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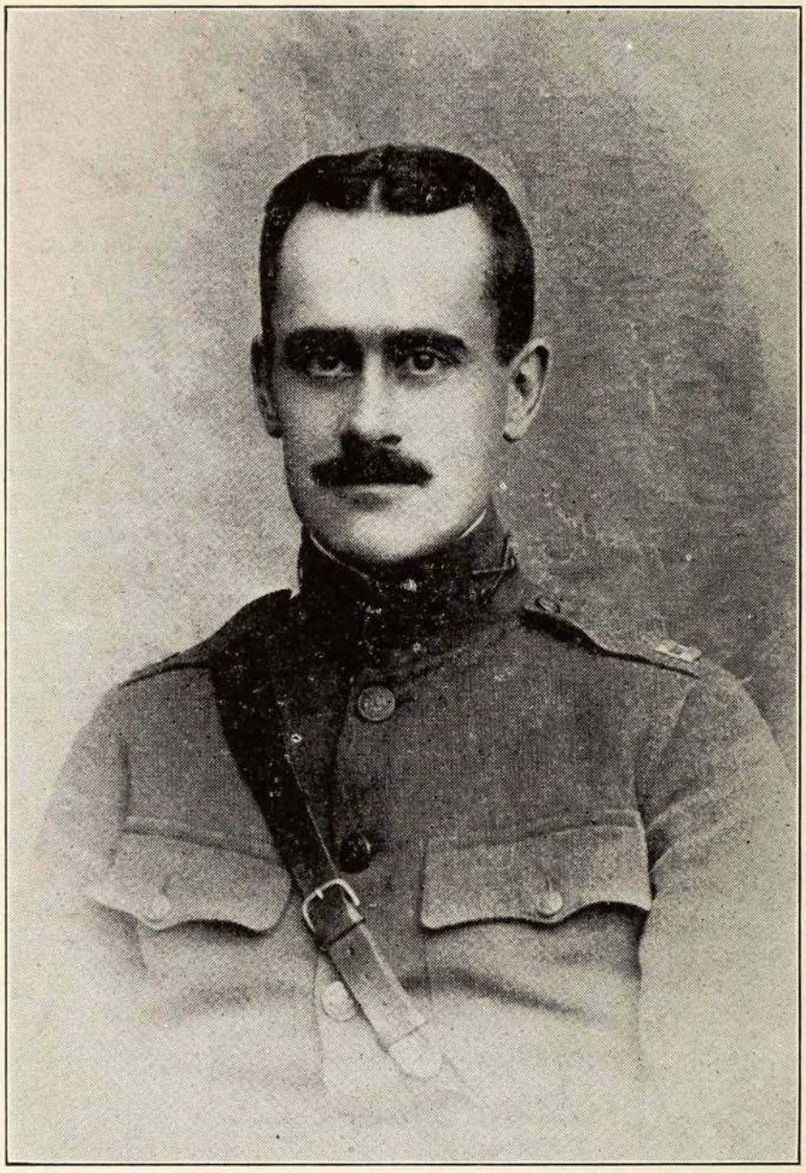
LETTERS FROM A LIAISON OFFICER 1918-1919



Clarence Van Schaick Mitchell
Captain Cavalry, U. S. A.

LETTERS FROM A LIAISON OFFICER 1918-1919

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1920

TO L. M. M.

WHO HAS NEVER ALLOWED FEAR FOR HER CHILDREN'S
SAFETY TO QUALIFY HER EAGER DESIRE
THAT THEY SHOULD ACT WORTHILY.

FOREWORD

These letters have been printed for the family and friends of their writer, and in the belief that, as time passes, all first hand impressions of the Great War will have a certain value. Like many young Americans, the man who wrote them regarded the war as a crusade against a nation gone mad, and was among the first of those who, in 1914, offered their services to the French Army as ambulance drivers. After a year's experience in that capacity, he returned to America, to complete his course at Harvard Law School, where he secured his degree in the spring of 1917. Upon our entry into the war he was accepted for the first Officers Training Camp at Plattsburg, and commissioned as a Captain of Cavalry in August, 1917. After commanding a Machine Gun Company at Camp Devens, he was ordered to France on detached service, in January, 1918, and owing doubtless to his proficiency in French, was soon afterward assigned as Liaison Officer on the staff of General de Castlenau.

Except for the insertion of the names of persons and places left blank in the originals, and the omission of some purely personal matter, the letters have been reproduced in their hastily written form.

C. B. M.

October 5, 1920.

LETTERS FROM A LIAISON OFFICER
1918-1919

New York Harbor
January 31, 1918

It looks as if we would sail on time. I don't know when you will get this, but one can't telephone, and I want to thank you for the finest send-off any officer ever had. Been on this boat three times before, and several of the stewards are my friends. Also, I have a lower berth in an outside cabin, so you see that luck still pursues me.

Halifax
February 2, 1918

Awfully cold here in the harbor. Found several friends on board, including Felix Frankfurter of the Law School, Jack Hoar, and Jack Agar whom I knew in college.

On board S. S. Adriatic
February 5, 1918

After lying around in the coldest harbor in America for three days, we finally got under way this afternoon, and we are well outside, rolling about in the remains of a south-easter. It's almost homelike being on this boat again. You and I crossed on her, and the last time I came back I was on her. I am writing in the smoking room, beside one of the cubbyholes we used to sit in, and it seems queer not to have you around. There is not much gaiety on board—crowds of casual officers, some troops and a few civilians.

The Q. M. Colonel, our Commanding Officer *pro tem,* promptly put us all officially on the water wagon. It is too idiotic, treating officers like school children, and no end of a bore, when you sit talking to an English officer who rings the bell every ten minutes. There are about a dozen officers on the same job as I am, but, much to my surprise, they talk no French. How they expect to get on, I don't know. One of them was in my company in Plattsburg in 1917. We wallow along about half speed waiting for the other ships.

On board S. S. Adriatic
February 9, 1918

When did you put that letter in my pocketbook? I didn't find it for a few days. It was quite the nicest letter I ever read. It is fine to start on "the great adventure" backed up by such a note, and I carry it with me in my pocketbook. The voyage so far has been uneventful, and decidedly dull; the main amusement being to watch the other ships of the convoy.

On board S. S. Adriatic
February 15, 1918

Almost at the end of the voyage. The last few days we officers have had to stand watch, and I am just off my morning trick. I rather doubt if I get to anywhere in England that I want to, and I am much afraid we will be herded into a train and sent across the island.

Southampton
February 11, 1918

Landed yesterday and waited around the docks for our train from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Got all my luggage on the train early and secured a whole sofa in a first class saloon

carriage. Awoke this morning as we were passing through the town [Winchester] where you and I went to church the first Sunday after we landed in 1912. We didn't get off there as I expected, but came on to this Channel town [Southampton], which we used to see from where we lived after our winter in Algiers. It is a most gorgeous day, bright and cold, and we ought to have a decent crossing.

Blois
February 21, 1918

So happy to be back here, it's ridiculous! Dined Tuesday and Wednesday with Gal-Ladevèze, who was most cordial. Clint Winant is here and I have just lunched with him, having a most delightful afternoon. We walked up to Headquarters, where there were no orders, but we saw a captain, who told me I would probably be sent to work for a certain division now here. We sat in the sun on the promenade above the river, and I rarely enjoyed myself more. It was a bully clear afternoon, and to sit there looking over miles of country dotted with villages, many of which I had visited and with the river gliding by at our feet, was delightful. Clint is a charming fellow, and to talk of Ivy and our friends was no end of a treat. We took tea at the Patisserie where I used to go in 1912, after which I had a hot tub and dressed for dinner. Speaking of dressing, a French Captain visiting Gal-Ladeveze said, *"Il faisait tellement froid ces matins qu'il faisait son toilette a sec!"*

It was delightful to be back at the Gal-Ladeveze's. They had to dinner Captain de St. Georges, his mother and his wife, who left Paris on account of the Zeppelins, also a rather chic Parisienne, Madame R—, who was very amusing. Madame de St. Georges was quite charming—very simple, but fine in her simplicity. She remarked it was only

after a man reached the age of forty that he really appreciated his mother.

I have run into two other Princeton men, Bosworth, who was at the Law School and de La Reussille.

When we arrived here we had to make out papers, and be interviewed, and today when I saw Captain A—I noticed he had endorsed on my papers "Lived in France three years, speaks French fluently, good horseman, very military and smart in appearance and wide awake." I am glad he feels that way about it! Discipline and snap are one hundred percent better here than at home.

Blois
February 24, 1918

Still here but with orders to move tomorrow to a rather more amusing place. It was no end of fun to see Nan and Dorothy Dennis, and we had several good dinners here with Bosworth and Winant. I am sorry to lose touch with the latter, but rather glad not to be going to the same place. Went to High Mass this morning, which is entirely unintelligible to me, but the Bishop was a most saintly and fine looking old man.

Franceville
February 26, 1918

Sitting here in a smelly cafe waiting for the "American Train." On leaving my last town I was put in charge of ten officers to take with me. There was a most gorgeous sunset, as we left—the whole sky a glorious mass of orange against which the cottages of the upper city were silhouetted in deep black, with every now and then a thin mist of grayish smoke rising lazily in the evening air. There is a detachment of "coons" travelling with us, and during the wait they afforded no end of amusement. As soon as they

got off the train they separated in little groups, and began rolling dice, and later they sang around a fire built from some mysterious material. It was good to hear the old songs.

Nevers
March 1, 1918

Here I am more or less settled for the time being, with a regular Q. M. job, but I am so glad to be doing something, that I don't much mind, and as I was sent here for "Temporary Duty" I may be moved on at any minute. Today when we reported to the Adjutant, most of the Lieutenants were sent back to a place near where we came from, and I was kept here to open a "Casual Office." That is a place where all unassigned officers and troops are recorded and looked after, and your duties consist of locating them in barracks etc., directing them, securing records of their passage, keeping pay and muster rolls and in general having to do everything for them. The Adjutant calmly told me to open an office in the Railway station, but of course, there wasn't a square inch of space to be had there—what with rooms for the wounded, etc. Both the Chef deGare and Commissaire Militaire were very affable. They seemed surprised that I spoke French, and acted as if it were a new experience to find an American who did. It's rather good fun starting a new business as it were, and if they would only give me a useful Lieutenant, I would be O.K. They handed me one who has no imagination, speaks no French and salutes like a fish—for which I have reproached him.

Tonight when I dined with Captain Hammerschlag, the garçon wanted to give us brown war bread, but the head waitress insisted that we have some of the Colonel's white bread, because *"Ils sont des très chics messieures et celui-la*

parle bien le Francais"! I bought four pounds of lump sugar at the Q. M., and now carry a couple pieces in my pocket. It gets rather dusty, but certainly does help one's coffee. I saw Norman Whitehouse today, who was chaperoning some correspondents. There isn't much one can write, as any views on conditions and criticisms of the military, are taboo. Heaven knows if I will ever get back to my men. Personally I rather doubt it, but I don't imagine this *embusqué* job will last forever.

Nevers
March 4, 1918

Such a bully day as I have had—two letters apiece from you and father and a flock from Sylvia. Don't worry about my health. It hasn't been so good since I was with the ambulance. Did a little more work today, but this is no sort of a soldier's job. Officially I have been appointed "Casual Officer." Sitting here by my fire with a Signal Lieutenant, who is quite a friend of mine, I am happier than you can imagine, and even if I did not leave home with the carefree illusions of a year ago, I am glad to be here, and would not be back if I could. The Class of 1920 is parading around the town on its way to the training station, and it sounds like Princeton during commencement.

Nevers
March 5, 1918

Still here in the Adjutant's Office at Headquarters with the official title of "Casual Officer," but with no work, excepting to jack up Company Commanders who fail to take action when their men are reported by the M. P's. It is beastly dull, but it can't last forever, and I am young enough to wait a while. I get all the information I can, and am working my machine gun notes into something readable.

Nevers
March 7, 1918

Been having a fine time with Whitman. Dined with him and Fahnestock last night. They live in style in Count de Verne's house where they run a mess. We three were all St. Paul men and Whitman and I, Ivy, so we talked "Shop" to our heart's content. Later a Colonel, Major and two Captains of the Railway Transportation Corps came in, who with one exception had been in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R. They talked about their construction work, and I gleaned quite a bit of information.

It seems that the nicest people in this town who let rooms to officers, don't much care for the Q. M. C., and Lieut L— told me that when he was doing billeting work many people were willing to take anyone as boarders except "those fat little officers with wheels on their collars," and in this connection Whitman told me that at one place where he tried to get a room, the proprietor made him turn down his overcoat collar to make sure he wasn't "be-wheeled"! The —th Regiment is over here, and has the best band in France. Most of "Europe's coons" are in it, and the entire town turns out when they play.

I suppose they will soon shift me, although they are evidently keeping me on the job here with an idea that I may come in useful. I will stand it for a while, but before long I shall "kick" hard and get into a school or the advanced section. Yesterday I breakfasted with Schuyler Schieffelin.

Nevers
March 8, 1918

The Adjutant told me today I was to be appointed Judge Advocate of a General Court Martial to be convened here in the near future. It is about as difficult a job to do well as that of District Attorney, as our district is of consider-

able size, and I will have to prosecute all charges referred to this Court. I am ashamed of this *embusqué* job. However, the war is not over, and some day I may get my Company again.

Nevers
March 10, 1918

Had rather an interesting day investigating the case of some soldiers, and examining witnesses. After lunch I walked out to look over some permanent shops the engineers are putting up, and later examined a couple of new hospital trains, which are having the finishing touches put on. All are made from former English dining cars and are very complete.

It rather surprises me that the French officers pay no attention to the Marseillaise. When the band ended with the Star Spangled Banner, last evening, most of our enlisted men stood at ease while they saluted. I'd give a lot to have that gang of slouches for a week!

Yesterday I nearly fell over, when a little fat man called Casey, who used to be in my Company, came over and spoke to me. It seemed so natural to see him that I almost gave him "rats" for standing with his hands in his pockets! He is now a Q. M. officer and runs a laundry.

Recently I was put on a Board to investigate the destruction of some French property. It is better than sitting in an office, but if they don't let me have a decent job before long, the Adjutant will have a suicide on his hands!

Nevers
March 14, 1918

Have been enormously lucky in finding lodgings, and am now taking a room at 28 Avenue Victor Hugo—the finest place you ever saw; set in a big garden, and owned by two

old people who live in it with one servant. They are quite well off, and take in a couple officers because, as Madame expressed it, they were "rather lonely" and wanted, like everyone else, "to keep in touch with things by having a couple of Americans with them." They are delightful old people. Both are fond of flowers and Madame gave me some violets as I left. She was much pleased when I told her they were the first flowers I had seen since leaving home.

There was a Captain just back from our front here yesterday, who had been in a gas attack and raid, and he was very interesting. He told me of several things which had happened, that I had particularly cautioned my men against.

Nevers
March 17, 1918.

Here's another week gone, but I have been reasonably busy. All told, my duties are numerous, if not exciting. At present I am officially "Judge Advocate of the General Court Martial," "Casual Officer," "Surveying Officer," and "Assistant to the Adjutant." It is rather curious that when I wrote to the Judge Advocate at Tours for a certain pamphlet, it came back from Arthur D. Hill, who taught me "Evidence" at Harvard. J— B— is there also, and that nice Frenchman Maurice Berard, who crossed with you and me on the Adriatic, in 1912. Do you remember three young men travellng together—Berard, Count de Villestreux and young Bethmann-Holweg, who had been touring America? We used to sit in the smoking room and drink to the *"entente cordiale."* All of us except Bethmann-Holweg are still *"cordiale"!*

Don't know what will become of me, but at present, as far as one can see, the best thing to do, is to sit tight and try to do the work I get. If the batallion comes over, I

shall turn the world blue in my efforts to rejoin and if that's not possible, I shall try for the Cavalry or Machine Gun School. Of course, I want Cavalry above everything, and after that the Machine Guns. Anything is preferable to this "*embusqué* job," and I don't care to stop here longer than I have to. It *is* nice to be with decent French people. They look after me and treat me like a son, and I am outrageously comfortable.

Yesterday Secretary Baker, General Pershing and others descended upon us, on a tour of inspection. Last night I dined at the Engineers' Mess. The Colonel was rather gloomy, on the supposition that he hadn't made a hit with Pershing, and his description of his walk around the shops with the General was rather interesting, and bears out what one has always heard about the latter's keenness and snap.

Yesterday Reggie Livingston wandered in. He is still bossing a truck train up North. Being at Headquarters, I cannot help hearing and finding out much that is interesting, and it rather puts a double censorship on me. Also I talk quite a lot with some of the French officers, who give me much useful information. According to them, our "red tape" is as nothing to theirs. One of them said that no matter what the outcome of the War, France would have gained from having had the American example. We are certainly doing things on a colossal scale. Nothing since Panama has impressed me so much.

Paris
March 27, 1918

Sitting here after a bully lunch with Codman and a French Captain named J—. It was nice to have Harjes remember me and send for me, but I can't stand Paris very long. Saw Paul vanDyke yesterday after lunch with Uncle Anson. Harjes' right hand man is Forsythe Wickes, who said he

General de Castelnau

knew you. D— W— and Perry Osborn are around. Others that I see are Charley Codman, Minot, Hobey Baker, Reggie Townsend and Steve Bigelow. There is no telling when or where I shall be sent, but there are possibilities of my job turning out to be a good one. I certainly cannot stay here in Paris.

Paris
April 1, 1918

Just a line to tell you I am due to leave here tomorrow. I certainly have a wonderful job. We are to motor to General Headquarters, where I am to meet our Commander in Chief, and then go with Harjes to General de Castelnau, to whose staff I am to be attached as Liaison Officer. Carter goes out with us also but on some other work. Next to being with the Machine Guns again, this is the best job going, and it was nice of Harjes to remember me and assign me to it. I only hope I can make good.

Mirecourt
April 4, 1918

Here I am as Liaison Officer on General de Castelnau's Staff, and quite a bit awed at the size and requirements of my job. We motored down to General Headquarters on Tuesday, having a wonderful run, and arrived about 4 P. M. Dined with Col. McCoy who was most delightful. Strange to say Uncle Anson was dining there also. Carter came down by train with Lieut. Barrowes whose family owned the old Barrowe house at Bernardsville. At General Headquarters saw Don Iselin, Norman Whitehouse and young P—. Yesterday Harjes and we three started out *en auto* and drove all day to various headquarters; finally dropping Barrowe at our First Division, after which Harjes, Carter and I spent the night in one of the two old fortress towns

[Toul]. We slept well and started out early this A. M. dropping Carter at the Headquarters of the Eighth Army, after which Harjes brought me on here. General de Castelnau was out, but I met his Chief of Staff, General Hellot, and about a dozen other officers. Harjes introduced me to them all and then ran. General de Castlenau came in after a conference and very nicely asked me to his own mess, so I lunched with two generals, nine colonels and three majors and was rather awed. They were remarkably kind however, and I enjoyed it.

General de Castelnau is particularly attractive and *"très sympathique,"* and all of his staff are gentlemen. I think they were surprised at my appearing so suddenly, and that so young a man had been sent. After lunch I was given a good room and an orderly, and if I had my luggage, I would be quite comfortable. Nevertheless I am a bit "floored" by the size of my job. I am supposed to know everything about three of our divisions, and I should have had at least four or five days at General Headquarters to familiarize myself with their views, and learn "who was who" there. I have been asked to get certain reports sent in here from our divisions, and as yet I don't even know who commands them! The plan now is for me to visit each division from the Commanding General to the trenches, and learn all about them, so in a day or so I am to have a tour of the front. The facts which they want reported seem to me to require considerable technical knowledge of things military, and will involve on my part, possible criticism of my superiors, which I am not entitled or fit to give.

I shall try to confine myself strictly to *facts,* and get a French officer to go with me so as to show me exactly what they want me to notice. Altogether I have a biggish lot to learn, if I am to be of any use. Luckily I am dealing with the nicest lot of men you ever saw, and I hope they will be

reasonably tolerant. I brought all my equipment, and hope to ride.

Just finished dinner with the Colonel and officers of the various departments. The first meal was rather a bore, with eighteen or twenty staff officers, all much older than me and with infinitely more experience. It made one feel a bit *gauche*. However, I talked a bit to the men on each side and told the Colonel across the table what I had been doing for the last month. They seemed surprised that I talked fair French, though I am just beginning to realize how little I do know. I am convinced that they think me very young for the post, and in the French Army I would doubtless be only a sub-lieutenant. If I can hold the job down, its going to be most interesting. All the news of every kind concerning the French Armies along half the front comes in here, and you hear no end of interesting discussions.

Toul
April 6, 1918

Here I am in a rather well-known old fortress town on the road to the Division commanded by General Edwards. Came over this afternoon with three French officers who were inspecting forts and on arriving was taken to the French Headquarters, where explanations were made as to who and what I was, etc. Met three Americans, Major Bowditch, whom I knew before, Colonel Kerth of the General Staff and Lieutenant Bentley. Dined with them and enjoyed the Anglo-Saxon atmosphere. Colonel Kerth gave me hints as to how to go about my job, and told me it was the most interesting one he knew of, but the amount of information I am supposed to collect is paralyzing. It practically amounts to knowing everything about each Division. Most of it I can gather from various headquarters, but some of it I will have to get from prowling in the lines, so my trip

ought to be interesting—and, if things are going on, very exciting. Talked to Nat Simpkins on the phone.

Mirecourt
April 9, 1918

Here I am back in the same room at the hotel, after two fine days. Sunday afternoon I found two officers of the French Mission with our Division going out in a motor, and arrived at Headquarters at about 12 o'clock. Simpkins was very genial and Oliver Wolcott, whom I knew at Harvard was one of the General's aides. He was more than pleasant, and took me everywhere. General Edwards was very friendly, remembered me and asked after you. I lunched with him and his staff, and fed remarkably well.

By a great bit of luck, Eddie Cunningham came in, and as he was designated to make an inspection of a certain part of the front line, I went along with him. We had a fine trip, and walked from 7 P. M. to 4 A. M. The point we visited was in a well-known wood, and has a reputation of being unhealthy. Nothing came along to worry us except the rain, but *it* did come down for fair. Abercrombie & Fitch deserve a medal for the kind of boots they turn out; they went through mud and water alike, but let none in. We had coffee in a Company Commander's dugout, examined machine gun positions, prowled down a trench or so, and then walked about 5 or 6 km to a village on our way home. We had settled down in a barn to keep dry when our barrage began, so we moved up the hill to watch the work. The Battery Commander gave us breakfast of fried eggs, coffee and bacon, and we talked with him a couple hours. He lives in a choice dugout, with a fireplace and real china. Rode back to Headquarters on some artillery horses, arriving at about 11 A. M., whereupon I slept until 4 and both E— and I turned in about 9 P. M. This A. M. I rode about

10 km to Menil la Tour to see about a tin hat and mask for myself. This rough outline of my trip is about all I can give you. Wish I could write details of what I do and see. Got most of the information I wanted, but not all.

Mirecourt
April 14, 1918

You probably know by now what a bully job I stumbled into. It is really quite delightful when I am busy, and as time goes on, it ought to widen out quite a bit. This going out to see our troops is no end nice, and although I have not the technical knowledge to do it as it should be done, I manage to get a lot of information about the running of an army. I meet all the high officers en voyage, and am getting so that nothing less than a Brigadier has any terrors for me!

Was ever so pleased to get a letter from Whistler today, and to hear that he was commanding my old company. None of the three sergeants I recommended for Officers' Training School made good. One just failed, and at the last moment they found the other two were not Americans by birth. It's tough on them, and if they are good enough Americans to be killed as Sergeants, and have the necessary qualifications, I don't see why they can't die Officers.

It's fascinating to see our machine guns in the lines here, and it makes me quite homesick for my battalion. The atmosphere is so tense, and so much news comes in, and so many things happen, that I don't have time, except in the evening, for anything but my work. Perhaps it is just as well for it's going to be a long long time before I get back, unless I am "canned" for indiscreet letters about testy superiors. The latter is quite possible, for in my reports I am expected to note everything from the front line wires to the intelligence of the General commanding.

I now have my tin hat and two gas masks. The hat came off a man who died in an ambulance, but my orderly says he boiled it, so I ask no questions. I was considerably nervous the first night I spent at our front. We were headed for a rather unhealthy spot, and could see it being bombarded as we approached. Luckily things eased up a bit, and after half an hour or so my nervousness wore off. Shells bursting at night make a great show as fireworks, but are not a bit comfortable, and I don't care if I never see another.

I am slowly getting to know these French officers, but their politeness is at times overpowering. At least ten arguments a day as to whom shall go through a door first, and when one comes in to breakfast in the morning, it means giving a hand to all around. Am very well and happy and don't do fool things when on my trips, so don't worry about that. Think I wrote you that Mimi and I had two great days in Paris.

Mirecourt
April 14, 1918

A gorgeous spring afternoon and I am feeling very far away from home. Writing here at my desk with the afternoon sun pouring in and a clump of apple trees bursting into bloom just outside the widow. The church bells are ringing, and everything is so quiet and peaceful it does not seem that war could be going on a few miles away, but every now and then the "er roum" of a gun reminds you of the fact. In the square there are about a dozen East Indians squatting in the sun, and further up a group of Frenchmen listening to American soldiers blowing our bugle calls. It made me quite homesick for my company.

My job, at present, is to go out and get acquainted with our troops, turning in a report, in French, of my observa-

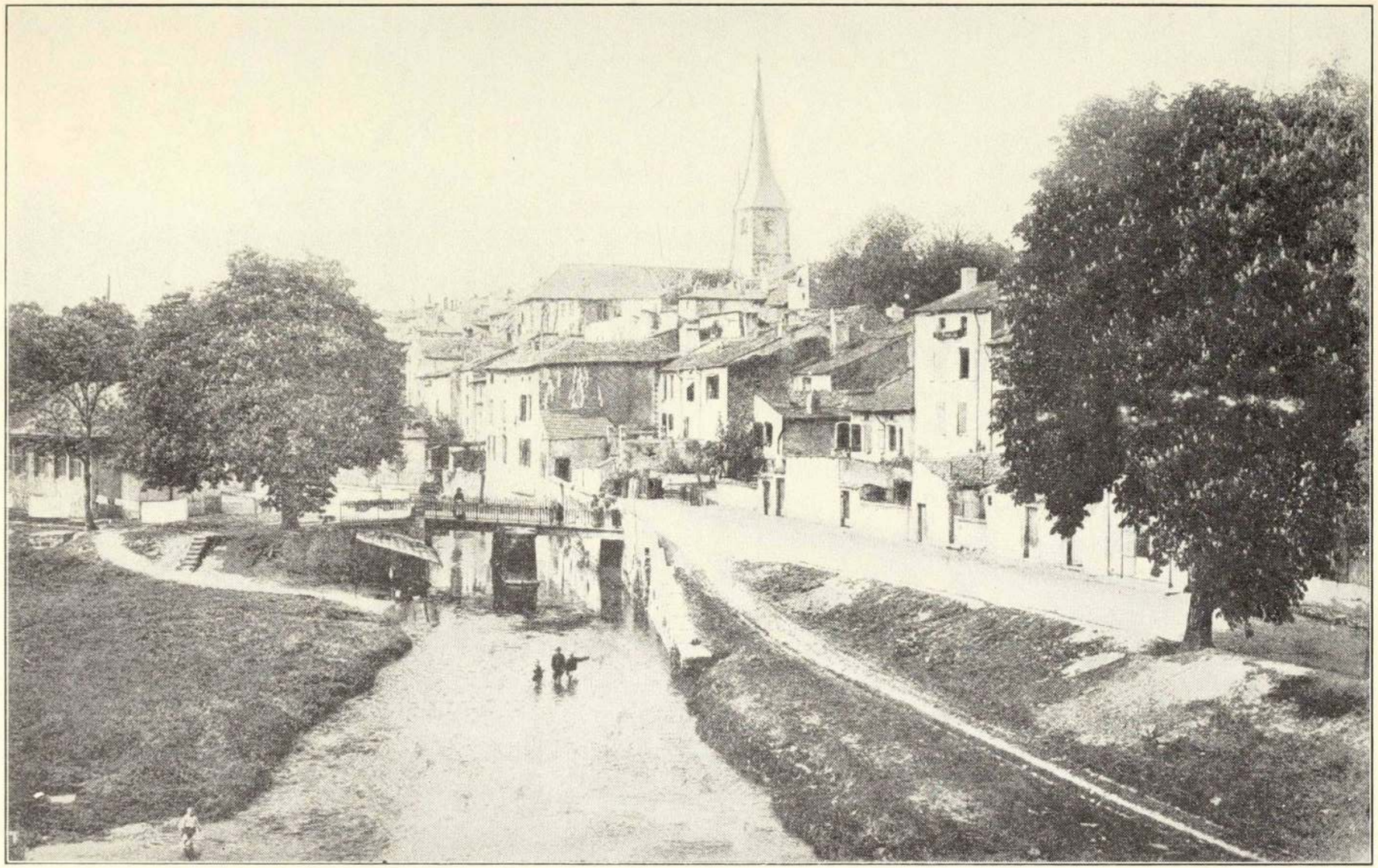
tions, and I am also supposed to be able to give these headquarters certain information when they want it. It is the most interesting work possible, and a kind I can do fairly well. The only unpleasant feature may come in my relations with our various headquarters, as my work involves considerable prowling around and asking questions, and as everyone knows you are liable to make a report, there is a good chance of becoming unpopular. On the other hand, everyone is anxious to give a good impression. My visit to General Edwards' men was my first, and I am glad I happened to tumble among friends to begin with. They were all deliberately friendly, and went out of their way to help me. General Traub I did not see, but on my next visit will look him up. My immediate "boss," Commandant de Bary, is a most kindly gentleman of about fifty, and I enjoy talking to him.

Major Harjes came out yesterday and spent the night going over my report and diary. He said the French are *"content"* with me, say that my reports are *"très intelligent,"* and that I have begun well—all of which does not mean much, but is pleasant to the ears. I am careful to avoid criticism and confine mystelf strictly to *facts,* so as long as I make no mistakes, there can be no "kick" coming. It is rather interesting that the only one of our officers I saw on my last trip who seemed not up to his job, had his sector raided the next night, and considerable Hell raised with him. I had mentioned his sector in my report.

Don't worry about my falling sick or being killed unnoticed. When at the front I am cautiousness itself, and although considerably scared on my first tour no one except myself knew it. The first orderly given me here was a corker, but got thrown into jail for fifteen days for having *"mal répondu"* to his Sergeant.

Mirecourt
April 19, 1918

Stopped my last letter because it was getting so long I was afraid the censor would throw out a couple of sheets just to save time. On Monday I left here, on ten minutes warning, with the Commandant de Miribel for a French Headquarters *en route* to see one of our Divisions. On arriving at our destination I was presented to Gen. Hirschauer as "General Pershing's representative with the G. A. E." and the King himself couldn't have been treated better. General Hirschauer told me to inform myself of certain things and I went on by Liaison auto to [Dieue] where I met the Corps Commander, General Vandenberg, a most courtly and pleasant gentleman, with whom I dined. There was also present an American Colonel of the type of American one sees in Montmartre cafes in peace time. After dinner he took me to a little town near the lines where I saw Brigadier General Murray and explained my mission as well as possible. He was rather bored at my appearing but nevertheless quite decent. One of his A. D. C's, Lieutenant Reynolds, a friend of Ikey Fales, I knew, so was outfitted with a bed (full of fleas by the way) and the next morning at 6 A. M. set out for the lines. From 7 A. M. till noon I tramped the trenches and went out to the listening posts in front, thereby getting quite a good idea of things. It was in a sector where there had been a raid the night before and it was interesting to hear the details. I'm sorry I can't write them. Our men fought splendidly. Ten or twelve, who were on the other side of the canal, *swam it* in order to get in the row. Two companies had been cited for their good work and they deserved it. The Germans in one place came over wearing French uniforms and yelling "Gas," in order to gain time. One prisoner said they had been told we were like the Russians and would be glad to surrender.



THE VILLAGE OF MIRECOURT

Got back just before lunch and met General B—, the French Commander, and a delightful Colonel. After lunch secured a horse and rode to a village eight miles off to find Willie Rauch who was surprised beyond words to see me. It was part of his regiment that I had inspected in the morning. He had missed the fight as he was *"en repos"* with his Battalion, of which he is now Scout Officer and responsible for all information the *other side* of our own wire. He has therefore had considerable experience in No Man's Land. Back for dinner and arranged to start the next morning at six for the other Regiment in the Brigade. Got some coffee from a field kitchen and then set out.

I've never seen such a country to fight over in my life and it was interesting beyond words. At some points we were within a few yards of the Hun. There was not much banging going on while I was out and we visited no end of interesting spots. All through the trenches the violets are blooming and they seemed almost out of place. In one spot there was a particularly big clump in the corner of a traverse and around it a crimson pool of blood still warm. It "gave one to think" as they say here, more than any single thing I've seen, and a little further on we met a stretcher carrying out what had once been a perfectly good man; the very one whose blood we had seen around the flowers. It seems ridiculous to write of *one* casualty in a sector of which it was reported that "the night was without incident," but the contrast of a warm shining day, flowers, and sudden and bloody death can't help but strike you.

After chasing through a few miles of trench we came back and were peaceably lunching at a field kitchen when the Huns got after it with artillery and life was pretty lively for a few minutes. We took shelter in dugouts till it was over and then sauntered out to see the damage. A mule that had been in the midst of things was still munch-

ing his hay, and except for a few pans, nothing was disturbed. Went back to Brigade Headquarters, where I was told the Chief of Staff of the Division wanted me at once. Got a car from the French and reported as per orders and had a very poor ten minutes. Division Headquarters were furious that I had not come *to them* before going into the lines and told me so very plainly. It was ignorance on my part and you can bet it will never happen again.

French Headquarters asked me if I would like to go and see Verdun the next day. You can imagine how I jumped at the chance. Thursday at 6 A. M. Captain de St. Sernin, Captain de Courtivron and I set out en auto, and I had the greatest time ever. De Courtivron is the nicest person you can imagine, a man of considerable wealth and great simplicity. He is so straight thinking and normal and so kindly in his views, which are very much like those of people we know and like at home, that you can't imagine what a pleasure it was to be with him. That morning we went out to Douaumont and all over the fort and ground around it. The chaos beggars description. Nowhere is there a square yard of earth unturned by some kind of shell, and the big ones have made holes eighteen to twenty feet deep. From the top of the fort Captain St. Sernin, who had fought over the very spot where we stood, pointed out various localities and sketched the battle as he knew it. It was fascinating beyond words and a few "marmites" bursting on a ridge a mile or so away added the necessary local color. We lunched in the citadel of the town with the Commander of the fortress, who lives in great style, and I enclose our *menu*. In the afternoon we went out to Fort de Souville and saw a lot more. The size and intricacy of these forts beggars description, but it's taboo to say *what* we saw. All over the place are little graves and from holes where recent shells have fallen, come the most

horrid smells. There's hardly room for a shell to fall without stirring up some poor beggar, who is certainly entitled to his long rest undisturbed. We went to the cathedral and the Archbishop's palace—both pretty well done for. It was very sad. The town was evacuated long ago, and to run through deserted streets with empty doorways gaping at you on every side, gives one a feeling that is hard to describe. The flowers are riotous in the Bishop's garden in spite of the shells which had fallen there, and the contrast of war and peace in that deserted spot was almost as great as it was, the day before, in the trench. *"Oh les cochons!"* was the only thing St. Sernin said as we looked out from the *"Orangerie"* over the battered town, and it is about all one *can* say. Dined with the officers at Headquarters that night, and was pleased to have them tell me I spoke better French than any American officer they had met. This A. M. motored to Bar-le-Duc, where I took an hour's train ride, met another Liaison auto, and got here about four o'clock. As I hadn't had my clothes off in five days, I did considerable scrubbing up before reporting to Commandant Charreyre. All seemed glad to see me and asked about my trip. Something bad is surely going to happen before long! This being taken around and treated like a young ambassador can't last.

At dinner a Captain of Zouaves told me he had noticed that one of his men smelt horribly a few days after an attack and made the man open his shirt to see if he could locate the trouble. He did. The Zouave had sixteen pairs of ears strung on a string hung around his neck "for good luck." Off to bed, so *"bon soir."*

Mirecourt
April 22, 1918

I have asked Sylvia to send on to you my account of my

trip to Verdun—the trip where I met Willie Rauch. I had barely come in, when they sent me out again to get the details of the fight mentioned in the enclosed *"Communiqué."* It is marvelous how much bravery, suffering, death and detail is comprised in the terse recital of the *"communiqué."* I had never been on the spot where things "were doing" before, and it was an eye-opener to me. Astounding things happened and our line is as it was. I would like to write the details, but cannot. My report in French I hope to show you some day.

On my last jaunt, I got thoroughly "filled up" with seeing shells going off on our road. One feels so completely helpless *en auto,* and being hit by a shell coming from afar is such an impersonal way of being banged up. Saw our friend, General Traub, who didn't know me from Adam, or if he did, didn't let ou.

My position, when with our troops, is not an easy one, as some of our officers cannot see why an American is doing French work. I cannot work through the French line on account of my uniform, and mine is rather a tactful kind of job. The French are universally polite and it is a pleasure to deal with them. Just in from a walk, and am going back to the office to see what effect my report had. My commanding officer expressed himself as *" très content,"* with it, but one never knows what that means.

Mirecourt
April 26, 1918

Don't quite remember when I last wrote, but think it was just after I had come back from that scrap at "S"[Seichprey] about which I sent you the clipping. Things continue to go as they were, and I heard yesterday that our friend, General Traub is in hot water.

These French do know war from the ground up, and all

their operations are carried out with a wealth of detail, that, I don't think, our Generals see the necessity of. It is a bit the outcropping of our national fault of believing that one American is equal to ten of any other race—physically and mentally, and on the latter point we are undoubtedly wrong. Our men individually will, and have accounted for as many dead Germans as any one, and you hear nothing but praise of their fighting ability. When, however, it comes to sitting back of the lines and fighting unit as unit, the same is not yet true, and while, with the greatest politeness, we are told that everyone must learn this game, which they have been practising for forty years and playing four, our wanting to begin where they are now, is not quite appreciated. Our men are really magnificent. I have seen them going out, and coming in, wounded and sick, and you can't beat them for pluck and good humor. They have a healthy hate for the Hun. By the way, they never by any chance speak of a German as "Boche," "Hun" or "German," the only designation for anyone the other side of our wire being "Them sons of ———" and I nearly laughed my head off hearing a big private explaining to some Frenchmen just what was meant by the term.

When not on my trips, I read a bit of French military stuff, write letters, and try to get the workings of the various bureaus straight in my mind, discuss the war all I can and pick up as much useful information as possible. Every now and then I am ashamed of leading a staff life, riding around in a motor and living like a king, but I didn't seek this job and was quite content with my Machine Guns. It is extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that I am here in this unusual job, largely from a chance remark of Mr. Bliss on our terrace one night in August 1914. Without that, I doubt if I would have come to France in

1914, and in that case Major Harjes would never have put me where I am now.

Mirecourt
April 27, 1918

I am happy enough, though I do not care much for being in this war and not commanding men. I am too outrageously comfortable. Yesterday afternoon two American officers appeared with some Army trucks. We had dinner at the *Hotel de la Gare.* I supplied some sardines and we had soup, omelette, chops and coffee. The pleasantest part of my days here is, just after lunch, when I walk with a couple of French officers. It is always surprising to me, how simply they take their pleasures, and how much they appreciate small things. They know infinitely more about literature, art and music than most of my friends, and I enjoy getting their point of view. Every once in a while I strike a red hot Royalist, and have a delightful time. The German idea that the State is everything, has always appealed to me, and it is rather humorous that I am part of a movement to make the world "safe for Democracy." There is a bathing establishment here, run by Sisters of the Convent, and I have revelled in the first real tub in many weeks. Recently, I sent my orderly out to buy me a bath tub, and the idiot returned with three men carrying a leaden one, of the coffin variety, that must have weighed nearly a ton! Now, however, I have a big round one, which my orderly fills half full of boiling water every morning. He is really very useful, but I nearly fired him when I found him using tooth paste on my boots.

Mirecourt
May 5, 1918

Have not written in quite a while, but this week have

been constantly on the run. On Monday I left for one of our Divisions, passing through the 8th Army, where I saw C—, and spent the night with him. Another day at Corps Headquarters, and a day at Division Headquarters, making the same stops on return trip. Sorry to say that my forebodings of friction, came out with a rush during the week. I mentioned something in my report that was going as it should not, and, without letting me know about it, this Headquarters and Chaumont both jumped the General in command. He was furious and accused me of spying behind his back. It looked that way, as I did not see him when I left the Division, but only on my entrance, which I had been told was all that was necessary. While I expected some action might be taken, I thought it would come through me, and I think less than nothing of its having been done behind my back. Wrote the General and apologized, telling him substantially the above. Major Harjes was here yesterday and talked with the Chief of Staff, who told him such things invariably occur with green liaison officers, and that in this work there were always three steps—first, *"se faire toleré"*; second, *"se faire aimé,"* and third, *"se faire desiré."* Outside of feeling a bit blue about this, I have been in fine form and am seeing and learning much.

A letter from Jack Higginson came today from Paris, telling of his engagement to Virginia, and of various things he had brought over for me. Two of the French officers here have asked me to spend a night or so with them, which I will do if possible, as I like to know these people well. They are extremely nice to me, and if the same amount of official politeness existed in our army, life would be pleasanter.

On my last trip, I witnessed the rehearsal of a raid, at which four Generals and a Colonel attended, and to hear the French General's criticism of it was a rare treat. My left

wrist is still not much good, owing to my experience with the runaway mule at Ayer.

Mirecourt
May 8, 1918

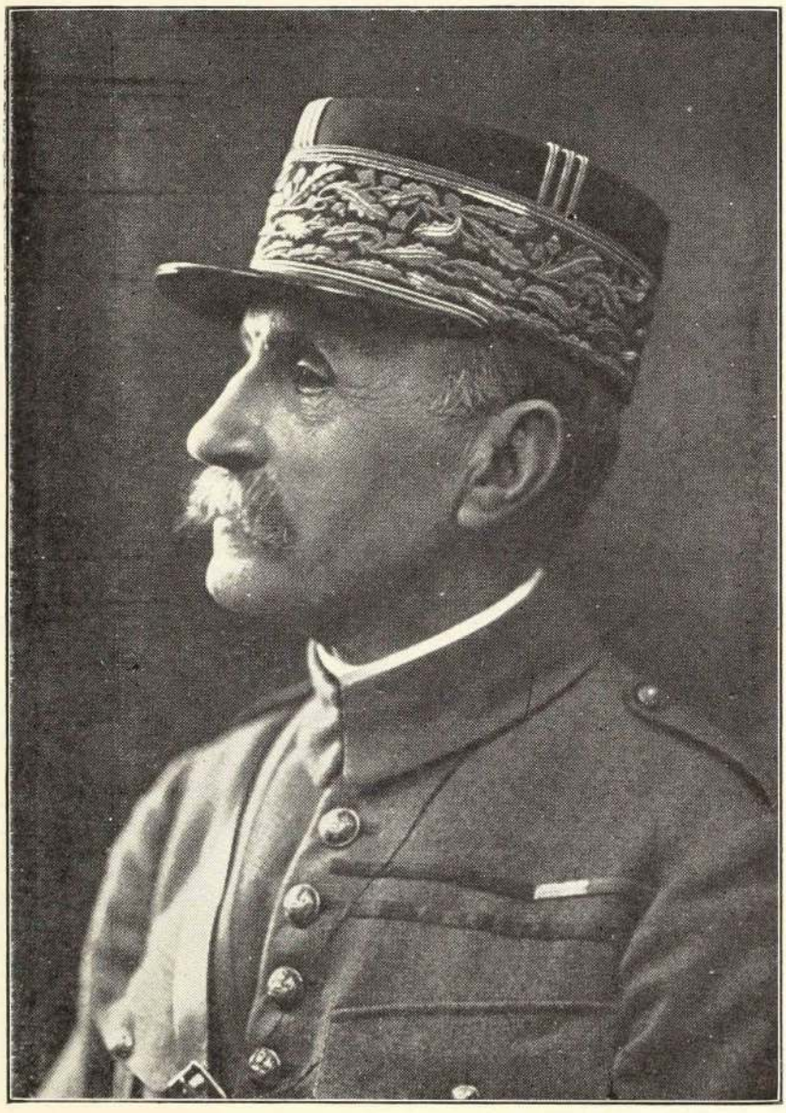
It seems strange that when I have come back as an officer and an ally, I feel as if I was doing less to help than when I was with the French Ambulance, in 1914. Don't get the idea from anything I write that I am unhappy, but I am so keen to *help* in this row that any inactivity is objectionable. Yesterday I started on their travels again fifteen coons and a sergeant who had been put off the train here by mistake. They had orders directing them to a town which did not exist, and had come from a town where they always get everything wrong.

Been doing quite a bit of work on machine gun theory and fire. It passes the time and may come in useful—you never can tell. Read a bit of French, write, go to bed early, get up at 7.30 and eat three meals a day. Incidentally I have put on eight pounds. I don't see any Americans here and at times rather long for a chance to talk English.

Mirecourt
May 13, 1918

Enjoying these French officers more and more, and some of them are becoming *friendly* instead of merely *polite*. Also there has arrived an English Captain, who is attached here as Liaison Officer of Aviation, and he is quite delightful. He has been in the game from the start.

Our men are getting into the big row more and more, and as individual fighters they cannot be matched. They bring a freshness and impetuosity that is quite a contrast to the "don't stir up anything you don't have to" attitude



General Foch

that more or less reigns in some sectors, and the accuracy of their sniping has irritated the Hun considerably.

Did I write you that I have a seven days leave in June and shall try to get to Dinard with Mimi? I am almost ashamed to take any leave, but on the theory that one had better grab everything that comes your way in army life, as you never know when you will get another chance, I am going to take it. If I could get a horse here, I would be completely happy. Major Harjes said he might send out one of his. Captain Ragon who is a lawyer in Paris, followed with interest the "Cecelie" case, and was very keen on knowing all about it when I told him it was in our office. I hear from Harjes that Junius Morgan is off to Italy.

Mirecourt
Ascension Day, 1918

The whole town is out in holiday attire, shops closed and churchbells ringing. The latter are fine, but always make me homesick. Cannot imagine why, as we never hear any at home. Perhaps it is because they cry "Peace," "Peace," when there is no peace and won't be for a long time. Ten years ago today Charley and I were caught swimming in Big Turkey, at S'-Paul's and two years later when we were sophomores, Bill Rauch and I climbed Jerry together. I remember our saying that if there was a real war within ten years after we graduated we would both get into it, and here we are not more than fifty miles apart.

Have been doing a lot of work on machine gun tactics recently, and am accumulating quite some information. One of the French officers here, who commanded a Machine Gun Company for nine months has been awfully nice, and has given me his notes and tables to work over. They are much clearer and more practical than any I have seen at home, and have helped me a lot.

Movies to-night—our one weekly dissipation. Officers and soldiers get free admission. The officers sit in a high gallery at the back of the hall, and the soldiers, roped off from the townspeople, have benches on the main floor. Whenever anything is shown that they don't like, they howl and yell, as we did at Princeton.

We had quite an argument at table today over two pictures in *"L'Illustration."* One showed Bolo tied to his stake after being shot. This was claimed to be bad manners on the part of the paper, as serving no purpose and irritating his family. One officer argued that the family of such people *should* be harassed as a penalty for bringing them into the world, but he was quickly squelched. The other picture was of the gate to a part of the Chateau at Grisvenes, which I often passed in 1914. Hanging on the gate is a sign *"Defense d'entrer"* and in the foreground two dead Germans. Some of the officers said that the picture was in *"mauvais gout"* and the paper had no right to make use of a sign put up in Peace time to ridicule men who had fallen in War. It rather surprised me to hear military men take this point of view but there is something nice in it, and it is quite un-American. I am continually surprised at what we would call the *"culture"* of these officers. They all know about pictures, music and books to an extent that few of my friends do, and I feel very ignorant. Luckily they imagine that I know as much about English authors as they do about their own.

Just in from a "digestive walk" with commandant Perra and Captain Auchet. We went cross country part of the time, and the fields were lovely beyond words after a day's rain.

Mirecourt
May 18, 1918

This job, in honest truth, is one that ought to have a Colonel of twenty years' experience. I am intelligent enough not to make the same mistake twice, and I get on well personally with the French, but at times I am a bit up against it, to know how to report technical subjects. The difficult part of the work is that our Headquarters expect me to be a mere funnel through which U. S. and French authorities can connect, while the French expect me to be the actual connection itself, and think I was designated for work which their own liaison officers do, most of whom are Ecole de Guerre men, and they sometimes send me out to act as such. This is the only unpleasant part of my position. The other side is wonderful. I see no end of real men who are running this War, and the amount of information as to the inside working of things that comes my way is astounding.

Just back from a trip to the Rainbow Division with our Assistant Chief of Staff. It was most instructive, not only technically, but to see the way he handled our officers. He speaks no English and my job was primarily interpreting. We went to the Division, Brigade and Regimental Headquarters and then to the trenches. The nonchalance of the aforesaid Chief of Staff a bit astounded me. At one spot he stopped within a few hundred yards of the German lines, stood out in plain sight, unrolled a big white map, and with three of us clustered round him, laid down the laws of war. We could see the Huns moving about in their lines, and why they did not take a pot at us, I cannot imagine. I admit that my attention to what the Chief of Staff was saying was not as concentrated as it might have been. On our way back to Division Headquarters, I listened while he and our Major General discussed plans for an attack, which

was a great treat. Have not been back to General Edwards' Division since my trouble there, and I am rather wondering how I will be received. The General commanding this Division was remarkably nice to me, and now sends me daily reports of their doings by courier. I imagine things will work out in this way, a little at a time, and if I can only *help* some of our units, they will blossom out and be quite open with me. Dined with French and U. S. Officers and enjoyed myself greatly. Left with Major Judah of the General Staff, T—, a correspondent and Major O— for Neuf chateau, where I lunched with Roly Redmond, and obtained cigarettes and information; then returned and have been editing my notes.

Sorry to hear Kissel is lost. M— T— died through his own neglect. He got out into "No Man's Land," with a small squad ahead of time; finding his mistake, he said he would go on anyway, and not having the proper help was caught. There is nothing informal about the game as it is played here. Our men are excellent in this kind of work, and in this particular section we *own* "No Man's Land."

This is the nicest country you ever saw, rather like that between Princeton and Somerville. At present it is beautiful with spring foliage. Am expecting to get to see our "coons" before long and, with them, Eric Winston and Ham Fish.

This P. M. there was a decoration of some officers in the garden back of Headquarters. General de Castelnau bestowing Legions of Honor. It was a bully sight. A Company in clean blue uniforms lined up on the grass before the old grey wall, formed the background for the officers to be decorated. The latter, in their best uniforms, with sabres and gloves, stood in a line six paces in front of the Company. We watchers lined up in double rank facing them, and with a flourish of trumpets the General came

out and took his station between us. The Company presented arms, General de Castelnau pinned on the medals, gave the two taps with his sword and kissed the *"décorés"* on both cheeks. The troops then filed by, with bugles blowing, and the ceremony was over. It was dignified, simple and very gay in coloring—artillery men with red breeches, all the officers in dress képis, the General with his big diamond star of the Legion of Honor sparkling in the sun, and the background of skyblue uniforms against the ivy covered wall. After the handshaking we adjourned to Headquarters where we had champagne and cakes. Tonight at dinner the table was decorated with flowers, and we had special wines and dishes.

The other day I ran over to [Epinal] and enjoyed seeing the town. I met Henry Ford, Ivy '15, with some French remount officers, and was glad to talk Princeton again.

Mirecourt
May 20, 1918

Couldn't write last week because too busy. My trip with Colonel Barrard into Alsace was very interesting, and the country the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is astounding how much ground we covered, and how much we saw and heard. Luck still pursues me, as I have probably one of the most interesting jobs in France. Aside from the technical end, which I am hardly experienced enough to cope with, I enjoy the work immensely. These officers are most congenial, and to sit around after lunch and dinner and hear men who have fought from Switzerland to the sea, discuss their experiences, is a privilege. The garden is delightful, shaded with chestnut trees, and is very green and cool. By the way, on July 31st, I will be entitled to a "V" shaped gold chevron for six months' service over here.

Have been working recently on large scale maps, showing German and French trenches in detail and many of the names are amusing. Officers and their commanding posts are often given names to prevent any Hun, who happens to be listening in, from getting information. I have heard the Rajah of Massapequa call up the Mogul in Indianapolis and ask how the Bison in Newark was getting on and if the messenger from Louisiana had arrived. It is like a nightmare, and when the code is changed from time to time, we officers go almost crazy. If it weren't for such enlivening details, life would be almost unbearable at times. Our men are unconsciously humorous, and I wish I could remember some of the tales told me in the dugouts. The amount of sleep officers get in the trenches amounts to about four hours a day, generally snatched from 9 to 11 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M., and you can tell an officer who has "come out" by his strained and nervous manner. I have talked with friends of mine who have come back to headquarters, when they could hardly make sense, and answered very nervously when you ask them a sudden question. I am always ashamed of my comfortable life here when I meet them. A Staff Officer's difficulty was summed up by an English Colonel, who said to me that if the officers and men in the lines see you clean and smart they say "Bally loafer, nothing to do but keep shined up," and if you go among them muddy or untidy, their remark is "Bally loafer, doesn't even bother to keep clean."

The amount of tact needed in this kind of work is astounding, and I learn much from seeing how the French do it. I went with a Colonel from these Headquarters, who talked at length with one of our Major Generals, giving him much sound advice. He said that he did not come to criticize in any way or give orders, but simply to talk over things as he would with a French General. He ended

somewhat as follows—"You see, coming from the Chief Headquarters I know what they want and what they expect, and of course, I bring no orders or criticism, but in this situation, if they were doing so and so, they would do it in such a way. I hope I have not taken up too much of your very valuable time, but I have so enjoyed discussing with you, purely as between friends, your very interesting and intelligent handling of the situation." It was really priceless—the iron fist in the kid glove. I learned much in that ten minutes.

Mirecourt
May 23, 1918

Made a trip into Alsace a short time ago, and had the best day since I landed. It was the first time I crossed the German frontier, and it gave one quite a sensation. Colonel Barrard and I slept at Remiremont on Tuesday night, and the next day covered two hundred miles through the most gorgeous country. It was a mixture of the Adirondacks and Bernardsville, and more beautiful than a combination of both. The hills were masses of golden flowers, and the contrasting greens, beyond words, beautiful. There was the bright green on the meadows, the bottle green of the rye and as a background the somber rich tones of the pine woods—with a clear blue sky over all, flowers everywhere and brooks clear and rippling. We saw the source of the Moselle, and followed it down our way home. We were at Hartmannsweiler Kopft where there was such bloody fighting, and from a hill just this side of it had a gorgeous view straight over Hunland. On a clear day you can see the Black Forest. German shells throwing up clouds of black smoke on a ridge two hundred yards in front of us, and the crackling of machine gun fire over the hill on our left were all that gave one any indication that a

war going on, and it was hard to realize that twenty thousand men had died on this little knoll, hardly bigger than our own at home. Owing to the steep hill and the thick growth of trees, we could get within a few hundred yards of the lines *en auto*. We left Remiremont at 4 A. M., with no breakfast except a bit of chocolate I happened to have with me, and from 7 until 11.30, climbed up and slid down the steepest hills I have ever seen. Lunched with General Serigny, very young looking for a general and very English. In the afternoon we motored through miles of gorgeous country up over the Col de Bramont and down to Gerardmer, stopping by a bully little waterfall for a mug of beer.

Just now I have come back from a trip with Captain Fordham to see some of our aviators. Ran into Colonel Van Horn, whom I knew as instructor at Plattsburg. Had a bite of lunch at English Headquarters, where, as usual, they live in considerable style. A letter from Mimi this morning. Don't urge her to come back. No one who hasn't been here can realize how futile life seems at home. Mimi will never be happier or better than she is over here.

Mirecourt
May 24, 1918

Nothing exciting since I last wrote except for a very interesting trip with the Sous Chef. It is wonderful luck to be taken about with Colonel Barrard when he visits the different regiments, and it's the finest of educations. I now begin to see what to look for and what to notice. The Colonel is a bit more ferocious looking than Hindenberg, and is affectionately called the "Tank" from his powerful build. He explains to me the systems of defense and attack applicable to all the different positions, pointing out how existing arrangements can be improved or modified.

It's like going to an *école de guerre* and being the only pupil, and as I take notes of his remarks, I can't help learning a good deal.

An interesting thing is the marked difference in the relations of our various divisions with the French. In one case there is mutual enthusiasm, largely due to the fact that our chief of staff there is a very kind and keen gentleman. In another, suggestions are not quite so welcome, and there is not the same smoothness, while in another, words fail me! It is astounding how much difference a little tact and an open mind can make, and some of our professional soldiers find it a bit hard to understand why they should "wear gloves" as it were. There is no style about most of our officers. I recently arrived at a Division Headquarters after lunch and found two Colonels, a Major and a Captain sitting in shirt sleeves in very untidy surroundings. A few minutes later, we were in English Headquarters, where everyone was in shining boots and belts, and looked as if they had just come out of hot tubs. Fordham is charming and studied with Gal-Ladevèze at Mer a year before I did, so we had much to talk over. He was first with the Northumberland Fusiliers, was wounded, went into aviation, and has flown in Egypt, Arabia and Palestine.

This is the kind of a job that may blossom out into real work at any time, but at times I feel that I am not useful enough. But, as I said before, I am learning a lot, and if I stop here a few months will have had a better training along staff lines than most of our officers. Had a bully letter from General Edwards in reply to mine after the fireworks over my report.

Mirecourt
May 28, 1918

The long expected Hun push is on again, so we are quite busy.

Mirecourt
June 2, 1918

Going off tomorrow for a three days trip, inspecting munitions with Colonel Buffet and Lieut. Holt, who is here learning the game. We go through a fine country, looking over everything from the rear to battery positions. I wonder what you make of the new Hun push. We get the news red hot here and life has been interesting beyond words since it began. I'd give a lot to be able to write you the news, but, of course it is strictly tabooed. I am glad to say we are helping stem the tide.

Mirecourt
June 7, 1918

Been busy since a week ago, working in the office of the Inspector of Munitions with Lieut. Holt, an officer of one of our divisions, who came to learn about the storage of shells and powder. As he speaks no French, I was detailed as interpreter. We got through lots of work, and had a three days trip out over beautiful country, looking over all sorts of ammunition dumps and arsenals. It was a new branch of work for me and I learned much. The amount there is to learn is paralysing, and the longer I stay here the more I admire the knowledge of the French officers with whom I come in contact. Of course they are rather a big lot at this Headquarters, and it's a continual education to talk with them. Some day I will know enough to be really useful to our own people.

The other day I passed some Second Lieutenants drilling their platoons in a big green field, and felt almost ashamed of myself. They were hard and brown and they were snapping out commands in a way that made me feel I was missing the best thing about the War—a chance to lead men who will follow you. Am expecting to see a lot of my

Yaphank friends soon. Camp Devens seems to have taken root. Had a note from Whistler, saying Harry Gardner was commanding my company. If it did not mean leaving France, I would do all I could to get back to mounted troops.

Recently I went up to the Hospital and talked with some English officers who had been banged up in the big fight. They had many interesting things to say about the battle, which of course are tabooed. They were all strong in praise of our men, who really are a splendid looking crowd, and you would be proud to see them. They have a boyishness and exuberence I have seen nowhere else, and seem more alive.

The postman has just brought me a card from Mimi. Since the big fight she has been nursing at Epernay and is evidently very busy. The English officers here said they had been looked after by Aunt Nan's Canteen at Chalons.

Mirecourt
June 9, 1918

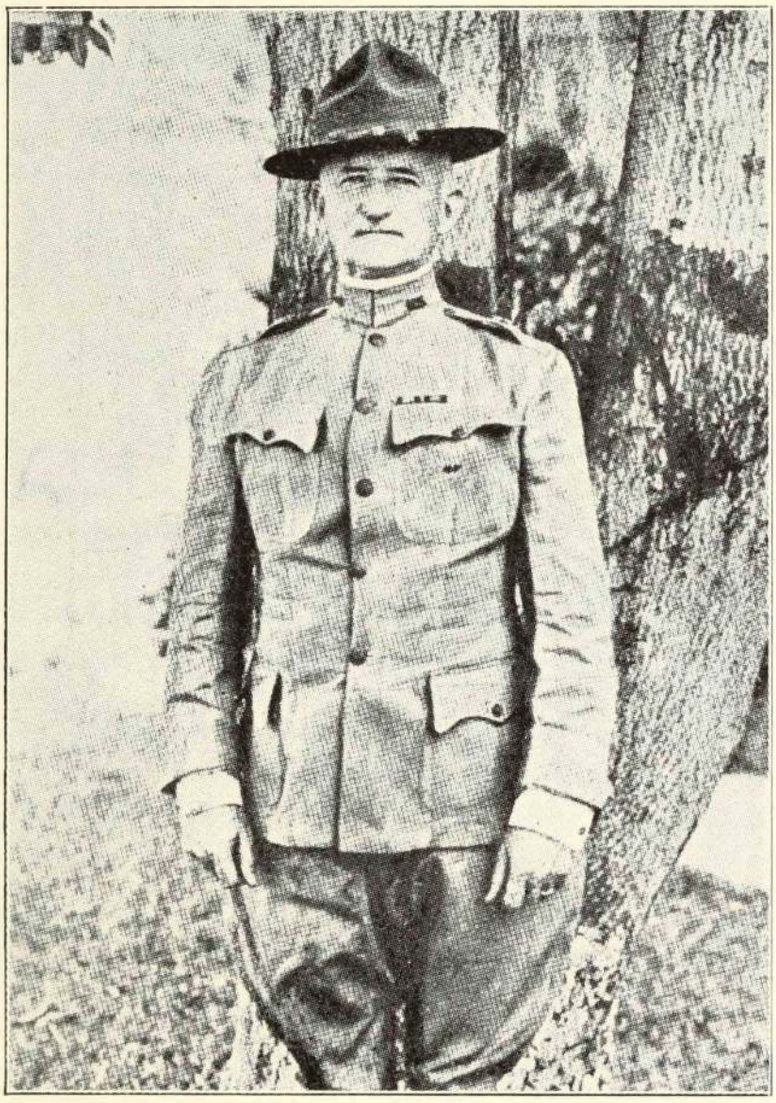
A gorgeous summer day which the Hun has chosen to start another push, just where I was, in 1914. Yesterday I motored over to our Headquarters with a couple of officers, and got a new tin lid. Had an extremely interesting letter from Mimi, who has all alone been looking after eighty wounded, carrying them in from a station that was bombarded by Hun aeros. An English officer here, who never saw a first line trench, was hit when he was from 8 to 10 km behind the lines.

Mirecourt
June 14, 1918

Have had a most interesting and hectic week. On Tuesday, I was sent to see your friend General Edwards about

certain matters, and as it was the first time since I had stirred things up in his Division, I was slightly nervous, as to my reception. It was useless worry, for he understood perfectly how I had been placed, and he could not have been nicer. He invited me to lunch, and afterwards talked openly and confidentially to me alone for quite a while. Simpkins with whom I had quite a chat, told me my report had been the "blowing up point" after a series of unfortunate incidents, but this is over now, and I think I have been able to do Edwards a good turn. He asked after you and sent his warmest regards.

Tuesday afternoon, I watched the presentation of medals by General Passaga. It was a fine sight. As the General took his place, the band played the "Marseillaise" and then crashed into the "Star Spangled Banner." It made your hair stand on end to see that long line of khaki stiffen to "present arms," and I feel very much out of things for not being one of them. General Traub presented the men to be decorated, in excellent French, and with more voice than I thought he possessed. I ran into Oliver Turner. He is in the ammunition train of the Division, and he took me back with his colonel to a little village where we had tea. I dined at "T" with Turner and Lieut. Williamson, whom I knew for three years at Plattsburg. Tuesday I visited the French Corps and our liaison officer there, and then by good luck I ran into Captain Vautrin, who had a motor and was going back to our Headquarters. Went to bed about 10.30 and was waked up by an orderly early next morning, telling me to be ready to start with Captain Hermitte to visit another of our divisions, and off we got at 8 o'clock. Met the General, and Chief of Staff and with Captain Hermitte arranged several things. I feel that I am now beginning to be really useful, and am told that de Castelnau intends to use me quite a bit with the new units. Am happy and



General Edwards

learn no end. Certainly no one ever had a better chance. I have met most of the wellknown Generals, which, of course, is interesting. The mounted service seems the best from the top down, and you would be surprised at the number of cavalry officers on the French staffs. As someone here said when I mentioned that the cavalry was now dismounted—"Yes, they are infantry now, but they out-infantry the infantry."

Some English troops were marching a German officer out to be executed for espionage the other day. It was a long muddy trip, and the Hun kept complaining all the time about its being beneath his dignity to be forced to plough through the mud and slush. On arriving at the fatal spot, he again explained he had no objections to being shot, but he did object to having been forced to walk through miles of slush. This irritated the Sergeant, who remarked " 'ell, wot you got to complain about, ain't I got to walk all the way back!"

In one part of the lines where they are not very far apart, conversation goes on between sides. One evening a Hun cautiously poked his nose over the parapet and plaintively inquired "Say, is any of youse fellows from Birmingham; I got a wife and three children there." "Pull in your bloody neck or you'll have a widow and three orphans there!" was the reply. F— who is in the hospital, got "fed up" with explaining to visitors how he had been wounded, and finally said "It happened this way—you see, I was leaning on a barrage, when it lifted suddenly, and I fell into a shell hole and almost drowned." Bill Rauch is in the middle of the big push, and I hope he comes through. De Bary got word here yesterday that his son was missing in a counter-attack, and that there was not much hope. The old man was very much broken up, and it was pitiful to see him go about his work as if nothing had happened.

His boy had been made Lieutenant just three days before, after serving four years as a poilu, and this was his first attack. I tried to say something decent to the old man who was very grateful, and said *"Ah vous savez—c' etait un chic garçon. C'est la plus belle des mortes—mais c'est dur tout de même,"* which, after all, is about all there is to say!

Mirecourt
June 15, 1918

Have just had lunch with General de C— commanding the 3rd Corps and Willard Straight. The latter was as genial as ever, and it's going to make my work much pleasanter to have him at Headquarters. I now intend to make all my first visits to the new units purely *social,* and then when I go back on *official* matters, I hope the road will be smoother. It was a bit difficult at first, but now things go O. K. Give my regards to General Butt when you see him, and tell him he is quite right about my job here. It's about the finest in France and the most interesting. The stupidest person in the world could not help getting a liberal education thrust down his neck. No matter what becomes of me hereafter, I'll have gained no end of valuable experience and will be better fitted for anything that comes my way. Had a post card from Alex Henderson with the 7th Field Artillery. Rauch is in the big fight, and his crowd has distinguished itself time and again.

From time to time I try my hand at very brief sketches of little incidents I have seen. You are quite right about General de Castelnau. He really is the essence of kindliness and good breeding, and my short interviews with him are a great pleasure. It's too bad the world cannot be run by such as he. As I see it, one of the best things the war will produce is that the decent people will come to the top, and if they are not all killed off, will have proved their

right. There's nothing like a gentleman on any job, and I notice it especially in the Franco-American relations.

Mirecourt
June 17, 1918

It's bully to think of you at Ivy. What a gorgeous reunion we'll have after the Hun is squashed. November, 1919 is the limit I give them, so with luck the Commencement of 1920 ought to be the date. This evening after dinner I began to read in English to the officers of the bureau.

Mirecourt
June 18, 1918

Feeling like a king after my first ride. For a whole hour we galloped over the new mown fields and it was gorgeous. I had the privilege today of seeing the officers here plan defensive positions and of hearing them discuss the proper means of defense, and the line that is to be held from Verdun to Switzerland.

Mirecourt
June 21, 1918

Back yesterday from a trip to one of our Divisions with Colonel Barrard and met several officers with whom I am likely to have dealings in the future. Tell Benson when you see him, that if his message gave half as much pleasure to the other Ivy men over here, as it did to me, its sending was one of the best ideas he ever had. I am getting genuinely fond of "le Tank" as he is called, for behind his Hindenburg exterior he hides a simple and very kindly soul, and enjoys scenery and the country a lot. We ran into several of his old officers, mostly young captains, and the genuine pleasure they showed on seeing him, was a tribute

few men get. On his way home, he gave me a resumé of the day, and explained the new systems of defense. It was interesting beyond words. Talking of the enormous task any general has, he said there were three requisites without which no man could run a division successfully—Character, long and careful study, and quick intelligence. The first to *have courage* to do what he thinks right in the face of opposition and personal preference; the second to *know how* to do things and the third to *know when* to do them. Given these you have a good General, and as Barrard says—no finer thing exists.

Things are broadening out quite a bit for me in all directions, and I am hoping to be of real use. I hear and remember so much, I am afraid of talking in my sleep. We are playing a bigger and bigger part in this war, and on all sides we hear we are the people who will finish it. I enclose a snapshot of myself and Captain Vautrin taken as we were starting off on a trip. It shows what one carries—tin hat, trench cane, coat, English gas mask in front, round French one behind, map case back of that and a knapsack slung over the shoulder.

Mirecourt
June 22, 1918

Had a most gorgeous two hours ride with Commandant de Miribel yesterday, and as we were coming home ran into Commandants Perra and Hermitte, so we all turned around and had a steeple chase through an old forest. At the end we went down a bank which made the pictures of Italian cavalrymen seem tame. Life here is now very pleasant, and I am continually finding more to do. I am rather like a pistol, not needed most of the time, but very useful on occasions. Yesterday afternoon I was sent for by Colonel Barrard and found with him a red hot

Captain of Artillery from Georgia. The latter had come to prowl over the country looking for a site for a horse hospital, to be located anywhere his fancy moved him, and it took quite a bit of pursuading to make him see that things were not done in any such informal way. He was one of those aggressive "We'll show him" type, but calmed down quite well and thanked me for having explained how things stood.

Mirecourt
June 28, 1918

The more I see, the more I realize, that three allies are by no means three times as powerful as one consolidated nation. The number of individual organizations is an endless expense, and co-ordination is the great problem. The international sport at present seems to be to see who can annex the most of our troops. They are coming in faster than you can imagine, and it's great news. Also, they get on well with the French. Have been riding nearly every day lately. I thought my horse seemed to understand English better than French, and yesterday found he came from near Philadelphia. He has evidently been hunted, for he dances at the sight of a fence. It's a pleasure to see one or two of these officers who are really finished horsemen, and I have learned quite a bit from watching them.

(Mirecourt)
July 2, 1918

Have been rushing for the past two days. Last Saturday I left here with Colonel Barrard at 5 A. M. to see Machine Gun tests. Incidentally I learned more than in three months with my machine guns at Camp Devens. Then we inspected a new Aerodrome, where I did interpreting. That night Whitney Warren turned up en route to see

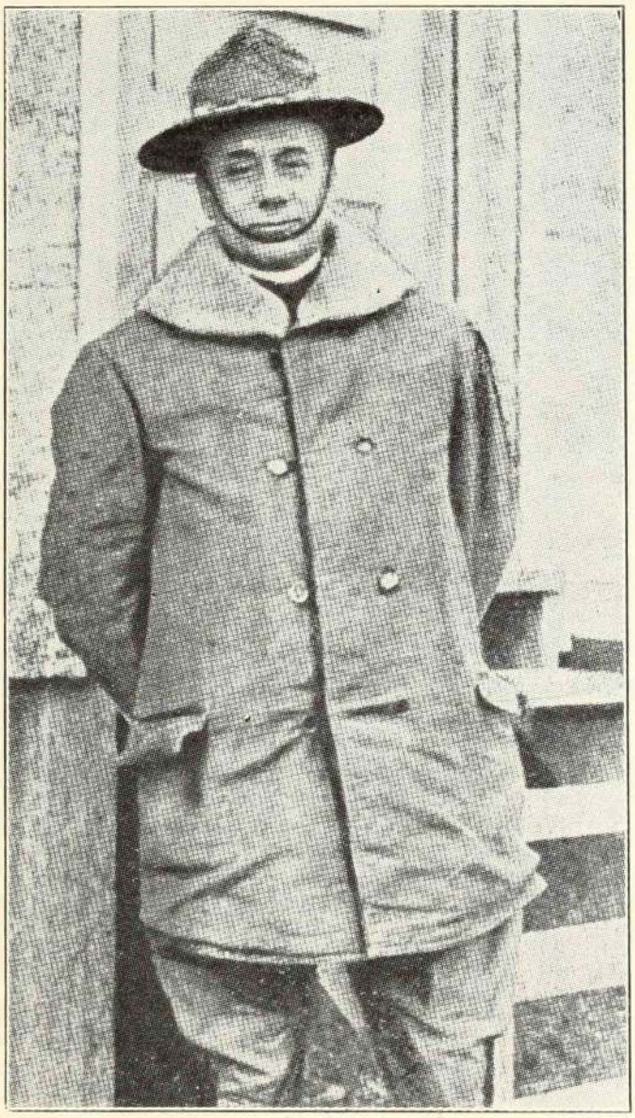
Reggie Rives, and I was given charge of him for two days. Met the commanding General of the "Yaphanks," with whom we were supposed to lunch, but when Warren saw O— K— was to be of the party, he refused point blank, and explained he wasn't cosmopolitan enough to take pleasure in lunching with a man who had been born a German, became an Englishman, then American, and was now on the way to turn Frenchman! Saw many friends. Don Kelly is the Major General's A. D. C. and Shep Krech also. Kelly was in good form but got a bit of grenade in his back near Montdidier.

On Monday had lunch with General Wright and two of his staff. He was at your old school, St. John's, and was very pleasant. Willard Straight was in the party. Also met Jim Barney. It was a treat to meet General Wright again, and he was as nice to me as you can imagine. I helped one of his departments arrange something with one of our headquarters, and he appreciated it.

Mirecourt
July 3, 1918

Have just started off a Medical Officer of one of our base hospitals. He had missed his train and was wandering around disconsolately, when I found him and fixed him up with room and board. Have just been to call on some very charming French people with Commandant De Bary. They are quite old, but very much the real thing, and have asked me to dine with them on Saturday. It's no end of relief to see people not in uniform.

Tomorrow is the 4th of July, and a holiday has been declared for the town. Am scared to death I may have to make a speech at our mess, for talking to intelligent gentlemen is rather a different proposition from making a speech to artillerymen. I enclose you the best of the St. Paul's



General Wright

prayers that Dr. Drury sent us. It is really pretty fine. De Bary has just had word that no trace of his son can be found, and he is very unhappy.

Mirecourt
July 4, 1918

At lunch Colonel de Loisy made a very nice little speech to me, calling me *"Mon cher Michel,"* and saying it was a great pleasure to have an American officer with them on this day, and particularly one of whom they had all become very fond. He said that the bonds between France and America were being cemented by blood and labor, and that our friendship, of which I was the first representative at these Headquarters, would be something that future generations would cherish and profit by. It was very well put, and there was real friendship behind it. In reply I said that the Fourth was a great holiday with us, largely because of the aid France had brought us one hundred and forty years ago; that I thought we had been slow in coming to repay our debt, but we were now really arriving, and that I hoped next year we might have the pleasure of celebrating a fête in peace—the fête of two republics that had fought to make the World safe for free people.

Mirecourt
July 7, 1918

Had a bully trip with Commandant Hermitte to see the military schools. We left at 4 A. M. General McMahon, a son of the General of 1870, was in command, and he gave us a great time. We watched an infantry company attack a position, saw line grenade barrages, automatic rifle work, machine gun school and machine gun practice on moving targets. Had a couple shots with a rifle and tracer bullets, and surprised myself by doing well. The bayonet

fighting was clever, but rather too complicated, and did not seem to me to have the cold blooded effectiveness of the English School, with its fewer movements. We lunched with the Colonel, and motored up the Valley of the Marne for many miles. Have never seen better meadows—very English and smooth, and with a few peasants getting in their last loads of hay. I dined at [Neufchateau] and saw Nick Tilney, missing Jack Higginson by five minutes.

Things are very taut here just now, and every one pretty well worked. It's interesting to note how extra work and strain affect different men. One grows short and snaps, another, ordinarily gay, becomes absolutely silent, and a third sits and works all day, smoking incessantly. Only one remains his natural kindly self, and he, by the way, does more work than any one. As soon as things ease up, I am going on leave, most of which I expect to spend with Mimi. Dined last night with Monsieur and Madame Gast and Commandant De Bary. Mme. G— is charming and I hope to see more of the family. The stories of their persecutions in Alsace are amazing. I'd give a lot to be able to talk over things with you. There is much of the most intense interest. Lunching today with the Doctors of the G. A. E. Cannot imagine why they asked me, but it was a friendly idea, and I expect to enjoy myself.

Mirecourt
July 11, 1918

Have done a lot of unexciting work in the way of chasing stray freight cars and getting them started on their way, and am now trying to get an exact list of what we have in this group of armies. It's harder than you would imagine. Our artillery units play tag all over France, and it is difficult to put your finger on them from one day to another. There never was a time when politeness got you more, or an

ally who appreciated it more. Some of our commanders don't take the trouble to pay calls or be ceremonious, and openly say such things are useless trimmings, but it's not so, and the most popular general I've run across among our people was so, largely because he has an open mind and would go out of his way to be pleasant. Incidentally, he had a very charming gentleman as his Chief of Staff. Worcester is still here but is going out to a Division. He says he cannot imagine himself ever going home and settling down to a city practice. We are getting to be a restless lot, there's no doubt about it. You cannot realize the atmosphere one lives in here.

Mirecourt
July 19, 1918

I'd like to be able to tell you the details of the big fight, but it's tabooed. One thing may be said, which is that the fighting capacity and agressiveness of our men is the source of universal admiration. They really are priceless. Major Harjes has been at our Headquarters. He had a long talk with General de Castelnau and the Assistant Chief of Staff, and asked them point blank if he should move me. They both said he should not suggest such a thing; that I was rendering good service and was *"tres sympathique"* to them all. Also said that my job was steadily growing—which is true. Harjes told me that Mimi's town had been thoroughly shelled. She is certainly having the most interesting time, and is one of the few women who can both talk and act sense. There are far too many women over here who look on the whole thing as a big sensation.

Mirecourt
July 25, 1918.

Have just telephoned General Headquarters some news

about our aviators, and was surprised to hear Horace Newson's voice on the other end. He was at school with me at Morristown. The whole situation goes well with us, though slowly. The bravery of the German soldiers is undeniable. Our men are showing themselves to be the finest individual fighters in the war with the possible exception of the Anzacs and some of the Canadians. I saw Mimi at Chalons, where she was doing no end of work. Her Hospital was hit by a 380, while she was there, and the day after they were moved into tents, they were attacked by machine gun fire. Chubby Burr, Elsie's brother was killed with the Marines, and H— S— slightly wounded; Archie Roosevelt is laid up with a bad arm.

Some of the photographs I took when with the French Army, in 1914, appeared later in Swiss papers. It seems that Barrelet to whom I gave one print of all I took, sold the lot to a Café waiter. I noticed the photographs in a paper, and am writing to see if I can get some copies. I wrote you that Chubby Burr was killed. Barbara was in town when I was, but she left before I could see her, and I rather think she did not know about it. One of our Divisions astounded every one by attacking in their shirt sleeves, and the French cannot get over it. Very few of our men are made prisoners, which shows their "bite."

Mirecourt
August 13, 1918.

On Saturday had a thoroughly interesting day, going over thirty miles of front with two other officers. We left early in the morning and motored for an hour or so, and then went on foot along a high hill which overlooked the place where I was when I stirred things up with General Edwards. Spent the afternoon going from one observation post to another. Dined in a town named after your

younger sister and came home about ten. In one place it was too much trouble to walk through the trenches, so we went along the top keeping behind some young bushes. While I stopped to talk to the Lieutenant who was with us, the two Frenchmen went on a bit, and some new man of our division seeing the blue uniform ran to tell the sergeant there were Huns in the bushes. As a result we found ourselves meeting six fixed bayonets on our way back. We explained things to the sergeant, who seemed greatly disappointed, and said "Hell, boys, it's only two Frenchmen." I thought it rather good, but the Frenchmen failed to see the humor, and I had to do some tall explaining. Our men had just come back from the big fight, and thrived on Hun-hunting. I am glad the original idiot did not have a gun. We had one other experience that wasn't too amusing. One of the French officers said he knew a short cut which ran along the edge of a wood, and on the German side, so off we went, passing several of our sentinels, who looked at us rather queerly, but said nothing. That wood was full to the brim of our guns—little 75's sticking their noses over the edge of the road, and bigger ones further in. They let go as we were half way across, and just as I thought what an unpleasant place it would be to have a puncture, we got one. Of course the Huns started to answer, and there was a crashing of branches all around. You ought to have seen that chauffeur work, and I admit I helped him. When we got going again we coasted down the hill in front of our guns that could not see us coming, and it was not altogether fun. The French officer admitted they had evidently changed the disposition of Artillery since he had been over the road!

Mirecourt
August 15, 1918

Yesterday I played my first tennis since I came home from camp last year. Laguionie, the general's A. D. C., Caesar, his chauffeur, de Castelnau, the general's nephew, and I made up the four, and we had some good doubles. It's ridiculous that officers have to sneak out as if they were robbers, to get their exercise. Already some sour citizen wrote anonymously to the general, complaining of our indulging in sport in wartime.

If one is inclined to dissipate, this is a bad country to be in at present. One man I knew at Harvard went on a five days' party and was sentenced to be sent home under guard to serve six months in Leavenworth. He did the only thing an officer could do, and finished a bad job with a 45 bullet.

Do you remember, just a year ago today, we met at the Copley in Boston, after I motored down from Plattsburg?

Mirecourt
August 21, 1918

Saturday I left here early to go to our army headquarters for certain information. It was not to be had in any way, but as General Pershing came here himself a day or so later, and they couldn't get anything out of him either, I am not surprised. Have just seen one of our divisions detrain. It was no end of a pleasure to see Ross Whistler and Shugg, another of my Second Lieutenants, Don Kelly and two other officers of my battalion. It pleased me a lot to have three of my former sergeants come running up to me with grins, seeming genuinely glad to see me. On hearing I was here they had turned back from the town for which they were bound.

Sunday and Monday I spent in the Vosges climbing observatories, and getting a fairly good idea of the country with de Miribel and Captain Gérin. We came home by

moonlight, and as we entered E [Epinal], an air raid was on, and we were held up a while. The coons of one of our divisions were all along the road for several miles, and took great delight in stopping us as often as possible. They challenge in a way worthy of a melodrama, and at one post I had to show my papers while a big darky tried to decide whether I looked like my photograph or not. The Frenchmen would never have gotten home without someone who spoke English. There is much doing at present, and liable to be any amount of work for one of an active nature. Mimi wrote me a few days ago, and seems very happy. I am rather inclined to think she is doing more real and earnest work than any amateur I have seen over here.

Mirecourt
August 23, 1918

I don't believe in a single American woman being over here except as a nurse, and I am constantly surprised at the mob of uniformed females chasing over France. They don't understand discipline or obedience.

Mirecourt
August 23, 1918

Three letters from you yesterday, one written from home and two from the Union Club. I will try and get the books General Butt recommended. You might tell him that when the Chief of the Third Bureau found he had recommended me the *"Renseignments de Deux guerres recentes,"* he said *"Voila un type qui se tient bien au courant et qui sait son affaire."*

As I see it, this is a personal war against Hun muckerism, in which every gentleman ought to join by instinct, and not a crusade for the spread of Democracy. It is a punative expedition against a race gone mad. I have talked

with a number of French officers on this subject, during my travels, and most of them seem to think that we Americans love a sort of universal mediocracy, and are quite surprised when I tell them how some officers feel. I have a five franc piece of the first Napoleon, and around the edge is written *"Dieu Protège la France,"* which seems to me a far better motto than *"Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."* Without exception the finest Frenchmen I have met have been Royalists. They are, as a rule, very religious and patriotic in the finest kind of way. Not a few of them think that one good thing the war has given France, is the spectacle of the oldest families in the country showing up as they should. They feel, of course, that the Government is composed for the most part of third rate men, and say that all they themselves can do is to set an example, which they know will not be followed, but which they cannot do less than give.

My job here at present is interesting beyond anything I ever imagined, and sometime I will tell you all about it. Have had several trips carrying secret orders, and the care taken in regard to them is extraordinary. An officer watches them being sealed, carries them wherever they go, and never lets them out of his sight until they are delivered in person to the addressee. The first time I was entrusted with such orders, I caught "rats" for not watching them while they were being sealed up. I hadn't been told how things were done, and went into another room for a moment, while the clerk was addressing the envelope. They don't even let an orderly carry such letters up or down stairs.

Harjes had a serious motor accident a few days ago. Broke his thigh and leg and won't be about for several months.

It is delightful to have the officers here so friendly, and now there is nothing which they keep from me. It took

General Gouraud

several months before they would trust me fully, but now I am treated as one of themselves. The other day Commandant Charreyre, the head of this Bureau, took me to one of our headquarters, and in introducing me, referred to me as an officer of "my Bureau," which, as things go here, was a deliberately friendly touch. I try and grab all the work I can, and my jobs are varied. I do a lot of translating, keep track of American units in this zone [about 60 miles square], learn what each unit is composed of, etc., and all the information I can get about them. I make trips to our Divisions to find out certain information, (I am glad to say they have gotten over the idea of using me as an Inspector-General) and accompany French officers who go into our Sectors. Of late the Aviation intelligence of General Headquarters has been using me quite a bit. I also attend to all stray Americans who turn up here, get them out of trouble and into bed. I have even done the contrary on occasion, and try to keep the town policed! I have some work with the railroads, getting stray cars forwarded; know all the gendarmes, and on the whole am sort of general utility man. Occasionally I make maps for the French officers. Spend the rest of my working time in reading professional stuff and listening to war talk.

Yesterday one of our Artillery Lieutenants, who had been on a high hill at Chateau Thierry after the Germans were forced out, told me the finest thing he ever hopes to see was a charge by a division of French Cavalry, through a wheat field ahead of the tanks. The officers were dressed to the nines, while the troopers went into the charge using lances, with every bit of brass shined and with grins that would not come off. They had waited years for the chance, and had come into their own at last. I don't think one would ever be afraid *mounted*,—it is too decent a way to die, but this running along shelled roads in autos driven

by fool chauffeurs and surrounded with glass is not my idea of an ending.

Have been promised an open car with an American chauffeur.

The Huns are getting it good and hard, and they seem rather rattled. Austrian troops have made their appearance on the Western Front, and the accounts of their treatment by the Germans as related by prisoners suggest a very encouraging situation. I still hold to what I said about the end of the War, but the Hun must now see the "writing on the wall" and realize we are coming stronger and faster, and if he gets a good bump on the nose before winter, things may happen that no one now expects.

I have written you often how priceless our men are. They are like small boys, who yell "Hooray, here's a war" and then go to it with the firm conviction that one American equals three of any other race, and often surprise themselves and others by proving it. They have astounded the French by going into battle in shirt sleeves, with only their rations in their packs, and as the result got so far ahead of the poilus on their right, who laboured forward in overcoats with full packs, that they had to be pulled back,—a proceeding which they by no means enjoyed. Field and staff officers are what we most need. Once these are really trained, we can turn the German Empire into a province of New York.

Had a bully surprise by finding 200 Union Club Cigarettes from Irving. He got them over rather well by addressing them to *Mr.* C— V— S— M—, and you cannot imagine how well they tasted after the hay and grass I have been smoking for the last two weeks.

Mimi ought to be within forty miles of me by now. She is only about six miles from Mr. Bryan, a cousin of Mrs. Morgan's. I wrote him where she was and asked him to go

and see her and keep in touch with her. He is now a Major of Ordnance attached to the Second French Army. I am glad Mimi has left the Red Cross. She has had more real nursing in a simple, unadvertised fashion than if she had stayed with them, and has really done the hardest and most professional work of any girl I have heard of. The French are crazy about her. She'll surely get the *Croix de guerre,* and deserves it ten times more than lots of the scheming females with backing, who have secured them.

Mirecourt
September 1, 1918

Lately I have been quite busy, doing all sorts of things, and travelling about a lot. On Friday morning I went with several of our officers to see some "tank" manoeuvres which I enjoyed much and learned how they should be managed. I saw Bunny Carter there and a dozen Frenchmen I knew. In the afternoon motored to Neufchateau, where also saw Fred Osborn, who told me Ralph Sanger had been killed when his plane fell Thursday night. Dined very gayly with Captain Smythe, the English liaison officer, at the Lafayette Club, and started home about eight, with an idiot chauffeur and no lights. We were run into about ten miles from Neufchateau and pretty badly smashed up. Fortunately I had my feet on the back of the front seat, so escaped with a shaking up, but the U. S. officer in the other car was badly cut. Walked on a couple of kilometers and telephoned for a car to come for us, which it did about two hours later.

Mirecourt
September 3, 1918

Just in from a fast two hours' ride, and feeling better than in weeks. There is nothing like it, and now that the

crops are cut, one can gallop over miles of rolling hills without going on the road at all. The country is beautiful and, in the afternoon sun, very golden and peaceful. In the valleys the peasants, mostly women, were getting in the last loads of hay, and the fields all had that green, cropped, fresh look.

Of late I have done some interesting work that I will write about when it is stale enough not to be mentioned indiscreetly. I am in fine form physically, and only a bit discontented now and then on account of the softness of my job. I'm the last person to want to get killed, but a man who continually offers his life, whether it is taken or not, gives a lot more than anyone else, and in such a gorgeous fight as this, I'd hate to give anything less than my most. I know the kind of life a Company Commander lives in the lines, with no sleep, dampness, queer food and all the rest of it, but often have an overwhelming desire to try it.

Yesterday I saw Willard Straight, who told me Harjes was doing well. Two Y. M. C. A. females appeared here last night, looking for lodgings. After some trouble I got them in rooms reserved for passing officers, about our mess, and this morning breakfasted with them. They were most grateful, and as they are going to a place not far from here, I shall probably let them feed me chocolate now and then in return. They were travelling rather aimlessly, and in the casual way women do here, feeling sure someone will take care of them, and I have yet to hear of a case where it was not done. Mimi is an adept at the game. It amuses me, when I think how it would be debated at home whether she could be allowed to go from New York to Boston alone.

These bonnets they have wished on the U. S. Army are the limit for wearing when the sun is out, and also

when it rains. The felt hat has been officially "canned" and the head gear in the active zone is tin. Hot baths at these Headquarters have been suppressed through lack of water.

Mirecourt
September 8, 1918

Had a note from Mms. Renault saying she had a pair of boots and a cigarette case for me. For the last three days I have been having an unpleasant time with our men who come into the town, with and without, passes. It is well known there are no M.P's here, and there are rotten corners in the town where trouble always occurs. There have been a couple of holdups, and I haven't succeeded yet in getting police. Last night some thirty of our men were rounded up and pushed in a light barracks building by the gendarmes, and at about 11.30 I was called on to go and quiet an incipient riot. The men who had passes to visit here were naturally upset, but it was also noticeable that they made less fuss than the men who had none. They were all very sore at being imprisoned, and you never saw a crowd that, from their own statements, had been so imposed upon! They were very glad to see an American officer, and I talked to them for about ten minutes, telling the ones with passes it was "tough luck," but that orders went, and that I had nothing to do with the orders given. As to others who were travelling, or waiting for trains until the next morning, I said they were as well off in the barracks as on the streets or in disorderly houses; as for the rest, who were without passes, I told them they had got just what was coming to them, and that if I heard a peep from them, they would go back under arrest, and I would take the trouble to prefer charges myself. Then I saw to it that all who had passes got what bedding there was, and the night passed

fairly quietly. It seemed like Camp Devens again, talking to men "en masse," and it was interesting to see the reaction one could get from them.

Bill Rauch I haven't heard from in two months; H— is in the big city in the aviation office, Harry Ingersoll still in a town near here. Just had a fine talk with a Machine Gun Lieutenant whose regiment took Sergy and learned a lot from him.

Mirecourt
September 8, 1918

Of late I have been having very unpleasant times with our men who come into this town and "raise Cain." There have been several thefts and much drunkenness. I have asked for M.P.'s, but as we are outside the American Zone, no one wants to give them up.

Yesterday I had the finest kind of a ride on a young thoroughbred of de Miribel's. Had a telephone call yesterday from Major Bryan, telling me he had taken Mimi for a motor run and that she was in good shape.

Mirecourt
September 13, 1918

Been at the American Army Headquarters with Commandant de Miribel reporting the working of our attack on St. Mihiel. Some of our cavalry worked mounted, not much of it, but it is a good sign.

Mirecourt
September 18, 1918

Been crazy with work since our army began the St. Mihiel attack. Got into the town just after our troops and will write you later, but you mustn't expect letters in times like these.

Mirecourt
September 22, 1918

Haven't been able to write a decent letter for quite awhile, and now so much has piled up, I can only give a very sketchy summary. When I last wrote you, I was sent to our army headquarters to report on the St. Mihiel attack. De Miribel and I spent two days there, he at the French Mission and I at the end of the wire translating and sending him the news. As I had had the good luck to translate all the plans and orders for the operation before it came off, I knew who was to do what, and when, so that to take the reports as they came in was fascinating. Everything ran off better than schedule, and, as you know by this time, the whole thing was a complete success with astoundingly slight losses. The Huns left in a hurry and there is still lots of stuff lying about. We returned on Saturday, and I spent all that day writing my reports.

From Sunday to Friday I was "bear-leading" an ex-school teacher, who is now attached to the General Staff at Washington, and who is making a study of the effect of land formation on military operations. It was rather interesting but troublesome, as he kept "butting-in" whether he was wanted or not, and entirely failed to understand how things are done here. We went over the Vosges, dined and lunched with Generals, and ended at the place where *"ils ne passeront pas."* He wanted to reach there about 5 A. M. "to avoid shelling," but I arranged with the Chauffeur to have a convenient lack of gas, so we got there at a reasonable hour! Lunched at the Citadel and on the way home stopped to see Mimi. She has rather decent quarters in the most dull and uninteresting mudhole I ever saw. She was very well and happy and everyone I met raved over her. She is really doing the finest kind of work in a very simple and quiet way. Ran in to [Neufchateau] to see Nick Tilney

and was horrified to hear he had been buried the day before. The "Flu" carried him off quickly. It is too bad to die of disease in this war.

Yesterday I was again in the St. Mihiel Salient and it was fun to see our batteries open on a wood in which there was supposed to be Germans. Our artillery evidently guessed right, for after the second shell, horses came galloping out of the wood in all directions. That priceless Major I was leading around sent General de Castlenau a photo of the *German Cemetery* at St. Mihiel for a souvenir! Can you beat it?

Mirecourt
September 25, 1918

Have had a bully trip, leaving at three in the morning for a little town on our front, to dig up some swords a French officer had hidden there before the war. He had a fine collection of which these were a part. Narrowly missed being *"amochéd"* by a shell, but succeeded in digging up the swords and fled just as things were getting a bit too hot for comfort. Lieutenant Romaunt was so pleased at my having rescued his weapons that he presented me with a sword which one of his ancestors is said to have carried when he came to America with Lafayette. Awfully nice of him, wasn't it? Jack Higginson turned up for lunch, and we "chewed the rag" for an hour. Hope soon to be as busy as I was a short time ago.

Mirecourt
September 27, 1918

My letters have been rather jerky of late, but I was rushed to a cinder for ten days. Our new push West of Verdun is going well, and it is by no means an end in itself. Your friend General Traub is in the middle of the big fight,

and doing well. General Edwards is not there this time, but has distinguished himself eminently in the salient. Our men are good beyond belief in open warfare, and their marksmanship is something Europe has never seen. On many sides it is said that two of our divisions stopped the rush on Paris, when they went in at Chateau Thierry. This may be an exaggeration if you take it literally, but the fresh impetus and cheer that they brought with them was of as much assistance as their cold blooded execution. You would be surprised if you could see how savagely the beggars fight.

The other day I crossed an English Aviation field in course of construction, where some two hundred Hun prisoners were working. They had never seen an American Officer before, and showed a great, if not exactly friendly, interest. Have had some amusement schooling a young thoroughbred of de Miribel's. The latter was away for a couple days, so I put in four hours in the woods twisting in and out and on his return de Miribel complimented me on the progress the beast had made.

Yesterday, as I was crossing a field on my way home, an English plane crashed near me. It carried bombs, which luckily did not go off, and neither of the occupants were hurt. Immediately after crashing, the pilot who was caught in the wreckage, called to his observer, who was thrown clear—"Beat it, you fool, the bombs may go off at any minute," and it was greatly to the observer's credit that he went straight for the machine and disentangled the pilot without thinking of his own safety. Took them both to dinner, and gave them baths and whiskey, for which they were most grateful.

The sword Lieutenant Romaunt gave me has been cleaned and looks quite smart. On the brass hilt is Lafayette's effigy, and the top of the hilt is in the shape of a helmet.

It is rather nice to think it was carried by one of Lafayette's officers fighting for us, and it was certainly very decent of Romaunt to give it to me.

News has just come in that Bulgaria demands an armistice. If so, it is the beginning of the *débacle*.

Mirecourt
September 29, 1918

Yesterday I gave a talk on "America" to French officers of the Advanced English Class. No mail in fifteen days. I hope for a lot when it does come.

Mirecourt
October 2, 1918

The more I see of the Staff work here, the more I know that nothing can touch it, so far as the personnel goes. It is far ahead of any headquarters I have seen, and although the details of management, such as filing systems, etc., are not up to our modern business standards, the *keenness and soundness* of all orders sent out is astounding. It is rather good nerve for me to judge of such things, but I have visited many different staffs and have had an opportunity of seeing their work checked up here, so at least I am entitled to an opinion.

I think I wrote you that your friend General Wright, who commanded your school batallion now runs a division, and has been in the biggest fighting we have had. Your friend General Edwards has by far the most agreeable *entourage* I have run into, General Wright has perhaps the keenest, and seems rather more direct in his methods. The officers here are remarkably kind to me, and three or four of them are really good friends of mine. One of them I know well enough to talk freely with, and as he is a very cultured and kindly gentleman, it is a safety valve.

Paris
October 4, 1918

Last night had quite a gay dinner with Willy Armour at the Cafe de Paris, where I saw several Ivy men. I will try and send a decent letter when I get back to Headquarters.

Mirecourt
October 6, 1918

Sent you a scrawl from the big City yesterday, where I encountered thirty-seven friends in the thirty-six hours I was there. Came out on the 8 A. M. train and General Hellot gave me a lift from "C," [Chaumont] which saved me eight hours of train travel. At 5 o'clock we got news of the Hun's peace proposal, and there was great joy at headquarters.

Mirecourt
October 7, 1918

Life has been very quiet of late. Since I almost got squashed by a roof the Huns blew off at [Thiaucourt] I haven't had an atom of real war and feel rather useless, but Harjes seems to think that I am needed here.

Our troops cannot seem to care for animals properly, and it is entirely the officers' fault. When you say anything about it, they ask how you can expect the horses to live on the grain allowance, and let it go at that. I saw one Division where the animals were literally starved, while all around were fresh green fields. Also, there is far too much trotting and galloping along macadam roads. Mlle. Dyckhoff who is with Mimi, wrote me the other day—

"Notre gentille nièce sert d'interprète avec une bonne grâce charmante. Ele se met à tout avec tant de bonne volonté et de courage. Aussi tout le monde l'aime et l'ad-

mire, et nous nous attachons encore plus si c'est possible à cette enfant qui' est réellement délicieuse."
Rather nice isn't it, but Mimi deserves it.

Mirecourt
October 11, 1918

Had a fine ride this morning on de Miribel's big chestnut. Captain Marchand, the youngest and, in many ways, the most attractive of our staff, left this morning to take command of a Batallion of 155's, and there was general sadness at his departure. He was always gay, told his experiences in a most lifelike manner and was altogether a charming companion. He is delighted to be with troops again, and I can appreciate his feelings.

France will never be satisfied without revenge, and every town the Boche burns during his retreat adds to her hate. Tough luck about Joe Macdonough. Livy Parsons saw him in the hospital with three machine gun bullets in his chest and apparently getting well. His father, who was in Italy, came on to see him, but arrived too late. All my love to you. You don't know how nice it is to have a mother who is young enough to see the war as it should be seen.

Mirecourt
October 15, 1918

Wilson's second reply to the Hun's armistice proposal has just come in, and is well thought of, but no one had better try to tell the French they are not at war with the German people! As one of the newspapers put it, "If we are not at war with the German people, it is a pity so many of them insist on keeping between us and the Kaiser." Unless all signs are wrong, the Boche will be alone by Christmas.

To hear politics discussed by these officers, with a military

background, is a treat. What they know of history is astounding, and I feel horribly ignorant. For instance, when we talked of the curious twists that the old frontier took, one of the officers went down the line from North to South explaining every twist and crook by some war and its resulting treaty. It was the best history lecture I ever heard.

The Huns are certainly a race gone mad; even while clammoring for a cessation of hostilities, they continue to burn and pillage at every hand.

Have just received the North American Review, with an article criticising Baker for the Aviation "foozle." As it happened, I had just made a *resumé* of all our aviation in France, and agree with the Review. I would like to write you about it, but it is impossible, and not good stuff to gossip about. The main excitement here now is the havoc the Spanish Grip is raising. A new and virulent variety has appeared, which kills in about forty-eight hours, if not fought from the first. There were six deaths here yesterday and five today, and the funeral bell has been going steadily—always the same tune—and it is a bit doleful. Some of the shops have closed.

No signs of any change for me, and while I am by no means indispensable here, I think they like to keep me, as I find no job too small, and complain only of the lack of work. When I think of what they tried to use me for when I first arrived, I wonder I was not fired at once. Both of us have learned a lot since then, and I realize now how impossibly little I then knew about what I was expected to know all about. Riding an hour almost every day, and getting a good night's sleep, and yet the fighting is still going on. Sometimes I feel so disgusted with myself I can't speak.

Mirecourt
October 20, 1918

Got home last night from two days at our First Army Headquarters. De Miribel dropped me there, and picked me up on his way back from Vitry-le-Francois the next day. I slept in Paul Penoyer's room and messed with him and Alec Tomes. Some of our officers seem to think that comfort is incompatible with military efficiency, but when we have had as many wars as France and England, we will know better. Ran into Willard Luther, a partner of Mr. Peabody's, who is now a Major on the Artillery Staff, and very keen. C— C— I missed by a few minutes. Dined with de Miribel at Bar-le-duc and with Heyward Cutting and some aviators. Two years ago at this time Cutting and I used to dine almost every Saturday evening at the Puritan, in Boston. Now he is hunting Huns with the First Pursuit group and *me voici.*

Mirecourt
October 21, 1918

Cannon to the north of us are lively again.

Mirecourt
October 24, 1918

If you want to read a military report that says lots and explains little, look over Haig's recital of the Affair of the 5th Army on March 21st. It whitewashes everyone, but the black shows through in places, and his remarks on Gough are priceless.

Spent a day at the First Army Headquarters not long ago, and saw many friends. As usual it was hard to get any news from those in power, and one Staff Colonel asked me "Who the Hell is this de Castelnau, and what's he butting in about us for?" It is for the benefit of such as he, that

I would like to be a general for just ten minutes. *It is so stupid.*

Mirecourt
October 26, 1918

After lunch went riding with de Miribel to a remount depot and tried horses. It was no end of fun, and came back with a rather rangey looking mare. She is in poor shape, but is easy and free going and shows breeding. Tried her over a jump, but she evidently hadn't the habit. My orderly wasn't as pleased with her as I was, as he saw considerable extra grooming coming his way.

On arriving home found one of our officers in trouble, with a broken motorcycle. So I had an hour's work getting it shipped, and directing him, as he spoke no French at all. By degrees it is dawning on our various units that I am here and can be of help. Also, as I try to give them a good time when they come through, I find unexpected friends almost everywhere when I travel. This afternoon came the news of Austria's crash, which cheered us all. I am beginning to think that Christmas, 1919, at home, is quite on the cards.

Mirecourt
October 31, 1918

Have a hunch that my General is going to end in a blaze of glory, and am hoping that he crowns a fine career by doing a bit of work that has been waiting to be done for fifty years. Had a letter from Mimi, which said little except that she was nursing sick instead of wounded, because the other nurses did not want to look after the less interesting medical cases. It is fine of her and in line with all she has done, for she has never sought amusement and always worked hard. The women who look on this war as

a sort of machine to give them sensations disgust me, and there are any quantity of such over here. There should be no women allowed in the fighting zone except as nurses, and then only if kept too busy to gossip.

Mirecourt
November 3, 1918

Rather good news from our first Army. They are going fast now, and have chased the Hun some ten kilometers a day on an average. This headquarters is quite satisfied, which is saying a good deal for such a crowd of experts. Of course, it's a priceless opportunity for me to see how large units are managed and fought, and life is most interesting. Our amusement at present is furnished in a large part by the Italian Communiqués. They are the most bombastic bits of literature—even in defeat, and at present you might think that the war had been financed, fought and won by their efforts. They aren't looked on with any seriousness by the officers here.

All kinds of wild rumors running at present. The Kaiser abdicates twice a day, whole Hun armies surrender, and the crowning bit today was that the Kaiser would appear before Foch in full dress uniform, with all his staff, and surrender unconditionally. It shows imagination at any rate, and, if he has the courage, such a theatrical finish would be quite in keeping with the man.

Most French officers are horrified at our officers' messes, and, about half the time, they ought to be. Our people are also very careless about asking visitors to eat when they arrive near meal time, nor do they arrange for the chauffeurs' meals, if they do invite the officers. In the French army no officer travels without being asked to mess,—very often with the General, or if that is not convenient, somewhere else. It is a friendly custom, and Generals Edwards

and McMahon of our forces have always asked me to their mess. It is a pity there is not more surface politeness and geniality between higher officers and those of lesser rank. I have always been pleasantly surprised at the way English officers, from Colonels up, treat one just as they would if they had met you at home, while our higher officers are usually very aloof, and if they do speak, it is because they have to, and you can feel them holding you off. I rather imagine it is more a question of personal manners than anything military.

We have a new Chief of Staff here, as General Hellot is leaving us to command an Army Corps. There was a nice little ceremony before he left. All we officers gathered at Headquarters, where we had champagne and cakes, and de Castlenau made a very neat little speech. He told us of General Hellot's new assignment, congratulated him, and particularly the Corps to which he went, and then turning to Hellot and using the "tu" thanked him for his untiring work and the filial affection which he had shown during the four years of war. General Hellot said in reply that he regretted leaving the General at the moment the latter was to reap the reward of his work, and that he could never be grateful enough for the kindly wisdom and advice the General had given him. Both Generals went around the room clinking glasses, and we all drank to Hellot's health.

Mirecourt
November 9, 1918

Big days these. The excitement here is great in spite of a decorous exterior, and it is hard to keep one's mind off anything but the possibility of peace. It is quite on the books that we may move shortly. Yesterday I saw some French *"Boxe"* including *"Coup de pieds"* or *"savate"* and it was very amusing. The band of the 110th Regiment

played for an hour yesterday. They have some good marches and a formidable battery of drums.

Mirecourt
November 10, 1918

Three days ago General Foch summoned Trenchard, who after his return issued us orders at once not to bomb any more factories in Alsace Loraine. Called from lunch by "urgence" from the Third Bureau and arrived to find that General Connor had come back with Charreyre and that I was to hold myself in readiness to go anywhere and make myself useful. Took the General in to see Colonel La Fontaine, General Mangin's Chief of Staff, and heard their discussion for the coming attack. It appears we will have the 3rd, 29th and 92nd divisions to the left of the French. Left with Colonel—for the Xironcourt.

Mirecourt
November 11, 1918

Peace at last! Lieutenant Michel came into our bureau a few minutes before 9 o'clock last evening and taking off his cap, said, *"Messieurs j'ai l'honneur de vous annonçer que les conditions de l'armistice sont acceptées."* Marchand, de Bary, de Miribel, Vichier-Guerre, Colonel Tournaise and I were present—de Barry sitting at his table, de Miribel talking to Colonel Tournaise by the stove. Vichier-Guerre leaning against the big map, Marchand was getting a light from me, and he trembled so he could hardly touch his cigarette to mine. We were all silent for a minute, and then Vichier-Guerre came out with "Ca y est," de Bary grinned in his aimless fashion, and then they all did a very nice thing—they came and shook hands with me, saying how much they owed to us Americans for hastening the good news. So ends the War, which began when I was at Irvings camp, in

1914. We were rather looking for it, as reports had been coming in that the Huns were shooting off all their fireworks on the front of the 8th and 10th Armies. Michel came in this morning and read us some of the terms imposed on the Hun. Never, since the world has been reasonably civilized, has there been such a complete and excellent peace. It is too good to be true. The town is a mass of flags, everyone is out parading, and the bells are ringing. Colonel M— ordered champagne; General Margot came in and with Tournaise, Michel and Moulins, we drank to the new peace. Charreyre took occasion to thank me for my "unfailing good humor" and the "many kindnesses I had done the officers outside of strictly military lines," which I thought was very nice of him. Then all drank a toast to Mme. Mitchell and hoped that she would soon come over.

Mirecourt
November 12, 1918

A very nice young Chaplain called Tiernan turned up for lunch, and I put my quarters at his disposal while I rode, and then had a bully talk with him when I got back. He was a Roman Catholic, knew Lowry in Rome and had broad straight views on things we talked over. Quite a good dinner and at 8 o'clock came the big parade. Hundreds of our men came in to town and there were Russians, Canadians, English and French all shouting and dancing. One of our aviation men in a goatskin coat was waltzing with a Russian, and around them danced a circle of Poilus. The Russian "passed out" in the middle of the party, and went to sleep in the middle of the road. Later I saw them waking him and his first words were "Kamerad." The terms of peace are gradually coming out. Never has there been such a complete capitulation. I cannot yet quite believe that the war is over. If any people ever came across, it's

the French, and they have suffered. Last night as I stood the crowd with a sort of dumb amazement. Colonel Richardson from our General Headquarters appeared this afternoon to see if Thionville couldn't be put in the American Zone for the advance. Orders from French Headquarters had obviously cut it out, but Colonel Richardson thought he might be able to get it, but as Marchand and Charreyre explained to me it is regarded rather as a suburb of Metz and goes with it to the French. It seems rather too bad that they haven't given us Americans a single large or well-known city to enter. Had a fine ride on the gray this afternoon, and let him out on a good stretch of turf. Think he is the fastest beast I have ever been on.

Mirecourt
November 13, 1918

I called up Colonel Richardson to let him know the decision about Thionville, and he was rather disgusted.

Mirecourt
November 15, 1918

Waiting around for our first move, with most of my stuff packed. Had a gorgeous ride yesterday for two hours with some jumps on de Miribel's new grey. He is as good as "Camouflage" and faster.

Mirecourt
November 18, 1918

Been quite rushed of late, going to Paris and then having Mimi here. It looks as if I would get into Metz tomorrow, and see General Petain's triumphant entry.

Lieutenant Poinsignon with whom I once motored to Chalons is here as General Headquarters liaison, and he says he can take two officers to Nancy from where de Coëdic will take us on to Metz.

ENTRY OF FRENCH TROOPS INTO COLMAR UNDER GENERAL DE CASTELNAU
NOVEMBER 22, 1918

Mirecourt
November 19, 1918

Arrived at Nancy about 8.15 A. M., and had to wait until 10.30 for de Coëdic. Got an omelette and chocolate at the Y. M. C. A. after the Red Cross refused to serve me because I had a French officer along—a very flip and impudent girl behind the desk. The trenches in No Man's Land seem very little battered as the French Artillery evidently spared the villages. Arrived at Metz at about 1 o'clock; saw Charreyre and Colonel Barrard and then strolled about town. There was any quantity of equipment lying around and I grabbed a helmet and put it in our motor, and then hearing a crash went out into the courtyard to find that right in the middle of the square one of the scout planes that were doing acrobatics over the town had crashed. The pilot tripped on some wires and fell straight. He killed two girls and wounded a man, and was an awful looking mess himself as he was carried by me with his head squashed wide open. Twenty yards more and he would have hit the whole general headquarters staff and killed a dozen.

General Petain wore a blue cloak with no decorations. The Cavalry trumpeters were delightful, and the men in full equipment with the lean evil looking lances slanting from their elbows looked very fit and happy. There were many good horses and all the animals were in good shape. Dined at Moitrier's and very well. Harwood from the Law School was there.

Colmar
November 23, 1918.

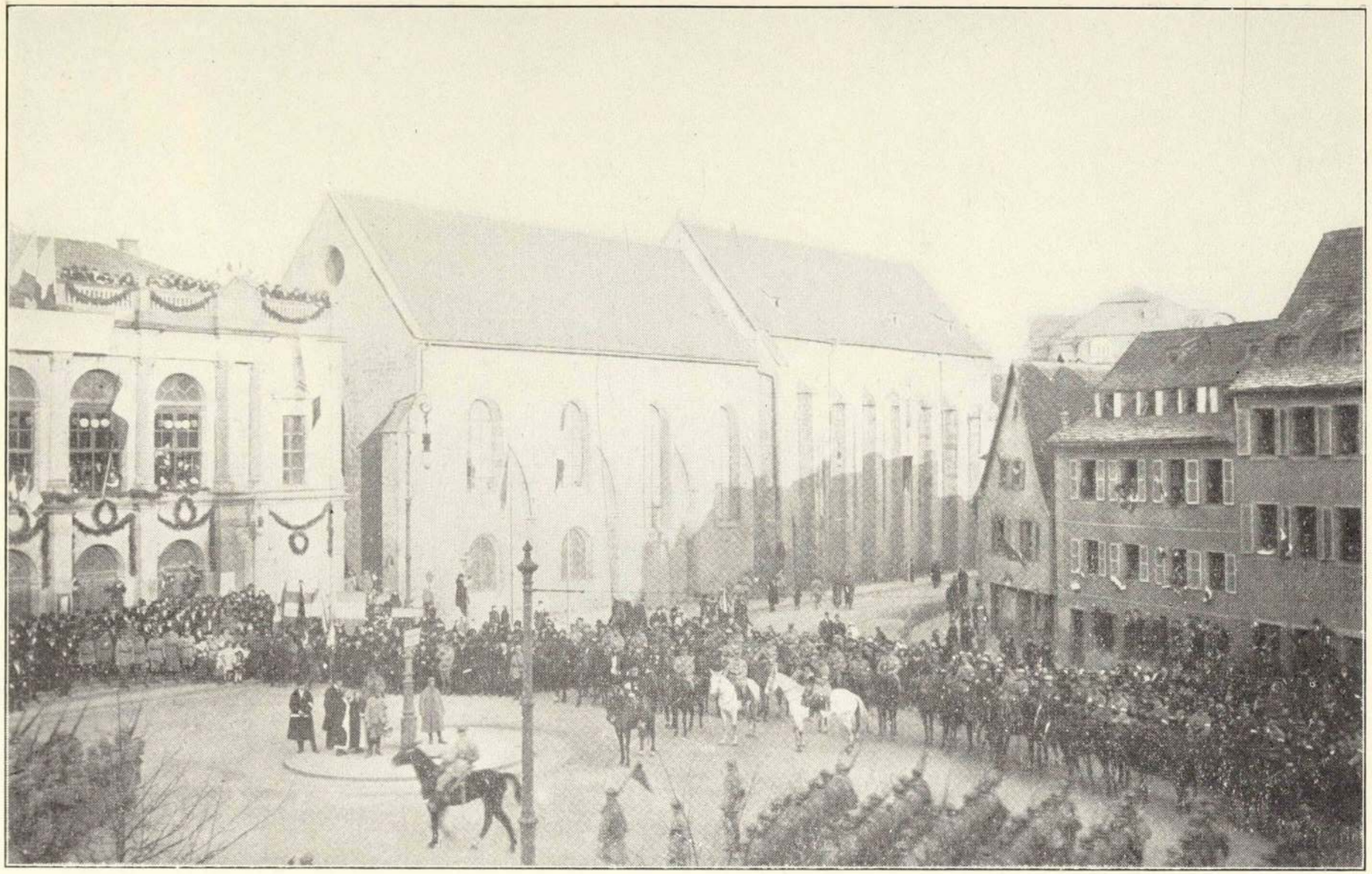
Here we are installed in Colmar. A very nice and gay town, with no end of picturesque old houses and corners. Yesterday was perhaps the finest day I have ever passed

and it's almost impossible to give a decent account of it, but I'll try to tell you a bit of what went on. At 7 A. M. I left Mirecourt with Captain Munch, starting off in my own Dodge with a French and American chauffeur and most of my luggage. The French chauffeur was to learn to run the machine on the way and to depose the other at a railroad station so he could go home. We had a gorgeous run over the mountains and you can't imagine the pleasure of coming down on this side over roads that I had often seen when they were Hun property. As I wrote you, this Headquarters had the extreme kindness to ask me to ride in with them with the General's staff, so with the other officers we lunched at Turkeim with the General. It was a very gay throng. The General in full regalia, General Margot his chief of staff, Le Conte D'Alsace, all the Chiefs of Bureau, three or four Captains and Laguionie, the General's A. D. C. A bully lunch, omelette, cold chicken, salad, cheese, coffee and wine and we left about 1.30 for some fields near Colmar where our horses awaited us. We mounted at once and preceded by the band, started off. The procession was well managed and went without a hitch. De Miribel's horse kicked, and mine gave an exhibition of fancy dancing and bucking that called for a bit of riding at times, especially with one's hands full of flowers. I thought the entry to Metz was fine, but it couldn't touch this one. As we swung into the main street there was a roar of welcome that drowned the band and we were smothered with flowers thrown from every window. It was beyond description, that march through the town. An immense band playing us along to "Madelon," the big drums and cymbals crashing, and the music echoing back from the high houses on each side. Several of our officers were openly crying, and I was very near it. When we came to a sort of square, we mounted officers lined up behind the

Generals and reviewed the troops as they filed past. Our band played all the time and it was a great sight. As soon as the last unit had passed, we rode by a roundabout way to the big park in the middle of which is the statue of Rapp. The troops had preceded us there and were drawn up in hollow square with the whole city massed behind them. We entered the square and lined up in front of the statue, while the bugles blew for the dead, and then the bands crashed out into the Marseillaise, which the whole crowd took up. It was finer than anything I ever heard. After this there was a reception in the prefecture and I stood with the general's staff, feeling very happy. There were speeches and the General made the finest of replies. It *is* a pleasure to be on the staff of a *gentleman* as well as of a great soldier, and every little detail yesterday was as perfect and in as good taste as one could imagine. After the parade, I went to find my billet and found I was lodged with an opulent Jewish family called Dreyfus—but more of this hereafter. At 5.30 I and the daughter of the house and a friend of hers adjourned to a reception where we were fed paté and champagne, and had a corking dance. I never saw so many good looking girls, and enjoyed a return to civilized life no end. As I was the only American officer present they gave me the best of times. Ran into a rather simple, but very decent, Red Cross man who took me to dine with a Monsieur Hartmann "a very prominent citizen" as he told me. It may or may not be so, but he certainly lives like "two and a half prominent citizens." We had the best dinner imaginable, four wines, including champagne, coffee, several liqueurs and all in the friendliest and pleasantest of company. Besides Mr. Hartmann there were his three sons, a married daughter, his other daughter and her fiancé. The latter naïvely introduced himself to me as *le fiancé,* and his girl as *l'autre fianceé.* Sat around with them till 10.30 and

then turned in. Had breakfast at 9 A. M. this morning with the whole family—Café au lait, honey and bread and butter. The Hebrews are very proud to have an American officer. So much for the *entreé* to Colmar. This letter can't half express what we all felt. As I've said before, it was in the best taste and very simple, dignified and military. The ball was extremely gay. Our generals all attended and I saw the Chief of Staff dancing madly and yelling "Madelon" at the top of his lungs. We were all "transportés." General de Castelnau took pains to be nice to me in public and all the other officers were more than kind. Speaking of de Castlenau's kindness and his good manners, I noticed that he took especial care to address commandant—as *"Mons. le Conte d'Alsace"* every time he spoke to him, and it pleased the latter no end to be given his title.

About two hundred prisoners have just come in—French, English, Alsatians in German uniforms and four of our men. I talked with a lot of them, and they all told me the English were consistently ill-treated, our men next and that the Russians had the best time. It was rather cheering to see the spirit of the men. It was a picturesque sight and my first view of the Rhine. A raw heavy mist hung over the winding river across which the old Fort of Vieux Breisach rose in smoky reefs of fog, and in the background a narrow wooden bridge. At this end the French flag floated, and sentinels walked back and forth before the gates. At the other end you could see the Huns, but no flag. From time to time little groups would start from the other side, carrying all sorts of packages and boxes, and drift across to us, where they were welcomed with shouts of "Vive la France." I would have given much to have been able to do something for each one of them. There were only four of our men, and with the exception of one, they were in fine form, but a trifle dazed. I wish it



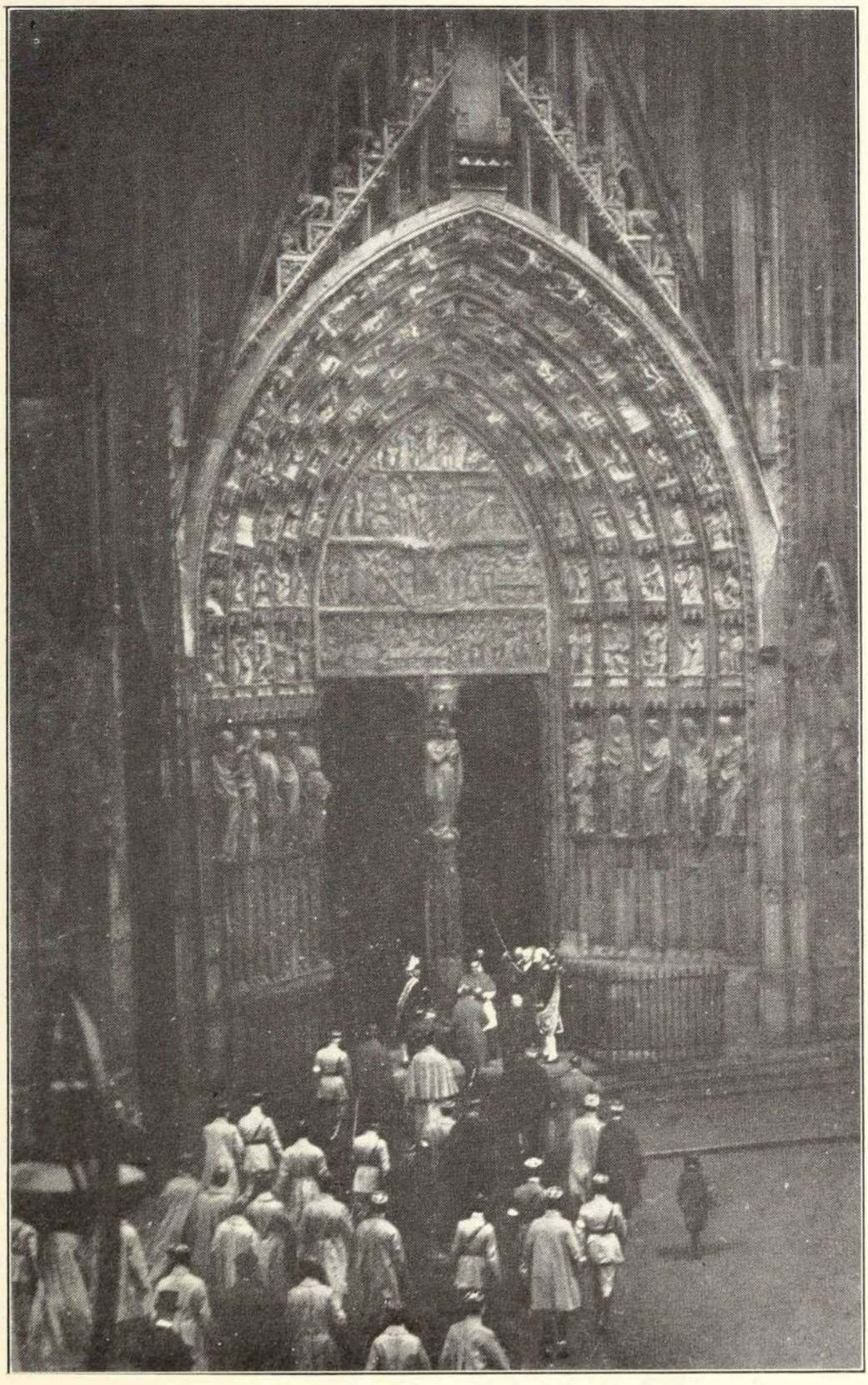
General de Castelnau reviewing troops on entry into Colmar
November 22, 1918

were possible to give you an idea of our entry here yesterday. It was worth five years of one's life. The march in was magnificant, and it was remarkably nice of the French Headquarters to ask me to ride with them, and to go out of their way to make me feel at home. Both de Castelnau and his Chief of Staff took particular pains to be pleasant to me at the Ball, and I had the best of times. These Alsatian girls average well in looks, and in their costumes some of them are quite remarkable. Had an amusing time, and was more than ever glad I could speak French. Services in all churches tomorrow.

Colmar
November 28, 1918

Another great ceremony to write you about—without doubt the most impressive and most solemnly gorgeous that there has been so far. After riding in here with my general and seeing the entry of Petain at Metz I thought I'd had about all that was coming my way, so you can imagine my surprise when I was told that I was designated with a few other officers to form part of my general's cortege when he accompanied Foch on his official entry into Strassbourg. It was astoundingly nice of them here, and I had a most gorgeous time. Left here yesterday morning at seven and arrived at Strassbourg about nine. At the station our horses were waiting and after we had gone up to the special train to meet the *Maréchal* we all trooped down through the private entrance (reserved in other times for the Emperor) and mounted amid cheers and the music of the 4th Tirailleurs. The ride across the city was gorgeous. From all sides came cheers and yells and no end of flowers sailed down on us. I was the only foreign officer anywhere in the procession and consequently was pointed out as *"un général Americain."* After crossing the city to the big

barracks we reviewed a whole Division, and then Foch decorated its commander General Vandenberg, a charming old gentleman, with whom I dined long ago. You can't imagine the fun of galloping down the front of a whole Division with its bands playing us by and then lining up and watching them pass in review. It really was gorgeous, and I had a nice lively horse. From here we went back to the Place Kléber followed by the troops who formed in hollow square around the Place. Their regimental flags came out and were aligned in front of the Statue behind which the massed bands of six regiments were formed. Foch was presented with Kléber's old sword and as he saluted the Statue, a thunderous rolling roar went up that fairly made your hair stand on end. There was a moment's silence; the bugles blew for the dead and then, with a crash that must have echoed in Berlin, the bands broke out into the "Marseillaise." It is impossible to give you an idea of the grandeur and solemnity of the scene. Imagine a huge square with many of the old timbered houses as a background—the populace lined up forty and fifty deep, behind the lines of blue clad troops—bright splotches of scarlet and green of the women's dresses and in the center a little group on horseback. Foch before the Statue and flags, de Castlenau—the other generals, then eight of us lined up with our red white and gold brassards, and behind us a half squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique on white horses. If you add to this the intense hush, and then the crashing out into the Marseillaise of a bigger band than you ever dreamed of, you can get a small idea of the scene. Officers cried openly and unashamed. From here we went on horseback to a government building and were ushered into a little room where we stood beside the Marshal and de Castlenau while the former received various city officials. Foch was superb. I was standing almost opposite him about ten



General Foch and Staff Entering Strassbourg Cathedral
November 27, 1918

feet away. He stood with one foot a little advanced, his chin up and from time to time raised his hand in a gesture that could only be described as "imperious." He was conscious of his position and he acted the part to a nicety.

After this we went on foot to the Cathedral, through lines of cheering Alsatians. At the door we were met by Church dignitaries in gorgeous robes and conducted by lines of Swiss, each carrying a halberd, to the raised chancel. The Cathedral was jammed, every candle was lit and the chancel was one mass of gold, red and purple. I stood by Maurice Barres while one of the finest "Te Deums" ever was sung. The organ was backed up by a big choir and music, and as we filed out, the place fairly rocked with the volume of sound.

This ended the official ceremonies. All told, it was an affair gorgeous beyond belief, and you can imagine my "swank" and pleasure at being the only foreign officer present. Captain Ragon, Hermitte and I stayed in Strassbourg for dinner and ate all the paté we could!

Colmar
November 30, 1918

It has been impossible to write you all that has happened since we left Mirecourt. As you can imagine, I am about the luckiest man in France, and have seen everything there is to be seen—Metz, Colmar, Strassbourg, riding in with the Staff to the last two cities. They have rather spoiled me over here, and nothing could be more friendly and affectionate than the way these older officers treat me. De Miribel who goes on leave tomorrow, has given me his two horses, so you can imagine I'll enjoy life. There is no telling what will become of me now, but as long as Harjes sees fit to use me, I am at his disposition. He has been so overwhelmingly good to me, that anything I can do for him,

I shall, much as I want to get home. I'll never feel quite happy in my mind, however, at not having actually commanded men in the fight. I couldn't help this at first, and just as I was becoming uncomfortable at not living up to what I had planned for myself along these lines, the war stopped. So here I am in Alsace, with nothing to do except look after repatriated prisoners and ride. Incidently, being the only American in the town, I try to give these people the best idea possible of us, and our army. The country is rich beyond words, and except for certain minor things, such as wooden soles and a shortage of luxuries, it has in nowise suffered by the War. Its villages are intact, and their sons have been kept for non-combatant work in the German army. Restrictions as to food do not exist, and if you want absinthe you can get it.

There will be quite some squealing when they begin to apply the French system in its entirety, but I am dumbfounded at the "Frenchiness" one runs into everywhere. People who are hard up spent sixty marks to get a flag to hang from their window in an obscure street, and the other evening I dined with a lady who had worked four days making an American flag. She cut the stars with a cake-mould! All are eternally grateful to the United States, and everyone tells me that they knew once we were in it, all they had to do was be patient. Am sorry that none of our troops have been seen in Alsace. On the whole we have been treated very shabbily in the matter of towns and sectors, but we are big enough to stand it.

I enclose a photo, showing my General saluting the crowd after reviewing the troops on our entry. If there ever was a courtly, lovable old gentleman, it is he, and at the same time he has a presence that would keep a Western drummer silent in a smoking car. As the officers here say he is *"Tout ce qu'il a de grand seigneur"* and that about hits it.

The more I see of military life, the more I see how a gentleman stands out and how much he counts for, and you can instantly spot a staff where there are a few, by the atmosphere. When I get home I can tell you some of the things I have noticed about our different divisions, but I don't like to write them. Have been assigned a very good Dodge car for my own use, and am quite independent.

Colmar
December 3, 1918

Haven't written you much of late as things have been so hectic, we really have just about come to earth. It has been the finest month the world has ever seen, and as I've written, I've been the luckiest American in France, in the way of seeing what went on. If I could only once have led men in battle, I would be quite happy. I could not have stood my present work for another three months, and the end coming when it did, saved me from making a big decision.

This is the richest country I have ever laid eyes on, and it is extraordinary how little the war has affected it. You can get anything except rubber and leather. Being the only American officer here, I come in for all sorts of pleasant attentions, and am enjoying myself no end. Motoring back from Belfort was a treat. The roads are good, and scenery delightful. This German, or near German language irritates one, but I can now understand a few simple phrases. It's an unending marvel to me the way they have remained French during fifty years. Of course there are many Huns, but the *atmosphere* is French, and a much more physically clean atmosphere than the other side of the Vosges. Everything is orderly and clean in the town, the trolley cars are noiseless and the streets well swept. As for baths, they are superb. I shall try to get Mimi down here for Christmas—my second Christmas in France.

There is nothing left of the little church at Montdidier where I went to Midnight Mass in 1914.

The family with which I am quartered is very friendly and "Miss" is learning to "Boston." For reasons best known to itself, the French Government has decided to buy up all Marks by the 15th of December at the price of 1 franc 25 per mark. As the latter is actually worth only 70 c, it's an enormous present to the country. The English prisoners are in horrible shape, and those of our men who have been more than a few weeks in captivity are little better. Haven't the slightest idea how long I will be here.

Colmar
December 5, 1918

Gorgeous warm day, and I am going to ride for hours. With two of de Miribel's horses and one of Perra's at my disposal, I am very well mounted, and with the exception of telegrams about returning prisoners, have little work to do. Think I wrote you that our large mess had broken up into four little ones, and our third Bureau and Headquarters commander eat together in a private house owned by a Mr. V—. It is a very comfortable place, and as we have for cook an ex-chef from an embassy, are well fed.

You would enjoy seeing this country. I've never seen any other that gave one such an impression of richness and comfort as one gets here. Except in the line of vexations, and some unjust punishments, Alsace has not suffered from the war, and they have no idea of what destruction means. This town reminds me strangely of Grand Rapids. There is the same solid comfort, things are done remarkably well and the people are the same simple and unpretentious sort. The only difference is that here they speak of themselves as "bourgeois" without pride or apology.

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Interrupted by a medical Major and a Captain from Chaumont, who came to get light on the repatriation of our prisoners. Our general headquarters made one arrangement with Switzerland, and these headquarters another, with the result that both are bombarding me with questions.

Colmar
December 7, 1918

There is no getting around the fact that gentlemen are really more necessary in war than in peace. I have seen it so many times in the various organizations which I have visited. In high positions they give tone to the whole staff, and even as lieutenants they are surrounded by an atmosphere that you notice as soon as you come near. This and the fact that discipline of some kind for civilians is desirable, are the two things I have noticed most in the last six months. The Hun drove his civilians into being little more than numbers, but it seems to me that it pays to make citizens realize that as individuals they count for little in comparison with the state. In other words "Democracy" should merely mean equality of opportunity and nothing more and obligations to the state should be stressed.

You cannot imagine a pleasanter life than I am leading at present. I have three horses at my disposal, and ride as much as possible. I have my own car and chauffeur and am entirely independent in that regard, and also have a very good orderly. There is very little work to do, so we make many short trips. There is music by a good orchestra at the General's once a week; I dine out occasionally, and am leading a rather civilized life in a well heated house. One cannot ask for more comfort. Tonight our mess is entertaining three actresses from the Opera Comique, who are here to play for us. There is no telling how long I will be here. Yesterday I motored to Strassbourg to lunch

with Nan, who was installed in a Hun hotel, the same place the populace stripped of its decorations and flags. Major W— and some Lieutenants from our G. H. Q. appeared yesterday to inquire about prisoners, so I gave them a good dinner and breakfast and sent them on their way rejoicing. Both were Yale men and knew Uncle Anson.

Colmar
December 8, 1918

Rather an amusing day. Yesterday I lunched with my landlady, and then schooled de Miribel's grey for an hour. Dined early as we all went to the theatre where our orchestra played, and where some actors and actresses from the Opera Comique sang and gave a scene from Boheme and Les Amoureux de Catherine. At the end a man with a fine voice sang the Marseillaise, and the whole house came in on the refrain. It was the first time they had sung freely and unafraid, and they raised the roof. People were crying all over the house. My General and his Chief of Staff were in a box in full dress, and it was a very gala occasion. Saw many of my friends. Our mess asked the Opera troupe to supper, and we did not get to bed until 3.45! Today after taking coffee with my landlady I saw the Hun *"Expulsés"* leaving, and it was certainly a great treat. They were of all walks in life, from Supreme Court Judges to bartenders, and received a send-off they will never forget. The police were powerless to keep the crowd back, and the first truck which they loaded in the street caused quite a riot. The rest of the trucks were loaded in a court yard, from which the populace was excluded, but the crowds made life very exciting for the occupants. A school professor came in for particular attention from the small boys and their remarks carried worlds of detestation. One Boche when he thought he was safely installed in the truck called out

General Mangin

"We'll come back, you dirty hounds!" but he little counted on the temper of the crowd, for he was dragged out of that truck so fast he did not know if he was coming or going, and was thoroughly mauled before the gendarmes could get him. He would have been "hash" without their assistance.

Colmar
December 9, 1918

You were quite right about the suddenness of the Hun débacle. The crumbling in itself was not more rapid than was expected here, but it came six months sooner than any one had hoped for. It is rather interesting to have the French blame the Germans as much for their attitude in defeat as they did for their pride in victory. Everywhere one hears the same remark *"Quelle race ignoble"!* I have seen Germans here stand by and applaud while other Germans were being expelled from the city. All the officers say just what you did about the Kaiser's end. If he had gone out as "The War Lord" it would have been considered *"un très beau geste"* and though he would still be hated thoroughly, there would have been less scorn mingled with the hatred. What you say about the armistice having spoiled a push by my General is also correct. I saw all the plans prepared, and it was quite ready. Success was certain as anything could be, and it would have been a magnificent finish for a very fine old gentleman; also, I might have had some more active work. But, as it is I cannot complain, for I have seen more than any one of our officers, and have been in at the death.

Colmar
December 18, 1918

Just received news of Alex Roger's death. I have lost

more friends through sickness than in battle. What the papers say about the censorship being off is only half true. One can now mention where one is, and what you have done, but must not "criticise" anything, which pretty well cuts the ground from under one's feet. Also since a prominent General at our G. H. Q. knowingly opened a letter of mine to a Colonel, which I had marked "Personal" and "Confidential" I have been rather cautious about what I say. Everyone is speculating whether President Wilson will come to Colmar. Personally, I am sorry he ever left home. The French "sizing up" of the situation is infinitely more penetrating and clever, than we could do at home. Waiting to hear from Mimi daily. She is coming to Strassbourg, and I am going to get her in my car and drive her here.

Colmar

December 19, 1918

The day after tomorrow the General is giving a ball, which promises to be a gay occasion. You cannot imagine what a pleasure it is to see people, dine out, go to concerts and lead a civilized life after the existence we have been through the last few months. The Germans are being expelled right along, amid great outcrys and protestations on their part, and my own guess is that many personal quarrels are being settled by the Alsatians, who have the ear of the civil authorities. The French have a difficult problem, as they cannot treat Alsace as enemy territory, and yet they must remember there are a thousand real enemies all about. I think they would have done better to have allowed the military to have managed the matter for a month or so, instead of trying to turn it over to the civil authorities. Alsace is much prettier than Lorraine. Metz is a soldier-weary looking town, while Strassbourg gives one the impression of a small Paris. The real charm of the country lies in the little villages grouped in the valleys and in the

astounding richness of the farm land. They have a *vin d'Alsace* which is quite delicious. It is like a good Rhine wine, with a curious, almost bitter after taste, that once you have become used to is quite pleasant. My chauffeur is a Frenchman named Pilat, and he has the easiest job in France. My orderly is a peasant from near Amiens. My landlady doesn't think much of him nor do I, when it comes to cleaning leather, but he's the soul of honesty, is always good humored and is naturally kindly.

Colmar
December 27, 1918

Haven't written you in a long time. A week ago today I went to bed with the "flu" and am just about again. Have no fever today. Mimi came from Strassbourg on the 22nd, where I had sent a car for her, and I felt much happier when she arrived, as it is very lonely being ill in a foreign language. All of our mess are down with the plague, and so are many other of the officers. It was a sudden visitation and got us all. Have been out in the sun for a few minutes today with Mimi and then back to bed. Had a letter from Helen Turbull saying she brought me a package from you. Am expecting to go back to Paris as soon as I can walk without wobbling, and then South for a while. Mimi has had a very gay time dining with my friends. She attended the artillery ball dressed in Alsatian costume, and is going to General de Castelnau's for music in the evening, looked after by General Margot. All these officers have been very kind, and have come to see me without exception. My landlady has looked after me almost as well as you would, and I am no end grateful to her. You might drop her a line.

Paris
January 3, 1919

Here I am back again in Paris. Mimi and I left Colmar at ten yesterday morning in my car and put in a day at Strassbourg. The guard gave me one side of a compartment, so I could stretch out. Had no idea that ten days' illness could take so much out of one.

Paris
January 5, 1919

Saw Paul van Dyke and had a nice talk with him. Dined with John Pitney who was shell shocked and looks badly. Have no idea what will become of me. It was suggested that I be sent to Belgium to manage horseshows between the English and Belgian forces! Hope I don't have to do it. Feeling stronger every day and will soon be O. K. Paris is almost impossible at present. The hotels are jammed, and many of the best have been rented entirely by various commissions. Restaurant prices are prohibitive. I am more and more disgusted with the behavior of some of our officers here. General Hartz is stiffening things up, but all the same many of our people reflect no credit on themselves, their uniform or their country.

Mer
January 7, 1919

Here I am back again after almost a year, and nothing has changed. Mr. Gal-Ladevèze has a cousin with him who looks after him, and "La Bonne Marie" is the same as ever. My life is made up of sleeping, sitting by the fire, and walking if the weather is half way decent. I go to bed at nine o'clock and do not get up until ten. Am beginning to feel quite O. K. again, and even if I look somewhat thinner, no one would think I had had the plague. Mr. Gal-Ladevèze

has aged, but is otherwise much the same. He was really glad to see me, and refused absolutely to take me as *en pensionaire,* saying he was glad to help the American army by offering hospitality to one of its officers.

Mer
January 8, 1919

Feeling fitter every day, and it is almost worth while having been laid up to feel one's self coming back into form. Today has been sunny with no wind, so I took a walk across the Loire which is now a rushing muddy torrent. It was the first exercise I have had since December 21st. I sit by the fire in a big arm chair, with a screen to keep away drafts, read Bernard Shaw and am quite happy. This sounds quite like an invalid's life, but don't get the idea that I am one. I am only trying to get quite O. K. before rejoining. When you get a chance I wish you would send a letter to my landlady at Colmar, and thank her for what she did for me while I was ill. No one could have been nicer. She brought up all my meals, asked Mimi to eat with them, and came to see me twice a day. Mimi, by the way, was a real angel, and her cheerfulness did a lot to get me well quickly. I was very sorry for myself before she came. Also, it adds fifty percent to the seriousness of one's illness to be cared for by the ordinary French doctors.

Mer
January 11, 1919

Next Monday I expect to go back to Paris and then to rejoin at Colmar.

Colmar
January 17, 1919

Back again and feeling like a king. My stay at Mer did

me no end of good, and to return here and find a really friendly welcome from all the staff was a great pleasure. Much that I saw in Paris utterly disgusted me, and I am afraid French enthusiasm at the re-embarkation of our troops will almost equal that at our debarkation a few months ago. Saw Mr Macdonough at the Inter-Allied Club looking a lot older. Joe's death was a big jolt to him. The latter got two machine gun bullets in his chest and a shrapnel ball in his neck and yet lived for eight days. All told I have lost forty good friends in the war.

I am getting over feeling that I have not done my full job in the War. It was largely change in point of view after my marriage that upset me. Last fall when I got my Machine Gun Company, I fully expected to come over here and be either wounded or killed, and honestly didn't care, considering the gorgeousness of the scrap. I had seen enough of the war when with the French Ambulances to have a few illusions of coming through unscathed in Machine Gun Work. After I was married I wanted to do my job, but also wanted to get back if possible, and it was this hoping to get back that I have reproached myself with from time to time. I remember one day when I was in the battered village of Beaumont, and the Huns were shelling it pretty thoroughly, that this feeling came over me, and I was so angry with myself that I stopped in the middle of a crossroad and lighted a cigarette, while soldiers yelled at me from their shelter to get under cover. It sounds very stupid now, but perhaps you can understand how I felt at the time, and why I did it.

Colmar
January 18, 1919

These Headquarters are to be disbanded about Feb. 5th, so my job is over. I go back to Paris about February 1st, and hope to sail sometime during that month.

You have questioned me from time to time about the more important French generals with whom I have come in contact, but until the Armistice, I naturally did not like to mention names. Now that the war is over, I can see no reason why I should not write you my impressions in regard to them. As time passes, some of them will loom large in the history of the war.

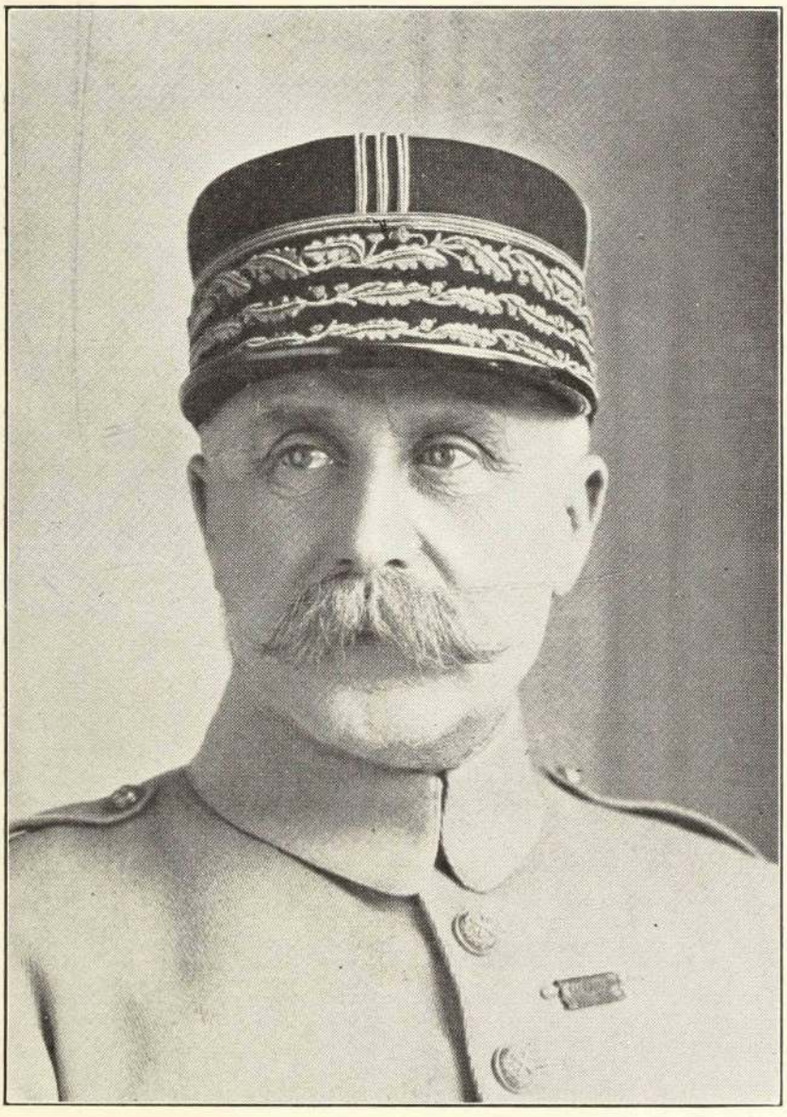
Marshal Foch I met for the first time when he made his triumphal entry into Strassbourg in November, 1918. General de Castelnau rode with him and I was one of the six officers who accompanied de Castelnau on that occasion. After the review of the troops and the ceremony in the Cathedral, the Marshal held a reception for the municipal officers and prominent men of the city. I stood with de Castelnau by the window, a little to one side and behind him and watched Foch closely. He looked worn and strained, but gave the impression of a man who had done big things and knew he had done them, and who was fully conscious of his position as head of the Allied Armies. He stood very erect with his right foot well in advance, and his gesture when he stopped an over-long speech from some Deputy was nothing less than imperious. One of these rushed up to the Marshal, explained that he "just happened to be in Strassbourg," and asked permission to kiss such a noble leader in the cause of humanity. Foch, who hates useless fuss, was rather bored and quite upset his admirer by answering *"Tant que vous voulez, monsieur,"* as he offered him his cheek. The Marshal was very couretous to me, as the only American, and in fact, the only foreign officer present, but I naturally had little conversation with him.

You already know what I think of General de Castelnau. He is the most dignified, charming and courteous man I have met and it is common knowledge in France that his

very great ability and services to his country in defending Nancy and Verdun have never been duly recognized, mainly because of his well-known loyalty to the Catholic Church, of which he is a most devout member. This and the fact that he is of noble birth, has, thus far, deprived him of the Marshal's baton he so obviously deserves. The uniform respect with which he is treated by other military men has struck me repeatedly. He possesses in a remarkable degree, the gift of inspiring respect and of gaining affection without being familiar. He sits a horse magnificantly and on all occasions is an imposing figure. During the many months I was on his staff, I met with the greatest kindness and consideration at his hands.

General Petain I never actually met, although on one occasion I had to flatten myself against the wall as he passed me on the stairs to visit General de Castelnau. Later I saw him lead his victorious troops into Metz. On neither occasion did he strike me as an impressive figure. I thought he looked more like a well-fed merchant than the military genius he undoubtedly is.

General Mangin who commanded the 10th Army came to our Headquarters to arrange for the offensive which was afterwards blocked by the Armistice. To me he is the most impressive general I met. A small, dark man, powerfully built, he fairly radiates force. He has jaws like a bulldog, wears his hair short and has the most piercing black eyes. Although accused of being unsparing of his men and careless with his ammunition, and sometimes called "Mangin, mangeur d' hommes" the results he achieves, prevents his sharing the hatred leveled on a general like Duchesne, who uses somewhat similar methods. His reputation for knowing the game and playing it hard is second to none, and I notice he receives almost worshipful attention from other officers.



General Petain

General Hellot, de Castelnau's Chief of Staff, was the first French general I met. He welcomed me to the G. A. E. and was always friendly and courteous. He is a remarkably handsome man, tall and gray, with twinkling gray eyes and is devoted to his pipe. When he left our headquarters to take command of a corps we were all genuinely sorry to see him go.

General Passaga commanded the 32nd Corps at Toul. I was presented to him at his headquarters, and later watched him decorate some men of General Edwards' Division. He is a big man of commanding presence and although reputed to be of fiery nature, is well spoken of by most officers whom I know.

General Ragueneau who was head of the French Mission at our General Headquarters, I ran into when visiting the Rainbow Division at Baccarat. I thought him rather pompous and as very anxious that everyone should know the important post he filled. During the rehearsal of a raid which I attended with him, he made no criticisms and did nothing but repeat *"Très bien" "Très bien."* A few weeks later he blocked my getting some information on the ground that it should come only through his office.

General Gerard, commander of the 8th Army, I met at his headquarters at Flavigny where Bunny Carter was attached as liaison officer. He is a small weazened old man with bad teeth, but very pleasant, and one of the three French generals who has retained his command throughout the war.

I lunched with General Dauvin a couple of times at Arnould, in the Vosges, where his Division, the 5th, had been sent to recuperate. He was a round and jolly man, who greatly admired the Americans—particularly the 26th Division that had been with him at the Chemin des Dames. He did not strike me as very widely informed, and he has the

reputation of being a brave, rather than a brainy, commander.

I was presented to General Hirschauer by Commandant de Miribel in April, 1918, when the General was commanding the Second French Army with headquarters at Souilly. He talked to me quite frankly about the things he wished me to notice when I visited the Second United States Division then under the orders of one of his corps commanders. He gave me the impression of great solidity and of a certain heavy force that might act efficiently along one line, but could not be easily turned or altered in its course. There was a hint of power in the steely glint of his eyes and I never saw him smile. He spoke of the geological features of the country and revealed a perfect knowledge of the structure and topography of his sector, which he illustrated with maps.

General Serigny who commanded the 77th Division I saw at Wesserling, on one of my trips with Colonel Barrard. He was by far the youngest general I met, and in an English-made khaki uniform, about the smartest—in fact, he looked little like a Frenchman. He talked for a time about the general situation and America's entry into the war, and I remember his saying that the German attack in the Somme, in 1918, was the greatest blunder Germany had made during the War, and would cost dearly in the end. Like most Frenchmen, he was a strong believer in using our men under French command, and told me that it had been the agreed plan, although subsequently blocked by "political megalomania."

General Trenchard who commanded the Independent Air Force used to come to our Headquarters quite often. Like most British officers he was extremely smart, and from the flag on his Rolls-Royce to the smallest button, was immaculately turned out. He was on good terms with the French, although some of his correspondence which passed through

my hands had a force and brusqueness that amazed me. He had a reputation for fearing neither God nor man. He had just perfected a most aggressive bombing campaign when the Armistice came.

General Vanderberg, whom I met in April, 1918, at his headquarters at Dieue, was then commanding the 10th French Corps. I was on my way to our Second Division which was then in line by regiments in his sector. He invited me to his mess and was more than hospitable. On the whole he was the most picturesque commander I came across—very slight with bushy gray hair and well trimmed pointed beard. He wore the old uniform, with braided coat and red breeches, and looked very lithe and wiry. He had keen, snapping black eyes and a kindly mouth that broke readily into a smile. During dinner he talked of his pleasure at the aggressive initiative and bravery of our 9th Infantry, and later read me the citation he was forwarding to General Hirschauer, the Army Commander. It was a pleasure when I rode with Foch into Strassbourg, to see this old soldier present his division with all the snap and smartness imaginable, and a greater pleasure to see the Generalissimo call him forward, congratulate him, and then pin the sparkling grand croix of the Legion d'Honneur on his old time uniform.

General Messimy I was presented to at a ball following our entry into Colmar. He seemed ordinary in every way, but had a charming daughter. In Alsatian costume she was quite fascinating and I was much surprised to find that she was married, although but sixteen years old. The General himself is not very popular with our officers here, who say he had no business to enter Colmar before de Castelnau.

General de Bazelaire I met in Lunéville in April, 1918 when he was in command of a corps and our 42nd Division was under his orders. He was a tall shaggy looking man,

with keen blue eyes and a very energetic, sharp manner of speaking. He questioned me about the arrival of our troops from America, said that if they were all as good as those in the 42nd Division, the Allies could ask for nothing better. He expressed his admiration for General Menoher, then commanding the Division, and was particularly enthusiastic about the then Chief of Staff, McArthur. Later, I watched him inspect the practice execution of a raid, later to be known as "The Million Dollar Overcoat Affair" from the fact that one Hun overcoat made up all the spoils. He is known for his forcefulness and unambiguous methods and our men and officers were enthusiastic about him. On another occasion I heard him discuss some proposed operation with General Menoher in the latter's office and was struck by the similarity of the two men—both were ruddy colored, short and quiet of speech and both had a twinkle of humor in their eyes.

The official "Communique" sent us by Great Headquarters announcing the Armistice immediately after its signing, strikes me as a fine bit of literature, worthy of the great event it records. It reads:

"In the 52nd month of a war unprecedented in history—the French Army, with the aid of its allies, has completed the defeat of the enemy.

Our troops, animated by the spirit of purest sacrifice, having for four years of uninterrupted warfare given an example of sublime endurance and daily heroism, have accomplished the task entrusted to them by their country.

At times enduring with indomitable energy the enemy's assaults—at times attacking themselves and forcing a victory, they have, after an offensive of four mouths, shocked, beaten and thrown out of France the powerful German army and have compelled it to ask for peace.

All the conditions requisite to the suspension of hostilities having been complied with by the enemy—the armistice took effect today at 11 o'clock."

So ends the greatest war in history.

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