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For my sons,

Talbott and John Lawrence Cummings

116 East 63rd St. New York City

Diary of Lawrence B. Cummings
Ambulance Drivers - American Field Service
August 6, 1916 - Feb. 6, 1917.

Writings on the field.
Dieuloubarde, France - September 15, 1916

Talbot and Jack;

I am beginning these rough notes of my days in the American Ambulance for just ourselves - the three of us. They won't interest anyone else. They can't be anything more than hasty records, jotted down from time to time, of the things I see in a small part of this great war, - which will be only a memory when we look over this note-book together. For that is my idea in keeping this diary - that some quiet evening, when you've nothing else to do, we can get it out from my kit and perhaps find in it something to interest you. Probably I shall write you much the same things in my letters; but the snails are so uncertain that they may not reach you. And anyhow on these rather lonely evenings I shall get lots of comfort in thinking that someday we three shall be sitting in our chairs with our Peters before a cozy fire somewhere, turning these leaves and talking about those stirring days in France. And I shan't be at all surprised and won't mind a bit if snow and then, when you think I'm not looking, you skip some pages just to keep your old daddy from getting too cold-weather over his yarns.

I'm afraid I'm getting a little that way already, for with only about a month of this strange war...
the cloud. I feel the first vivid impressions being
supplanted by newer ones; so I'd best hurry and set down
what has happened during these past few weeks before it
all turns into a blurred composite memory.

It took me some time to decide if it was really right
to come and to leave the work that was hastening the
time when I could have you with me; I was so consumed
for you! But the thought never left me of this hideous toll
of death, crushing the happiness out of hearts forever. My
happiness with you was still ahead of me, and I grew
ashamed of the selfishness that refused to cross six months
to my waiting-time. Finally, one night the influenza came,
so clear, so unmistakably right, that I knew I must
follow it or never be at peace with myself or with you
again. I wrote at once to the American Ambulance
Committee in New York: I was in Alabama, in
Birmingham. No answer came, and I grew impatient
and telegraphed, telegraphing. The answers came back
"degrees open," and I plunged into preparation, only to
be halted while my references were investigated. Finally
after being vaccinated, inoculated against typhoid, and
deluged with application blanks, I was accepted. Among
a few days later, found me in Indianapolis hastily
getting my passport arranged and setting my affairs in
shape. It was a scrambling rush to get things done, and there was always a relentless temptation to spend the time with the good old friends who fell so big and warm in place in any life. It was hard to leave them all, and it was one of the happiest and 'chokiest' moments when, just before I left, a military watch was strapped on my wrist. I have it on now, and I often look at the initials surrounding the monogram. I want you to know whose they are. "H.C.M."-Hewett Howland; "H.E.M."-Howard Marmour; "E.M.P."-William Rockwood, and "R.W.M."-Robert Knall. The Groovers (your Aunt and Uncle by courtesy title) sang me off. It was a pretty sober moment, kiddies, when the trains pulled out from our old home, but I thought how soon we should see one another- how soon I should hold you close against me. Do you remember that sweet, sunny day at Huntington, when we spent most of the time on the beach? You took me to the train. Oh, boys, but it was hard to leave you! - The few days in New York were crowded full of hurried preparations: shopping, steamship ticket, passport issued by the French consul. My little room at the Harvard Club was cluttered with boots and sweaters and camp huts, but ultimately everything went into two suit cases.
Between fighting expeditions I managed to spend one happy quiet evening with Ben Armstrong on his battleship the "Kentucky" covered under the lights of Riverside Drive. On August 6th, as Tuesday evening and stifling hot, I drove to the pier of the French Line. To my amazement my two modest bags were seized and searched. Neatly my passport was demanded, also my signature. The photograph was closely scrutinized, and finally after passing through the hands of five officers I was reluctantly admitted to the gang-plank of the Rochambeau. In my cabin I found that wonderful basket of fruit from you, and you're "good voyage" telegram among my others. Eric Fowler's room joined me, the young Princeton boy also on his way to join the Ambulance. Slowly the travelers drifted through the crowd and at noon we crossed out into the river. There was a good deal of emotion among the reputable French and Russians. I can't tell you quite how it felt to be leaving our peaceful country for blasted Europe. I remember a sense of deep satisfaction that the chance was being given me; but I stood looking a long time at the haze where Long Island had faded from sight thinking of my boys there.

The trip was not eventful except for the minuter significance of boat drill and the one practice shot from the 3-inch gun astern. Fowler and I got along
"famously" as cabinmates. But the people were unlike most ship's passengers. Over half were foreigners, and were on some vague mission to the war. The Americans aboard were nearly all bent upon some business - Isaac Mansvernon to write up the new French loan, Milton Kirk to take his consular post; two surgeons to join the Ambulance hospital. On the evening of the fourteenth we sighted the lights at the mouth of the Garonne and early next morning we were anchored at Bordeaux. Government officials were already aboard and a six o'clock call had been sounded. A formal queue formed in the dining saloon, passing slowly before the three inquirers who cross-questioned and quizzed without mercy before stamping the permit of debarkation on the passports. Foster and I got by rest-free with our ambulance credentials and then went up on deck to catch our first glimpse of France in war-time.

You could sense the war from the very outset. It did not need the bright uniforms of the officers grouped about the dock nor the faded blouses of the common soldiers with the frequent mourning bands upon the sleeves, to tell you France was fighting. You could see that in the calmness of the men and in the quiet, brave faces of the black-clad women. It took an inexpressible
two hours to get the baggage off and into the douane, and we strolled about eying the war-blight of the soldiers. Blue was everywhere— all shades and gradations. Sometimes as red cap and scarlet breeches and gold lace, another a smart cut of color: one uniform stood out by its very inconspicuousness— a khaki colored service outfit, well worn. At first I thought it British, but when I got closer I read “American Ambulance” in small letters on the sleeve. In the douane all was Bedlam with people flaring wildly at their baggage and out treating the few overworked women and as cripple of old men to inspect it. At last we were through and in a taxi on our way to the Hotel Terminus where I was to find our military messes to Paris. A private interpreter elevated brows and shoulders. No masses. So we turned back in search of Cimeli and Marcossos. In the grey old streets we passed marching troops— Black Soudanese in service blue, fluddling French infantrymen. Dozens of sleek horses were tethered under trees, some stained a purplish tinge. And here and there over grey stone archways hung the red cross of Geneva. And out of these archways came war men with bandaged arms and heads; and some went by on crutches, with empty trousers legs flailed up. Marcossos missed us, and we missed
luncheon, so off we rushed to the gare, where troops in marching kit sat wearily waiting. We had five minutes to get our tickets. We got them and then from nowhere appeared our passers. (I am still waiting for the railroad to refund my fare.) On board we rejoined most of our steamer friends. We dashed northward through the chateau country of Touraine with its pastel tinted-gray walls and turrets, white winded roads tree-lined, pale golden stubble fields dotted with sheaves, and soft greens hillside against the evening sky.

The men we saw in the fields were bent and old, and women were reaping. On board the train the guards had been replaced by competent brown-clad women. One told me quietly that her husband had fallen at Sevres—smart officers thronged the corridors of the car, smoking. All were in perfectly tailored tight uniforms of light blue, and many wore the green and red ribbon with the croix de guerre and some the bright red badge of the Legion of Honor. At midnight we reached the Gare d'Orleans at Paris. Hardly a cab could be found, but at last we loaded in one voiture de place with countless bags, got in and started to grope our way through a city of darkness. Dim street lights barely glimmered.
enough to show us the way across the Place de la Concorde. The statues of the equestrians were ghostly grey, the Tuileries gardens black. I felt like conspirators when we drew up in front of the dark arcades of the Continental and rang for admittance.

Next morning, Fowlers and I had breakfast looking out upon the Rue de Rivoli, with its procession of grey military autos, cannon and taxis. Uniforms everywhere! Then we walked to the Place de la Concorde and stood where we could look up the Champs Elysées to the Arc and into the Rue Royale to the Madeleine. All about us whisked the auto traffic and in it the grey ambulances with the red cross.

Stopping at the Crillon to make a luncheon appointment we took a taxi for the Rue Madeleine to the military caserne where our orders of movement instructed us to report.

There we found a busy courtyard guarded by sentinels and at one side a little unpainted bureau, where our officers in blue fatigue uniforms stamped our papers and bade us out. We then returned along the “rive gauche,” passing the Jardin des Plantes and the big wine cellars of Notre Dame, raised here triumphant and shining in the sunlight across the river and beyond spread the dark bulk of the Seine. Fowlers was all enthusiasm, so looking to give him the thrill of all others I took him to the Invalides.
The tomb was locked, but we were refused for our trip by seeing the captured guns and German mitrailleuses in the courtyard, along with shot-middled aeroplanes. Returning to the Quillon we met Fowler's sister, a charming woman, now a nurse at St. Bellevue. She was given permission at Paris, we bunched together. In our party were also Miss Wehlerman and Miss Baldwin, the latter a nurse at the Ambulance. Miss Wehlerman is doing splendid work at the Quai Dejouy where she is in charge of a home for crippled soldiers. There they are taught some trade that will earn them their living. There is a crying need for such training now among these stricken men.

After luncheon we drove out to the Champs Elysees and out the Port Maillot to Neuilly, skirting the Arc with its anti-aircraft guns. We dress up in the courtyard of the American Ambulance Hospital and had our first glimpse of our nurses organization. We saw a long brick building faced with stone, several stories high, with a pointed central tower from which the red cross floated. The stars and stripes and the French tricolor flanked it. In the courtyard behind the tall iron fence were ranged the Paris ambulances—mostly Buekers with special bodies, all enclosed and painted battleship gray except for the big red crosses on the
siders, working about them or sitting in the driving seats were dozens of young men in khaki uniforms. White jacketed orderlies were carrying a stretcher from a doorway. Mechanics in oily overalls were unloading big cans of "essence" from a cannon. As approached one man in uniform much bound about with leather belts from which depended an assortment of wallets, and reported our arrival. It evidently was not an affair of such moment as to disrupt the order of events. We were asked ceremonially "Pam's on field?" Just knowing the cryptic answers we merely gazed, and were then waved to an inner portal and told to "see Galatea." We entered an inside court, grassy and set with flower beds, upon which seemingly hundreds of windows looked down. Swathed heads could be seen in many of these. From one nearly came the sound of a phonograph. There was a pungent smell of ether. In an unobtrusive little shed of an office we found a room much littered with papers and in it as young fellows in uniforms. He also greeted us casually and joked various papers at us for our signatures. He then directed us where to get uniforms and told us to come back in a somewhat vague way. We almost wondered if we were really expected. Soon afterwards as chatty little tailors in a shop under the shadows of
the Madeleine was measuring us for the regulation time and breeches. These are rather smartly cut; the coat belted in and fitted with four capacious pockets and shoulder tabs much on the style of a British officers. The new "service" idea has done away with the old choker effect. The collar rolls back, with red grenades and an A on the labels. There seems to be some doubt as to whether these insignias are grenades or wings, and whether the A stands for "Ambulance," "Automobile," or "Artillery." But anyhow the "American Ambulance" on the right sleeve is unmistakable as are the bronze buttons with the cross. An English officer who with flaring crown turned up in front to show the winged shield beading the words "American Ambulance - France" with the cross, and reding rigging of brown leather or rock, mistaken the outfit, everything is serviceable khaki color, including shirt and tie. After our call at Loyd's, we wandered up the Boulevards a bit, calling past the shop windows, which seemed largely given over to display of military outfits. Many shops were closed and shuttered, but the tables on the pavement in front of the cafes were unusually crowded and types were doing a thriving business. Few and more gorgeous uniforms could be seen everywhere in
a confusing profusion. I learned afterwards that this
colorful dress is limited to Paris and is not seen in the
field, where "swank" isn't tolerated. The most business-
like are the British, and nothing looks more "neat and
ready" than a healthy young Englishman in his days
time, belted about with his "Sam Brown", his regimental
insignia on his shoulders, and his little white chukking
on his boots, usually he is fit in condition, but
occasionally you see a stock-shouldered Blaze youth,
with monocle and swagger stick, that makes you rather
fearful of the future of the service. I noted these are
much in evidence. I remember seeing one young, careless
of a French lieutenant, his light blue uniform immaculate
and fitting like a glove, standing through the crowd with
his right arm held forward rigidly on a brace at right
angles to his body. Sometimes as soldier from the trenches
appears, his overcoat mud-scarred, his blue cap
dented, plopping along in his hot mailled boots, with
his gun, musette and canteen swinging from his shoulders.
I dined alone that evening, and after a turn on the dark
streets, I could not help thinking of my first night in
Paris fourteen years before, when I could not sleep for
thinking of the tremendously wonderful sights that I should
see in the morning. A different sort of night—this!
The following morning, Thursday, August 17th, I went with Mr. Andrews, the head of the service of the Ambulance in the field. Years ago he was my instructor in Economics at Harvard. How often an experience in the U.S. Treasury he has taken up the work of the ambulance, evidently in an efficient way. Like all the other officers, he was very busy with preparations for moving. We were turned over to Dr. Darmasse, a cherubic young man, very English-like, who conducted us to the prefecture of police for our "immatrikulations." By this time we were sufficiently conversant to go on any quest, and we entered the divina square and down near Notre-Dame like condemned culprits. It brought a gleam of hope when a gendarme caught sight of our "bassesesses" and pointed us through a green baize door (anyhow, it looked like green baize) - ahead of a malodorous crowd and into a shabby office where dozens of shabby clerks wrote at shabby desks. No one noticed us except an aged fulethead in a gingham apron and bright green carpet-shippers who hustled us to a row of benches where others unhappily seated were ranged waiting to be immatrikulated. It was a lengthy process, but at last we confronted a fusty little man who...
secreted at our passports, asked us our mother's maiden name and then wrote out a permit allowing us to begin to live in Paris—free two francs 10. we groveled out and looked at the Sainte Chapelle. Then after lunch at the Café Weber we started forth again to Parisly. we had barely reached there than we were sent forth to the Préfecture to procure our "permis de séjour". It was the epilogue of our drama of the morning. when this paper should be issued we should be allowed to continue to live. But not until then! I was much relieved when I got it next day. for I felt I had been as much a man as recklessly living without a permit. we first we had had our fill of Paris bureau for the day and hurried back to Paris to join Miss Foster and Miss Echlerman at dinner in the Bois at Armouville. It all looked much as it used to, though few people were there on account of the early hour. There were some strikingly dressed French women with English officers. During dinners several waiters string curtains all about the driveway to shield the lighter from possible aerial intrusions. From the Bois we drove to the Opera Comique and heard a superb "Butterfly" though our notable name was on the programme. The audience was as interesting as the stage—a soberly dressed lot, except for the fire.
Theodore Roosevelt, Sept. 17, 1916

Thursday morning, found us again applicants before the throne of Muir. Though theoretically left to our choice, we were actually shanghaied into the field service—really a piece of good fortune. It seems that we arrived at the psychologial moment when the Paris service and the field were to be wholly separated. Therefore, a new arrival was assigned to work at the hospital—the Lycee Pasteur, it was to have been. But the war broke out just at its completion, and contributions from Americans, notably Robert Bacon, our former ambassador, transformed it into the main hospital of the American Ambulance. The new men drove an ambulance about Paris, evacuating the thousands of wounded as they arrived, for weeks or even months until home men returned from the field. Then, if he was lucky, the new men went to the front. Now their task was to be changed. Recruits were to have the option of Paris or field. As three months' enlistment would be permitted for Paris work, but a minimum of six was required for the field, apparently we were the first to be so affected. A little Ford car with a box of a body, like the tumbrils of the guillotine, was being loaded with the first things to be moved to the men's quarters of the field corps. We hopped in and went screeching off through
the Bords to Berry, 21 Rue Raymond. We stopped in front of a green door in the plastered wall and went through it into a little gravelled court, beyond, over a little ravine, we saw Paris and the Seine, and the lofty cross-work of the Eiffel tower, thrusting itself skyward, the antennae of its wireless station just discernible. Below us spread as stretch of densely wooded ground, a bit of forest still untouched in Paris! Through a doorway in the wall at our right we came to the head of a wide stairway in the old 'chateau' rooms our home. Built in a succession of terraces on the hillside, it reminded one of an Italian villa. Corridors and little open courtyards and balconies lead off from each landing as we went down, and at the bottoms, across the dining room, tall French windows opened upon a terrace that stretched the length of the house and overlooking the garden and the wood. To the right were a succession of rooms opening on this terrace - the last one very roomy, with two basalule columns and a big mirror above the fireplace. Walnut shelves and cupboards lined the walls. Ranged upon the parquetry floor were rows of iron campante beds. We chose ours and then went back to the dining room for lunch, eaten by Marie Louise, a bright peasant woman. At once we fell on
complete change in our positions. We were established and Andrews, Galati, de Mene, and the others were more than affable. After an excellent meal we were told to get our luggage, and went rattling away in our timbrel, red 94, in charge of a young grocer boy. We hurriedly packed our trunks at the Continental and paid our account, on which a substantial discount was given because of our being "militaires". We shook hands with our lift-man, a young man with an empty place but with the cross upon his breast - and set off back to Parry. Dinner was even pleasanter than luncheon, and afterwards we sat on the terrace, smoking. An aeroplane flared overhead, nurses in the starlight, guard the city. The Gros, our surgeon, dropped in for a chat and told us much of the life at the front. I dropped asleep in my comfortable little bed, well content at last. Marie Bourre woke us next morning standing in the middle of the room and clapping her hands. "Debout, mes enfants! Café, mes petits!" Yawns and groans alone answered her, so she made the rounds of the beds energetically shaking shoulders and prodding backs. At last we gathered at the tables for great bowls of steaming cafe au lait and thick wedges of bread cut from the brown cushion loaves.
and served in willow baskets. A big case of goaded red was on our table. I wonder when I'll see that again.

The morning was spent in hunting for cordennois to pub the regulation hot nails in our American boots and in finding real English leggings instead of the paper-like French ones. After a brief luncheon with Fowler and his sister, about to return to base just at St. Valerien, I went to Seydiz and put on my uniform. Ordinarily I should have felt uncomfortable in such a first appearance, but now a uniform is accepted as a matter of course.

In fact, a "civil" is regarded with suspicion as being possibly a spy or an "enemies." The terms of oppression applied to one shirking military work. On that account many engaged in office work for the government or munition factories wear a brassard to show their employment. Sunday, the next day, passed rather quietly. We took 74 into the Bois with Tumbri, as mains, back on permission from Section 1, and under his charge practiced driving the little beast of a car. I had endless trouble with the gear shift. My previous experience in driving merely handicapped me. That evening I dined in the quarters at a little restaurant near the Luxembourg. On Monday, Domaine took Fowler and myself, with Shaw,
another new man, for our driving test. We went to some office on the outskirts of Paris past the Place de la Concorde and there picked up the examiner, a Rabbinical person with a fondness for dogs. As the test involved only driving straight ahead two blocks on an actually empty street at a snail's pace we managed to pass.

In the afternoon Zambri offered to take me in charge on a search for things for my kit and at his suggestion I got a small officer's trunk, a backpack, aluminum toilet articles, steel mirror, whistle, cord, electric torches and heavy underwear. I also supplemented the medical kit which Mr. and Mrs. Kuebler had sent to the boat, with powdered sulphur for sores that come on the wrists, iodine that must be instantly poured on every scratch, however slight, to guard against infection, and last, the unsavory item of flea-powder. A heavy overcoat of the English mounted service, a fatigue cap, and a pair of rubber shoes faced with rawhide completed my outfit—the.

Trousseau of the recruit. Tuesday we were assigned to duty at the Gare and took the Metro down to Champes Elysees station. My last recollection of the gay little theatre among the trees was a glare of light, much music, and Gaby de Dois dusky and on the stage. This
time I found the place dismantled and piled high with blankets, netting, bandages, and clothing, while a few aproned women worked diligently preparing packages for shipment to the hospitals. Among this committee of American women, I met Miss Almy, whom I used to know in Cambridge, and Louise Brent and her sisters from Columbus. We had time for only a word of greeting and then went to work packing crates for the men. Afterwards I learned that Louise Brent had been engaged to a French officer who fell last June at Verdun, and that shortly before she had been keeping bravely at this work for others. That morning we took a tumbrel ride out near St. Cloud to what is called the Park—a factory where our cars are repaired and fitted with the ambulance bodies for the field. I remember keen interest in our first dirigible that appeared over the chimneys and then moved swiftly away. At Kelner’s I met my first Ford ambulance. The chassis of these sturdy little cars arrive by the score from America and are equipped here with long wooden bodies, canvas-roofed, that extend to what seems a dangerous length over the rear axle. A movable hood and apron protect the driving seat. Big shallow boxes are built along the sides for
tools and biddies of "essence" (gasoline) and oil. The tail-board swings down and is fitted with a folding step. The whole is painted battleship gray, except for the red crosses on the wooden windows, on the sides and the white military number 1 with the words "American Ambulance." I had hoped for some instruction in the mechanisms, but only one experience of the working was how extremely difficult it is to scrub mud off of rear axles with a paint brush. I did visit the "cemetery," a back lot where dozens of worn-out or wrecked cars were lined up in dismal array. Some bore the marks of shells and shrapnel holes, while we were looking at them a convoy arrived from Bordeaux with a dozen or so new chassis. They arrived goggled and dust-covered from the three-days run in charge of Forbes, brother of the former Governor of the Philippines. That afternoon we had a house-warming at 21 Rue Boyer-Mardet. The American and French flags were draped over our green door, flower-boxes bloomed with bright geraniums on the landings, and the dining-room was commandeered by a caterer. Our living-room to the left of the dining-room appeared in its new furnishings: big chairs covered chairs, big tables...
راه چهارمی که در وسط دیواری بالا بر چوبی قرار داشت، درون آن تنها یک جیره بزرگ قرار داشت که به نام خانم‌های که به خدمت در آمبولانس‌ها بوده و ناامنی‌ها را به وسیله نسل‌های مختلف که در جنگ شرکت کرده‌اند، می‌دهستند. یکی از آنها، ریچارد هولی، نامگذار "مقداری برای فرانسه" بود. در اوفیس بعد از زوال، بسیاری از آمریکایی‌ها به تیم بازی که در کافه، می‌آمدند، به خوبی آنها را می‌شناسستند، فضای زیرزمینی دهکده را روش در روش می‌گرفتند. این دلیلی بود که به طور خاص در آنجا می‌توانید از آنها در انتظار یک قرارگاه می‌توانید در آنجا باهم صحبت کنید. 

彼انگلیکا، تپه‌گر، که به نام "آموخته" نوشته‌ها را به صورت درست نوشته‌ها و ریچارد هولی، نامگذار "مقداری برای فرانسه" بود. در اوفیس بعد از زوال، بسیاری از آمریکایی‌ها به تیم بازی که در کافه، می‌آمدند، به خوبی آنها را می‌شناسستند، فضای زیرزمینی دهکده را روش در روش می‌گرفتند. این دلیلی بود که به طور خاص در آنجا می‌توانید از آنها در انتظار یک قرارگاه می‌توانید در آنجا باهم صحبت کنید. 

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somewhat for the benefit of the new men, who sat about hypnotized at the task of forty-eight hour duty and changing times under fire. Much of that thought I found to be absolutely true. Though so far only one man has been killed, several have been badly wounded, and many have won the Cross for conspicuous bravery under fire. Perfect camaraderie was always at the bottom of these fellows’ thinking, and they were invariably willing to give advice. I did not share the apprehensions of some of the new men as to getting into the wrong section, for I thought they must be all much alike in make-up. Nevertheless, I was gratified when I was assigned to Section 8 and told that I would join in the following Saturday. There are six sections in the field, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, and 9. Numbers 5 and 6 are Harjes Ambulance, and 7 is Mortuaries. Each is attached to a division of the army and under direct military command through a French lieutenant. The section leaders, chef de la section, wears the two gallon oiler of a first lieutenant; the sous-chef, sous-nurses are second lieutenants. These ranks, however, do not seem to be regularly accredited. On Thursday morning Fowler and I were ordered to go with a cannister to the freight depot at Anjou and get some cases.
of parties for the Pêche. We marched down the bank of the Sena
to the freight sheds but failed to locate the boxes until
10 o'clock and the 'clearing-house' had come to our aid.
The packing cases were almost immovable and we got
only three of them away. At luncheon that day Mr. and Mrs.
Sandberg were with us. Mrs. Sandberg was in nurse's
uniform, but wore a straw of fascin of alarming proportions.
Next morning I made my last hurried purchases in Paris
and spent the afternoon on the canals. That evening
Fowley took me to dine at the Ambassadeurs, where we had
our last meal together after such pleasant intimacy. He
was to join Section 4 the following Sunday.

On Saturday morning, August 26, I was up early
getting my blankets, canton, whistle, raincoat,
overalls, and brassards from the equipment office. I
was soon ready to leave. I signed an oath not to reveal,
anything that I might see relating to military affairs,
and received my carnets d'étrangers - a little red
pamphlet which takes the place of all civil credentials
in the war zone. Kept I received an ordre de mouvement
instructing me to report at Pouldour via Toul,
together with an ordre de transport for second-class
railway travel. Several packages and letters for men in
the section were handed me; and then Fowley and I set
out in '14 for the Gare de l'Est. The station was thronged
with troopers in field equipment—blue overcoats and blue
casques—each man with his Lebel rifle, bayonet, cartonette
boots, and pack, to which were strapped his blankets,
soup tins, entrenching spades and extra boots. Many
classeurs wore the heavy trench coat over one ear.
All were making their way to the uncomfortable third class
seats. Our car rapidly filled up with officers, mostly
subalterns. At noon we pulled out, running northeast
through hilly country. As soon as we left the walls of
Paris than we began passing the guards along the Aixe
red goggled veterans standing with grounded arms—
not single one at every bridge and tunnel and crossing.
A little further and along the track, in the grain fields
with the edge of scrawling scarlet poppies and blue
cornflowers, appeared the solitary little wooden crosses,
marking the graves of soldiers buried where they fell.
It was the most telling note of the infinite tragedy to me.
You remember how when that seemingly irresistible
German machine had relentlessly crushed its way through
Belgium and through France until Paris was in sight,
the gallant French army, hastily carried from Paris on
trenches and motor cars, threw itself against the Germans,
and, aided by the little English expeditionary force, stopped.
them in the battle of the Marne and drove them back.
That was two years ago, September 9 and 10, 1914. There
loneys scattered graves probably marked the outer limit
of their tremendous fight. As we worked northward it
became more evident at every little station that we
were nearing the front. Trains of transport wagons
appeared on the roads, and artillery caissons. Platforms
were thronged with sturdy troopers. At Bar-le-Duc nearly
everyone left the trains, leaving the compartment to a
young lieutenant and myself. We exchanged cigarettes
but scant conversation. Once he offered his pouch and
exhibited an American hunting knife. "Pour les
Boches!" he exclaimed significantly. I understand the
officers have quit carrying swords and frequently go
into action with only their rifles and these knivess,
which are frightfully effective in trench fighting.
Making a detour where the main track was too near the
German lines, we passed through Rigny and Boid and
arrived at Toucy, where my lieutenant friend obligingly helped
me off with my little trunk, rucksack and blanket roll.
As young fellows in ambulance uniforms hailed me -
Tinkham from Section 3, sent down to meet me with
his ambulance. We threw my traps aboard and par
out through the streets of Toucy into a country of
smooth hillsides and distant woods. An excellent macadam road led north through a double line of trees and we made good time until we had to slow down for a sentry who stopped us at a cross-road with his rifle held above his head. A glimpse at the red cross brought his approving nod and we went on, duffing down into a valley where a group of chimneys marked Dombourne. We entered the little village just at dusk - a huddle of brown-tiled roofs piled up about the dark walls of an old castle. Groups of soldiers blocked our way as we threaded through the winding, muddy streets and pulled up in front of the cantonment - a bare, stone building two stories high. There was a dingy little room. I met some of the men grouped about a table playing bridge by the light of a smoky stable lantern, - a young girl in burnt brown as her khaki. Surrounded hill, the section leader, introduced me, and then Trilkham and I started out in search of supper. He led me through dark winding ways, ankle-deep in mud and pervaded with highly seasoned smells to a row of houses with plaster walls facing a little canal. Drop tables were placed under the eaves and along the bank of the waterway, and I could see dark forms of soldiers sitting about them. The
only lights were the glowing ends of cigarettes and little
glimmers rifting through shutters. This was the "good Coast," namesake of that fabled spot in
Cambridge. A request for an omelette brought acquaintance
from Inne. Fuehs, proprietress of the auberge and
likewise arbiter of the destinies of M. Fuehs. But as
it was close to the legal closing-hour, would the misses
be pleased to mount to the little room in the back?
Misses, yes! So back we went through a little
court of rabbit-prints and up a ladder to a little
lift of a place, where presently came Gaby and like-
wise Rene with a sizzling plate of eggs, dark Army
bread and watery beer. Back it tasted wonderfully
good. We had just started when an ambulance came
appeared in the doorway and in came Finton, Tiron
and "Brakeband" Clarke. Mother Fuehs likewise
mounted, in dual role of diurnas and dispeners. It
was one of the evenings, it appeared, when her shrew
did not "see clear," - a matter which subsequent
acquaintance with the gentlemen made one think
hardly worth remark. Our party broke up early, according
to orders that everyone be in quarters by ten o'clock, and we
made our way back to cantonnement. There we ascended
as deerish ladders, minus a few important steps, into a
the dusty loft where low cots with earth beds stood amid a litter of blankets, kit bags, and rubbish leaves. One lantern sufficed. We were rooms rolled up our blankets. Sleep seemed easy to the others, but at distant sound like low thunders broken by frequent thudding kept one lying wide awake staring up at the chimneys in the tiling overhead. Guns—fire! Murderers, meant for killing! Firing destroying many over there beyond the hills!

Written at
Boulogne—September 18.

The inevitable rule holds that anyone late to reveille’s clock breakfast was deader, another fellow’s ears. Sleepy, yawning, barely stopping even to dash cold water on our faces, we crossed the street to the auberge and sat down in a fly-infested room to a scanty meal of café con leche and crusty bread. Soon afterwards Hill took me to meet the sous-lieutenant, M. Desrochers, of the French army, attached to our sections— as courteous young fellows, very much in earnest; more papers had to be filled out—though this time at Hill’s suggestion more direct results were obtained by answering most of the queries by the pleasing fiction that I was “living on my income.” Hill and I then went to the Fair here—the court of a monastery (now a hospital) where we found the ambulances lined up under the
Chestnut trees, I was given real numbers 127, one of the oldest cars in the section, heretofore used by young suit of Indianapologies, who had just left. It is a weather-beaten old bus, but with plenty of power and enough speed. Like the other cars, it has the name of the donors on it - "Phillips Academy," "Andover Academy," "St. Paul's School," etc., and one bears the words "In memory of Richard Hall." The body has two movable board seats for four men, and also a rack for a third stretcher, the others two resting on the floors. Three stretchers (branched) are kept fastened in it, so that the others" "assists" (setting cases) can be carried inside, or three "couchers" (lying). By shifting the seat arrangement, two "assists" and one "coucher" can be so taken. There is always room for one "assister" beside the driver in front. The inside had been painted white, but it was scratched with ugly staves, and the floor was grooved with the long wear of the sliding stretchers. A rank odor clung to the cars that no amount of disinfectants ever dissipated. We went over the equipment, inspecting all tools, gas generators, gasoline and oil boilers, and the two spare shoes on the roof. I found most of the things in such bad shape that I spent the rest of the day cleaning up the outfit. Our two others meals
at the auberge, cooked and served by Aprem, the uniformed soldiers and ex-farmers detailed for the job, were an improvement over the first. I have discovered them to be a variable quantity. We have what is supposedly "officer's mess"- ravitaillement furnished by the government, consisting usually of rough meat, one vegetable, red "vin ordinaire" and coffee. If properly cooked this would be an excellent menu, of course, but all too frequently the beans are in an state of nature and the meat is of the tinned variety commonly known as "singe." Aprem, however, is oblivious to such minute details and announces the courses with gusto, setting down the tureen and twirling his long mustache. "Las soupe, voilà! Soupe de légumes!" Next day it is "Soupe! Petite marmite!" However, the contents of the tureen remains unchanged. "A nose by any other name!" We raid the little epiceries and the one boulangerie for jams and hot bread, undoubtedly laying the foundation for dyspeptic old age; and between meals we eat crackers and chocolate. Everything we eat goes on one plate, and one glass suffices for water, wine and coffee. Our knives are formidable affairs, useful also as as universal Ford tool.

The next morning was clouded by an adverse fate. The church-tower clock is Diemountard time, the procession
of the evening, to the contrary notwithstanding. Your own Genoa timepiece arrived last Sunday night; the church clock developed a burst of speed and five of us were condemned to car-washing. By special dispensation I was permitted to wash my own. After breakfast I fell, "Slack" Clark, Brown and I walked out to meet the march on the de jourmaux, as he came trudging up the road from Bellevue with his budget of Le Matin and Le Petit Republican, tooting his little horn. We bought copies and read of Roussillon's entry into the war on the side of the Allies. I felt then had one take him out in my car to show my prowess, and I found a concentration in the little "boat" that I thought beyond the bounds of reason. However, we did manage to get along, skirting long stretches of hill crests from which soft green valleys fell away to distant woods and sharper peaks. Little brown towers lay here and there—like splashes of colors on the slopes. A glimmer of silver shot from the Moselle curving through the meadows. Once a single low peak stood out—pyramidal, with battered walls upon its top and, capping all, a slender white spire. I knew it afterwards as Toulouse and the spire, the shrine of Joan of Arc, still crowned with the statue of her though the
fire has been pierced by German shells. This is her country—Lorraine; and not far away lies Domremy. We dashed down as slope along a road with tall screens of barbaps stretched along one side—screens against shell-fire. For Joffre had pointed out German positions on distant hills beyond Monson, equipped with guns of incredible range, and Joffre understood the need for masking the roads. Signs along the way reading "Exposed to bombardment—threat of the enemy" were not reassuring. Some even specified how far apart wagons must drive and prohibited pedestrians from walking together. And, mind you, that German ground was almost desolate in the distance! As though for an object lesson, however, when we drove into little Jezainville a moment later I saw roofs and walls with gaping holes smashed in by German shells. From there we drove through the Forest de Pauvendelles. We passed camps of wooden sheds where prisoners were idling—resting after their days in the trenches—and through the tree trenches I caught glimpses of wattle ditches, and here and there coiled barbed wire and rattled-up frames of steel, cross-membered, with sharp points. The intermittent gun-fire sounded
meiners. Suddenly we contributed our quotas by blowing out a tire. While we were changing shoes a company of poilus marched by on their way to the trenches, but apparently infinitely more interested in our changes than in those of the others. One unshaved fellow sang out "Good morning - yer!" thereby apparently exhausting his store of English with princely prodigality. We swung home over the perfect road through Guiscard. That afternoon, humbled and chastened, I drove down to the little brook that rushes out below the castle, and flowers between rocks, down the main street, and in full view of the populace washed my ears in sociable proximity to splashing artillery horses, cows, and the village washerwomen.

[Diablonard - Sep 29] There is a routine assignment of work for us which adorns or less, regularly adhered to. Of the twenty carros in the section five are kept on duty at Park A Mousson, one man going there daily to replace the one returning who has had his five days. Of the fifteen at Diablonard three are on duty daily at the Park to answer calls and make evacuations, one goes to the hospital at Belleville, one stands the night truck, and the remaining unfortunate is orderly. A card with the assignments for the following day is pasted at
Archives of the American Field Service
and AFS Intercultural Programs
boys in this section owed their lives to their masters. That evening just before twilight I had by first glimpse of the war in the air. A trumpet suddenly blared from the lookout post on one of the castle towers, and a moment later we heard the bang of guns. Up in the evening sky high above us little cottony balls of smoke appeared. In quick succession they appeared, marking in flashes this was firing abroad. You could see the flash of flame of the shell in the air and the shell burst. At first that was all that I saw, but following as foisting fingers at last saw the flying biplane, with trail of the last puff.

He was flying high, as a meteor streaks. Suddenly the hum of an engine sounded there and over the. Boche bi plane came whizzing as French machine from the aerodrome field on the road to Toul. We hoped we might see the meeting of the Frenchman and the Boche, but before the French machine could get the altitude, the Boche had turned and disappeared over his own lines, while the French guns blanked away after him. That evening several of us gathered in Potter's rooms on the ground floor of the cantonments. From some mysterious place he had produced a perfectly good piano and was playing Tosca and Boheme. A polka in faded blue with a half healed scar on his temple came in and asked if he might sing.
for us. He was a café-concert singer and had a really rich voice. As the singing soldiers gathered at the windows, all made rather a striking picture—the dingy walls and high fireplace behind the group of boys in their brown uniforms, a single lantern barely outlining the shadows but glinting here and there on a button or the red cross of a brassard, the hairy faces of the soldiers in the windows and the little singer by the piano, his breast over one ear and his head thrown back, singing with all his might and containing from the darkness outside came the boom and mutter of the guns. Next day, Wednesday, Aug 30, I was on duty for the first time at the Place. I sat nearly all day in my car writing letters. The hospice, a grey old buttressed building, stretched across the back of the walled court, where the cars and cannon were parked. Wounded soldiers in various stages of convalescence hobble about in bandages, and stood in rapt wonder at the miracle of cleaning fresh flags. Cars came and went with loads of "blessés" or "malades." At strange hours everyone gathered about the long tables set up in the open air for "ca soupe" served from the wooden kitchen shed. In the middle of the afternoon my turn came to "solar" and with one lone polis and a "mechanic chef" aboard I set out for Belleville down the tree-bordered road by the canal, through the little town.
and to the surgical hospital—a three-sided court of unpainted wooden sheds all abloom with flowers and marigoldly clean. Here the wounded are brought from the trenches where they can be given effective surgical treatment after the hasty bandaging at the postes de secours. Here I saw the real red cross nurses at work in the long wards, in their white uniforms as spotless as though they were at their home hospitals, leaving my own and his papers of identification I "recalled" book. Thursday, Aug 30, was am sole one. I strolled about, b cartelou, exploring the little passages that twisted up the hill between the houses. I found several courtyards cuffed with what looked like casements from Roman buildings. Some old corners turned over them, the only touch of green on the bare plastered walls. I went up the causeway and into the old castle, talking about the splendid stonework and passages and finding nothing more interesting than an army farmer shooting a horse. Later de Neeves joined me and piloted me up the Bois de Guita, the steep hill mouth of the village. Standing on a cliff edge we could look for miles beyond Issousson in the direction of Metz—all German ground. Across the Marelle, on a long hill, squared off in brownies and greens of farms and lay the little town of St. Genevieve, where at the time of
the Battle of the Marne, another German army was fed
and turned. We went on, passing through narrow paths
among the bushes and thick-set trees, past trenches and
gun emplacements seemingly unused—probably part of
some secondary defense-work. On the edge of the wood
stood two lonely wooden crosses where some poor
fellows lay. Next morning, Friday, August 31, I had new
impressions in plenty. Starting off with Jeff in his "staff
ear," Brakeband Clarke on the back, half hidden
under a blue steel helmet— we took the road to Pont-a-
Monsson and the trenches, running out of the village
under the rocks of the Bois de Comte and along the dequieted
railroad. Barracks screened stretched nearly all the way.
we came about eight kilometers through the village of
Blenou to the town of Pont-a-Monsson—a place of some
size and was strategically important. Passing the
demolished station and its grass-grown tracks we turned
a corner in the wide street. Instantly war faced us in
a new grim aspect. On the corner stood the post office,
a large building torn and pitted by shell and shrapnel.
The cupola had had an immense hole torn in it. As we
drove on down the street there was not a house
but bore the marks of bombardment. Every few feet
upon the walls near the ground was clawed the red
Double crosses of Lorraine (+) indicating an area. White placards showed stairways where upper rooms could be reached in case of gas attack. Electric bells were placed at intervals to give warning of the approach of our enemy avions. Sand bags were piled about windows and foundations. It was a city with the searce of death upon it. Continuing on we passed along the single street into Mauchenes, still marking cemeteries in wall and ground. Here even the openings between the buildings were screened. And the short streets running north had big stretchers of burlaps hung across from eave to eave in parallel lines like theater-floors. Sentinels stood at every crossway of importance. Through Mauchenes we came into the open, and on the right rose the low slope of scarred ground, covered with a dark forest that will always bear a solemn name - the Bois de Fretre. All was quiet now, but death lurked there in terrific forms.

We came to Montaubelle - a single street. More crosses of Lorraine - more hospital flags marking the little shops where the wounded are now gathered! On further, rushing up a sweeping rise in the macadam road, through a bit of wood and out upon a crossroad in the open. A battered little building stands there - the Auberge Saint-Ferre - burned to its middle in sand bags.
and earth work where dark tunnels months open. A young lieutenant leans in the doorway, hands in pockets.

"Did they take you last night?" asks in French.

"One - two - three," he answers with a shrug. We turn about, backing up a bit to get upon the cross road which is exposed to fire from the German entrenchments, and go back to Montauville. From there we cross over to the slope under the Bois le Pretre, nearly at the edge of the wood we pass a little structure hardly distinguishable from the hillside - Betam, poste de secours number one. Below it lies a little plot of ground with hydralled wooden crosses and above them stand the shrines des armes marking the graves of the "heroes of Bois le Pretre." Into the woods we go hugging the narrow road. We meet tired, muddy soldiers, their cargoes pushed back from their streaked faces. We hurry; they are flooding to the front. A big group crowding about a portable soup kitchen, food - tin's extended Oliver Twist fashion, at theirs. Poor devil, they are half famished, though they are fed well. Down the hill runs a ditch, twisting and zig-zagging, lined with woven basket work. The trenches! only as remote as remote, one, though on we go through the woods. More troops, great depots of paraphernalia appears - sheds, lumber, coiled wire with long, wicked barbs, chevaux de frise.
More trenches. Then another poste de secours - Glosin Cote. On further, barely squeezing the little car between the trees, all about stretchers, the trenches - unlike the tracks of some army of giant caterpillars. Down in one; cleverly concealed, lies another poste - Les Barreises. Back there to Patoux, we turn again and enter the wood and visit Thivy. Again we do this, and much Fontaine du Père Thibaud - and still again Patte d'oie. I remember a jumbled vision of wood roads, hidden postes and cities of troglo-eyes - and I am to come here in my car at night, without lights; for wonder! - A rifle cracker! - I can feel my flesh creep, and nothing happens. I died apparently never heard of! - (as a matter of fact, it was probably faked away from us - some French soldiers sniping at the German trenches).

We made our way back to Pont and stopped at Les Glycines - the headquarters of our Pont contingent. It is a hideous plasterer, welle set in a little grove, with arms climbing to the eaves and tumbling great masses of yellow bloom over the ugly walls. A driveway curves it to the old tennis courts, now covered by our earshed. There is a marble statue in the middle, surrounded by squawking ducks. Out on the balconies in the back of the house, the men are loafing in the sunshine, waiting
That afternoon I sought out a carpenter for some slight repairs for the car. In the course of our dealings we not only got our repairs made but I became his tenant— for he had a "chambre à loyer" right on the street. This is quite "enregle". Most of the fellows have these palatial lodgings. The standard Dieulouard price is twenty francs a month, and it never varies, regardless of location. So now behold me installed just under the lee of the castle, with one of the corner towers barring eaves from our little court. My fellow tenants across the hall, the one-legged grocer—with his government freezer tacked on his door—keeps his enormous dog there, when it isn't harnessed to the little cart. As for me, I have as real bed, a table, and a stove—not to mention the huge and comfortable portraits of hot water upon the wall and it isn't far to the spring to fill my carafe. Mine host assures me that I shall have fresh sheets, without fail, no less than every three weeks. More than that, he will see that I have them changed the first time at the end of two weeks, again without fail, seeing that the prior tenant (to me unknown) has already slept in the bed one week.

(When I shall be able to scribble more I don't
famous. Orders have just come to us that the entire section leaves tomorrow. We don't know where—perhaps the Somme, where the drive is on; perhaps Champagne, where things may happen; and perhaps back to Berchis. But wherever we go, boys, your daddy will be thinking of you always.

Written at 21 Rue Raymond — Paris — Sept. 24, 1916

The next few days I passed in Dieulourn. Sometimes on duty at the Paris, sometimes training with 127. Sometimes just loafing. When it rained the streets became rivers of mud and your fingers got blue with the child. Often the sun shone Dieulourn produced strange odors in great variety. Children in gingham aprons played diligently in the mud. Stern-looking little youngsters; washerwomen and soldiers in all stages of undress; carelessly washed clothes; in the broom, twisting their paddles on the stone rims. Troops surrounded everywhere in all kinds of uniforms of every shade of blue—their regimental numbers in wool letters on their collars, their service stripes on their left sleeve, their wound stripes on their right. The insignia of rank are confusing. Commissioned officers wore the galon on the cuff—a single straight strip of gold—one for colonel, lieutenant, two for lieutenant—and so on, one being added for each rank through colonel. Generals wear stars. Horses, cows, two galons; red plaut-wise—two woodens for corporal, into great...
first

fod

seigneurs or maréchaux de logis. The latter are usually great swimmers, often wearing red caps and breeches, and hard to distinguish from staff officers. But in these times even as common soldiers is likely to be as man of means.

Headgear of all sorts is worn. The Blue steel helmet and the rakish beret with the Alpine horn are most popular, though one sees berets and foundal peaked fatigue caps, pointed fore and aft. Generally an effort has been made to put as little color as possible on the uniforms and the different branches of service are indicated usually by little tabs of color on the collars.

We are at present attached to the 129th Division under General Gendry. I haven't even found out just what comprises the division—all well-ordered lines of organization having broken down with the demobilization of regiments.

We have several regiments of infantry—both line and charbonnais; field artillery equipped with "canons à gueule"; colonial troops in khaki—from Morocco and Algeria; some cavalry; and the service de santé. Then there are the "genie" (engineers), transport trains and partially with their heavy limbering cannons. The big guns—heavy artillery and fréces de marins—are not permanently with any one division but remain in their emplacements.

It was a source of endless interest to watch these war
Dearest readers (for was nearly every man in the army is a veteran). Often trains of artillery would go by, six horses to each field piece and caisson, the sergeant riding ahead. Long processions of convoys would pass - big gray trucks carrying food and forage up to the trenches. Smart officers on fine mounts rode by often - each followed by his orderly on horseback. Most of the infantry marched together - but often stragglers filed along alone, bent under their jackets, carrying their steps with heavy walking sticks. Though strictly forbidden we usually gave these fellows a lift in our cars. Sometimes their clothes were stained ugly spots, of green and yellow from the gas. They were always courteous in their thanks.

In fact, I haven't found any French soldiers whose attitude was anything but one of warm friendliness. It used to be interesting to watch them gathered in a crowd during the excellent regimental band concerts in the hospital yard, their officers mingling with them. One afternoon we saw a Decoration, the medicos donning a redarme, fuming the cross on the tunic of a dozen men who had been cited for bravery on the field. Nearly all were mechanic-labors.

I grew to know every angle of that hospital court in the duty days there. Sometimes we patronized the little lolly barber in his tiny shed with dire effects on our self esteem, an
we usually emerged like shorn convicts. Sometimes, our peaceful freeways were invaded by the towns-cries, as a caged little owl with a drum. He would beat this with much gratification to himself and having thus commanded his audience would go forth with announcement in stentorian tones. The impact of his summons to the populace always escaped us. One day I was assigned to "tactical duty" and carried a surgeon to Toule, calling him about inside the ambulance in unceasingly at Toule we lost a passenger twice a general joined us, but as well as a few blockades, suffered, though he did declare the voicing marvellous. Another time I got the Belleville assignments and ran back and forth from the surgical hospital to the "hospital de-generations". Long sheds where the wounded were housed and fed until the trains took them south. Then I ingratiated myself with the mansion charge of the stoners and got a new capping belt, and a couple of canvas capers. One afternoon at Dourdonard the trumpet brought us into the street, and above us we counted nine Frenchmen across. We heard afterwards that there had been a bombardment of Metz. Finally I got took one out for another turn around Jezaville. I made as money enough shoving of my ability with the Ford, but got by sufficiently to get the "Post A Morrison assignmemt next day. At noon I went for Dr. Gray, chief of Francisdrink, and with the car loaded full of gifts
and -w可靠性 [Brown and Blauenthal], set out for
Les Glycines. Thereafter spotting out a place for my kit in the
clutter of blankets I established myself in really the hall of
canteenment living. At six o'clock I made the rounds of the
kitchen in Montenivel, and elsewhere, and set out for
Doulouard and Belleville to deliver my blessés and
malades of the hospitals, returning for and excellent dinner
at the hands of Mme. Marionne. A wonderful person is this
lady - always cheerful, no matter how much we look
in her kitchen, she is always first in the fighting -
always first with words of sympathy or pity. Her ducks
and her rabbits are objects of never ending attention. I think
she may suspect the people who use our stable for their
kitchen and there collect huge waterfalls of cattle trough
and coffee which they transport on their roofs - kitchens,
- a sort of triumphant battle affair that keeps the food hot on
the road. Down in our "cave" our abri has been made of
sandbags and railroad iron - a mighty useful place.

Not long ago Andrews took Mrs. Blauenthal on a tour
of inspection of the sections, The Germans chose her
night at Les Glycines for a bombardment of Port-A-Doumois,
and the lady spent most of her time in the abri while
Boche shells exploded in the next square. Over two
hundred fell! - The next morning I went out to do some

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shopping down in the square towards the river, across the railway. Every street crossing was screened. At the tracks the screens were cleverly painted to represent the stations. The openings of the arcades around the square were completely filled with sandbags, and the cobblestones were grass grown, but behind the arches most of the little shops were doing business—especially the butchers' shops. In debris appeared anywhere, though walls and roofs were smashed and battered—and had been for a year and more. As I walked along the firing was incessant, apparently all along the line—but only the regular daily work. I walked on to the river where a sentry stopped, and at the end of the bridge—a temporary wooden cliff ramping the gap. Blown in the stone arches by the French, where the Germans first swept down. I looked across at the other half of Pont a Mousson, with its grant half-timbered houses along the bank, and up the hill to Mousson itself where the bronze maid of Orleans still kept watch from her tower. All that day we had little to do. We even had time for some baseball, Brokenhead and Tison putting over some curves for the edification of the nearby present. That night we were snoozing away when suddenly some wakeful one rang out "There's an arrive, boys!" I heard a screaming whistle that ended in a terrific, rocking crash like the detonation of
a thunderbolt that comes with the flash itself. It was a German shell—a big one—falling near the station. That usually meant the beginning of a bombardment, but this one was fired that night. Instead we suddenly heard the tinkle of the telephone in the abri, and at a moment later the telephonist came shuffling up in his pajamas. "Au revoir, au
Auvergne Saint Pierre!" I had the night call. Governor and
I threw on our clothes fireman-fashion, grabbed up our
overcoats and helmets and ran with tearing ears. I
cranked up while Governor kicked the headboard, and at
moment later we rolled out into the road and leaped
forward on the car took the driver. The night was moon-
lit but northeaster and the street showed faintly. We carried
no lighters. Peering ahead into the dark we sensed rather
than saw shapes of cabbines and houses. At a soft thud
from our whistle, the usually drew aside. A sharp blast
always cleared the way. So we tore off in the Bois le Pretre,
firing began—crackers from the 75s, quick puffing of
machine guns! A star burst suddenly blazed in the sky,
flowing there and shedding a white glare over the hillside.
Then blackness again. A piece of woodly swallowed
us, throwing back the whip of our pantaloon from crowded
tree trunks. Somewhere near the crashes of a big gun
split the night as we came again into the open. A dark
bulb loomed ahead - the auberge. We stopped and turned.
out of a black hole a stretcher is borne. The steel forms one
showing dimly in the lantern-light, half-blanketed, half-bandaged.
There are red splashes on the white. The stretcher is slid in
gently, the tail-board fastened up. "Graveinen! Blessed! A
Belleville, vitez!" a brave-rather whispery. Back we
go faster this time tearing through a village street
and under blank tree branches - on through Dicoulevard
and Belleville. A red light is burning over the doorway
of the hospital as we pull up. A couple of stretcher-bearers
come up. The stretcher is lifted out and set upon
the ground. He has not moved - our Blessed. The head lies
turned as little. One hand hangs limp. The hair is
matted, the jaws unshaven. Even in the red camp glow
the face is ghastly with a greenish tinge. A surgeon comes
out of his room,umberland his belt. At a word the
stretcher is carried inside under the glare of light. The
surgeon kneels, feels the limb, the wrist, turns back an eye-
lid, then stands up: "Front!" - Gone, poor fellows! Three
mitrailleuse bullets through him! - An orderly reads the
numbers on the little dice chained to the wrist and covers
the face.

Last night I went an aracreage with
Magneau on his call to Thury. It was almost still in the
woods with soft moonlight planting through the trees.
had been a considerable amount of firing late in the afternoon at about five o'clock. We had gone up to the balcony on the third floor of Les Gleyeuses and watched the black smoke of the burning wheel—probably a mill-wheel—rising mournfully after the sound struck us. It seemed to be all of the front of THING. But Braguere and I found only one "malade." That evening, as I went through Dieulefonds with my classics, I found the whole section out in the street, around Andrews, who had just arrived on a round of arrests. That evening he dined with us at Les Gleyeuses, bringing with him the Due de Clermont-Tonnere and the army photographers. We had an elaborate dinner for several courses—off of one plate—and were very swanky. The next morning the photographers were escorted to several fronts. He evidently did not relish his job and requested frequently to be informed, to the exact locations of the Boches. At noon our guests left, and I started on a walk that I had been anxiously to make for several days into the trenches of the Bois le Pitié. It was very warm and my casque got very heavy before I had tramped half way to Pitau. I stopped a while by the little cemetery on the slope below the little hut of the poste—hundreds of lous wooden crosses hung with the strange, deadwork of the French—and in the centre the rough brown Croix
Archives of the American Field Service and AFS Intercultural Programs

Cler's Farmes - the cross of the Carmelites - bearing the words "To The Heroes of the Bois Le Prat." I entered the wood thus, walking a long way along the quiet wood. Soon, thought, I came to a little city of huts in the wood - low wooden sheds grouped about a concrete tank where a stream splashed. Soldiers were yelling about half-dressed, resting after their turn in the trenches. Further on I came to an abandoned group of dugouts - mere kennels underground - usually in the roots of some forest tree - black holes barely large enough to crawl into, with an earthen ledge and a few wreaths of rotten straw. Here the road was screened with wattle-work. Big pits alongside showed where shells had fallen. Suddenly the road ended. Beyond spread a desolate waste of blasted trees - gaunt, shorn of branches, shattered. Tangles of barbed wire showed near the ground. The earth was torn. Beside me, almost underfoot, was the roof of the Forte de recours of Thivy - hidden in the trenches, its roof cleverly covered with stones and branchies. The sleeping entrances to the trenches dropped away from each side of the road. I went down into the Forte - a little black rooms opening off of the trenches, roofed with layers of railroad iron and concrete slabs. A group of brancardiers were leaning against the
brown earth walls of the entrance,聊天. Inside in the darkness a flickering candle showed two or three bunkers, a table, a few stretchers. Trenches led away at confusing angles, some roofed over, all numbered and posted like roadways. Gratings of wooden plates were laid along the bottom - convenient now but of small use when the water and mud were waist-deep. A corporal of brave oldiers offered to pilot one out toward the front trenches. I was eager to go, for several of the boys had gone it. Imaginings penetrating even to a poet's diorama in front of the first line only thirty meters from the Germans, we tramped through a maze of 'boyaux' - connecting trenches - twisting and zig-zagging in seemingly haphazard fashion, but designed with careful skill. Here and there a narrow opening dropped into a black abri. Roof holes were set in offsets so that defenders could send a saluting fire down the boyau. The walls were so close that they grazed your shoulders. The upper edge was about two feet above your head. At one turn I climbed a step ladder affair and took a hasty peep into the wire entanglement ahead. We went on a little further through the twisting passages - but it seemed miles to me. Just ahead lay that first line trenches and...
beyond it that No Man's Land where once stood the Croix des Carmes. All through the bitter fight of the Summers of 1915 it stood in the blast of shell and shrapnel and rifle fire between the trenches. Then in a sweeping rush the French took it— their pilgrim cross—and set it up in the acre of their dead behind the poste of Beton. Before we got to that first line a crash and a roar and up she went and shook the ground about us. A enfilade! With equal suddenness we stopped in our tracks. I'll admit a very purposeful desire to turn and run possessed me. My corporal, however, went on a few steps with what seemed to me nothing short of suicidal intent. A second later another crash followed. Again we stopped. The narrow ditches that before had looked so safe now seemed to yawn and widens to catch German enfilades. My brave cardiers suddenly remembered that it was strictly forbidden to enter the trenches as he was— without his helmet. If he had said without his rifle that I should have found nothing to grumble over in his remarks. We turned and made a dignified but determined exit. I had lost all curiosity regarding the poste d'ecoute. While I stood chattering again at thing more of those
hellish tubercles fell into the trenches up ahead, belching great columns of black and yellow smoke into the air. I found the place too warm for comfort and went back to Petrus. From there I went to Fontaine du Perre Melanion - a little valley that once must have been the sweetest spot in the whole wood, but nows tuns and dugs with yellow trenches lines. Down at the bottom stands Melanion's little tile roofed house with its spring of gushing water. Here was the fighting of last summer (1915) by their understanding the French and Germans came at different hours, sharing the waters, until the French army drove their lines ahead and took the spring. The commandiers at the first told me that hundreds of dead lay buried on the hillside. They were more interested, however, in the capture of as sickly kitten on the roof of the poste than in the history of the war. They exhibited their chewed boots and knapsacks and reviled the huge camp rats. They assured me that they needed the kitten to protect their accoutrements. The shelling of theCarl was somewhat marred by the discharge of a battery of French 90's on the hill above us. There was something horribly fascinating in the rhythmic swish of the shells overhead. We judged the direction was against some
Germania position fronting Moorsom. Leaving my cats
hunters still after their prey I again went back to
Petain and from there, took the road to Patte d'ore,
threading through Montaumouile. It was not wise to leave
the main roads on these tramps as the French officers
do not like it. On several occasions the boys have been
arrested for "smuggling," but have always got away with
a good natured admonition from the maskers officers. At
Patte d'ore I went with another reconnoiters - these
fellows are nearly always accompanying us to
the second line. He said that every afternoon between
five and six the Germans had been putting crapouikets
into the first trenches and it was then five o'clock. We
got over some very broken rocky ground between
lines of trenches until we came through a thin
fringe of trees on the edge of a cliff. As groups of
boucaniers were having sipping in the ruined
foundations of a farms house, making a great clatter
and laughing. The day before it had fairly ruined
crapouiket's there at that house. As young sergeant
came forward and led us around a field of rock
to where a brass cylinders lay with its nose half
buried in the gravel - a crapouillet that had fallen
that morning without exploding but which nevertheless
was receiving plenty of respect. Turning into a little
drift-like tunnel in a small fortification, the sergeant
showed me his trench-mortars, a small brown iron
tube only about two feet long pitched at forty-five
degrees. He put a tentilla in it—a smallish affair of
a cylinder with a stem that went down the muzzle
of the mortar leaving the big part with its charge of
ludite projecting outside. Three balancing wings slided
backwards. The projectile is fired with the explosion
of a sack of powders in the mortar and bursts with
a time fuse. It is even more effective than the
more cumbersome, erauloid of the Germans, but
both are frightfully deadly. The range is only about
350 yards, and they go rather indefinitely as to aim.
But they can tear a trench to pieces if they fall in
it. (The hand-grenades are used by both sides, dozens
of them being pitched over at once by squads. Many
wounds are received by the men in practice, usually
by holding the little iron ball too long after hitting
the igniting spring, we heard these going off in the
trenches at Paute d’Oie.) On my way down the hill
to Montuverne I passed unknowingly alongside
a battery of “soixante-quinze” in a little grove
with the suddenness of a lightning bolt as piece.
cracked, the concussion beating against the air like a physical blow, the departing shell whining like a gigantic golf ball. Again and again the pink flashes shot out from the trees, and the helmeted soldiers flooding up the hill to their might in the trenches, moaned and said "Carraa!" They love the 75's. That ought I got another call to the ambulance — another mitrailleused foible but not seriously wounded. I got him to Belleville, comfortably and then jogged back to Lesselysies in the moonlight, meeting only the sentinels at the cantonment gates and passing them with the word "Ambulance!"

Written at Ettercours, Sept. 29, 1916.

The next day I returned to Dieulouard. There I heard of the interrupted bathing party. It was a habit of some of the boys to go for an afternoon swim in the Sevrille. This time they had barely got into the waters with their customary disregard for style in bathing costumes when a Boche plane appeared almost over them. The French 75's promptly let go and short shrapnel balls fell slopping into the water. Everybody took to the bushes and for a few minutes it looked like a Bacchic revel. On the following day after changing my mufflers which had blown off and made odd 127 sound like a charging mitrailleuse I walked up alone.
on the Bois du Cate, and sat on the edge of the high rock that overhangs the valley there. I could look far down the Morelle valley past the hill of Monceau towards Matz, the rivers as glowing ribbons of silvers under the skies; on the banks, the hills all marked in squares of green and brown with the little brown towns appearing and fading as the cloud shadows passed. Along the white road below me, artillery trains and retreating convoys passed, and soldiers ranged the hillsides whistling to beg answering trenches' dogs. I could look into the German territory just now the line runs from the coast near Dunkerque, where the English's troops are gaining ground, across France, along the Somme and through Champagne into the Argonne forest. There the line forms the famous Verdun salient, bending southeast at the famous fortress down to St. Mihiel, held by the Germans, thence northeast again to Pont a Mousson, and then taking a southeasterly course through part of Germany to the Swiss border. This is the so-called western front which has suffered little change since the armies dug themselves in after the Battle of the Marne. After the three ensuing German armies, crushing their way to Paris through Belgium, Luxembourg and western France, were hurled back in September, 1914, there was a continuation of the subjugation of Belgium.
The English tried an unsuccessful drive. There was deadly fighting in the Argonne, and terrific slaughters in the Bois de Princé in 1915. Little advantage was gained by either side. The greatest activity centred in the east—the Russian retreat and recovery, the English checkers in the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia and Egypt, the landing of the allies at Salonika, and the entry of Italy into the war. Suddenly in February the Germans threw their hosts against Verdun. For eight months the greatest battle of the world had raged there. And in midsummer came the splendid drive of the English, planned by their dead Kitchener's army, and a few weeks later the whirlwind onslaught of the French on the Somme. So the war stands today.

That night I slept in my clothes in the cantonment on night duty—but I might have been comfortably at home under the carpenter's roof, for no callers came.

Written at Etaples, Sept. 30, 1916

Next day was a quiet one—that is, so far as work was concerned only, for it was rarely quiet in Flanders with the thundering of the guns, forever sounding just over the Forest de Pauvrelles or borne from some more distant point in the hows by the wind or cloud-echo. Sometimes we thought we could hear the big shells at Verdun. There are two phases of gun-fire—one the "clapback," the discharge...
of the propelling charge - the others the "arrive", the explosion of the shell itself. Then, there is the whistle of the shell in the air. The sound of the different explosions is easily distinguishable to a trained ear. Artillerymen can tell the size of the guns by the sound - the 75, 90, 120, 155, 220, 380, 400, and even bigger guns. The Germans and Austrians have sizes approximately the same as these. Of course we hear 75's at the coutch. They have a quick detonation. The bigger ones roar. The rifle-gives a sharp crack. The machine gun in the distance sounds like a small cylinder motor boat. Grenades go off like packs of giant fire-crackers. But a cratellist sounds as though the world had blown up. Of course the range of the big guns is almost unbelievable. 25 miles and more; and the big "shells" (shells) weigh over a ton and are as tall as a man. I am told, though I never have seen one. Just below the rock of the Bois & Cuite a big emplacement is being built for a huge marine gun that can Batter Metz, but no one is allowed near. It is difficult to see such things. One day on a walk to Jezanville I was turned back by a sentry and not allowed to see even hand grenade practice. Some of the boys buy souvenirs grenades and shells.
from the soldiers, and there is always the unceasing possibility that they may still be looted. We have ordered several from the cantonment. Kept day I was on Belleville duty and missed the arrival of John Marshfield, the poet. He spent the night at Pont a Mousson, and the Boches entertained him with a bombardment, dropping about two thousand shells.

He spent the greater part of his time on the abse of less glycerin. On a Sunday, following, Semant, Tison, Brackenmiller Clark, and I walked to Guercourt along the road with the old bombardment signs - "Route Marmitis" etc. giving minute directions as to walking in groups and the distance to be kept between vehicles. We passed through hop fields with their forests of poles into the little village, and there saw old Garby, our general of division, standing in the street, bearing the plumes of the soldiers that flocked about him. On the way home we counted four German balloons, over the lines, probably getting artillery ranges.

On Monday I heard my first real military music. A regimental band marched through, masked with trumpetets and drummers - all brave cuirassiers. At a signal, the trumpeters held their tasseled trumpets above their heads, wheeled them, and then blew a call.
The drums roared, and there all the brass crashed into a march. It seemed too bad that music no longer has a place in war. I needed cheering up. I had just suffered the agony of carrying a case of munitions to Belleville and poor old 127 was called up with a disinfecting force going in lieu. We were all groaning restive with the inactivity. Rumors came now and then of a possible change. The Somme, Champagne - or even Soissons - no one knew, and we had settled into gloomy resignation when one night we suddenly received orders to pack up. The whole section was going to Bessieres. Rotation morning, September 20, we were up early, strapping blanket roles, stuffing backpacks and loading our cars with all the supplies of the section. One carried tires, another meat. I had the office records, the cargoes and marks. At breakfast Hill assigned us our places by number in the convoy line. The line was to start ahead in bus Berhet arranging for meals. Hill was to lead us in his staff car. We ambulances were to follow at intervals of 30 meters, followed by the tool car, and lastly Fenton driving the Hotchkiss repair car. The ravitaillement column was to lumber along as best it could. By eleven o'clock we were lined up with most of Boulevard looking on, when
who dashed a military demeanour, out of it climbed a seat garbed in his muddy loafer overcoat, old carriage and cartouche belt; his little cuff stars alone showing his general's rank. Calling us about him he started to make a little farewell speech, his voice broke, thought, and he only said "young men, I wish for my sake you were not going. - Please think of me not as your general but your friend - you went through Berlin with me. - Now I want to shake hands with each one of you." And with tears streaming down his fine old face he clapped in front of us, giving us each a hand clasp. We stood at salute as we drove away. With him on the front seat was a Russian who had just escaped from the Germans. Two blasts of Nick's whistle gave the signal to crank up, one to start, and we were off. We wound away through Toul and its forties, up hills and down by little streams, through villages where the people pushed out to see the show, all afternoon until we rolled into Bitry-le-François. It was an unusual sight - that long string of gray cars, especially on the reverse curves of hills where you could see the line of red crosses in front of you and behind you as you made the turn. At Bitry we found three
rooms available, so most of us slept in our cars, and it wasn't such bad sleeping as that, even though the neighbors were unduly inquisitive. I understood Dr. Wad's remark as to having "no more privacy than a gold-fish" kept in a tank at five-thirty we were up, dressing in the street—such as we did—and off we swung again breakfastless. When one snow fell out Fenton received him, and we stopped occasionally to make a fire. We were following the battle line of the Marne, and the rising sun-rays fell on the little flags in the fields, set upon groups of graves with wooden crosses. At Ferne Champaign we had coffee, and at Tourneau we had luncheon, eating like wolves. It was a wonderful ride, and I often looked away from Jackson's care rolling ahead of me to the fleeting panoply of grain fields and bulging stacks, white walled houses with high-pitched red-tiled roofs, all moss-grown, and distant swaths of hill and forest. Often we ran through old medieval gates and down long avenues of trees, passing teams of sturdy homewm horses and herds of cattle tended by old women. Farm buildings, like fortresses, built around wide courts, stood close by the road. And
everwhere were soldiers. We passed soldiers, Boche prisoners working in the fields in vigorless capes with red bands, green uniforms, and knee boots. They stared at us and so did their French sentry standing guard among the sheevers with bayonets fixed. In the middle of the afternoon we hit cobblestaved pavement. We skint the southern limits of Paris, fast huge hangars of various colors that could have housed thousands of aeroplanes; and at half past four pulled into Versailles. We stopped in the street while Nick and the Giant went ahead. In an hour they returned. "Sleep tonight at Rue Raynunned! The section goes to Solange!" That night I was back in the chateau, having left 127 at the Park after swinging past the palace at Versailles and through a vast array of giant ambulances there. They looked like giants beside our little Fords. But those little Fords were veterans, home from the Boar's and Berdum.


Next morning we went to the Park (Bellevue) where we had left the cars. Some were driven back to the wood of the Parry chateau, but poor old 127 went to the grave-yard. Poor old boat! I hated to give her up. That afternoon I did some shopping, and in the evening...
Clarke, Hector, and I went into a vaudeville at the Alhambra. Everyone during the day had been all agitated over the plans. It was of course as compliment to the section to be chosen for the foreign service; but it meant a readjustment for six months from the landing at Salonique, with probably a five weeks' voyage and no chance of returning before the end of the term, no matter what the necessity might be. I wanted to go, for I hated to leave Section 3, and the experience of a foreign campaign would have been different from anything else in the war. But I could not think of cutting myself off from you youngsters. That was my real reason for tiring. Well, I could not go. My reason must be where I can get to you. I can do that now—and the thought helps, just how much I don't believe you'll ever know, old-timers! Besides, I didn't come here for just excitement alone. It would have been absolutely without justification to have done that; and since I am here on the western front, I shan't back occupation. But I should have liked to go with the section, just the same. — On Sunday I got my kit in order (it seems to need constant overhauling)—for I knew I shouldn't be idle long in Paris. In the afternoon I (6/7)
had tea with my old friend, Mrs. Morris, and spent a very
pleasant hour chatting over old days. That morning
several of us went to Delhiers to get some of the new
cars for the Salonique explications. We had hardly reached
there when the news came of the death of one of the
men in Section 4 the night before - Kelly, the newest
member of the Ambulance, killed by a shell near
Berdjew. Sanders, with him on the cars, was reported
dying. It was pretty sobering - that sudden death.
Poor fellow, he had been in the field just six days!

The second man in all the Ambulance to go following
Richard Hall, dead in the busiest. When we got back
to Paris Galati, me about with my orders - to join
Section 4 next day. I hurried into Paris for
more money and a good meal. Watkins joining
me. Jea morning early we were on the train bound
for Bar-le-Duc - Watkins, Tison, and I - three of
us who could not go to Salonique and were now
scattering to different sections. It was just a
month to the day, the 26th, since I went over the
same road to join 13. At Bar-le-Duc Tison and
I said good-bye to Watkins who continued on to
France. At the station we met men from Sections 1
and 2. They had just seen poor Kelly buried and were
very lovely, while they had lunch. Furious and I joked about the town. It bore a racket of aerial bombardments, especially about the station. Saying good-bye to Furious, I joined a man from 2 who was to drive me at 2 p.m. and we took his chauffeur car out from Bar upon the famous road to Verdun. Wide, white, and dusty it soared before us off through the bare hills. It was this new highway, and the army of camions that sped over it, that held the great fortress safe all through these months since February while the Germans crossed flows back our soldiers by the thousands against it unwaveringly. Every approach by railroad was cut off. But the rear-advanced went up to the city daily. When I saw it the great moosewood woods were almost empty. Verdun will never fall. My pilot was a speed-friend and our little car increased and leaped. We turned off to the left from the verdun road. Suddenly we flashed through the brush of a bombarded village-razed walls and rubbish heaps; off to the west a series of low wooded slopes lay happy in the afternoon sunlight—the forest of the Argonne. While I looked a column of black smoke shot up—a mine!—so far away we could not even hear
it! on we flew. Another shattered village – Tificourt.
we came to a little hillocks in a green hillside, turned
through as rustic gateway, and stopped in the camp
of Section 4: 


It was a strange place – their camp. Running along
the hillside and built against it was a wattle-wood
structure built in two terraces – about a hundred
yards long. Wattle doors opened every few feet along
the terraces. Down below on a parking place of
crushed stone, the ambulances stretched in a long
line with the regulations took cars, sketches, and
commissary. A half completed wattle shed served as
garage. At the far end of the lower terrace the kitchen
sent up its smoke. Blankets were hung on the terrace
railings, running. Men were working about the cars
or looking in and out of the wattle rooms. The whole
affairs had been built some time before by Boche
prisoners. Three men are billeted to each room. I
grew in with Russell and O'Vehmer, taking Sanders'
place. I found the little cubby easily fitted up with
three iron camp beds, rough tables, bookcases, shelves
and lanterns. The floor was earth, partly covered with
crushed stone, and easy tents were stretched over the
tong walls and roof. Over our door was a curb shell. Our neighbors on the right bear the sign "Tumble Inn." Balancing this apartment is another marked "All In." I met there, the sous chef and was introduced to the mesn in camp at the time. Others returned from ruin in time for dinner. Served off a table of undressed boarding in a large workroom on the drum light of two small lamps. The food was excellent. The Credit-Turinshaw - a middle-aged man, ate at a small table with Terry (chef de la section), the marshal de logis and the clerk. As a subtle distinction somewhat difficult to define. The talk was all of Kelly and Saunders. Kelly had been buried that afternoon at the little village of Berenourt. After dinner Wallace, one of the gendarmerie, took me into Tumble Inn and read one his diary entry telling the story of Kelly's death. Saunders and Kelly an orderly had the Marshal assignment on Sunday night. It is a porte de secours in a bombarded village every near Berenourt. Their car had just reached the farthest barrier of the village in total darkness when a high explosive shell hit right in front of it. The salute struck the car - (I had just seen it in the garage) - piercing the radiator and fender, shattering the wheel and tearing a hole in the front of
On the way to the ambulance-body. Kelly was instantly killed, his head blown to pieces. Sanders too was struck in the head but fell. His cry for help brought the Beaucairens, who took him into another abri. Guehrs, on duty at the porte de recours, left his abri, facing more shell-fire and also mitrailleuse which the Bechec had opened at the sound of Sanders' cries and brought in Kelly's body with the help of what few Beaucairens dared go with him. Later he brought Kelly's body and Sanders, desperately wounded, back to the hospital near here. Kelly was buried with honor, his croix de guerre being carried to his grave. Sanders hopefully will recover. He had been moved to finishing of course there was a feeling of deep sadness through the section but I found the men very cordial and ready to make me feel at home. There are several men older than I, and also many younger men, who have come out since I joined the field, so I do not feel conspicuous and hope to slide into my place quietly. I immediately got on excellent terms with my "Guthries" in a defensive alliance against the others denizens of our "winkel". I had hardly settled in Sanders' bed when a great squeaking and rustling
began in the turgor of the wall, room followed by swiftly
pouring over the floor. Finally a large rat ran right
over me on the bed. - C'est la guerre! - I kept morning
I got comfortable, and in the afternoon joined Ades
as his orderly on his afternoon evacuation service
at Clair Chene. We took a long run to Ballancourt
and Rampon, beyond which the hospital lies - a
group of long sheds on an hillside. From different
sections it works the services out in the left (west)
Bank of the Meuse. The "rubes" are exceptionally long,
often jocket duty of 12 to 24 hours. This day we
went over excellent macadam roads through a war-
country with scenes wholly new to me. I no longer
saw the sweet green hills of the Morelle valley. Instead
the hills were almost barren - treesless bare and
browned by the passing of massed troops. Long trains
of cavalry horses could be seen winding over them.
Whole regiments were on the march. Artillery trains of
extraordinary lengths almost blocked the roads. Both
prisoners labored on the macadam. Black Senegalise
squatted beside the road in blue uniforms, with barrel
and turban, cracking stones. Hospitals spread their
buildings in neat compounds right on ploughed fields
that munition depots and aviation hangars could
be seen. Nearly every building was of wood. In the
villages nearly all stone structures had fallen under
the rain of shell fire. Roofs were camouflaged with
blotchy coloring, and the huge cannons and
commandeered Parisian turreted guns had been similarly
painted for concealment and disguise. Gun fire
was only a distant grumbling, but cannon fired
overhead incessantly. Fiery and then an eagle sang out.
All was constant movement—clouds of blue moving
on fields of brown—war, grim, calculated, relentless.
Allen and I made repeated trips between
Hospital 15/3 (Clair Chene) and H. O. E. (Hospital
of Observation and Evacuation) at Sadelaincourt,
carrying loads of mandalins. Allen is a reliable
youngster, the "Kid" who astonished Will Drum
and figures prominently in his recent article in
the Saturday Evening Post. At dinner that night
I had car 184 assigned me. We also heard the
good news that Sanders would recover and that
that day had received the medal of a military officer—
the highest honor of a French soldier. Much to my
gratification, Eric Fowler came in from duty that
evening—dirty and happy. I was awfully glad
to see him again. The next day was a drizzly one.
and our water works leaked. However, I was busy that day grooming my car and next day too—under the directions of Timbaleau, our new crossing crew and my old motion mate in 3. We had plenty to do—putting in a new spring and wheel bearing and scraping carbon. The engine has good power and the car is in better shape and a later model than old 127. Furthermore a brancardier cleans the body daily—protecting us from much of the exposure to infection from our bêtes ("bêtes" we call them). On Saturday I was posted for afternoon duty at 15/8. The mind was knee deep, and I churned about from one group of buildings to another, transporting my modern passengers. On Sunday I got the night duty at Claus Cherokee (15/8). I spent the night on a cot in the stuffy "salle d’attente" waiting call. Sleepy orderlies lay knowing on brancardiers' floor and their soldiers in marching line came bumping in. At three I was called by Purrell, in from a poste with a load of birds. The men were ticketed (one was inoculated) and I loaded them in and ran down to the 14° E. Yesterday, Monday, I was assigned an orderly to Davis on the Marine run. We left in a driving rain, in rubber
coats and carques. We carried no lights and it was growing dark as we turned off the great Serdun road and climbed up among the hills. We rolled into Flommereville and joined our two freight cars there while we loaded on ravitaillement for Marre at the door of the sand-bagged abri. Then on we went in the dark towards the Mont Rommel. Guns flashed and the reflection played on the clouds like an aurora. Flares flared. Batteries crashed now and again about us, answered by some heavy piece beyond the Meuse. We climbed behind Fort Charmy that overhangs Serdun but we could just see the town in the engulfing black. The road was rough from previous shelling. At last we rounded Charmy corner and sped on toward Marre paralleling the German lines by about 400 yards. I thrilled my whistle very softly to warn the struggling, lonely soldiers, Daviz, watching the roadway for shell-holes as well as the faint ghostly light permitted. The French front trenches were only 50 yards away. Running as for several kilometers we felt building's ahead. A shell just grazed a French shell-hole. Then we entered Marre—midnight black—crawling through the narrow opening in the first barrier.
where poor Kelly fell. Two more we passed. A clink of glass showed. We turned and stopped at the aber, though I could see nothing. Dims forms appeared we took out our provisions and followed the barricaders down a flight of steps concealed behind a blanketed doorway. We were in the cellar - the aber - timbered and shored up heavily. Two adjutants and a sergeant were drama in the second. A little room. We joined them and had our earned supper. Soldiers and officers appeared now and then from dim passageways. Davids and I turned in on a bunk under shelves of bandages. Outside the batteries crashed. Two shells fell in the street above us, splitting the trees and jarring our walls. Toward midnight the firing died away. We waked several times, getting up once and running the engine. No calls came in. An orderly wakened us at four thirty and we put on our coats and went up into the street. Dawn was just beginning faintly. Torn and blackened walls rose about us. The rain fell steadily. With two maladors aboard we started. An orderly sat beside me. I had come out with a lighted cigarette. As we got under way he motioned to me to hide it, pointing
significantly across the fields: "Les Boeufs!"
Further on, a farm rose out of the ground by the roadside. We stopped at a door, began and took on two more rich men who emerged from a sub-
terranean porte de secours. We shed along to Flincourseville, reported there, and then by way of Pontcourt and Badalancourt, reached our
watered cantonments and breakfast.

There, bottled, we have caught up with the
story. I know I have said this crudely, writing
it in my ambulance, in the woods, in ray-light,
in a chateau and castle and in my little huts; or
on my trunk by the light of a stable lanterns. I'm
just talking to you. As I write, just as I am
thinking of you and wanting you and--loving you

Hastecourt. October 6, 1916. I am beginning to get shaken
down into the works. Day before yesterday I got the night
assignment at Claire Cendre. It was a nasty night outside
with freezing cold knee-deep. I tried to write letters in
the salle d'attente, but the cars from 1116 272 brought
in some snipers and I had to pull out. I unloaded
my pack at 14.0.8. and returned to find my best
blanket missing. I stole around among the brandishes.
and beds with my flashlight, hunting for the missing fellows. But finally located. I tracked them up, as a forté over one of the doctor's doors. "Sweet are the uses of adversity!" yesterday was a miserable drizzling day. I drove home at noon to a softing cannon and found myself billeted at a farmhouse, orderly on the special cars. After dinner, we left for Flandersville, turning off lights just beyond Boiscourt. We passed several companies of troops silently marching up to the trenches. Black moving shadows marched together in the night. At Flandersville, we went deep into the abri. The murky smell there is sickening.

I bashed my casque repeatedly against the beams. Boiling and Morris were on duty. We stood ready to relieve the pressure there, at Marne, or at Hill 272, but were not called. Instead, everyone, including machine guns, telephones, medics, and conductors turned in on blanket-tied blankets. I tried a bench for a time, but

found drowsing in a chair preferable, and so slept the night. Wallace and Paul came in from 272 with a load, and toward morning, Gough and Tinkham stepped in on the way from Marne. That let us out, so we started for home. I slept all morning after a soggy breakfast out of the fireless cooker kept in readiness.

(Handwritten text on a page with visible wear and tear.)
for the return of the night prowlers. This afternoon the sunshine brought us out of our holes like tray's after a
shower, and I improved the opportunity to saw my clothes in an effort to get the future-like taint of the
alpin off them. I am first call on general call and am
now sitting on the job. We are rejoicing in the advent
of a new cook who so far has made good use of our
kitchenette—an admirably arranged affairs that is a
trailer on the big white truck when we go on convoy.
It and the truck arrived only a few days ago. The
white will be very useful in carrying away the
will take eighteen and relieve the Fords of much evacuation
work. We now have an improving array of motor:
lined wth—22 Ford ambulances, 2 Ford tool cars, the
hoteletters repair cars, the big cannon, the white truck,
the kitchenette, the Ford staff cars and the Lieut's car.
We are pay on drivers, but the place seems to swarm
with French soldiers billeted as kitchen help, brigadiers,
and telephonists. There is the Lieut. himself; Delamoy, the
maréchal de logis; Delecourt, the clerk; the brigadiers in
charge of the auto supplies; Andre, the mechanic;
the Lieute! chauffeurs; three cooks; another brigadier; a barning
and another man in charge of the cannon. As French
soldiers pay is five sous a day, and we receive the
same. In section 3 it was the custom to turn this on our rations, regular rations supplemented by the Ambulance. Here we go for their envy for the first time with infinite promptitude and spread them monthly francs and a half in victuals, living on chocolate and Petit Beurre biscuits.

October 11, 1916. After writing this last entry I was just about to turn in when a call came for the first car out. Begelow had broken down on the way to France. So I rolled out for Flommerville to take the place of the supplementary car which had gone out to replace Begelow. I met him returning with a cracked wheel. There was considerable traffic out on the roads, rations camions, some 7.5's, and several companies of infantry. After passing through the ammunition camps with its great stacks of shells I dipped down the hill around the French farm and into the open stretch of hills where the fusées finish places. There seemed to be more than the usual amount of demilitarized firing. As I swung around the last corners and took the off road to Flommerville I met a body of infantry. They gave me the road. Just as I passed them a shell burst in the field alongside us with a deafening crash. (I saw the hole next morning.) I parked us front of the
a bridge at Frommerville and joined the group about the lettered table in the amiable place. Soon I made up my bed on the floor between two of the crowded rows of cypress posts and got a good sleep. Returning next morning with Dell, who had gone out as Bigelow's orderly, I found myself posted as regular frequent for that day at Frommerville. I had just time to fill up my car and go back to my old haunt—this time for twenty-four hours. The weather was abominable—thick rainy drizzle dripping from a lead colored sky and grey liquid mud spurting from the wheels; whereas the cool abri was preferable to the car. I found the same old groups—the clerk and the telephonist under the flickering electric light, and Russell, who was to share my watch. This time I made a narrow bed on a table above the saloon. DRIFTING brancardiers came and went, and occasionally a medicus looked in. Now and then the telephone jingled fitfully. A yellow cat dog went scuttling about the shadowy corners at dusk. Russell and I splashed up a striking alleyway to a room in a cottage where the drivers officers were at table. We had a splendid dinner, though the eatability of our companions and their capability made it anything but a peaceful meal. Nearly all were
adjutants - a rank unknown in America - and served as medical workers. One little chap, Goyard, was a medical auxiliary. He spoke excellent English. As usual, no
materiel was supplied, and there was a great deal of
frank cleaning of plates, with bets of bread between
courses. Rough bunkers were built against the walls;
surgical dressings in neat rolls were folded up with
serve. Bets, - congress and beggings - stashes of dried
vegetables hung from the smoke of cooking over the
wall oven. The soldiers' cook, dodging in and out from
the kitchen, joined freely in the huddle of talk, serving
crush fried potatoes from the platters with his stubby
fingers. That evening Goode and Bigelow joined us with
the supplementary care, and later the crews of the marine
and three cars looked in on their way to their ports. With
a final look at the three little forts standing alone in the
grim blackness of the deserted street we all turned in.
Next day dragged along wearily without a single call.
I went out between drizzles and walked up to the
church that stands on a little rise of ground on the
edge of the village. Old tombstones clustered close against
the grey stone walls, but in a new square of ground
new graves have been made - long rows of freshly
turned earth, each marked with the symbolic cross of
wood, and hung with an ornate wreath of hickory glass.'headwork', marked "From the Colonel and Officers of
Such and Such Regiment." The night inside the church
is red and even terrible. A shell has torn a gaping
hole in the roof of the nave, through which shattered
timbers hang, dripping moisture upon the pews and
rotted floor. Broken plaster is strewn everywhere
from the wrecked altar to the pews, nearly every
window is broken except one - seems all are listening
to the angel's voices. While I stood there, the jar of a
big gun in the distance loosened still more of the
plastering which fell in little jets of dust. The rest
of the clay I bolstered up and out of the rooms of the
pastor, through which the air of dust on the street.
Soldiers came and went or huddled miserably in
their sodden clothing about the tiny store. Some came
for treatment and stood about half dressed while the
physicians joked and prodded. One half naked fellows
lay stretched on his stomach on a branchard while
the red whiskered attendant "cupped" him. It was
rather a hideous sight. A bit of alcohol-soaked cotton
was dropped into a glass bulb and lighted, and the
bulb then clapped on the bare flesh. The cotton burned
with a puff, creating a vacuum, and the red flesh
Hopped up like a bubble into the bulle, holding if there, dearly a dozen of these backs-like affairs were stuck on the poor devil. Finally our two relief cars arrived and we jogged home at four o'clock.

Our work on this sector covers a wide area. The two advanced posts are Marre and the famous Hill 272. A car carrying two men is at each of these every night, going up by way of Flomerenceville. Two picket cars with one man each are on duty at Flomerenceville for 24 hours. A supplementary car with two men stays every night at Flomerenceville to replace any of these four. From these posts the wounded or sick are carried to hospital 15/8 (Drumke Road) where they are "ported" and assigned to the various line hospitals. The cars stand by on call 24 hours all night, one all day, and two thirds all afternoon, doing evacuation work usually to the big H.O. E. at Echelles court. Three cars are also on call at camp. The runs are very long, from 30 to 40 kilometers, and nearly all are made at night. Section 4 has been on this work for four months. Before that they were at Tour. It is a younger section than 1, 2, or 3, having been out only since November, 1915, but its work in this Verdun fight has been without let-up. Leaving Paris for late November they did evacuation work for several weeks at
Barresuere, going from there to Toucy at about the first of
1916. Perry was made chef de la section in March. On June
11 the section camped in Hecquecourt with the 64th division
of the 31st corps of the 2nd army. For a while all the
beginning of the work the 65th replaced the 64th division
on rephorn since the organization of Sec. 4, two new sections,8
and 9, have been recruited and put in the field. Daily things
happen in camps to keep up new interest. One day from Kelly's
camp came word brought in, pierced through a garrison relief.
Another day at Pinehov Perry opened an letter and read about
Deer's citation for bravery under fire to make the
run from Frommerville to Maree in daylight. He did it and
brought back a dangerously wounded sergeant; winning the
Cross de Guerre. One morning just after breakfast we saw
splitting fusillade brought us running out upon the
terrace. For a few minutes we thought a new battery had
been installed on the hill facing us, but we discovered
it was a group of privates engaging in grenade practice.
That afternoon Finkham and \( I \) went up to investigate.
We found a section of zig zags trenches and boyaux in
the field and beyond these shallow ditches dug to
represent enemy trenches. The ground was pitted with
holes about the size of a hat and fragments of iron shrap
were strewn about. Today \( I \) stole up again during
practice. The men would be handed grenades and would then go down into the trenches. At a signal from the officers standing at one side, the grenades were struck against rocks. You could hear the sound of the fuses drawn home with the fulminate fuse. Then a shower of black objects, like a low flight of birds, would go skimming out. A second later the cracking crash of irregular explosions would come and the air would fill with a huge shatter of eclat, covered instantly with thick white clouds of rolling smoke. The grenades are thrown with a stiff arms like a cricketer's bowling. They go off four seconds after the cap is struck.

Dotted over the hill are crosses on graves of the battle of the Marne. The names are obliterated on nearly all. On the graves are laid bits of shell, empty cartridges, rotting cartridge boxes, parts of mess tin, and the little red kepis worn by the troops at that time. There is something very tragic about these nameless graves. At night as we look up through the little mottos on the slope behind us the sky flickers like an aurora with the flash of gun-fire, and the air shakers with the cannonading over beyond Berentin. Night before last Perry and I took the turns at Hill 272. There was a mist in the air as we rolled out through the court.
The road shone white in the moonlight. As we neared
Tannenburg a winking light showed in the sky over the
woods on the hill behind Clair Chene, and we made out
the shadowy forms of the same old balloon. We passed the
usual strings of cannoniers and marching troops, and
once passed a string of big guns, hauled by mules.
Their wicked muzzle hooded and pointing skyward.
They were smeared with paint to match the coloring
of the ground and trees. One bore the name "La Brute."
We stopped at Frommerville and went in on the boys
in the abri and then turned off toward the lines. It had
darkened and the road was slippery with mud. For a
while we climbed low rolling hills. Then a dully about
us we saw the staggered outlines of trenches. Now doorway
overland with logs comprised a battery at its side. Beside
the road—and others, narrower, led down into abris,
black holes against the dark ground. Sometimes we
passed a dozen of these in as group. Frayed barb wire
screened stretched alongside. We passed through the
empty street of Bethelainville, turning sharply through
a black alley into the countryside again. We climbed
through Bignyville—blasted and shattered into a
veritable Pompeii. On we went into the black bare
hills, always climbing. More forbidding timbered
hills.
doorsways, heaped about with stones, exhaling a dank, odoriferous half sunken in the earthy, appeared—like a village of gnomes. All about the road and eating into it were shell holes, so thick that the ground looked buck-marked. All about the amphitheatre of hills, sweeping around to the Mont Homme, the guns flashed and roared. Stars, bombs, flared and floated. We passed a cross-roads, a crucifix starkly outlined in the moonlight. Beyond it we met a train of mitraillers. The leading man took fright at our car, backed and plunged and swung sharply about over-turning the emission and seemingly crushing the two men under it. By the time I could get to it the men were up and righting it and calling the frightened beast "un espree de merde"—which is very awful cursing. We got under way again, under the moonlit cloud reach the hollow spread indistinctly. The place was desolation itself, and loneliness—a Lean Heath—ghostly, terrifying. Perry stopped the car near the top of a rise and turned. "Here is the poste!" he said. As we stepped out upon the road the screams of our onrushing shell suddenly halted us. It lasted only a second or two, but it seemed an eternity before we heard the whack of it high over us.
Then it burst over the hill beyond, the cloud of the shrapnel smoke hanging for a moment motionless in the air. Another followed it and we made for a bogey in the rocks earth of the little hillside by the road. A moment later we were in the abri of the post—a big cylinders of ribbed steel about eight feet in diameter, divided by a wooden partition. Passing a solitary braveardia in the outer compartment we entered the miners cubby, where four corns were seated at a table, reading by the white light of a tiny acetylene lamp. It looked like the interior of a submarine. We sat on little benches for a while until the air became unbearable and then went out to the car for crackers and coffee from the thermos bottle. Going back inside Perry crawled into the board bunk and tried to read. But I was soon outside again, for I had a desire to see what it felt like to be alone on that great battlefield. The air was faintly luminous—a bluish gray. The lines of the hills stretched away dimly, star bombers rose over the trenches—the German's flaring suddenly in awe and dying the French ones dropping from a curve of sparkers and floating. Red spots of flame stabbed the dark as shrapnel burst—and afterwards you heard the
booms of the discharge, the whistle of the shell, and then the crash of the explosion. The air was full of whining sounds and rushing noises as the great projectiles passed overhead. Over on the north side large pieces roared. And then behind and a battery of 75's fired—one, two, three, four, five—like some hellish time-piece. At three o'clock the bravearders came back from the trenches and we banded. (If they have wounded, they usually bring them on little two-wheeled carts.) We were free to go and so we started, our only passenger a bravearder with a superficial wound. He complained his companions by insisting on carrying our umbrellas. At Fromentine we picked up a small little invalid and then hummed on to Cains Cane. There, the sleepy attendants gave us two more "birds"—all slight cases—and we went on to the Surgical Hospital and the I.D.O.E. At each place it is always the same procedure: "What have you, messieurs?" "Two arses—blesses" or whatever your passengers may be. And then the back doors of the ambulance are opened and the tail board with its little step lowered, and your crew come shuffling out, clunking under the low roof. Then there is much agitation over gathering up each man's
"affaires" - his central casque, shack, odds and ends of
mess tins, and lastly his leather rifle and cartridge belt.
There is always much cashed must be left behind and an
assortment of cigarette butts and pipe contents. The
attendants consult the "feile" test to the marijuana coat, and
he is rather hustled away. Usually though he stops
to say "Au revoir" or "Bonne chance" to you. —
Poor, grateful, patient, bless'd! — when we passed the
encampment of the Senegalese with their conical
tents and left our last men at H. O. E. dawn was
breaking, and we drove home to our wattle house
through snowy mist that melted with the sunrise.
Today we have been working like beavers, paving our
terrace with crushed rocks; for we feel sure that we shall
be here well into the winter. We also got our sheep-
skins made. And so, old friends, here we are again down to
cate. What will the end of it be? I wonder. Whatever
happens, though, I shall always be glad that I came
into this life of the Ambulance, here with these men
and many boys. It has taken me far away from
you — and yet I know that when it's over and peace
has come again, you and I will be the happiest
for it. Good night, my boys. God guard and keep
you safe for me!
Amiens - Oct. 18, 1916. Last Thursday I went on Tuchenhayn's orderly on the supplementary cars at Fromenvelle. We drove in Kelby's car - the first time that it had been out since he was killed. The night passed without incident except for some small shelling by the Germans. Apparently all the shells fell beyond the church. When we returned to camp next morning we found plans made for us going out before the following day, that being the day that the 65th division would return and our division, the 64th, would go on relief. Next day, Saturday, I had the all day shift at Claire Minute, going over in the early morning. I found the roads jammed with the transport trains of both divisions, going in opposite directions. At Rainboort around the railroad yard there was a blockade nearly all day, cannons loaded with troops equipment getting foiled by hay wagons, 75's and their cannons, and little motortrucks. On both sides of the road cambers were in process of making and unmaking. Long strings of artillery horses, two abreast, wound down to the streams and back on a riding two gigantic guns stood, mounted on flat cars - 400's! They looked like huge chimney stacks set plant-wise. The muzzles were painted with the usual splatters of colors, and later on in the day big tarpsulins
were drawn over both ears and guns, painted so cleverly that the whole affair looked like a golf. Bunkers, infantry was on the move-thousands! I went up on the hill behind 15/8 hospital and looked over the little valley all alive with movement. On the hillside opposite the troops were marching in big bunches of blue French. From Blerancourt to the railroad bridge and back in a reverse curve stretched a seemingly endless line of transport cannons—all motors. The troops carried little beside their arms, there equipment having all gone forward on baggage trains. I could not estimate the numbers of men, but there were certainly several thousand. First as we went into the little cook tent for dinner the ammunition began loading. When we came out after our short meal the hill was bare of men and not a cannon was in sight—all on their way out to the trenches. Camouflage a striking example of the mobility of the modern army.

I understand that the French army unit is the infantry company of 250. Four companies make a battalion, and three battalions a regiment (3000 men). A brigade is composed of two regiments. A division consists usually of several infantry regiments (3 or more); a regiment of light artillery (12 batteries of 4 guns), some cavalry, a company of the genie (engineers).
(Regimental transports, with each regimental unit) and a section of the service de râte, a total of from 2,500 to 3,000. The larger units are the corps and the armies. The officers are virtually the same as ours. The service de râte is an organization in itself with its medical divisionnaire and others officers working in conjunction with the military divisionnaire and groupes divisionnaires.

All day and rainy, with only loads to balance court and kulkwagen. I encountered the same tremendous activity on the roads. It seemed impossible to believe that so much activity could be caused only by a shift of divisions. There were rumors of a contemplated attack, but only rumors. At 14.00 E.D. met an Englishman on a car from one of the English ambulance sections. He told me one of their cars had been smashed by a shell the night before near Verdun. Late in the afternoon a message came to return to camp and get back to find everybody busily washing cars. We shall be in refit ten days. The fire already passed. We have been about repairing and painting the cars between gusts of rain. Everyone is clamoring about in sabotage, dandied with grey paint and grease. Even our leisure-loving French contingent is busy, boarding up our dining room. When your car is painted you can spread wooden on the path. Such is refit!
At any rate we do not have to spend our nights in abris. We are all preparing our huts for winter. Some have even prepared stoves, which will probably burn us all in our beds some frosty night. We have given up our care as useless, requisitioning Perry for extra blankets instead. We have bent our energies to the extermination of the rats. Last night we bagged seven. Bonne chance!

— Roster of Section 4 —

Olivier Perry, Chef. (Princeton)
Richard Ware, Sous chef. (Harvard)

Edward Kane.

Julius Allen. (St. Paul’s)
Ann Sturdee, Delle. (Princeton)

Irwin L. Bigelow. (Harvard)
Clifford Davis. (Harvard)
William Wallack. (Columbia)
William Russell. (Yale)
Fred O. Rothemer.

A. B. Cumming. (Harvard)
Lawrence Morris. (Yale)

Joe Farrott. (Cambridge) arrived after I did.
Rogers Twitchell. (Harvard) arrived after I did.
Kimberly Stewart. (Tech.)
Jewett
Paul

Errie Fowler (Princeton)
Gooch (Virginia-Oxford)
Douglas Brown (Virginia)
Edward Hinkham (Cornell)

M.D. Thomas (Oxford)
W.C. Harrington (Harvard) arrived after school

First names filled in supplied by Ed. 1926
HVFcourt. Oct. 27, 1916. Last day of our report! We are all painted and overhauled and ready to start work tomorrow. The weather has laid several of us by the heels. I felt particularly low for several days until preparations were made to pack me off to the infirmary at HVFcourt—a barn—where I was as well as many others in adjoining there. However, with the grippe, last Sunday we received a delegation from Paris, delivering four new ears to us. At least they are fresh ears, as a matter of fact they are old ones rebuit. One is “the Indianapolis” — the ambulance which several of my friends gave. I cherished a secret hope that it might be assigned to me, especially as Arthur Grower was a subscriber to the fund for it, but I am too new in the section and too small continuing to navigate “Geo. T. Vanderbeck” who, by the way, is running like a breeze and looks very rosy in his new gray. We call our ears by the names of their donors. The other day Wallace made a matter startling announcement to the effect that he had just given Mrs. Mackay a battle—"C'est la guerre!" Section 2 has been doing our work while we are en repos. Last Monday there was some unusual shelling in front of the poste at Frommervelle.
The first shell is said to have killed two and wounded eight men in the street. The second hit a section 2 car, seriously wounding the driver, Walker, in the thigh. He was hurried to a hospital and operated upon, but will probably be saved. I heard that a Norton ambulance also has been hit. Things are coming rather thick. The preparations that I saw on the road the other day were significant after all. Last Tuesday there was a tremendous attack by French artillery on Douaumont and Sarre. All that morning we watched the aeroplanes. Once a Boche plane appeared and was driven off at once by the anti-aircraft guns. We did not hear the big firing - probably on account of the wind, but the reports say that nearly half the German batteries were silenced and that the French marched into Douaumont with shoulder arms. This puts the Germans back almost where they were when they first began to attack Fargueville - a splendid victory for the French, won apparently with very little loss. It is reported that 3,500 prisoners were taken. Drovers of them are in detention camps at Souchy near here. A long procession of camions passed our camp that night.
taking them there, and detachments are still passing.

Duke says he saw "Papa" Joffre going up to the
front in his car before the attack. "On fer aara!"

Indeed, as the failure day. Without doubt there will
be a counter-attack, and we shall have our
work cut out for us.

These last few days of repos have been rather gales
ones, especially at meal times. Several of the fellows
have driven up to Bar le Dés on errands or missions.
They are always burdened with commissions; for
nearly everybody in camp must return with their
cars full of 'vachers. They really arrange them
baskets like a bazaar with the wares spread out:
cabots (now in great demand), biscuit tins, matches,
underwear, mattresses, cigarettes, bob mailers, etc.

There are always a great flutter and a lot
of complicated accounts and a general "rough-house."

Yesterday Goods and I went work to Bar le Dés.
During a lull in our frenzy of shopping we
managed to get to the barber's and to the public
bathers. I felt like standing under the best showers
all afternoon in the tiled rooms and never
inverted seven sous to greater satisfaction. We
also had two ambrosial refectory at the Cafe
*measures, having first got our permit for them from
the commandant d'Etat. There is rigid supervision
of meal service to outsiders in the war zone. I
wished that I could have had time to look about
the quaint towns with its church overhanging it, its
little squares in front of chateau-like buildings,
and its shrine built into as towers on an old bridge
over the rushing little river. It seemed strange
to see a civilian population going about its
business after our days in those shattered
villages occupied by practically only the military.
After a final raid on the patisserie shop for
gateau for the section we dined and then took
the road for camp. It was mopping cold and
black clouds shrouded across the frosty stars.
The hills were black on each side of us as we
whirled along the wide verdun road, and guns
flashers burst again and again in the darkness
to the north. Perhaps the Boche's were hitting
back.

Today I have been a gentleman of leisure.
Geo. P. See undercoat is ready for service, so I have sat
in my new arm chair, just imported for the purpose,
in my sheepskin and rabbit, warm as toast,
chirping with callers, scribbling, and watching the
bury ones, putting the final touches to their cars, under
Andre's direction and help. We had a manneul of a
boucheon from Pablo, and helped the graphic 
burly with every course celebrating the firing up of
our new stove. As the boys say, come aceep!

We were assigned to a new sector; the one immediately west
of ours old one, and loaned temporarily to the 1st Army Corps.
Our main work is the poste of deans, where the wounded
are brought from the famous hills 304 and the Fort
Homme. Our first day of work began in a confusion of
arrangements. In the middle of the afternoon three cars
went up. I went on the first as Allen's orderly. At
Jubincourt we stopped for the ravitaillement for seven
under the direction of Camile, the medicin chef of the
G.B.D., commonly known as "Pouf! Pouf!" As we
ground up the hill beyond the town, the rain hit us in
sheets, lashing the hooded poilus along the bleak road.
Skirting a piece of wood we crouched down into Donbacle,
a town partially bombarded but still busy. Passing
through the rain-soaked streets we took the road to
Monserville. Great shell craters appeared, the largest
that I had seen as symmetrically round as though
dug by hand. We crossed the wooded ridge of the Bois de Bethmaleville, with its muddy poste. Below lay Monzaive in ruins. At first in the clouds to the west let through a sulphur-colored light upon the battered walls. Out beyond we came into that desolate heathly that I had seen on the night of my watch at Hill 272. The road stretched ahead like a river of yellow mud, flanked by the trunks of rotted trees, felled before a shell ought to toss them into the road. The huddled bare hills stretched away on both sides, dull colored and lifeless. Formless mounds of raw earth showed here and there—probably abandoned battery sites. To our right we saw the gaunt lines of the calvary on our old road to 272. Only a solitary figure in French blue on the road ahead was to be seen. He turned a corner where gnarled and twisted trunks of trees lifted black limbs. It was like a Dore picture of the Inferno. Ahead in the dim dusk a blasted heap of stone appeared—faint skyline showing the shape of the battle hills beyond. We came to what had been a street now a jagged pathway between heaps of crumbled plaster, tiles, and scorched timbers—Enfer! Not a light showed. Rats raw squeaking in fright across the road. Then a battery crashed just above us—a dozen times, and on the slope of the nearer hill the pink sprts of
the flame of the shrapnel burst. We turned a corner in the gigantic Rubbish heaps up a black path barely wide enough to take our car and stopped in the courtyard of what had once been the chateau—now a jaggled, shell-torn wreck. Light had fallen. A muddy glimmer of light came from a corner where food was cooking. Dim forms came and went in the half light and clustered about the car. The rain poured. Then we from a black doorway they brought our wounded—three stretchers. One poor devil groaned horribly from around the corner toward the grum willed more stretchers were borne in—fresh wounded arriving. There was no car room in. We have more than we can carry and another car is sent for. Then we start back. The batteries are bellying out the hill behind us, over the trenches another left the funeers flare. Ahead toward Verdun a red rocket shows us—a battery signal. We feel our way along in low gears, for the wounded man inside on his stretchers screams at every jolt. It is just possible to feel the road—not to see it—in the pitch blackness. There is a jungle of barrens, and a rumble ahead, and we are instantly alongside a most alarming train of wagons. A clear space for a moment—now the fellow groans!
Then big formless shapes built up, like mammoths -
the carnivals. The little train orders setting outside on
the tool box screams "A droite!" We are at first
grazing them. Then suddenly we are surrounded by
quaint fantastic little shapes - dozens of them, plodding
along or blocking our way - the little donkeys with
their pack raddlers, on their way up to the trenches
into the trenches, in fact. A star bomb shows a
great herd of them. We get by somehow and into
Hoezzeville. We stop and stumble lumbering into the sand-
bagged underground post to report. Then on we go - or
and up into the woods of Hezlinville. Inky black!
I have my pocket lamp Allen calls for it. It is
forbidden, but we can't see a foot ahead - and there
is something coming. The light snaffles on and off like a
flame. A gun train is coming full at us. For a
second every detail of horses, harness, and wheels
stands out. "A droite!" Allen yells. The drivers
swerve away. There is another behind - and another
a long line - and then the marching troops. We
see the flash - light glimmers of the dark faces under
the casque wings. There come the carnivals again. The
train is driving deluge. The engine grinds up the
hill on low gear. It is darker than the pit. Something
whips part in the camion line - one of our Ford's going up. Perry probably. how was bopping down grade. We're out of the woods at last, but it's still black as we go through Donable. and up the hill our lamps are lighted now. A touring car comes into the glare of them - standing by the roadside - a familiar muddy face - Lerce - facing out it's the Beink's car in advance. He is gone ahead on foot. We push on through jube court and into Belle sur Courzares. We reach the hospital sheds and our blessers are taken out. We want a few minutes in the liquid mud conforming with the Beink, then back we go to the woods again - to the Beink; de Bethlameville. Some thinking follows. clambers in. We race back to Donable, turns off to the left and stays somewhere. We can hardly see. under a clump of glowing pineness is a house - or what was a house. We goke through a black door. Back in a smashed room with rain splashing through the gaping chinking little goyard is waiting with a malade for us. It looks like the house of Esther. Emercute again to Belle sur Courzares! There is more work there than our cars on duty for the night can handle. Peels gelée! Rows of sudden.
rejected soldiers sitting against the wall, their feet swathed in shapeless bandages, French feet— from standing day and night in freezing mud and water! We take a load to Thuinory—one a black Senegalese. Then at eleven we roll into camp.

Just day just after sunrise I was off for Brive, crossing the fields with the golden rays slanting before me and lighting the autumn foliage on the hills. At the town I found the Bureau of the service de santé and was politely asked to wait outside. While so doing I fell under suspicion of the police and the general curiosity of the populace, but braved the disapproval of all concerned by eating my bread and cheese on the street while soldiers and civilians filed in and out of church. The impression in the minds of the 15th corps was evidently to the effect that the American Ambulance is a glorified taxi service, for any duties for the day consisted in joy riding a couple of reserve officers to Belle sur Couagneers. Later in the day a peremptory telephone call took me back to meet my two "birds" at the bridge. They failed to keep their rendezvous; however, and I went back without them, fervently hoping that they would have to
tramped home through the sewage of mud that streamed between the scene of their Sunday somnolence and Laoya. Next day Russell and I got the Julescort assignment. We went up to Eanes again in a downpour and brought back a load of "trench feet" to ville-nuev Argozvees. We drove that night at Julescourt with our friends of the Group of Braqueardiers. Missionaries, heretofore at Treaudeville, and spent the night in the "Infirmerie" in an atalight room alongside a lot of Braqueardiers who slept soundly and sternoously in their berets. Trubshaw took my place on the regular four's clock run to Eanes, and I tramped up and down in front of the J.B.D. headquarters and helped the gendarme in his sentry-box curse the "pays tamari". Russell and I after rolling home in the Indiana police spent the rest of the day in fabricating a highly ornate door and windows for the "Auberge des Têtes" - our cubby - our sole implement being the cook's bucksaws. Russell's architectural career will now be advanced by our achievement, but we have succeeded in keeping some air out and letting some light in, and the Tête de Boche - the cow's skull over our door - now marks the mountainist dwelling place in each.
I had great luck next day. Russell, out of sorts with the performance of the Indianapolis, traded it for George P. Sanderfoot. I was delighted to get my home car. Of course, and even burning out my defective brakes that very afternoon on evacuation work at Belleau Wood. Bourjannes could not mar my pleasure in my new acquisition. It happened when I was taking a very dignified medic and a load of field guns to Flevy. Indianapolis rolled belatedly along until sheer inertia stopped her. Luckily, I got a poor bird safely unloaded and shipped any medics; chief home from Froomoos in Parrot's car. I made my way urgently back to Belleau and telephoned for a relief car. Everything was going by stage; it seemed. ears go out of commission sometimes in brushes during heavy work — so my mashers almost escaped notice. There was a great amount of aerial activity. While at Froomoos I counted over twenty planes, strung out in a long line above the French lines and watched dozens of planes streamming around them. Today we heard that the fort of Baux was really taken yesterday without the loss of a single man. Kept day Andre and I went to work on Indianapolis to get her running as well as she looks. She is
really a good looking car with the new model wooden body all enclosed, painted blue gray, and fitted with solid storm curtains and metal shield. We interrupted our work long enough to inspect Allen's load of "graves, blesses" which he brought into camp in the afternoon. He and DeLanne arrived in his new ambulance from Banninecourt. When the back curtain was lifted we inspected the passengers—two half grown boys, very fat and stolid. They were at once christened "Auto" and "Fritz". Everyone helped construct the new where they are now living roguely under Pabion's care awaiting Thanksgiving and Christmas, their days of doom.

Yesterday I went again with Russell to Subiecourt, but saw no more of war's alarms; there could be seen from my seat at the G.B.D. table and my hair and overnight in the Infirmerie. Today Andrea almost finished Indian style, and she will probably "function" tomorrow. Today we said good-bye to Hansen. He is going to do work for the ambulance in Paris after nearly two years in the field. Wallace came back after several weeks sick leave in Paris, bold as a billiard ball from some strange infection. He has a weird egg-like look.
Effecourt, November 5, 1916. I have had rather an exciting time since my last entry. Last Sunday, André reported Indian soldiers in fine order and the Bulletin Board showed me an Air of Jubiecourt. I started out in the middle of the afternoon with Parkett as my orderly. We picked up the rations left for Ewers at Jubiecourt — a cask of Pinard and two great packs of bread and meat — and headed for Ewers in the usual downpour of rain... On the hill beyond Bascourt the engine quit, but by racing back to the bottom we were able to start her again and to reach the post at Monzeville, picking up a medicin and his orderly on the way. There we found a large number of maladers and slightly wounded, but had to make room for two medicines — the cause of our existence at present. We had an excellent dinner at Jubiecourt with our friends of the G.B.D. I made some slight adjustments on the bridges and we took the road again for Ewers, this time in a flood of bright moonlight. Stewart and Jewett were working the second car, evacuating the Bource de Bethucaphore, and had gone ahead. We met Allen, called from Joury, with a load from Monzeville. We were all going full tilt. Returning with a full load we passed Stewart on fannie with a broken feed-tube. He was on his way to get another load from Ewers. Telling...
him to telephone if he didn't get out of trouble. We rode on to Bilbe and curfew and checked in at the Infirmerie at Jubiaco. No word came from Stewart and yet he failed at come in with his wounded. At half past one I roused the telephoneist in his straw bed and had him call Ermes. We lay half dozing with the receiver to his ear until the call came back. Stewart was on his way, but more men were still there for our early morning run. We took to our beds, getting two hours' sleep before the train arrived. The gardes came climbing in at four o'clock and waken us. We got under way at once. It was pitch black again but we made good time through Doncelles. Then inside of this went came and I put in a fresh spark plug, grooping about with wrench and pliers with the flash lamps under the hood, for we were in the Bois de Bethenmuville. There was the faintest glimmers of dawn as we pulled into Ermes, but the trench rockets were still flaring. We took in four "arrié", and Lignace, as faint in the medical corps, came from a fall from his horse, got up beside me, Parrott peering on the running board. We went slowly out past the shattered walls, crumbling over shell holes and once clear of the ruins picked up speed, just out of Ermes the road bends up hill, for a short distance past a corner. From that point
to another corner beyond - about 500 yards - it is exposed to a raking fire from German batteries on the hill 304 and the Mont Homme. At the first corner lies the wreck of a French ambulance, riddled by shrapnel. We were about one third of the way up this slope when the engine died. Parrott cranked away in vain. We could get only one sickly cough. I raised the hood and I went over my contacts. More cranking without result made us resort to pouring in more gas. I was just at the load box when a star shell flared up from the Mont Homme. Somehow it seemed unusually near and everything stood out with startling clearness, our men shifted uneasily. Signac urged me to hurry. "A bad place," he kept saying. "The Bocks can see us!" Then it came - the whistle of an arrive. The shell burst to the right above us, just off the road, - a flash of devilish red flame and a shower of earth and stones. "They see us!" Signac repeated. "We must get out of this!" Just how we were to accomplish this desirable result he did not say. A contretemps crackled. We stood still on the orders of our going. Parrott put his shoulders to the side of the car and we backed a little way down hill. The slope was too slight and the car stalled in the mud. I jumped out and pushed until
the sweat poured down my back. The car barely moved. I opened the ambulance and one of the men with a slight head wound got out and even made a game effort to help push while Signe held the wheel. Foot by foot with every pound against the car we crawled backward. But the dawn had caught us, gray and baden but showering us plainly on the hillside. Some shells went overhead toward the French's positions. At last when we could not have forced another foot we reached the wrecked French ambulance. I sent Parrott hurrying to the post to telephone. It was only a hundred yards or so to the edge of the town. I told the men they must walk back, and much to my relief I soon had the four foibles flooding back along the ravines. This still left Signe to provide for, however. He could barely hobble and made pretty slow progress, limping along a few rods. Seeing that he could not make it 9 rain after the foibles to the chateau and told the braconniers to go out for the lieutenant with a stretcher. I then started back to Signe. By this time the machine guns were bothering. I had never paid much attention to the sound of them before. They had always seemed of secondary importance to the shells. But this time as I went back among the
battered walls and crumbling chimneys the air was full of various little whistling sounds - half whine, half spit - and the sound of bullets striking earth and stone. It seemed to me as though I were in a time of dumb fire and, huddling, I'd own up to being scared more than I ever was before in my life. I felt prickles all over one. I must have looked pretty silly to anyone who saw me - though I think I had the place to myself. I remember ducking along past the open spaces in the walls, hanging on to my helmet as though I thought the wind would blow it off. I found Signor hobbling along and told him to wait for the Brancardiers. For some reason they did not come and I went back to hurry them up. Hoping the mitrailleuse shower had stopped, I ordered by that time I should have undoubtedly tried to stick my head out of the fashion in the mud. I found the men with the stretchers. They had gone up by the church for some strange reason. I got them started right and then rejoined the lieutenant. At last we got him on the Brancard and carried him to the poste at the chateau. On the way I asked the Brancardiers if they had heard the mitrailleuse. They said it came from the other side of 304, carrying over the trenches on the crest. At the poste...
Parrott reported our men as none the worse for their jaunt and Stewart on the way to get them. He had also called the camp and reported us as charm. We were smeared with mud and pretty well blown and were glad to go down into the abri for hot tea. Coming out we found a group of poilus indignantly discussing the fact that the Boches had fired on our ambulance. They insisted that the star bomb had shown us and that the shell was meant to get us, though I think it doubtful, as shells often fall near their corner. It was a gruesome place enough through an archway we could see the clustered wooden crosses of the little cemetery. A grave was being filled and the priest was leaving, strangely garbed in his black cassock with trench boots and helmet. A bloody stretcher leaned against a wall and two gas masters, half hidden into the mud, had the semblance of hideous distorted faces. A drizzling rain fell. The broken shutters of the château flapped in the wind. All about the batteries cracked and the shells whined away overhead speeding toward the German trenches. We sat on a kitchen table by the entrance to the abri and smoked a couple of pipes. I remember a queer little image of Charlemagne, stuck up near us on another table had quite a friendly look. Very soon
Steward and Jewett rolled in and took our former passengers aboard. They were nearly out of gas and said they would drain my reservoir and also put my car off the road. Then they left. We waited a little longer to give the repair car time to come and then started out. Much to our surprise we found Andre already at work with Gooch alongside. They must have broken all records from Edinburgh. It was then eight o'clock. For two good hours we three stood helplessly about while Andre tried to inject life into poor old Indianapolis. I shall always admire Andre as the most thorough and painstaking of all mechanics, with deliberation as a strong asset. As a fact, I think I never saw that admirable trait so thoroughly developed. Their thoughts grew upon me as the morning waned. It grew every minute. It grew particularly when the Boche began dropping shells over 304. We had been watching the shells from the French guns behind us bursting in the brow trench that cut across the slope of the great dome. The precision was amazing. One after another the guns cracked, the projectiles tore whining overhead, and the burst of blackish smoke marked the demolition of the earthworks on the hillside. Then the
Booth's reply. Shell after shell fell on the rear side of Booth. And still, Andre crept around in the engine.

Tentative suggestions from us as to the undesirability of leaving a halting place for the day could not move him. Armie's answer: nothing in his professional career it seemed, when a Ford refused to "function." But at last when the highway had assumed the aspect of a garage in full operation and I had resigned myself to die among the tools and spark plugs, our unusually ambitious shell came over the hill and into scenes, and Andre capitulated. We piled into Booth's car and "beat it" to St. Paul. There, however, I found no "rebuttal" or "rebut." Andre remembered one thing that he ought have done, but didn't, and after lunch we were motoring back again in what a car. Indiana folks were sitting calmly where we had suffered, and all the guns were still exchanging compliments. I spent another agonizing hour while the car was completely rewired. My one faint gleam of gratification in this persistent immobility was that I had made a thorough name of it. It would have been more than humiliating to have called for help and to have had the brute of a car start off obediently at the touch of the master's hand. Eventually Andre admitted final defeat and
we got ready to tour. First through we went into lines and took some snap shots. We had brought along a bag of odds and ends of presents sent over for the soldiers by American women, and put them to the rather bare use of getting us to a battery in action. Just back of the chateau on the hill slope two old 90's had been installed at each end of a fresh trench. We made our way to the nearer one, and there found the crew of four men working under a young 'aspirant.' The piece was on wheels and rolled back and forth in a flimsy box of a place. Down the hillside orders were called from one man to another stationed in line. Just as we came up the piece was fired. There was a great flash of white flame and a blast of smoke and air that lifted my carpet. The old gun bucked and danced like a toy cannon but you could hear the shell, speeding viciously. Shell after shell was fired. One man put in the shell, another the pack of powder, a third set the piece, and a fourth closed the breech and fired it.

The men were very merry about it, sending messages with every shot. When they had used up their quota we went in and examined things. We were handed out the bags of gifts which seemed to delight the men, for they all crowded about eagerly and shook hands.
and excited as we left. Going up to the other guns we could see as far as Douaumont. They told us they had been firing over the front. Tomorrow eight kilometres smashing mitrailleuse emplacements. We then got underway going out to Indianoplies and taking her in tow. We dropped her as far as Montignyville and there left her for the night in front of the city. Yesterday we found we would not be allowed to go out with the big white trucks until after midnight, so after dinner Le Bou, the new American mechanic, drove me out in the big bus with Stewart and Paul and we brought the refractory Ford to just at the end of a tournage rope. Today we held a clinic and discovered deep internal trouble in the magneto, requiring major operations in the morning. So much for sentiment for the German state.

This morning we heard of Hughes’ election, which seemed to please most of the section. Wilson’s handling of the war situation has met with disfavor abroad, evidently as it must have at home. I wish the judgment of the Ingalls there could be tempered by the knowledge of the true meaning of modern warfare.

Today the camp has resounded to the dudley strains of Tumble’s harmonica. Fortunately he wore his...
carpe or the consequences might have been painful.
Several members of the clans with revolvers and armored
to view trains took their last by storms armed with
firewood. "Turtel" therefore made a peace offering
of a brew of hot Pinard. Moffatt, a Harvard
man, has come out to take Hansen's place.

St. Peres, November 19. Not much has happened worth
telling. Both Indian posts waiting no assurance for the
arrival of parties from Paris. Have felt pretty useless.

I am getting a reputation as the founder of the section.
due to the regularity with which I have been going to
church lately. My second offense was with Mr. Thompson
which was confined to my care one night when Russell
was at Paris. I stuck in the middle of the jubecourt
hill with the party's rations and had to unload
it into Harrington's car. Later on with Le Bon's aid we
got the old cars to "functions" in a feeble way and
made the early morning run to Paris, while at the
chateaus taking on a malady we got a shell uncomfortably
near. It hit the wall somewhere above us scattering
a considerable amount of brick and mortar, and Moffat
and I were glad to pull out, though the bricklayers on
duty coolly smoked and said that there wouldn't be
any more. Next night I went as Harrington's orderly.
we got a call to kill 232 for two gravees Blessed. As
members of our knew the way we had the cromarneriers at
Mongeville telephone for a poste cromarneriers to stand
in the road to stop us. It was so dark as we pulled
out of Mongeville that we made slow time to the fork
where the field road branchers off. On the way we
smashed into a waggon and got one wheel down
in a shell hole. At the fork the poste cromarneriers
was having tramshed up from 232. I got out and
splashed through the mud with guns in the dark
ahead of the car lookking for graveriers, while Harrington
grounded along behind us with low gear. The car
plancched over big bomb hole that had been hurriedly
thrown into the road to fill the holes torn by the
shells. We came to a half where a big rain barrelled
waggon had broken down across the narrow road-
way. A big shell hole alongside full of water
blocked the way effectuallly. The ditches alongside
were running waist-deep in liquid sand. I
told the cromarneriers that we could not go on, and
he volunteered to bring the wounded men here on
the "presse-presse" - the two wheeled cromarner carts.
He hurried away full of encouraging assurances, his
main point being that the Bochees had not shelled
the road since four o'clock. The arrows were everywhere and Harrington and I cast about for some place to turn the car. There wasn't any and we finally had to resort to backing to the fork, a good quarter of a mile, we had barely started when along came the ravielllement trains. Wagon after wagon carreced past us where the cars stood crowded to one side, the drivers urging on the floundering horses. Then a horse went down and the road became treacherably gnarled. I left the shouting, reeling tangle and turned ahead to try to catch the brancardiers before the carts started with the wounded, for it seemed impossible to get them through the blockade. The batteries had by this time taken up their customary cannonading and a few Boche artillery arrived and the slope, above the road to Earnes. I am getting to hate the name even of the defenders. There is something hideous in the whine of the shells. Sometimes it seems impossible to believe they are man-made. This night they had an exceptionally sinister sound on the lonely road with the ghostly moonlight and the fitful flame of the fires on the gaunt hillside. I over the brancardiers coming with two stretchers-carts. The roadbed was rough and one man was groaning horribly, but the brancardiers were determined to push on. When we got
back to the car, the horse was up and the roadway partially cleared. The brancardiers got back and continued on the Margueville, while Harrington and I began our journey to the fork crawfish fashion. The reverse gear shrieked in protest but we finally made it; cramped around and went head foremost to Margueville where the blessés were waiting. We passed Stewart. When we saw him at mid-morning he said he found a fresh shellhole exactly in the middle of the road at the fork. It wasn't there when we were.

Up account, November 24, 1916. One day last week Wallace drove Bigelow in to Barre leading, starting him on his way to Paris on permission and we went along as superego.

On the way we passed the farm Baux Marie, a group of shattered brown farm buildings that mark the hottest fighting in the battle of the Marne. The Crown Prince had his quarters here, and the place is said to have been taken and retaken sixteen times. Hundreds upon hundreds of French and Prussians lie buried there in heaps. At Bar I purchased a diminutive stove for the Auberge des Rates, which has been voted a success. It has been miscued orphans and an enthusiasm for the book saw; and we like to get things well fired up of an evening and sit about the little hot box.
dressing momentous questions. A hot stove always seems to encourage argumentative oratory—whether here at the front or at the corner stove at home. I kept night after the Barbi as an orderly to Moffett on two & at jubiscourt, but we had no call and slept through the night in the cool smelling infirmerie. I often wished I could carry away pictures of the places where we stay—Rembrandt-like rooms for the most part. The French airlines at jubiscourt, for instance, sleep on board benches in a narrow passageway. The roughly cutted stone walls are hung with carriages and carriages. The earthy floors in damask. The high rafters, balconies and the candle light. Drawers of bread hang everywhere. The shadows are black. The men's faces grooved about the light are in high relief, their bodies through the faded uniforms hardly visible. In the infirmerie we fare better. We even have mural paintings, for over the fireplace above the fire and on the wall, medicine bottles are painted a flamboyant 17th century, gloved hand on silken hip, and with a laudatory Latin inscription and coat of arms. He is likewise embellished with spectacles, a pipe, thick whiskers and a polka helmet—truly an imposing figure. At the Popote, where we eat with the sous officers of the J.B.R the walls are also decorated—though more in
the style of the "art nouveau". There we meet at the long table where stuffing cannibals gather in the crevices of empty bottles—little Poux, Ducreux, Goyard, Ribatay, Marchand, du Clergy, and the others. And how we eat! In the room outside, Christmas and his two followers potters about the cooking in leisurely fashion, cigarettes and pipes going full tilt. They occasionally move a foot or two on the tiny stove set up in the wide old fireplace or PROHE a flaming stick clapped under the pot swinging from the crane. There is ample time for valuable discussions of the commissaries in the Matin and the Echo de Paris. But promptly on the hour, wonderful food emerges from stove and pot, miraculously and rabbits from a forgotten hat, and we sit down to a dinner of onion soup, beefsteak, creamed cauliflowers, fried tomatoes, salad, Camembert and coffee, washed down, of course, with Pinard. It almost makes us sorry to go back to the questionable crannies of L'Esper. Our cook, however, outdid himself on the night of the Twenties, the birthday of Section 4. Turnehams, who, it developed, had won the croix de ferdwm with Section 3 last June, gave the party. We had toasts to plenty—France, the Allies, the U.S.A., and our officers. We drank a silent toast to Kelly, "who died for France."
After dinner Labour bloomed out as our entertainers, clogging to 'Twitchell's Harmonica'. We gave all the cheers of the colleges in the sections, sang the 'Marcelleuse', and started our second year with a world of enthusiasm. The first day, Indian Jones, equipped with a new magnet, took me to Jubescourt as Car 3. I had Allen as an orderly. We were both jubilant over our citations, which came just before we left camp. It's highly desirable after fifteen months of active service at the front, just as boy of eighteen. He is going home to enter Harvard. We spent a night undisturbed by anything more than the rats, and Allen went back to camp at daybreak with the other cars. That afternoon's Jen, Gouzeine, medecin inspecteur et femme, burned the cross on the boy. I wish I had been there. Instead I had to go up to Sommeville and Montceville, getting back to Jubescourt after dark, having changed a tire at Jubescourt in a sea of grey mud. That night Fowler and Russell took the Ewers' run. They haven't said much about it, but I have found out that they got into some pretty hot shelling there. There were several bursts of shrapnel near them in the street, and one high explosive shell at the chateaus drove them under the cars - no place enough refuge. No one says much about the Ewers' run.
there days. A significant notice has been posted at July
court, "American drivers are not to start for Épines
until twilight. By orders." It seems that the American
chef interviewed some soldiers back from the trenches
and claimed that the cars are plainly visible from the
German trenches on the Mont Homme. Etc. "Pouf! Pouf!
who really does care about us though we hate to show
it, therefore issued the orders, so that soon we go to
Épines by day light only when it is a case of a "grave
bless." There is absolutely no other traffic on the road
in the daytime. The boys are generally reticent about
expressing themselves, but I find a sort of fatalistic
attitude throughout the section, especially with the
more experienced drivers. "If they get us — well, it's a
risk that is part of the job." And that is about all that
you will get any of them to say. The Épines cars
leave every afternoon in all matters of fact as way as
the ones to bille sure Curçaciers, but there is always a
lot of gaiety and laughing among the crews when they
roll in in the morning! And you don't hear nearly as
much about the shells as about the blessers that they
carried. It is a big relief to get away from those crushed
villages in that valley of death, with the only dwelling
places the black burrowes of the abris. Now there seems
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like gnomes, huddled in timbered caves, reached by black tunnel. months so low that your stock to enter. I shall always remember Marchand of the G. B. D. sitting in the abri of Montgeville - a kind of grotto with his big brown beard and heavy brows beneath his high-peaked cap - in a huge arm chair between two tree-trunk columns. It's good to get back to camps, to loaf in and out of our "dug-outs" where someone nearly always has a fire crackling, unless it's sunny enough to sit on the terrace. There is always someone greasing boots or running blankets and in need of expert advice on the same. And it's always a pleasant pastime to lean on the railing and encourage some ambivert who can't get his car to function down on the "sloflavada". It's rarely peaceful, because there is usually grenade practice on the hill in front, fires and mitraillette practice on the hill behind us. But the sunsets are glorious over the hill across the little railroad. And almost all the time there are silhouettes of baggage trains, or cavalry or marching companies along the crest. Buggies ring out from the camps near the village, and the rainmill drones away down by the woods. It's was in what is almost its pleasant aspect - perhaps because of the good fellowship about us here. It gives you a queer feeling
to hear somebody whistling "Up the Street" or "Dixie". I like the work and the crew in the work, and I'm glad I came.

White, a Princeton man, and Davison have joined the section.

Paris, December 3, 1916: Permission came on time and since Sunday I've known the joys of a real tub and a real bed. One glimpse of the chateau at the Rue Raynouard teeming with the new birds of Section 10 getting ready for the field sent me into town to seek more restful lodgings, and now, installed at the Continental with Angry Fowler, I live in heavy stale, even breakfasting in my room under the awesome manifestations of the floor waiter.

It all seems remarkable—especially the people, and I enjoy just sauntering about and watching them. At first weeks in the army zone almost makes you feel that all the rest of the world is in uniforms. But here, the number of civile is astonishing, and sometimes they don't seem so interested upon the war as before. That, however, is probably imaginary, for Paris is really a great city. Rigorous police regulations compel show...
keepers to put lights out at six o'clock. Restaurants must close at half past nine. And there is talk of even one day a week without meat.

On Tuesday I go back to the front. Oh, boys, if I could only see you before then! I am keen for the work—But I am so lonely without you, little sons. I think of you all the time, and the loneliness has been worse in these days of illness. Don't forget me, little sons!

Continued in a second note book.