917 · 1919



A DOCTOR IN FRANCE
1917 · 1919

THE DIARY OF

HAROLD BARCLAY
Lieutenant-Colonel American Expeditionary Forces

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EDITOR'S NOTE

HAROLD BARCLAY, son of Sackett Moore and Cornelia Barclay Barclay, was born in New York City, August 14, 1872. At Cazenovia, N.Y., his parents had their country home and there by the beautiful Lake of Cazenovia he spent his early years and grew up with that great love for the country and dislike of cities which lasted all his life.

He entered Harvard University (class of 1897) but left after the first year as he wished to go to Europe. After traveling a few months he went to Germany to study music. He had a beautiful voice and was a natural musician, and so great was the encouragement he received from his teachers that for some time he considered making music his life work. But other counsels prevailed and he finally chose

the career of a physician—a choice which his great success fully justified.

In 1899 he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He had, however, found time to serve his country in the Spanish-American War, when he acted as medical assistant in Troop A, United States Volunteers in Porto Rico.

In April, 1906, he married Helen Fuller Potter, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Eliphabet Nott Potter.

During all these busy years, his love of music and travel continued and always when possible his holidays were spent in European travel or scientific studies in France or Germany.

When in 1917 America entered the World War, Dr. Barclay received a commission as captain and went overseas in the Roosevelt Hospital Unit. Promoted to Major in February, 1918, he was later transferred to the 42nd (Rainbow) Division, in which he served dur-

ing the heavy fighting at Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel. In November, 1918, he became a Lieutenant-Colonel and was ordered home January 2, 1919.

Dr. Barclay was traveling with his wife in France when his sudden death occurred at Biarritz in the summer of 1922.

PART I

With the Roosevelt Hospital Unit

1917

JUNE 30th. At last, after six weeks' waiting and more or less uncertainty of the time of departure, the call has come in the form of "Confidential Order No. 5" from the War Department. Hustle into uniform and report for duty to Major Hansell at Roosevelt Hospital. We are told to go home and report again Sunday, July 1st.

July 1st. It really looks like business. The courtyard of the Hospital is full of enlisted men having their outfits handed out to them. The whole dispensary is littered with coats, trousers, blankets, etc. The men are having identification discs given them and are packing their kits and rolling blankets. They are really a fine-looking lot of men, and from their general appearance a good many college men are among them.

We are told that we are really going to sail the following morning, and that we must go

home, pack and have everything on the pier (Pier 60) before sundown that night. Max is packing my things for me—an officer's trunk, a Gladstone bag and a canvas roll with poncho blankets and a "Gold Medal" canvas cot. We hustle them down to Pier 60 and leave them standing there with a feeling that they will not be seen again, as the whole pier is a mass of motor trucks and boxes of every description. We are to sail on the S.S. "Lapland" on the south side of the pier. The "Baltic" has just docked and is discharging cargo at a tremendous rate. The rattle of the winches is deafening and there are literally hundreds of stevedores at work.

With a silent farewell my baggage is left, and then back to the house where Helen and I lunch and start for Mt. Kisco for the afternoon.

One still feels terribly conscious and queer in uniform. My memory keeps going back to the days when Rob and I enlisted for the

Spanish War, a thousand little details keep coming up that I had long forgotten. Camp Alger and its chaos, Newport News, and the transport "Mississippi" and all its horrors.

July 2nd. The order was to assemble at the Hospital at eight a.m. I got there at 8:20 and everything was stirring. There is really nothing for the majority of the officers to do. Rolfe Floyd is the busy one. The regular Army men, Major Hansell in charge, and his Adjutant, Captain Trinder, seem most efficient. They have really handled the whole affair wonderfully, never once getting excited and every one asking them hundreds of foolish questions. The amateur soldier is really a horrible thing. No one can appreciate the difference between military and civil life who has not tried them both.

The enlisted men leave on sight-seeing coaches at 9:30, after a preliminary line-up in the courtyard, and cheers for Colonel Mackay and every one connected with the outfit. The officers get down as best they can, so I go

down in Dr. Dowd's motor with Floyd, arriving on the pier at ten a.m.

The "Lapland" has been painted war gray and is fitted with a new mine-sweeping device, of which more later. There was quite a crowd of people down there to see us off. Mrs. Vanderbilt, Clarence Mackay,—and dozens of others whom I do not know. Except for the uniforms and the gray paint on the ship, it seems just like a summer vacation trip. Our baggage is wonderfully handled and everything put on board in the same manner as in peace times. We are supposed to sail at twelve sharp. The heat is intolerable. Our staterooms are fine; No. 33, upper deck room. My lot was first cast with the Chaplain, but I told him McWilliams and I were old Spanish War veterans, and so he let McWilliams bunk with me.

At one o'clock we are still at the pier. Two hundred and sixty-five, or some such number, of cots have not appeared and our indefatigable Quartermaster Ward will not leave with-

out them, so sweat on, and the poor devils who came down to the pier wait on!

About three thirty the cots are stowed on board, the whistle sounds long blasts, the hawsers are cast off, and the thud of the great engines begins. The crowd rush down to the end of the pier, where many have waited since nine thirty in the morning apparently without any lunch. They must be nearly dead.

The thrill of other voyages comes back so vividly to my mind as the great ship slowly warps out into mid-channel, but I am alone now and all is so different, yet it is hard to realize it and I cannot help feeling it must be a great big holiday—the harbor seems so bright, gay and peaceful. We steam at a snail's pace down the bay, and in front of the Battery the ship seems to float for ten minutes or so, the engines just turning over. Officers, nurses and men gaze on the tall buildings as if they were things of stupendous beauty. Each man seems to identify some building that he knows about,

or has worked in. I know none of them, and try to locate the Barclay Building, but cannot.

Finally we slip by the Battery, Governors Island and into the Lower Bay. The waters seem crowded with shipping, the Dutch and English flags being especially in evidence. There is one converted German steamer flying the American flag. The "Vaterland" was lying quietly at her pier.

The glasses Mr. Bird gave me were a source of great fun in trying to pick out the details of the ships. They practically all had stern guns, and the Dutch ships had great spears of national colors all over their sides. Off Tompkinsville, or rather St. George's, Staten Island, we passed the Dreadnought "Kansas," her decks crowded with jackies in white duck. She looked awfully spick and span.

Just below Tompkinsville we went through the opening in the net. One could see distinctly the large buoys that marked its position, and the small blocks that separated it.

At the opening a Monitor lay anchored and there were several motor-boats, of about forty to sixty feet long, with big markings of "S.P. No. so and so." It was the first real realization of war I had felt, and it gave one quite a little thrill.

Steaming more rapidly down the channel now and passing numerous tugboats apparently commandeered for patrol duty. Finally the pilot boat comes in sight and the pilot slips down the side into the little rowboat. Full steam ahead is given and we at last feel the motion of the long Atlantic sweep.

July 3rd. First day at sea and beautiful weather! The food and service are excellent. The whole ship is run in the usual routine manner, and it is increasingly hard to believe that the sea is filled with pirates bent on our destruction, or that we are on war bent. The nurses have taken off their street uniforms and donned summer girl clothes, which further adds to the delusion of a holiday excursion.

At noon General Headquarters are established in the foyer on Deck 4, with typewriters clicking away. There is much issuing of order and proclamation. McWilliams is made officer of the day and totes a cumbersome revolver lent him by Floyd and which is the badge of office.

Captain Trinder, the Adjutant—a bully fellow full of punch and go—gave the officers a talk on some of the elements of their duty in the lounge room, and was listened to with marked attention as every one is keen about mastering the details of his work.

Thousands of questions are asked about the most elementary details, because we are an absolutely ignorant lot as far as the military end is concerned. What little drill knowledge I picked up in the Troop or in the Spanish War has absolutely vanished.

An edict has been put out from G. H. Q. that no rum is to be sold on board and we are reduced to ginger ale and soda water. I man-

aged to pinch just one cocktail the first night, and it was good.

The afternoon dragged along. We were ordered to get out life-preservers and carry them with us wherever we go. This is an absolute rule and we cannot be separated from them for an instant. The officers and men walk around with the preservers strapped to their backs, carrying them even to meals, where one kicks them under the table between one's feet while eating.

The rubber suits were gotten out and fixed on. I don't believe they can ever be adjusted in a general excitement which is bound to ensue in a smash-up, and then besides if there is any leak in the rubber, such as a pin prick, they would slowly fill with water. I shall depend on the old life-preserver.

The night is wonderful. Officers and nurses sit on deck singing. And they sing well. A beautiful full moon.

July 4th. My turn as officer of the day which,

among its other duties, entailed dragging around "Rollo" Floyd's Colt automatic, and this blunderbuss grew heavier each hour of the day, so that by night-time it weighed nothing less than a ton. Was given a detail of twenty men out of which I appointed, as per instructions, two Acting Sergeants, one day and one night; two guards were assigned to Q. M. Ward; three to Headquarters and six to prison guard. It being a holiday the Headquarters and Q. M. guard were dismissed at noon, the prison guard being the only one maintained.

Visiting our only prisoner, I found him to be a clean-cut, alert man of apparently more than average intelligence. I made the poor devil as comfortable as possible, but was obliged to go through his baggage in search of any incriminatory evidence and to take any weapons away from him. These consisted of three razors, which were turned over to H. Q. Thompson, the prisoner, is, I believe, an actor —probably a super. He expressed a strong

desire for a bible, so sent him the Chaplain later. He thanked me very profusely for this. I exceeded orders and allowed him to be on deck four hours, instead of two, as the day was stifling and his cabin not the coolest place in the world.

At night all singing was stopped as they say sound carries for a long distance over the water.

The life boats have all been swung out and men assigned to them. I am commanding officer of boat No. 21, starboard side, or the alternate No. 22, port side. Which boat is launched depends upon which side we are struck and how the ship lists.

Being the Fourth of July the dinner had an extra course and a few extra British and American flags about. In the evening we assembled in the Second Cabin for a smoker, only no one was allowed to smoke as all ports being closed you could cut the atmosphere. However, cigars and cigarettes were passed around and, I suppose, were used later. We had the usual

burst of song, but it was such a beautiful warm night with a full moon that every one hurried on deck. I made my last round at eleven p.m. and turned in for a sound night's sleep.

July 5th. Another wonderful, hot day with only a mere ripple on the ocean. I turned over the old shooting iron to Floyd, and was jolly well glad to be rid of it. We have boat drill at ten a.m. I am captain of my boat. The orders are that in case of torpedo we man the starboard side first; if the ship is so listed that we cannot launch that side we take the port side. My boats are 21 starboard and 22 alternate port. I have three lieutenants and fifteen men besides certain members of the ship's crew. My boat is farthest astern; we are cut off from all commands on the bridges, and if we have to go over will practically have to work on my own initiative.

At four p.m. the stern gun fired three practice shots at a smoke target. The target was

allowed to float about a mile leeward. The first shot was over, but the second and third were bull's-eyes. It was very pretty to see the shell ricochet. It made thin splashes in the water. In one it was markedly deflected to the left.

No smoking on decks after nightfall, and the smoking-room is so hot with everything locked up that one rather went without than sit indoors. It was a beautiful moonlit night and Russell and I sat on deck till twelve p.m., then turned in where I found McWilliams snoring peacefully.

July 6th. An uneventful day. Trinder is drilling the officers for an hour each afternoon. The parson tried to talk philosophy with me in the cabin. I was tired and these old sex problems bore me to death. He has just read one volume of Havelock Ellis and heard a lecture on psycho-analysis and is full of it. I told him the only philosophy I had was "live and let live," and all this analysis of a man's daily

action was a damned bore as far as I was concerned. He left me in a huff. He is just bristling with uplift, but on the whole a good fellow.

Turned in about eleven and read "Captains Courageous" for a couple of hours, but got dreaming about subs and could not sleep. The ship's company on the whole seem more or less concerned, but all keep cheerful. My only hope is, that if anything happens, I won't lose my head.

July 7th. A cold, gray day, but a very pleasant change after the past six days of suffocation. General inspection in flannel shirts at nine a.m., and it was cold standing around. It was the first time I had seen the men all drawn up together and they looked well. The parson is peeved. He would hardly speak to me this morning, but it will probably wear off in time. This is an awfully good, tame crowd. There is none of the old freebooter spirit we had in '98. All older is probably the answer. But even the younger men are very quiet.

The nurses had a party. There were shrieks of laughter until late in the night.

July 8th. No drills nor work to-day. It is cloudy and very cold. At ten forty-five Divine Service on deck. All the enlisted men, nurses and officers were present. The service was quiet, impressive and very earnest. The tension is growing hourly.

At five p.m. all the boat commanders were summoned to Colonel Winter's room to talk over final arrangements for boat personnel. They have not swung my boats out yet, although I have spoken several times to Trinder about it. They say that part of the ship is so much lower that if a sea kicked up they would have to swing them in again. I certainly have a mean station.

At four p.m. we officers had a voluntary drill. I got a good bath afterwards. It may be the last for several days, as it is suggested that no one wants to get caught with clothes off. A good many men are sleeping partially

dressed to-night. The rumor is, to-morrow we *wear* preservers, not *carry* them, and the time at meals is to be reduced to a minimum. We all sat around in the smoking-room this afternoon. The conversation was largely on submarines and army life. Colonel Winter tried to put a bit of cheer into things with a few stories, but it was hard. Outside the moon is trying to struggle out, the sea is dead calm, and the ship is bleak as perdition. No ports or ventilators are allowed to be opened. Fortunately, it is cold.

July 9th. A day really of terrible suspense. We are in the danger zone. The life-boats have been partially lowered over the side. Every conceivable precaution is being taken. The nurses' suits are all laid out on deck. Every one is strung up to the breaking point. All the enlisted men have been moved up. Many are sleeping on deck.

About five p.m. the Captain began his zig-zag course, making wide sweeps every five or

ten minutes. There were rumors that a torpedo-boat would turn up late this afternoon, but now, at eleven p.m., there is nothing in sight. And with it all it is the most beautiful night ever conceived. A little moon half on the wane came peeping up out of a bank of clouds, about ten thirty, making its silver path of light and doubtless silhouetting us clearly against the sky.

Passed a small freighter lower on the horizon before dinner. Everything is scanned with most suspicious glances and carefully shunned. Well, here it goes for a few hours' sleep, or an attempt at it, for it's up at the first break of dawn.

July 10th. Jim woke me a little before four a.m. We went out on deck. A beautiful morning with the sun just rising. Peck was there and Miss Francis, the head nurse, had been sitting up all night. She looked it. I took a few turns and then turned in till eight thirty.

Nothing of any particular interest, except

we sighted another C. P. boat with a torpedo-boat escort. It was curious to watch her. First she was on one side and then the other. The zigzagging gets one completely confused as to position.

About six this evening a speck on the horizon and we break our number from the fore truck and in a few minutes we come in plain view of our convoy. She is a torpedo-boat destroyer, No. 38, with the "Stars and Stripes" flying astern. We had a feeling of great relief. We gave her a hearty cheer. To bed now and clothes off.

July 11th. Woke up and climbed out on deck at three fifteen. Light was just breaking and every one was on the qui vive. Watched the serpentine for a bit and then turned in again and had a good snooze till Eddie, the bath steward, routed me out for a plunge. Last wash on board; we go dirty to-morrow, and then a good fresh-water tub and soap.

Our destroyer was changed during the night.

The rumor is that 38 went in assistance to some other ship that was below us in our vicinity.

There are surprisingly few boats seen—two sailboats, a trawler, and one large steamer is preceding us. Just after lunch a large French dirigible circled over us. She has been hovering around since early morning, presumably looking for subs.

It is pack up to-night and if we have luck we shall land early in the a.m. About eight p.m. we sight the lighthouse off the bar, but cannot cross until high tide on account of the risk of striking a mine.

July 12th. On deck a little before seven when we cross the bar and proceed slowly up the Mersey and drop anchor before the quay where we wait for over two hours for the boarding officers. They arrive after a long wait. Every one is herded in the lounge where a captain and three corporals go over all our papers and ask us if we carry any correspondence.

We disembark at noon. Then a short walk through the town with Peck, Russell, etc., hunting for a cable office. I suppose all my letters will be censored out of shape as I wrote fully describing the voyage.

Major Keating met us at the wharf. He is the officer in charge of embarkation, a perfect type of the English gentleman. Lunch on ship and are entrained for Southampton direct, much to our disgust, for every one was hoping for at least one day in London. The nurses are held over in Liverpool for a tea or something; every one is most courteous.

The train was scheduled to leave at two thirty p.m., but when made up did not have sufficient room for officers, so three-quarters of an hour delay while another first-class carriage is hunted up, but every one takes it very casually and Major Keating chats very pleasantly with us all. Finally the extra carriage arrives and we are loaded. Men are loaded third class and we go first. Everything is con-

ducted in an orderly fashion with an eye to comfort. But it seems so strange to be here and traveling under these conditions and in uniform.

The train travels slowly with numerous stops, by Crewe, Stafford, Birmingham. At each stop all the men pile out and rush for the refreshment counter, much to the confusion of the placid females who try to attend to them in their leisurely fashion. They call for American drinks which the ladies have never heard of. A struggle with the money. I know they think we are a bunch of lunatics.

The liquor laws are very strict and appear very sensible. They allow the sale of liquors and beer for two hours in the middle of the day and for one half hour in the evening. No flasks can be sold from Thursday night till Monday, so no man can take a supply home for consumption over Saturday and Sunday.

At a little after midnight we reach Southampton and are met by General Balfour and

his staff. The General has charge of the port of Southampton and is responsible for practically all the embarkation of troops and supplies for the seat of war.

The General conducted us personally to the Northwestern Hotel where we had the most comfortable quarters. A cold supper was waiting and the closing law was waived. I had a good pint of ale. It was good after a long hard day of travel.

The country was as wonderful as ever, but in place of the flower gardens one saw nothing but vegetables. We came down via Oxford and saw many stretches of the Thames. It made me homesick because of the pleasant days spent at Maidenhead with Helen in 1914.

Will now continue with our arrival. The poor enlisted men were marched three and a half miles to a camp which they reached at three a.m. Floyd and Cave accompanied them.

July 13th. It was ten o'clock when I awoke. The first real night's sleep in over a week.

Wonderful beds and a good bath made everything bright. Breakfast with Martin on war bread (whole wheat) and coffee, with usual accompaniments of boiled milk. Sugar is doled out like gold.

Some of the officers went up to see the men in camp, but I toddled around the town and saw the old wall. It seems that the "Mayflower" sailed from here, and there is a monument to Elder Brewster of Scrooby and John Alden and others of that merry party. After that wandered around town, bought some puttees and a penknife. Met some of the others and lunched at the "Dolphin," a typical old-time inn.

The food laws are really strict, but then one gets all one needs. The meat allowance per meal is something like five ounces as it comes from the butcher, which means about three and a half ounces when served.

At three p.m. embarked on the tender which is to take us out to the hospital ship which is to run us across to Havre. We first run across

to another quay where we are to pick up the nurses who are due to arrive at five forty-five. While waiting, General Balfour came down again in his little yellow car and showed us the medal struck off in Germany to commemorate the sinking of the "Lusitania." On the front side was a ship going down by the bow, with guns and aeroplanes on hand. On the reverse side was the Cunard ticket office with a skeleton selling tickets. The exact inscription I cannot remember, but it meant the desire for gain on the Cunard's part was the only consideration for selling tickets.

The nurses arrive in a flurry of excitement, having had the time of their lives. They were given the freedom of the theaters at Liverpool and were cheered as they entered, and a lunch at the Savoy where they all agreed they were wonderfully fêted. Interesting stories of our ocean voyage were told them by Major Keating after we left.

It seems that the destroyer No. 38 sunk a sub two hours before meeting us. They also confirmed the report that the "Coyote" was sunk sixteen miles ahead of us at one thirty a.m. It also seems that Pershing's force was attacked by what is said to be a veritable sub flotilla, and why none was sunk was just devilish good luck.

Steam about four miles down the harbor to the "Grand Tulley Castle." She is officially E-812, as all the boats are numbered now; the former names having been painted over. She was formerly in the African trade. Quarters are somewhat cramped, but she is as clean and comfortable as one could wish. There is an operating theater on the forward main deck, and between-decks are converted into wards. She is in command of Major W. V. Robinson, R.A.M.C. The officers are all very agreeable men and are doing everything to make us comfortable. No one can begin to realize what England is doing who has not seen the activity

of Southampton. Just after we got on board two big transports passed us loaded with troops, it was said, for Mesopotamia.

July 14th. All day at anchor. No one allowed to leave the steamer. The papers came on board in the morning. Towards sundown two more transports leave again filled with troops.

We all jumped overboard for a swim in the afternoon. Concert in the evening by the men of the ship with ours. Every one seemed to have a good time.

The sunset was wonderful and the twilight lasted for nearly two hours.

July 15th. Still at anchor with no news of our departure. Major Robinson tried to get permission for the officers to visit Nutley Hospital, but only succeeded in getting it for six, so the high ones went—and said it was very interesting.

At four p. m. weigh anchor, put out the mine-sweeper and are off, escorted by two torpedo-boats which put out from Portsmouth.

We pass through the nets and around the Western part of the Isle of Wight. Through the glasses Cowes looks absolutely deserted; the bath houses are pulled back on the beach and, although it is a Sunday in midsummer, one cannot see a child playing on the sands. This is equally true of the beaches around Southampton, of which there are five or six.

It is blowing a hard gale from the south. Orders are—sleep in clothes and wear life-preservers. The run is considered dangerous. There are many mine-sweepers at work around us.

July 16th. We dock at the old Compagnie Générale Transatlantique pier, most of which is turned into a hospital. More waiting and while we wait a trainload of wounded arrive and are carried in litters aboard the ship. I hear no complaint. Most of the men are smoking cigarettes.

After several hours of cooling our heels we are told to go to the Hotel Moderne by the

French Commandant. Havre is entirely taken over by the British. Most of the tram-cars are run by Tommies and the city is policed by them. The men doing police duty walk in pairs, wear a red band around their hats and have a brassard on the arm with "M. P." and are a fine looking lot. The Moderne is an easy third-rate hotel. Am rooming with McWilliams.

In the early evening the Commandant calls again and tells us we are to proceed to Vittel by a slow train. It is most disappointing as I had hoped for a few days in Paris, especially as we had been sidetracked from London. At the instigation of Major Bruce we proceeded to the État Major of the Havre district, who finally agreed to telephone to American headquarters at Paris. The answer comes that our orders are absolute; that we were to embark at eight p. m. The train would leave at nine p. m. and we would be approximately forty-eight hours en route—no arrangements for sleeping or anything. The officers for which I

arrange had packages of two eggs, 400 grams of bread and 100 grams of cheese. So we start off. A few Red Cross Frenchwomen and some men, together with the French Commander and a file of about twelve soldiers come down to see us off. The soldiers present arms, the Red Cross ladies hand us a small nosegay of sweet peas, a small box of grapes is entrusted to Henry Cave, and the train snorts out. The men go third class, the nurses second class, officers first class, and we all go like hogs!

While at Havre, Russell, McWilliams, James and a few others motored over to Étretat and saw Brewer, Darrach and his crowd. They are delightfully situated. Saw Sally Strain and had a little chat with her. Paul Draper was working in the outfit as an orderly. They took their hospital over from the English who had everything working well and had established a good precedent.

July 17th. In the words of the prophet, "The hell of a night." We tried to doctor the

seats so one could lie down, but your head would always come out lower than your feet and there was little use in trying. About two hours was the average, with a cold-gray-dawn feeling as if one had been on an all-night debauch. There was no use trying to wash, because there was nothing to wash in or with.

We opened the emergency package and had breakfast of hard-boiled eggs, black bread and cheese. About six a. m. we pulled in to St. Lazaire Station in Paris and in ten minutes were out again. Then backing and filling for an hour when we landed at Noisy-le-Sec, nine kilometers from Paris. There we were told by the lieutenant we had missed our connection and would remain till two thirty.

Noisy-le-Sec is a poor working suburb of Paris. Just why we could not have been left in Paris to have a comfortable breakfast is probably unknown, except that when two alternatives are presented—a comfortable, convenient one, or an uncomfortable, incon-

venient one—the rules of the game seem to be always to take the more inconvenient of the two. There is apparently a lack of any definite plan for us.

We foraged around Noisy, got a good bath and managed, for an exorbitant price, to obtain a fair déjeuner in a small workingman's restaurant which was filled with military.

As one travels through the country the results of the war are very apparent. The countryside is deserted and only women are seen working in the fields. It's women, boys and old men. The lovely flowers that we formerly saw in such profusion are scarcely seen now. In spite of the shortage of labor, however, the fields are all well planted.

Constant trains filled with soldiers are passing northward, and at every station we stop there are a number waiting to join their commands or coming home on leave. During the afternoon we jogged along at about twenty-five kilometers an hour with frequent long

stops. At seven o'clock some more brown bread and cheese. I had gotten a bottle of red wine during our few minutes' stop in Paris which helped things along nicely. Then about ten we settle down for our second night.

July 18th. Every one woke up feeling pretty ragged. Goodness knows how the nurses stand it as well as they have, because they stick their noses out in the cold gray dawn looking pretty fresh.

At Troyes last night some Canadian nurses came down to meet the train. The station was simply packed with soldiers.

Well, ten thirty a. m. and the miserable, dirty old train draws into Vittel, and it was with some pleasure that I saw the end of the rat-hole we had lived in for thirty-eight hours.

Met by a French officer. They knew we were coming, but had no orders what to do with us, so we are bundled through a deserted town to the Hotel Vittel Palace, which is an annex of one of the larger hotels and has been

serving as a military hospital. Well, the least said about this place the better. No towels, no toilet articles or looking glasses. There is one bathtub at the end of a long corridor which we all have to use. No one to clean it out. In fact, nothing is done and the whole place, in spite of the fact it is a hospital, is filthy. McWilliams, James, Stillman and I have one room which could hold two in a pinch. Nowhere to store anything. The mess is horrible. It is in the old ballroom surrounded with beds. We sit on hard benches. Breakfast is hard bread, no butter and some horrible liquid called coffee without sugar—worse than anything we had during the Spanish War.

July 20th. Vitell. Just kicking around. No orders. There is a rumor we are to move about twenty miles from here into barracks which are now under construction. Anything to get out of here.

The French are most polite. The men all salute us in the streets, several men and women

coming up and talking to us. When Russell, James, Stillman and myself went to a neighboring hotel for a good lunch we were given a good round of hand-clapping as we walked into the dining-room. I shouted in return, "Vive la France." Many officers have come up and spoken to us. I have never tried to talk French so hard in my life and that which I do speak is simply awful, but they take it in good part and try and help me out.

This morning in watching the tennis I asked a Frenchman where I could get racquets and balls. He brought up an English captain (Lucas), who explained everything to me and insisted on introducing me to a Frenchwoman, Madame Somebody, who, he said, played a good game, so have a date to play with her at five p. m., consequently have rummaged to get a pair of tennis shoes, but there is nothing big enough for me, except a pair of dirty brown canvas sneakers, and I have to wear my long military trousers. I hate

doing things when I have not the appropriate clothes.

I went out this afternoon trying to make some arrangement at the different hotels for an officers' mess, but they want ten francs which is too much as practically all the men are living on their pay. The English do well for their men and officers. They give a good mess and, I think, clothing allowance, for they all seem to be on Easy Street.

Well, here goes for the tennis!

The tennis was good fun. The two women played very well, but the men—first one and then a younger fellow took up the game—were not much good.

Dined at the hotel with Russell.

July 21st. Tried to get some white duck trousers to play tennis in, but no luck, so shall have to stick to the old army ones unless I can manage to borrow a pair.

Captain Ward turned up just after we had finished lunch. He looked dead beat, said he

had an awful time as neither the French nor English Government had any orders concerning him. They crossed the Channel on a ship loaded with troops and horses. They said the French had treated them much better than the English.

Majors Robert Bacon and McCoy were here this morning looking over the place. There are rumors that Pershing may make it his headquarters.

Peck, Hansell and Trinder motored over to Contreville. They reported that it was a smaller place and not nearly so attractive. They go to Gondrecourt, which I understand is the Divisional Headquarters of General Sibert.

The order came to-day that we were to wear the belt and shoulder piece, the same as the English officers. It will make our shabby uniform look smarter.

Russell and I are trying to get leave for seventy-two hours to get to Paris. I hope it

can be done as I want very much, in spite of the expense, to see what is going on.

Ward brought a little mongrel fox-terrier puppy with him from Havre. My, but it made me want to see Bluffie.

I had a wonderfully vivid dream last night. I dreamt I was back in Cazenovia, riding old Jonnis, the horse, and that we had just been discharged from the Spanish War, and that all this rotten business was over. I could not imagine for some minutes where I was on awakening. But it gives me the creeps, as the men are already making arrangements for the winter.

July 22nd. Was made mess officer and spent the whole afternoon running around the épicier shops buying eggs, coffee, etc. Prinzen is the chief cook. Eggs are scarce—three francs per dozen. The men were getting pretty hungry.

I obtained permission to go to Paris, so am leaving on the one p. m. train with Russell. Packed my valise and am off. It is good to get

away from the crowd and to be free, even for a few hours.

We arrive in Paris at ten p. m. There were very few taxis, but we managed to secure one and went to the Ritz. Paris is absolutely dark; a dim light flickers every two blocks, but the streets are so dark in the interim that it is with difficulty you can see people approaching. At ten as we drove down the Rue de la Paix and into the Place Vendôme it was absolutely deserted save for two girls. This is not metaphor, but absolute.

After depositing our bags we groped our way along the Rue de Rivoli and into the Place de la Concorde. Three belated private limousines sneaked past us as if they were ashamed to be out so late. Otherwise, silence and darkness. It was as if the hand of death had suddenly closed down on the whole world and left one with an eerie, creepy feeling. A lone gendarme was standing under a feeble lamp. He seemed glad to see us. I counted

eight lamps burning in the place and that was all. The change was profound, almost terrible. I shall be glad to get to the hotel and in my room and turn on all the lights.

July 23rd. A wonderful night twixt clean, snowy white sheets, a rack full of white clean towels and a porcelain tub all my own and hot water. If any man with soul so dead cannot appreciate what that means, let him follow the U.S.A. for three weeks. If he goes in the field under canvas he is lucky, but if he is thrust in dirty hotels that have been used as hospitals for three years, heaven help him, because no one else will, and certainly not the U. S. A.

Sent a note to Gabrielle Dorziat saying I was in town and asked her to dine with me, but when I called she had gone to Épernay for a few days. I was awfully sorry not to have seen her.

Spent the whole morning tearing around with Russell. The Embassy, Morgan, Harjes,

American Express, etc. We went to Army Headquarters at 21 Rue Constantin where I tried to present a letter to Colonel Bradley, the M. O., but we found Medical Headquarters are at 10 Rue Ste. Anne. Bradley was away, but we saw Mr. Ireland, Colonel. He is the king-pin of the show. He gave us the depressing news that we would in all probability be permanently stationed at Vittel. Called on Lillie Havemeyer. She was moving to a new apartment at No. 38 Avenue Gabriel. All was chaos, but she gave me a warm welcome and asked me to lunch with her at Laurens the next day. Later I went to see Henry Clews.

Henry has a charming hôtel with a lovely garden. A fountain with ducks and goldfish. A nice sleepy cat was watching the pigeons, and a bulldog was watching the cat. The peace and quiet were wonderful. We had tea in the garden. Henry was very quiet and just what his view of the whole situation is it was hard to gather. He was very hospitable and

asked me to make my headquarters there any time I was in Paris.

We dined at the Tavern Royal with a quart of sweet champagne. But the best of all was a couple of cocktails at Maxim's beforehand. The Maître d'Hôtel was very loquacious and told us most impressively that America had come in none too soon because France was at the end of her tether. This is what we heard everywhere.

Paris by day appears on the surface very much as when we left in September, 1914. The streets are crowded with uniforms of every description and every now and then an American one, but as yet they are very much in the minority.

July 24th. Lunched with Lillie Havemeyer and Freddy. The afternoon, more errands, a lemonade at Fouquet's, and dinner with Mrs. Duryea in the evening. A very pleasant home dinner, just four—a Miss Carrol making the fourth. In the evening M. Robinson came in.

He apparently had the affairs of France on his shoulders.

I left early and walked down the Champs Elysées. It was very dark. People were sitting on the benches and strolling about. It is practically all one can do after nine in the evening.

July 25th. We left Paris in the early morning and after nine hours of sweltering heat and dust found ourselves back in the same old place—grimmer than ever. It was hard to get in the dirty old bed after the clean white sheets of the Ritz, and come down to one dirty towel till you could get another, always a matter of uncertainty. I began my struggles with the mess again.

Coming down on the train we met a Dr. Water with the Johns Hopkins unit. He had been making a tour of the hospitals. He said they had come over with the first expeditionary force and had been at St. Nazaire for some time, and while there they had witnessed the disembarkation of all the American troops.

He estimated them at about fifty thousand. I played head waiter at evening mess, trying to get the men who are working as waiters licked into shape, and in consequence got indigestion.

July 26th. The mess again. Am trying to arrange prices so that we can buy a little cheaper, but it is difficult. Excessive charging can be brought to the attention of the authorities, but every one, I suppose, tries to ring in a few extra sous. However, I am getting the tradespeople to submit prices and shall buy from the cheapest.

All the men are working at their French. It is quite funny to see them, and their accent is something terrific. The French are very good-natured and many of them sit in the garden and give lessons for pure love.

Time drags very much.

July 27th. A day of absolute inactivity. There are no golf or tennis balls, so there is absolutely nothing to do except lie about and try and talk French. I spent the morning sit-

ting in the garden in one of the twenty-five-centime armchairs. A few, not more than three or four, demi-mondaines arrived, and they are at least a little more refreshing to look at than the old rheumatics.

I am struggling with the food problems. The coffee we get is rotten, in spite of the fact we buy the best. The French are a curious lot. I tried to stimulate competitive bids on food prices, but they show absolutely no desire or interest in obtaining our trade. In America every tradesman in town would be after our trade; here they are absolutely indifferent and hardly take the trouble to submit prices.

July 28th. Hot as hell and nothing to do. No tennis or golf balls can be had. Up at eight, breakfast, talk to the greasy cook, look at greasy meat, go to greasy stores and buy greasy food. Such is the day for which Uncle Sam pays us $7 per day and expects you to cough up at least $4 for food and clothes.

C'est la vie!

July 29th. Cooler, overcast. There is a rumor of tennis balls being procurable. Also about twenty pages of directions regarding mail censorship, etc. All of which was duly read and all the information which could be derived therefrom was that you could mention the weather, the state of your health, and there it ended. No date, nothing on letterhead, signature in a certain corner, and a thousand other things. About five hundred letters and postal cards were returned this morning marked "Improper to forward." The French term is "Achamement."

July 30th. Cloudy and later raining. A violent thunder-storm Sunday night. This is the first rain since leaving U.S.A.

Major Hansell started classes on Field Service Regulations. We are to have it two hours every morning, with an hour of drill in the p. m. In addition, individual officers have been assigned special subjects to report on. I have been given "Demography in so far as it re-

lates to the Vital Statistics of the Army." This is to be summarized and reported upon from an article by Lieutenant-Commander Weston P. Chamberlain. In the evening Russell and I gave Ward, Trinder, Hansell and Peck a dinner at the Grand Hotel. Such things may seem trivial but they mean much. Still no definite orders and simply marking time.

July 31st. Making up mess statement. Trinder, Floyd and Steiner went to Nancy this morning to get funds for pay day tomorrow. The enlisted men are much excited at the prospect of getting money. They have all patronized the café freely, buying candies, chocolates and cigarettes. Candy is in great demand. Even the officers are consuming it in great amounts. It seems strange to see men using it in such amounts. I went to the candy shop in the Arcade to get some this morning, and the woman was practically sold out.

Two of the men go to Paris to-day at one p.m. to bring down a motor-truck and the two

mascot dogs that were given to the Unit. They have been given a large number of commissions, among them one for tennis and golf balls.

August 1st. After two days' hard rain a beautiful clear day. It dried sufficiently in the afternoon for some fine tennis. The box of athletic goods has been opened and it was a real pleasure to get a good racquet and some new balls.

Russell, Stillman and myself dined at the Grand. At nine p. m. the French officers tendered us a reception. We all sat around a long table. Sweet champagne and a pyramid of cake were served with French and American flags stuck in them. Major L—— made a speech of welcome in French, then read a translation which somebody had evidently made for him; his attempts at pronunciation nearly choked the poor man, for he mopped the sweat from his brow and drained his glass at a gulp. At the conclusion a toast to the American and French Armies was drunk. Then Hansell arose and read a very nice little speech

which Widener attempted to translate, but all the jokes fell as dead as Cæsar translated.

The surprising thing was that among our men only one can speak French and only a few understand anything. The French were no better off. Still we struggled along, and all had, or seemed to have, a good time. The party broke up by our singing the "Marseillaise" in English and then "Oh, Say, etc." and finally "Way Down upon the Swanee River." The French tried to respond, but broke down and explained they never sang like that.

Cave did not come home till one o'clock. Great excitement!

Pershing and some of his staff came in the Grand while we were there. He is an exceedingly fine-looking man.

August 2nd. Just one month to-day since leaving home.

Collected my mess funds to-day from the men, paid cooks and strikers. I hope I can

manage the accounts. It is a fussy, nasty job. They are not going to let us eat here much longer, so we will try and make arrangements with one of the hotels. I shall be glad at least to eat outside of this filthy place.

August 3rd. Nothing but rain.

August 4th. Rain in showers all day. Tried to get a walk in the afternoon, but torrents of rain drove us to cover.

Moved to the Lorraine Hotel for our mess. This cuts me out of much fussing.

August 5th. Rain. Separated from the Lorraine mess and am taking my meals separately on the Terrace. It costs a franc fifty extra, but the peace is well worth it.

In the evening a trainload of wounded arrived. There were over two hundred and fifty —sixty stretcher cases, the remainder gas and minor injuries, principally involving the extremities. Our men marched up to the station and the new ambulances were drawn up on the siding. The train pulled in packed with

the wounded. They were all very quiet and uncomplaining. I questioned several men. They came from Hill 304. They said there was a new gas used there, which when launched was invisible, producing no fumes and not creating any injury until the body comes in contact with water. Thus a man getting wet or washing his face the next day would receive a skin burn. If this is true the gas-mask would afford but little protection. On coming back to the hotel I saw many burns of the extremities; they had marked conjunctivitis. The stretcher cases seemed mostly wounds of the extremities.

In talking with the French, and this observation is borne out by others, it seems that on the whole they are taking the war in a very matter-of-fact spirit, and the blood-thirsty desire to extract the last sou from our soldiers is the same as in the old tourist days.

August 6th. Bright and clear! Oh, what a relief, after a miserable week of drenching

rain, in which all one's clothes are damp and soggy and the feet are never dry.

It is rumored—in fact, Major Hansell told me last night—that it is more than probable that we will ultimately be quartered in barracks at Chaumont. The high command have motored over there this morning to look over the ground.

August 9th. Nothing of any particular event. The days have been fine. We have had our morning classes each day. Some of these classes are fairly interesting, but the majority are rather dull. Russell and I left the mess for a few days, but everywhere we went the French made some attempt to do us.

Several days ago we had definite orders we were to move to Chaumont—going into barracks. Chaumont is a town of fifteen thousand and at least will be more pleasant than this dirty little place.

After lunch I applied to Major Hansell to be temporarily detailed for field service. He

did not seem adverse to the idea and told me to bring the matter up later. I certainly want to see active service. This present situation is not my idea of an able man's job, but something that can be carried on by "any old person." I should like to get where there is a little "red blood" and hear the last of the damned old laundry and ice plant and whether the nurses got in on time or not.

August 12th. Still waiting and doing nothing. Yesterday the men played the officers at baseball, the latter winning 2-1. It was a surprisingly good game. In the evening the first real instalment of letters from home.

I was officer of the day Friday. On making my ten o'clock rounds found not a single light in the village streets and only one or two small groups of people going home. It was a wonderful night, the wind just whispering gently through the tree tops. I walked a bit in the park. Nothing but silence. One might have been in a deserted village. On coming in one

could see the gun flashes toward Nancy, but we were too far away to hear the sound. I stood on the balcony a long time watching them. It all seemed so strange. All peace and tranquillity here and forty miles away men struggling and battling for their lives.

Today No. 6 Field Hospital came over and played our men at baseball. Score 6-10 in favor of Roosevelt. The special interest of the game, as far as the French were concerned, was the yelling and shouting of the enlisted men, who simply outdid themselves playing Indian.

There is a young fellow, Le Sieur by name, who escaped two weeks ago from a German prison in Mayence. He and a friend forged passports and boarded a train for Switzerland. It was their third attempt. The first two were failures. He is here on a thirty days' leave with his mistress.

Some officers came over with the baseball team from Gondrecourt. They are a fine-look-

ing lot of men. They are as disgusted with their lot as we are with ours. Everything is apparently at sixes and sevens, but at least they are apparently having much more activity and are able to move about the country and see things. I am terribly keen to be transferred into a Field Ambulance.

The Chaumont question is all up a tree. Apparently the French are not willing to turn the buildings over to us. At first they say, "Come on and we will do all in our power," then when you come, the path is strewn with every kind of petty annoyance.

I felt very proud of the United States to-day when I saw the Gondrecourt crowd. They certainly were a bully looking lot.

August 14th. My birthday. Rain. Yesterday we motored over in the ambulances to Bezoisir where Finney is located with Base 18. He is a delightful man and I enjoyed a nice little chat with him. He is much disgruntled, both personally and on the situation as a

whole. In the first place he is at odds with — ——, and in the second place, the whole organization is all at sea. He thinks the Government is sending over hospitals in greater number than there is any immediate demand for; that they are furnished with no adequate quarters and given no work. In the third place, Finney thinks that the whole system is wrong; that where the best results are to be accomplished is close to the firing line, where the cases can be seen comparatively early; that there should be less handling and transportation of the wounded. The French are already trying to do this by cutting out some of their clearing hospitals.

We lunched at Neufchâteau, a small town of about, I should say, five thousand inhabitants, very charmingly situated in the valley with a small stream—I think the Meuse—running through it. We visited one very picturesque old church on a high rock. There was some military activity in the town, as it was

on the main line. We also saw some German prisoners working with an armed guard.

In the afternoon played some tennis and then we gave the French officers a return champagne and cake supper. A terrible ordeal. I struggled with Genevet, who is the best appearing of the lot. He was sick and hard to talk to, and I simply could not squeeze any French out. After we got started the men came in and sang. The hotel guests were tremendously interested in this and crowded into the room to watch us. The men let it go in good old college fashion, and I am sure they regarded us as a lot of semi-maniacs, although they all enjoyed it hugely.

August 15th. Stillman, Russell and James gave me a fine birthday dinner at the Grand last night. It was mighty nice of them and we all had a good time. We opened up with sherry and bitters, Burgundy and two bottles of "fiz" and came home feeling comfortable. Old Mc was in bed. We pretended we were drunk and

he dressed us down. In spite of the extra liquid, woke up feeling in fine form. Sunshine with tropical showers, but it is getting colder all the time. Great excitement to-day; we are going to Gondrecourt to hear a lecture on war surgery by Major Claude Bernard. We arrived there at three p. m. via Neufchâteau, then about fifteen miles further on to G. A dirty, sloppy little village simply packed with troops. On the road over, just as we were coming in, a tropical downpour, which was followed by brilliant sunshine five minutes later.

Gondrecourt is simply packed with men, geese and chickens. All seemed tumbling one over the other. All the officers and men that can be are billeted on the town, and consequently the little courts have improvised tables and racks for guns and accouterments. Besides, the 6th Ambulance Company has division hospitals. On the outskirts other regiments are encamped. We did not go outside the town, so did not see the latter.

Claude Bernard spoke in English. He was a clean-cut Frenchman of the best type, with a sense of humor. He spoke of the best disposition to make of the wounded. Experience is teaching them over here that the nearer the front the main hospital is, the greater its efficiency. It seems ridiculous that our best men should remain in the rear only for the old cases, while the younger and less experienced should have all the real work. Our Government is discussing breaking up or reorganizing our present system, and very logically so. It means three to four stages for a wounded man, whereas, if he can be received within twelve hours in a field hospital, there ought to be 80 per cent. better results. At least, so says Bernard.

My great fear is that we shall be broken up and that I will be sent inland to take care of a lot of uninteresting sick. And I want to see the real thing and not sit back twisting my thumbs.

On the way back we stopped at Domremy, the town where Jeanne d'Arc was born, and saw the little church where she made her First Communion. In a park right across the way is an old house with the upper story done over, which is supposed to be her home. It is a museum with busts and pictures of her. I doubt if any of the original house is standing, for in the wall is a small, worm-eaten bit of timber covered over with wire netting, which is apparently all that remains of the original structure. The church is of the simple village type without anything of special interest, other than its historical association.

We made rapid time home and got back in time to brush off some dust before dinner. Peck told me to-night that I would be sent up in advance to start the mess at Chaumont. This probably means Saturday or Sunday.

Higgins broke his leg yesterday. Haberman, the man with the pneumothorax, is no better to-day. They had the priest in yesterday.

August 19th. How can I tell all that has happened in the past three days? I left Vittel two days ago in the ambulance with four sick men on stretchers and a nurse. We jogged along through pleasant country, via Neufchâteau to here, where we arrived at about three thirty p.m.—fifty-three miles or thereabout. The country is charming, but cold stone barracks like prison cells, a great bare court over which dust swirls in clouds, covering the clothes, hands and face—in five minutes boots and gaiters are white—it drifts through into the rooms, covering beds and furniture and clothes. And then a blazing, dazzling sun, fairly blinding as it is reflected from the white earth. Only one little scrap of green can be seen in the whole surroundings, and that is toward the west. We are in the new Artillery Barracks, which, since the beginning of the war, have been partially used as a hospital. We are taking it over in part from the French, with the understanding that later we will be in whole charge.

The country itself is beautiful. Situated as we are on the crest of a hill, by going outside the compound on the east and west is an extensive view, stretching away for miles over the valley on each side.

Well, I arrived here and all was chaos. We got some beds up, and I slept in a large cell alone, without a hook to hang anything on. No toilet or bathing facilities. Chaumont is two kilometers away, and if one were marooned on a desert island the isolation could not be greater. My job is the mess—always the mess. No kitchens except the general ones. No sinks, but I scratched around. We buy through the French. The endeavor is to keep down the prices.

The rest of the crowd turned up late last night, and we pulled off a good dinner in spite of many difficulties. Our same crowd is together again.

Captain Edmond Schwander, formerly an apothecary de première classe, is the Quart-

ermaster in charge of the barracks. He is a real live proposition, and seems to be a mighty nice fellow.

Now we have the job of fitting up our rooms for the ordinary conveniences of life. Also, it is up to me to get maids to take care of them.

I took two meals at the French officers' mess. It was most amusing. A little room over an apothecary shop in town. I cannot describe the scene, but it was reminiscent of some of the scenes from "Trilby." The room was plastered in posters—some proper and some more improper—and the conversation was equally mixed. I was sorry to leave them and come out here.

We walk at least two hundred yards for our baths, across the court in full view of an admiring crowd—and here is when I take my first one.

August 20th. Mess! Mess! Mess! All is mess! New Job! Care of officer's quarters. Boss of four old ladies, three teeth among them—one

has none—total sum of ages—four hundred years.

Telegram calling Peck and Russell to French front to observe. In town with the motor-cycle to do some shopping. Home! The orchestra is pounding away with a vengeance, surrounded by an admiring crowd of invalids—some healthy ones.

Broke the crystal on my nice little watch—otherwise, life a blank. No sensations except hunger. No emotions except disgust.

The French officers gave our officers a champagne breakfast at eleven a.m. this morning from which all returned in genial spirit. Such is life in Chaumont.

August 24th. Back to barracks after three days' absence. Monday last they brought in fifteen hundred patients in the twenty-four hours. Jim Russell and Peck had gone, and finally, in sheer desperation, I got on one of the ambulances and rode in to town. They were just finishing unloading and Peightel was talk-

ing through an interpreter with the Médecin Chef in charge of the train. The Médecin was asking him if he could not make a trip with him and personally see the hospital at the front. Trinder was standing by and thought it would be a good thing, but was sure that Hansell could not put it through. I told him I would go with him. Trinder said, "Go and see what Hansell will say." So back we rushed. Hansell, like a trump, said "Yes." So back we went over the bumpy old road, pitch dark, and found some "big gun" Major, who telephoned to St. Dozier, the military headquarters of the zone of the interior. Got permission, then walked back, threw a few things in a valise and carried it between us to Chaumont Station. It was about eleven o'clock then and everything had pretty well settled down for the night. We found the Commissaire de Gare was expecting us, and he had written out for us directions or orders to proceed to St. Dozier and report to the Commissaire Regulatrice,

and she had been informed of our coming and would tell us what to do.

After many vicissitudes, as daylight was just breaking, the train pulled out, and about an hour later when we reached Robert Espagne the sun was coming up over the hilltop, the little town lay below in the valley with the mist still hanging over the river. On the right, explosions were heard, which we later found were from a party of recruits practising bombing. From the same hill two years ago the 6th Division of Artillery made a stand and drove back the Germans in their drive on Bar-le-Duc. If they had cut that line and taken Bar-le-Duc it would have divided the French Army. This was in the days of the Marne. The old Guard Communal, whom we met on the road, told us in a most vivid and simple manner how the Boche shells were pouring over the woods and how the French stood their ground. Later he went out and found a German flag.

Beyond Robert Espagne we were in the

zone of the active army—miles of wagon trains going both ways and smothered in a cloud of dust. At Rivigny we entered on the military railroad, the regular line to Verdun having been cut on the Verdun drive. Also a little later we caught constant glimpses of the Voie Saire on the road that supplied Verdun after the railroad had been cut. There were still thousands of motor-trucks going both ways. Now and then soldiers' graves dotted the fields or lay along the lines of the railroad. The French had a helmet hanging on the cross, the Boche a little wooden fencing around it, which will soon break down and mean that many a poor chap will lie in an unknown grave in foreign soil. At Rivigny, or just beyond, here and there a half-destroyed village, or perhaps just the church. It seemed always the church that was marked.

At Évers the village was practically wiped out.

Then as we approached Fleury toward sun-

set the air was alive with aerial activity. Planes were constantly flying one way or the other. The French can tell the difference between their machines and the Boche, by the hum of the motors. And now as far as the eye can reach, a long line of observation balloons. We could easily see twelve or fifteen, and as the train pulled in there was a terrific bombing, with dozens of little balls of white smoke in the clouds and a dozen aeros circling in that vicinity. The men cried "bloins," which meant that there was a Boche plane trying to get through.

The air was dead calm. The cotton balls slowly turned from white to black and then faded away. Suddenly a burst of flame which shot precipitately to earth, and murmurs of delight from the officers standing about. The Boche had been winged and fallen to earth.

We went through the hospital. I was not much interested. Salle de Tirage, where the cases were sorted—Salle d'Opération—Salle

du Stérilisation—Salle du Pansement et Tisane. But it was all dealing with wreckage, and one wanted to go on and up where men were living and doing.

As dusk came on, flash, flash, some small, some large. Great blasts from a Vulcan's furnace that lit the skyline from horizon to horizon, and through the still night the constant purr drifted back.

The motors kept pouring back from the front, each with a load; driver covered with dust, its contents a mass of dust, grimed and plastered on, often with blood, but the eyes flashed—for they had been *there*.

Captain Félix Melin was shot through the shoulder circling the right side of Hill 304. His arm was in a sling, his coat hung about his shoulders, blood spattered down trousers and over suspenders, but he was the Real Thing. Several men of his Company file down the gangway into the train—soldiers of the 9th Company of the 303rd Regiment—they

were his men and he had led them! A handshake and a pat on the back were waiting for each man. From all the line of wreckage—tired, weary men—never one word of complaint, but on all sides friends met, or members of the same command met and compared experiences. Many were going back for the second, third and fourth time—all had been out in the heart of things, and were coming back for repairs to make the trip again.

Finally we got our load and started back, but just before leaving, the cry of "Boche Aéroplane" was heard. All lights went out. The plane passed over us, then we went crawling back with our load. St. Dozier again, Montdidier, Brienne. There the men were fed meat, bread, wine and cheese. Piney, Troyes and Mesgrigny, where they were all discharged. It was with much regret that I saw Melin go, and his Lieutenant Broule. They were the best.

Then back to Troyes where we gave Major Costacy and his Adjutant Aubert a dinner at

the hotel, and opened a bottle of "fiz." I proposed drinking it with dinner, but they seemed horrified with the idea and said it was for dessert only. So we had white wine first and then "fiz." They enjoyed it and mellowed out. It improved my French tremendously, and when we had finished dinner and gone across the street to the Café for coffee, I was talking fluently on war, petticoats, and soaring prices. However, we all walked out to the train, two kilos outside the town, singing the "Madelon." We climbed into our little compartment which seems like home now.

The Adjutant Aubert—I can't describe him. But to me he was fascinating and I could not keep my eyes off him. A face like Christ, with a full beard, even white teeth, a calm, serene face, but with an eye that flashed hell-fire when he spoke. Ten years in Algeria, through all the North African campaigns, and covered with a mass of decorations. Cora seemed the only thing in life he cared for. Cora was a fox-

terrier picked up in the streets of Chaumont and Cora was everything to him. She followed him everywhere, slept on his bed, and he watched over her like a baby.

During the night we pulled into Joinville and then into Chevillon, where the train pulled into a siding for further orders. We took the train back to Chaumont and came down through a beautiful valley into the town, arriving just in time for lunch at the France. Then back to barracks. Jim and Peck had returned and we exchanged experiences, which were about the same.

Trinder and Hansell have gone to Paris for their examinations for promotion. I spoke to Hansell about being transferred to a regiment, and he said he would try and arrange it. I want to get into the real thing and be with real men, and not sitting around here just taking care of sick people.

August 27th. Life has settled down to the same old routine. A violent thunder-storm

last night, but fine and clear and much cooler to-day. The weather has been fine now for the past ten days.

Hansell and Trinder are coming back to-night and we are preparing a spread for them —cocktails, sweet champagne. I have been tearing all over town to find some gin, which I finally accomplished at la maison of M. Henry, who was well stocked with every kind of wine.

There has been a lot of kick about the food. The men seem to be always hungry—an enormous breakfast and then howls for more lunch —then tears when the bill comes. I had a meeting two nights ago and told them they could have what they wanted, but they would have to pay for it. They finally voted a French breakfast, which began this morning. I did not come down till late, but I was told they were a doleful lot. However, they will get used to it later. Nothing but housekeeping. It takes from two to three hours to get the work straightened out.

August 30th. The dinner was quite a success. Every one limbered up, and laughter, loud and plenty, was the order of the night. Since then nothing worthy of note.

At last I have an orderly and he is working on my books. And perhaps life will now be pleasanter.

September 3rd. The golden morning sun came pouring in the window this morning and Trinder came smashing in the door at six thirty a.m. demanding the key of the storeroom.

Yesterday we took a nice walk, climbing the heights on the west bank of the Marne.

I went to Colonel Hansell this morning and asked permission to resign from the job of the mess. He immediately granted my request. To-night at dinner he made a very pretty little speech, thanking me for my work under very trying circumstances and calling for three cheers for the retiring mess officer, which were given with a hearty good will. It was a most

courteous thing, and I was deeply touched. What a relief to have the thing off my shoulders!

I walked to town with my wash and felt like a boy out of school. Cave joined me and we went down to the new headquarters. Everything was humming with activity. Tents line the road on both sides. Motors and motorcycles are flying in all directions. Engineers stringing wires and newly-made majors swaggering about, greatly impressed with their own importance, all looking very debonair and rather foolish. They are rather a fine-looking lot on the whole, the Western type easily predominating.

We lunched peacefully at the Hotel France.

Peck told me Bradley had asked for teams to go to the front for a two weeks' tour of duty and McWilliams had chosen me as a team mate. Hurrah!

September 13th. Haven't written. Little to write about. The evening of the 10th, Kildare

and I walked along the canal to a little town called Luzy. There we made a find in the form of a nice, good-natured, well-nourished woman who keeps a little restaurant near the station. She cooked us a good omelet with potatoes and salad, with plenty of bread and good butter. Eating it in the court in front of the house, it was all right, and fired me with a sporting spirit of adventure and a bit of life in the open away from all this chaos and turmoil. So, on returning, I proposed to the room that we take a walking trip. Henry James was the only one who took me up and so the next morning, having obtained permission, we started with no definite destination other than to get lunch at Luzy with Madame and then push on to any old place.

Madame at Luzy told us that Nogent-la-Haute was an interesting old town about fifteen kilometers away, so we started off with full stomachs to reach it. We strolled along the canal with its sides lined with beautiful

Lombardy poplars. The afternoon was hot, but, other than an occasional fisherman who never seemed to catch anything, there were no signs of life alongside the canal. The Marne babbled over the stones, here and there turning a water-wheel, and great gray cattle grazed peacefully in the meadows, and we breathed a deep breath of freedom, and joy of the open road crept into my bones. It seemed once again that care and responsibility had rolled away and that I was a boy with nothing to do but to wander where the spirit willed.

Then an idea struck us. How nice it would be to board a canal-boat and just idle along with it. But none came. Then a plan for taking a train and going to Belfort and from there out to the French, but at the station the timetable said the last train that day had gone, and then again the distance was given as one hundred and fifty-four kilometers, much too far in the short time at our disposal. So finally it was decided, at Faulein, to take

the little narrow-guage road to Nogent-la-Haute. So narrow-gauge it was; and it puffed up hill for twelve kilometers to a snug little village perched on a high rock surrounded with gardens and the biggest pine-trees I have ever seen. The tower of an old castle spoke of seigneurial days when "barons held their sway."

I looked forward to a nice, quiet, cozy little dinner and a good sleep and a morning's loaf, strolling about the town to the wonderful view from the great precipitous height on the west. But nothing of the sort. As we descended from the train a dozen urchins cried, "Les Américains!" and in half the time it takes to write it, a dozen more sprang up, taking up the cry, so that walking along the main street there was a troop of urchins crowding about us and from the windows heads appeared, the whole town coming to life. The urchins ran into the hotel and told Madame "les Américains" were on the threshold. Madame rushed

out all a-flutter and courtesied us in. Mother and sister courtesied. Were we spending the night? Did we eat? We assured her we ate and were spending the night. Then, what would we eat and where would we eat it? This latter point was unfortunately settled by the chief permanent boarder, acting as a delegate and asking the honor of having us join them. There was no alternative. We simply had to dine with them, and we marched bravely in.

Talk! My God! My God! There was no end to it! Words rolled out in avalanches. Special brands of red wine were ordered, coffee, liqueurs—but always talk. Now, if you are not a professor of the French language and you are tired after a day's tramp, and if it is up to you to appear half intelligent (for James was lucky enough not to speak a word of French and so it was up to me), it is exhausting. Those moments were like sitting on a chair and having hot needles stuck all over one's body.

Talk! Talk! The war! Every one had a son

or brother, or at least a brother-in-law, killed or wounded. We were doctors, so a minute account of their deaths or how they acted after they were wounded. Then what the war had done to them, and what they had done to the war. Then politics. What America would do. How independent the Americans were. They smoked cigarettes with their meals. They only smoked them half through, etc., etc., etc.

It seems we were the first Americans since one Gillette, of safety-razor fame, had established a factory there some twelve years ago. Gillette! Gillette! We heard all about razors till I wished Gillette shaved into fragments. We must see the factory in the morning. We must visit Collin's surgical instrument emporium.

At seven thirty in the morning they were on the job, but we stayed in our room and watched the market going on in the public square.

September 14th. A fine driving rain and a beautiful cold in the head, and all the rooms have a dampness that drives to the bone. Finished my twenty-four hours as O. D. at nine this morning—nothing happened.

September 16th. Time drags interminably. It is a glorious day, but absolutely nothing to do, either in the way of play or work. I feel as if my brain were jellifying, or that if something did not happen I must simply run away. Army life! It squeezes every inch of individuality out of a man. Its rules are those of the Medes and Persians, and no blue-black Presbyterian could be more strict in their observance. In the fighting line it is all right, but in the "administering angel" job it is Hell.

The men are playing baseball and the Frenchmen Rugby football. James, Cave and myself lunched at the France, but it was deadly. The streets contain only old women with few teeth and look bedraggled out of all proportion.

September 20th. Tuesday night Kilbane and I dined at the Signal Corps quarters. They are in the Château of Chaumont, down under the hill. It is a wonderful little place, resplendent with a hundred memories, for the place was built by Louis XV for a hunting lodge, and, to all appearances, remains unchanged to-day. It is built on a court, only two stories high, and much of the old fittings still remain. The garden is overgrown with weeds and the flowers are sadly neglected, but in spite of everything one's imagination harks back to former times, for the atmosphere is all there. As we were shown around by Major Dodd it seemed almost sacrilegious to turn it over to the unappreciative hands of officers.

Colonel Churchill was the Commanding Officer. He impressed me very much as a gentleman and a personality of much charm.

September 24th. Two glorious autumn days with wonderful sunrises and sunsets. Only small bunches of clouds are appearing, which

in all probability means trouble for tomorrow.

Everybody is getting very restless and unless something happens to break the calm tranquillity of the daily routine, something is going to blow up. Saturday the officers played the Johns Hopkins unit at Bazoirs and, although they were beaten, they came back full of enthusiasm over the good times they had and the hospitality shown them.

Last night a telegram saying, "War Department offers you commission gastro-enterologist, rank Captain, base hospital here. Only thirty-two appointments. Will you accept if transfer possible. Cable immediately." I answered, "Prefer France."

I do not want to leave now because, in spite of the awful waste in time and money, the game is just beginning, and I want to see it through.

There is a rumor that Brewer will be here for lunch. I hope so, as it means a little news of what is going on around us. Steiner and I

are planning to go to Troyes for Saturday night for a bit of a change.

September 25th. Brewer arrived about noon and after lunch recounted his adventures at the front. They were exciting and they all had narrow squeaks. He was on the British lines East of Ypres and while he was there the Evacuation Hospital was bombed three times.

Darrach was asked to join in a poker game one night. He said he was tired and did not want to play as he had been operating all day, but they kept urging him and as he was ahead of the game he finally consented. They had not been playing fifteen minutes when there was a terrific crash. Darrach went out to see what had happened and found a bomb had fallen squarely on his tent. Nothing remained but a few fragments of his overcoat; there was a hole six feet deep and about ten feet in diameter.

A few moments later, when Brewer was in bed, a second crash followed by a shower of fragments. He rushed out and was told some

of his nurses were hurt. A bomb had fallen right in front of the kitchen, blowing it to splinters. A fragment had struck Miss McDonald, his former operating nurse, just below the right eye, and fragments of shell wounded two others. There were seventy people wounded that night.

He then went on to recount many little instances of life in an Evacuation Hospital. How the officers finally dug themselves in. They did not like to do it at first, as they were all new at the game and no one wanted to show that he was nervous. They heard Boche avions passing overhead frequently, and at those times they would climb in the dugouts. O—— had a narrow escape. They heard bombs in the neighborhood. He rushed in his tent for his helmet. His servant was there and as soon as they found it they both rushed out. As they ran along, the servant about twenty feet in advance, crash—and the servant was wafted off the face of the earth.

All day and all night shells were passing over them. Also he told us an authentic story of one of his patients who was wounded in a charge, the wound proving to be a compound fracture of the thigh. He crawled into a shell-hole where he met another man with a compound fracture of the arm. They remained there using their rations and water. Then the man with the arm crawled out and brought in food and water from the dead that were lying about them. And so they existed until the forty-ninth day. On that night the arm man failed to return and was never seen again. So the leg man waited two more days, catching some water in his helmet, and then realized he must get out or starve. So starting in the direction in which he knew the British lines to be, he crawled across no-man's-land when, to his surprise, he came up to a trench and found it filled with Germans. He then realized that this trench had been built while he was lying out there and to get home he must

cross it. So he waited for a time, until a moment when there were no Germans near him, and jumped it landing on his good leg. Crawling further he at last arrived in front of his own trench where he was seen and a big fusillade opened. He escaped this and finally by yelling in English they realized it was one of their own men and he was taken in. This was after fifty days. Brewer states the story has been corroborated in all details and is true.

Stillman has sent McWilliams a letter in which he says there are altogether too many shells flying around and very little to do.

I am looking forward to the day when we will get up there and see some of these things for ourselves.

Later the order came. It reads that we report in Paris at nine a. m., Saturday, September 29th, report to the 2nd Army, British Expeditionary Force for a period of fourteen days.

September 27th. Paris. McWilliams and I

came on last night, leaving Chaumont at five thirty reaching here ten p. m. The city was better illuminated than the last time I was here. We are stopping at the Continental Hotel—not as nice as the Ritz and more expensive. The breakfast room here this morning was filled with ambulance drivers, doctors and nurses.

Called on Henry Clews and Lillie Havemeyer. Both out.

Paris to-day looked actually down at the heel.

September 28th. The following medical clinics are held at Paris: Heart Diseases—Hop. St. Antoine Vacquez; General Medicine—Hop. Cochin Vidal; General Medicine—Hop. Cochin Chauffard.

Lunch with Lillie Havemeyer. Called on Dorziat and met General Brook, who is a son of Lord Warwick. D. asked him to give me letters to some of the officers with the Second Army Corps, which he has promised to do.

Last night was a real party. McW. and I started out for dinner, met two British officers at Henry's bar. We had a few, and then went around to Géney's for dinner. It was fine. We all sat down in a little room. Dinner was served at seven thirty to all. There were several very nice girls in the party and we had a very jolly evening.

Dined with Henry Clews to-night.

September 29th. Reported at nine a. m. at Medical Headquarters, 10 Rue Ste. Anne, and there got our orders. We leave at one fifteen for Amiens. Spend the night there. The following morning proceed to Albert, arriving at six fifty-five a. m. There report to the Liaison Officer at Headquarters, 2nd British Army, and then to Director of Medical Service at the same place. A pass has been issued to us and so we are all ready for whatever comes.

Saw Pool and Colonel Winter, who was very cordial. Now to pack and lunch.

We packed up, caught one fifteen train, and a few minutes before six p. m. pulled into Amiens.—On July 30th, 1914, Helen and I spent the night here and met Sir Seymour King in the Hotel Rhin. How well he conceived the magnitude of the whole thing. That evening after dinner he said, "This will be a veritable Armageddon, in which you will be eventually involved." And here we are now after three years and two months.

McWilliams and I dined at the Hotel Rhin and sat in the garden. How memories come back. The dinner was poor and the price high.

Just before dinner we visited the Cathedral. The carving on the outside and inside is piled high with sandbags and was invisible. There were absolutely no lights in Amiens and the streets were simply crowded with Tommies. We managed to get a nasty room in the Belford near the station.

September 30th. We were called at four forty-five a. m. after a horrible night of little

sleep from screeching railroad whistles, and in the dark hurriedly shaved and dressed. The porter brought a cup of coffee and slice of bread, for which they had the nerve to charge two francs. Then carrying our own bags we started for the station. In spite of the early hour the place was crowded, both with military and civilians. It was pitch black, but the train was found and we all piled in and started for Albert. As day dawned a thick mist prevented any range of vision, but just before reaching Albert it began to lift and ruins of villages, or villages partly in ruins, could be seen. Then the train pulled in.

The station was full of shell-holes, in fact, half demolished—but we stored our baggage in a shed and started down the street to find the Liaison Officer. But the city was in ruins. The walls were pockmarked by machine-gun fire and only about one in ten habitable. And then as we turned a street corner we saw the Cathedral, or rather the shell of what it once was.

From the top of the shell-shattered tower the Virgin and Child were suspended at right angles, the Child extending far out. As the mist lifted the sun struck the gilding. It was like a miracle and one fairly gasped. We were all much impressed and somewhat awed, for there was silence for some minutes afterward.

The Cathedral was totally destroyed, only the four walls and tower standing, and large holes through all the walls. For blocks around there, no houses were left standing and only a block of stone and a few piles which marked doorstep and entrance hall. Some houses had no roofs and some roofs had no house, but remained suspended when all the remaining structure had gone. It was like wandering through some recently excavated city.

At Albert one first comes in contact with English efficiency and there is only one word to express it, and that is "Marvelous." The gaping windows and doorways of shattered houses are wired across to keep out marauders.

The streets are fairly polished, signs posted in English—regarding roads, officers' quarters and different staff traffic guards, but above all, one is amazed at the wonderful neatness and order.

After wandering about for about an hour we finally found the S.F.C., Rest House and Mess-Room. The roof was gone and the whole top story, but that was boarded up and a little mess-room made, and around the garden, which had been cleaned up, were rooms for stray officers. We got the first good breakfast there I have had since leaving home. The touch of England was everywhere. A Sergeant received you and gave you a check in the hall. There is a parlor and reading-room, etc. Certainly they know how to do things. But writing this twenty-four hours later, what we admired then we marveled at now. For that same hand of quiet efficiency is everywhere. No wonder they are the most wonderful colonizers of the world. But more of this later.

There was no Liaison Officer, so we went to Medical Headquarters (D.D.M.S.), and speaking about D. D. M. S., one needs a dictionary to understand these initials. Everything is initialed. I am struggling to get on to them, but it is very confusing to a beginner.

From D. D. M. S. we were sent forward in two ambulances, one for baggage and one for ourselves. We left Albert on the Bapaume Road, and now all power of description fails. One looks with mixed awe, wonder and admiration.

The battlefield begins on all sides. As far as the eye can see are trenches, shell-holes and graves. The country is one vast barren stretch. Scarcely a tree remains. Not a habitation is left standing. Barbed-wire entanglements run across the country for miles.

On all sides English soldiers are working, cleaning and salvaging the French lumber and wrecked building material and remaking the roads. The sites of previous hamlets are

marked by a sign in many places, and by signs and bricks and a few remnants of walls. In other places literally not a fragment remains of what once was a little French village.

Words can never paint a picture of what unfolds before the eye. You feel that at the top of the near crest this desolation must end and life begin again, but it goes on and on, mile after mile, a dreary waste of torn-up ground and blighted tree stumps.

And the English. No words can tell of their wonderful efficiency and sanitation. Water-tanks, horse troughs, latrines, water for washing, water-tanks where canteens may be filled, manure dumps where all manure is collected and covered with earth to keep flies away. It all speaks for wonderful order and efficiency.

At crossroads a traffic man stands to regulate vehicles.

Crosses of white, crosses with the tricolor of France, and black crosses, mark the graves of English, French and German, respectively.

Here and there little cemeteries of white crosses are scattered through the fields where they have been able to collect their dead.

Fifteen kilometers to Bapaume, which is a mass of wreckage, and on to Battencourt. Here we met Colonel Westcott, who looked us over, and then shipped us to the 2/1 Field Ambulance of the 62nd Battalion at Fevreuil. We get out here, our baggage is unloaded and we enter our shelter. Now a shelter is a round piece of corrugated iron with a wooden floor and serves for winter quarters.

October 1st. I sha'n't attempt to describe a Field Ambulance personnel. Every one has explained it to me and that is sufficient, because I didn't understand it and probably never shall. Only, it is in three sections and each section is in three parts, so we are part one of second section. Thus 2/1.

We are comfortably quartered and the men are all nice fellows. The colonel is on leave and Captain Pope is in command. The officers

are all fed up on the war as they have been at it since the start and have all seen trench service.

All morning we rode around with the Sanitary Officer inspecting camps and sanitation in general. The English make a separate sanitary service under trained sanitary men and not doctors. In the course of the morning we met Major English, a charming fellow, not over thirty, who took us over his battalion of Lewis guns. They had just come back the night before, but quiet, order and cleanliness reigned everywhere. Truly a remarkable people.

In the afternoon we motored over to Péronne with the same Sanitary Lieutenant (Hafflin), and again a vast track of devastation as far as the eye could reach in all directions—trenches, barbed wire and graves. Literally, not a habitable house left standing. Péronne has a school of sanitation where the men are detailed for two or three days for instruction

in general camp sanitation. It is a remarkable institution. Every bit of waste material is utilized. Petrol cans make wonderful stoves. Boxes are sawed up into latrine covers, wash benches, meat-safes. Tin cans are cut up and reshaped into many utensils. Hinges are improvised from bits of leather, pieces of tin and wire. It has all been carefully worked out and nothing left to chance. Then again all wagons, bits of equipment, harness, etc., are groomed with just as much care and attention as they would be at home. Autos are washed, shined and polished. It is all simply a marvel.

Péronne is a mass of wreckage like everything else. Evidently a once charming little Cathedral lies in a mass of wreckage, and on the doors of the Hôtel de Ville is scribbled in chalk "Eintritt fur 40 Sanitatespersonnel." The destitution of the Cathedral is so complete that it must have been blown up.

October 3rd. Yesterday morning about nine o'clock we started for Écoust-Longatte, going

out in the motor ambulance about four kilometers. We were fitted out with steel helmets and two gas-masks, the second as an emergency in case anything happens to the first. After going about two kilometers there is a sign "No traffic beyond this point." Here the steel helmet is adjusted and the gas-mask drawn up in front, the bag opened and everything made ready for immediate adjustment. Then over about a two-kilometer stretch of road in full view of Fritz and under the range of his guns. The road is lined with small dugouts. Here and there empty shells are hung, to be rung in case of a gas attack. The condition of the wind is noted on boards as "Wind dangerous" or "Wind safe" depending upon the point of the compass from which it blows.

We crossed the two kilometers on the crest of the ridge. On all sides not a sign of life. This absence of all visual signs of life is almost appalling, for on all sides as far as the eye can reach not a cat is seen. Yet there is the creepy

feeling that some one is always watching you.

At Écoust is A. D. S. (Advance Dressing Station) in the cellar of a ruined brewery. The men sleep, eat and live at least twelve feet below the ground. At the doors are two sets of curtains soaked in a solution of hexamine to be lowered on the sounding of the gas alarm, also with apparatus standing near to keep them sprayed with the same solution. After speaking with the officer in charge we set out on foot through Longatte, which is a small suburb of Écoust. Here the road for a strip of two hundred yards is in view of Fritz and it is camouflaged with wire netting to which small particles of green cloth are tied. We passed two enormous mine pits in the center of the road which the Germans blew up on their retreat to the Hindenburg Line. Bullecourt could be seen about three miles in front of us. All that remains now is a pile of white rubbish. The English line runs up to the suburbs of this town.

Now, at this point we took to the communication trench. It is called Bullecourt Avenue, and we followed it for about three miles. It is just wide enough to walk in and the floor is covered with duck boards. And now shells begin screaming overhead. The first desire was to duck, but it is surprising how soon one grows accustomed to the sound. In a quarter of an hour we paid but little heed to them. Occasionally we passed little groups of men working their way back, when one or the other of us had to stand and flatten ourselves against the side and squeeze past. Twice we met groups of officers on inspection. One was General Lord Harnbleu. In about twenty or thirty minutes we came to a trench running at right angles. This was Railway Avenue, parelleling the railway embankment. In front of this were only outpost points, so we were practically in the front trench and about fifty yards from the Boche at places.

The most surprising thing was the few men

that one saw. At intervals of about one hundred feet were sentries while scattered along in little bunches of two or three were men eating or sleeping. Every here and there gun points or men stationed with Lewis guns or Victor automatic.

The sunshine was warm and pleasant, so we stood around, chatted, looked at the maps and looked at the German positions through the periscope. A wonderful thing, because it was absolutely similar to peeking through a hole in the embankment. Not a sign of life from the Boche, except the constant whiz of shells both coming and going, but they all appeared to be dropping on our left. Every little distance were deep dugouts, twenty-five to thirty feet under ground and well timbered. On this line were two Regimental Dressing Stations. It was like living in a mine shaft. There were quarters for officers, officers' mess. The men cook their own food and get good hot stuff. What cannot be cooked is brought

up in large cans built on the principle of thermos bottles.

From Railway trench into Tower trench, where we inspected another R. D. S., and then back to the railway embankment. From one line of this trench where the ground sinks there is an open road leading back to Écoust. Captain Pope said that Fritz seldom troubled small numbers of men walking back and that this road was frequently used by the stretcher-bearers. So we started back over it and after about one hundred yards one could turn and look full into the German trench with its wire entanglement in front of it. Standing there I fully expected to be fired at, but nothing happened, although our shells were breaking on his parapets not four hundred yards to the left, throwing up big columns of dirt. So we spread out and started along the two-mile stretch.

The whole ground was pocked with shell-holes, a fallen aeroplane was lying there, a dead horse, but all the bodies had been appar-

ently gathered in as I saw none. All the time shells kept screaming overhead. Some English battery would fire a salvo, and then Fritz would reply, trying to find out where our guns were.

We finally reached the A. D. S., had lunch at three thirty, and then climbed out on an old crumbling wall and watched one of our batteries shell Fritz's trench. It was a fascinating sight to see the shells throw clouds of earth in the air. I walked home with the Padre, Michael Moran, an R. C., a bully fellow. On our left was Vaux. Like all the rest it was a heap of rubble. Below was Beaumont Hamil. All this country was the scene of the wildest, bloodiest fighting of the war.

Below I note some of the Boche's tricks and his ways as given by the British Padre, Reverened Michael Moran of West Riding Field Ambulance:

Dugout Traps—

Branch in front of dugout connected with mines.

Spade wired to mine.

Pictures, vases, helmets, fountain pens, books on tables, nails in wall, loose boards in floor, things on verge of falling, and piano connected with wires; clocks connected with mines, bells connected with mines timed to go off by a rod in acid.

Mining of churches and other buildings which have not been touched. This was pulled off at Bapaume where sacristy was left untouched. When French Mission collected vestments, bombs had been connected and exploded, killing eleven.

Bombs up chimney with fire all ready to light.

Slip trench with false bottom letting men through on spikes.

Church furniture used to make crosses for German men.

Poisoning wells and roots of young trees. Some trees left sawn half way in.

Poisoned wine bottles, one out of several poisoned.

Left perfect latrines. First time chain pulled, exploded.

Tank traps, making hole before the tank. The crater is also mined.

Party of Boche went around with English motor-car inspecting dumps. Spoke English perfectly. Few days later dumps blown up. Boche also use English aeroplanes.

Not safe to walk over grass or earthy grass as bombs are strewn everywhere.

Bombs in potato-mashers.

Boche military police on duty for five weeks in English front.

Smoke bombs to blind tanks. Barrage of gas shells before our batteries, so gunners have to work twelve to fifteen hours in gas-masks.

Town hall at Bapaume blown up three days after occupation by British troops, due to acid bombs.

Umbrella left in stand attached to a mine.

Gas clouds sent every ten yards apart in bunches of three (three each ten yards).

German deserter's family at home deprived of rations and separation allowance.

Boche found carrying machine-guns on stretchers to lines.

October 4th. The above facts were given by the Padre last night from notes he had made. He has been in the thick of the fighting and has gone right along with his men all the time.

Yesterday morning rode around with Lawson (Quartermaster) visiting the Ordnance and Army Service Corps (Captain Bateson) dumps. Then to the water head where the water is supplied to this section. Lunch, and after that the Padre, McWilliams and I started out in the ambulance for Vaux—a mass of wreckage. The Padre took us in a graden of a once-château. The grounds were overgrown with weeds, but flowers still struggled out of their old beds. The château was a pile of bricks, beautiful trees were half cut through and left to die. Nothing but two gateposts and a small segment of the outbuildings were left stand-

ing. Such wanton destruction is simply appalling to see. About one hundred and fifty shells were dropped on Vaux last night and from the edge of the town one is fairly in sight of the German lines. The Padre lived in the garden during the bombardment, and we saw the dugout that he and his servant had built.

From there we walked down the Mareuil Road, no vehicle or horses are allowed to show themselves on the northern end of the town beyond the cross-road, as the Mareuil Road is in clear view of the enemy. Gun batteries were placed every here and there, carefully camouflaged, as is everything. Two dummy guns stuck out in one place. The gunners live along the roadside in small shelters with sandbag roofs. In the hollow were two six-inch guns, which were firing a salvo of one hundred rounds each at a section of Boche trench which was pushed too near to ours. The target was 7,500 yards away over the crest of a hill. They fired at intervals of about two minutes, first

one and then the other. The crash was tremendous. After watching them working for a while till my ears rang, returned to Vaux and then took the ambulance to the A. D. S. on Mareuil sector. This was well fitted up. In the past twenty-four hours under cover of the haze they had run a narrow-guage track up to it.

Back at five p. m. for tea and then to the Bow Bells. This is a Divisional theatrical troupe, or, as it is officially known, a Divisional Concert Party, of 56th Division. It was wonderfully dramatic, as it was held in a partially demolished barn. They gave a capital show. Good voices. Two of the men were superb in their impersonation of women's parts. The show begins at six p. m. and was simply crowded. Tickets have to be booked up days in advance. We groped our way home as no searchlights can be shown on cars and had dinner at a little after eight. On the way back Very lights were constantly going up from the

lines. Think of a first-class performance in a battered village, three miles away from a world war, and you can in fact surmise some of the sensations one has in watching it in a battered barn filled with nearly a thousand men and officers. And they appreciated it like children.

In the evening Padre, Mackenzie and Lawson told stories until one thirty a. m. A bully day—

Our 'phone call is "Pork."

October 5th. Yesterday was comparatively quiet. It blew a hurricane and in the afternoon rained hard. So we loafed about, gossiped, called on some other messes, and in the evening dined with Captain Welsh 2/6 West Yorks. He gave us a bully dinner, and several young officers were there—Captains Humphrey and Baker—they did not look twenty. Humphrey, Welsh said, had a wonderful record for bravery. He had already been decorated.

There has been a terrific barrage on since eleven a. m. We could hear the roar all through dinner, and constantly Very lights were being put up. The night was pitch black and we lost our way in the mud and darkness in trying to get to the 2/6.

This afternoon we went out with the Padre to A. D. S. at Eauze. We were going out on the railway embankment toward St. Léger when they began a pretty stiff bombardment (the English). Shells were hurled over from all directions and the air fairly hummed. It stopped our trip and we watched behind an old piece of wall the shells breaking on Bull-dog Trench, the German front lines. Some were big 5.9's and they threw up a perfectly enormous cloud of earth.

We had tea in the A. D. S. with House and Blackburn. It is their casual conversation that gives one the real sidelights on the situation. Fox, an Engineer, was standing a bit down the road when a shell broke near him.

He came sauntering in as if it had been a rose-fall. When things quieted down we walked down the road and joined some of the Engineers for a bit of gossip. Then home in the ambulance.

Took a short walk into a small German cemetery. Boche when he retreated scratched off the number of the unit on every cross.

October 6th. Rain. Nothing doing. Bitterly cold.

October 7th. Bitter cold. Had ten blankets and still shivered. Went to service this morning. It was one of the most impressive sights I have ever seen. The Divisional Yorkshire Band. Most of the men were going up the line and were in heavy marching order. It made shivers up and down one's spine.

We move to 45 C. C. S. this afternoon. Shall be sorry to go.

October 9th. We moved to C. C. S. in a pouring rain and came into a wallowing mud hole after dark. We got a real British recep-

tion and were shown into a tent that contained nothing. "Have you a servant?" was the first question. "We have not," was the answer. So they detailed us the camp idiot. Mud, rain and a howling gale, and British stoicism. They are not a bit like the nice bunch we left.

There is nothing doing here but some trench fever cases (P. N. O.). There is absolutely nothing to do or see, so we hang around in the wet and cold and shiver.

I am anxious to hear what became of the little Padre, because some of the men were "going over the top" Sunday night, and he was going with them. If it does not rain this afternoon, McW. and I will try and find our way back there on foot for tea, as Colonel Lister said he would send us back in the bus if we did.

I shall be glad to be back at Chaumont again.

October 11th. We are still at Casualty Clearing Station 45, and a dreary hole it is. We

tried to get away, but the D. D. M. S. would not hear of it, so we must stay our week out.

I am officer of the day to-day and am actually running H. M. C. C. S. 45, having inspected, etc., a detail of H. M.'s forces this morning.

Tuesday we went to Greyvillers and saw C. C. S. 3. They seemed much more alive there. And yesterday we were shown over C. C. S. 49, our neighbor.

It has rained the greater part of the time, with patches of sunshine here and there for short intervals.

Last night we went to Béhagnes to see the Pelicans' show. It was wonderfully good, but not as interesting or amusing as Bow Bells at the 56th Division. The Pelicans are the 62nd Division. We dined at the Officers' Club there. There were somewhere between one hundred and one hundred and fifty officers there, many fresh from the trenches. They walked in—and drove in. There was a large well-patronized

bar, papers, and everything well appointed. At eight we went in to dinner, and a very good one only not sufficient. Met Crab there and several other officers I had met at the 2/1 West Riding. They were all most agreeable. The Pelicans began at nine. We walked almost all the way out and it was quite wonderful, as the battle-front was illuminated by constant gun-fire and Very lights. It is hard to imagine that one is only three or four miles away from it all.

During the performance last night the gun-fire was constant, and a battery somewhere behind our tent has kept going constantly now since four p. m. yesterday.

My duties as officer of the day are to inspect the camp detail, outgoing men, censor letters, inspect kitchens, latrines, etc. Also, I am in charge of Ward D. We shall leave Saturday morning at seven forty-five. The British Army is all right, but this lot of men are dead. I have yet failed to meet a British medical

officer with any range of vision. They are provincial to the last degree and thoroughly self-satisfied. Those who have seen more of their work than I have say that as a rule it is poor, but their cleanliness and general camp sanitation is beyond criticism.

This C. C. S. is 3rd Army, 6th Corps. The C. C. S. are attached to the Army. The Commander is F. G. Fitzgerald. He just returned from leave early this morning.

October 16th. We left the C. C. S. Saturday morning after rather a dreary week, as it was bitterly cold and raining every day.

The train from Achet-le-Grand was crowded. We met Pool and his crowd, stopped over at Amiens for lunch, paying a second visit to the Cathedral. Then down to Paris, arriving at the Hotel Continental about five p. m. I dined alone at the Café de Paris, and then back to bed.

Sunday was beautiful, cool and clear, and a walk up to the Arc in the morning was delight-

ful. On the way down saw Dorziat for a half hour. She was still in bed, although she said she was rehearsing daily.

Called on H. C. and L. Havemeyer, but they were both out, and so ended the day.

Monday we started out for Chaumont, and so reached the old barracks again. Everything just as we left it. Drew 226 francs travel allowance this morning. To-morrow I am to take over three wards at Piercy.

October 21st. A truly interesting day. Saturday we heard that four Zeppelins had been brought down, one near here. So this morning the Colonel sent down to Headquarters and found that one was near Bourbonne-les-Bains. —H. James, Schwander, Russell, Colonel and I went down in the Marmon car. It was a beautiful ride. We came on the Zep. about one mile outside Bourbonne. It had come down across a little ravine, the nose almost resting on the road. It was almost intact, the forward car only having been smashed. Some of the

gas-bags and the rear end of the body seemed to be cracked.

It was simply a marvelous bit of construction, and appeared like a whale thrown up on land. Two hundred meters long and a wonderful frame built of aluminum. The bombs had all been dropped. It was built like a watch. I climbed into the forward car. The motor appeared intact and the gauges and levers were all there just as they had been left. It was all very wonderful. They had apparently lost their way and had to come down on account of lack of petrol. The crew were all taken prisoners. They tried to fire the machine, but were discovered in time and prevented.

We drove on after that to Bourbonne for lunch. The place was packed with French and Americans. Every one seemed to have come out to see the sight. Going in we saw the two officers dressed in suits of leather. One turned and smiled at us as we passed. Schwander got permission for us to talk to the prisoners, but

they had all departed for Dijon when we had finished lunch.

On the way back we stopped and saw where the second had caught in the tree tops. The forward car had been broken off by the contact and fourteen men taken prisoners, but the remaining four got the Zep. going again, and went along—to be captured later. The men captured first burned the basket, but as we passed there was still a lot of wreckage sticking in the trees.

Every one was hunting for souvenirs, and they pocketed bits of the linen envelope and particles of fused metal, perfectly worthless objects. The Sergeant who captured the first lot of Boches told us that one of the officers had a bottle of poison that he was going to drink if caught. But on second thoughts he presented it to the Médecin Chef, saying he knew the French wine was good as he had lived two years in Paris working in a motor factory.

Altogether we had a most delightful and interesting day's outing.

On the way back we passed nearly a hundred motors with officers and men. The road was filled with peasants going on foot, bicycle, or in their crazy little carts packed in so thick that the poor horse could scarcely drag them. The excitement all through the countryside was intense.

October 28th. Nothing of any particular interest during the past week. Have charge of 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 wards, besides two Sergeants' rooms.

To-day Floyd leaves for a tour of inspection of camp sites, and I have charge of the building.

October 30th. One of the girls from Vittel honored me by a visit, and while we were dining the military police rushed in and said there was an impending air raid and that all men were ordered to quarters. I thought I heard the hum of motors but was not sure.

We are trying to collect a "fee allowance" for fees given on the "Lapland" and "Grand Tulley Castle." This is at B's instigation, as he was much piqued that I collected 26 francs more than he did in travel allowance on our trip to the British front.

Two letters from America arrived to-day, one posted July 26th, the other August 6th. Some going!

It has poured rain steadily for two days now, and everything is wet and muddy.

Miss Sheriff has gotten the officers' lounge almost ready for occupancy.

November 1st. All Saints' Day! And a wonderful clear day, not a cloud in the sky and scarcely a breath of wind to scatter the falling leaves. There was real joy in the air and everyone showed it.

In the morning Miss A. came. Miss A. is one of the Red Cross and is rummaging around, God knows why, because she cannot speak French, nor does she know anything of hospi-

tals. I showed her through my wards, but it was all Greek to her.

In the afternoon I started out on my bicycle. Rode to Noisy-sur-Seize and then crossed the hills to Luzy. It was just sunset as I went over the divide, and no one can describe the peaceful beauty of it all. The church bells were tolling the Angelus, the long Angelus for the repose of souls. Smoke curled up in thin, blue columns from the little houses below in the valley, and the slanting rays of the sinking sun lit up woods and meadows with a wonderful golden glow. It lasted for a few minutes and slowly died out, and always the bells, ringing out the fading day. I sat on the crest of the hill and watched the last shadows, and then went on down into Luzy in the gray twilight, and so on home.

The Padre (Burnett) was in the room, and a hot discussion was in progress on the All Hallowe'en dance, which was given for all enlisted men, nurses and officers.

November 4th. I am now senior medical officer, Floyd having been called away to organize some hospital.

Major Lewis shot himself last night (suicide) down in the pretty little château at Chamaronde. Alfred Stillman was called down. He found him lying with the automatic revolver in his hand.

Peck and Cave have returned from the French front where they were working for five weeks. They are full of it, saying they were treated royally.

November 8th. The same old story.—Last night dined with Kilbane at Luzy. Rain and general slow times.

November 12th. The times are absolutely uneventful, and the life is monastic. Am taking over an American ward to-day. The Medical Chief told me I was holding too many patients and I must discharge them. It seems pretty rough, as there is hardly one that is fit to return to duty in the strict sense, but he

says France lacks man power and that is their sacrifice. Their food in hospital is inadequate and miserably prepared. It seems a poor economy, because if they were well cared for they would be able so much sooner to return to duty. This is the first day the sun has shone.

November 24th. We received over two hundred Americans and three hundred and twenty odd French in the past forty-eight hours. The work has been very severe—practically only Henry James and myself to do it, as Martin and Peightel were both sent on other details. The C. O. knew they were coming, but we had no official notification. Everything was pandemonium, and still is. I made nearly seventy-five physical examinations per day, besides having the general directions. It was pretty strenuous and I don't think it is over yet.

Have been talking with Colonel Mitchell to-night. He is the head of the U. S. Aviation

—a bright, able man. He says Germany has won the war from the military standpoint. The French man power is gone; Great Britain has made too many blunders—and now the Italian business, which was rather expected. It all certainly looks pretty dreary to me.

November 28th. Sergeant Hartman died of pneumonia and was buried to-day. A full military funeral with the 101st Engineers Band. He is the first one of us. It was very solemn and impressive. The Padre read the service in Pavillion Raymond, and then his body was put on the ambulance and we started for the cemetery, the band leading, then the hearse, the body draped in the American flag and covered with flowers. Twelve of the officers followed, Peck, Jim, Reed and self walking in the first column of fours, the men followed, about sixty of them, and then an ambulance with the nurses. We went down to the cemetery where at least two hundred French were gathered. We stood at attention while "Taps"

were sounded, and then we turned and walked away, leaving him alone in France, looking over the valley. He had done his bit and done it well.

The corner of the little French cemetery is beginning to fill.

November 29th. Thanksgiving Day. From early morn every one has been smacking his lips and thinking and talking and dreaming of food. We got ours at one thirty. Of course, they had to ask in some of the 101st Engineers, and they have been hanging around our rooms all afternoon waiting for the dance. The dance is yet to come, but all is enthusiasm. The 101st Band played in the compound in the afternoon. At present there is a great hustle and bustle, hammering and knocking around in general.

My little sergeant leaves me to-night. A dapper little gentleman. I got him in the dining-room and stuffed him full of turkey, red wine and mince pie. He is a finely made

fellow. In twenty days he returns to the front. Ganthor is his name.

My new uniform has come home after a three months' struggle to get it, and, of course, it does not fit.

Now for the dance!

December 9th. Thanksgiving has come and gone. The dance was generally reckoned a great success. The 101st Band of Engineers was very fine, but the punch put the punch in the evening, and it had plenty of spirit.

Since then things have moved along uneventfully. H. James and Calvin Coulter left the next morning for Boulogne, so Martin and I have practically carried on the medical service, aided by John Williams. The officers' quarters have been running heavily, but no particularly interesting cases anywhere.

Last night Jim Russell had a birthday and asked some of us down to eat an exceedingly good ham, and we had champagne.

Life is becoming about as eventful as a

monastery and goes on with the same regularity. It is rounds, meals and a little reading, with an occasional walk. Every one is coughing and snuffling. James and Coulter are expected back to-morrow, and I hope about a week from to-day we—Martin and self—will get off. If all goes well I hope to spend Christmas in Paris.

December 12th. Martin and I leave Friday for Boulogne, spending Saturday in Paris. James will be in charge of the medical service. It will be very nice to get away, but I hope they give me back my function as chief of the medical service when I return.

The French seem to make absolutely no preparation for Christmas. There is not an extra ribbon hung in any shop, and in fact the only signs of Christmas are the bundles in pink ribbon that keep arriving for the men—they are many. I imagine pretty many are homesick.

Henry James and Coulter got back Monday from their trip to Boulogne. Henry said

it was well worth while and seems to have enjoyed it very much.

Every one is coughing. Bronchitis is rife, and is running a very virulent course. An autopsy on one of the men yesterday showed the bronchia to be filled with pus. This was especially true in the smaller ramifications. They die from an apparent sepsis and are fine examples of a purulent bronchitis. McW., James, Stillman are all coughing and sneezing. Practically all the younger men have been in hospital with bronchitis, or influenza. I fear that our sick reports are running, and will continue to run, very heavy this winter, with a comparatively high mortality.

We had news yesterday that the Engineers of the line of communication would not take half the building over, which means that we are going to stay here and that the whole place will be run as a hospital.

Kilbane and Steiner left for Paris to-night to blow off steam.

December 15th. Paris! Martin and I arrived last night and came to the Wagram. This morning, it is not yet nine, we have had our "café complet" in our rooms which are overlooking the Tuileries Gardens. The Louvre and the Panthéon are golden tinged in the early sunlight. It is like a spring morning and a great joy to be away from the routine.

December 18th. Boulogne. Mostly medical. Arrived here Sunday night. In the arms of the English. General high prices and bad manners prevail. Hotel Folkestone. We met Pool and Burt Lee in the dining-room on arrival Monday. Saw Cushing and Harvard Unit, then No. 3 Canadian and McCree, who showed us some of his chest work. Robinson of Harvard Unit has been doing some good blood work.

Lunch with Colonel Evans at Stationary Hospital 14. Walk home along the cliffs with a great dirigible balloon hovering over the sea. In the afternoon Robinson read his paper on transfusions and the preservation of blood.

Last night and again to-night Boche aeroplanes over the city and all lights suddenly turned out about five p.m. The city was literally in inky blackness, save for the pale flicker of the moon. Two wonderful clear cold days. The atmosphere of the place is distinctly one of depression. They all admit the situation is serious.

December 24th. We left Boulogne last Thursday and started for Paris. The train was packed with "permissionaires" and all in a very jolly humor. The trip was well worth while, because it gave me many suggestions of the problems of war medicine. The crowd was terrific when we arrived in Paris—no taxis, so we struggled with the complications of the metro, finally reaching the Wagram.

Friday visited Vidal at Hospital Cochin. He had his clinic. We waited for him and met him in his ante-room. He was most cordial. The man has done a tremendous amount of literary work. There were volumes of it. He is a thick-

set, forcible man of about forty-eight or fifty.

I lunched with Lillie H. that afternoon where she had Cross and a Miss McCook, Y. M. C. A. In the evening dined with Henry Clews, who was in good form and opened up in the old style. Saturday L. lunched with me and in the evening I dined with Mrs. Stuart. Friday afternoon saw Madam A., an American woman with a Dutch husband. P. wanted me to see her. Stupid old thing, as deaf as a post.

Martin left me this morning. Am alone now till Wednesday or Thursday, and then back again.

December 27th. Returned from Paris with S. Ground white with snow. They all seemed glad to see me. Evidently Christmas was a great success. A full round of drinks, and they say all were happy, the Colonel included. The place is packed with patients. Y. M. C. A. tent is up and for the present filled with cots —cots in the corridors, so we are in now for a lively time.

1918

JANUARY 18th. Since last writing nothing of great importance has taken place.

My recommendation for a majority was sent to Washington about ten days ago by Colonel Hansell. I hope it goes through and goes through quickly. The snow has all disappeared and beautiful, glorious mud reigns in its place. The Colonel is trying to jack up discipline—God knows it needs it. I caught one man staggering home dead drunk and had the pleasure of putting him under arrest. Blankets are being taken and electric-light bulbs. The same old lazy American methods. Saw our officers walking along the roads in their long coats, pretty sloppy looking objects. You cannot make a soldier unless you dress him in a soldierly fashion. The everlasting cry is we are a young country and it takes us time to learn, but, damnation, does it take one hundred and

fifty years? Why could not our Government have attended to these matters twenty-five years ago?

February 1st. Kilbane, Steiner and myself are off in the morning for our seven days' vacation. We are going to Nice, motoring to Dijon where we hope to be able to catch the train or rather get accommodations on a train, as we hear everything is crowded.

Took my physical exam. for majority two days ago, Martin examining.

We have had a wonderful fifteen days of clear weather, half of them quite summery, but for the most part the air is very damp and penetrating.

February 14th. Back in Nice, with one day in Paris. We caught the train from Dijon at one thirty a.m., and stood up the balance of the night in the corridor as there were no seats—men and women stretched out full length lying on the floor. Reached Marseilles at twelve noon the next day, and stopped off

for the balance of the day and night, taking the express next morning. Beautiful country. Stopped at Nice at the Hotel Negresco. First class. Perfect weather.

We have twelve new M. C. nurses and enlisted men. A perfect mob now, but they seem a fairly decent lot. Same old job, except this time I am to start some fool work on food with a test squad of fifty men. Cannot make out any point to it, except they want to find out how much waste there is in preparation of food.

February 22nd. Was sworn in as Major this morning by Colonel Island.

February 28th. Howard Peck died.

March 1st. Howard's funeral. 6th Artillery brass band, and all walked down to the new American Cemetery. Poor Major Peck!

March 2nd. We heard two weeks ago that Alfred Stillman's brother was killed while flying. Alfred has been in London, having left on receipt of the news.

There are twelve new raw-boned Southerners added to our Unit since my return from Nice.

This morning we sent two operating teams to American C.C.S. No. 1, McWilliams among them. Armitage Whittman has taken Henry James's bed in our rooms. He seems to be a nice fellow. Stuart Benson, Paul Draper, Beekman Hoppin and Mrs. "Bordie" Harriman have all turned up at one time or another.

March 9th. Alfred Stillman and I got a motor and rode out to American C.C.S. No 1, just north of Toul—a beautiful spring day and a very pleasant trip. We lunched and dined at the Officers' Club, Neufchâteau, which sports a fine bar.

March 10th. Last night some of the convalescent officers got two motors and we went down and saw Elsie Janis. She told stories, sang songs and danced for an hour and fifteen minutes. It was a delightful performance, she was so perfectly natural and joked and talked with the audience.

March 14th. Am leaving for Paris for two days to-night with Major Malone.

March 23rd. This has been an eventful day. In the first place, Colonel Hansell and Major Peck went on their vacations and I was left C.O., which entails many fussy details. Then this afternoon Colonel Mitchell of the Flying Corps, who was recently a patient of mine at the Officers' Pavillion, paid me a call, asked me to motor out to Hill 412 Aerodrome with him, and sent me off on an aeroplane flight with a French pilot.

It was a wonderful sensation. We flew about twenty miles, circling over Chaumont and the hospital. Words cannot describe it. It has all the thrill of flying. The woods looked like little bunches of moss. We flew over the Canal, which had the color of bright emerald. The Flying Corps for me, if it wasn't for this cursed age.

April 4th. This is approximately the tenth day of the great battle. For many days we

have all been very anxious, but now a rapid feeling of confidence has arisen that the enemy is held.

Have been Commanding Officer at the hospital for the past thirteen days, the Colonel and Peck having taken their vacation in Nice.

April 19th. Paris — Medical conference. Hansell and I roomed together. I heard the big gun go off twice, otherwise all was quiet.

Alexander Lambert asked me to dine with him. There were eight at dinner—his wife, Major Strong and wife, and Colonel Island, also Colonels Martin and Cummings of the English Army. While there Major Thayer told me I was to be detailed to one of the Divisions as Divisional Consultant. I was much pleased, as the news was a great surprise, for among all the wire-pulling I hardly expected to have anything good handed out unsolicited.

April 25th. Orders to proceed to Neufchâteau. Threw the necessities in my old grip, rolled up the bedding and off in a Ford ambu-

lance. Of course, all haste was unnecessary, as when I got in Major Thayer was away and Boggs, the Assistant Director of Medical Service, had gone to Chaumont. Saw Finney, who invited me to lunch—one of those sweetly solemn male luncheons where every one was afraid to say anything.

Later that day Boggs turned up and we talked over affairs. The Consultant has charge and direction of all cases in his department. My orders were in a measure vague, and I should imagine it was largely up to me to create the position.

Spent the night at the Officers' Club and next day, Saturday, motored with Finney and Boggs to C. C. S. No. 1 at Sevastepol where we lunched. Saw Pool and McWilliams. The latter has gotten very fat. From there we went on to Bucy, the 26th Division Headquarters, situated in a charming old Norman château with beautiful grounds, and from the terrace a superb view overlooking "Bocheland." It

seemed a sacrilege to desecrate the grounds. Guns were booming in the distance, and the streets of the village were full of United States troops and transports.

For fifteen miles and more behind the lines, the French were digging entrenchments and erecting barbed wire. They are evidently taking no chances.

My original orders were not sufficiently comprehensive, so Sunday returned to Chaumont with Brewer, and here I am (May 3rd) waiting further orders before embarking on my new mission.

May 6th. The new mission was just on the point of materializing when the 'phone rang and I was told, with Colonel Keller's compliments, to "disregard my orders." I felt like one personally conducted to hell and abandoned. Dumped for some reason. It was cruel. I debated for some time and then walked down to H. Q. and saw K. All the satisfaction obtainable was that the 2nd Division was

coming out of the line and that a general reorganization was pending and to sit tight for further orders, which would surely come, and I would not be forgotten. Said he was not at liberty to divulge their plans further, and then changed the subject and talked about Colonel Reno's death by suicide, saying he was his best friend and showing me a letter from his wife.

Moved our mess-hall over on the south end of the ground. Not much to do, and every one depressed and gloomy. Cadwalader and Stillman having their afternoon naps. Saw Major Flint last night at Hotel France—said John Alsop was with him. Paul Draper regaled us yesterday with his days of prosperity. It was a very wonderful story.

PART II

With the 42nd (Rainbow) Division

1918

NOVEMBER 18th. It has been many months since I have attempted to write anything, for the principal reason that shortly after the last entry I was sent to the 42nd Division as Medical Consultant. The Division was at Baccarat. At the time of my journey George E. Brewer of New York was the Surgical Consultant, and for the first two weeks we roomed together. Later I got a billet for myself over by the railroad.

It was a great relief to get away from the stuffy monotony of 15. The country was beautiful, and the opportunity to roam around and enter into the life of the war was very refreshing. We had a nice mess, not far from our billets—Sanford, Sam Arnold, "Sister" Rennis (Y.M.C.A.), I. N. Perry (Red Cross), Brewer and myself. Brewer was the cock o' the walk. Henry Sanford was Division Neurologist.

We had an epidemic of what we called "three day flu"—really, I think, grippe. Something like forty cases of pneumonia resulted from it. They ran a very protracted course and the incidence of empyema was high.

While at Baccarat I took many little side trips with Brewer in his motor. According to rules, I was entitled to a motor, but in spite of constant efforts I never got it and it did much to cripple my work with the Division.

Aside from gas attacks there was not much activity in the line. We had several nasty gas attacks. Jaspar Coglan was gas officer and seemed very efficient, but in spite of everything he did, they would get us in much too large proportions.

I drove out almost every day inspecting the regimental aid posts. The Division area was about twenty-five square miles. At one place where there was a gap in the woods, the trees had been shot away; when the Germans saw the dust of the motor they would put over a

few shells, but they always broke behind us. Although the line was comparatively quiet, there was always more or less of a thrill in making these trips.

About the middle of June rumors began to spread. One, that we were to move up north and that "big business" was soon to begin. Finally officers from the 77th blew in to look the ground over, and then we knew they were the relieving division and that we were to go. In a day or two the jam in the street was terrific. 42nd moving out—77th coming in.

I motored in advance one morning, about the twentieth of June, to a charming little French town—Châtel. We spent two days here. A pleasant billet and days of real rest after a month's hard work.

The Division was slowly moving north to an unknown destination, some of it by train (the infantry)—the artillery and other overland. We found out that it would be somewhere in the neighborhood of Châlons, so

started on ahead. We were finally assigned to a sector, of which the town of Souain was the center, about twenty-five kilometers north of Châlons. Medical headquarters at Vardanay.

While there visited Châlons many times and had some excellent dinners at the Hôtel Angleterre, which was afterward totally destroyed by a bomb. Also had a most interesting lunch with General Gouraud, to whose 4th Army we were attached. General Gouraud sent us to Verdun, where we were well entertained by Colonel Dehays, and lunched with General Hirschauer, the Commander of the Army of Verdun. It was all wonderfully interesting. The view from Fort St. Nicholas was grand, but we were shelled heartily while enjoying it. The whole country is devastated.

The days were full of new and interesting experiences. The end of June found me in a little peasant house at Vardanay across the way from the church. Our mess was in a combination schoolhouse and café, just to the

right of the church. Madame Michel was the old lady proprietor's name. I had a little room under the roof, papered with daily newspapers. She had a nice little garden. After our mess we would congregate there and discuss what news there was.

It was pretty evident that they expected Fritz to start his next push somewhere in that neighborhood, as there were very extensive preparations being made. Troops and guns were arriving in large quantities every night, and all night long truck-loads of supplies were rumbling by my billet. Bussy-le-Château, about twenty kilos to our east, was chosen for our evacuation hospital, and two of our field hospitals, together with Mobile No. 2 (Captain St. John) were installed there. Walter Cannon came with a shock team, and I think we had either ten or twelve surgical teams.

I made almost daily trips in to Souain and the different positions held by our men. To-

ward the west (Rheims) there was almost constant bombarding, and at night the sky was brilliantly illuminated with gun flashes and rockets, but on our immediate sector there was almost an ominous quiet. Our artillery put over a daily barrage, but scarcely a shell came in.

Everything was ready, and still nothing happened. All sorts of rumors were afloat, that the attack would probably develop elsewhere, etc. In the evening after dark it was my habit to walk out on the plains and watch the artillery at work. The night of the fourteenth of July was cloudy, and it had been blowing a gale from the south all day. The guns were all very active, some shells coming in. The gale blew so that standing two hundred yards from the 155 mms. I could hardly hear the report. Starting the homeward trip about eleven against the wind, it almost made walking impossible. It seemed surely as if nothing would happen that night.

I had just undressed and blown the candle out, when crash and a roar. I knew what had happened and jumped from bed, pulling on a shirt, trousers and boots, without stopping to lace them. Before I had finished shells were dropping in Vardanay, many of them singing over the roof. As I ran down the stairs poor old Madame Michel met me. I sent her to the remains of the old Roman catacombs under the garden, and walked out into the road after fumbling with the gate for what seemed an age, trying to find the key and get it in the lock. While I was fussing a house further down the street was struck and dust and splinters dropped all over me.

I met Fairchild (D. S. Fairchild, Chief Surgeon, 42nd Division). His motor was waiting, and we got in and started east toward Bussy. I looked at my watch—it was twelve ten.

The roar of the artillery was so great that we had to yell to make ourselves heard. Shells were flying over our heads, breaking on both

sides of the road. Where the road turned north for a few hundred yards our motor suddenly stopped. The chauffeur managed to make it run again, but as we waited shells were constantly screeching over our heads.

We reached Bussy in due time. The roads were crowded with all manner of transport, and we crawled along, the only light being the gun flashes.

At Bussy all was ready. The first wounded began coming in about two a. m. At the same time the Boche opened fire on the hospital. At first the shots were wild, but with the break of day and probably aerial observation, they began getting direct hits. After three or four we decided to send nurses below and evacuate patients to dugouts, and, after further consultation, to fall back on the other two field hospitals and Evacuation 4 at Écury-sur-Coole. These had been prepared in advance for just such a contingency.

The nurses left first. I took charge of the

patients, and superintended the loading of them on ambulances and got the whole lot loaded in a little over an hour.

I had no leggings, in fact had nothing but trousers, socks, shirt and jacket, so while we were waiting for transportation to move with, I went in and Allison loaned me a razor with which I started to shave, but while I was all lathered and had just commenced, they began shelling again. I kept on, but had a good many nicks on my face, for I could not keep my hand from jerking when they whizzed over. About five minutes after I left the hut it was struck and completely demolished.

Got down to Écury in time for a bite to eat (lunched with Campbell), then went back to Triage where I had been working all night. Short of ambulances. Sent Fagely out to find trucks. He got some thirty Q.M. trucks and pressed them into service. Majorie Nott and several other R. C. women came on the scene, making coffee and sandwiches.

Wounded pouring in. Triage crowded. A. lost his head and was flying around like a madman. Many necessaries lacking. Profanity flying. Night. Dare not show a light. Promptly at ten p.m. air full of avions, dropping twenty or more bombs on Châlons. Saw three large fires. Wounded coming in all night. Six operating teams going, but not half enough. They can't nearly handle the work, and too many men kept waiting who need urgent attention.

Two p. m. Avions again over Châlons and us. More bombing. The sky full of searchlights. Dawn. Almost dead. Two nights and a day, but the wounded still coming in. At seven a.m. am relieved by some one. Go down and climb in Spielman's bed and sleep till ten a. m., then go on duty.

Third night. Châlons bombed. Aviator flew over us. He could not have been one hundred feet above the tents, and in the moonlight clearly visible. He dropped two bombs. No one hurt. Don't remember how long exactly

we stayed here, but think it was eight or ten days. Châlons bombed nightly.

About the sixth day returned to Vardanay. The house was locked and Madame M. gone, but climbed in the window, got my belongings and put them in the motor. The village was deserted, save for a few old women and a child. They sat around the mouth of the cave and went below whenever the shelling started. It was a pathetic sight. I left some money with them, which surprised them more than the shells.

There is a lot of talk about the rotten way things were handled in general. Not enough ambulances, nor general equipment, and such as we had was antiquated.

About July 24th or 25th, orders to move. Where, no one knows. Started cross country with field hospitals, going west.

Château-Thierry. Started in all over again. Night and day wounded pouring in. Insufficient ambulances. Insufficient hospitalization.

Not an evacuation hospital on the scene till the main push is over. Two field hospitals taking the brunt of the work. Transporting wounded in trucks thirty-five kilometers clear to Commercy.

Pushed on with the troops to Épieds and later to Fère-en-Tardenois. Much evidence that the Boche is beating a hasty retreat, from the quantities of stores and munitions left behind.

Considerable bombing. Was almost caught on the road by three bombs returning from La Ferté with Perry.

We pulled out the end of August and left for Bourmont near Chaumont. En route spent three delightful days in a small French château in Lysantry, five kilometers from La Ferté. The old caretaker cooked for me and I ate under the trees. I hated to go.

We understand the Division gets thirty days' rest, but we get seven, then orders to move. All night groping our way in the dark,

arrive in Longchamps at dawn in a drizzling rain. I knocked on the door of the first house in the village and after a long pause was admitted by a very old man. He had a fine spare room and without undressing I wrapped myself in blankets and fell asleep. The old man was eighty-six and his wife eighty-four. They lived there all alone.

Next day moved to Chatenois two kilometers away where headquarters were. No news of probable destination. Three nights later another move, this time to Germiny on the road to Toul, or rather just off it. Dirty little place, but got a fair billet. Two nights here, then all night on the road, arrived at Bicqueley in early morning and camped by roadside thirty-six hours (B. is ten kilometers south of Toul). Later on to Bruley. Rotten billets. The place is full of French and everything is crowded. Rain and mud.

Probably the attack will be at St. Mihiel.

Saw a ghastly notice posted in the Y. M.

C. A. to the effect that if any of our men were taken prisoner and questioned to say nothing; that torture would undoubtedly be used, and that such men would never be allowed to return alive, no matter what they said. It ended by saying let them meet Eternity with the knowledge they had done their duty. It gave me a thrill as I read it.

At most of our stops I have been fortunate in finding French families where I could get something to eat.

It is St. Mihiel. We move to Ansauville. The attack commences—I forget the date. In fact, one seldom knows it. We are in advance of the heavies, they firing over our heads. The show opens at one thirty a. m. It is drizzling. The fire is very intense, but nothing like Souain.

By four p.m. the guns ease off and the men go over. Met Normand who was in charge of Vittel, also a Major Finck, a fine man. They asked me to billet with them. The whole place is shot to pieces and there is scarcely any

shelter to be found. We three, and sometimes a fourth casual, sleep in a kitchen. It is about the only place that has half a roof.

Later next day Normand and I pushed north with the advancing troops. The roads were simply jammed, but we followed up, finally getting into Essie. Every one is wild with enthusiasm, for the Boche is simply on the run. Groups of German prisoners are constantly passing us on the road down. Many have their knapsacks all packed, so must have been expecting us. I counted over eleven hundred going through the fields. They certainly make a most cheering sight.

We pass through several small towns, nothing but a mass of rubble now. The balloons are all moving forward.

Essie is a mass of ruins. The 82nd Division is holding the place. None of the transports have come up and there is still intermittent shelling.

The 42nd's triage is here in a cellar. We met

and talked to a large number of the liberated civilians. They were happy, but very quiet. Most of them were old people. One woman had a baby by a Boche. Every one pointed her and it out, but it was more in the spirit of historical interest than anything else. An unfortunate accident. She clutched the baby as if in her eyes it was a perfectly good infant.

Toward night we made our way back and the next day started for Thiaucourt to help get out the civil population. The town was fairly intact when we first entered it, but while we were there they started up a violent artillery action. Soon buildings began to go. Most of the shelling was for one of their ammunition dumps they had abandoned in their precipitous flight. However, a little later the guns were turned on the town.

We got out all the civilians without any casualties. I have heard since that the place is completely wrecked. They kept on shelling it intermittently until November 11th.

A few days later we went out to Pont-à Mousson. (We referring to Normand and myself.) The action had shifted more to the east, judging from the intensity of the artillery action. We passed out along the Thierry road. The lines had, of course, all pushed forward, but the place was just lined with the old gun emplacements. As our road gradually neared the Boche lines one could hear that a very heavy duel was in progress. We continued to the cross-road which turns into Pont-à Mousson. Shells were dropping here every three minutes. We timed them, and when one exploded, beat it, full steam ahead. Our batteries were more terrifying than Fritz's, because they were on both sides of the road and were going off right under your nose.

When we arrived in the town things were very active. We took shelter in an abri for a time, but as most of the shells were passing over, searching out our "heavies" behind the town, we decided to walk along, across the

river and climb into Mousson, a high conical hill where the French observation post was. It was a long, hot pull with a constant accompaniment of whistling shells, but when we got there it was well worth while.

The post was on the very top in some partially demolished buildings, the view from whence was superb. One, with the aid of the glass, could see Metz distinctly, even reading the time on the Cathedral clock.

Five hundred yards across to the next hill was the German observation post, but "noblesse oblige," they left one another alone. Below, across the river, were three German towns with the peasants working quietly in the fields, and right across the river was one of the Crown Prince's many châteaux, untouched, although one of our 75's could have blown it to fragments in five minutes.

As the gun-fire was likely to increase rather than diminish with sunset, we started down the hill and back through Pont-à-Mousson.

The place was all but deserted, only a few Americans hanging around the mouths of abris. We found our motor and driver, however, after some little search, keeping careful lookout in the meanwhile where the shells were falling. Just as we were leaving the town two 77's broke in the road behind us, but doing no further damage than to cover us in a cloud of earth.

Two days later ordered to move forward and accordingly took position at Beaumont just behind Sains made famous by the stand of the Marines earlier in the summer.

Beaumont was nothing but a mass of wreckage and mud. We pitched the two field hospitals on the ground floor of all that remained of an old-time château, while the officers lived in the abandoned French dugouts. These were fairly comfortable, but infested with rats. The whole place is a sea of mud and filth.

During most of the St. Mihiel drive we had fine weather, except the first three days. The

drive started September 12th, with the moon in the first quarter, consequently we had great German aerial activity. One evening a Boche plane was brought down by one of our men just at sunset. Both Germans were killed. Every night planes flew over our heads all night, but fortunately nothing fell near us.

* * * * * * * *

On September 26th I was detached from the 42nd Division and sent as Medical Consultant to the Justice Group of seven hospitals at Toul. H. C. Madden (Lt.-Col.) was Commanding Officer—an efficient man. The work here is purely medical and very tame after the Division. I was much disappointed as Thayer had promised me the 3rd Army Corps.

Toul is a dreary place and the darkest corner of France I have found. I have tried to organize the service, a thing requiring some tact, as each hospital has an excellent chief of its own medical service.

On October 6th I got into Paris for the Red Cross medical meeting. It was my first sight of real civilization since the previous April when I hated the everlasting dreary nights. However, this time it did not make much difference, as I was dog-tired and only too glad to turn in after dinner. Spirits are brighter moreover with the continuing good news. * * *

The Last Salvo

November 11th. The last salvo was fired at eleven this morning! While I was in Paris called on L. There were two old chatterboxes there who cackled about divorces and clothes. It gave me such a strange sensation and seemed so unreal and trivial. I suppose the world must go on in spite of war—"battle, murder and sudden death."

November 18th. Was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel to-day and walked down town and bought some silver leaves in the afternoon.

On November 3rd a telegram from Helen

telling me that dear father had died on the tenth of October. I had expected it, but it was a shock.

November 24th. Have just returned from what I hope will be the last Paris medical meeting. I want to get home, and kicking about the city is pretty dreary. Called on every one I knew. Saw Dorziat and Lucien Guitry in "Samson" and supped at Maxim's.

Have applied for home, and am hoping with all my heart that it will go through. Work over here is an awful anti-climax now.

December 6th. Toul. Called up Neufchâteau three days ago and spoke to Major McLean. General Thayer, as usual, was not there. However, McLean told me I would get my home orders. The same night Colonel Thornburgh told me he had arranged matters so I could go, but now it was necessary to wait for my rating card before the final orders could be issued, so here I am, waiting.

Last night we went over to a musical show

at the Marshal Ney Barracks. It was very poor—absolutely devoid of imagination or humor.

This morning I got the motor after some scrapping and took Yocum, Hodges and Kennon over to Metz. We went via Pont-à-Mousson. There was a thick fog which practically obscured the views. As we passed through Pont-à-Mousson I could not but think of the time I was last there with Normand when shells were coming and going all the time. The road was still fairly full of transports, but nothing like old times. Pont-à-Mousson was more shot up than when I last saw it, and it was almost deserted.

From there we soon ran into German territory, with old gun emplacements, camouflage and ruined buildings all along the road.

Metz was gaily decorated with flags, and the streets were gay with French and Americans, but the whole air suggested a conquered city. Some shops had posted "Maison Fran-

çaise" on the door; painters were rapidly changing the signs from German to French. The Hotel welcomed one, but everywhere it was with the air of the conqueror. The people were frightened and did not know what was going to happen. There were only eight thousand real Alsace-Lorraines in the city, so an intelligent German officer told me, and most of the "hurrahing" was done from policy.

Boys and men were doing a thriving business in selling Boche souvenirs. Iron crosses and belts being their specialty. And the Americans were the victims, especially the large army who fought the war in swivel chairs and are seeing the front for the first time.

In spite of all tales to the contrary, the shops seemed full, especially the provision stores. Prices are very high. I saw plain women's hats, that are generally seen at a store like Macy's piled by hundreds in a box and selling for fifty cents, marked fifty and sixty francs. There was no rubber, so bicycle tires were made of a

steel spring arrangement and one of rope. Shoes had wooden soles.

We had a very good plain dinner, but paid ten francs for what ordinarily would have been about three marks. The beer was simply bitter water.

Coming home we passed on the other bank of the Moselle and back through Lorry, Fleury, Meiul-la-Tour, and so home, but the roads were all deserted—so very different from my previous visits.

December 12th. Yesterday Fullerton (Major Robert Fullerton of St. Louis) asked me to go to Montfaucon and Varennes with him. We started this morning at eight a. m. in a drizzling rain and fog.

On our way out we went through Commercy, St. Mihiel and Verdun. The latter looked much tidier than when I saw it in July with Brewer. Out of Verdun through the Gate St. Paul into the beyond on the Montfaucon road, the battlefield is still fresh. The destruction

is worse than anything I have so far seen. The earth for miles is torn with shells, one hole knocked out and then the edge of that hole knocked into another. Several of the holes were twelve to fourteen feet deep, and thirty-five or forty feet across. Everywhere was wreckage; gunners' positions, guns (77's), machine guns, clothes, rifles and quantities of Boche ammunition; all the towns about were obliterated.

While we were waiting at the former Crown Prince's house, the owner turned up after an absence of four years and three months. I wish I could describe the scene. She was a plump little woman of fifty-five or more. Two men friends drove her out from somewhere. We were standing in the door when she descended from the old trap. She came in through the mud and announced in a cheery voice that this was her old home. There was a little tremor in her voice when she turned and said: "There was the salle-à-manger, but gentlemen, as you

see, it is all no more. We left it at two a. m. September 2nd, 1914, and with it everything in my life departed." Still the voice was cheery. "My husband, son-in-law and two sons have been killed. My grandfather, who was buried over there (pointing) has been turned out of his grave." She then looked around a few minutes, gazing in a wistful way, then walked out the front door, turned and looked back at the mass of wreckage. Her lips trembled, she covered her mouth with her hand, and we heard a few soft sobs. Then she quietly turned, pulled up her skirts and tramped out into the muddy road.

Cressy à Varennes. We passed through there on the way back. Like the other neighboring towns it only exists in name. The same utter desolation, shell holes, tin cans, wire, guns, shells, fog and rain. Nothing can ever picture the dreary awfulness of it all. It looked as if the sun had faded and we were at the end of the world, stepping into the Infinite.

Back to Toul at seven and it was good to see a few lights burning in the homes.

December 13th. Raining hard all day, but very warm and balmy. Cornelia Landon and Rose Saltonstall of Boston are at our mess for a few days. I asked Colonel Thornburgh to invite them, as they were billeted here and sick. The Madame told me there were two sick Americans down there, and I was much surprised to see little Landon. Saltonstall is very bright and attractive. We don't see much of them, for they only show up for lunch, playing in the evening.

It seems strange to be sitting December 13th with your window open, enjoying the efforts of the moon to work through the clouds.

December 15th. Went to Neufchâteau on the excuse of seeing Thayer, who was not there. A beautiful sunny day. Met Tommy Robertson at the Officers' Club and had a fairly good representation of a real cocktail.

Landon and Saltonstall left this morning. I

did not see them again, but they left two nice little good-by letters.

December 20th. A bit colder. There was a flurry of snow yesterday, but still, with the exception of a few days in October, there has been no cold weather.

Took my daily walk up to the railroad track. Found the life of P. T. Barnum among some old books and read hard for two hours.

Colonel T. has an attack of rheumatism, is in bed, and feels very sorry for himself.

We take Christmas dinner at B.H. 45, that is unless I have the good luck to get away before then. Every one is beginning to feel very homesick and restless. I cannot realize that Christmas will be here in four days. There isn't a suggestion of it in the air.

The children keep up a continual chatter in the next room, but strange, it is rather pleasant than otherwise. If they would only not start the squeaky old pump at seven in the morning!

Christmas Eve, 1918. It hardly seems possible that another year has rolled by and Christmas is here again. One year ago to-night, and now here again in Toul.

Goodall, Yocum and self went to Nancy this afternoon. In the evening the Delatté children came in my room, played the piano and they danced. I gave them some candy; then to supper.

Dinner was pretty sad. Never try and be gay, is a rule that should be taught in childhood.

My landlady, is having "tea" at nine this evening, and I am expected to join. The day started beautifully, but it is sleeting hard now. And mud everywhere.

No signs of Christmas anywhere among the French, except Madame Delatté asked me to go to Midnight Mass with her. She got confessed this afternoon, and is ready now for another year of miserliness. Much to my astonishment, she made me a brioche.

December 28th. Waiting! Waiting for orders to return. Cadwalader called me up Friday and said he had received his, and that my name was on the same paper, but nothing has come. It is very trying. Over three weeks now in daily anticipation.

Yocum, Goodall and self went to Neufchâteau. Saw Finney, Boggs and Longcape, but no one knew anything about what was happening. We lunched and came back by way of Domremy, Jeanne d'Arc's birthplace. Then across via Voucoleur to Colombey-la-Belle. Heavy fog and rain, as usual. There were no lights on the machine, so we had to grope the last four miles home.

New Year's Eve. By special invitation I was asked to see the old year out with Madame De Salle, my neighbor of the next room. There was great stirring about all afternoon in her rooms, and I could hear a stirring of something in a bowl. Phillip, her son, age eight, came in to get me at eight p. m., but I did not turn

up till nine. When all the guests were assembled, which was promptly at nine, we sat down, ate a piece of dry sponge-cake, drank a small glass of white wine, then a little coffee. Lieutenant Le Beau, Madame Gérard, the local teacher of the art of piano-playing, a fat, healthy, false-toothed dame, Madame Ralling, and her son waxing into manhood, down on his upper lip and a voice that wabbled from treble to bass. At midnight we all kissed.

But this is all as nothing now, for it is January 2nd, 1919, and at three fifteen p. m. this afternoon, after all hope of anything immediate had vanished, received orders for home. Telegraphed H. and leave for Paris Saturday, January 4th, en route for Angers and from there to a port of embarkation.

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