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Olivet Wolcott

American Ambulance
S.S.U.2
Convoy automobile
par B.E.M.
Paris
Sailed from New York on the Tamaqua
Feb. 12, 1916, Buza, Bantock, Davis, Redman, Bigelow and myself from Boston, Perry from New York and Powell and McGinn. Rough uncomfortable voyage with poor accommodations but good food. Blowing great gales most of the way and we had to run into the cycle at half speed all one day. Had some French soldiers in uniform on board. Our first real sense of the war being seen the Neutral and the other neutral German lines in New York harbor. A few days before getting to the war zone we had boat drill with all the passengers taking part in life belts. On the 22nd we ran a converted liner partially. That night we were all ordered to stay on the top deck with our life belts at hand and all lights were put out except in the saloon and smoking room and all
The pilot bounded us at about one o'clock and we then allowed to go to bed.

This is going to be written in Spain. March 2. Our first impressions of France were lots of men in the street, lots of uniforms of all sorts, and no excitement of any kind. There were bearded military men in steel helmets and blue gray frock coats, the trousers, old style uniforms and all the excellent train service and no lights and first train in Paris. On the windows of trains and everywhere is posted "Tirage very much - very has vinelles enemies very ecoutez." In Paris English, Serbian, Belgrade, Italian - Russian uniforms everywhere. Many closed shops "Tante la personelle mobilitee depuis des l'Anuit," and most of the rest close for lunch etc. The ambulance here is poorly run with nothing to do men, the hospital is almost empty, a few convalescent with pain's gone. In bed lies a man...
all very merry and joining in a tremendous snow fight of the whole hospital personnel. We slept in a garret, 40 of us sharing, rotten toilet arrangements, but fine food. Lots of popcarts, hot, dinners too. Chubly and I and second leave for Venlo, Flanders, the hottest battle of the war, many days on an anti-tank and machine gun. Thrilled, but too busy to think, much again same day. We saw two with Chapman and fought with him, most interesting, he saw a machine gun in the foreign legion, told of having to advance trench with aerial bombs arriving, awful things. 40th corps broke in retreat, mostly shot. Another night wouldn't change, shelled by 75s. Recondo dropped bombs in air raids, explosive, incendiary, blocks burning. Have a pilot, French, distinct English, stop for tea, unexpected, can't be depended on. French, no. Prince took off running out of gas, 20 miles from home to have to glide.
dear Gorman, thanks by 600 miles, only. Ballad this tarp. March 3. Off at seven, pick up Wolf, our guide, a French automobile corps man at the Porte St. Denis. A gentleman in a coat, at 8 a.m. we enter the town and have to show papers 3-4 times from then on. Here the graves of the brave art, scattered in the fields fenced with rustic woodstake and with rustic crosses. Some small cemeteries. I satiated all graves at first, but my arm got too tired. We saw a few wine entanglements, left, ugly-looking things, and I shuddered in the thought of Victor's description of his friend's 'studs on the clotswhite.'

Lucy at Montmirail, in a hotel whose wine cellar had been looted by Germans. Wolf told of being in the infantry, 50 kilometers a day's march, then the battle, the order to charge and a bullet ranging from the horse to the bottom as he ran, he lay on the battlefield and finally was put in a farm field of watercress as full that he had to lie at the dawn. A German shell came in, killed all...
he wounded and blew him out of the door 30 yds. into the street. He also told us of Doc Andrews' guide, the Due de Barraque-Tenares, one of the 3 president French families. After lunch we passed a village with a lot of houses destroyed by shell-fire, some soldiers fitting barbed-wire on folding wooden support that rolled up and more and still more Graph transport of all kinds, with all loads, and soldiers everywhere. Bod mud and roads just too good. Spent night at St. Brevin, better still as well and I am sleeping in a queer French house which we entered in the dark without seeing a soul. Mode about 2000s and I had one blow-out. Tired and Muddy, St. at Bar-le-Duc. Roads very bad and covered with mud, solid with cut truck canvases, going both ways, and all the villages were full of Moroccan troops. There were the "trapd' o'man," sent in to make assaults at Bar-le-Duc.
we got gas at the auto park, crowded with military men and women, and had lunch. The team had been broken by Tardos since they told us. Our guide was told that the section had left Mentheverian, but we went on to Saillly, past warehouses of trucks, ammunition and ammunition depots etc. At Saillly we saw 30 German prisoners and two officers, fresh caught, being loaded into trucks. We also dropped an artist there, so we planned one of the boys and two men to change over a word that was shifted spasmodically, past our aviation camp. We are at the Chateau at Petit Monteharion, sleeping in a stable left with a lot of French. The land crawled all over fine. We mess in a little stable kitchen, filthy and crowded. The common room all the time and as we were being shelled around we heard a moppin noise as a shell went over to explode beyond us, near a bridge. The explosion was very loud, and
the rip a great noise. They go over a half day a day or so. The lift was so crowded that Chucky and I slept in his car with the guns nosing in the distance. March 5. A Taube flies over in the clouds and drops three bombs about a mile away. They make a big explosion and fall with a sort of whistling buzz. We could just glimpse it between clouds. We saw pretty ghastly wounded being loaded and the mortuary with 5 corpses. One dead German, pretty bad. We take them to Ban-de-loc, a hop 46 K. (Kilometers). Lots of French plans and constant camouflaging. We have moved into a shabby little one
room house in the chateau grounds, and have picked out steel helmets and belts. We matched. Second got the best car, I the worst, and Chucky waits. Swed and I went in a third run in my car over a shell-bombed road. He went briskly, Chummy's
car is full of shrapnel holes.
Clerks moved down to sleep until it seems a car., A brailly cold night and none of us slept much. At 11.30 the gunnery had been an attack, so the guns were absolutely continuous for ten minutes, also heard some more shells whistle over, saw a lot of stationary balloons during the day, all French. But one round killed aMade on trip to Sausins in one 11.00 am in P.M. with 50 men beside me going up hill, dinner in Canada. Joffre and his stuff passed in in cars very clearly in a block, and I had the pleasure of saluting him from left off. His headquarters are supposed to be in Saule. Roofs filled with cannon, both of parison & men, artillery pieces, batteries of 65's etc. Saw a lot of subdivided camps & aeroplane stations. Sausins is 15 km. and we brand new to an English battery one. On my P.M. trip I had a bloom at and was very worried only a French cannon. They all shook hands +
wished me luck. Then a carpenter came along and unpropped a good.

can against the very amusing. None in dark without light. Glass

of hot rum that Emery Pottle got in Bar-le-Duc before bed.


good sleep. Bars all day, but

no aeroplanes in sky. Left over us.

March 7. Started around all morning, helping Beacon find petrol tanks etc. In

P.M. had a trip to Sambremon, where we changed a plug on the way, and on

way home by my axle broke, hit didn't break

down, but gears slipped. Left it in

Sarrebourg. Got a ride home with Griswold. Usual traffic on roads, including a 15

next, going into caves, having lost 200

men and 400 horses, pretty hot for

amphibious. March 8. Pottle had written

so I went to Bar-le-Duc with him,

3 caches. Did shopping in the shops

+ got an oil stove in the store room

+ a fire lunch + then had a

fire drive home, good weather.

much warmer. Call in 7 tomorrow.
Rum tells me Tauris dropped bombs here today, with dropped breaking all around them. One French amateur was brought in wounded before I left. 2 bullets in leg but needed lines. In all today 2 pilots + 2 observers were killed + 2 observers wounded, all reaching our lines.

First casualties of the war in the aviation camp here. All outnumbered by the black when in slow Cauchon machines. March 10

My dates have been off as I've seen a paper & this is the 10th. We'd cooked up & got all ready for blazes & then heard my tube striking thus the other

changed the & poofed a tube & put in another. F and I had an on-aged shoe, so changed that. Wheel was loose so tightened it & then did the other + had to change a leaning. Then looked till 4 when a call to landsrant with 3 blossoms. Roads awful full of holes, so guess in the arms which fell all day + was bed in the eyes - F. 
allhide in Amiens. Dead leaves on road. One man staggered. I'm glad all shot away. Had a bottle attached to urinate in. He spoiled at every fancy and caught so I was tried to be some. Back in dark post artillery, endless shelling. Guns and horses half asleep in the dust, going to the front at that nut and sonic coming back in reports. Incessant carriages all night. Today shells given our quarters. We heard thought that the French have not seen 1600 elephants advanced. 4 1/2. Here we all supposed only a few big guns but really it has been so continuous all day that you couldn't tell individual reports. Slight let-up tonight. Burnt at Bar + will probably stay there. A Moroccan regiment went by today, with hooded dark-faced Arabs with fuzzy heads in burlap. March 10

Book to old calendar, Trip to
5 a.m. Changed a spark plug.

5 a.m. Very nice one beside me. Said they were in new campagnes and had retreated 15kms with German actually attacked their general had committed suicide. They were robbing the Boches and towing a lot of prisoners. Rumor today that Boches have advanced 5kms somewhere. Retail shops open here today. Lots of troops in woods and one between partisans. Lots of dead horses. Quiet all day, but pretty heavy barbette tonight. Civilians all clearing up pretty peacefully refugees moving on wood. Our store has left. Been still in Ben with slow speed band gone. March 11 to Ban-de-Due with 3 canoes

+1 osé. Light rain. Good wind. Cleaned wanted my turn with French officers + guards + got a hot bath. Excellent food at modernist shop. Share afterwards. Chubbi stayed there

changing share bonds. On way home had to change a tire in...
a foot of perfectly liquid mud. 
Fairly quiet, not many shots 
Passing an ammunition depot I saw 
the new shells that have a tape 
to the rear, also a battery of 
new 75s on a train at Bar. Most 
of the villages en route are 
at least 20 minutes to 
the next, with a lot of 
refugees, on the roads, plodding 
pitifully thru the mud behind 
carts loaded with their all. 

All day they requisitioned today & 
slaughtered in a house down the 
road. March 12. Took 2 coaches 
to Bar. Changed one tire & 2 plugs 
on way. Good luck & home with 
Army living. Beautiful day, but 
sharps. Captured 10 French & 4 German 
armies up at once. Two new 
big French guns near us. Beach 
prisoners cleaning streets in Sallies 
All of us at home tonight. 

March 13. Loafed all day, help clean 
plugs, etc. Had a house cleaning, made the
Palace looks pretty well. Saw a Bosch plane in the distance with shrapnel bursting around it and leaving little black clouds hanging in the sky for minutes after the initial white puff. Lot of French planes flew over as it was a beautiful day. Germans shelling Ancre mat again. About a dozen shells whistled over before breakfast and at noon. Insanebart bombardment to Nuth tonight. New code gone up good story for lunch and supper. March 14th Roden.

Leif tells Santa the news and myself to Somme court to fix my new chef. Had a hard job in the mud that took till late in the p.m. Interesting talks with soldiers. Shells over quarters make standing in the field beyond us. Also a regular shrapnel bombardment of three
whodropped balls

Bosch planes. Two batteries of tremendous 155s went past us, painted in green patterns of green and yellow. Have seen white horses painted green. We hear that the French have over 600,000 men in the rear. Got food about 4:30 and saw the first glow of funnel dance in the black clouds about German planes. Long talk with French doctor, half American and speaking perfect English.

March 25 A long jump. I had finished my diary on the 14th and we were just turning in when we got orders to pack up, leave our baggage, and report at Vadelaincourt. I had no head-lights as my generator was smashed and had to change 2 plans before starting. Vadelaincourt was near Soissons, about 15 ks. off. Once there we had an interminable wait, and finally were loaded with candles and sent to Reuverny. As we waited they were taking off a
gangsters came at the window beside us.
The roads were crowded and bad, no
headlights, cold and a drizzle ofleet
falling and we drove all night. Reigny
is 15.9. beyond Baze due and it's
and the next village were in ruins,
shelled out at the Maine. We saw the
famous 20th corps just coming in for the
fight at Reigny. We unloaded and
started back just as the first gray
shift showed up the utter ruin and
destruction of the city. As we left a
motion would float out by us and
these responsible for the destruction of
the zeppelin there. We came around a
corner in a little street and saw a funeral
of a little church, shattered, but only in a
way that emphasized its picturesque.
That night ride was awful, you
really went to sleep on the wheel
and move to twist her as she made
for the ditch. The eye strain was
awful too. We breakfasted in Ba-
ze due and then came cut here
and kept on waiting till night.
We sleep in our car and our store is installed in a sort of hide in a well beside the inevitable manger, the hide about 10 by 8. We have dug a beach outside with some canvas on it. I have just had my toiletries in the car but got into 8 am to dive and got some clothes finally and this diary etc. We made about 2 trips a day to Salesme, only about 5.5 km. The round trip and the English section here does the same, some very nice chaps. A lot of aviation honey and the famous Navarre is at the field. We have seen the most famous regiments in France going up to the front and one played itself thru the village with 15 songs and drums. We have seen 150 on carriages that look like giders and are painted in yellow - green shades and long over 15 or 20 ft. resembling behind tractors. Lots of 75s always.
The situation here is a great sight. Thin little Reenopats that run noon can push painted in queer colors of green, yellow, and maroon, panderas, fumbers, fox bastards, and others, in the Reenopat the modern gun parts with the eye and is above the pilots head, with a sight below and a string to the trigger. The night we got there the guns were going strong and the whole sky toward midnight was lit by a strong red light that rose and fell, probably scattering shining. Every night we see the flashes of the guns and hear the distant rumble. Several of the days have melted off into Turbul and say it's very interesting and I must too soon. Rotten, cold, muddy weather now, but we've had some nice sunny days. I'm not tired, don't need washing dishes man for the day, March 29. Another trip, but it has been raining when it wasn't
moving, and a high cold wind has been blowing, and it is hard to walk outdoors, the only place under such conditions. We’ve had the usual light work, with an keetey trip to Bar-le-Duc, starting at dusk on a wet, cold, rainy night and ending at 11 the next day. My best-light wouldn’t work, broken lamp. Almost drifted lots of times and just missed running down two soldiers who were the Prussians trip – lots of German escapes in the dark. A list of Spahis, cavalry, went by the other day, nighthawks, carbines, and 0.303 weapons & helmets; dark drapery of French non-coms. An inspection took place by a captain who complimented us on our work. White regiment of 750 yesterday, and incessant commanding led I night, sleeping in a hay loft near my tent. Went in the camiones for food the other day and saw great circus tents full of loaves of bread, potatoes, beans, hams, canned green etc. and great quantity of Pinaud & coffee etc. full
explored through holes into the
water receptacles. The French added
flint vs. water, only Pirani, the
red wine, and num = go (coffee). We
drew "Bikesh" (meat) from a Pan, but
Complin in the section got talking +
told us of his war in Belgium +
France with the Relief Committee.
Dis molest attitudes but eats Band-
Bade put intensity the climan to
was generating electricity for German
troops, later found that a secret
wire was providing the French troops
as well. A munition train, a Red
Cross train, + a gasoline train
were in a station. A Frenchwoman
dropped 2 boxes on the munition
train and blew it; the station + the
Red Cross train, all to bits. The
gas train, miraculously spared, was
moved to the next station, where backs
get it the following day. Germans
couldn't move a box of cartridge
without the French loading it.
Information perfect. New Fa
some Verdun gossip. In this sect we have 600,000 reservists who have not yet been used. We have 5,000 troop carriers, seating 30 men each. God knows how many others. 500 aeroplanes guard the main Bane-de-Vendu road from air raids. Some houses even have dark trees staked painted on their green bodies. Always a trick of Banch pursers.

Spasmodic cannonading, quite incessant all last night and early the morning. I sharpened my pencil in the big event. I have been where the Kaiser would give his boots to be, in Verdun, and while islands were dropping into the city and its lost street was in flames. On the 27th "Swish" Men and I slipped off and started for Verdun. Main road crowded as ever, 159 of it. Ammunition was stacked in a field and covered with sandbags. Looked air-craft. Men suddenly came on the train at a dead
in the valley, huge old stone walls, packed white by modern shells and the trees splintered stumps from the wire had. It made you a lot nervous to have to change a plug there and live shells exploding in the town and see the black machine gun on the hills by. At all we guessed our sights to be there. Right through the gate and up the hill by three shell holes about 15 ft in diameter and so deep that the wrecked remains of an automobile in one could not be seen till you were above it. Street blocked became something had tilted all the drains into it. A few standing, roasty shells. Grand and into the main town. Out of an old gate at which a huge engine pumped and into a bridge, an which we stopped to fix a wiring. Sentinel came out politely advise us to move on a dirt co the Boch shell this spot regularly. So nice we couldn't
Refuse line. From across the river we see the shattered houses on the water front and the smoke...flames behind. Boats are another bridge and stop at the burning section to take pictures. The Boats cascade a few more houses as it dark every day about this time we were told that the shells burst more in the center just then. Street full of trucks...filing, and soldiers pumping water. Opposite is a sand bag bank. A shell hit where a shell just burst on the loose wall and killed 5...No cajoling, just uniforms. Banners 6 hrs off. My plans gone, but 5...Takes lots of pictures of soldiers, two insist on an going up the street with them. They pose in front of a house whose whole front has been shaved off and whose care is choked with rubbish that was walls. It was the mess...all the officers till a 380 arrived...
They give us the bronze eagle from a German helmet. Then we pause along have leaving behind us the tan with its medal and sword and the shells topping anyway still. All the troops in it in fine spirits, say the line doesn't break it is slaying Germans in heaps. Rain yesterday that a Mudie brigade has broken and surrendered. They always do. There are 12 rows in the cemetery now that was started just before we came and still they are busy digging a every day, we see the pallbearers, a boy with waxen, one with a cross, a priest in caplets, then the nigty rain wagon carrying
the rough coffin (the coffin moans inaccurately is a very grand friend of ours) draped with the tricolor with which is written "Mort pour la Patrie." As it passes the soldiers all salute, every couple of days a mother comes to see her son.
in a life for her husband, and is escorted
not to a tent but to one of the
little wooden crosses on the hillside.
A column and the flag are weeping
today at the grave of the man they
came two late to see. And! The
graveyard is with due respect, a long
ditch is dug, the bodies are put in and covered
till the ditch is full, then a little mound
is made for each and a wooden cross
stands up with the inscriptions and date.

And I met many immigrants from the main
fellow native state, one here and there.
The mounds are only about a foot wide
and they are two rows ahead of the
fellow who makes the crosses now. A little
spat and a row of Moroccan graves,
but a covered so they face the east. On
each is a headboard cut in prominent shape
with a star and crescent on it, some
Arabic writing and the usual name, regiment
and date. We went from here to Sanderson,
Sanderson and sometimes to Champaign.
The barricades at Sanderson are a
great crowd, all men and all
wearless as lince-coneins. They all beam
when they see me, and rush up to shake
my hand and how to be jollyed about
what dord company it is for a good
unionism. A bless yesterday was
telling me of the gas shells that made
your weep like a baby, and of the
Buddha coming on in French uniforms.
A couple of days ago I went back to
Peter Mathisaurin. They were digging fresh
trenches just behind the crest of the hill
plain zig-zag trenches, withlecked wires
about 50 ft. in fact, and more down
on the super meadows. Others about
2½ ft high and wires not very tight
running also cross ways. The railroad
embankment is between the meadows and
the slope of the hill, and in the up-hill
side of it were 7 shonged mortar gun
emplacements, lined with chicken wire, every
50 ft. or so. Two inches east slopping
bands stood in the field, but each
shattered a gun that had been firing
on a Bosch plane that morning
had a long falls into the
young doctor who is half American. He said a friend of his at the aviation field drove through the raid of a Boche machine and cut it off on one of his first flights. The burned aircarrier I saw came up and he told me that at the start of the war he was with some capacity near Charleroi. They had a machine gun, and easily prevented a Boche infantry detachment from crossing a bridge. They disappeared and in minutes later appeared during airships taking down men, women and children. They fired and retreated. A big new munition depot at Havre, with stacks of old prints of shells, from 75's in wooden boxes up to shells four feet long, 380's and such. The new machine gun sections are interesting, some are poor truing, but in most both the gun and ammunition are carried on little two wheeled carts, slung about 3 feet from the ground with a license driven by a soldier in the cart. Slight intermission to mop. But a regiment of artillery going by, a few detached observation men, most of the others are Podcast White, a
Ballistic. There are some jeffries, tractors on
all wheels, used for pulling the heavy
artillery. A few are always lying
in the ditch, weren't helpless legs at
the end. The French soldier is
practical and sloppy. He looks like
a ragamuffin, but he is there. He
carries a new pair of boots shoes on
his backpack, a rags and all the
side of his hard bed is on the top of it
and his mess kit is piled on top, a
tremendous effort compared to any but
who would like to live indefinitely on a
U.S. mess kit. His lunch is tough and
is generally coated with dirt, but it keeps
is most nourishing and quite good when
you are accustomed to it. He gets two
potatoes, bread on beans, fish meet and
piment. Also very good canned meat 'jaggi'
and army biscuit. His life is extremely
dull, as is his bayonet, but the action is
dull and gives up in the trenches
some carry the 'huck - cleaner' a long
made into an eight inch dagger. The
cavalry as well mounted on the
splendid Saxon saddle, with a saddle that is too heavy and clumsy made for it, but with not quite the curve of an old one. On the pommel he carries two holsters for his personal stuff, and a mere bag of grain that goes right across, a lot of grain. On the cattle his blanket roll and overcoat and grooming tools in a bag. I saw many fitted shoes.

The saddle hangs just behind the left leg, curving slightly forward, the tiny carbine is slung on the back, the man wears the steel helmet, but no badges are visible. Used mostly for guarding prisoners and communications. The bridle is a double bit, over a bit, the saddle bit stopping at the curb by a chain or bar. There are gendarmes all around regulating traffic, and sometimes mounted ones escort prisoners. They have a silver belt ornament. The trousers are made to have a green card that shows and are mandatory troops and know it. The artillery again are practical, wagons of all sorts piled with miscellaneous stuff, canvas, ditties, and long
graceful 75's, mostly painted gray, but some in the mottled yellow and green. A lot of them have names painted on them, "La Passion", "La Vengeance". In instance, New aeroplanes. They are housed in great enormous sheds of green canvas over a frame, six or so to a base. The air crews are all field of service and have an array of machines etc. Their caps often are named and some have bullets lodged in the wings or shooting stars etc painted on them. The engines are almost all Allison, many beautiful pieces of work. The tails are painted in the tri-color and red, blue, white are on the wings, except in the mottled marmot. The guns are almost all Lewis, better with a 0.30 or the 0.303 we picked up recently, they go so fast that they shoot four shots. Vickers, single and double Caudron, Maurice Farman, a few Morane, a single monoplane, and one 12 passenger biplane. They got 3 Besscher yesterday. The other evening a single Caudron looped the loop 3 times as it came down, some night, many have posted up projectiles holes in their wings, mostly
machine gun, for the hand guns do very little.

In a Neaport, the lateral direction is controlled by a bar to which the feet are stopped while the up and down and fore-aft movement is by a single upright bar.

On it is what looks like a bicycle head.

In front of the action is a scope, in a case with screws to turn up a new sector.

There is a glass florin plate at the base.

And dishes of many kinds, gasoline up.

On saw the machine gun in Montana, that is in a Neaport. It was around a trestle around the coal-pit of the adit, with a second track some two feet above. I fire upward.

Well I've had a trip to Chammac, with an Taxi-driver, Tawewin, as a passenger.

He gets his car from the Cie, Francavite, one of 2 big houses. They have 6,000 Taxis and do body-shifting, driving, cutting and all. He pays for the gasoline and keeps his tips and 27% of the Taxi-meter reading. They do all types work, riding, etc. The only time it, and averages
15 lbs. a day. As he doesn't drive the pups when he calculates he needs so spend 75.00 on a best day, 1/2 on another etc, and then takes a day off fishing. He is a keen fly-fisherman, he gets a vacation at the sea shore each year besides. Cludby got into the village club of 3, the coffee-maker, the dñeir, cleaner and another. They were full of Pinard and songs from presented American songs under their breath, the boys made themcolleé but they wouldn't help their lightning. A little of the rest of the story among the woodsmaking territory but the regiment of the active troops is the finest thing ever. They know they've got it on the Germans. Running around in a field on our camp, after a picnic lunch ate of our broccoli, tiny fish, patties, crackers, apricots, chocolate, and cheese and drinks. One Beautiful spring day and we are restless, yet dizzy, ready in spring form. I must make my own, and wear my radiation sweater for a shame. Later a few additions. First Cludby had a girls near Varenne the other day and
but a shell had so near that it
spattered dirt on him. Next a string of
dragged lorries from Pat à Monaco. The
Bosch boomed the first line and the
treads, as was usual reticned from it,
leaving a few quires only. One all
territorial glee was there wanting to
repair the tread with an ingory, when a
fully armed Bosch trilled on top of
him. The old glee took his steel
stand and broke the Bosch's arm,
smacked him out and dragged him
back as a prisoner. He got deservedly
of course. As to bicycles, we neglected
them in our army. In open campaigning
they are fine and useful in the trench
warfare. Telephones etc. are often
replaced impracticable by loudhailers
so agents de liaison a bicycle, are used
in communication. A bicycle man
can go faster and farther than a
drake, he is more incospicuous
and doesn't run out and die. Also
he can take care anywhere with his
steed. Only he cannot go cross-country.
April 3. Yesterday was a hot spring day. We rose 
counterfeiting the sound of distant drums, then 
we heard the clear notes of bugles above it, and 
next the dull crack of a brass band; a regiment 
was being played through the village. It was 
live as a play. A great gray 말드 began with 
a left opposite in which the 
opening, the early spring light with brilliant 
ray of sunshine coming from the side 
where the red chilli quite met the wall, 
and reaching up to this and the music 
outside. The music rose and we heard 
the trumpeter's feet, then died, to rise faintly 
and faintly and die away finally as it 
came. Just as the first, and the drumming 
in till their sound became confused with the 
drum of the listening blood. These will 
likely French marches are the essence of 
the slam of war. After breakfast we headed 
in the new taxi an office called us to the 
him to orders. We left Swind and I left 
him there and went to Saillly where Si 
got a helmet off a British prisoner at 
work in the streets, in exchange for a 
cap and some cigarettes. Then picked
up an office and came back. We posed
broadsheet and smoked up flies. Got talking
with Sister, an old Scandinavian who lives
some 10 miles off, near Clarmadon-Dargies. He
is some sort of a local dignitary in the
village and says he'll take us wild boar
hunting and find deer, hares, rabbits, etc.
for us. We shall arrange it if we are not
moved. In a broadsheet, taken under
the Trompings', mine would be a fine
trophy. Today Sir Chubbly and I are going
to Sendam gamepark hunting, with hopes of
getting into the trenches. Here's luck.
April 5 We went up and went into the
broadsheet and asked for wanted, in light that
it was only a blind, then we gave out
cigarettes and chatted. They said there was
no souvenir. Chubbly met a lieutenant he
knew who told him to come to dinner at
6, so the Commandant of Sendum was
coming around and they were busy
then. We didn't think it auspicious to open
the subject of Sendum, just as we were
about to dream a couple of lieutenants
came up to me and asked if we saw
went to Ben, and if I could mail two bundles then for them. I said surely and then he said he knew we liked souvenirs so he would get a casque for me. We came back with the bundles and a perfect German officer's helmet. It has a casing in spotless underneath, with the brass on the side, the brown chin strap, eagle, and the paint, namely, mint. It is artillery. It can't be beaten. Then we went down the street that is most winding and found a Paris fire station with its red paint still showing in spots through the war spray coat. A most general gang ofVA

squadron was quitting work on a small dining cellar. We shouted and took their picture in front of a ruined pair of horses. They are layoff.

Batan, Laveno and Bricebel (??) 10th Cie. 12 Rue Philipp de Girard, xth Amend. Paris, near the Case du Nord. They promised us a lot of souvenirs if we'd come to their quarters at the Manzio that afternoon. We parted and started. Incidentally I was to call at the
lanades for a bundle a sargeant wanted to send. We had just got out of the street when there was a weird and a terrific crash in it behind us. We put on speed as more came, and went past the headquarters with all our friends gazing out of the windows and jeering at us. It was a constant bang—bang bang too fast to count and everywhere people were ducking into their sandbags shelters and the whole town was shedding tears. As we left the town two shells went off about 100 yards, rather less, to our left and tremendous clouds of smoke and dust rose. All over the heights hung black shell clouds and the city was full of them. We came back to Bures bought sandwiches and cakes and indulged in the car. Then Chubbly found a baker who was Confrere des Dames at the Grand Hotel in Paris, as well as at Nice, Monte Carlo and Cannes. We did a good job in Bern and I must get one soon.
Then we started back to Cendon. We got near the gate and the shells were incessant, and I was too near for comfort so we all decided it foolish to go in not on duty but just on a lark side and started back. We took a side road and passed about 4 villages that had been shelled out at the Mame. Finally we found a nice sunny lawn well off the road which was barely dusty, with a clean cold stream about 3 ft deep. We all stripped and had a wonderful bath though we had no soap. Then dried in the sun till we were dry in the pleasant cool that comes after a bracing spring day. Then home to dinner. This morning we heard that at 2 o'clock yesterday an incendiary shell fell on those Cendon barracks and killed 40 of the stickling little chaps we had been joking with. Rotten lucky we didn't lunch with them so we hadn't planned. It means you rich to think of these near you two.
so cheerful and friendly being shown and
dumped to life. A few cards as usual
net you know the crowd. At breakfast
They and Camden joined us, having
literally dropped in on their way
back to Paris from even the German
drives in this 80 lieu. Navane has
even of the few new 120 lieu and flying
from one field got into German day
before yesterday, and then yesterday.
His first flight since getting back
from Paris. They missed three rounds
this morning at about 50 yds, bring
off both the drums of 47 cartridge
each. Camden's gun jammed when
he was up of a Bosh too, and both
were pretty sore. They say the Boshes
wont fly beyond their line of
shoefaces now, except for reconnaiss,
on the French side over the German
lines. The other day the French
for a little moral effect flew over
the German lines in 20 machines
in a wild goose wedge with the
captain at the apex. Camden was
the last man on the left and suddenly turned around to find 5 Boches right behind him. He decided that the fellow who ran got killed, so he turned and changed them, shooting off his left shutter; then drove 1200 metres with his engine at full speed and lost them. After breakfast we pulled up to the beach while they got ready to go. They put on one piece fur lined boots and their clothes. Fur lined boots with straps under the tongue, wooden caps, with a fur one outside and the cellan strapped around by a muffler and fur gloves with wooden winter underneath. Their gun sighting apparatus is wonderful. Instead of the sight I have described there is a tube about 1 in. in diameter and it rides along with cross lines in it and plain glass. For dark days there is an electric lighting device that by means of阳性 makes the cross lines luminous. I have never seen it.
circular aimed and waited for Camden who went up, got his attitude and took the lead and off they went to
Den. Camden says there are two lakes near there that make steering easy, otherwise you follow roads or
streams etc. We hear that over
1,000 wounded were evacuated from
Vendam last night and Camden said
it was burning bad in 3 places
when he left there at 6 last night,
then still at 6 and, and there
were flashes all over the place
last night so we went to bed.
Rainning rain and I shall write
some letters, no duty till 130.
I forgot to say that while we were
in the caserns at Vendam the
commandant turned up one enough
and the guard formed, fired
long shots, presented arms and were
inspected by him. We hear that
the bombardment was all big stuff,
mortar 38s. They did not have quite
the nip we heard at Dusseldorf, more a wind.
April 5. Sad news of the bombardment. A lot of old territorials were breaking roads in the grain store houses. A shell came in and they all took shelter under plan roof. Then an incendiary shell arrived, and from 7 to 8 o'clock was burned up. Yesterday morning was uneventful, but in the afternoon we got a trip to Renegir. 15 cars. Tavemie. The taxi driver came with me and we took 800 rubles. Ipecacuan—Flax—Wool—Train—Saltpeter—Breadfruit—Le-Roi—Renegir. Brabant had been fired by the Germans and most of the others were more or less ruined. In a burned village the church was standing; in a shelled one all is rubbish. Saw an Renegir section and shouted a lot and came home getting caught in a bad rain and having to clean a plug. Tavemier tried to drive and almost wrecked us. It was a beautiful trip down the woods showing already the tender green of the sprouting leaves. Today
It is muddy and raining. Cy and I went to
Service's barracks and got a horse in
a stable among marines. He's sitting
on a gas can from a company latrine,
who in peace time was builder at the
Hotel Chatam in Paris and at Nice
and Monte Carlo in winter. We wanted
to go to Verdun, but there was a cold
so we came back to try to get a
trip and are waiting in hope now.
Red Cross nurses yesterday that we had
lost two fatalities near Saux.

A regiment of 750 is going by and one
said yesterday, coming from the Anzac
line, that the English have taken ever
at night in the aeroplane fields they pass
good news on the grand and light of making
an awning over the direction in which
to land, on the best place. April 8. Just
got some dope on machine guns. There are
3 companies of 8 guns each to a regiment. 24
in other words. To each gun, there are 26
miles, carrying six boxes of ammunition, 300
rounds per box. 20,000 reserve follows in
a wagon, with the little carts which do
carry guns sometimes. St. Omer, Houlteins and other cities mostly are on trips feeding dugout boats. April 19, my birthday was a big day. After lunch I went to London. The roads were jammed with troops, apparently we were going to go into France and a fresh one going up; a lot of it coming from the near areas where the English have taken over more trenches. No shells were falling in the town, so the trip was uneventful in that line. The recent bombardment made it even more of a war than formerly, but the fires were almost put out, just smoking a little. We drew straight to the Doping quarter, in the Naval and I asked the captain, a very nice fellow, for some drinks. They were very quiet and I explained to them that we hadn't been able to develop our pictures yet, and then broached the subject of beach sausage. They said there weren't any, but one fellow popped up from the edge of the crowd and said if the captain wanted
let him go. In ten minutes he would get us some. We lived in Sweden and guided our car to his house, which looked in the rain. On route we had to lift two loose limbs over the car roof. We unlocked the house and we entered a little wine shop with the brochure and in pitch dark room, a while, fragments of which the goods we had read in upstairs and started passing things out on our eyes popped. The goods in two cabinets, one perfect but the other minus an eagle, 3 rifles, one minus a bolt, a graveyard and 2 saws. A graveyard, an official's award, a carton two shell tips and 14 aeroplane tickets. Some hard! We gave him a lot of cigarettes and 20 francs which I had the hardest time in the world forcing on him. I wanted to give him more, but it was all we had with us. We came home by side roads, and stopped on a rolling hill to greet an the loot and then saw a picture. Opposite us was another house
fill with a trail winding down it across the fields. Down the trail came two troops of cavalry in their steel helmets beautifully mounted with white and black horses. Here and there among the troops and riders, it was a scene that gladdened the eye of a cavalryman. We got bread and water in a large accordion and I took him some 15 kilometers to Rancourt, his home for supper. We found a beautiful little village and a fine house. His wife was delighted and his daughter was young, good-looking and perfectly educated; she was in school in Belgium when the war broke out. The son was a nice boy of about 16, very keen on hunting. There was a boy of 10 or so too, we had a feast on good bread, an excellent and light soup in it, and bundles of wine with coffee and fresh water afterwards. The whole family sat around entertaining us and we chatted and laughed together for
a long time, Victor nearly filled his pipe and we by insisting on sharing his family the briar he had got on his Tools, lay down. Finally we left after the daughter had pinned a flower on each of us, and the whole tribe came out and saw us off. Victor incidentally showed us a huge lion's head the had got. The Germans had cut off his tusks and the tips of his ears and had made bracelets help from it. The hunt seems to be on. There are only two men, and they only know two days ahead, also they use shot guns and most of the village guns were destroyed by the Boers. We come both even height in the dark with the guns over of the angama flashing, and through villages, their main street seen by an headlight. Only in uniform could you shine that way into a French pass and the next day, the so and the others get some old testing and climb out of it.
The result was a large tent of circus tent with a big table in it, a comfortable sitting room with two stools at each end and a table for literature. Under a pine near by is the kitchen, a tent with a broad floor and the doors braided against it. A stone room. All improvised from odd poles and bits of canvas nailed together. We have even dug a well for eating water, stepping rods from a wood gang. We are in a nice field with trees next door to the aviation field.

The front is west down and the opening is far off and a latrine is handy. It is the regulation French model. A low bundle of branches and sticks surrounds a big pit, across which are a lot of plants. About eight with intervals on which you stand in the manner of a saddle trend. Yesterday I took a small soldier to Saillé and gave him over to the Gendarmerie de l'Armée, Provins.
department I suppose. On the way back I had just gone through Lunes when I saw a cyclist talking to a gendarme. The cyclist was shabbily clad, dusty and uncertain and slung about with bags of stuff, but I caught a glimpse of his face and it was Louis de Sartiges! I stopped and fell in his rear and caught him down line and he and Chadly and I provided off in a game at of my car boxes. He is an unknown and quiet de Lianza and was accused on his breath, he is about 14 to off in the treacle of a yellow named something the Chateauri. He was wounded by a spent ball in the shoulder some time ago, said it felt like a hand blow from a stone he has pretty close shave now so he beats it off. The war strength of a regiment he tells one is 3200 men, counting the combat and supply trains etc. We left us at about 2 and said I'd try to get back in 3 or 4 days now that he knew the way I lost night we saw a great night.
at the aviation field. An automobile 
grounded stood there with two big 
searchlights elevated on poles above it, 
in other sides wires ran to 4 more 
lights standing on tripods some 20 
ft. high. The ten made the field a 
Blaze of light. We stood and watched 
as Fokkers go off on a hunting 
expedition. They would speed up 
in the glare of the searchlights and 
soon off into the darkness, the little 
light above the pilot's head would 
glimmer in the black and then be 
switched off and you could just 
glimpse the machine floating like 
A great bat in the moonlight. 
It landed up and some ten 
minutes later they came back so 
it was too dark to fly. First the 
boat like shadow then the little 
light and suddenly the machine 
sworps into the glare of the lights 
looming in unconceivably big 
gleeks to the earth bumps a bit 
and stops. The first two came
damn finely, but the third after releasing the earth perfectly had too much momentum and coasted into a parked staff car, smashing the car wind shield as up and apparently not hunting the plane as the only part that hit was the bombs underneath. So every one ran up the pilot yelled "an airie, los handi" and the crowd scattered in a minute, to collect again soon and watch the trains unloaded. We had a great chance to see the methods. In most modern the bombs are carried two on each side pointing down, and five slung underneath pointing forward, all released separately from the drawe's rest by separate wires. On some modern the torpedos were carried two in each of a couple of clusters inside the car end none underneath so that nothing protruded from the body. The sighting devices were on the side, a sort of quadrant
that there was not light enough to observe closely. The bombs were about a metre long and 4 in. in diameter and torpedo shaped, with 4 fins at the tail with a tiny propeller between them and a sort of point at the head, weighing 12 lbs. each. The propeller is a safety device. It has to revolve a certain number of times in the task before the contact device becomes effective. I am told there are two liquids within that are set free to miss the propeller section. Before this situation spectacles we went down to dinner after supper and heard the tail end of a concert by the territorial band. They played a Faust selection, including the waltz, and another dancing tune I didn't know. It was some night the band standing in a circle in the little village street in front of a picturesque gray house, with the blue Red soldier around.
them and more perched on a grassy bank, all beneath a
supernatural evening sky. Today is a
perfect sunny day, but a terrific
broadcast is going on, so there
was yesterday afternoon and night.
There are some terrific explosions
at intervals very near us, and there
is a lot of argument as to whether
they are ammunitions orDeptarts.
I have a pile of letters to write
and will try to do it. After all done, I'm
passed, searched and been talking to an
- another type on the hill who has been
reduced to driving a car and by a lorry
boat. He says the Feldherr keeps it all
except the car. He is rather
more on aviation, says you start as a train
drive on broadcast. Vessals that fly only
at night, have to take the orders from the
Someone who gets the orders, only the older
men get decent machines. The quadchat.
I thought was a drunk with a reel
velocity apparatus. Another type is a
tube about one mile in diameter.
long from which a tube runs to a
gauge inside which registers the velocity. Also
a lot of machines have a tube some
3 ft. long in running down into a pulley at
the bottom when the machine is up, when
one lot down and wireless messages can
thus be sent. The plant is kept strong and
in runninghostname. My friend said there
was a lot of skilled officers in aviation
who will say, "the plant is too high, send up
a ringer." Our observation on French
infantry. On this should be a stiff
field of steel whistles, there is 225 a
notch in order are not rich high. Thus
the speed of the pots and rifles is
distributed and the rifles in kept from
sliding off. April 13. A forgotten observation
about airplanes. In the floor at the very
bow is a glass plate for observation.
just like if it is a top-down in the
camera. The other day Harry came back
and Hundred with us, he said his
 niece spent last 800 the dog she was
with us before. The Beach artillery
caught them in a communication trench.
That night I was on duty at Aune de Moles. All night, got 2 trips to Chaumont and 2 to Vandelaincourt. Had a good time in between putting around a stove in a tent with tea on tap and chatting to the blessés as they came in from Metz Homme, Vaux etc. A lot worried that night. Outside it was raining and holding and glowing a gale, so you could hardly keep your eyes open. A caring young chap, lieutenant came in slightly wounded, he cursed at alois, said he'd been wounded two times, always in alois. Wishing all around trenches under fire all day, got 6 coffin and mops core stops cut, report finished. 5 minutes in alois and wounded. Saw coques some loris of 712 men in his company that day. His captain was involved in his song but he wasn't hurt. This lieut. was full of pep and enthusiasm. His company, he was commandant of the capt. 127 was killed, more clean through the Besos in Champagne, but he had orders to halt. Though his men were begging to go on. He said a whistle could be heard and we always shout...
orders. He said 13,000 shells were counted falling on Tours the day before, but only 150 were fired. For every German shell the French fired 4. The Beach losses were fearful. Lewis paid a regiment toll. One trench at Chatelaine was so few were left that 3 companies of Frenchmen attacked successfully. The little rest was put on a stretcher. In they went to the assis at Vedelaine and Challeux. When they unloaded him he wanted to get up, the Frenchmen asked if he could walk. "Yes," he said. "I can run." Yesterday I got a trip to Ferrières and one to Courceau de Mele, and the weather continued almost steadily rainy the next. Since, rain, repeat ad. lit. Some today, but we've got a stove in the tent now, and a mandolin and guitar that help. Inspection is due today and we've been cleaning up. cens in a brisk steam. Well a new manta. Turned in last night and was just falling asleep when there was a lot of yelling and a red light outside and the English chauffeurs started jumping from their left. We started to
dress leisurely to help on the fire. I had all left one potter on who an Englishman ran in and said we had just time to get out. I lunged on the rest of my clothes and sprinted out as the door caught fire. I had started in the Englishman's supply by careless lamp filling and the room too the flames pouring through the floor of the left where the English chauffeur slept. The poor devil lost all their feet but we only lost our blankets as all other stuff was in our shop. Chilly lost a sweater too. I ran around behind with a ladder and started for the roof for a try at the blankets. I was nearly up when at a door below me a Frenchman started yelling. The Englishman's French chauffeur was trapped and 3 men were trying to get the door open. I brought the ladder and we cleared it in and a highly excited Frenchman in drawers and socks stood out. Then we loaded in cans gas and got it
Across the street up the hill. By this
time an antiquated hand pump had
turned up and a crowd ofLOOD-handed
soldiers. They managed to save the
next horse with a hose and a bucket
line, but the were rich indeed. The
platoons couldn't all get to stream
of a hose right in the face and the
one man whistled clipped to a dead
position to whose hand dropped it and
lost all his labor. Finally it burned
out and we pulled up the confusion to
steal some extinguishers and hose
lladders borrowed from next door and
trundled him in the mechanics shop.
Quite
exciting! I saw a little parachute made
of silk, same size square. The other
day, that is used for the basic cadets.
A parachute is suspended from it and
the cadets jump from a plane.

Then the French was a sort of shot gun!

Two days ago a mine was
while in a train came had
blown up at Lelmis, killing five
men and unmercifully killing to
still another. Two other camer was
April 25 We have been just existing since my last entry. For it has been raining steadily when it wasn’t raining, or slopping. Liquid mud everywhere and cold wet feet always till I took to rubber. We have had a little rest, I’ve been on day night duty again and we’ve been trying hard to pass the time between meals and sleeping. Rubber soles have gone because of the difficulty of getting out of our muddy fields. Through all the rain everyone has said it would clean up Easter and come enough it did. One night Chubby and I drank with the new company here and had a great time. The regiment is the 4th Texas cavalry, who stood the first shock before Sedgman now at war. Good old fighting. We had the most delicious rum pudding I have ever tasted. I sat between a lawyer...
understandingly to their goal. The French
were the fault of over-confidence. After
a while, they took great precautions in
half an hour and then there is no enemy for miles. A Frenchman the
other day confided this weakness in me.
"We French can create, but we can't
perfect; we haven't that time." On
Easter afternoon we went to a concert at
Orches, given in a great room hung
into lanterns and decorated with flags.
There was a little stage at one end, and
the band was in a loft. We have fun
board music and some solos on a
"mandoline" that were one of the prettiest
things I've ever listened to. Many
twinkle and beautiful dress shoes. There
were a lot of songs and recitations sam-
ply men who in "circles" shod great music
halls of spectators. Songs very French but
melting. In the evening at Eadelaide we
went to Mass in a stable fitted
up as a chapel with a little altar
and twisted and frilly branches on the
walls. A very pretty little service.
with a sort of military literary calling on the soldiers, and in which all the standing audience joined. It sounded like the echoes of far-gone battle cries. Then Bagar, the 15's orderly, lit a cigar at the comique song. He was wonderful. After we left Chikly who had been much interested at the elevation of the last said he wasn't much on religion and asked me what was the meaning of the amen, close? Then and I got to Barre and had broth and good food and an amusing ride there with 2 of the English chauffeurs. We went beyond Barre to courts in search of Louis de Gante, but his regiment wasn't there. As Doc Andrews came down and had a long talk with me about the section. He hinted at giving me a section if I could stay beyond my six months, but I told him I couldn't. Well this is clean up day. My mother is done, and I must wash the car after lunch. April 27, it has changed to breezily but weather now
and still there is nothing to do. The heat is really awful and the dust is beginning to be very bad. We pass a little rose field with cars etc. and chat with rednecks continually. In the evenings we stand up to the aviation field and watch movie coming home in the afterglow, or see a searchlight drifting over heath in the dark where like an earnest star whose name is wandering. Long talk yesterday with an friend. Experiences of the 47th about everything under Heaven. He says Joffre is rather a name than a great general, the name under which the order of the great war carried on, the council composed of everything down to captains. Pétain and Castelnau are the big men. He said that when they were on the Sedan Front a deserter told them 2 weeks in advance all the German plans, ie. 100 lb. bomb ordered beginning at 6 P.M. Feb. 21, then infantry. We also spoke of going out to wound & capture a German to get information, 50 francs reward. Their guide as having told them his name. He was a former spy. The artillery
would get orders from time to time to pass "X," he would go through the lines and re-appear ten days perhaps later. He said the gossip was that Hinden, who is up here, is engaged in dropping spies and putting them up behind the German lines.

At one time when the German lines engaged was shelled with mustard gas. It smelled of apples and made you weep as you were asleep. They had hand shells full of mustard explosive among them. One man attacked by what seemed a new gas. The cloud came at runner one day and an order was noticed, but no word results. The next day at about the same time the men started dropping, their heads contorted into hand balls, dying as if struck by lightning. Last night three soldiers full of mustard wandered in and entertained us. One played the flute marvelously, giving us all sorts of times, sandles at times and all. He was also quite an accordion, playing over two stooping men, landing on his hands and turning a hand rapidly. Another sang a lot of songs with, and the
third and dullest was the greatest living
conductor. I never saw such a fiery face
and get-up. He gave us "poizes plastiques"
with an old rifle, marched post, etc., and
generally was the most amusing goat ever.

Maple from Reims. He is 38 or an
disregard. They were sent once to guide
a young active regiment in an assault, advancing
at the double in line of columns of squads in
various ranks. He said they then were all in
when they arrived and all the work was
done by the active young men from
18 to 28. I guess there is something in this
idea of grouping your men by age.

He tells me that there was very little idea
of revenge for 1870 in France before the war
that besides it remained there always spoken.

German and that if they were 20 yrs. in
France they couldn't pronounce a French

A little observation on the dress of French officers.
The medals of rank are nearly a short
long strip of gold (silver for cavalry) on the
cuff. 1 for 2nd Lt. and 2 or up to 1st Lt.
5 mixed gold + silver, col. 5 gold, general
a star. In action they are fastened into the
cuff. In charge the officers generally take a rifle and bayonet, very seldom all of it.

April 28 The other day one of our cars came in wounded in the foot, but he'd got the German. His machine, a double cannon, had a bullet hole down on the front of the car, a bullet had entered a strut across the engine generator, and there were several holes in the wings. Yesterday one cannon came in looking like a slaughtered ox, all blood. The pilot got a bullet through the wrist and had both his thumbs shot off. He stood with one hand and stuck the other arm in his sleeve to bandage and then got both bandaged and brought his machine back safely. Pretty good stunt to be sworn in. I went all round and asked an car. Yesterday afternoon I took a ride back from Scilly to Penzance. Scilly was with me and I rode inside, both as to talk with the prisoner, and also to guard him, for I was responsible. He was pretty sick, but a nice chap, a

man. Had been a prisoner a
were, after being before Verdun since the
first of the war. Said Verdun was too
strong for them, but Germany would not
be beaten by starvation. Well treated
by French, but little to eat. Said food
ate, very expensive already in Germany.
No plans toward America. Quite an
interesting shot, my German was so neat it
needed. Some lies cigarettes and he cut off
a button for me. April 30 worked yesterday
day kinds of foods and dropped fire, a Nobs
and that got caught off. Before it could do any
damage. In Pith stroll about aviation field
shotted into German and some others. A bunch
of Neps came in each with what looked
like a black stick protruding near each
wing tip. They swooped down and suddenly
there was a hiss and jet of smoke from each
wing and a sort of rocket fell like a
golden rain throwing fire so it went, 5th
a new device for repelling Dodger and Zeps.
The Neps that are painted in the drain
and green colors above are a very grey
behind. Saw a lot of the new 110's and
heard a lot of cars coming out. One
had a big hole and several little ones in its gutters from a shell. His essence lasted exactly to the field. I tried to see what the searchlights on the Farnesberg looked like, but could only find the great clout half way out on a wing driven by a little propeller. Some of the machines have a long lens protruding some 10 ft. below, about six inches square. It is to take a new type of telescopic camera that locates the exact dimensions and is said to be wonderful. This morning we were awakened again by firing, very near, the Exchequer gate probably. We could hear the screaming of the shells, we piled out and ran a body across with the crosses chasing and a bunch of other machines that couldn't be made out. Shrapnel was breaking all over the sky and mixed with it was the note of the aeroplane's machine guns. An aviator told us later that three of five German planes fell in our lines, two near Brandl and one near Dugny. The himself had not crash-exploited the ammunition of a
German battery near Vaux. High wind yesterday and our friend said that on this side of the Meuse he couldn't rise to over 1000 meters, try as he might, as soon as he crossed he shot up, to fall again on returning. This morning we went to the funeral of Pasotti one of our good men. He was all shot up in his jeep at ten. In the German lines that got loose and fell dead in our from about 500 meters up, with a bullet through his head and two in his shoulder. The little table shaped was held and almost half the crowd stood in the street with bare heads as the chants went on within. Then the coffin was drawn at by his mechanics as a squad of soldiers presented arms put in a cannon and the procession started. First two boats with a cross and holy water then soldiers, then a man carrying a cushion on which were pinned the dead man's Legion of Honor, Medaille Militaire, and Croix de Guerre with 4 Palms, priest, others carrying wreaths and then the treads dropped coffin on a cannon parked...
in the side lay four soldiers with reversed arms, often the bare headed crowd of 1730's. of all arms and grade mixed with prisoners etc. At this time the coffin was lowered in and the priest said a short prayer and sprinkled holy water with the cross of the cross. Next the dead man's remains into trash streaming down face three in a cloud of dust on the coffin and then all the remainders filled post and sprinkled holy water into the brush that was passed from hand to hand.

May 1. I go on duty at Guiana de Melo.

Sunday night. Nothing doing except an early trip to Cedreira court till about 2 when I got a trip to Deus Navei. All night the guns were thundering and so it was clean we could see the red and green flares and the enemy exclaiming hanging in the air. When I got to Deus Navei it was dark, but so I waited the first gray light began to appear and a multitude of little birds started singing their heads off. That chime bells on the height we are
experience to remember. The valleys were misty changing to mauve and royal purple, spine and regular conifer trees were outlined black against a sky that was always changing, and always beautiful, pink, red, orange, yellow, with purple-tinged clouds and birds on the wing. I arrived to find the yard flanked with orchards, full of the most ghoulish wrecks. The French lined 1000 miles at Metz; many of the dead before and the Germans had been carrying on all afternoon with flames and smoke. At night a French attack took 2 Vector to 200 prisoners. This was precious news from the west, I saw one French car in which a man had died out of 6. I was given a man to work to Sollies, he was strangled and cut except for 2 inches of gray green face, his whole body contorted itself with his panting, and gray foam streamed from his mouth. The other two with him were bleeding through their bandages and left posts on the floor of the car. Raw hands drove I
got there they still alive and returned to make man with ghastly burns and every other kind of mutilation possible. Yesterday the Order had come and gave a wonderful concert in the hospital yard that I listened to between trips. It was least needing to hear the feeble hand dropping from the hospital tents and buildings after each new team.

May 6th to clear my first trip on the road for a long time yesterday in a very hot and dusty place. Ensham stopped and helped, so my warded wasn’t kept waiting long, a terrible wind sprung up at suppertime and very rocky carried on for away. Three camels actually were carried away after being handed down and flew off empty. Some time ago the rope of a camel was saved by a Neppant accidentally and its occupants had to jump out with panic. There was a lot of Moroccan and unspecified wounded yesterday, the afternoon of an enemy attack which continues. One of the
First looking man I've seen was a colonel non-com yesterday. (In colonel segments the non-coms and high privates are French.) He was in uniform with one arm in a sling and a line of medals. His face was deeply bronzed, a fine strong face with curly blonde mustache and on his head was a wind red flag with golden ornamentation. One of the Canadian squadrons is leaving for Champagne, near Soissons. The rumor is that a big offensive is coming there and that the 26th Regulars and a lot of colonials have gone there the assaulting troops. The report is that a great aeroplane attack is to destroy all the German communication and then hold with pop loaves. The pilots we saw the other day were on this purpose, and the French have a compressed air cannon with a new plane-expanding shell that is expected to do the tricks. Now some tried one out on his plane recently and got a Drocyn easily. Yesterday a German plane painted like a French one 24 feet at one of ours from 5000 feet but missed and the Frenchman got him. Beg before
yesterday one of the Lennees Nwanzis was
smoked at the scene shot by a German
gun, having been forced down to it
by two Felders. The Germans seem to
be eleven at team play like this.
The country round about is beautiful
now. The season has changed at one burst
from a perpetual rainy cold winter to
full summer, still having with occasional
showers. The large chestnut trees in the
village are in full blossom and are
maidenens in the long summer twilight
while also the woods are in full foliage
and the apple trees blossoming. A couple
of days ago Chubby, Honder and myself
promenaded on the way back from Scibby
in a wonderful beard frost on the Oxens
road where the great trunks stood clear
amid the tender green of the young trees.
We sat on a great felled trunk in
a cloister of shadows and on the
wood with cam so we ate and talked
to us about the woods and their
life. We gave him some Petit Beurrs
in his third daughter in leaving and
above to the rear, and the others fired below through a hole in the floor. Its trial flight here was a great sight, with a fountain streaming around it like spume round a hedge. It is supposed to be fast. Got a lot of French loot at Queu de Male recently, and some grenade practice in the field, the grenades being thrown in volleys and sounding like blasting, while a huge cloud of smoke drifted by May 16. The officers' "gallons" are canceled in action, with its being turned into the church and détaché. Saturday we were invited by the 81st, the 15th Old regiment, to Orville for a concert. There was an special group, including Jacques Dovalle, and the "Spangle Hassan" to which we stood at attention and saluted. The regiment was a splendid active one, healthy and steady fidgeting men, and the officers a genial crowd, most of them wounded second times and wearing wound galluses on the right arm. We were presented to the General of the army...
who made us a little complimentary speech, and there was a record general too. All got up for us and very nice. The bug ones in the band had a wonderful start of walking their trumpets in unison, they raised and lowered them Sunday two of the officers came to lunch, a capt. & a lt. They said they'd take the col's permission to ride us through the towns to which they are going in a couple of days, at Geruavis, a very hot place near Mert Hanne. Went to Ban yesterday with Hector and Gnpdot and came back with an aviator, an cannon driver and a bombardier as passengers. The drive down was fine. It was a hard rain in the face all the way, the woods were full of active regiment and some heavy artillery going up; a new army corps they say. It had cleared up so we came home and was a beautiful sunset after the rain evening. Today is very fine and hot. Just after lunch another active regiment went through. First came the band.
wheeled out in the village and played them through while the colonel and staff sat their horses near by. It made your heart tingle to see those soldiers coming past on their way to death at Metz. Now every man a deadly fighter, while the band played martial music Marching songs: the second battalion went by to "Au près de ma blouse. A lot of machine guns, mortars, etc., are going up, something doing. May 20

Get dope from an artillery observer on the plane report. Red means increase the range, green means decrease, and three reds together mean to open a tir de barrage.

Yesterday morning I went in with Bottle at 5:30 to market in Bay, beautiful fresh morning. The market was fire and the smell made me think of my first impression of France, the Chalet market. Countless little stalls, behind each a woman, or a boy or old man and standing by a crowd of women with baskets and not bags, and soldiers, everything was on sale, meat, fish, vegetables,
candy, preserves etc. You pinched cabbages and composed pieces and generally had a time. Then we bought cheese and breads and went to the shop for breakfast, big bowls of coffee and butter for our breads.

By the way there is a near sugar famine on, a lot of villages have none and some in Ban display signs saying “Fos de sucre.” Returned in arched dust. After lunch a double Condor whose motor fired gone. Dead fell on the hill behind the hospital in the vast possible grand. It was all smashed, the bird was draped around the body and the mates well in the dust, but both were wicket off; only one bearing slight injuries on his arm. That evening Flotowant was to take me up in a biplane, but his machine wasn’t working so he’ll do it later. We haven’t had a drop of water all over this car. The seats are in front of the motor in one box in front of the pilot are gauges for attitude, speed in the ground, gas and voltage. A little propeller and dynamo in one
wing furnish current to run two little lights on the wing tips, to make them visible at night, a cockpit light, and three searchlights on a bar below the body. They can be tilted by a lever in the cockpit and are for lighting up the landing. All lights were by lanterns in the cockpit and the cabin has a regular crank for them too. The doors are carried inside and the safety corpunscrened just before they are dropped by hand over the side. Wire loops on the side are for lighting heavier loads are carried in loading screened on the side. The "lead" is estimated by the speed dial and weather reports of wind velocity. A telegraph on one side operates the wireless thatunscrews through a tube when the machine is up. All was very interesting. I think I forgot to mention a thing in the post. One was seeing three great wild boars trot across the road in the glare of my headlight some nights ago. The other was the
new camera installation on the Farnars. A box protruding some three feet below to take a telescopic camera of corresponding dimensions. The old Farnars are no good, slower than a snail and less stable. Theezimms leap across the street and thus make swift and discreet comfortale heat night and today there has been an eerie wasn't bombardment of big pieces and the news is that the Boers are attacking here and in Champagne, striking the offensive from the French. Bad air news. Brolotta, who has got 5 Boers, was attacked by 5 yesterday and now lies in an mosque, bullet through his heart and forehead. No one on hearing it dashed off and got any. His 10th ten in an line and nine in the Boers! He has painted his machine red and is constantly pulling down and dead leaf falls and loops etc. so he comes home, or doing a brandy mix. We hear he's dropped a little. Telling the Boers whose he is and one is.
To resume, another French plane was lost this morning, a Lemur observer was killed yesterday, and two Scylla machines lost. However, we got a body the day before, and a Bodle observer just walked by followed by a mounted gendarme. May 25 For several days the Nemptes had been practicing with the 78th. In consequence, some had 4 or 5 lengths of small pipe laid diagonally between their mops at the top, then they got a regular shower of bullets. On the 21st they all went out early and got 8 out of the 12 Bodle runners, the other 4 being pulled down. One Nempte was lost. All that day the commanding was terrific, so we were to attack D's monument. We had orders to move to Bar the 23rd, so the Brits were to take our night arrival. But they had so much to do during the day that we went up. We got plastered at once and had to call all our cars and get 8 Brits.
to go to Elmer beside. I was on the go all night. 3 trips to Charmaux, 2 to Elmer and 2 to Saillevain cant. lane 210 hrs. with 31 wounded but both dead and turned in for an hour sleep, then a trip to Bar-le-Dieu. Long delay there, so I didn't get back till 7.30. Got up at 6 next morning and went to Nubécourt and from there to Bar-le-Dieu. The Nubécourt medic in chief rode with me and was perfectly delightful. Home for lunch, and splendid change gone to Ban again but had a broken front spring and had to go on the car. To bed, but at 11 all hands were called to Queen de Maila and worked till 7 this morning. The 25th. Turned in and got called at 1:30 for Ban-le-Dieu. My right rear roller bearing is gone so I am alone in camp. They are sending waves of cases down in troop carriages to Ban, the trains are full up, and most of the hospitals are too. At least the men from Fannas say we're only getting the light cases
as only those who can well can get to the rear, the rest are lying there. Lying there, talking with a bunch of young Cossacks. They had been gassed by a new method, gas rifle grenades, that arrived with no warning and exploded you out before you could get your mind on. The one I talked with principally had been knocked right out and was doing fairly. He said if he had passed through he had a bad wound in the leg, but was otherwise all right. His head was not affected till next morning and was dangerously sick, dying there groaning and moaning and vomiting. The tent was full of such ghastly gas cases.

They described the colored troops bursting at the trenches with no rifles, but a bayonet in their hand and stones in their teeth, letting out the worst yell ever heard. The Germans couldn't stand against them, they'd dig them in the stomach with the bayonet and cleave their heads off with the stones. The
French attacked a company at a time in groups of 12 with 50 ft. between lines, but the Germans can by divisions posted six deep, all said the German infantry was useless. My friend had lain in the German lines pretending to be dead till the French, took the ground. It seemed in being taken and next taken and the most terrific bombardment is going on. A French plane has just come in and report the Germans are making a fantastic attack, and the French are calling for reinforcements. Now for aeronauts. The French tells me that 60 taxis went on a daylight raid recently and 5 fell in Paris in the German lines. Daylight bombing is all over now. The bombing machines are too slow and a sheet of fast planes rise and lie the homeward path and after get the radius or face them down on the anti-aircraft guns. The funnel of bullet was more than impressive.
A rough shrine was put up under the trees and the coffin in front of it. Another pilot and an observer were buried also. In a great semi-circle stood troops and a brilliant assembly of wonderfully uniformed and medalled officers. Among them was Navane, always keeping in the rear and quietly dressed. The chanting service was most impressive and then came the slow march to the cemetery and the uncovering of the grave by all. Another impressive thing was the presentation of the Leopards to a wounded doctor. The band then went there and a company of soldiers. The doctor with his head all bandaged supported himself by a chair in front while the band played and the soldiers presented arms. Then the medicin of the doctor read his citation, praising his courage and the attitude shown on both shoulders with his sword, pinned on the medal and dressed them on both cheeks. As much part of the troops completed it. The American
emotion squadrons do come to Ban
la dua, and Walter Chapman and
Norman Stone have been leading
for me have a number of thing, but
I've been at, yesterday Roswell was
here to dinner with a fresh wound
in his hip where a bullet passed
through taking a tooth with it. The
while 79 wounded had been in action
15 miles in Boche territory. It
was quite cheerled and unburdened
late last night when cross-country
and then Wingate, who was just got
to the Niederhohr Muntains. There had
got a Boche but had had the
small frame of his elbow broken
by a bullet; doing well through.
Wells had been in the Foreign Legion
and is a character. Wells sees the
English in regular disgraceful state
during the middle small bodies
of them lost in their flight without
been rifles. The Germans are formidable
in the air now. They have a
1,000 shot machine guns to the Lewis' 417
and on open fire at extreme range and try for limit shots. Bullet was fired at 150, while the French never shot over 150. Also the Boche use explosive bullets, like little shells, and the new Austrian de charge is faster than the 90 Newport. Prince came again today while we were all asleep, had been badly shaken up in a forced landing where his 90s gave out. Viater had a narrow escape, his machine being needle and bullets passing very close to his body. The squadron has got 33 Boche however since coming. German one of the new men, has been telling me about going down with the submarine, a terrific account, he says the sailors behaved very coolly, and also blames the captain for disregarding instructions to keep 60 mile further out. Well no more at present. I must try to catch up a little sleep.

June 2. On May 25 Victor turned up and landed with us, as entertaining as ever. He said that made the 3rd Newp...
Poultry had smacked. It's machine was all shot up, in particular three holes just under his seat, and his sleeve was cut by a bullet that had exploded there, while going by, giving him a blow, but not scratching him. The gun had jammed. He described the sight of the bomb-dropping man in detail. He took two observations, one at fixed angles, taking the time between. From this time and your altitude a table gives you the amount of "lead," just after lunch a new dark skinned man turned up with a machine machine and took the shooting up, at lunch in a group, reading to an ear, and a faded post de pecora set in Beaunie, at which late I am glad to say I didn't assist. After his going we got the order to move to Ben next day. Half the cars went in early in convoy, dumped bedding at the quarters, a section of an old military school, now used as a barracks, and went on duty, the rest following later, after packing up. The quarters are pleasantly picturesque, a good canty, old with stone balconies and quaint.
carrying everywhere. The duty is to stay on call either at the station, at the resting hospital so you know the road, or at the big hospital near the station. Hours of lodging and lots of short 2 block trips. Regular Taxi-week, I can carry about 25 a day. Now to come to the big event. On June 1 I was on duty at the resting place at about half past twelve when I heard an aeroplane motor and saw a Saupat my love overhead; my eye went higher and the three silver white planes against the blue sky. Near their wing tips was the Black iron cross. Almost at once the locals started circling around the station, we saw wildly fleeing crowds and explosions and flying shrapnel and men falling. I was first in line and advanced up and started for the station, a bent interrupting in the place to the bane when I was nearly there, a man staggered and fell almost beside me and I stopped. Leaded him up with one of the fellows' help and whisked him off. Then the planes came back and the locals
became incessant, all over the train. The people dashed about. I stopped my car outside the hotel de la Croix. They were loading a wounded boy and a woman on another car and for the minutes that was nothing to do and I stepped into the doors very opposite. From inside I heard moans of those screams. I found a man in the back of the train, lying on his face on his elbows and there was a peaceful smile in his face. He had recently crawled into the hole from the dining room. I called Davide down across the street and we lifted the poor wretch on a stretcher and got him in my car and I took him to a hospital near the Place Pigalle. The Hotel de la Rochelle was absolutely deserted as I swept up it, except for a crowd in the door of the Café de Commerce, and I could see 4 bodies overhead. While all around the crowds were crying. As I came back that crowd had disappeared. Suddenly a crowd that chased behind me, then another and another, getting nearer and nearer till
stretches, looing up and speading to the
hospital, campin about 15. Everyhwe was
blood acc flesh and broken glass and
shattred masonry, ghetly wanded and
dead, that were laid side till the
wanded had been cared for. Through
it all we looked and weaked, the
only living creatures on the streets. Finally
I swung and started havesting in the air
and the Bockes left me glimsped. I just
ten very low. Still we kept going
camping, wanded and corpses. As I looked
one from the enion, I asked his
info to know. She said she wasn't
well dressed poor old thing, but
finally her employers made her come.
I carried a little dead baby
and more dead women. All through it
there was a hopeless sattion. If on
I sweat hard, had an awfully dry
mouth, and was always dessed of
the places, wrench. You wanted
awfully hard to diaw in shelter, but
a part of cared prime kept you
goin. After it, all Bar was exaasion
I heard a truck say "Il no va que des américains qui n'ont pas peur quand des Tunesiens viennent." The section really did do itself proud and it was gutsy among us one was hit. An idlet guy missed the banks head and made a hole in his car, but the real escape was from Holli's house landed flat on his feet from him and didn't excepted. 

Fell behind one Danu who broke lozen made me on the PTT de la Rochelle cuffed to the nice cord just on the outside fell there. After it was cut me all got really scared and the whole town man got a panic. A Nespel fire anchored on a crash is heard. Never will I forget the awfully helpless feeling as I can be into it all at the last, with panic stricken people tearing the other way and the trucks crashing just ahead on my sensations in the PTT de la Rochelle.

Altogether, 52 were killed and over 160 wounded. 15 planes attacked.
June 7 The funeral of the victims was very impressive. A tripod draped altar was erected in the Place Edelmann and a list of chairs in front of it, the crowd being kept back. Then down the street came the sound of a death march played very slowly, and the band with muffled drums came on, followed by a guard of soldiers with Renanz guns, then clergy and then the hearse. Twelve great triplex draped wagons drawn by three horses and with French flags flying from the shields on their sides. Each was followed by a host of mourners, women crying in their hearts out, and soldiers and weeping with them, and soldiers following the bodies of companions. In the rear and most pathetic of all was a white wagon full of children's corpses. At first of high officers and Mrs. Poincaré followed on. At the square the hearse drew up on both sides of the altar and there was a most impressive service and then the procession filed off to the cemetery.
a host of private friends are going
on also, for many of the wounded
are dying. Maj. arm has been amputated
and this is doubt on to whether his leg
can be saved. Two patriotic incidents
strike out. The evening of the blockade
a very polite small French boy came
selling papers and told us that his little
brother was seriously wounded and two
of his friends killed. The way he took
off his hat and "assassins" us, in the
midst of his grief was really touching. Then
the next day I went to get another
bracelet ofutton at a house. I found a
young man, not very seriously wounded, but
his poor old mother was in a state. She
had lost her other son at Tien-den
and mingled with her peasant distinct
of the hospital was her awful fear
that she had done wrong in not
sending this one to the hospital at once.
She was petting him and giving him
a box of wine and money for
tobacco and every little comfort she
could think of. The Bosses bruide
had liquor air as a lanquishing change.
He first time they've used it, though. The
French always do. That was why they
were in smite when they learnt. To
continue, we drank with the American
officers as had a fine time. Their Field
captains certainly had a marvelous
collection of photographs. Today the
cooks, sections, bakers, etc., and
Perry of section I turned up too. I
forgot to mention they had gone through,
but I didn't see them. I danced with
a lot of them: Goodwin, Joe Morning,
Dave Boykins, and Henry Bell. Altogether
a very special day. Andrew was the two
days ago and wanted me to sign up in
next month's new and take command. I
told him I wouldn't promise or in any
way lead him to think I would move
more than came at my time, but that I
would not of course leave him in a
hole and would think things over seriously
when the time came. Under these
conditions I told him I'd do the job.
I didn't see him before he left, and I
I don't know whether he wants me to take it under these circumstances or not. He says he'll send us ten more new cars inside a month, five have just come and will give us good news now. The portion by the way was congratulated by the Headquarters for its service in the Gondzing.

June 9. Talked with a postman in uniformed clothes. They use some burning fluid either from fixed tanks in the trenches or from a portable one on their loads. A steel pump supplies the pressure and a flame ignites it at the nozzle. The liquid is a mixture of oil, gasoline, and benzine. It is used on attacking forces from the fixed tanks, having a range of about 30 yards, and is used for cleaning out adhesions from the portable tanks. Dined in the station the other night and had an interesting talk with a French artilleryman and an infantry lieutenant. They told of German establishing themselves with great skill in names etc., also the need that dummy guns were much used to
amuse the German gunners and get heavily shelled. The French move them around in batteries to keep up the deception, and get the plant them nearby to distract attention from an actual battery. They said the west guns were even than the 110 was the Austrian 130. The velocity is so great that the shell arrives right on top of the report so that no time is given to shoot the shells. The officer told me that they'd learned from the Germans to always stagger their broadside wire, or arrange it in runways site, so that attacking troops getting through it will present their flanks to the machine guns that will thus get them in their least weak. June 19. There had been constant rain from June 1 to the 17th, that is there was a lot of bushes every day, a little sun and a lot of heavy rains. The 17th was a good day and the day before Camel had gone to Paris, leaving me in command. I'm now chef. Also Graham and Potter left by train for good, and Marr and Riggs took cars to Paris to get their teeth fixed. A new French
lieutenant, Rokokanashi, arrived, who seemed a wonder. Well at noon on the 17th there was a loud alarm, and one German scout plane was seen towards Rening, all our planes were up though, and nothing happened. Since the first bombing signs have been put on houses all over the Town. "Caves semi, Be on your personals." At the alarm everyone dashes for them, the alarm being a panic. Well we had another false alarm that afternoon and then at 8 at night (new war time) the Germans really came. The alarm got almost everybody under cover before the planes appeared. The station gang joined us in the hospital yard and we watched for planes, and very soon we heard the anti-aircraft guns and saw five planes overhead. We all went into the hallway of the hospital and the bands started crashing around town. Twice I started out to see if it was all over. The first time I just got out in the court in time to hear the whistle of a boiler and beat all
seconds in doors. The second time I got pretty well out in the yard and a loud crash hit 40 ft. from me, on the roof of the glass covered passage leading to the Place de la Trone. I clung for the door again and as I went saw out of the tail of my eye the rocket and debris flying around me. The rocket killed two men about 20 ft. from me and wounded two men, and the explosion nearly knocked me off the platform. The next day we found rockets at the other end of the yard that couldn't have missed me by much. So soon as the bombing was over we tore all over town, but there were very few victims, nine killed and 12 wounded in all. Two lucky trails that they missed; a train took a victim opposite out of the nails on a siding several horses were also well riddled by bullets dropping in front of them. Only about half as many bullets were dropped as the first time, and they were well
scattered all over town, no pretence for instance of concentrations on the station a general congratulated one of the squads that evening and seemed well pleased with our work. I forgot to say that that afternoon Holt and I had a fine time with some fellows one of them a Russian ex-legionary who remembered Waterloo and at midnight there was a deep alarm, and at the quarters everyone on the top floor came filing down, the French in the alley but the other drop to turn in with us, nothing came of it. The apparently these alarms are all really that the enemy is often stepped on the lines. Yesterday morning there were two alarms, and then it was about that there is a third and six enough we saw saw I far planes with in advance a field plane with white crosses. By all I think. Every one was well under cover and there were not more than six or eight casualties all told, though a lot of francos were
dropped. Again we ten around and ran after it. Most of the slate roof was gone off the house that is Pétain's headquarters but no one was hurt. A lot of balls fell on the exercise field and there was one slight wound and a small shell pretty well shattered. I got a fuse tip from a mechanic who had dug up these. As I dug up these, Captain and the Captain came in and rushed to the telephone to see if I had seen what was a German. Pétain's Old Guard thought he had gotten. They told us that with his hand attached to his head, Books plane and got his machine well shut up and a grenade on the head when a bullet went through his helmet. He'd got bandaged at Écouges and was flying home. Soon after we got back to the yard a code came from the aviation field for a car with two stretchers. Herrchen and I walked up to him in his car and were directed up the road to where a column of smoke...
I awoke in the midst of a crowd. A\n
Bengali, just starting off, had fallen\n
from about 20 yards up and had\ncarried his instantly. Under it had\nbeen piled the two ancestors, we think\nkilled by the fall. When we got there\nthe map was stuck and the\ngasoline was boiling heavily over the\nmotor and car, a bloodied, distorted\narm and shoulders spread. After ten\nminutes it had got the cars got cool enough so that the car could drag the\nmachine, stick digging, away a little, and\npush the remains into the rear with a bit of\nfrom the debris. They picked two\nbroads and carried them clean on a\nshovel handle, while the smell of\nburnt flesh polluted the sweet smell\nof the meadow grass and flowers.

Five extinguishers had to be played\non the corpses, which I shall\nnot describe. Finally we wrapped\nthem in canvas and put them in the machine and took them to the chapel at the Hospital. Mortu

new, when the black plane of Bolshe
suddenly drove on him from behind, it
was a regular ankhed, Viisten dear, with
Bolshe on top of him, but Viisten car-dave
turned over and we escaped. We flew
then holding together with one hand the
vet that carried, hearing it was shot
in two. He showed it to us and had
given it to Mr. Charles. We saw the latter
off at the station and then Viisten went
off to the field. I then saw him again.
That same day came the news that
Bolshie had been very severely wounded
and was at Vaddalmi and the next
morning Bolshe arrived having been sent
from Paris to see him. I took him out to
Vaddalmi and we were delighted to
find Bolshie cheerful, with a fair color
and a real hand-rip. He had his
left broken up and a lot of fragments
in the stomach, but luckily the
intestines was not pierced. The doctor
gave him a 75% chance, but the
sermoners of his wound was
prayed by them giving him the
Ches de Gruen and the Medalhe Maleaha without waiting for a citation. He showed us the bullet fragments they had gotten out of him. First there was a slender steel pencil about 3/4 of an inch long by 1/8 in diameter, running down to a flat point, then there were shreds of jacketing and some blood. Apparently there was lead around the core and an air chamber in front of it, an effective dem- dem, rotten on the principle of the Ross bullet. Bulley had carried it to 14 Rooks single handed, his first fight I believe, and his machine gun had jammed. After seeing him we saw a nurse and a tram conductor being decorated and then saw old friends and heard all the news. Remand was especially glad to see us. The graveyard was larger than ever, and there had been a lot of air activity and we had had several losses, including the big 3 man Condor. Also the Bodos had dropped some bombs.
saved just books of the hospital, and
on right where an old tent was.
They had also broadside frightful
out of the six codes in town, and
a lot of prisoners in the camp, rather
poetic justice. We went back by the
main road and then started out in
the Hit's machine to drive with section
of l'egrasset. We had a bit of
the trouble, but got there for the
dinner. Rastard was giving for his
Crino de Greve. There was lots of
speeches and afterwards I had a long
talk with Peary about his methods of
They ran up to just behind the
Mist Humas now and are catching
Hells, all kinds of shells etc. including
geos. More the trouble going home.
The next day we she and the lord
news that Victor had been killed
and they told me about it at the
field. Minie and someone else
swooped on a Boche, a recce
swooped on them and Victor
and the Captain swooped on him
then something must have got Victor. None of them saw him fall, but a French aviator saw his plane falling with both wings broken. The papers were very nice about it and said he got two of the Boche before he fell. It was the best and he was it absolutely simple and unspoiled always and with a daring that checked at nothing. Saturday morning the 23rd I got a cable to come back as the Troop was mobilised. I put in for an order at once, but the next Saturday's boat was the first available. Doc Andrews came in answer to my wire and we talked things all over at length. I handed the finance over to O'gallin and made him acting quartermaster. Doc should send dann Watter a wanted boy from section 5 came in and the second one of them who has lost his nerve. They are catching hell, sleeping under shell fire at Duigny, and
running up to Fr. de Tarannes I think it is under fire all the way. Austin Mason, their chief, I saw in Tournon for a moment. Monday we got orders to move Tuesday to Petit Montain. to do the same old work. The 1st and I went out to look it over. They have got a brush screen along the road and Montain was three new one of the old shelling. We new shelled breaching up the valley, but none near. We are taking over the quarters of the French section and just the very well off. The Staff of the Hospital has changed and is very nice now. They say the Bodies still shell Coursant and Villers and that 60 planes dropped bombs around a few days before. The next morning so my order still didn't come, I went up as a driver on an 62 with Chubly who is to fill with car's shoes in Paris till Galati gets back. We
alternated at the wheel and made Paris very pleasantly in about 8 hours, with one blow out. In Paris had a hectic time getting a saddle etc., and clearing up things at the embassies, also a party with Bob Moss, and one with Rantoul, who is really run by his Cairns de Coeurne, met a cavalry Captain Boyd at the Embassy and dined with him and his wife, getting a heap of Mexican choppas. Called on Mrs. Luce Chielle and then had a terribly bumpy ride to Bordeaux Saturday. Had a marvelous farewell dinner at the Chopeau Fin with Mr. Baynes I met on the train, and then embarqued.