

World War I Army Diary of Private Irving Greenwald





Cover page of the standard diary.

Preface

Irving Greenwald, our grandfather, served in the army during World War I. During his time in the service, he kept a diary in which he recorded, in sometimes extreme detail, his activities as well as his observations of the actions of others and of the war and the countryside in which it was fought.

The diary was a small pocket-sized book (the front page of which is shown above) in which daily entries were made in incredibly tiny handwriting (See the example scanned page below). At the present time, nearly 100 years after it was written, it is essentially unreadable even under high magnification. However, in the years after his death in 1937, his sister Lena Greenwald and his daughter Cecilie carefully read the diary and produced a typed version which has remained in the possession of our families. With the gradual deterioration of these materials over time, we decided to produce this digital version of the diary that we hope to provide, along with the original, to the Library of Congress's Veterans History Project.

The diary covers slightly more than a year, from Pvt. Greenwald's early days in training at Camp Upton, NY through his time in France where he was wounded to his return to the U.S. after the war's end. There are two missing pieces in the narrative, the most important of which is a gap of about 3 weeks in late September and early October of 1918 during which time his unit, which became known as the Lost Battalion, was involved in a major battle in the Argonne region. There are no diary entries during this time period and we know nothing of his experiences other than the fact that he was severely wounded. Written

accounts of this engagement indicate that his battalion was surrounded by German troops for several days and suffered horrible casualties. For further information, see, for example

www.homeofheroes.com/wings/part1/3_lostbattalion.html.

The second gap occurs during late December 1918 through early January 1919 at which time Pvt. Greenwald was en route to the U.S. Diary entries from this period were made in a separate booklet, in pencil, and these are unreadable at the present time (and presumably at the time that Lena and Cecilie did their work, since we do not have typed versions of these entries).

Examination of the sample diary page shown in Figure 2 reveals the presence of a number of blank spaces. These appear frequently in the entries from the period in France and are placeholders for the names of towns or other geographic information. It appears that Pvt. Greenwald was acting in this way to censor himself so that his diary could not provide the enemy with useful information should he be captured. In the digital version of the diary we have replaced these blank spaces with a series of dots as in ".....". Similar ellipses are also sometimes used in cases where the diary was unreadable or not understandable to Lena and Cecilie in their transcription.

David Ullman, Jane Adams
April 2015.

I. CAMP UPTON

Fri. Dec. 14, 1917

Weather: fair, mild

Up at 5:30. Snowed and blew gale all night. No reveille. Breakfast 6:00. Mush, baked apple, minced ham and eggs, coffee, bread. Washed handkerchiefs. No work. Given lecture by Lt. Berry on allotment and insurance blanks and how to fill out. Make out blanks. Allotted \$15.00 to Leah and took out \$10,000 insurance. Received letter from Leah. Had rifle drill in Mess Hall, half hour. Was issued dress shoes. More rifle drill. Dinner Chowder, fish, beets, potato, bread, cocoa. Inspection. Drill. Refill bed sacks. Supper. Beef stew, bread pudding, coffee. Wait for supplies. Witnessed bayonet practice in Mess Hall. Was disgusted. Get uniform complete, exception blouse. Got notice of leave. Hugged Sam. Too happy to talk after first outbreak. To bed 9:45.

Sat. Dec. 15, 1917

Weather: fair, cold

Up at 5:30. Reveille 5:45. Breakfast 6:00. Make bed. Put on uniform for 1st time. Nothing fits. Detailed to clean Mess Hall. Mopped floor. General inspection announced. Ran up to clean. Worked feverishly. Fire drill announced. Was caught in Mess Hall without coat. Ran out and maneuvered for a time. Very cold. Then worked and cleaned and swept. Inspection. Lieut. complimented me on showing. Drill rifle in Recreation Room, outside, too. Dinner – Frankfurters, sauerkraut, potatoes, bread, coffee. Run out to telephone Leah. Drill with rifles. Rush to shave and

dress to go pass for 6:00 train home. Spoke to Lieut. Berry about exemption. Loafed and thought about home for about an hour. 5 o'clock given pass and inspected. Retreat. Inspection. RR 6:00 train. Train cold, no light. Stood to Jamaica. Changed cars for Pennsylvania Station. Home at 9:00. Kissed my Pudge. Oh how good! Hugged Mama and kids. Had a good meal. To S.I. 12:00 boat. To bed 1:30am. A very happy day. How good to find again a loving wife, who seemed almost as one lost.

Sun. Dec. 16, 1917

Weather: cloudy, cold

At home. No reveille. Slept until 11. Washed, dressed. Went downstairs and was given an ovation. Kissed everybody and was admired in my soldier's clothes. Tell of my experiences. Breakfast. Oatmeal, eggs, tea. Lounged, read, smoked, slept a bit. Called up Dolly and Meyer. Frieda has measles so could not visit. Dinner. Potatoes and prunes, tomato soup, meat, potatoes and cabbage. Mr. Apter called. Was rejected by physician at Camp Upton. Talked. Read. Sammy's children, Rachel's friends called. Lounged, talked. Nick, Sam, Mike called up. Called home. Supper. Finnan Haddie, cheese blintzes, corn muffins, salad, tea. Kissed goodbye all around and left for shop to see how things are. Found it a trifle upset. Stayed till 11:15. Willie came so as to take Leah home. Left for subway and Atlantic Avenue Station. Met Abe Kaplan. Did not see Sam. 11:59 train left late. Kissed Leah goodbye. Heartrending. Leah cried and went home with Willie to Mama.

Mon. Dec. 17, 1917

Weather: fair, mild

On train 12:10. Snowing. Met Sam. Rode to Jamaica. Read. Changed at Jamaica. Packed in cold, dimly lighted cars, full of tired, drunken, disgruntled men. All looked as though doomed to death. Try to sleep without success. Train stopped frequently for long periods. Smoked, tried to sleep. Could not. Ate a little. Still snowing. Everybody restless at delays. Get a little sleep. Arrive at Upton 3:45. Still snowing. Walk to barracks. Bad going. To bed with clothes on at 4:15. Wakeful. Up at 5:30. Reveille 5:45. Make bed. Wash. Breakfast. Oatmeal, steak, bread, coffee. Rest. 7:00 rifle drill in Recreation Room. Half hour rest. Shifting of men in barracks. Sam transferred to Annex. I remain. Dinner, soup, boiled beef, horseradish sauce, tomatoes and dressing, bread, potatoes, coffee. Rest. Out on 4 mile hike in snow. Very mild, clear, invigorating. Rifle drill in Recreation Room. Issued gloves. Drew wagon to shed. Retreat. Supper, spaghetti, meat, prunes, figs, cocoa. Rest. Got package from Leah. Letter from Leah and Mattie. Read. Barrie "An Inconsiderate Waiter," Zangwill "Rose of the Ghetto." Issued poncho, shelter half of tent, hat cord. Markie Block to see me. 9:45 to bed. Very tired. Slept well. Deserved rest. Can do manual of arms quite well.

Tue. Dec. 18, 1917

Weather: cloudy, mild

Up at 6:00. Reveille 6:15. Made bed. Washed. Swept. Breakfast, bacon, eggs, oatmeal, bread, coffee. 7:30 rifle drill in cadence, counting ourselves. Quite proficient. Outdoors with guns. A long walk. Enjoyed same thoroughly. No letters. A little work. Dinner, pork and beans, bread, coffee. Bertha's cake. Rest till

1:30. Lecture about gas mask and exhibition of how to use. Very interesting. Most important subject. Interrupted to be taken to hospital for second inoculation of antithyroid serum. No bad effects except a little fever and a little soreness. Back to gas mask lecture. 1 hour of most strenuous physical exercises. I start writing an affidavit in connection with my claim for exemption. Shifted bunk. Had supper, frankfurters and potatoes, bread pudding, coffee. Moved buck back to original position. Finished affidavit. Salome called. Invited me to a vaudeville and refreshments in his barracks. Co E. 305th Infantry. Wrote letters to Leah and Mama. Rested on Salome's bed. A very enjoyable evening. Recitations, musical numbers, boxing, ice cream, cake and candy. Throat very sore. Walked back to barracks. And to bed at 10:30. Too feverish to sleep. A most interesting day.

Wed. Dec. 19, 1917

Weather: cloudy, mild

Up at 6:00. Reveille at 6:15. Made bed. Washed. Swept. Breakfast, hash, corn meal, coffee. Made out 3 copies of insurance and allotment blanks. 9:00 one hour hike. Back to barracks. Get guns. Went to parade grounds where shown new battle formations. Officer in charge not well up on subject. Heard rifles firing, saw bombers at work. Get my first impressions of warfare. Rather tame. Drill with rifles. New squad formations. Get letter from Leah. Dinner, roast beef, potato, coffee. Lecture and exhibition of gas masks. Sam tries one on. Almost split sides *laughing though very serious subject. Could answer all questions though not called on.* Thoughts on occasions when necessary not pleasant. Setting up exercises one hour. Writing. Retreat. Supper, beef and bean stew, rice pudding, coffee. Writing. To YMCA

auditorium for Gambol and Smoker for regiment by Mr. Joseph McSleenan. Entertainment. Given pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, candy. Boxing, singing. To barracks. Shaved and to bed 10:00. Throat sore. Studied general orders today.

Thur. Dec. 20, 1917

Weather: cloudy, mild

Health: Throat sore

Up at 6:00. Reveille 6:15. Breakfast, oatmeal, French toast, stewed apricots, coffee. Formation. Police till 8:30. March to parade grounds. Hear machine gun firing. See parade formations. Colonel Averill reviewing. Saw trenches, machine gun range. British tank manned by seven men goes down into hollow, over trenches, tree stumps, brush, over 5 ft. ditch, up hill down dale, then around to foot of hillside, over trench into machine gun range. Over perpendicular wall at an angle of about 60 degrees. Had difficulty at first try. Ground wet. Time out to adjust larger teeth. Takes climb without difficulty. Pictures taken. March back to barracks to regimental music. Drill. Letter and doctor's affidavit from Leah. Dinner, soup, beef, potato, coffee. Gas mask drill. Quite proficient. Setting up exercises. Wrote. Supper, beef, corn fritters, coffee. Loafed. Entertainment by Co. E. boys, 308th Reg. Band and others. Excellent. Jones redeems himself. Mullins excels. Refreshments, cider, ice cream, cake. Read Austey's "Black Poodle" during uninteresting numbers. To bed at 10:45. Day seems like vacation. Got another pair dress shoes and short coat.

Fri. Dec. 21, 1917

Weather: mild, fair

Health: Throat sore

Up at 6:00. Reveille 6:15. Made bed. Washed. Breakfast, frankfurters, oatmeal, coffee. Drill. Were given rifles. Rack #163, gun #27794. Told importance of keeping it clean and keeping same gun. Went to parade grounds armed with an imitation bomb. Throw some on arrival. Did fairly well. Then formation on field. Marched home. Drill in firebreak. Dinner, boiled salmon, string beans, potato, coffee. No letter from Leah and was worried. Very uncertain about getting leave for Christmas. Could not apply myself well to tasks. Sun was up high and very strong. Everything slush. Tramped about in mud and water with guns and taken inside for manual of arms. Did my very best. Setting up exercises in firebreak. Tried hard again in spite of great difficulties. Stand 2 minutes in mud and slush, and hole would fill up with water. Feet cold and wet. Changed shoes and socks. Found that I was not on any detail or guard so bought a railway ticket. Went to warehouse with Supply Sgt. Supper, stew, bread pudding, stewed apricots, cocoa. Cleaned gun and tidied my bunk. I find I have drawn a pass. Very, very happy. Mark comes with a package from Mama. Go to visit Graumy. Take Mark home. Graumy not in. I leave note. Come back to barracks. Get candy from Annette. Read and finish "Black Poodle." Telephone Leah glad news. Wonderful! Look in at Company F. Boxing. To bed at 10:00. Happy day. Get 2 letters from Leah. Christmas tree on Hdqrs. Hill. Funny incident, Officer at telephone booth.

Sat. Dec. 22, 1917

Weather: fair, windy

Up at 6:00. Reveille 6:15. Breakfast, steak, oatmeal, bread, coffee. Clean up for inspection of barracks. 8:00. To theater site with overalls and shovels. Shoveled manure out of trench, mixed concrete, shoveled sand, carried lumber. I become expert at the art of loafing. Blew up cold. Slush freezes. 12:00 back for mess. Letter from Leah. Name posted for going home 10:30 train Sunday. Mess. Veal, potato, peas, cocoa. Read. Loafed. Played pool. Called up Leah. Was very restless thinking of home and three day vacation. Supper, meatballs, potatoes, coffee. Read in bed. Make bed. Washed leggings. Received package from Dolly. Played auction pinochle. Lost. Went to bed at 9:00. Very uncomfortable, sore, restless. Throat sore. Tonsils swollen. Noise all night. Had bad dreams and got little sleep. Eyes sore. All day long thought of nothing else but home I did nothing whatever that was of any value. So abandoned that I played pool and cards to kill time. Was interested for few minutes only. Then my thoughts would wander to home and Leah's joy at seeing me and my joy at seeing her and how I would loaf and sleep and smoke.

Sun. Dec. 23, 1917

Weather: fair, cold

Health: sore throat, eyes, and nose

Up at 6:45. Roll call. Breakfast, orange, pettijohn's, hash, coffee. Made bed. Tidied bunk. Then began great preparations for journey home. Shined shoes, dressed, packed grip, shaved with infinite care. 9:30 and get my pass. I walked on air. 9:45 for Reg. Headqrs., inspection. 10:00 on train for Leah

and home. Read Tribune and short stories on train. Make good time, good connections and arrive home at 2:00. Leah overjoyed. Kissed me so passionately that I have mark on my left cheek. Had tea. Short nap. Nuck, Matt, Sam, Alvah, Abe Gold called. Abe brought us a present of an angora rug, which we prize highly. Brings us news that he has been drafted and goes to Camp in Los Angeles. Play cards. Good supper. Tell of my experiences at Camp, which interest boys greatly. I have splendid afternoon with Leah. No tomorrow to dread. No immediate leave taking in sight and I have pleasure of seeing others wear my uniform. Played cards a bit. Joe promises me a pair of leggings. Called up Mama. She is not well. Stayed up late listening to military talk, and make plans to go to shop in morning to look into details for Leah. To bed at 12:00 and say my prayers with Leah and experience a great feeling of freedom and homey comfort. Sleep well.

Mon. Dec. 24, 1917

Weather: fair, mild

Health: sore throat, eyes full of mucus

At home. Again I have been tempted by ease and warmth and comfort and Leah and I awake at 8 but loaf and talk in bed till 10 in spite of having promised to go to work at 8. Wash and have breakfast with Leah which seems like sweetheart days and get 11 o'clock boat for New York. In shop at 11:30. Found stock report and find error in job which effects me for the rest of the day. Collections good. Boys glad to see me. Saw Willets who jollied me. Not in mood for it. Straightened up. Jordan calls. Go to bank and lunch at Zeitlin's with Leah. Meet Eidenoff. Set type on return. Buy presents for boys. Consult Fried about seeing Wagner. Take books with me to work on tomorrow and rubbers for use in camp. Get

home at 6:45. Glad to see me. Mama still continues practice of making pet dishes for me. Tell experiences. Go for haircut. Come back and talk and take a nap. Get 11:30 boat home. To bed at 12:45. Were it not for the presence of Leah, this would have been a cheerless day what with cold and my disappointment in Aaron. Leah thinks that I am not satisfied with her arrangements but convince her that I am before I say my prayers. Sleep well.

Tue. Dec. 25, 1917

Weather: rain in morning, clearing

I am miraculously relieved of my cold.

Awake at 11. Wash. Breakfast with Leah. Work on books. Straighten out prices. Check up ledger, bills, etc. Look over check book. Gratifying. Joe and Bertha com. Joe brings me a pair of leggings and Bertha makes a cake for me. Dinner in my honor. Mr. Braverman comes. Children come. Willie comes with things we had left at Mama's. The annoyance my leave taking tonight appears in us both. We are querulous. Leah makes preparations for my going. Washes my things. We go to Dollie's. Stay for 20 minutes. Come back for supper. I take a nap until 11:30 while Leah packs my things. Apter downstairs. Leah is frightened and heartsick when she wakens me. I occupy her to divert her mind. Take a cup of tea and am on my way. Back to Camp, far away from my love. But I am glad that I leave Leah at home to cry and thankful, very thankful, for a three day holiday with Pudgie. Seems not so hard to bear her absence for a time. Apter goes with me to car. Deliver tirade on war and draft to ward off any boring advice, which I suspected his purpose to give. Make early boat, which is delayed. Get to station at 1:15. No train till 2. Schedule changed. On trip out, wakeful. Read, smoke.

Am amused at efforts of others to fall asleep. Train cold, but I am comfortable, thanks to Leah. Train makes exceedingly fast trip. Arrive at barracks at 4:50 am. Bitter cold. Go to bed with clothes on. Say prayers, but do not sleep.

Wed. Dec. 26, 1917

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good, feeling fit

Awake at 6 after one hour's fitful slumber.

Feet cold. Reveille 6:15. Make bed. Breakfast, oatmeal, hash, coffee. Quite cheerful. Wonder about Leah. Does she feel cheerful when I do? We clean guns. Then physical exercise outdoors without overcoats in biting cold. Hike with guns. Long hike with guns out until 12. No mail. Dinner, soup, roast beef, potato, coffee. A fire in camp while at mess. Exciting time. Gotten under control quickly. Upstairs for examination. Undress from waist up. No one comes. Take nap. Awakened every ten minutes by cry "Attention", nap "Attention" more nap. "Attention" etc. until 3:00. Physician not yet arrived. Go to be inoculated for third and last time and when I come back physicians are at work. They examine me for heart and lungs. O.K. Jack Habas goes to France tomorrow at 7:15. I feel queer. War seems reality. Write. Retreat. Arm very sore from inoculation, more so then at any other time. Supper, spaghetti, rice and raisins, coffee. Finish letter to Leah and Mama. See Lieut. Berry with affidavit in connection with my exemption. Must see Lieut. Whitehouse, Co. F., tomorrow to swear to affidavits. Go to bed at 9. Say my prayers and kiss Leah's picture and pass a poor night, shivering with ague when in bed, then very hot. In pain all night. My bed is very hard. A day that started very well but ended miserably.

Thu. Dec. 27, 1917

Weather: fair, cold

Health: sore in every muscle

Up at 6:00. Reveille at 6:15. Wash, make bed. Tidy up for inspection. Breakfast, mush, liver and onions, coffee. Shave. Read Stevenson's "Prince Otto." Ordered to dentist. Take book with me, which is a wise move. Wait from 9:00 until 12:00. Dentist puts piece of cotton in one tooth. To return tomorrow at 8:00. No mail. Dinner, frankfurters, potatoes, sauerkraut, coffee. Out for drill. In squads and work with company. To parade ground and return. Physical exercise in firebreak for three quarters of an hour. Every movement hurts. Target practice indoors with Hollifield device. Retreat. Write Mama and Leah. Supper late, beef stew, prunes, coffee. After supper, to half barracks. Sit on cots. Listen to Articles of War, during which I fall asleep. Penalty for this is death. Mark calls while at reading and brings box of candy and cigars. Stays for a few minutes. Play checkers with Sam and Boland and win. Go upstairs to bed to read. At lights out say my prayers. Kiss Leah's picture. Before afternoon mess, we drew lots to see who goes home for New Year's holiday. A very tense moment. Such happiness at stake. I am one of the lucky ones and rush for a railroad ticket. Tell Leah about it in my letter. I am sure that had I not won, I would have been the most homesick, morbid soul alive.

Fri. Dec. 28, 1917

Weather: clear, warm

Up at 6:00. Reveille at 6:15. Breakfast, hash, oatmeal, coffee. Clean up for inspection. Wash. Assembled in Mess Hall where Lieut. McMurtry reads notice about the necessity of going and returning on trains specified on

pass, when on leave. Punishment, deprivation of pass privileges for 2 months "if in this country" considered significant to boys. Company out to drill. I go to dentist at 8:00. Pass bulletin board and see my name posted for duty. I am very much surprised and in bad humor. Decide to inquire. Dentist fills two teeth. I read "Prince Otto" while I wait. Come back and see Lieut. Mullin about my pass. He promises to order my Sgt. To draw lots again to decide who in 3rd Platoon stays to make up a detail of 4 men for special duty during holiday. Read, talk, lounge until dinner. Beets, potatoes, fish, pea soup, coffee. Fish is good. We draw lots again. Jones is stuck. Drill with company all afternoon in mud, slush and water, while my rubbers are upstairs. Special registered letter from Leah, which carrier would not give up, because of error on delivery slip. Supper, beef stew, chocolate pudding, coffee. Name still on list. Go to P.O. for letter. Contains an old picture of Leah. I call up Leah. Not at home. Tell Rachel doubtful news. Go to Graumy's. He is at lecture. Find a book I want to read. Lecture over. Graumy introduces me to boys. Sociable chaps. Graumy shines shoes while I talk. Back to barracks with book at 9. Hard going back. Very strong cold wind. Wash leggings, wash shoes of mud, go to bed. Kiss Leah's picture, say prayers and try to sleep. Cough all night with towel in bed for handkerchief.

Sat. Dec. 29, 1917

Weather: very cold, snow evident

Health: bad cold

Up at 6:00. Reveille at 6:15. Double time work to keep warm. Breakfast, liver and potatoes run out, coffee, no milk. Bustle and hurry to tidy up for inspection. No time to wash. No time to shave. Put powder on my face instead. Inspection of quarters, then

outside for inspection of arms. Men suffer intensely from cold. Lieut. Mullins and about fifty men's ears are frostbitten. We are the only company out. No work for the rest of the day. My name is posted for a pass on the 10 o'clock train on Sunday. Read. To Acker, Merrill and Condit to telephone. Leah at shop. Tell her not to be too sure of seeing me on account of list for leave being changed from time to time. Snow which began falling when we were out for inspection is still falling and there are rumors that no trains are running. Disappointment everywhere. Trains only one hour late. Our Mess Hall blossoms forth with oilcloth on the tables. Dinner, corned beef, sauerkraut, potatoes, coffee. Read and finish "Prince Otto." A lesson in semaphore signaling after morning inspection, in which I am quite proficient because of my knowledge of manual sign language. Impatient for home. Worried about Leah in cold weather. Supper, roast beef, stewed corn, rice pudding. Stay in Recreation Room. Watch pool table and card games. Cough, cough, cough all day long. Get Emery extract from Pat Love and go to bed at 9:30. Cold in bed but cough greatly relieved. My prayers are that I might go home to Leah.

Sun. Dec. 30, 1917

Weather: very cold, dry

Health: cold slightly improved

Up at 6:45. Roll call. Breakfast, cornflakes, bacon, hard boiled eggs, coffee. Wash, shave and make bed. Detailed to help clean latrine. My first detail in week. Dress for inspection by 9:00. Leave for 10 o'clock train. Train is announced two hours late. Read Zangwill's "Ghetto Comedies" and play pool. Get away at 11. On train at 12. Surprised by newspaper announcement that mercury is between 6 and 13 below zero. Steel-frame, concrete floor cars are so cold that boys build fires of newspapers

on floor to warm feet and do double time all the way home. Sam and I eat box of candy. Sam has very bad cold. Boys' feet are frostbitten. Get home to Leah at 4:00. Happy again. Bertha and Joe and Goldstone there. Dinner. Call home and Mama. I have a lot to tell and complain about. Eat Leah's first cookies. Good. Hetty, Harry, Hy, Mollie, Mike and Ben Diamond call. They play cards, victrola. Goldstone recites "Shamus O'Brien" and sings topical songs very well. I find that I grow tired if I stay awake after 9:00, so at 11:00, I announce that I wish to go to bed. Company goes. Leah and I talk shop and make plans for tomorrow. We say our prayers together, after discussing peace, talk in papers of today, in which Germany appears very anxious to conclude peace. Sleep poorly. Dreaming all night that I was back in barracks and that I have no right to sleep with Leah, whom I was endeavoring to put out of my bed or hide. It is very cold in bedroom and we find it hard to get warm.

Mon. Dec. 31, 1917

Weather: coldest day of the year

Health: my cold is a little worse

Up at 8:00 but doze and talk and lie in bed until nearly 11. Aaron calls up to say that Tom and Abe have not come to work and that Marshall wants to go home, he too being so cold that he sits on radiator. This frightens and disappoints Leah and me greatly. We debate for a long time whether we should go to shop at all. Decide to go for a short while and to ask Felix and Max to lunch with us. Rebekah calls up just as we are about to leave and interferes with our plans. To ferry for 12:30 boat. Leah suffers from cold. In shop at 1:50. Most dismal sight. No one there but Aaron and he with overcoat on and teeth chattering is a pitiful sight to behold. It is very cold in shop

in spite of steam up. Willetts and Tom up. I do a little work and read a long lecture to Aaron about lost motions and good methods and send him home at three. To Elm Tree Tea Room for waffles and tea which are good and make us warm. Go to see Felix and Max and spend a most pleasant hour and a half. Weigh myself and find that I have gained about three pounds since I have been in the Army. Look for something to give Mama for present but cannot find anything suitable. Home at 7 and walk into a cold, half lit house. No gas, not much coal. A good supper, after which I sit by the fire with Leah on my lap and talk scandal, war and peace. Mama has grown accustomed to my being a soldier. We leave for home and 10:30 boat. Keep warm all the way. Get to bed just in time to hear whistles and church bells ring out old year and ring in the new. A year of hardships and sorrows intermingled with happiness has passed. Our most fervent please to God to grant us a year of happiness and peace and a normal baby.

Tue. Jan. 1, 1918

Weather: cold

Health: my cold is about the same

Up at 11. We are very lazy. I take a bath with my wrist watch on. Another cold sore makes its appearance. A big breakfast. Read Times and am pleased with peace outlook. Bertha brings me cake. It is very cold in house. Running short of coal. Leah makes cake and candy for me to bring back to camp, while I criticize. Take another nap. Dinner which was made especially for me it seems. Dolly calls up and I promise to visit her. After dinner another nap. Apter calls while I am asleep. I play fox. Wake up as he is about to leave. We chat a little. Go to Dolly's and do a few errands. Get back at seven thirty. For the last three hours have been watching with

consternation the hours slip by. The last half days of my furloughs aren't happy ones on that account. Supper cold. Water pipes burst in the cellar. Work on books. Give Leah instructions and admonish her on conduct of business. Lie on sofa for an hour with my sweetheart, a very tearful one and silent, seated beside me. Crying cannot be quelled. Makes it doubly hard for me to go back. Bag packed by Leah, while I am at Dolly's and my clothes are ready and I go away at 11:30. Poor Leah. So many tears. So many mutual blessings. Atlantic Avenue on time. Meet Sam and Margaret, other boys. Train makes good time to Jamaica. 1:00 out of Jamaica. Get seats in heated cars. Comfortable seats. Read Zangwill and smoke. Heat becomes oppressive. Drowsy, take fitful nap. Train makes long stop. Fast for a while, then another stop. Remove rubbers and overcoat. Perspire freely. Dry-mouthed. Body aching from strained position. Boys do not get up to give officers seats. Democratic with a vengeance. Train gets in at 5:15. Either too hot or too cold on the L.I. Railroad. No happy medium it seems.

Wed. Jan. 2, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: fair

*Read Newspapers - Peace Prospects
Pleasing*

Late for reveille. Our names are taken but we are excused. Breakfast, oatmeal, bacon, coffee. Payroll to be signed. Read. Signal practice in Recreation Room. Spread out our equipment on bed to check it. Helmets given to boys by Com. McMurtry. Mirrors and hooks for hanging clothes in latrines. Now best latrine in camp. Best equipped company.

On guard in latrine 12-12:30. Dinner, soup, beans and coffee. A bag of hard candy for each man. On guard 1:30-3 in latrine. In barracks to put away equipment, read and take nap. Outside for retreat, very cold, with guns. Supper, beef stew, apple butter, bread, coffee. At Retreat, a list of eleven men were ordered to report to Supply Sgt. Griffiths. Rumor immediately has it that these men are to go South. Great excitement. Rosenbaum and ten other new men to go. Men are to go to Concord, North Carolina Camp at 6:45 in the morning. A hasty move to send telegrams and telephone the folks at home. An effort made to procure passes until then to say goodbye. Refused. I feel sorry for Rosenbaum, who has not been home since arrival here, and am greatly worried about myself. It is not definite as to whether more men will go. I cannot think of anything else but Leah's feelings, if I should go. After supper, I make my bed and read. Shave, wash and tuck in at 9:15. Lay awake and think of the swift unkind way of sending men away from home. Kiss Leah's picture, say prayers and fall asleep before I'm finished.

Thu. Jan. 3, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good, best night since arrival

Up at 6:00. Reveille at 6:15. Breakfast 6:30. Oatmeal, steak, coffee. Rosenbaum and Henchwiser absent from Reveille. Other boys depart for South at 6:45. Company inspection at 7:30. Everybody camouflages shaves. Outside with rifles. Back to barracks for signal drill, bomb-throwing. Circulars and pledge blanks given out to be mailed to friends for contributions to Community Hall Fund. I send five, one to Leah. I am called to Orderly Room. Frightened. Asked to get another affidavit to complete my case. Go back to drill

class. Called again. Much more frightened. Asked to keep all my papers until complete. Fire alarm sounds. A small fire, Company A. Out in sweaters, some no hats. Dinner, soup, boiled beef, horseradish sauce, stewed corn, potatoes, coffee. Foot inspection announced. Read paper. 3 of our boys go to new training school. See Graumy's name too. Doctor tells me my left foot is flat. We go for hike up football field. Fine. Read. Wait impatiently for retreat. Fear more men will be called to go South and naturally am worried about myself. Ask for leave or pass for Saturday and Sunday. Retreat. Drill. Supper, macaroni, prunes, coffee. Write, read. Clean gun. Go with Sam to see Friedman. I see a Post Office where Sam breaks a five dollar bill and receives change for dollar only. Back to barracks. Read. Get a package from Dolly. Mark comes with another, but I refuse it. Give him some candy instead. Promise to visit him Monday. Rest in bed till lights out. Say prayers. Kiss Leah and do not sleep. Noise all night. Reilly, fireman, makes too much noise. Curley and Curry take a swig from bottle. Boys talk in sleep.

Fri. Jan. 4, 1918

Weather: cold, windstorm, sandladen

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille 6:15. Breakfast, liver, onions, oatmeal, coffee. Make cot. Wash. Rosenbaum reported to have returned only to run away again. Signal practice in Recreation Room. Sgt. Curry. He becomes facetious. Told about good old summer times and exemption with flags. Read the "American Printer," a magazine I never had time to read in the City. Rifle practice inside with Holliwell targets. Quite proficient. Signal practice. A walk in the wind, braving the sand. Lieut. McMurtry follows a course that is free from blowing

sand, but eyes, ears and nose are full. Must wash on return. Dinner, pork and beans, turnips, coffee. We notice a change in meals since civilian cook left us. Mess kits to be inspected. Manual of arms inside. I find that gun is not so heavy as at first. Guns away. An air of secrecy about officers. Suddenly, fire drill announced. I run with hose cart to Fifth Avenue and back to barracks. Delightful run without overcoat. Enjoyable, because I did not run in labored manner which incidentally surprises me. Read. We sing songs or rather practice singing in Mess Hall. I suggest letting me go to shop so I might print songs in book form. Reconsider because passes will be greatly restricted on account of coal situation on LIRR. A letter from Leah. Full of troubles in shop. Supper, roast beef, potatoes, stewed pears and peaches. Write. Go with Sam to see Friedman. See bakers at work. Go to K of C Hall. Telephone Leah. She is very cheerful. Conditions in shop much better. See basketball game. Back to barracks. Discover I have lost leggings. Make bed, shave and wash leggings. Have shoes shined. To bed at 10:00. Do not rest well. Sand has hurt my nose and throat.

Sat. Jan. 5, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille 6:15. Breakfast, steak, oatmeal, coffee. Tidy up thoroughly for Company Inspection. Platoon was inspected, O.K. Inspection arms and the rest of the day to ourselves. Coal situation on the railroads so bad that only 4% of each company is permitted to go home on pass. In our company 8 passes. Lt. McMurtry is promoted to Captaincy. Capt. McMurtry announces a special mess for evening to men who must remain in barracks. He tries to get 308th band, but fails. While on parade, I see a nickel on

ground and almost get into trouble because I want to pick it up. Bravest act of my life so far to resist temptation to stoop for it. I go back to look for it when dismissed but cannot find it. Read, loaf, and doze. Dinner, bean soup, potatoes, roast beef, beets, coffee. Time hangs heavy. I begin to miss Leah greatly and am minded to ask for a pass. I call her up at 4:00. She is very much disappointed and cries, which affects me so that I forget to tell her what I want to. She promises to come the first train tomorrow. I promise to call her in the morning, but later find that I cannot get to telephone early enough. I take a nap. Roll call at 5:00. Supper, meatballs, rice and raisins, tea. An entertainment is arranged for 8. Read, make bed. An excellent pianist from another company plays for us, and a great many more numbers, some very good, are put on. Bishop and his jazz. band. Al Cahill, a former Hippodrome dancer, and a boxing bout. Our Mess crowded with visitors. Fine spirit among boys who volunteer to entertain. Call up Leah again and make plans for Sunday. Refreshments. Ice cream, candy, cake and cider. Bed at 10:00. Do not sleep well. Cough. McAuley, McGay and Nicholas go to CT Camp.

Sun. Jan. 6, 1918

Weather: mild, clear, a spring day

Health: good

Up at 6:30. Oatmeal, ham, coffee. Read and loaf. Shave. Wait impatiently for Leah to come. A most glorious day. Sun shines. It is warm and the sky is blue and clear as a June day. Boys out in firebreak with basketballs, footballs, medicine balls and baseballs. Windows are wide open. I sit on steps. I wait for Leah. 12:00 o'clock. At 12:45, Leah has not yet arrived, so I go in for mess. Soup, leg of lamb, corn, potatoes, pudding, coffee.

Hardly started, when Leah comes. She looks so well I am proud of her. Rebekah with her. I wash my mess kit and go with them. Sam and Margaret waiting for me too, so we all go together to YMCA hostess house, where we have a good dinner. Rebekah very anxious to see Grametstein. We go to look for him. Do not find him after a long search, so go over to see Mark. We lose Sam, Margaret and Rebekah on the way, but run into Graumy. We congratulate him. He must get back to quarters, so we go to Mark's place. He is sick, so after a few minutes we go back to look for Rebekah. We find them outside our quarters and introduce the girls to boys. Sam, Margaret and Rebekah had been through my barracks, for which Sgt. Carrao gets call. Rosenbaum has come back and is under guard, a prisoner at this cot which is next to mine. Retreat. To hostess house with Zucker for supper. I steal a few kisses on road. We dine, after which we find chairs and go over a few business matters. Graumy comes. Zucker leaves. We go to station and put girls on 7:30 train. Parting not so hard, because I know Leah has company. Take Salome home. Stop at AM&C for a drink. Make bed. Read peace speech of Lloyd George. Go to PO to mail special delivery letter to Leah. Paper I forgot to give her. Go to bed at 10. For me a delightful holiday, which ended too soon. We see panoramic view of camp from tower.

Mon. Jan. 7, 1918

Weather: cold, sleet, ice

Health: good

I am worried about Leah

Up at 6:00. It was raining torrents. Much to my surprise. No Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, hash, coffee. Prospects for doing outside work

not very good. Walking impossible. One of our men slips and injures head. We have 8 men today who are prisoners. Followed by guard wherever they go. Read paper. Practice with Holliwell targets in Recreation Room. Out of 20 shots my score is good. Read Popular Mechanics. Signal practice, semaphore. We send signals. Setting up exercises for an hour. Dinner, beef stew, rice and raisins. Reagan's conduct becomes annoying. Arrogant. In Mess Hall we are taught to adjust our rifle slings to prone and kneeling positions. We get lecture on sanitation and prophylaxis. With rifles, position and aiming exercises. Then for a hike on ice-covered roads without rifles. Get back in time for Retreat. Capt. reads sentences imposed on prisoners for taking leave. About Rosenbaum and Henchwiser, "They will be shipped South and dealt with there. They are no longer members of Company E Thank God," which I do not approve. I was frightened at the thought of the South. My name is posted for KP for a week beginning Wednesday. Supper, spaghetti, prunes, coffee. Write. Read regulations for non-coms and privates. Go to PO and to telephone Leah. She is well to my great relief. Take a bath and wash socks and handkerchiefs. Open windows and go to bed. My bath was hurried because Curry was there and if any 2nd platoon man had come in he would fared badly and so I. To bed at 10 and sleep poorly. Had promised to visit Mark but do not on account of weather. One month here today. Clean latrine.

Tue. Jan. 8, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille 6:15. Breakfast, oatmeal, potatoes, steak. Prepare for march to rifle range. Guns, ponchos. A long treacherous

walk through woods and over frozen streams. Hot work and very tiresome. When we stop, perspiration freezes and chills to the bone. I am assigned to target at 100 yds. Firing from prone position with parapet of earth for a chin rest, and my feet in slush. Fortunate to have rubbers. My first shot a great surprise to me. I expected to be kicked back a mile. But not so. No recoil at all. Recorded as a miss. Thereafter 5 bullseyes and 4 fores. Final score 41 out of a possible 50. My fingers are freezing and hurt fearfully. After a few minutes of rubbing and standing near fire we go back to barracks. File to rear of column. Very tired. Arrive in time for Mess. Pork and bean soup, coffee. Read non-com rules. Aiming and position drills with rifles. Physical exercises outside. Letter from Leah. Holliwell practice. Retreat. I discover a man (Goldsoll) who deceives. He is a Jew. Claims he is an Episcopalian. Thoroughly disgusted with him. Supper, roast beef, potatoes, carrots, coffee. Write Leah, Mama. Write Mark. Cannot see him this week on account of kitchen police duty which begins tomorrow 5:30. To bed at 8:00. Read President Wilson's peace speech before Congress which I believe will be prolific of results shortly. Had a letter from Leah which worries me greatly in spite of her reassuring telephone conversation last night. Sleep well.

Wed. Jan. 9, 1918

Weather: cloudy, cold

Health: good

Up at 5:00. Reagan wakes me. Make bed. Wash. Get a pair of overalls. Report to Mess Sgt. Breakfast 6:00. Oatmeal, karo syrup, bread, fried bacon. Serve boys at 6:15. I man coffee pot. Surprised how many dippers of coffee I serve. Begin washing pots and pans. A big task which occupies the greater part of

the morning. I miss smoke. Steal a few whiffs. Prepare two boilers of potatoes. Have a bite of bread and jam and cup of cocoa. My cot is shifted and bedding hung out to air. Dinner, boiled beef, horseradish sauce, peas and potatoes, coffee. I serve peas and potatoes. Afternoon. Wash dishes, shovel coal, fill tin boilers with potatoes, peel them with 4 other boys for salad. Many conflicting orders given. No opportunity to rest or loaf nor do I feel inclined to. Serve supper. Cold roast beef, potato salad, pickles, apple butter, coffee. We run out of meat for our own supper. We have steaks and tinned bully beef which I see for the first time. I also learn there is such a thing as evaporated eggs. Get letter from Lottie. Wash pots and pans and prepare coffee for morning. Finish at 8:00. Letter from Leah. Write Leah. Read. Go to bed/very tired at about 11 knowing that I have done a good day's work that was entirely constructive and my only revulsion of feeling being on hearing a lecture in snatches while I worked by Lt. Cook on bayonet work. Brutal but well delivered, which I must admit. Our kitchen was inspected in the morning and passed OK. Too tired to wash and shave. Sleep well.

Thu. Jan. 10, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good, hip a trifle stiff

I should have awakened at 5 but having forgotten to put my cot number on call list I did not get up until 6:00 when whistle blew. In a panic. Boys jest with me and say I was given a good shaking at 5:30. Mess Sgt. lenient with me and other boys who are late. Clean pots and pans, peel potatoes. Catch snatches of lecture given by Lt. Cook on obedience and other subjects. Dinner, beef stew, bread pudding, coffee. Wash dishes. Formation announced for 1:30. Ordered out by

Corporal Reagan and Sgt. Curley. Wanted in kitchen where I am threatened with punishment for leaving but later I am excused by Lieut. Bell. Most of work has been done. Ready to serve supper. Vienna roll, lima beans, tea. Wash dishes. Finish quickly so as to have time to clean gun and get supplies at PE and YMCA. Write to Leah. I have no letter from her today. Worried. There was lecture in Mess Hall for officers, on pediatrics, which I am interested in. Most of officers asleep. I am asked to clear tables during lecture but officers will not be bothered. Nothing definite yet about passes. Kitchen work becomes tiring because of long hours. To bed at 11. Eyes hurt. I feel homesick and my dreams are about home and business. Sleep well.

Fri. Jan. 11, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Bulgaria and Russia conclude a separate peace.

Up at 5:30 which is too late. Mess Sgt. angered and decides to investigate. Serve breakfast. Farina and milk, frankfurters, bread, coffee. I set to work immediately to finish quickly. At 8 Lt. Bell orders me to go out for drill with Company. I have to hurry to put on leggings and overcoat. Get rifle and fall in behind Company which had started. We hike for one hour, then put through manual of arms in our proper formation of platoons on roads. Lt. Cook in charge of our platoon. Gives a very stiff drill in which I am perfect. I am really surprised at my performance and when Company is assembled and drilled by Captain I continue my successful performance, making only one mistake in something with which I am not familiar. Inspection of arms. Go back

to the Barracks pleased. Fifteen minutes' rest. Outside without coats or rifles for fire drill after which physical exercise but I am sent back to kitchen. Most of work is done so I take a bite and a drink and am ready to serve dinner. Pork and beans, parsnips and coffee. Brutus and I finish work by 3:00. Capt. McMurtry asks us to sweep Mess Hall after which we take an hour and a half's rest. I have a wordy battle with Long. He apologizes and tries to make amends. Wash leggings and start writing to Leah. I get a letter from Leah. Back to work for supper. I hear that I will be relieved after tonight. A new system under which our platoon will furnish all guard and work squads. Supper, roast beef, gravy, potatoes, stewed pears, coffee. List of passes has been posted. I am greatly disappointed. I finish work in kitchen. Go to ask Capt. For a pass but cannot get one. Clean rifle, wash clothes, shave and go to bed at 11. Glad that I will be able at least to ask Leah to come here to visit. Snowing. Another letter from Leah with an affidavit.

Sat. Jan. 12, 1918

Weather: rain in morning

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Breakfast 6:15. Corn meal mush, bacon, coffee. Fast work around bunk for inspection. Reagan same as usual. Nasty. Inspection. Captain orders me to have hair cut, many others too. Curley angry. Dismissed for day. No inspection outside account of weather. Everything is mud. I am in dumps. I wish, wish I could go home. Command realizes feelings of boys and cautions us against taking leave. I would give everything I own to be able to go home and feel as though I would like to cry. Most dismal thoughts. Dream of AWOL but love for Leah prevents me from jeopardizing my chances for a pass. I

get a hair cut and read the "Illustrious O'Hagen McCarthy," and nap. Get a package of cake from Dolly. Dinner, bean soup, frankfurters and sauerkraut, coffee. Three of our boys transferred to engineers. Telephone Leah. Wait on line one hour at AM&C. Bad going, mud ankle deep. I fret and fume and sweat from impatience. Finally I get her. She is cheerful in spite of fact that she thinks I am in kitchen and will not be able to see her. I tell her that she can. But that I would not advise her to come account of mud. She decides to come. Back to barracks. Read in bed. Sleep. Much more composed though anxious for a smoke. Nap a bit. Supper, beef stew, peaches, rice. Read. Make bed. Write in Mess Hall. Entertainment for officers of impromptu selections. I meet my match in checkers. Am beaten three games straight. Pat Long nasty again. Take a bath, exercise and wash some clothes. It has blown up cold and I wonder whether Leah can come tomorrow. It promises to be below zero weather. Dawdle and smoke in bed, say prayers and get a good night's rest. I opened windows. Stove goes out. So, it is quite cold in barracks.

Sun. Jan. 13, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:45. No Reveille. Breakfast, bacon, frankfurters, oatmeal. Tidy up. Anxious not to have Leah come because of cold. Read. A little nap. Then to AM&C to telephone Leah. I find she has started. I am a little vexed and very much pleased. It gauges the bigness of her love. I learn there that a 2nd supply train goes to France tomorrow via Hoboken and that some Engineers go during the week. Buy newspaper. Peace outlook not very encouraging. Back to Barracks to ask permission from Lieut. Cook. to remain away

for day, which is granted. Take a muffler and go to RR Station to meet Leah. Train delayed and will not arrive until 12:30 or later. Go to YMCA Hostess House to wait with Mendelsohn. Read and doze in chair. House crowded. Boys start rumor that train is in so go to station. No news of train. Go to YMCA. In a few minutes smoke of engine is seen so big rush to station begins. I cannot find Leah and look about in crowd. See Graumy. Then find Leah. The dear girl would come to me through fire I believe. We go to Hostess House and have lunch which Leah brought and entertain Graumy, Sadie and Brig and attend to business matters. Have sandwiches seated on arm of Leah's chair. We make love as in the days of my courtship of which I am touchingly reminded. Too soon at 8:00 Leah and I leave for the Station. My brave girl goes home all alone, as happy to have come as I was to have had her. Walk slowly and watch her train depart and whisper a prayer for the engineer to bring her home safely. Back to Barracks on air. Get in, in time to make beds of Buda and myself. A reprimand from Lieut. Cook for eating dates in his presence. Rest and chat with boys in Hall. Rosenbaum and Thompson very amusing. To bed at 11.

Mon. Jan. 14, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Disturbed all night by lights being turned on by Corp. of guard looking for guard. Make a general clean-up. Breakfast, poorest since arrival. Bread and jam, coffee. Sam brings me a package and a letter from Louis. We go out for a long hike to Smith's Field, where we are drilled by platoons and squad and in company. Work keeps us warm. Out until 11:30. Our platoon not in running in competition. Back to quarters at 12:00.

Package from Leah. Dinner, roast beef, potatoes, peas, soup, coffee. A very short rest. In firebreak for arming and posture exercises and physical drills. With Sgt. McWhinney to warehouse for loads of supplies. He tells me that we may move by Feb. 15. I do not believe. New mess kits issued. Write, read. Supper. Bean and meat stew, prunes, tea. Sam tells me that he too has heard that we go away next month, from authoritative source. I am suddenly worried. Later he informs me that about 50% of men go south next week. Read and take a nap. Telephone Leah. Anxiety about her relieved. Afraid she would detect my worried mannerism, but no. Back to barracks. Sam tells me again men were told by lectures, that the next two weeks would probably see us all away from here. I had forgotten to ask him about my affidavit. Go to Hugh Murray and ask a great many questions of everybody about what was said. Sweaters, mittens, mufflers, gloves issued. Write Mama. Read in Hall. Have a little more conferences. Go to bed at 10:30 and have animated dreams of Leah and home while awake and presently fall asleep. Get a good night's rest. A day of many rumors from many sources.

Tue. Jan. 15, 1918

Weather: raining, snowing, windy

Health: good

Up at 6:00 to find a half inch of snow on ground and falling snow wet and penetrating because blown by wind. Reveille. Inspection of quarters by Lieut. Cook, who reprimands me for not calling Curley's sergeants. I am beginning to think he has it in for me. Everything is mud outside. Water coming in from a hundred leaks in barracks. Wind howls. Issued cartridge belts and bayonets, campaign hats. I construe that to indicate an early departure, which is by no means pleasant to

contemplate. Instruction given us on adjusting cartridge belts and drawing and sheathing bayonets. Articles of War read to us again. Sgt. Childs falls asleep. Lieut. Cook shakes him to waken him. Hollifield rifle practice. Signal practice. Cleaning bayonets. Dinner, pork and beans, bread, stewed rhubarb, coffee. I am inclined to believe that rumors of our going away soon are unfounded. This is verified by an announcement to the effect that Company will compete to determine best platoon to compete for entry with benefit of performance in Hippodrome. Get two letters from Leah. Hollifield practice. Bayonet fixing and signaling drill. I am cut across fingers by Jones. Physical exercises. Two more undershirts and OD shirt are issued. Supper, stewed apples, roast beef, potatoes. Take a nap after supper until 8:30. Shave. Write. Answer letter from Dolly about my silence. Lieut. Cook and sergeants in Mess Hall, telling stories. I make out estimates, inventories, etc. for Leah, on jobs she sent me. Sgt. Curley about. H.. on to ... meddling.. matter. To bed at 11. Sleep well. Today at a number of formations, Capt. reads list of names. The most exciting sport.

Wed. Jan. 16, 1918

Weather: fair

Health: good

Paid at 6:15 - \$12.00 No deduction for insurance.

Up at 6:00. Breakfast, oatmeal, steak, coffee. Inspection. Outside with new hats, belts, rifles. Drill in firebreak. Lt. Cook reprimanded by Lieut. Boniface for our appearance. Some men have hat with 1 earlap down, other up. Ragged appearance all the way down the line. Good humored exchange between Lieuts. Frequent

rests but work is grueling. Sgt. Childs has moving picture – in recreation room where I am anxious to go to look for letters from Leah and packages. Dinner, beef stew, prunes. Hardly time to wash my mess kit when whistle blows for drill. Turn out by squads. Lieut. Cook tells us we are to be paid today. A fine incentive for work. Letter from Leah with affidavit enclosed. Then a telegram from Leah which is disappointing. She is in great difficulties in shop. I do not know what to do since one does not work with other. Sam tells me of a fight with Sweet. Retreat. Supper, macaroni and cheese, canned peaches, cocoa. Read and nap. 8:00 to the K of C to phone Leah. See prize fight for first time. Leah has bad news to tell me about things in the shop. I give her encouragement and then I go back to barracks. I go to orderly room but cannot stand air. Read for a while and downstairs in mess hall to write to Leah and Lou until 10:30. I have noticed that I find it impossible to think and write and at the least interruption my mind is diverted, so I go to bed. Sleep well. 15 men transferred from Company to supply train to fill vacancies caused by men being sent to France last Monday. These men return at night for pay but do not get it.

Thu. Jan. 17, 1918

Weather: fair, mild

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, corn meal mush, syrup, 2 apples, toast and butter, black coffee. No milk to be had at camp nor at PE or AM&C. Out for work at 7:00. Captain sends back most of company to listen to Lieut. Mullins lecture on insurance. Snowing. Drill close order. Picture of entire company taken. Worked until 12:00. “Like niggers” as boys say. New Corporal, an over-anxious, nervous kid, 4th platoon. Begins drilling manual, right,

left and post at once. Lieut. Cook looks in and tells us we have a better trick in store for us. Two letters from Leah. See Captain about getting pass and hand in completed papers for exemption claim. Promised pass for first train on Saturday. Dinner, boiled beef, stewed corn, soup, crackers, cocoa. Out at 1:00. Drill in firebreak for a time then hike to Smith’s Field for a little competition in which we acquit ourselves favorably. Back at 2:30. A Court Martial in session in Mess Hall. Private accused of opening packages of registered mail. Go to Orderly Room about insurance. Discover that Capt. McMurtry is a near neighbor of Mama’s 22 East 70th Street. Peek into Mess Hall. Grim looking affair. Supper after Court Martial adjourns. Bully beef for the first time. Very good. Potatoes, string beans, bread pudding, cocoa. Write. To Orderly Room on errand for Lt. Mullins. To see Mark with goodies from Mama. Not in. To YMCA to telephone Leah. She is not home. Probably to see Mr. Wagner and Mama. Thirsty on way back and stop in P.E. Not a drink of soda to be had in either of them. No water at YMCA. Back to barracks. Write. Read newspaper. Very interesting development of economic situation which in my opinion will hasten peace. To bed at 11.

Fri. Jan. 18, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good, feet hurt a bit

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Steak, potatoes, coffee. Inspection. Drill outside. March to end of camp. Poor work. Cannot hear commands. Back to barracks. Odd boys have to go to rifle range. This announcement provokes curses and grumbling. Boys must go without dinner on a 3 and a half mile hike and shoot 200 or 300 yd. range. Their refreshment consists of corned beef sandwiches and coffee. Childs takes charge and shows his ignorance and

amuses us. Boys lay down. Dinner, fish soup, potatoes, bacon. Orderly room to sign exemption blank. Court Martial convenes. Childs takes us out again. With no overcoats. We work until 3:00. I do excellent work. A bird on peak of barracks opposite. A dove of peace I say. Read for a while and fall asleep. Eigenbeer wakes me to ask for a pencil which I give him. Later I grow angry at him for it. Retreat. Captain announces only seven passes. My name not on list. I am bitter because Capt. had promised me a pass. Eases situation by telling us that auto passes will be given. Supper, beef stew, prunes, cocoa. Clean gun and bayonet. Court Martial reconvenes. Prisoner evidently will be acquitted. Make bed. In Orderly Room 3 times about insurance and pass. Pack into Mess Hall. See prisoner gesticulating and evidently protesting innocence. Do an errand for Lieut. Mullin. Go to YMCA to telephone Leah. A long line. A show going on which I look at while I wait. Decide not to wait. Begin job of preparing for inspection in morning. Wash belt and leggings. Shave. Listen with ear to wall in an effort to hear what is going on at Court Martial. Prisoner is taken out of court to give witnesses a chance to testify. There are varied opinions as to guilt of prisoner, and discussion of case. Sgts. of the Guard for the day are witnesses to the proceedings but show themselves true soldiers and will give no information whatever as to what is said or done. Toilet being completed I read a little. Stay in hall and talk and take a little refreshment and at 11:30 to bed. Just in time to hear Fallas talk in his sleep. He was drilling a squad. After some time making plans for tomorrow, fall asleep and sleep well.

Sat. Jan. 19, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Up at 5:30 before whistle blows. Reveille at 6:15. Make bed and wash before breakfast. Bread, butter, oatmeal, coffee. Police up very well. Inspection of quarters by Capt. Pronounced excellent. No black marks. Inspection of Company outside. Most of 3rd platoon reprimanded for condition of rifles. I among them. Commander tells us he is proud of his company. Dismissed after announcing an entertainment and refreshments for those who do not go on leave. A rush for Orderly Room begins, to get passes. I get mine late and equipped only with a book, I start for Patchogue with Kiernan. Not an automobile to be had in Camp so we decide to walk to Camp Upton Station. Get a lift. No vehicles on hand. Meet Svedja. He and I start hiking. After 3 miles my left foot troubles me. Every step I take is painful. Get to Center Moriches at 1:45. Have sandwiches, coffee, crackers, candy. Telephone Leah. Decide to wait for 4:05 train to New York. Spend a few minutes in office of County newspaper. Everything 100 years old. We buy a fifteen party ticket and wait in drugstore until train time. My foot is a bit rested. Make arrangements to be taken from Patchogue station on way back to Camp. While away time at horseplay. Start for train as it blows up cold. Train on time. Passes through pretty country. On train meet Sgt. Berg and hear that Graumy is on pass. Train crowded and losing time. Very cold. Delayed again at Jamaica. Get into Penn Station at 8:00. Telephone Leah. Home at 8:30. My wife in my arms, Mama and Papa and everybody. My journey worthwhile for its reward. Get a shock on learning that Morris is married. Mama bitter, grieves about it. Morris calls up and I give him my most sincere congratulation. I am jealous of Sam who got in

at 5:30. Take a 15 minute nap. Start for 10:30 boat. Meet Mike on boat. Arrive home 11:30. Go to bed at once. Am very tired and eyes hurt. Feet very poor condition. Again say my prayers with my wife after three weeks. Restless all night. I have had a most interesting day. Cost me more than a week's wages to get in under great hardship, but would have undergone twice as much to get home to my wife and Mama. No plans for tomorrow except to go over business affairs with Leah.

Sun. Jan. 20, 1918

Weather: clear, cold

Health: good, feet hurt a bit

AT HOME

Up at 7:00. I receive a kiss in bed from Rachel who is going to Pleasantdale. My bed is warm and my wife is interesting so we talk until we doze off again. This continues at intervals until 1:30, after which we finally get out and I take a bath which is cold and unsatisfactory. Downstairs to see Leah's Mother, Granny, Pop, and sisters, Hy Agar. All very glad to see me and I am pleased to tell them that I am feeling well and have gained in weight. I put away a prodigious breakfast and a good cup of tea as only made in Leah's house. It is the best part of the meal. I must tell my stories. Read picture section. See pictures of Camp Dix which are unpleasant reminders of Camp Upton. With full belly I am disgracefully drowsy and hear with disappointment that dinner will soon be ready. I do not know what to do with it as I am as full as a bust. Lounge and read while Leah is busy. Play victrola. Call up Dolly. Mama calls me up. She is worried about Bella who has gone to see Mark. I get ready to go away

again just as I am becoming used to home. A little to eat. Leah promises not to cry which will ease the pain of our parting. Away at 8:30. 9:00 boat. I intend to write to Connier but garrulous old man engages me in conversation until Subway, where I write letter, finishing it in street while waiting for car. Penn Station at 10:00. Only three of party there. We strike out for ourselves. I ask gateman to mail my letter. Warm train. Meet some Company E boys. Change at Jamaica where I get comfy seat in warm car. Read till I feel drowsy. Nap for an hour. Meet Aaron who is Act. Sgt. Major at OTC. Worried about trip from Patchogue to Camp. Kummel suggests plan for getting bus. Train on time. I get into bus in spite of nine boys hanging on to my legs. Trip to Camp bumpy, uncomfortable. At barracks 2:45. A great many boys drunk. Get a sandwich and some cake and go to bed happy to be able to say my prayers for Leah.

Mon. Jan. 21, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille under arms. Breakfast, bacon, bread, oatmeal, coffee. A drunken brawl in Mess Hall. Five men placed under arrest. My Corporal drunk but quieted before officers come upon scene. A rigid inspection of quarters. Two men reported absent. Outside in firebreak for drill. Corporal though drunk does his work exceedingly well. Fingers are cold. Bayonet drill. To keep warm I work hard and excel. Inside, a lecture on how to roll a small kit and a large pack. Lecture interspersed with hints about going to France. Physical exercise. Dinner. Pork and beans, apple sauce, coffee. Outside at 1:30. Hike to Smith's Field without a rest and are deployed as skirmishers for 45 minutes until I am so tired that I can hold gun only with an effort.

Marched back to Barracks immediately after. Few minutes rest and out for Retreat under arms. Time changed to 4:00 instead of 5:00, which ended the hardest afternoon's work we have ever done here. Bulletin appears which announces my squad best in 3rd platoon. Supply Sgt. gives out extra suit and underwear. I am on guard. Post #3. Put through an inspection which is new to me. Supper, apple sauce, roast beef, potatoes, coffee. I relieve Walcott. Interesting work taking care of 13 fires and time passes quickly. Off at 8. Read and write till nine. To bed with clothes on for I go on again at 12. Corporal of the guards wakes me. I have cocoa and toast in the kitchen before I start my rounds. Trouble with the Colonel's fire. Make a great deal of noise in my own platoon room probably because I am too anxious not to. All makes me feel like Papa keeping it warm for children. Colonel's fire must be made over. This required to be done in silence. Every time I make a noise I pause expecting to hear Colonel wake up and scold me. I try my best for I do not want to forfeit a pass. In half hour the fire is fairly under way. Time to be relieved. Next shift in morning. Result of my night's work is ruined gloves and burnt fingers. To bed smoking and lie awake for some time. Duties prevented me from securing another uniform, but am not anxious to get one, as I have no place to put it. Waited all day for the opportunity to ask Captain if I could do anything about getting out printing and program for regimental show but do not get opportunity.

Tue. Jan. 22, 1918

Weather: cold, chill, snowing

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille under arms. Breakfast, toast, butter, oatmeal, apple sauce, coffee.

Take post No. 2, hall main barracks, at 7:00. Pay particular attention to salutes to officers. Keep moving so as not to tire as job is for 5 hours. Men kept outside in snow by Captain. Officers come inside to warm themselves. To make conversation and relieve monotony I ask officers question which provokes controversy among them. Gun in a short time weighs about thirty pounds, it seems. Captain in and out all morning till I am tired saluting him. Boys taken inside to clean guns which are very wet. 12 o'clock comes after an interminable wait. Relieved by Walcott. Dinner, apple sauce, steak and coffee. Lecture in Mess Hall about dressing of bunks. Lt. Mullins on insurance. Most of the boys take \$10,000 policies. Sgt. Moore displays ability as an insurance solicitor. Recreation Room with Hollifield. Read and finish the "Illustrious O'Hagan," no chance to shoot. Out to retreat in six inches of snow, just after I had finished cleaning my gun. Stand in snow for 15 minutes. Write and fall asleep writing. Wake up with my foot asleep. Go down to Mess but almost fall downstairs. Have to rub my leg. Supper, beef stew, apple sauce, cocoa. The meals here becoming poor. Hard potatoes, burnt apple sauce. Finish letter. Read again. Jack London's "The Game." Make bed. Listen to our band in Recreation Room. Ask Captain McMurtry whether I can do anything to help on program for Regimental Show. No chance. Read and write a letter to Mama. Shave and wash clothes. To bed at 11. Many references are made about going to France soon, both by officers and men, and from what I can learn from newspapers I think we will be sent over soon. Extensive preparations are being made for Regimental Show. A parade is decided on. Drilling will be stiff from now on to prepare us. Picture we had taken of Company is in hall of main barracks. Copies to be had for \$1.00. Bunks have been shifted again to suit Colonel. Lanza gets thirty days' leave for business

reasons. Sleep very well, being exceedingly tired.

Wed. Jan. 23, 1918

Weather: cold, clear, windy

Health: good, a cold sore appears

Up at 6:00. Reveille under arms. Breakfast, butter, bread, coffee, hash. Make bed, head turned other way to comply with orders Empty and refill fire buckets and reserve can. In Recreation Room begin practicing drill for competition. Lieut. Cook most anxious to have 3rd platoon in game. He maps out a plan of work, consisting of simple movements, but which if done in unison look most pretty from standpoint of audience, including besides manual and marching, loading drill, a series of physical exercises, which are easy and graceful. He gives us our choice of what we think we can do best. He promises us a blowout at Terrace Gardens if we make good. Work until 12. Mess, boiled beef, horseradish sauce, potato, meat tough, coffee. In Mess Hall for drill and exercise. Then for the surprise of the day. Out for a hike in the snow. Sink twice in drifts 6 inches deep. On way back, Lieut. Cook stumbles in a hole. I pick him up. Everybody exhausted and wringing wet through. Retreat immediately after. Issued barracks bag, undershirt, laces. Letter from Leah. Supper, macaroni, prunes, coffee. Write letter. Over to half barracks. Play poker, 7 handed game, 25 & 50. Win about \$4. Quit game because I catch Kaplan cheating. Tell Sam about it later. To YMCA to buy things and to send home civilian clothes, which I have had here over 7 weeks. To PE for drink and crackers. Back to barracks. Write and read. Finish "The Game." In hall, Lt. Wilhelm, our officer of the day, provokes laugh at expense of sentinel. Bed at 11. Sweet gives me a hint that my application for exemption has

been returned unfavorably decided. Thompson tells me about his case which has appealed. His talk also discloses that he has knowledge of my case. Hear that no auto passes will be issued this weekend because men took advantage of privilege and returned on evening trains. Coal situation of railroad not having improved no doubt we will not go home this week. I place my order for 6 tickets for regimental show. Indications seem to me that we will not go overseas for some time to come in spite of fact that famous "Blue Bag" was issued to us. Everybody jests about going South and going across. No one scared. Slept well.

Thu. Jan. 24, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Flag at half staff - Lieutenant died

Up at 6:00. Reveille very perfunctory. Breakfast, farina, steak, coffee. Police upstairs. Look over gun. Inspection of quarters. Very good. In Mess Hall. Leading drill. Good work. Outside for company formation. Cold. Snow cakes on heels and butt of gun. Fingers freeze. As we have fixed bayonets with scabbards, we must get accustomed to added weight. Lieut. Cook's comment on our first performance, "Rotten." He seems out of sorts. Capt. looks us over and gives us another talk on appearance. Hats, belts and overcoats. Orders some overcoats to be shortened, mine included. Puts us through our paces for an hour till our hands freeze. Company always out of step and I am a poor pivot man. Other companies observed doing better work. In manual, we come down excellently, but come up straggling. Told about importance of standing at attention. One of Major's hobbies. Given a rest at least for ten minutes during which we knock snow off

our heels and snatch a bite. When we fall in again, other companies have the firebreak, so ordered in again to air our bedding and clean barracks. Platoon competition. Major Wilson thinks we are OK. Mess, corned beef and cabbage, potato, coffee. Called into Orderly Room by Lieut. MacDougall. My exemption papers returned. Denied. Tell him my case in full. Interest him to the extent that he will prosecute case further and in any case promises me a 30 day furlough and assures me we will not be out of country by time Leah needs me. Two letters from Leah. Go to fill new bed sacks and turn in old. Court Martial in Mess Hall of officer who forged check. Write long letter to Leah. Start a new book. Jeremes's "Three Men on Wheels." Supper, roast beef, carrots, parsnips, bread pudding, cocoa. A very good meal. Write to Mama. Go to Acker Merill to have my coat shortened. Buy tobacco, have a drink, buy a cigar for which I have been longing and a newspaper. Back to barracks. Read paper. Reported revolution in Russian and Senator Chamberlain's attack on administration for responsibility of deaths in cantonments. Read book. A short nap. In Mess Hall to write. Unexpected news of inspection in morning. Shave, bath, wash leggings or rather Sgt. Curry washes them for me. A very likeable chap. In kitchen for cup of cocoa. To bed. Am very tired. Sleep well. Room very hot. I am anxious to get out on drill tomorrow, I resolve to do my best.

Fri. Jan. 25, 1918

Weather: cloudy, snowing, cold

Health: good

*Birch and Walcott ordered to
Washington making two vacancies*

Up at 5:30. Great excitement. Company competition and review by Colonel of whole regiment. Capt. McMurtry tries his very best and expect us to shine. Reveille. Breakfast, Pettijohns, bread, butter, coffee. Inspection of quarters. Outside. Everybody resolved to do their best. It begins to snow. Given a final word of caution. Our band falls in and we are off. Balled up at first halt before Colonel. After that we keep going round and round. I am dripping with sweat. I walked more erect than I ever have in my life. I looked straight in front and when we passed the Colonel and heard him say, "That line is good," it was worth the effort. Then to the firebreak where we have a competition among our 4 platoons. Capt. McMurtry reviewing. We did very well with the exception that we dropped two guns at "stack arms" which, while an offense, was allowed on account of the condition of the ground. We present a perfect platoon line. Good in manual and physical exercises. 4th platoon goes out next and gives us close race for honors. Captain decides in our favor. Three cheers. At 10:30 we go out to compete against crack platoon of each company in the regiment. I did perfectly. I tried like hell. Only a few minutes but very tense. Boys stay out in snow to watch those that follow us. One company the report has it, is giving us close call for honors. Result in doubt. Mess after rest. Fried oysters, bacon, soup, coffee. Captain announces at Mess that we are winners. Three cheers and visions of a three day holiday. Lieut. Cook also makes promise of passes, etc. Read. To YMCA to see picture

on the training of a soldier take in and gives important points on squad salutes, manual, etc. A little hike and singing till time to enter auditorium. Interesting picture. Back for Retreat. Announcement about passes, by Capt. vague. Shoot crap and lose all my money. Supper, beef stew, plums, beans, coffee. Lieut. Cook wants to see us in platoon room at 7:00. Makes us a little speech telling us how proud he is of us, that the plans of the exhibition have been changed. Only one platoon from the whole regiment on the stage instead of three, which means that we must brush up on everything over Sat. and Sun. to be able to beat out competition on Monday morning, before Colonel. Would we be willing to give up passes on account of it? Well, I guess so. We agreed. I must telephone Leah about this. Clean gun. Shine shoes. Read. To YMCA to telephone Leah. She is glad. Wants to come Sunday. Will let her know. Back to quarters. Watch a crap game. Get into an argument. Wash leggings, belt. To bed at 11. Drill uppermost in my mind. Sleep well.

Sat. Jan. 26, 1918

Weather: clear, cold

Health: good

Up at 5:30. Shave, wash. Reveille. Breakfast, steak, corn flakes, coffee. Prepare for inspection at 8. Reprimanded for not having a spoon in my mess kit. Give satisfactory explanation. Captain pleased with everything else. Clean rifle again preparatory to company inspection. Write. Company inspection for which I receive new gloves. Lieut. MacDougall, very critical. Gun and appearance OK. Capt. tells us of importance of winning competition Monday. We must not hope. We must win and passes will be plentiful. Court Martial in Mess Hall. In Recreation Room. Graded according to size

and qualifications, by Lt. Cook. I am #8 rear rank, 1st squad. Curley wants me out. Purely personal. Takes out Reilly and Douda. Kotalsky not in because he is getting a discharge soon. Devlin, 4th platoon. Del Duca, Goldberg, 1st platoon to fill up vacancies. Dismissed till 1:15 when we go to YMCA auditorium to drill until 3. Read, nap. Dinner, roast beef, potato, corn, soup coffee. Get ready, lined up and marched to Drill Hall. Begin with scabbards and bayonets on rifles. I am all right except for coming up to right shoulder from halt on forward march. Commands by Freese, Gaston, Cook. Nobody likes Cook. Squad movements, manual, arming, and loading. Physical drill. Back to quarters. Rifle without scabbards and bayonets are light as feathers. Read. Have a cup of cocoa in kitchen. Telephone Leah. She is coming tomorrow. She wants to close up shop. Letter from her. One from Mr. Conner. Fire drill. Regular fire squad not here. We cannot connect hose. Fox is almost run over by hose cart. Retreat. Supper, roast beef, potato salad, pickles, jelly. I fill up bottle with it. Immediately after we practice manual at arms then in Mess Hall. Curley commanding. All voluntarily work. Lieut. Cook comes in on tiptoes. Catches us unawares. Surprised. Goes out again in same manner. Work until 8:30. Make bed. Read. Write to Lottie. Read a little more and go to bed at 11:30. Roughhouse in quarters. Snowing outside and cold. Snow coming in. Buck and Walcott have not yet gone away. Buck takes opportunity to go home. Intent on helping platoon to win out. Gambling going on all day. Brodsky returns dollar I loaned him. Give Fox half. Sleep well.

Sun. Jan. 27, 1918

Weather: cold, snowing

Health: good

Up at 6:45. No Reveille or check. Breakfast, orange, toast, butter, oatmeal. Clean gun, bunk. Read. Watch crap game. Leah is due between 11:30 and 1. Formation in Mess Hall is called for at 10:30. Manual, loadings and firings, physical exercises, skirmishes all well executed. I draw attention to myself only two or three times, but Sgt. Curley insists on calling me for other boys' errors. We work until 12. I immediately hurry to station to find Leah. Not there. I meet Graumy. To Hostess House to look for her. I have her paged. Train load in. Second section of train comes in. Third section coming just as I start back for barracks. I sense that Leah is on the incoming train but I must pull myself away to report back to barracks at 1:30. Guard tells me two girls were looking for me. Think it is Leah and Rebekah. Sorry I missed them. Sam and his mother and sweetheart in Mess Hall eating. They tell my Leah was not there at station. Then Flynn tells me he was joking. Get to work at same thing as in the morning. I ask Sam to go to Hostess House to ask for Leah. Worked until 3:15, just before which Sam brings Leah. Kiss her three times. She has been crying. She has been two hours in Hostess House. Rest period between manual and physical exercises. I am pleased to perform while Leah is looking. She hides so that I won't get flustered at the sight of her. Mess Hall cleared and tables put back. Leah has packages for me and Ledger with copies of jobs. She is not in good spirits. Go over affairs. Walukinsky makes up some sandwiches and we go to Hostess House for supper, buying pies, ice cream, coffee, and tea. Sam's party, Leah and I go to YMCA to hear concert. I must report to Lieut. Cook at 7, so I leave Leah with Sam. Promise to be back

soon. Find I am to be on guard. Attend lecture. Cannot get away until 8. Suggest to Lieut. Cook that I be relieved of guard duty without result. Run to Leah. Surprised to find her gone. Disappointed I run back to barracks to see if she was there looking for me. Just as I come to the door she steps out. Crying. I take her to station and leave her with a sense of loss and of having spent an unsatisfactory day. Thompson is taking my post for me. I go on at 9. I am hungry so I ask Sam for an apple. Take two bites when officer of the day comes along. Mouth half full of apple. He asks me general orders. All of them. Watching my mouth. I fooled him completely in the end. He did not see apple on top of banister at his right. To bed at 10. Say a big prayer for Leah. On guard again at 1:00. Sleep broken. Day broken. Sorry that Leah had such an unhappy visit. Most of the time she cried though she tried bravely not to.

Mon. Jan. 28, 1918

Weather: cold, snowing

Health: good

Lt. Cook announces no military or fatigue duty for 3rd platoon for week.

Up at 6:00. On guard so do not fall out for Reveille. Shave, wash, make bed. Breakfast, hash, pettijohns, coffee. I was set in my mind that I would go out for review to decide best platoon in 3 battalions. In spite of little sleep I felt that I would do good work. To my great chagrin, Childs informs me that I will have to stay on guard in latrine all day. Were I a girl, I would have cried. I was so angry that I had to restrain myself to have it out with Curley, who I know was to blame. I complained, futile. I go on, sore at heart pride greatly hurt, sulking, disgusted. Drill call sounds. I look out of the

window to see boys drilling in the snow. My platoon performing in great shape. They maneuver in firebreak until it is time to be reviewed by Colonel who is to decide who drills on Hippodrome Stage. About 11:30 I hear a great shout. I knew our boys had won. I was like a caged lion. Only comfort was a stolen smoke. After boys are dismissed they parade around regimental area with brooms and shovels, Capt. and Major Budd leading. Mess is ready. No relief for me until after 1. Dinner, pork and beans, prunes, coffee. Lieut. Cook wishes to make a speech of praise to boys so I must interrupt dinner. Continue eating standing up. No appetite. Back to latrine at 2 and stay until 4:30. So tired that if I sit down I doze off. Almost asleep standing. Take a nap after relieved. Supper, roast beef, potato, coffee. Write a very sad toned letter to Leah. To YMCA auditorium for show and entertainment that Capt. McMurtry is giving for the entire 2nd Battalion. This does not allow me opportunity to telephone Leah as I promised. 308th Band there. All officers. Co. E. gets choice seats. A new arrival in camp gives us a surprise. Ukelele Pat. Long dances remarkably with a partner. My spirits are raised. Boxing bouts, a free for all fight. Our own boys in the ring for three bouts. Refreshments. Ice cream, cake and cider. To post office with Sam. Back to barracks to finish Leah's letter and write. To bed at 11. Pimpl tells me my appeal papers are back again. Say a prayer for a favorable decision. Sleep well. Bongartz back again with us after three weeks in hospital.

Tue. Jan. 29, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, frankfurters, oatmeal, coffee. Water detail. Rest and advice

from Lieut. Cook. Drill outside for a while, then over to YMCA auditorium for drill. Bayonet school in progress. Wait till finished. Work there till time for dinner. I do very good work. Wonder how anyone could be so mean as to exclude me from yesterday's exhibition. It is cheerful to drill with the boys and not to be an outcast. Dinner, boiled beef, horseradish sauce, potatoes, soup, coffee. Rest and read till 1:15. To colored YMCA to drill. Lieut. McDougall with us. I think he is watching me. A company of negroes comes and begins drilling. We see some very funny sights, especially in manual. They make such a mess of things that Lieut. Cook has to try the expedient of whistle signals. That is too slow and uncertain a method for close order drill. Corporals cannot respond to unison. Lieut. Cook asks officer of Negro Company to give way which he does gracefully. We continue. I have done good work. Back to quarters for Retreat, after which I phone Leah and find her cheerful and well. Worried because I did not call up. I tell her what Sweet told me about my papers and I give her information I have regarding Exhibition and Drill. Tell her we will be in on Thursday. When I get back I hear that we go in tomorrow night, which pleases me. Called to Orderly Room. A blow in store for me. My case has been decided finally. I write to Leah telling her the sad news, but rejoice that I will be able to tell her myself before letter reaches here. For the rest of the day I am entirely without ambition. Supper, hamburg steak, rice pudding, cocoa. I plan to take a bath and do some washing but am too full of sorrow to do so. I read for a while and fall asleep at lights out with my clothes on. Wake up at 10:10, go downstairs for a little while and go back to bed having accomplished nothing. Say a long prayer from Leah. Do not sleep. Drill tickets for show are distributed. I get six, five of which are together, one a good distance away in same row. Another instance

of favoritism. I give an IOU for same. Kotalsky discharged.

Wed. Jan. 30, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, shredded wheat biscuits, baked apple, coffee. Water detail. Practice for Regimental Review. Outside formation for company. In third platoon, regular place. Am thrown out and put in 2nd, a procedure which is galling. There is no incentive to work and if anyone had seen me or been watching me, I would have gotten the balling out of my career. Fell out for a few minutes. Call comes to assemble. In company front before I am ready. I have to sneak into rank. Review begins as I brace up and I give creditable performance. Our platoon (second) commended. Curley finds opportunity to scold me most severely. I do not pay any attention which angers him. My hands are so cold that I have to ask Lieut. Mullin for a pair of gloves. He lends me his own. I go to his room for them. Company shows up well. Dismissed at 11. Rest, read, write till dinner. Roast beef, potato, peas, soup, coffee. Out to have pictures taken but camera takes postcards only. Out for drill at 1:15. Run into Lt. Col. Boniface. He thinks well of us, especially pleased with our formation for physical exercise. March to Colored YMCA. Lieut. Cook announces plans for tomorrow. Go in on 5:15 train and march to 71st Regiment Armory to store arms. He tells us that we may have to place guard over guns and men who make mistakes this afternoon will be the ones selected. Calls for great will power on my part and I resolve not to make any mistakes. Not one do I make yet Sgt. Curley insists on telling Lieut. Cook I do not work well whenever he gets opportunity. Dismissed at 3. One hour's rest. Then Retreat.

Try to get full equipment from Supply Sgt. Nothing that fits. Read till supper. Beef stew, slices of pineapple, tea. Mark Block comes with a package of oranges and cake, which I share with Ferguson. Read. Shine shoes. Wash leggings. In Orderly Room to get a plaster for a blister on foot. I am waiting for 9:30 to call up Leah. Time drags. Talk long to Leah. Come back to find Mess Hall lit and whole company assembled. The Capt. has decided to have boys sign payroll. Everybody mustered up and ordered downstairs. Boys in all stages of undress. Bathrobes, overcoats, some in underwear. Bathe, shave, wash a towel. To bed at 11. Tired. Sleep well. Lieut. Cook, after Mess, gives a few words of warning and friendly admonitions to those boys who might get drunk. He pays particular attention to Del Duca and Moore. Quite an intimate talk. Chaff and promises.

Thu. Jan. 31, 1918

Weather: Cold, clear

Health: good

At Camp - Sleep at Home

(first page missing) fore order to fall in outside. Inspected. Off for trains, time 5:00. Bayonet class, singing, and saying detail, for show, on train. Cold. Car to smokers. In Penn Station after uninteresting trip at 8:00. March through 34th Street to 71st Regiment Armory. A new thrill for me. Heads up with an air of superiority. Leave arms in beautiful gun cases. Go home to Mama. She is surprised that I am so early. As usual a fight for priority in kisses. A great big supper till I am ashamed to eat more. Home on 11:00 boat. Staten Island a welcome sight to me. To bed at 12:00. New big featherbed under which I am too warm. Chest so congested I cannot breathe. Nose

clogged. I have to rub chest and fight for air. Get of out bed and gyrate arms to limber up a bit. Open windows and go back to bed much relieved. A pleasant day, a feeling of freedom. Much worried about having to do guard duty over guns. Happily dissipated on arrival at Armory.

Sun. Feb. 3, 1918

Weather: mild, snowing

Health: good

AT HOME

Up at 7:00 Late. Lazy and very tired, but when I realize I must be at Armory at 9, I spring into my clothes, shave and breakfast in half an hour, a record. With Rachel who goes to Pleasantdale to skate, I get 8 o'clock boat. See Molly. Rachel rides with me in subway to Fulton Street. She is in good humor. At Armory at 9:00. No instructions. Get arms and sit around until 10:30 when first battalion of Regiment arrives for parade tomorrow, followed by 2nd and 3rd. We fall in with our company and are given canteens which boys had brought out to us. Colonel delivers lecture about conduct and personal appearance while in New York and dismisses regiment until 9:30 tomorrow morning. We store arms in Company E room in lockers in basement. Third platoon to report at Armory at 2:00 when we will go to Hippodrome. Go to my Mother's and call up Leah and give her instructions about when and how and to go to Hippodrome for show. Hurry Mama and Papa. Willie promises to escort them. Have dinner (Mama wants to make it breakfast.) and take a nap. Report to Armory and march to Hippodrome this time up Fifth Avenue. No sooner do we arrive than we are called on stage. Everything was confusion. Behind

scenes crowded with soldiers, actors and managers. We go on in column of squads. First three squads come on but remainder of squads do not get past crowds. A rotten initial effect. Squads right, left and platoon front and a little manual. Off stage we go. Only a few minutes allowed for our act. I am very nervous. Everybody is, including Lt. Cook, who cannot give his orders properly. Boys bungle and sometimes applause prevents us from hearing commands. A few professional acts go on, which we cannot hear or see. We are all set for physical drill. Curtain goes up and amid applause we begin. Lieut. Does not give us count, so we are all out of cadence. My nervousness gone. On the whole, I give a creditable performance. I hang around the stage and rub elbows with the celebrities. Appear as cry...in Holland's playlet. Go to Armory with gun and belt. Get to front of house on impudence. Locate my folks. Signal to Joe but he does not recognize me. See Negro's gas exhibition, vaudeville and a most ridiculous playlet by officers, "An Hour in the Orderly Room." Lose Papa when show is out. Find him and see him and Mama on car. Get 7:30 boat. Surprise! Potato pancakes, a forgotten delicacy. Put ad in "World" for compositor. Work on books and labor account. Quite tired. To bed at 10:30. Much disappointment at show and program, for which I offered my services and which I could have greatly improved upon. Think it was hardly worthwhile to have worked as hard and appeared on stage for only ten minutes. Sore at Lieut. Cook. Sleep well.

Mon. Feb. 4, 1918

Weather: very cold

Health: cold in head

AT HOME – AT CAMP

Up at 6:30. Farewell breakfast appreciated. Pack up and part from Leah. Parting not sad because it seems like going to work. Leah does not cry. I go to shop. Get 8:30 boat. In shop at 9:00. Find two men waiting in answer to ad. Marshall working. Steam up. Comfortable. I hire a young fellow who is also subject to draft. Class 1A. Pleased with his appearance. Leah calls up. I tell her where to meet me or rather see me in order to see us on parade. Leave Marshall with instructions for new man in morning. On way to Armory at 10. Get arms and form company. In drill hall for inspection and drill. Take seats and wait for Mess. Every Company sings led by Mullins and amuses Colonel and his visitors. Called for dinner, a sandwich of bread and jam, a sweet bun and coffee. I wondered how 300 men would be fed but I never expected such a light repast for men who are about to go on a five mile hike. Dinner over we form company. Ordered to police locker room. I find a gun and belt in locker. I report to Captain. A problem for him and for a time I think I will have to march with two guns. Lieut. Cook announces that if anyone faints only one man is to fall out with him. Makes me feel weak in stomach. Parade starts at 1:30 sharp. Out by 34th St. Entrance. Starts with a short choppy step which quickly stiffens my knees. Think for a time that I will have to fall out, but I grit my teeth, throw my head back and recover composure. Streets lined with people and flags. See just a black line of faces. Looking straight at Leonard's neck. Trumpets flare quickstep. Lengthen pace. I do not hear name called by Leah. March on up the Ave.

59th Street, Fifth Avenue, 23rd Street, First Avenue. At Ferry 34th Street. At 54th Street. Rachel calls to me. Look straight front. Martial feeling. Pride in carriage. I want people to notice me. Begin to worry why Leah has not called my name. About 40th Street I decide to look for her. In about five seconds she appears out in street with Rebekah. Sent by God in answer to my call. I look and smile. March on. Wonder how she is affected. Strain my ears for sound telling me she has fainted or collapsed. March past reviewing stand with gun on left shoulder. Capt.'s error. Pace quickens. March finishes at 4. On L.I. Ferry train at L.I. City. Sandwich man mobbed. Water exhausted. \$0.65 ticket not good. Must pay \$1. Borrow \$0.15. Trains dark. Slow. Lieut. Cook cheerful. Ask Sam how Leah stood up. O.K. Arrive camp 7:15. On way to barracks boys fall, slip. It has become very cold. Supper. Bully beef, tomato soup, potatoes, cocoa. Make bed. To YMCA to write. Telephone Leah. To bed at 10:30. I have spent a most enjoyable vacation and am honored by being permitted to take part in parade. Our platoon leads 2nd Battalion. Would work as hard again for such a holiday. Do not sleep well. Cold all night. Think about marvel of marvel in which I saw Leah.

Tue. Feb. 5, 1918

Weather: very cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Dismissed quickly. Breakfast, ham sandwich and coffee. Hurry to keep warm. Water detail. Barracks cold. Pimpl, fireman, so there is hope of warmth. Lieut. Cook makes complaint about poor breakfast. Too cold to go outside and to get warm we do physical exercises, in Recreation Room. Unusual so soon after a meal. Lieut. Cook starts us on interesting subject,

Patrolling. Requests Corp. Goldsoll to pick five men, I among them. Calls on Brodsky to place them along a theoretical road and proceed to secure information required by mission. A great many interesting circumstances crop up, Brodsky, Davis and Del Duca being killed. I am in command. Not having had any previous experience I am not much of a success as a commander of a patrol. I do my best and believe I impress Lieut., by desire to master situation. Spend an hour cleaning rifles and then practice with Hollifields. My score almost perfect. My hand is steady and my aim is good. I observe that men who drink are nervous and unsteady when aiming. Dinner. Beef stew, prunes, coffee. A short rest. With Lieut. Stevens in Recreation Room. Manual, aiming, and position. Stack arms and more physical drill. First time we work under him. Seems to be a good fellow. Put on overcoats and take hike. Caps pulled down and warmly dressed it is an ideal day to take a hike. Ground very slippery and frozen hard. Back at 3:00. Write. Out for Retreat, but short. Write and nap. Supper, macaroni, and rice pudding. Finish Leah's letter and write to Mama. Go to YMCA to post letters and buy stamps and to PE for tobacco. Tonight there is to be an all-star vaudeville show at every YMCA auditorium and hut in camp. The pick of New York stars. Every house jammed. My admiration for the work the YMCA and other organizations are doing for the welfare of the men in camps, knows no bounds. I wish that I, too, could help in some manner. I write for an hour and go back to quarters with Falkowski. To bed at 10:30. Greeted by one of Fallas' speeches and rehearsals of day's work in his sleep. No letters today and feel rather lonely. Great trench boots issued by Supply Sgt., but as I have no place to put them, I do not apply. Sleep fairly well. Shoulders a trifle cold. In the morning names, of men, who gave up passes a

week ago Sunday are taken to get preference of passes this week, do not come to get them, we go in tomorrow.

Wed. Feb. 6, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good, slight pain in nose when I blow

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Quite warm. Breakfast, oatmeal, French toast, coffee. Water detail. For some reason we are not sent out to drill. We get manual and bayonet work in Recreation Room. Curley spots me, while I am watching boys do "silent manual" and something new called "_____ says." Details me to clean ice off stoop of half barracks. Clean up lumber in hall, too. Cleaning ice a tiring task. Interrupted to be inoculated with anti pneumonia serum, which I believe is something new. It is not as painful as anti typhoid inoculation, hurt being local only. I purposely stay to see Lieut. Cook inoculated. It strikes me that he is not overanxious. He asks to be stuck quickly and given a small dose. Finish job with aid of salt. In Recreation Room Lieut. Cook is giving demonstration on how to roll a long and short roll for pack. I ask him question on subject and other topics. He is in a talkative mood and answers cheerfully. We do a little manual, trying to get snap from right shoulder to port by twisting wrists. I can't do it but get by. Physical drill. Write. Dinner, corned beef and cabbage, potatoes, coffee. Sam tells me about list which has opposite each name "indispensible." Not following mine. This has me greatly worried. I do not know what to make of it. Taken out by Lieut. Cook to wood road and sent forward as advance guard. Kiernan in charge of signal. We do nothing but walk, engage nobody, have no report to make. Next sent out with Pugh in command, I second. I send back some

information of value, but not in proper manner. Later go to top of hill and engage main body. Good practice. I do my best to note what I see. Back for Retreat. Mysterious doings with a full kitchen, rumors of a kitchen man in morning. Dinner, beef stew, prunes, coffee. Write. Announcement about allotment made. Read and to bed at 10:30. Throat sore. Do not sleep well. While out on skirmishes, I made an experiment. I aim for a certain man in the party attacking. I would surely kill him if with ammunition. There is no revulsion because I do not know who he is. Of course, I can see his face and body but I cannot recognize his features. Is that why killing a man in battle is not thought of or even considered of as killing by the man committing the deed, shooting at a target?

Thu. Feb. 7, 1918

Weather: mild, cloudy, raining, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, steak, coffee. Police. It is getting so in our Mess Hall that a meal cannot be finished before we are cleared out. Rumor of yesterday realized. Captain announces that we go for a practice hike. Dismisses us to put bedding out of window and provide ourselves with extra pair of socks, canteens filled with water, ponchos, etc. Fall back in 15 minutes to be formed for march. Looks very threatening. Raining at times. Lieut. Cook prays for rain. Nothing deters Captain. Besides, orders are orders in the Army and away we go with Major Budd leading procession. Half way to rifle range when it rains hard. Guns get wet. Fall out for 10 minutes to adjust ponchos and take a drink. Go on rifle range where we are sent out as advance guard. I am connecting file. Continue in direction of Riverhead. Captain sends scout into each farmhouse and

cottage. Plays as real a game as possible. Rest for 15 minutes. Push on to D. Pond. Speak to Major. Behind Colonel at time. Arrive at Pond by taking trail through shrub oak and pine single file to camping place. Placed as sentinel for a few minutes when orderly calls for us to rejoin Company. Kiernan and his squad do not get order to follow and stay put until company is almost ready to go back. We stack arms, chop trees for field kitchen fires and small fires for ourselves. Lie around on ponchos and change socks which are wringing wet. Water cans put to boil and barrel of apples and sandwiches taken from wagon, which has come up. Apples opened up, have three sandwiches, coffee, jam and bread, shortly after. Kiernan and his squad wind up angry and hungry. Signals for a doctor come from other side of the pond. Start back at 1:30. Through brush and forest path for three miles, occasionally a farm or around a pond, single file. Rivulets between toes. Fall for first time since I am in Camp. At three emerge from woods behind rifle range. Colonel there in open as dry and neat as ever. From there on road a lake, all water which we ford. Parade ground just as retreat sounds. Captain makes a speech when in firebreak. Foot examination immediately after. Wash leggings and socks. Supper. Find 32 new men have come. Feel sorry for them. Take a nap. Go to K of C to see a picture of parade. Sit next to Lieut. Mullins. Funny. Picture will not work. Back at nine. Write to Leah about day's experiences. Get jam and bread. To bed at 11. Very tired. On hike at times very hot and wet. Feet well all the time. Throat dry and miss a smoke. Weight of equipment not too much except hip becomes chafed from belt. I enjoy being in open especially in afternoon when weather is ideal. Were I alone and had opportunity to observe the beauty of country and had Leah with me, hike would have been ideal. In all about 11 miles. As Captain said of trip back, 3

miles on land, 4 in water. Two letters and money order from Leah.

Fri. Feb. 8, 1918

Weather: very cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, orange, sausages, coffee. Water detail. Outside with full equipment. Very cold. Slush of yesterday frozen. Lieut. Cook is laid up as result of yesterday's hike. "Iron Man" laid up. Lieut. Stevens takes third platoon. His task is to kill all morning with whatever he can. It is squads right, squads left until we are sick of it. Some O'Grady stuff, bayonet practice, physical exercises, games, etc. A few ten minute rests. Work us until 12:00. My fingers will not become warm and I work more unwillingly than ever before. I am a pivot man with squad and do well. Go into crowded Mess Hall once more. Lieut. Bell was out with rookies all morning. They are measured for clothes. They are a funny sight to me. But I suppose that one time I looked just as ridiculous. Dinner, soup, roast veal, sweet potatoes, peas, coffee. Out again in the afternoon for the same tiresome stuff as in the morning. After yesterday's real soldiering this seems like rookie stuff to me. Pass list put up. Whole 3rd platoon hopeful that Lieut. Cook's and Cpt. McMurtry's praises would bring us passes. Everybody signs name. List of men picked to go to Regimental Ball, February 22nd posted. May name 69 on list. Sun had melted ice and snow. Out for Retreat in mud ankle deep. A new institution inaugurated. Cannon announces lowering of flag. An issue of Red Cross socks. To Post Office to change money order. Supper, macaroni, plums, coffee. Read. Pass list posted. I am not lucky. Only 4 privates in platoon picked. Everybody sore and disgusted. Boys see Capt. and Lieut. to no

avail. They talk of going AWOL. No more will they listen to anyone's praises or work for competitions. I speak to Lieut. Mullins. Useless. I am miserable. Make my bed and take a nap. Telephone Leah. She is very much disappointed. Shine shoes. Having time I use scrub brush and soap for a long time. I buy an outfit of my own. Treat myself to ice cream and candy. Back to barracks to write. Wash my leggings and belt. Am amused by Jack Curry. I grow to like him more and more each day. I make plans to endeavor to raise a pass tomorrow. Not very definite and not very hopeful. To bed at 11:15. tired. Eyes hurt. I have noticed with disgust that all officers with the exception of Lieut. MacDougall do not look at one when spoken to. I cannot understand why. Furthermore they are powerless to do anything for us when asked to do a favor. Sgt. Curley gets an eight day furlough. I will not miss him.

Sat. Feb. 9, 1918

Weather: mild snowing, raining

Health: good

Up at 5:30. Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, hash, coffee. Water detail. Inspection announced for 7:30. Company inspection at 8. 3rd Platoon police outside this morning. Captain very exacting and grouchy. Holds up procedure. Swears a good deal at Lts. Sgts. and Pvts. Work not finished until 8:30 when inspection of quarters begins. Before that a fire drill. Company inspection. Lieut. Cook feels that he must not be too stringent with us today because of passes that did not materialize. Superficial inspection of arms. Night before everybody had cleaned pieces very thoroughly anticipating a rigid inspection. Dismissed without a speech, which is out of the ordinary. Begins a restless most uninteresting day. Nothing to do by way of

work. Kept prisoners. Cannot get a pass except to Patchogue which is of no value to me. Take a nap. Read. Dinner, pork and beans, catsup, soup, mashed turnips, coffee. Poor dinner for a Saturday. Finish "Three Men on Wheels" which I have been reading for nearly 3 weeks. Another nap. I notice that whenever I take a short nap my right arm becomes numb in a little while. Manage to while away the time until 4 o'clock when I go to telephone Leah. Rain has stopped but ground coated with ice. Treacherous going. Leah not at home. Talk to Ma Block. Sorely disappointed. Leave word for her to wait until 9 in morning for me. I will call her again. Back to quarters. New men issued clothes. Write. Supper. Roast beef, bread pudding, tea. Read. Take a nap. Wash underwear, socks, and shirt. Go to telephone Leah at YMCA. Disappointment for both of us. She waited in shop for me to call. I asked her to be home. She wished to come here tomorrow. Read. Take a bath and kill time till 11:30. To bed. Sleep well. It rankles within me that men who are not anxiously awaiting a pass or men who habitually come in drunk the following Monday morning are given passes. I make no allowance for the fact that they are corporals and Sgts. Two boys go away on AWOL. It was suggested that entire platoon do that but discretion reigns. Lieut. Cook is as apologetic as possible on action. Rumor is that passes will be given us during week by Major. New boys all restricted to barracks. When issued uniforms all take a bath, suggested by Lieut. Cook and many of them throw old civilian clothes, even shoes into latrine fires. Proud of their uniforms and present a surprisingly refreshing appearance.

Sun. Feb. 10, 1918

Weather: mild clear

Health: good

Up at 7:00. Make my toilet and do Police duty, leisurely Sgt. Curley and Corp. Callahan not being about to annoy me. Breakfast, 2 hard boiled eggs, oatmeal, orange, coffee. Take down my wash and put it away. Read, write, half hour nap until 11:15. On guard tonight so I ask Sgt. Moore for permission to stay away until eight and arrange my post accordingly. Gives consent. To railroad station to await Leah with Sam who goes for Margaret and his father. Train is very early and Leah is walking up road disconsolately. Waiting for me. I am scolded justly. Go to Hostess House, all primed to enjoy day alone with Leah when a woman whom Leah does not know beckons to her and tells us she has been most anxious to make her acquaintance. A Staten Island woman. Consider it an intrusion. Sam comes up. We have lunch which Leah has brought but are not permitted to eat it until later, so we go back to barracks. Kessler accommodates us with coffee, better than usual. Stay a while and go to YMCA Auditorium for concert. Erie RR band and soloists. Enjoy numbers immensely sitting next to Leah. All my wants satisfied. Contented to listen to her chatter. Very good concert from musical standpoint. Am pleased with young lady soloist. To Hostess House. Spend an hour and a half. Have supper at 6:30 and go to YMCA to stay until train time. Leah anxious to stay until last minute but must go back to do guard duty. I find an interesting book at YMCA, an account of sinking of Titanic. I see Leah safely to 8:00 special train. I am loathe to see her go. Glad she will have Margaret and Mr. Friedman for company. Hurry back to barracks. Thomas has taken my post. I am to go on from 12 to 4. Make my bunk and read Titanic, until 9. Up at 12. Do two hours as fireman. Interesting incident in

Colonel's room. Boys have begun to come in from city. Many of them drunk. Four or five bring in liquor and boys in quarters over Sunday wake up and congregate in latrine for booze party. Before long there is a drunken brawl in which coal and bottles play a part. Some fight and others affectionate and kiss each other. Latrine stoves are full of empty bottles. They adjourn to 3rd platoon room where drinking goes on. I have cocoa and jam and bread in kitchen and do two hours duty on Post #1. Drinking goes on upstairs and all goes up and downstairs barefooted all night. To bed at 4:00. Say my prayers rather late. Tired and sleep like a log. Things are pleasant without Curley about. Leah's report about business was not very satisfactory. I endeavor to formulate plans for closing up my business. Obstacle is that I am afraid to ask for two weeks leave to close up business because of fact that I will want to ask for thirty days when Leah needs me.

Mon. Feb. 11, 1918

Weather: mild clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Breakfast, oatmeal, bacon, stewed apples, coffee. Go on guard in latrine for morning. I am afraid that I will have to stay in all day, and am remembering last experience. I complain to Davies who is Sgt. of the Guard. He promises me relief at 11. Boys go out for drill and are kept at it all morning. I occupy my time to better advantage than last time. I sit down whenever I can and steal a smoke. As I am very tired I occasionally drop off for a minute. Boys cleaning windows let me know when anyone comes in. Lieut. Mullins needs my assistance to button his coat. I try to write but cannot concentrate. Relieved at 11:30 by Guttenberger. Take a short nap and have dinner. Roast beef, potatoes, peas, soup,

coffee. Read newspaper. Outside for drill with Lieut. Griffiths. He finds it very hard to kill time. Camp is a mud hole so go back for overshoes. Take a hike to end of Fifth Avenue, fall out for fifteen minutes and then do little skirmishing. Lieut. Griffiths gives us a lecture on judging distances which only Brodsky who is in front of him can hear. Back to firebreak where Corp. Svedja gives us bayonet drill. Dismissed at 3:30. Rest. Retreat. Feet stick in mud so I cannot lift them. Capt. reads a letter from Gov. Whitman to Gen. Johnson in praise of our showing in parade. Write. Supper, roast mutton and lima beans, canned pears, coffee. While supper is in progress, Lieut. Mullins announces that the ghost will walk at 6:45. Rookie is moved to entertain. Cheers, etc. Paid off. Get \$3.00. Boys pay off debts. Finish letter to Leah which is very morbid in tone. Write to her Mother and Father congratulating them on the 46th anniversary of their wedding. Go to YMCA to write and to PE for ice cream and tobacco. Telephone Leah. She arrived home safely. She is anxious to come tomorrow for Regimental circus, but as I believe we will have to work and have no holiday, I cannot permit her to come. She is disappointed. So am I, but she cannot come here late and go home a few hours later. Back to barracks. Boys are playing cards. Three or four games going on at same time. I go to bed rather early, 10:00. I have been morose and melancholy all day. I think sleep will cure me. Sleep well. A new system of guard duty inaugurated today. One company each day to guard entire regimental area. No inside guard at all. Early KP, orderly and latrine watchman are needed in each company for internal duty. Our turn to come Friday. No one to wake cooks, if fireman forgets to wake them up. Pat Devanney is drunk and in latrine. I cannot get him out. Upstairs he insults Lieut. Griffiths, who overlooks it.

Tue. Feb. 12, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Camp a mud hole

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, sausages, coffee. Water detail. Out to drill without overcoats. It is a little too chilly and cold without them. Taken out on road to drill where it is dry but so many companies are drilling that it gives rise to confusion. Come back at 10:00 and given bayonet drill by Corp. Svedja who is considered best in company with bayonets. Assisted by Rist and Kaplan. They put us through stiff drill stabbing dummies and acquiring precision in getting position. I am very slow at the work, perhaps because fingers are now cold. I suspect there will be no opportunity to ask Leah to come down for circus today, which is confirmed by Capt. forming company and announcing that we will start for rifle range at 11:00. this means we must eat and equip in 25 minutes. Rush to Mess Hall. Dinner, canned salmon, potato, canned peaches, coffee. Boys in various make-ups for circus present a ludicrous appearance in Mess Hall. Make a sandwich of salmon in case I am hungry on range. Off to range. Neglect to put on rubbers and feet become wet. Sun is out and it is hot. We make very good time. 3 miles in $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Captain sends me to pit and about 30 men shoot 100 yds. Balance, I among them, are sent back to quarters because arrangements do not permit us to shoot until late afternoon. Incensed at procedure since I might have had Leah after all. Back at 1:30. Have sandwich, write and read. We are excused from retreat, so I go to YMCA to write letter to Leah. Also take a nap in chair. Back to barracks for supper. Excellent boiled beef, horseradish sauce, potatoes, rice pudding, tea. Overshoes

issued. I get a pair of 12s which are two inches too long, but they must do. Intend to go to circus but change mind and make bunk and read till 9:00. I do not remember reading for so long a period in quite a while. An absorbing account of sinking of Titanic. Consider applying in writing for pass over two days to attend to business affairs and make a mental sketch of appeal I wish to have Leah forward to Washington. Tuck in earliest in long time. Sleep well. Four of new boys transferred to machine gun battalion immediately after supper. Another rumor goes round that men will be sent South this week. Newspapers announce signing of peace treaties between Germany and Russia and publish a speech by Wilson to Congress which is distinctly hopeful to my mind, leaving open avenues to peace parleys. This relieves anxiety I have felt for a few days about situation and the possibility of being sent across in near future. I argue that as long as command is making preparations for balls and other social events, things cannot be so very serious as far as we are concerned.

Wed. Feb. 13, 1918

Weather: mild, clear, mud

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. I almost report late. Breakfast, oatmeal, liver and onions, coffee. Water detail. 3rd platoon police squad for Company. Detailed to police latrines. Called out on short notice to drill. Mud up to our necks until we get to Fifth Avenue, pavement, the end of Camp road. Drilled by squads. Brodsky gets a call for too long rest. Lieuts. go out on walk. Come back, take charge. Ask Lieut. Cook's permission to fall out. Granted. Starts out before I get back, so I run after column and get into place without him seeing me. Back to quarters at 10:30. Recreation Room to demonstration on how to roll pack.

This takes up half an hour during which I do nothing. Dismissed at 11:30. Lieut. Stevens proves a democratic chap by offering Xanthos a cigar for going around to buy two. Write till dinner, the best I have ever had. Oxtail ragout with a number of vegetables, potatoes, rice pudding, cocoa. Formation at 1:15. Captain announces that men who wish to go to circus will be excused from retreat. Hike for one hour with Lieut. Gaston. Issued pack carriers and condiment tins. Off for day. Finish Bishop's account of sinking of S.S. Titanic. Wash. Clean shoes. Write Leah long letter. Supper, macaroni and cheese, tapioca and peach pudding, coffee. Write Mama, make bed, and go to Circus. Side show where is Zip, fat lady, conjurer, snake charmers, elastic skin man, etc. Auditorium jammed. Cannot breathe. Eat ice cream, peanuts, drink soda pop. Acrobats and strong man, clowns, trick men, Indian dance, funny boxing match, trapeze artist, Nervo. Rookie is with us for entertainment. Circus must be a great success. No ladies present. Leave at 9:30. In Mess Hall a fight which is in fun makes a lot of noise and brings down Sgt. Acton who turns out Mess Hall lights. Sit in Hall and discuss war, peace and army affairs until 10:30. To bed tired. Sleep well. No letter from Leah today. Rumors of long hike tomorrow and some boys have already rolled their packs. Sgt. Moore leaves on pass. Dignis, corporal in charge of platoon. Issued another pair of breeches which I have no place for. Lend Sam \$3.00 which he invested in poker game and returns it in an hour. Tomorrow, I will ask for a pass this weekend. A most enjoyable fine day.

Thu. Feb. 14, 1918

Weather: mild, clear, mud

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, steak,

oatmeal, coffee. Water detail. Get ready for hike to rifle range. Company formation. Dismissed to get ponchos. Most boys had made up packs previously so must unpack. Start out at 8:00. Ground hard and frost covered. Regret having taken boots. Overcoats not at all in order. Perspire profusely before we arrive. Prepare to shoot 100 yds. Stack arms and spread ponchos on ground. Lie down and look into a blue cloudless sky and hills surrounding. No wind. Ideal day for shooting. Sent back to 100 yds. Trench and line up. Wind has come up which freezes my moist back. Assigned to shoot target 32. Brodsky in charge. Start very well but between Brodsky and Capt. they make me nervous. End with a score of 26. Shot five shots with and five without bayonet. Go back to 500 yds. Trench but do not get opportunity to shoot. Capt. abandons original plan of having coffee and sandwiches on range. Go back to quarter. Arrive 12:30. Getting accustomed to that hike. Dinner. Lieut. Cook announces that we must roll pack and go for hike at 1:15. Grumbling. Outsides. Pack weighs a ton and makes my back hot as a stove. Tent pole digging into spine. Adjustments and corrections on inspection waste an hour. Entrenching tools issued and adjustments take another half hour. I get a pick. Reviewed by Major in Esplanade. This afternoon's work a real test. We sink into mud so deep that it requires all our efforts to drag our feet out. Ready to give up after second time around. Back at 3:15 wet through. Read. Retreat. I am posted as company fireman for night. A pretty big job after such a day. On till 5:30am. Take over fires in good condition. Work until 9:00. Take an hour and a half nap. Write a long letter to Leah, one to Mama. Work until 1:30. Sleep until 3. Then begins real work. Trim all fires. Make a new fire in kitchen, wake cooks, wake officer's fireman. Make a new fire in Colonel's range. Misty, foggy morning. Flounder in mud all

night. Wake kitchen police and buglers and relief. At Colonel's early in evening, I meet his valet. A pleasant Englishman, who is in same boat as I am regarding wife. Eleven boys playing poker will not leave Mess Hall and permit me to put out lights. Continue playing with one light burning, when officer of day comes in and catches them. I was afraid of serious consequences, but he merely tells them to go to bed. Refreshments, cocoa and toast during night. I am surprised not to find myself very tired after long day's work.

Fri. Feb. 15, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Having made all calls, I handed over fires to Steinberg and to my surprise found fires in Recreation Room and 1st platoon were out dead underneath. I had made mistake of not raking fires. Faced with task of making new fires. Have breakfast, oatmeal, sausages, coffee. Make bunk and clean up as there is to be a review of entire division by Gen. Johnson and Sec'y of War, Baker. Of course my night's work exempts me from any duty this day, but barracks are to be inspected so I must do my share. Del Duca lends me hand in making fires in 1st platoon. Boys are busy rolling packs. Formation a 9:00 so lots of time. Prevented from making fire in Recreation Room because Lieut. Berry holds school. Everybody so busy that I cannot go to sleep. In latrine to keep out of way. Capt. makes me take ashes out of fire. Get Hell for not moving fast enough. Finally everybody out. I catch an hour's nap. Three boys who have fallen out of line not being able to keep pace, which is hard, come in. I take bath. Dinner. Pea soup, potatoes, fish, coffee. Gen. Johnson and Asst. Sec'y of War in our Mess Hall and our platoon mess. Inspect stoves. Boys go out again for

review by Gen. Johnson and Asst. Sec'y of War. I make new fire in Recreation Room. Chop wood. Read. Go to YMCA and write application for my furlough, then to PE for tobacco, candy, paper. Back to barracks. Read and can nap for hour and a half. Guard Mount. Our company on guard. Retreat. Read. Sam calls. Supper. Roast beef, pickles, chow-chow, lima beans, bread pudding, cocoa. Pass list up. I am so sure that my name is on, that I am indifferent. Finish supper and wash, but in latrine Xanthos tells me that I am on list. I feign surprise. Just to make sure, I look at list, but is Greenstein instead of me. My disappointment knows no bounds. I lie down on bunk and bury my head and bawl. I hand in my application in Orderly Room and say nothing about pass. I clean gun. Go to YMCA. Write a letter to Mama, but I cannot think, I am dazed it seems. Telephone Leah and tell her sad news. She feels as I do. I hear her cough and great surge of wrath wells within me, that a good-for-nothing should get a pass and I not, when Leah is sick. I make a great resolve to get a pass. I go to Orderly Room and tell Capt. I want a pass if I have to walk. Impress him with my earnestness. He promises to try for a special pass in the morning, so I am happy and content. Wash leggings and shine shoes. Talk to Haight. To bed at 10:30 and sleep well.

Sat. Feb. 16, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 5:30. Reveille. Breakfast, ham, frankfurters, oatmeal, coffee. Prepare for inspection. Everything displayed on bed sack. All this time I am anxiously awaiting pass. None forthcoming. I sink back into old apathy. Cook condemns my display. Must do it over. Water detail. Ashes. Fire drill while inspection

in progress. Ends it abruptly. Put away things. Called for coal detail in spite of fact that my name not on the list. To Supply Company for shovels. On my way to Supply I rave to Hussey. Promise myself to take AWOL. Three coal cars to unload. While working see lines of boys going to trains. Heart sore. Job seems interminable. We do not work properly. Other boys ahead of us. Finish 11:00. Go back to quarters. Meet Graumy. Surprise him by my mad actions. I insist that I am going home no matter what the consequences. Wash. To Orderly Room. Capt. refuses pass. Oh how mad I am. I make arrangements with Svedja to go home without pass. Dinner, pork, potatoes, rice, coffee. Confer with Svedja and remember that I want a ten day furlough which it is not wise to endanger by taking leave. I back down gracefully. Go to telephone Leah. Meet Sam and his mother and sister whom I amaze by my actions. I have made up my mind to bide my time but at the next refusal nothing will hold me. Talk to Leah. Cheerful and tell her of my resolve. She will stand by me. Return book to YMCA. Walk about with Sam and his mother. See Guard mount. Retreat. Doze and read. Supper, boiled beef, peas, pears, coffee. Sam eats with us. He borrows two dollars to play cards with. Read. Fall asleep. Jack Curry and Leonard wake me up roughly. I am frightened. Sweat all over. Sick. In Mess Hall to write but have to give it up as bad job. Go to bed, very early, head in a whirl, stomach upset. Cannot breathe. I lay plans for going home. Next time I will at any cost. Remember boyhood days and how bad I was. I will be so again. If I was slick then, I can be slick now. Goodness does not always pay. Sleep well after with Markie calls. Tells me Mother is coming tomorrow.

Sun. Feb. 17, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 7:00. Wash. Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, hash, coffee, apple. Read. Ask to be excused for day. Granted. Go to Mark's quarters. With him and other boys to station at 11:15. Train pulls in soon after arrival. See Leah. Rush to meet her. With Sam and Margaret. Happy once more. Leah looks good in new hat. Mama and girls coming on next section. Wait a few minutes. Mama and girls come. Mama as usual wants to eat me up. We go to Hostess House. Find chairs, Markie and Bella, Leah and I, Mama and Annette. I tell of my love all over again. Another honeymoon. How good Leah is to come to me. Chat and steel kisses. A young training school boy faints. I help to carry him out. We have lunch which Mama has brought with ice cream and coffee and pie which we buy. Mark goes back to ask to be excused for the day. Meet Jacobsen and friend. Swap stories of camp life with them. Sam and Margaret come back with the glad news that Sam has a pass for 8 hours. We all go to K of C Hall, where I look over my books and later a dance takes place which holds Bella, Markie and Annette. Even Leah feels her toes marking time. Meet Eckstein, a lot of wind. The time is passing too rapidly as usual. Sam goes away for 5:30 train. Meet Kaplan. More wind. Girls will not go back to Hostess House for supper and Mama of course stays because they do. Leah, I and Annette go. Supper. They follow shortly after. Soon time to send Leah back home. She pouts and cries. I am obdurate. 8:00 to the train. 8:15 see them off with a thousand kisses. Mark and I go to my quarters. Give him half the cake that Mama brought. Keep for myself cake that Leah brought and raisins and dates. Give boys some. Callahan has nerve to ask for some too. Make bed. Go down to Mess Hall to write and

read newspaper. Have some hot coffee and an apple. Get ready for bed, when I run into Curley. Gloom. It was almost bearable while he was away. He tells me a lie to begin with when I ask him whether he had been married. Go to bed at 11. Sleep well. Again I am happy and content. All the thoughts of revolt and sorrow have left. I bear Captain no grudge for not having given me a pass. Next time I will ask for one well in advance. Svedja, Haight and Doherty have come back from AWOL. Curry is gone again as usual. Resolve to nothing this week that will possibly keep me in camp over Washington's Birthday and Saturday and Sunday. Leah is a miracle girl. I have a new store of courage. God bless her.

Mon. Feb. 18, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Breakfast, French toast, oatmeal, coffee. Water detail. Outside for drill. Frequent and long rests. Exceptionally light for a Monday morning. Along Fifth Avenue for an hour's marching at route step. Back to firebreak, where we have bayonet instruction under Kaplan. His commands in broken English convulse me with laughter, which I must suppress. Play games for awhile. More bayonet drill. Dismissed 11:30. Dinner. Formation at 1:15 with packs. We start rolling them in usual way, containing all equipment, when orders come to roll short pack. We spend more than an hour rolling them until it is finally decided which is correct. Outside for an easy hike. No fatigue, but very warm. A blouse and an overcoat are too much under a pack. Dismissed for a few minutes and form outside without arms to go to YMCA. A concert by band. Moving pictures of 308th on parade Feb 13th are shown. Only member of Company E to be seen is Bugler "Rookie"

Greenstein, who walks behind Colonel and just as he comes front can be seen wiping his nose on his sleeve. Singing by the Regimental chorus which has won the Division Singing Contest and is to be presented with a cup (silver). After presentation, Colonel makes a speech and makes announcement that the Regiment would go to New York on Thursday for the parade on Friday and remain until Monday. Such cheering as would raise the roof. Colonel has to restore order. A few more songs and we are dismissed. No Retreat. Supper. Read a little. Go to YMCA to write to Leah and Mama. I pen two very cheerful letters in contrast to those I wrote Friday. Telephone Leah to tell her glad news. She rejoices. She is well and arrived safely after an unusually long trip. Mama OK. Back to quarters. A package of cake from Dolly which had arrived in poor condition and torn. Rewrapped by postal clerk. Taste some of it and go to bed at 10:30. Sleep well. I was much disturbed all day by an incident which happened in a.m. Captain came in with a list which as usual makes me nervous. He stopped in front of me and looked at me and said something to Lieut. Cook which I could not hear. I only heard my name mentioned. They spoke about me and passed on to one or two others in line. My imagination works. Later we are sized up in third platoon, I being placed fifteen rank 3rd platoon. This is purpose of selecting those who are to go in to big parade on Friday. Many boys left out. I wonder if Captain is atoning for failure to give me a pass for last Sunday.

Tue. Feb. 19, 1918

Weather: raining, mild

Health: good

Up at 5:00. Kitchen police today. Breakfast, hominy, syrup, steak sandwich, coffee. Very

little work to be done. I clean up tables and help mop floors. Clean up and wash down bins in storeroom where I discover a box of crackers to which I help myself liberally. Finish at 9:30 and get time off in which I do washing. Towels and handkerchiefs. When I finish I see boys eating in Mess Hall. I hang my wash to dry and report to Sgt. Kessler. Boys are going to rifle range and my name called too as I had expected. Lunch of jam and bread, coffee. I must adjust my pack and get out in fifteen minutes it stops, starts again. Lieut. Cook in an ugly mood. Stops raining. Start for range with light pack. Ground fairly good. It rains and hails alternately for short period. We get about two miles from camp when command comes from rear to halt. Captain lets us fall out. My back wet from perspiration becomes cold. Mounted orderly comes up to affirm order to turn back which nobody is sorry to hear. We get back in time for dinner. Pigs knuckles, sauerkraut, potatoes, coffee. We have stood weight of pack quite well. My back is wet and cold for an hour after I get back to work in kitchen. Both stoves are being fixed so there are no fires to keep warm and supper will be late. Boys go out to drill but are driven back by rain which now steady and strong. A formation in Mess Hall to size men again. 108 now to go in for parade. Too good to believe. I am still in the line-up. Wash dishes until 5:00. Retreat in Mess Hall. Supper. Beef stew and coffee one hour late. Cook makes KP delicious steaks, which without doubt is the best I have ever eaten. Prunes, coffee. Wash dishes while supper is being served so as to finish early. Lieut. Berry holds school for non-coms which all officers including Captain attend. Subject, "Sanitation and Care of Men on March." I listen intently and stay after I have finished my work. Lecture over at 8:00. Make bed and read paper. Write letter to Leah and Mama. Del Duca is entertaining boys with stories. Shave

and take a bath in a neighboring latrine. Water in ours is cold because fires are out. Best shower bath I have ever had and I stay long. Still raining, wind howling and everything is mud. To bed at 11:30. Sleep well. Refreshed by bath. As the prospects of going in for parade and four day holiday grow brighter, I get back to old habit of passive submission to conditions. Fighting mood and rebellion of Saturday disappearing.

Wed. Feb. 20, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Four enemy aliens discharged today. Announcement made that complaints will be heard by division inspector. Wonder whether my case applies but do not get opportunity to speak about it.

Up at 5:00. Division inspection announced. Everything must be put in tip-top shape. Men brushed and shaved. Breakfast, corn flakes, steak, coffee. Water detail, last time. Water barrel abandoned from today on. Brush shoes. Clean gun, mop floor, roll pack again without underwear making it lighter still. General Johnson and others including Colonel come but pass sleeping quarters by. Capt. inspects and fusses. At last minute we get clean bed sacks which we fill at barn with straw we take from old sacks. Shoes get full of mud and must be cleaned all over again. Platoon room must be cleaned again. Clothes full of straw. Outside with packs and go to YMCA. Stay one minute and are marched out after roll call, up and down mud. My left arm becomes numb. Blood circulation evidently stopped by pack strap over left shoulder. I cannot hold weight of gun with it. Lieut. Cook scolds so I

tell him my arm is numb and regret it immediately after because I fear that I will be taken out of line. I endure discomfiture until dismissed. Wet through. Dinner, boiled beef, horseradish sauce, potatoes, coffee. Must be outside with pack at 1:15. Make it over again. Smaller. Length of bayonet scabbard. Outside. Sent back to take off overshoes. This time I have left off blouse and am quite comfortable. Stand around and drill until 2:00. To be reviewed by Colonel and Major. Inspected and corrected time and time again. Constant changing of disposal of equipment. Grow tired. Left shoulder bothers me but am limber. Too late for review, so after a route march of a mile, back in quarters. Nap. Retreat. Read. Supper, roast beef, beans, bread pudding, coffee. Read. Take a nap. Clean gun and shoes. To YMCA to write and telephone Leah that I am coming in. It takes more than a half hour to get my number. Almost give up trying, when I hear her voice. She is delighted and promises to go to bed dreaming pleasant dreams. I go back to quarters happy and immediately prepare for tomorrow. Wash leggings, shine shoes and fuss a bit before I go to bed at 11. At YMCA, I meet two men who are far better equipped mentally than any I have yet met here. While I am writing I overhear their conversation, which makes me curious to know who they are. I expected them to be non-coms. Surprised to find them only privates.

Thu. Feb. 21, 1918

Weather: clear, very cold

Health: good

At home – At camp

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, frankfurters and potato salad, oatmeal, coffee. 3rd platoon

policing. Outside with caps down over ears and wearing two pairs of gloves. Detailed in latrine. Outside with packs before we can finish work. Drilled until almost ten. Kept going at a great pace to keep from freezing. I do not mind it perhaps on account of thoughts of home. I was trying my very best. Dismissed at 10:40 to be reviewed by Major and Colonel. Make quick work of it. Ground ideal for parading except in one spot where the ruts are so deep that I almost sprain my ankle a dozen times. Dismissed for day. Captain assembles us in Mess Hall to announce particulars of parade and cautions men about appearing on time and in good condition. Dinner, roast beef, lima beans, coffee. A fire drill. Called out in a hurry. No overcoats. This time I am cold too. Some boys were in their underwear changing to their best suits to go in for parade. Cannot get out in time. Read and take a nap. An upheaval in sleeping quarters. Beds must be placed close together so that entire company can be housed in Main Barracks, to make room for casuals to come who were placed in half barracks in partial quarantine. Bunks so close together it looks more like a Bowery lodging house than anything else. It will be a hard job to locate bunk at night. Mine is right by stove. My head will be roasted if fire is hot. Clothes must be shifted. Hard to find sufficient nail space for them. Finally adjustment is made and I go to shave and wash and shine shoes again. 2:30, the big moment. Inspection. A few changes and adjustments made and we are off. Atha discovers my bayonet has not been in my pack all morning. Reviewed that way too. Off for station. Cold but our happiness too great to mind that. Entrained with greatest expedition. Surprising what can be done without fuss. Cars are cold. Keep overcoats on. Remove packs. A most cheerful crowd. Sit with Kessler and Jones and O'Keefe. Much bantering. Cigars, candy, crackers. Train makes many stops. Car in rear

has hot box. Must be taken off and left behind. A long stop at Jamaica. Change cars and make a quick trip in. Arrive at Penn Station at 7:30. Almost five hours on road. To Armory to leave arms and pack. Kept for a while and again cautioned on conduct. Home with Leah and Mama at 9. Great supper. Tired. Lie down with Leah sitting beside me. Home on 11:00 boat. To bed at 12:30, once more to dream with my Leah. We are both restless all night.

Fri. Feb. 22, 1918

Weather: mild, snowing

Health: good

At home – On parade

Alarm clock rings at 8:00. Shave, dress, wash in a bathroom. Breakfast after kissing mother-in-law, father-in-law, girls. A white tablecloth, a chair to sit in such welcome things these days. I order grapefruit, black bread, fried eggs, tea and cake, everything that we do not get in camp, like a child in Fairyland. Easy to go away for 9:30 boat. Lots of khaki to be seen. Armory at 10:30. Dancing and merriment in company room. Everyone prompt, some a little worse for wear in spite of Captain's injunction. We get arms and packs. As we go outside it starts to snow promising to spoil parade and make marching difficult. Down 33rd Street. Have pictures taken. Stack arms and fall out to get a bit of lunch, in a greasy little restaurant on Lexington Avenue and 34th Street. Two sandwiches which I have brought from home and coffee and some cake. Snowing fast now. Ground is covered. Fear many accidents will happen. Get set again. Pictures taken once more by movie man whom Captain has personally hired. Vanity. Get started. Halt at 34th Street for 15 minutes. More movies taken. Girl distributes cigarettes

in packages to some of our boys. Off now and march like a veteran. Footing treacherous. Guttenberger falls and hurts hand, first of many casualties. Up Eighth Avenue to Fifty Seventh St. Covered with snow. Back hurts from pack. Arms tired from infrequent changes Rest in front of Carnegie Hall. Cigarettes in packages of 100 given to us by onlookers and apartment house dwellers. Cigars, candy, crackers and fruit thrown from windows. Make a good supplementary lunch, sing and smoke. After half hour get under way again. Swing into Fifth Avenue platoon front and kept at right shoulder arms until 21st Street and Fourth Avenue. My right arm banked with snow, almost part of gun. Lines bad account of going. Streets, banked to buildings with masses of men and women, but I do not see Leah who should be at 47th Street. Look for her steadily disregarding orders not to turn head. Up Lexington to 25th, up Fourth to Armory. Store equipment wet with snow and are dismissed after a long wait until 8:00 Monday morning. Go to Waldorf to meet Leah and have tea. Kiss Leah and cause surprise to loungers. I object at first to staying, being in privates' uniform, but seeing others I consent. Wash and have shoes shined and strut around and back to table as if to manner born. Sip tea and hold court for an hour. Something to remember. Leah was in line as she promised but she missed me. Leave Rita and go to Opera House but cannot get tickets for tomorrow night. Only disappointment of day. Missing Leah not exceptional for I thought weather had kept her away and I approved of that. Sorry that she did wait for me. Go home to our institutional Friday night supper. Joe, Bertha and entire family around table to admire my soldierly appearance and my healthy freckled face. Apter called. I believe he envies me. Calls up. I call up Mama and hear that Mark was hurt in the Parade, being hit under eye by gun of man falling I front of

him, spoiling his holiday and Bella's. Eyes hurt. Very tired. Take a bath in a tub. Another luxury. To bed at 11. Again both of us are restless.

Sat. Feb. 23, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

At home

Up at 7:30, but lie in bed and talk in spite of resolve to get out early and go to shop. Again in sunlit cheerful dining room. Not a thought of Camp, which seems to be a thing of past. A cheery goodbye and walk to ferry with Leah. Staten Island a beautiful sight, clad in white. Get a car, after missing three, and make 9:15 boat. In shop at 10:00. Glad to see it but it is miserably bare. Men are all working, but not much ahead. Glad to see me. I have a word for them all. Adjust some matters for Leah and men and go to see Spaeth. I hear that Crane is in Newport Naval Training Station and read a letter of his to Spaeth, which is touching, it is so cheerless and breathing homesickness. I get his address and will write to him. Get a check and figure on some work. Go to see Neumann. Stay a while and chat with him and a salesman, who is there. Medole next, just as he is calling up Leah. Ridinioff, fatherly Grave, everybody glad to see me. Get a few orders and go back to shop. Boys being paid off. Say goodbye and pleased with them. Together they are a fine lot of workman, by far the best staff I have ever had. Too bad that I may not be able to keep them. Willets calls up. Surprised to hear me answer phone. He, too, was to the parade, but did not see me. Call up Louis and try to get him to come to visit us. Too far to travel, he complains. Joe has been exempted. I swear. Go to Mitlins for lunch. Aida bristling with good humor. Sam, Matt, Shulkin there.

As usual a pleasant hour chatting with them. Go back to shop and work on books. Becky calls. Read a letter to her which Leah has for her which convulses Leah with laughter. I must send her away from phone. Go to see O'Rourke. Get a few orders. Try Reilly but his office closed. I have not seen him since I went away. Back to office. Jordan comes. Can't drive him away. We leave. Visit neighbors on floor below. I introduce myself. A bare little shop with two presses, one printer liable to call. Class 1A. Pleasant people. Offer aid to Leah. To Hudson Terminal for Theater tickets. Sold out. To Mother's for supper. Take up some grapefruit. Plan to try again to get tickets. Supper which stuffs me to neck. Ray Malawista, whom I have not seen in a year or more in from Bridgeport. Markie calls up. Feeling better. Only a surface cut under eye. Call up Sam who I hear is in town. Not in. We stay instead of going to theater. Leah accuses me of forgetting in my interest at seeing Ray. Amused by her airs and trifle jealous. For home 9:30 boat. Meet Michael. Home at 10:30 and to bed. Looking forward to a day of rest tomorrow. Sleep well.

Sun. Feb. 24, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

At home

Up at 8:00. Lie in bed and chat until 10. Wash. Shave and dress. A most cheerful, sunny day. Breakfast. An attempt to stuff me. Read newspaper and go to Bertha's. She is making a cake for me which looks good and smells good. Sit in kitchen which is a favorite pastime of mine. Stay for an hour and go to Dolly's. Mortie and Frieda glad to see me. Kid as usual hangs on to my coattails. Play victrola which I take as a substitute for the opera I

missed seeing on Saturday. Play some ukulele records which the colored maid owns and plays for her own amusement. Strikes me as funny. Fondle Frieda. Frighten baby. Bertha and Joe over for a few minutes. We have promised to be back at Ma Block's for dinner at 2:30. Leah has purchased a cedar chest from Meyer which is a beauty. She is so anxious to have full possession of it that she insists Joe and I carry it home. Balk at that job on a Sunday, but Leah wins out. Get ready to carry what I suggest is the Kaiser's coffin. Everybody stares at us, particularly people in autos. The handles of the chest do not permit of a firm grasp. We must hold on with fingers only, which tires us rapidly. Change hands frequently. Find a penny on road. Make a spurt and deposit chest in dining room. Dinner. Special. Put legs and casters on chest and take to bedroom to Leah's great delight. Go for a walk along Serpentine Road, the path of my sweetheart days. Just as beautiful as ever. A mile and back. To Stapleton for dates to stuff for me to take back to camp. Get an auto ride from store uphill to home. We were both tired. Leave Bertha and Joe on road. Feel sorry for greediness. Sam Bernstein at home. Nap. Leah and I write a letter to Sec. of War Baker seeking discharge from service. Cannot concentrate because of noise. Family playing cards. Stop for supper. Resume writing and finish. Call Mama. Go over accounts, Leah stuffing dates. A homey picture. Go to bed at 10:30. I have been in my glory all day. Constantly with Leah. No midnight parting as usual on weekend furloughs. We have had a lot to be thankful for and need not dread my leave taking tomorrow. A package of goodies is made up for me all ready for tomorrow morning. Leah mends my clothing and washes my leggings before we go to bed.

Mon. Feb. 25, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

At home – At camp

5 men fail to report at Armory.

Another spring day.

Up at 6:30. Wash, dress, breakfast. Leah goes to New York with me. I am wanted at the Armory at 8:00, but I consider 8:30 time enough, judging from previous formations there. Always late. We could have made the 7:10 boat had we tried. Kiss everybody goodbye. Leah and I walk to Ferry hand in hand, a lovely morning's walk like when we used to go to work together. The sun is bright. The birds are singing. Glad all over. Earth and sky a picture. 8:30 boat. We sit outside at stern as we used to. Leah asks me to let her come to Armory with me. I cannot refuse her though I am afraid she will cry. In subway timed to get to get to Armory at 8:30. To my surprise boys are already equipping and formed outside. I hurriedly kiss Leah goodbye, rush into Armory, Company E room. Almost run into Captain as I go downstairs. Have been reported absent. Put to work cleaning up and am checked present. Just managed to get in by skin of my teeth. Capt. had cried wolf once too often. Assemble outside, and see Leah waving to me. She had disobeyed me. Secretly I am glad. I go to my place in line. Leah follows on sidewalk. Kiss her again and dismiss her. Boys kid me about slowness. Asked who girl I kiss is. I am proud to answer. Attention. Marched to Penn Station, into train on our way back to Camp. Jamaica at 10:05. A good seat. Out of harness and settle down for a five hour's trip. Make it in 1 hour and 25 minutes which is in distinct contrast to trip into city and not to my

liking. Boys boozing in closet. Pleasant to ride through bright countryside. Barely time to read newspaper. Back in camp at 12 in time for dinner. Pork and beans. Expect half a day off. Disappointed. Clean guns which are very rusty from Friday's snow. Takes an hour to do a poor job. Read. Outdoors at 2:30. Packs. No overcoats. Wear rubbers. Very muddy. Off for a hike. I am winded quickly. Cannot navigate in mud. Double time to keep from straggling. Hot as blazes. Wringing wet. Rest an hour on roadside. Easier going back. Better going. Back to Barracks. Must wash and change underwear. Rest. Read. Write to Leah. Supper, beef stew, half cooked, rubber jelly and bread, coffee. Write. Buy ink in PE. Write in Mess Hall until 10:30. Clean shoes and brush breeches which are caked with mud from hike. A number of new men who have come from city are segregated in half-barracks. They are also fed apart from us. Mostly men who have once been rejected or exempted. Take place of men who have been discharged from service. A pimply lot, fat, thin, short. Sleep well.

Tue. Feb. 26, 1918

Weather: cloudy, gale blowing

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, raw oatmeal, tough steak, coffee. Night fireman neglected kitchen fires. Outside in firebreak for drill. Wind so strong that it blows guns out of position. Take to good road. Conditions same. Drilled by squads. An old Major happens along. Stops to correct us. Kindly old man. Lieut. Cook annoyed with him. Skirmish drill for a while. Back to barracks. Get Mess. Roast beef, yesterday's beans, stewed pears, coffee. Equipped without packs. Ready to start to rifle range at 11, Lieuts. Wilhelm and Gaston in charge. Carry ammunition in bandoliers. Hard work dragging boots in mud. Cannot keep up

with head of column. In spite of wind everything is mud. Pipe blown out of mouth. Cannot find it. Reprimanded by Curley for looking for it. Attempts are made by Sgts. to keep us closed up but Lieuts. not paying attention it is abandoned and we struggle along as best we can. Range seems to have been moved at least ten miles further from camp. Left side of face hurts from exposure. Back all sweated up from exertion. We are first company to arrive. No one in charge has yet arrived so we sit in 300 yd. Firing Pit and I am reminded of "Over the Top" as we sit on fire step. Out of wind at any rate. Wait a long time before Capt. and Major appear. Out of pit until turn comes. Very cold standing around. Walk to keep warm. Shoot target 61. Wind sways(?) gun. My score 30 in 15 shots. Red flags wave like at anarchists' meeting. Waste of ammunition. Capt. shows himself a good fellow by sending 3 others beside myself back to Barracks after we have shot. I am immeasurably pleased at the prospect of going back without the usual driver. Cap down, rifle slung across shoulders, a stick in my hand, I wander back, enjoying my freedom. No stop. I borrow a few cigarettes in lieu of the pipe I lost. Get to Post Exchange. Buy pipe and paper. An interesting development in peace situation. Letter from Leah containing copy of letter sent to Sec'y of War. It has a few errors in it. Get some jam and bread. Read. Retreat. Phone Leah to reassure her I am not angry with her for waiting at Armory Monday. Try to have corrections made in letter, but it has been sent. Write Leah. Supper, macaroni, cocoa. Write. Sam calls and pays debt. Go to YMCA to see elimination boxing contest for Battalion Championship. 5 bouts, 4 knockouts. Company E men score 2. Lemman and Del Duca, who was not feeling well, a surprise performance. Curry beats on points Birnbaum Co. F. Back at 9:30. Write. Bed at 11. I received a bad scare. Thought I had lost diary

with Leah's picture. Bed next to stove. So hot, I have to change around. Sleep well. Dream we go to France middle of next week. Glad to wake up and find myself in bed.

Wed. Feb. 27, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, hominy and molasses, steak, coffee. Drill outside for an hour. Get issue of slickers. For most of us they are like vests. One size only. Bayonet drill by Corp. Lemman. This includes, relay, paces, running, hopping and a hopping race, squatting position. Very strenuous. Sgt. Moore drops out. Lieut. Kidder, F. Co. Regimental Bayonet Instructor, takes us in hand for a few minutes. His command and bearing very impressive, compelling. Lemman again. Same stuff. Dismissed. To infirmary for second anti-pneumonia inoculation. A vicious jab. Does not hurt much but I can feel arm stiffen almost immediately. Read McCutcheons' "Beverly of Graustarck." Mess, roast beef, potatoes, corn, beans, coffee. A package from Leah. Outside company formation. Captain strutting about looking very much worried. Something weighs on his mind. Men of Jewish, Italian and Russian birth called out of line to form in Mess Hall. Purpose not divulged. Relieve myself of gun and overcoat. We wait almost an hour. Many peculiar fancies come to me to extent of suggesting transfer or discharge. Letter from Leah. Two civilians come to ask us whether we are satisfied with camp life, one Italian, one Hebrew. Both select two men of respective nationalities to act as representatives in any matter to be brought before Captain and to act as interpreters. Outside again. Dismissed for physical drill 15 minutes. Retreat. Write Leah. Supper, roast beef, potatoes, bread pudding. Finish letter to Leah. Write to Mama. Sign payroll. Lieut.

Cook in charge. He is in vile humor. Kaplan assisting. Shows off a bit. Muster announced for us to retreat. Clean gun, wash leggings, loaf in latrine, shave. Everybody's busy cleaning guns in Mess Hall. Write. Start a letter to Arnold Crane who is in Naval Training Station. Lieut. Mullin comes in and interrupts poker game which has been going on since lights out upstairs. New men have been outfitted. Over coats on almost all reach to ground. A ludicrous sight which arouses much laughter. One fellow so fat and short that all his clothes must be turned up, his overcoat more than twelve inches. Rumor has it that Capt. McMurtry will be promoted to Major. Also everything indicates that we will be shipped to France. Captain makes many allusions which are to the point. Boys hear rumors from many sources which are bandied about and exaggerated. This is caused by pass list just being posted. Passes and consequent excitement. To bed at 11:30. Sore arm and legs.

Thu. Feb. 28, 1918

Weather: mild, cloudy

Health: arm and entire body very sore

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, frankfurters, hominy, coffee. Captain announces we start for Rifle Range at 7:30. Everything must be hurried. All the effort of yesterday on shoes, leggings and shave goes for naught. Getaway on time. Equipment, slickers, bandoliers. Walking good. Very little mud. Column struggles. I am last. Every bone in my body aches, especially muscles of my legs. At first attributed it to inoculation but remember hopping exercises of yesterday. Charlie Horse. Arrive at range on time. Quite comfortable. Not very warm. Shooting from 300 yd. Begins at once. My name omitted. When all have shot ask Capt. why. Apparently an oversight. I am

given five shots. Score 14. Very cold and damp standing around, or rather chill. Poor shots are called upon to shoot again. Some boys get as many as 30 shots. Half the Company, myself included go back to quarters at 10:15 under Lieut. Mullin. Straggle to rear again. Tired and sore until almost to camp. Get second wind. Catch up till I pass some of the boys. In firebreak at 11. Dismissed and told to fall in, in 15 minutes. Cursing. Time goes by and we are not called out. Rest and try to relax. Read. Feeling worse. Dinner, boiled beef and horseradish sauce which is bitter, potatoes, stewed corn, beans, boiled rice, coffee. Outside call blows. We are busy cleaning guns, shining shoes and brushing clothes for appearance at muster, 2:15. Instructions given by Capt. Lieut. Cook passes all guns with superficial look. Comes to mine. He takes me by surprise by taking my piece away from me. I do not drop hands to sides quickly enough to suit him. Scolded. Pleased to see that he finds my gun OK. Everybody accounted for. Dismissed with word of caution from Captain and a hint which shows he has certain knowledge that we go away very soon. Drilled for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour by Sgt. Curley much against our will, mainly because we will spoil our shines. Throw myself on bed for a rest. Retreat. Lie down till supper. Beef stew raw, coffee. Finally summon up sufficient will to write Leah as cheerfully as I can under circumstances. Write to Mother. Must go to PO to mail letters so stop into Orderly Room to ask Lieut. MacDougall about my application for 10 day furlough. To my surprise he tells me it has been refused and tells me of plans for future furloughs and passes. Greatly incensed at treatment I am receiving. Not a bit of favor since I have come here. Worried exceedingly about time to inform Leah of situation. To PO. Back, too discouraged and cheerless to do anything further. I go to bed. Think in circles. Try to

sleep but cannot. At about 9:30 someone is moaning. It proves to be Maurice, bugler, very sick, in pain. Boys' conduct is disgusting. No effort to help. Levity out of place. I get out of bed to see what is the matter with him. Evidently convulsions from inoculation. Sgt. Moore has gone for doctor. Long time coming. I go back to bed. I cannot do anything for him. Doctor comes and dopes him up and makes him comfortable. Incident has cheered me up. Realization comes to me that I can still be of use and do good to others. Fall asleep.

Fri. Mar. 1, 1918

Weather: mild, cloudy

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Police in latrine. Drill in firebreak. Lieut. Cook in charge. Not very long before I fall from grace. My arms are not working as they should and in manual I am poor. Unfortunately he chooses to give us some manual, eliminating those who do bad work. I am caught in his net early and with three others, new men with us about 2 weeks, I am placed under Battalion for drill. Humiliating to be sure but I make the best of it. Raillery from boys hard to smile under. Surprises Lieut. MacDougall who sees me not long before we go back to regular places. Corporals drill squads. A new game is tried out. Lieut. Cook asks me to patrol firebreak in search of anything of military advantage. Rather a vague question. Boys stare open-mouthed all about them. Do not ask question most natural, whether to advantage of our command or that of enemy. Recalled to roll parade packs. Form. Entire company taken to drill grounds and worked in entire company feint until 15 minutes after Mess call. Capt. McMurtry very unpopular. Dinner, soup, fish, tomato sauce, potato, coffee. Out at 1, barely having finished dinner. Packs. In firebreak.

Worked after a long and rigid inspection until 1:45. Stack arms and fall out until 2:00. Read. Out again and off for review of entire division by Gen. Johnson and Gov. Whitman. We must wait for long time for our time to pass. Cold and cheerless. But I am cheerful to my own surprise. Pass in review at 3:00. Most impressive military spectacle I have ever seen. One of our fattest rookies is military policeman. Double time back to barracks. A well earned rest. Read. Retreat. Entire equipment spread on bank and checked up. A serious hint that we depart soon. Read. Clean gun thoroughly. Shine shoes. Read until time to call up Leah. To YMCA. Not a pleasant task before me. I am afraid I will blurt out bad news to Leah. Her cheerfulness stands me in good stead. While I do hint that it is probable we will go overseas soon, she does not realize full importance of it and does not cry. Perhaps because she is so overjoyed that I go home on pass tomorrow. She has received a printed denial of her appeal to Sec'y of War which is so inept and improper that it revolts. It leaves me with the feeling that it is useless to go any further in seeking release. Make plans for tomorrow. Go back to quarters. Shave, wash leggings. To bed at 11. Sleep well. I have a pass for Saturday and Sunday which I think will be the last. I am not sure what to do when I get home. I hate to tell Leah bad news because it is my birthday Sunday. I do not want to spoil her day.

Sat. Mar. 2, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 5:30. A lot of work to be done policing barracks. Reveille. Breakfast, French toast, butter, cornflakes, coffee. Lose my toast. Do without it. Prepare for inspection. All equipment spread out. The usual difference in

layout. No standard arrangement as yet. Lieut. Cook tries to help new men. Inspection is on time as announced. Everything OK. Inspection of Company outside. Put away equipment and take another turn at rifle and shoes. Company formed. Inspection. Lieut. Cook finds fault with my layout. Must clean and report to him. Capt. makes announcement after inspection which has been expected for some time. Every man will be given a pass to go home during week. But overstays and French leaves will not be tolerated. Tells us that we go overseas very soon. In my opinion he intends to make impressive little speech but emotion prevents him from doing so and he makes just a plain statement of facts as they are. Work and formation for the day ended. Go to bunk and spend an hour reading. Take a bath. Pack my grip. Dinner, pork and beans, coffee. Read until 1:30. Dress for inspection, 2:00. Go for 3:00 train. Sit with Hussey and Brown. A very quick trip into town during which I talk too much or rather too intimately about my experiences with local Board. Get home about 6:30. Everybody delighted to see me. Charlotte Goodman there. Leah has many good things for my birthday presents. A wonderful picture which she posed for Thursday. Handkerchiefs. Cigars from Willie, candy from Lottie. Stay until 9:00. Do not tell Mama it may be last time I will see her. Walk with Leah to see Willie at his work. He runs an elevator in bachelor apartments. Leah is taken ill in street. I am worried. Recovers when we get indoors and she can sit down to rest. Dave, who works next door, comes in to see us. I am told of sad death of Morris Berger's sister. Affected by news. Start for home. Keep Leah's thoughts away from partings and such things. Both of us read on boat. She discovers my news and is saddened at thought I am trying to hide something from her. Home a pleasant sight. A box of cigars from Rachel awaiting me. Have a cup of tea.

Leah again feels faint. I help her. We go to bed. I was afraid that she would expect me to tell her everything I know and talk to her as usual. Relieved to have her ask to say prayers and go to sleep. I consent, though I am by no means tired. I am debating with myself what is best course to follow. Tomorrow, being my birthday, I hate to tell her bad news and spoil a day that should be spent in rejoicing. I fall asleep and sleep well.

Sun. Mar. 3, 1918

Weather: clear, strong wind blowing

Health: good

MY BIRTHDAY – I make furnace fire to drive chill out of house. Use art I have learned at camp.

Up at 9:00. Shave and wash. Everybody wishes me happy returns of the day. Help mother-in-law who is washing in cellar by carrying boilers full of wash up and down stairs. Read newspaper nested on stool at Leah's feet with my back and head warmed by the sun. It is good to be home thus, but there is a load on my mind which I care not relieve myself of. I feel it isn't right to keep anything from Leah. Bertha comes and is surprised to find me at home. Fact is, we all consider it an extraordinary stroke of luck to be home for my birthday. I go to work on books, Leah sitting on stool. Find them so unsatisfactory that I decide to close up business. Of course the nearness of my departure hastens that decision. Leah calls with a camera. I have my picture taken in uniform outside. Sun is so strong that I squint. Have a fine Sunday dinner made especially for me. Leah entertains us with stories of his experience on travels and tells us of conditions in England as told to him by Englishman he met on a recent trip out

West. Takes Rebekah's and Bertha's picture. A cake which was sent to me by girls in Rachel's school must be packed up to take back to camp. I had a piece of it in morning for breakfast. Excellent. All other boxes of presents and picture of Leah packed in bag ready for going away at 9:30. Read. Take a nap with Leah sitting beside me. Uncle Morris, Sam and Hetty Agar and husband come. A discussion on draft is begun and waxes hot. Leah becomes excited in defense of my various appeals for exemption while I sit tight and say nothing. Supper. Time for me to go. Leah follows me upstairs. Am alone with her for a few minutes. Fearing an outburst of tears, I induce her to go downstairs. Uncle Morris prepares to leave. He kisses me. I am surprised into kissing him. I will get same boat as he, but do not ask him to wait for me. Say goodbye realizing it may be for last time. Keep careful watch on Leah, intent on preventing her from crying. She is brave and promises not to. A hopeful goodbye and courageous on part of both of us. Walk to ferry. Thoughtful. Meet Uncle Morris in Ferry House. We ride across together in smoking cabin. He is under impression that I am going right across to France. I let him think so. Subway to Atlantic Avenue Station. Almost miss the train to Jamaica. From there a very quick trip to camp. Read until I am tired. Lean back in seat and try to sleep a bit, but cannot. Thankful for warmth and comfortable seat. In camp by 1:00am. No evidence of booze. Everyone well behaved. Cold. To bed at 2:00. Sleep well. Jones has made my bed, not to my liking.

Mon. Mar. 4, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, boiled rice,

hash, coffee. To Rifle Range. Walking is good in spite of hard ground. Just cold enough to be comfortable. At Range 8. Shooting from 100 yard mark at figure of head. Targets khaki colored and difficult to locate. Five shots. Five shots slow fire. Four hits, last one a miss. 200 yd. range. Head and shoulders, first two hits, 3 misses. Targets hard to judge. Back to 300 yd. mark at same targets. Only 1 hit, a total score of 7 out of 15 shots. 9 necessary to qualify for rapid fire. Make fires to keep warm. A chill wind has blown up. 25 men, I among them picked to work in pits behind targets this afternoon. Rest of Company goes back. Apples, sandwiches and coffee come up very late. Eat too fast. Not good for me, heartburn resulting. Troubled all afternoon. Must be in pits at 12:15. A most interesting sight. Work on 48 target with Florio. Tobacco runs out. It is cold in trench and spend most of my time at fire near supply hut. Poor serves on my target. I was pasting patches on head shot at from 100 yards. I only paste two patches. Shooting from 200 and 300 yard lines also poor. Only 3 hits all afternoon and that very late. Bullets whiz overhead, a sound that greets my ears for first time. Dust and pebbles come into trench from hitting parapet. That must have tons of lead in it. Firing ceases at 3:00. Back to barracks at an easy pace. Many men on road ahead of us. Ground has been softened by tramp of feet. Walking ideal. Miss Retreat by a few minutes. Set about cleaning gun after supper. Chili con carne, hard sauce and jelly, coffee. I cut up cake I received from school girls. Boys pronounce it perfect. Sam comes to tell me that he goes away to Tenaflly preparatory to embarking for France early in morning. Wish him luck and say goodbye. He promises to write. Try to write but cannot concentrate. K of C Hall to telephone Leah. To YMCA Auditorium just as it begins snowing. Archbishop of York makes an address very stirring, which is a message of thanks from

England and an appeal for help. On stage, in wings, very near to Archbishop, a fine old man, and General Johnson. I am inspired to help, but desire to stay here until end of April tugs strongly. Back to barracks. Write a letter asking for aid of Captain, a fervent appeal. Read it but am not quite satisfied with it. To bed at 11:30. Sleep well. I....

Tue. Mar. 5, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, ham bologna fried, coffee. Police incinerator and latrine. Outside to drill. As five new sergeants are to be made and a number of corporals selected from the ranks, Lieut. Cook who has charge of company, gives men opportunity to drill company and squads. He is guided in his choice by Sgt. Curley. Muller has charge for some minutes and provokes laughter. Others quite serious and anxious to make good. It is warm and we are marched for long stretches without rest. Back in firebreak for bayonet drill. Sgt. Kaplan. A short rest in between to catch a bite to eat and take a smoke. Dinner, boiled beef, green peas, potato, coffee. Outside without overcoats. Marched about for a while then issued trench gloves. Letter from Leah. Ordered to roll packs. Given twenty minutes, no room to spread out and fold blankets and shelter half. It takes me a long time but well within time allowance. Kaplan blows whistle to fall out. Catches me napping. I have not adjusted belt. In haste I make adjustments and go out to find company already assembled. Out of luck. Lieut. Gaston takes my name and others who were late. A Sgt. and a Corporal in the number. Lieut. Cook asks if I have any excuse to offer. I have but it does not suit him. Punished me, telling me to report after...4 pm... for two months,

for extra fatigue duty. Likewise Bougartz. Others excused. Drill. Dismissed. Out again to form guard. Stack arms and remove blouses for physical exercise. Kaplan takes us. All balled up. Lieut. Gaston next. He is worse. More "As you were" than commands. Lieut. Cook happens along and watches for a time and finally takes charge. He puts us through stiff half hour's work to relieve a grudge he has against us because an officer of another company had reported that a squad in charge of Pvt. Wall had behaved unbecomingly in his presence. After time he reads complaint to us. He threatens severe punishment if it again occurs. Form company again. Guard selected. Cook will not accept me in spite of Lieut. Gaston. Guard formed. Manual of Arms. Retreat. Guard Mount while I write. Band plays for first time which impels me to watch ceremony. Beautifully done with one exception. Supper, bully beef, pickles, potato, peaches canned, cocoa. Write to Etta, Morris Berger and school children and teachers who had sent me cake. Leah and Mama. Read paper. Go to PC to mail letters. Find that by way of punishment I am company fireman for a week. Bougartz night fireman. Write. To bed at 11:30. Jelly and bread in kitchen before I go up. Almost everybody is awake on account of guard duty. Notice has been posted on bulletin board that all suitcases and boxes must be disposed of by Saturday, a most discouraging outlook for me. Passes still being issued but I do not think I will get another while I am here.

Wed. Mar. 6, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. I do not fall out. Breakfast, French toast, butter, oatmeal, coffee. Finish quickly. Get to work on fires which are not in very good condition. One fire

in latrine gives me a lot of trouble. Have to rekindle. It becomes best fire in house. Boys are nearly all in barracks, having been on guard. Those not on guard go to supply company to shovel coal at siding. Many sick men in quarters. Fully a dozen boys are laid up with some peculiar kind of malady which seems to be contagious. It is alternately chills and fever and severe headache. Berkowitz is taken to base hospital. Has high fever. Lieuts. are about all day long looking for details for one thing or another. Boys in and out of Orderly Room looking for passes. Carpenters are at work in half barracks making many strong boxes. Trying to get rid of goodies from home rather than throw them away, I frequently have a snack. Manage to get an hour's time off to read a newspaper. My work is very interesting, mainly because I have been given a task to do and know just how long I must work. Another point, I am not under orders and surveillance all day. Dinner, roast beef, beans, potatoes, coffee. Light a big cigar and set about working again. Fires are in good condition. Make regular rounds, filling each as I go around. Coal is not very good, contains much dust. New guns are issued. Lieut. Gaston sees that I get a rifle first so as not to retard my work. My piece is smeared, every inch of it, with cosmoline, a quarter inch thick. No rags to clean it with. There is a table to set outside of half barracks and some pails of kerosene for dissolving grease. I work on rifle for ½ hour, make rounds of fires and get in another spell rubbing off grease. It sticks like glue. Try to speak with Captain about getting furlough. He has no time. Relieved at 5:30, by Ashbury. Bougartz too sick to work. Supper, frankfurters and sauerkraut, potatoes, fruit, tapioca pudding, cocoa. Write to Leah and Mama. Leah tells me in her letter today that Papa and Mama are both sick, probably from worry. Make my bed, shave. Go to PO to mail letters and YMCA for stamps. Back to

quarters and spend an hour cleaning gun. A fair job when I quit. Write. Get a sprinkling from someone whom I do not see. Suspect Corras. Go to bed at 11. Made another attempt to speak to Captain. He is busy. Brodsky and Childs are to be court-martialed for misconduct. Lieut. Cook is to prefer charges. He is raising hell with the men. Everybody is glad day is over. What with fatigue duty and guard, the men have been pretty busy. Six men home on pass. Matt and Lucas back. Overstayed leave.

Thu. Mar. 7, 1918

Weather: snowing, mild

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Do not fall out. Breakfast, 2 eggs, butter, oatmeal and coffee. Finish quickly. Get to work immediately on fires. All very low. One latrine has to be rekindled. Work industriously and soon manage to find an hour for myself in which to read newspaper. Captain is irascible. Expects me to have red hot fire in less time than it takes him to tell me about it. As I go through barracks it strikes me as having a great resemblance to hospital. There are about 20 men sick or feigning sickness. Of latter most are corporals or sergeants. The weather is the factor largely instrumental in bring about sickness of non-coms. They are always ill when it rains or snows. It does not interfere with my work. I am glad to be constantly occupied. Downdraft gives me some difficulty especially in connection with Colonel's fire. I must rebuild both fires. Meet Corporal Easterly in Colonel's quarters. Speak to Captain about granting me a stay. He pays more attention to papers before him than he does to me. Tells me he cannot do anything. Refers me to Lieut. MacDougall. Talk to him later on. I'm told that if I want to take up the

matter further with the authorities, I should get busy with my pen. It is necessary to produce evidence showing that Leah is ill. As she is not and I hope never is I will not do that and decide to let the matter drop. A momentous decision. Tags are being stenciled for placing on barracks bag as identification prior to early forwarding of these bags to whatever our destination will be when we leave camp. Weather now clear. Dinner, pork and beans, soup, coffee. Work an hour, read a little, make a new fire at Colonel's. He comes in, in great hurry, and begins shaving. First time I have seen him in quarters. I speak to him. Just a complaint about poor draft today offered apologetically. His reply means do not bother me. Everybody in the Company goes to the infirmary to be inoculated with anti-pneumonia germs in an effort to check disease in our company. Short arm inspection given while there. Men who were sick and confined to quarters isolated in prophylaxis room are given special examination and treatment. I get mine early, receiving preference, I observe, since I am fireman. Rush sounds of fire once more. Supper, chili con carne, peaches, coffee. Write to Leah and Mama. Two letters from Leah. Water has been shut off in camp for 5 hours. Cannot wash mess kits or flush toilet bowls. A dangerous condition. Make bed and go with Goldsoll to PE for something to quench my thirst. See Aurora Borealis, a pale greenish blue light in long narrow shafts in Eastern sky. To Post Office to mail letter to Leah. In quarters. Wash mess kit before I get to bed at 10:00. Too tired mentally to do more than lie down. The world seems hard to me. Sleep well.

Fri. Mar. 8, 1918

Weather: clear, colder

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Do not fall out. Breakfast, steak, grape nuts, coffee. Go to work at once on fires. Captain at me, from time he comes into Orderly Room to have a hot fire for him. He thinks I am a magician. A little coaxing brings it into shape but it takes time. A number of times orderly comes looking for me with orders from Capt. about fire. I have lots of work to do today besides tending to fires. By ten I have them all going and take an hour off to read newspapers. Sick boys in all rooms congregated around stoves trying to keep warm. Doctor comes to examine bad cases. Orders men to drink hot water and those who are able to go out for walk in fresh air. All cots, of men who were sick yesterday and are able to get out of bed for a while, must be put out to air. A detail picked to do that. Make another round of fires and find time before mess to take a nap. Do some washing. Very good dinner. Fried flounder, green peas, potatoes, tomato sauce, coffee. Some sick men have double portions of food. Others eat nothing. Make rounds of fires. Take my gun for cleaning. Interrupted for an hour. Spend a long time on gun getting into all crevices and holes. Doctor comes again. Curley, Callahan and others hide when he is announced. Peculiar. Coal up again. Read newspaper. Coal up once more. New men are inoculated. Retreat omitted. All boys are busy packing up articles that must be left behind. Where it was always a case of "gimme" it is now "do you want this or that" and surprisingly cannot give anything away. Supper late. Tough roast beef, cold beans, bread pudding, coffee. A short overcoat has been issued to me. Sew a label on old winter coat and turn it in. Get everything out of box and bag into barracks bag. Get a label for

same. Shine shoes. Pass list is up. My name is not on it. Frantic, I discover cannot go home in spite of having pass. No leave to city. No money. For some unaccountable reason I tell Goldsoll about it instead of taking advantage of circumstance myself. I feel sorry all night. Rest. Prepare to take a bath. Go to YMCA to telephone Leah. Two letters from her. She is well. I hate to tell her that I am not coming to city. Promise her that I will come Monday. Let her know gradually that there is no hope of staying in Camp Upton. She is broken-hearted and I must command her to smile. Effect on me is to make me gloomy. A sad goodbye. Too little spirit to take a bath. Wash leggings and shave. Go to bed at 10:30. Homesick, heartsick, despairing. Wonder whether I can withstand siege. As I lie deep in thought a phonograph is started in 4th platoon room. Wakes everybody and ensuing horseplay occurring. Sgt. Curley puts an end to episode and threatens to report. One number played makes me laugh. Finally fall asleep. Sleep soundly.

Sat. Mar. 9, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 5:30. Make bed. Wash. Reveille. Don't fall out. Kaplan announces morning inspection of quarters and company for 7:30. Breakfast, cornflakes, hash, coffee. Hurry. All fires in good condition, except fires in Colonel's quarters. In latrine first. Gaston compliments me for removing ashes, but I tell him in it is dry latrine polish. Work fast to keep gloomy thoughts away. Boys all preparing to go home. In Colonel's quarters. Chat with Easterly, his orderly and his hostler. They tell stories of the Colonel. Dwell on his brusqueness and profanity. I let fire in kitchen range go out on Easterly's suggestion. Unless freezing weather

sets in, will not rekindle until Sunday night. A fire drill. Do not go out. Capt. and all officers, excepting Lts. Cook and Griffiths go home for weekend. In orderly room and outside, often encounter Lt. Cook, but not a word passes between us. Read newspaper. Make rounds of fires. Sick men are no longer sick, except Lukas, who is in bed. Others either home on pass or lured outside by fine weather. Quite a few visitors in camp. Tempted to telephone Leah if(?) I have time. Take a nap till dinner. Roast beef, potato, cocoa, Take a turn at fires. Coal up well. Have an hour off to read newspaper. Get jam and bread in kitchen. Get a hair cut. Very much dissatisfied with it. Pick up a copy of "Messenger of Sacred Heart", which furnishes most peculiar reading I have ever done. A story, which deliberately fosters Jew hatred, interests me. Make last round of fires. While in orderly room, I offer Haight a cigar, which he refuses, probably considering it a bribe for favor I might ask. Supper, roast, potatoes, cocoa. Riley works in two shifts, one from 6 to 12, other from 12 to 6 in morning. Spend some time instructing how to regulate fires. Smoke a cigar and lie down to read newspaper. Boys bring up phonograph and begin dancing and making noise. Driven downstairs in Mess Hall for quiet. The boys and Griffiths are resting. They have had their dinner in our Mess Hall today. Read and write a letter to Leah, telling her how fearful I have been all day. Make bed and go down to take a bath. Water very hot, due to my own effort. Ready to go to bed at 9:00. Earliest in a long while. Sleep well. One of warmest jobs I have ever had was making fires in 3rd and 4th platoon rooms to remove clinkers. Sweat until I am wet all over. Coal is mixed with sand, which I believe is reason for large amount of clinkers in fires. All day outside of regimental headquarters men are waiting, belongings rolled in blankets, to be transferred. They are ignorant of destination. Arrive in batches of 50

or more from all over camp. I begin day by having a location in latrine with Lasker, who is policing. I have long sought for an opportunity to tell him what I think of him. I do not mind in that teasing of other boys, but I cannot stand it from him. Regimental theatre opens tonight, with Theda Bara film, patty ...and a comedy.

Sun. Mar. 10, 1918

Weather: cloudy, snowing

Health: good

Up at 7:00. Make bed. Roll call in quarters. Breakfast, cornflakes, pork sausages, tea. Fires in excellent condition. Require little attention. Some find time to lie down for a nap. Some new men are transferred to F. Company. Weather becomes very nasty. It is raining. Must unroll pack to get at slickers. I am very uncomfortable working in it. It is hot. All fires going well. I read newspaper, make another round of fires and go to telephone Leah. She is cheerful. Dr. Goldberg is with her making a preparatory examination. She tells me cheerful news. I tell her I will be in town tomorrow, which will probably be final goodbyes, as no knowledge whatever of future movements. I am happy to hear her voice. Go back to quarters, fires being OK. I have dinner. A most disappointing meal for Sunday. Tough boiled beef, peas, cocoa. It has started to snow. Visitors have arrived in large numbers. Quite a few women and men in our mess hall. Harry supplies cocoa for them. In orderly room, Lieut. Cook has company. I am first aware of his presence by odor of perfume. They have had dinner. I hate to intrude but fires need attention. I wash underwear, socks and PO shirt. Snowing very hard now and a strong gale blowing. Fires need a lot of coal. I run over to Colonel's quarters and a sight greets my eyes that baffles deception. The gale

has blown open front door and through that, and a window in his room, the snow has been blown in a drift an inch deep in places. I open water faucets and find pipes are frozen. His bed and clothes and shoes all covered with snow. Saddle, which Paddy, hostler, spends so much time cleaning, is covered. Kitchen range, shelves, everything. Work quickly to put things in shape. See picture of court martial and dire punishment before me. Scoop 2 baskets full of snow out of room and start a wood fire in kitchen range. Afraid I will not be able to thaw out frozen pipes. Run to barracks and ask for man with mop to clean up a bit. None forthcoming. At last pipes warm up and water begins to flow. The door continuously blows open. Finally I put coal on fire in range. Wield broom for 10 minutes and leave place in fairly good condition. So cold now that I have to put on blouse. Intrude on Lieut. Cook again. I and my work are subjects of conversation. Final coal on fires. Wash up and have supper. Frankfurters, pickles, potatoes, prune jello, tea, jam and bread. I instruct my relief, who is a f... by profession. Two men on job for night, account of inclement weather. Read newspaper. Make Jones' bed and my own. Write on cot until taps tattoo blows. Make up a few more beds and continue writing in Mess Hall. Sgt. McWhinny looks for detail to get shoes from warehouse, which goes reluctantly. To bed 10:30. Restless. Very cold. At times think barracks will be blown away. Might glad that Leah has not come to visit me today. She could not have weathered storm. Many poor women in camp have great difficulty in going to station. I get a letter from Sam, who is at Camp Merritt, NJ awaiting embarkation.

Mon. Mar. 11, 1918

Weather: fair, mild

Health: good

In camp – At home

Up at 6:00. Reveille.. Do not fall out. Breakfast. Get to work on fires. All fair with exception of fire in kitchen range at Colonel's. It is out. Pipes are frozen. A sheet of ice ½ inch thick in sink. Colonel's man is sick. He shakes with ague. Much worried about condition of place. I advise him to go to quarters and I will do what I can to get things in shape. Start a new fire and presently pipes warm up and can thaw out ice. Brush up. The Colonel has a visitor and I hear an important military conversation while I work. I ask Lieut. MacDougall for a pass. Promises I will get one if any are issued. Later Haight asks me if I want one for first train out. Fires do not give me any trouble at all. I have time to read newspaper, do some washing, towels, shave, shine shoes, other small jobs. Before dinner I must spread equipment on bed to check up. Have dinner. Must wait to be checked. Sent downstairs to clean Mess Hall. Tell Lt. Griffiths I am on fires. He dismisses me. Fix up all fires to last three hours. Dress for inspection. Am worried about not having RR ticket. Borrow price of one from Mendelohn. Pass list posted. Sixteen men go home till Wednesday. Reveille. Lieut. Cook speaks to me for first time since I have been on detail in spite of fact that during that period I have come in contact with him more than ever. I do an errand for him. Inspection at 4:00. Corp. Haight issues passes as we run along road to station. Buy ticket and get on train. A good seat, warm. No need to have hurried. Train does not start until 4:40. Goes over new route, through Manorville and Patchogue main line. Pretty country. A long trip. Ginsberg seatmate.

It develops he knows Mike Diamond. Tell each other our troubles. Eat Friend's cake, crackers, oranges, candy. Nap, forty winks. At Penn Station 7:30. Great majority of men promise themselves not to go back to camp till Friday. It is general impression that this will be our last pass. Get home about 8:00. Leah of course runs to greet me. Everybody well. Mama seems to be aware of the fact that we may sail overseas very soon. I do not tell her so. Haven't courage. A bully supper. So many courses it seems endless. Stay until 11. Alone with Leah for half an hour. Kiss Mama goodbye and offer up a silent prayer that God will be good to me and send me safely back home. 11:00 boat. Meet Mike and Uncle Sam as we leave boat. Glad we have had each other only on trip across. It is a big task to tell Leah the bad news and to school her to be brave. I know she will try very hard. There are business matters to talk over and plans for future. Get home 12:15. A fine night. A brilliant starry sky as we go up hill. A good omen "Thank God." Home greets my eyes again. The only place. My good mother-in-law has a plate of cakes, my favorites and tea things ready for me. All these little attentions spoil me and make it harder for me to go away. Dispose of bundles. Open a big package of baby things that Leah has bought for the little soul that is expected soon. Tears. Our eyes range the kitchen. Hard to think of what might be. To bed. It is late. Plan to rise early, and do not wish to make Leah cry. Order her to sleep without talking any more about our troubles. Sleep well.

Tue. Mar. 12, 1918

Weather: fair, mild

Health: good

At home

Up at 7:00. Breakfast with Leah. Make 8:30 boat for city. In shop shortly after nine. Take a look about on unfamiliar scenes. Look things over and go to see Henry Adams about my affairs. See Hugo, and Asher who invites me to lunch. Henry executes a bill of sale, which I make out in favor of Leah. Discuss ways and means of disposing of plant. He does not favor leasing it. Considers outright sale or storage best. Stay to talk about war and how it has affected me. Back to shop to keep appointment with Willets. He favors sale or storage, but does not evince any great amount of interest in my trouble. I call up Lou. Take Leah to lunch at Zeitlin's, where I meet boys. Nuck there. Finishes an interview quickly after he leaves and comes back to talk with me. He makes generous offer to supply me with tobacco when I go "over there." Lemitz and Sam dine with us, too. Go to see Mr. Cannon. He will approve of anything I do. Go to bank to cash check. Tellers glad to see me. All tell me how anxious they are to fight also. They are all old men. At my wits end as to what course to follow. I must do my best for Leah. Sit down with paper and pencil and figure what will accrue to her from each of four methods of disposing of business, auction, sale, lease, storage. Dismiss auction and storage. Best suited to my needs either lease or sale outright. Call up Lasker to close insurance and transfer fire policy. He will call later. Go downstairs to discuss it with Breslau. They have no money, I discover, but would very much like to secure my shop. They are very undecided. Have best of intentions but handicapped by lack of funds. French calls.

Lasker calls. Etta to see us. She is a most welcome visitor. Jordan also to see me. Business for day has been good. There is a big lot of end board stock to cut for Willets' job. I get to work on it. Find it most interesting. Unaccustomed to it. I do my best for half an hour. Leave enough for men to start work on in morning. Leah packs up books, orders, bills. Go home on 6:15 boat. Home at 7:30. Supper. A good one. Do not tell her that I do not intend to go back to camp. I have decided not to after tackling pile of work before me. Cost up accounts. Surprised to find I have approximately \$1,200 equity in shop. Fix sale price at \$1,000 on time, \$900 for cash. Dictate a telegram which Rachel sends for me. Leah resolved not to worry over consequences. She realizes I cannot go back till tomorrow, but Rebekah, Rachel and mother-in-law are worried terribly. Stare at me in open-mouthed amazement. Picture me in prison. Apter calls me up to tell me he wishes to see me. I am too busy. Back to work on books until 11:30. To bed after a cup of tea. Much to talk about. Leah behaves as a good wife should. Make plans for tomorrow. Sleep well. First offence against military regulations.

Thu. Mar. 14, 1918
Weather: raining, mild
Health: good

Up at 6:00. Tired. Check Roll Call. From 30 to 40 absentees. Other men home on pass. Company is only a handful of men. Breakfast delayed more than a half hour on account of poor fires and only one cook working. Bacon, grape nuts, coffee. In mess hall to police. Capt. is about raising hell. Weather prohibits outside drill. Lecture by Lieut. Wilhelm signal practice. Pvt. Cohn. Elementary Class, Corp. Greenstein. In latrine Corp. Rogers, who is latrine watchman, holds court. First time in

history non-com is on duty. Fall asleep on toilet bowl. Class dismissed. Practice with Hollifield, standing position at 300 yds. and prone figures. Fair score. Short when officer is about. Dismissed half hour before mess. Nothing has been said about overstaying leave. Dinner. A leisurely meal. Clean during mess. Wondering what we will do next. Supply officer and Sgt. Home on pass, so no fatigue duty of which preparations for leave requires plenty. Ordered out with slicker and rifles. Capt. comes out and is painfully surprised at smallness of company. Officers and men amused. Start for hike along Fifth Ave. to end and back, past 12th Street and back to quarters. It rains before we had gone very far. Expect to be taken back, but Lieut. evidently has orders to keep us out, also my drenched gun shedding water. I know what next job will be – cleaning rifles, wiping rags scarce. Cut a piece off towel. Work an hour. Do a fairly good job. Kaplan comes in to announce company will be paid. I take a book, short stories, wait about. Pay does not appear. Slickers and overshoes to K of C for regimental sing under leadership of K of C worker. A remarkable man. He quickly gets men under his spell. Everybody sings. I make an effort to do my very best. Sustain until comic and patriotic songs. No result. A thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. These are things regard more than anything else in camp life. Supper, spaghetti and cheese, rice, raisins and jelly, coffee. Corp. Haight, company clerk tells me, I am still considered absent until I report in orderly room. Read. To orderly room. Lieut. MacDougall not interested. I do not explain absence. Write. Lieut. Griffiths has all men in barracks go to Supply Warehouse for O.D. blankets. I make three trips. Carry heaviest case of all. Write to Leah. Company paid off. I get \$7.83, insurance and laundry deducted. Nine men are in evidence than at anytime during day. Finish letter in great

hurry. I must go to YMCA to mail letter and telephone Leah. Basket ball game in progress. Long talk with Leah. Allay her fears for me. Plans for disposal of plant have been changed. Consider sale only. Stay to write to Mama and a letter to Sam at Camp Merrill, though I believe he had already sailed for France. Stay until lights out. Go to Post Office and back to quarters. No one but guard is about. Clear. Go to bed at 11. Sleep well. I am worried all day about what my punishment will be for overstaying leave. I want to explain to Capt., but I haven't courage to go to orderly room. Captain has been away all day, presumably working out details of departure. Not much seen of him. Big disappointment when Haight tells me that passes will be issued for some time yet. I have probably forfeited mine.

Fri. Mar. 15, 1918

Weather: fair, mild

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille, at which I have unpleasant task of reporting my Corporal absent. Many men are away. Company usual normal strength than all week. Captain furious at men who are in quarters, but do not fall out. He has officers running about like errand boys, tiring out men. Five new sergeants and 8 corporals promoted in my absence. Sgts. Child and Atha, top Corps. Black and Brodsky reduced to rank of private. Childs raised to Corporal. Punishment in store for absentees. Breakfast, grape nuts, frankfurters and coffee, prunes. New cook, Lubelinsky, has a broken nose, received in boxing bout last night. Took a bad beat-up. Outside without overcoat for drill. Everybody. A cold wind is blowing. Overcoats needed. Forty men detailed to Supply Warehouse to carry ammunition to quarters, other small articles. Out again, in again. Play games and drill. Sgt. Kaplan. In

again for O.D. blankets in exchange for blue ones I have. Bedding aired. Take it inside, make bed. Dinner, steak, potato, coffee, very good. Lieut. Cook supervising. Has occasion to correct angle of tilt on hat. To parade ground for hour's drill in review by Major. So windy that it is impossible to do manual. Gun is blown out of position and number of times almost drop it. Wind so strong, that I cannot stand in line. Marching properly dressed out of question. Big ungainly trench gloves another drawback. Lieut. Wilhelm in charge has strained every effort to make his commands heard. Major Cook looks on amused. Back to quarters. Dismissed. To bunk, read, nap. Retreat. Company (balance) paid off. Supper, roast beef, potato, prunes, coffee. Make bunk bed, read until 10. At mess, list of men is called, who are wanted to clean up Mess Hall, after 8. Includes corporals and privates. Freezing cold. A gale blowing. Write until 9 at bunk, then downstairs. Post Office to mail letter. Ears bitten by cold. Very clear. Myriads of stars in sky. A remarkable night. In hall of barracks. Everybody around stove. Pass list posted. Many men who have overstayed leave on last pass, posted, but not I. Content. Wash leggings, shave. Go to bed with head full of plans for getting pass during week. Fall asleep without worship and prayer. Some wind during night and outside and try to make amends, but doze off. Too cold and windows rattle too much to sleep soundly. Before mess, I go over gun a number of times and also clean windows. Olsen, ex-sailor, works on outside and nearly freezes his hands. Water from damp cloth freezes on window panes as soon as applied. In afternoon, we were called into orderly room to give time of arrival in camp after AWOL. A long line of men. Practically certain that each will receive a summary court martial, and probably fined. No leniency will be shown to any man. My only hope of excuse will be a telegram I sent, which was not

received. Sgt. Svedja had Carp, a sergeant, transferred to R.R. Transportation Corp., a new branch of service for which approximately 2006 men are to be recruited. Fire drill.

Sat. Mar. 16, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 5:30. Make bed, wash. Reveille, breakfast. Frankfurters, cornflakes, coffee. Police work, clean and shine shoes. Brush gun. Read and lounge about until time for inspection. No display of equipment this week. Just as in everything else, laxity in smaller matters is very apparent. Larger matters of equipping regiment and company occupy attention of command. Inspection promptly at 7:00. OK. Outside for company inspection. Lieut. Cook inspecting rifles. He finds fault with my gun. Cosmoline in trigger guard. Sgt. comes. Takes my name. Capt. comes along and takes trouble to straighten me up. First time apparently that my low left shoulder is noticed. Quite cold standing at attention. Off duty for day. Read. Take a nap. Read newspaper. Restless. I am thinking of home. Look for a pass. Situation not favorable. Reports from Goldsoll are that passes are scarce. Get newspaper. Read in bunk. Loaf about looking for something to do. Down to Mess Hall, where boys on work squad are busy stencilling all equipment "Co. E 308th N.Y." Chat. Go to K of C Hall to telephone Leah. Do not remember new telephone number. Have difficulty in getting connection. Borrow 25¢ from Moss – can get no change at stamp counter. Cheered by conversation with Leah and sound of her voice. Talk for some time about business. Back in quarters in time to be last on hand for dinner. Roast beef, rare and tough, potato,

horseradish sauce, tea matzoths, jelly. Pimpl good to me. Upstairs. Lie down to read. Poker game in progress. Desin seizes me to play for an hour or so. Lose as usual, but not much. Game breaks up at 2:00. Go downstairs and relieve Thompson, who is die-pencilling inscriptions on identification tags. Work an hour steadily without tiring. Quickly, do two to one of other boys. Have my belt, slicker, blankets stencilled. Upset him. Take a nap until supper time. Almost near. Play poker again with other boys. Stop for supper. Resume play with different set of boys again. A package containing underwear, and a picture from Leah. Lieut. Griffiths orders everybody out to take field kitchen equipment from orderly room hall to supply warehouse. Field ovens, two, very heavy. Offer suggestions as to best way to carry. Won't work, too heavy. Cart both over in wheel barrow. Back to bunk in a half hour. Make up bunk. Start playing again and remain upstairs until lights out. Resume play, in Mess Hall. Boys have come in from theatre and many men join game. A lot of money changing hands. The usual number of arguments. Nearly 11 o'clock. Some sporting person turns out lights. Turns on again, out again. We draw to play by match light. Prevail upon Whess upstairs to have lights turned on until taps. Sojourn to latrine. Wet and damp concrete floor. Continue to play only because I am losing money. Sgt. Whess is in game to wager for strong drink that he gets at barber shop and takes a bottle half full of bay rum. Drinks it all. Little at a time. A degenerate act. Features have changed and at 2 a.m. I quit play. Wash up and get a steak sandwich and tea in kitchen. Go to bed. Sleep well.

Sun. Mar. 17, 1918

Weather: fine, clear, mild

Health: good

Up at 7:00. No formation. Lieuts. Cook and Griffiths come up to check on boys. He has blood in his eyes. Threatens dire punishment to O'Keefe and Hackett, who have returned from AWOL. Breakfast. Steak, oatmeal, coffee. Police outside incinerator. Column of men goes by, bound for New York. Parade of artillery Monday. Then many men, blue bags on backs, come into Camp and are assigned to different companies. They are from Camp Devens and are to fill up our companies to war strength. A fine boozed lot of men, very different from our pallid New York boys. I wish them luck. They are messed as soon as settled. Have been on road for 15 hours. They are delighted with grub. Get much less and worse fare at Devens. I clean ashes out of stove. Police up. Remove more ashes off for day. Get newspaper. Read in bunk. Take a nap. Write. Go down to shave. Shine shoes and primp up for my girl. Start for station at 11 by my watch. Get permission to be absent for day from Sgt. Moore. As soon as I set foot out of barracks, I see visitors on roads and realize that I am in for a scolding for keeping Leah waiting. Hurry to station. Leah has been crying. Afraid I was being punished. Rebecca with her. A happy reunion. Go to Hostess House. Mendelsohn there. Leah has brought a copy of my picture for me to approve. It is excellent. I am very much pleased with myself. Her picture in sepia not as good as in black. She has brought lunch and many goodies for me and a package for Graumy, whom Rebecca is very anxious to see. We sit together and wait for opportunity to have lunch. We want to get out into glorious sunshine. Will take too long to be permitted to ration own lunch, so have dinner. Very good. For first time coffee is hot. Get out and go

through Negro section to Officers Training Camp. Graumy is out. Home on pass with entire company. Promise to Leah and Rebecca to movies. Show them camp laundry and bakeries. Stop into YMCA auditorium where there is a concert. To regimental YMCA for a rest. Movie theatre not open. Leave Leah and Rebecca to wait while I go down road to try to find Markie. He is out with visitors from City. Go back disappointed. Leah has a message from Bella for him. Stay for a half hour to hear song recital. Very bored. Leah too. To Hostess House for rest and a quiet talk. Meet many friends, among them a school girl friend of Leah, whose husband is also here. H. Schwartz with a girl, who is an awful douce, but a most interesting person. A war discussion with her. Harry annoys me with his vulgar loudness. Jacobsen and his sister, Edgelnen are entertainers there. Look over books. See Mark and Charlie Fried. It is 7:30 and we must get our supper. Hurry. Our own bunch off to the station and see Leah and Rebecca on train. A sad goodbye. A soldier with wife and child whom he kisses good-bye move me to such wrath to think that he is here, while others sit at home, that I burst into a tirade on the rottenness of things. A soldier by for an audience, who feels just as I do about it. I wait for a while and go back to quarters loaded with goodies. But with a heavy heart, In quarters at 9:00, make bed and down in mess hall to write. To bed 11. Sleep well, Leah and I have both been suitable beaux. We were tired and have had so little time to ourselves. I am afraid that on the whole, she has not been very happy. We try to make up for it on the way to station, but time is very short.

Mon. Mar. 18, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Hash, oatmeal, coffee. Police platoon room. Brooms are as scarce as hen's teeth. Drill formation. Most of company taken away for detail work. Not enough left to drill or work with, so all go in. Comforters taken away to be stored for spring and summer. Three thick O.D. blankets seen airing. Overalls must be turned in and washed. Overshoes turned in. Do little odd jobs. Read newspaper. Wash overalls, not very carefully. Turn in fleece lined underwear to be exchanged later for woolen. Get a pair of woolen gloves, a pair of leggings, and a pair of repaired dress shoes, marked 10 ½ but hardly 9. Dinner. Roast beef, potatoes, coffee. Drill. Lieut. Mullin with a very small company. Skirmish drill. Probst acting as corporal not up to signals and commands. Result, not a single movement is well executed. He is hard on us. Lots of double time, no rests, and aiming and firing until our arms get tired. Would have continued it longer had we not been called in by company commander. Detail of 25 men taken to Gas House for practice without(about?) poison gas and tear gas. Later, Lieut. Mullen takes remainder of company over, interrupting me for that purpose, while I was engaged in writing a letter. He leads us off into field, not having the slightest idea where the Gas House is. One of the boys directs him. The detail is made up of men from other companies too. Gas masks are procured from M. Co., old (*horns?*) of older boys of company. As we arrive at Gas House, two of first detail are running out, spit and spatter, because mouth piece causes saliva to flow so freely. Windows and doors of House are opened and we get a whiff of gas. Cannot describe odor. Get a lecture on effects of gas and cautions necessary in inspection of mask,

before putting on. I know nothing about inspection so Lieut. in charge does not let us go into chamber. Other boys ignorant on subject. First detail goes in for tear gas. First with masks on and then off for a few seconds. Come out weeping and with smarting eyes. Retreat. Write. Supper. Corned beef and cabbage, very salty, coffee. No one permitted to leave barracks. Company meets in Mess Hall at six o'clock. Every man has entire equipment completed. Get extra pair of leggings, woolen drawers, 2 pair, oiler and each. A government issue of safety razor, brush, towels, combs, tooth, and hair brushes. Finishing letter to Leah and Mama. Go to K. of C. to call up Leah. She is well. Got home very late night before. Write them until 11 o'clock. Back to barracks and take a bath. A big poker game, in which a lot of money is won and lost, in latrine. To bed. Sleep poorly. Not enough covering. Rain, cold in spite of fact that I sleep in O. D. shirt. I have an unquenchable thirst all day. Drink gallons of water. Believe it is caused by decaying tooth parching my throat.

Tue. Mar. 19, 1918

Weather: fine, clear

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Shredded wheat, bacon, coffee. Police platoon room. Formation outside. Half of company is taken away for detail work. I remain and am surprised to find myself corporal, acting Lieut. Wilhelm in charge. I make a good showing, no errors. Drill an hour. A new job found for us. We must police roads all around barracks. My squads shirk. I do more work than any of my men. Inside to have blankets, slicker belt, canteen cover, shelter tent half, and cartridge belt stamped with my company number, 70. A long wait till my turn comes. Read paper. Find

an opportunity to speak to Lieut. McDougall about a pass, so that I can make final plans to dispose of my business. Impossible except if I can get permission of Capt. to speak to major Budd. I go looking for Capt., find him in my platoon room with Lieut. Cook laying out a model cot with equipment spread out for inspection. Talk to him, but get refusal. He reminds me that I overstayed leave last pass. Sit about making up my bunk as model. Dinner. Pork and beans, coffee. Inspection announced at 3. New men, who are at rifle range, of which there are 3 in my squad, must have their cots made up too. I am detailed to do so. A warm job. Have a helper who is helpless. Make up all these and get back to my bunk just in time to be inspected. Passed OK. Put things away. Read. Take a nap. Outside to relieve old guard. My name is posted. Retreat. Guard formed, informal. Band is escorting a funeral, which passes in sight as we stand retreat. Supper. Steak, peas, potato, cocoa. A letter from Leah telling me that Nuck Sachs has sent a telegram to Pres. Wilson, offering to go to France in my stead. Remarkable. Ernest of friendship. Write to Leah and Mama. Get a package of cake and fruit from Mama. Go to Post Office to mail letters. Take a half hour nap. Outside for guard. Post 6. 10 to 12. Lieut. Cook tricks me into giving up my gun, a thing which I must under no circumstances do. A fine night, pleasant work. After 11, I run into Lieut. Cook and Capt. coming out of orderly room. I do not halt them, because I know them. Get a lecture from Lt. Prowiss to do better next time. They go rounds of posts. I catch them on Fifth Ave. and make a bold attempt to halt them. Manage to ball it all up. Lt. comes so close to me that he has an opportunity to grab my gun. Just manage to hold on to it. Get hell this time. Relieved at 12. Take half hour to Post Relief. Get three hours sleep in my clothes, with my gun in bunk laid over. An angry thought comes to me. Out

again at 3:30. Relieved at six. See beautiful sunrise. Halt and interrogate Lt. Stevens properly. Have some funny experiences, halting privates, who are crossing street to latrines. Find a book, which I turn in. An interesting night's work. Officer, whom I salute, corrects me. Tired and a little chilled. Have learned something at any rate.

Wed. Mar. 20, 1918

Weather: fine, clear

Health: good

Relieved at 6:00. Make my bunk, immediately have breakfast. Oatmeal, french toast, coffee.up. Formation. Lieut. McDougall picks out a detail of 30 men to shovel coal. Some men who have been on guard all night are selected. I expected to be, but escape notice. Sweep up platoon room a tiring job and a very dirty one. Get no help whatever. Buy a newspaper, lie down on bunk to read it, but fall asleep from fatigue. Sleep an hour, am rudely awakened by boys. Freeze. Wanted in Mess Hall. I expect the job that I get. Boys in half barracks, new men, are at rifle range and must have dinner brought out for them. A box of sandwiches, a can of coffee. Corp. Doherty in charge. Duvansky and Barlitz take box Salzburg....and I have cans. A most clumsy load. A long time before we can find a comfortable grip on it. Strike out over parade ground. Doherty thinks we will save time by keeping to the left road. I think otherwise and it is decided that I am right. In order to get right road, we must cut through woods and underbrush. Can wobbles and we spill much of its contents. Much discussion as to who is to blame. My arms tire quickly. Must take frequent rests. Bewnie afraid we are on wrong track when after an hour, road is not in sight. Barlitz sent out as scout. We wait. No word from him. We are sure he is lost. Halloo

and whistle. I climb a tree to look for him, or possible landmarks on road. Can see nothing. Decide to start without Barlitz, because it is getting late. Suddenly find our lost man. He has found road, quarter mile away. We exchange burdens. New one is worse. Harder to carry. Hit road. Rest. Start out at a brisk pace and get to range in a few minutes. Boys have just finished shooting. Scramble for sandwiches and coffee. They have pies, too. Take back empty cans. What a delightful day? Walk a mile. Lie down by roadside, tramp fashion. I would have been content to stay so for summer. Get home without any further stop. Arrive in Mess Hall. No dinner for us. This was expected. Lt. Cook anxious that we be fed. Lieut. Griffiths anxious to put us to work. We get steak, all, cold potato, good coffee. Hardly get an opportunity to dry dishes, when Lieut. Griffiths calls for me. Work to be done is to clip cartridges and fill bandoliers. Do not go out for retreat. Picked out to post new guard. Wait for an hour before the work of F. Company is approved. Supper. Spaghetti, prunes, tea. Read for a while, which puts me to sleep. Wake at 7:00. Want to ask Captain for pass, but decide to ask Lt. Cook. A tactical move. Has stereotyped answers for everything I ever asked him. Write a letter to Leah. Too late to mail it. I have no stamps and P.O. is closed. Must wait till morning to mail it. Write Mama. To bed 10:30. Enjoy luxury of taking my clothes off. It is not so cold. Sleep the sleep of the tired. Have 2 letters today. One from Lou Steinberg, containing good and bad news. Letter from Leah contains a copy of letter written by Tumulty to Nuck Sachs. It occurs to me to suggest doing work (printing) for Company Commander. Boys are stamping and stenciling equipment in Mess Hall, Work till 11. Bacon Cabs, Mess kits, Condiment Cans, identification tags, bayonet scabbards marked. All in all work of marking and stencilling has been a huge task, Boys have

applied themselves well and have worked willingly.

Thu. Mar. 21, 1918

Weather: clear, fine

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Oatmeal, steak, coffee. Police platoon room. formation outside. Detail work to be done by entire first platoon. Lucky dogs. We are taken to parade grounds and put through squad movement, etc., line into column and reverse, manual, marching and halting, reversing. Reminds me of 2 months ago, a period in which we worked often on that field. Ground in poor condition. Holes filled with water, stumps, etc. There is a tingle in air for a time. Dispelled by a warm sun, warm enough to work without gloves. Captain does not spare us. He works us without rest and at a stiff gait for two hours. Major is at field and he must be pleased. Of course he is not cold or tired. Back to barracks. Allowed to fall out. Announcement is made that all equipment must be out for inspection, which will be made by divisional or training officers. Time set for 2:30. Make display as on preceding Wednesday. Finish before mess. Dinner. Roast beef, potato, peas, coffee. There is nothing to do after mess but wait. I have a hunch that inspection will not be in time. As afternoon drags on that proves correct. I want to write but cannot, afraid will not be able to hide writing materials quickly enough, when attention is called. Want to read but fear book will be an obstacle also. Lie down on an empty cot and wait. Doze off and nod many times. I make a strong effort to keep awake. Read a newspaper. It is hot, sultry in quarters. Go to window for air. Let feet hang over sill and watch boys in firebreaks playing baseball and football. Time drags on. Major comes from somewhere near at hand, all

dressed up, asks for Captain. Hopeful sign that inspection starts soon. Doomed to disappointment, still nobody inspects. Instead we are called outside for formation. Must take belt from exhibit and disturb everything. Entire company out. New squads personnel announced. Everybody in company, including men from Camp Devens, is assigned to squad. 7 squads in each platoon. More than we have ever had. Company divided into platoons, and drilled for 15 minutes. Retreat follows. That referred to, to straighten out tangle. Work over, I immediately set about writing. I purport to finish writing to everyone to whom I am in debt. Write Leah. Shortly after retreat, officer appears. He specializes in shelter tents, and slickers. Another, who inspects shoes, comes along. Mess, frankfurters and sauerkraut, mustard, potato, coffee. Civilian brother of one of our new men is playing piano, so that while we wait for supper, which is late, account poor fires in kitchen range, boys sing, whistle, dance, and accompany piano with mess tins. Put away equipment. Continue writing until 6:00. Make bunk and go back in Mess Hall, where Mullin is directing an orchestra consisting of piano, drums, large and small, jazz instruments. He sings. That makes fine music. In spite of disappointment, not receiving pass, I am interested and amused a willing effort of boys to try make things as pleasant as possible. It is really good music. Officers have come over to sit in. I stay and write. Concert over because Civilian must make 7:03 train. Let him go reluctantly. We do without him for a while, but spirit dies out. Write to Mama, Lou Steinberg, Nuck Sachs (a very hard time). Mail my letters. Lukas slumped out of bed, sounds as if my bed suffered. Have a bite to eat in kitchen and go to bed at 11:30.

Fri. Mar. 22, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Pork chop, shredded wheat, coffee. Police platoon room. Call comes for formation before I can find a broom to sweep under my bunk. Outside, with bayonet, belt and slicker. It has rained during the night and sky looks as though it might release more rain during morning. We start for parade grounds and drill field. Column is led by Major. Purpose not known until we are abreast of bayonet run, a new thing for us. Very few of boys have been over course. Lieut. Kidde, F. Co., takes charge. He is most vigorous officer in camp. Starts from take-off trench and goes over entire course, followed by our Company. A very complicated system of trenches represented here. Lt. Kidde instructs us in positions and insists we swear. He takes us all back to take-off trench. There is too much water in it today, so we start immediately outside of that. Sent over in waves of about 20 men. Jump into first trench, stick an imaginary German, out into space, between trenches, halt until rest of company comes up. Take next position over trench, stick dummies. Next position in "No man's Land." Then over an intricate system of trenches. Lunge at two dummies, and out beyond. Excellent if we would only swear. Lt. Kidde shows us how to put steam into blows, but forgets completely to swear. Curry reminds him of it. Back to original position and this time go over without stopping. First I almost injure myself going down into trench, then I stumble and run bayonet into ground. Delayed. Run on to dummy, tired and unsteady. I miss ducking over trenches. Each stride makes me gasp and puff more. Tackle two last line dummies in silence and totter to tree stump for rest. Not the only man completely winded. I have finally decided that

a slight pain in both legs, which I have had for four days is chronic and I shall consult doctor next week. Knees are stiff and muscles in legs are strained. Do close order drill on parade grounds. Back to barracks. Slicker wet inside from heat of body. Lie down to rest. Mess. Dinner. Pork and beans. Prepare for inspection of all equipment. Police platoon room. Clean gun. Inspection. Outside to go to Personnel Championship bouts, which are held outdoors in 307th Regt. Drill Field. Benny Leonard, referee. Gen. Bell there. Stay to witness 7 bouts, decision reached in each. Some of them hissed by men. This calls for a rebuke from Gen. Bell on sportsmanship of men. Go back to barracks for mess. Meat balls, potato, prunes, tea. Many hasten to ask McDougall for pass weekend. No dead request. I impress him. Will call later for answer. Shine shoes, wash leggings and underwear, handkerchiefs, etc. Hang up clothes to dry by stove. Make bed and go to orderly room. Lt Cook, Corp. Haight are writing passes. Lt. attempts to frighten me, but I do not let him. Insist on talking to Lt. McDougall. He informs me I have a pass. Happy. Go to K. of C. Hall to telephone Leah. She is overjoyed. Back to quarters to write. I wait to see pass list posted. I cannot believe my good fortune until I see my name on list. Have list of this in Mess Hall for last time report. Chat with boys until lights are put out. To bed at 11. Sleep well. Very tired. Eyes smart. Only cloud in day is that pass list is not up, so I am not sure I will go home tomorrow.

Sat. Mar. 23, 1918

Weather: clear, colder, windy

Health: good

At Camp - At Home

Up at 5:30. Dress and police bunk. Reveille.

Wash and shave. Breakfast. Steak, because I am late, oatmeal, coffee. Police platoon room, and around bunk and prepare for inspection of quarters. Take another turn at my gun. Inspection promptly at 7:15. Everything OK. Then outside for company inspection. Pleased that Capt. is away, for Lt. Cook has charge and will not, therefore, have opportunity to inspect my gun. Lt. Stevens passes it as perfect. Company reformed double line. Lt. Cook makes announcement about pass situation and warns men not to overstay leave. Dismissed for day. Go to Hostess House with Mendelsohn. Quite cold without overcoat. Write for an hour. Pay a long promised visit to Camp Library. A surprise in store for me. A fine place. Writing and reading tables. An open fire-place. Very light. Well stocked with books and magazines. Take a book of war stories. See many books, including histories on present war. Back to quarters, read and take a nap. Awake in time for dinner. Corned beef, cabbage and potatoes, coffee, with an extra glass of milk. Telephone Leah that I will be home on 4 PM train. Pass list up first thing in morning. Go to RR stations to buy two tickets. Back to quarters. Look for mail. Name called out. Visitor to see me. A friend of Morris Berger introduces himself. Name called again. Lieut. McDougall wants me. I almost run into him. He has a pass for 2:30 train, if I am ready to go. I am. Take abrupt leave of Rosenberg and get upstairs for book and gloves, Leah gave me, which I want to wear to please her. Inspection at Regt. Hdqrs. Start for train. Get good seat. Read newspaper and book. Make a very quick trip to Jamaica. Penn Station at 5:00. Home 5:30. A pleasant surprise to Leah and Mama. Mama cries. Leah is happy. A good supper. Call up theatre. Try to get tickets. No success. Stay till 7:45. Go to theatre of streets to make another attempt. Want to see "The Copperhead" or "Jack O'Lantern" with Fred Stone, my favorite

comedian. Speculator offers tickets for "Jack O'Lantern." I refuse to pay premium. He follows me. Sells at stamped price. Show has started. Good seats. Never before have I been so pleased with a play. Leah and I live over the time when I first took her to see Fred Stone. During intermission try to call up Leah's Mama. Do not get connection. Theatre full of men in uniform. Broadway crowded with soldiers and sailors too. Play over, have soda. Go home 12 o'clock boat. See Corral after deserters in subway, and meet Yvette. Home at one. Tea things set for us. Have tea and go to bed, very tired, but supremely happy. Play, which is first we have seen this year, has desired effect. Drives away gloom. I must be up at seven in morning to keep appointment with men in City, who propose to buy my plant. Will not get much sleep, but if I can sell business and relieve Leah of responsibilities, it is worth sacrifice of comfort and time. Both sleep well.

Sun. Mar. 24, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

At Home

Up at 6:30. My mistake. I had intended to set alarm clock for 7:30. Stay awake. Chat and discuss my mission for today until time to get out. Dress, wash, have breakfast. Kiss everybody. Start at 8:30 for 9:00 boat. Get on car which misses 8:50 boat. Buy newspaper and have shoes shined. On boat read for a time and fall asleep. At shop at 9:50. Joe, his brother and Mr. Wertheim waiting for me. We go upstairs and begin discussing terms for selling business. Show my books and bills. Stick pretty well to subject at hand. Occasionally talk of other things which leads me to believe that they are good fellows.

Would be pleased to sell to them. Outcome of the conference is that we will probably come together tomorrow. Close shop and walk to Broadway where we part. I go to South Ferry, they to see Harry at his office. 12 o'clock boat. Sleep again in smoking cabin. So very much in need of sleep that I cannot read newspaper for five minutes without getting drowsy. Home at 1. Leah annoyed with me for not closing deal with parties at short notice. She is afraid that she will not be able to go to work much longer. I do not wish her to but I could not do any better. It is impossible to do business so quickly. I tell her not to worry, that in my opinion the deal will be closed tomorrow. Storm blows over. Dinner in the kitchen. Housecleaning for holiday prevents us from using dining room. Chat and read for an hour. Then look over books and go over orders with Leah. Find accounts due me total about \$300. Go over finances and make plans for disposal. Give Leah details to complete arrangements for sale. Take a nap for an hour. Call NY World to insert ad for a compositor who is badly needed in shop. Call up Mama. Try to make her believe that it is certain we will get in for Passover Holidays, though I am by no means sure that we will. Father-in-law comes home. Family circle complete. Supper, which is occasion for me to tell stories of Camp life and how I got to rifle range last Wednesday. Call up Dr. Goldberg and ask him to give me a certificate testifying to Leah's condition. He promises to do so. I dictate same to Leah and mail it to him to copy and sign. Ready to leave for camp. One half hour alone with Leah. A happy one. Give her courage. I know she will not cry. Leave for 10:30 boat. On boat settle myself for a nap. Have napping down to a fine point now. Subway to station. Train has left at 11:04 instead of 11:30 as I had expected it would. Reason for schedule change is return of Negro troops from New York. 12:08 train half an hour late. Meet

Jones. Get a good seat fortunately for train has double capacity load. Deliberate whether I should give up pass or lie. Decide to give it up. Jones offers me a drink which I refuse. Settle for another nap. Passes collected by MP. Miss book which I had taken from camp. Train makes excellent time. In camp 2:30. Pleasant night. To bed at once. Seems to me I have more than three blankets on bed which has been made by boys. Do not count them. Am gratified by warmth. Sleep well.

Mon. Mar. 25, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Oatmeal, bacon, coffee. Make bed. I have four blankets as I had suspected. Jones short one. Complains of having been cold during night. I find out who made beds. It was Lukas. I thank him. Police platoon rooms. Outside for drill. Overcoats, though not needed. Corp. Callahan at range with a detail. I install myself as acting corporal. To drill grounds for an hour's close order drill. Major about as usual when entire battalion drills. I do good work as corporal until Sgt. Kaplan spies me. He replaces me with Goldberg. I take #2 front rank. It seems like 4 hours before command to rest is given. Fall out for 15 minutes. Topic of discussion is will we get passes for Wednesday and Thursday. Taken further out in field for skirmish drill. New men taken out of ranks to be drilled by Corporals and company is reformed. This leaves us last squad in column. At each deployment we are forced to go about 500 yds. at double time. Takes about 10 minutes for lines to get straightened out and we are settled. Firing from prone position. Platoon leader translating signals from Captain. It is forward and rear and assemble until we get very tired. When order to fire is

given we merely simulate firing. Too far away from Lt. for deception to be noticed. At it all morning with a rest of 15 minutes very hour. Back to quarters at 11:30. Nap and wake to find dinner is almost over. Steak and onions made to order for me, potatoes and coffee. Drill called before I am finished. Must leave best steak I have had in long time. To bayonet run. I am corporal. Go over entire course three times. First time, pretty well minded. Do better after I swear at disrespecters. Rest for 15 minutes. Hot as the devil. Lie on ground. More skirmish drill, until 2:45. This time we must work harder because platoon leader is behind us. Back to firebreak. Asked for volunteers for new signal class which is forming. I am on the job. Given a tryout by Lt. Cook. Sending too fast. Difficulty in reading because sender is reversed. Get along better as time for retreat nears. Retreat. Company formed in double line for convenience. It is too long in single line. Expect an announcement about Passover Holidays. Disappointed. Clean rifle. Write. Supper. Beef stew, coffee. Write to Leah, Mama, Miss Hogan thanking her for socks she gave me and Miss Austin for cake. A big job. To Post Office to mail letters and to K of C Hall to telephone Leah. She has good news for me. She has closed deal for sale of shop, if leave can be received. Has fifty dollar deposit on total. Net about \$725. G.....Fendler to be paid. Deal was made for cash. We are almost out of the woods. Hurts to hear that shop I worked so hard to build up had to be sold but I am happy that Leah is relieved of responsibility. Write until put out and return to quarters. Take a bath and to bed. Have a new way of folding blankets. Forget to perform any worship. Fall asleep from fatigue almost at once.

Tue. Mar. 26, 1918

Weather: cloudy, cold

Health: good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Shredded wheat, stewed apricots, cocoa. Police platoon room. To drill field. Close order drill till 9:30. Back to firebreak. Detail of men picked from Company to go to signal school. I am among them. Told to report to signal school every morning at 9:30. Go to Battalion Hdqrs. Report to Lt. Lynch. All members of signal class issued field glasses and compass, flag kit. Start for Drill field. It is cold without overcoats. Wind is chilly and penetrating. Pair off with Mendelsohn. Receive and send semaphore. Cohn instructing. I am proficient. I think I will like this work. Tiring to swing arms constantly. Lt. Lynch an excellent instructor. Not a bully, yet he has a remarkable command of men, a young man but one of experience. Look through field glasses. They are of improved type and unusually clear sight is possible. We are spread all over field. Assembled for game "three deep." Tiring. Purpose of game to develop wind. Running is very important part of signal man's duty as explained to us in a little speech by Lt. when class forms. Much fun in game. It also demands quick thinking. Next lesson a method of running which is between a trot and a walk which it is said will carry a man great distance without tiring. Lt. demonstrates. We follow around ring. I tire very quickly. Wind is fair but muscles of legs hurt so that I must drop out. We all try to run as shown, only fair success. Hard to acquire. That ends session. Back to quarters. Dinner. Pork and beans, coffee, soup. Make packs and are told we will pitch tents in field. Heavy roll. More equipment than usual. Takes a long time for Company to get set and started. To field. Many tents pitched by other Companies. Much maneuvering to find suitable place. Ordered to

pitch tents. A most interesting work. Like Arabs. Romantic. Bunkmate is an Italian who does not understand. Trouble to start him working. A two man business. Wind is very strong. Blows down tent before it can be pegged down. Some are blown down after they are pitched. I wonder how men can sleep in them. They are very insecure in my opinion. Hardly up when order to strike is given. Hurried by officers. Poor packs made. Uneven ground and make mistake of rolling alone. Back for Retreat. Letter from Dr. Goldberg enclosing certificate. Write request for furlough. Hand it to Lt. MacDougall. Too busy to confer with me about it which I have asked him to do. Promises to take care of it tomorrow. Retreat. Write to Leah and Mama. Supper. Roast beef, turnips, bread pudding, cocoa. Nap for a minute. Write. Sleep till 10. To K of C to telephone Leah. Business is sold. Pleased that Leah is relieved of responsibility. Back to quarters. Write till 11 in Mess Hall. To bed. Sleep well. Nothing has been said about passes for Passover, I think because Division will leave soon. Everything indicates it. I am afraid it will not be possible for me to get furlough. Believe Lt. MacDougall is putting me off to gain time. Have seen some truckloads of equipment apparently going to freight station. Boys thinking of taking AWOL if passes are not forthcoming. I advise them not to.

Wed. Mar. 27, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Get chart from Lt. Cook to study signalling

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Police platoon room. Out to drill field. Close order

drill until 9:30. Signal men drop out. This time we are wiser and when we get back to barracks we put on overcoats before going to school. Lieut. Cook gives us a few messages to read. Sends us off in pairs and sends us words and sentences put together backwards, an example of which is to be expected in regular work. At school play games to develop mind and send verbal messages back and forth to train memory. Some semaphore and back to quarters for dinner. My work this morning is poor. I am not concentrating. Instead of eating, I shave and manage to get a cheese sandwich later because I want to speak to Lt. MacDougall about furlough. He is too busy. Roll packs and pitch tents in field. I like this work. Today I have a tentmate who does not understand. Back in time for Retreat which is dispensed with for some unaccountable reason. This is taken as significant by some of the men. The fact that no passes will be issued for Passover is also construed to mean that we will be going away soon. Some of the Jewish boys ask my advice about taking leave for the holidays. I advise them not to do so. There is but one Seder Service in Camp. Over to Orderly Room again. Lt. is still too busy to see me. Angry. I go to K of C Hall to telephone Leah. I want to tell her that I cannot come, but I do not know how to. Telephones have been so busy that there is no change to be had in Camp. I borrow some. Wait in line. It occurs to me that Leah has gone home early so I decide I cannot get her in shop. Go back for supper. Then go back to phone. She is not at home. Stayed in shop, so I tell Mother-in-law bad news and promise to call again at 9:00. Lie on bunk until urge again comes to speak to Lt. MacDougall. He has time now but answers my request cannot be granted. Lt. Cook interrupts with an attack intended to frighten me. I pay no attention to him. Angers him. I go out more like a soldier than ever since I have been in camp. Try to read and forget but

page is unintelligible. Read much amicably. Lt. Cook in room to rate a man who had been AWOL. My turn next. I hop off my bunk and tell him I am not insolent, a term which he had used to characterize my conduct. He backs down and we discuss relations for an hour and a half much to the amazement of the entire room. He flatters me and appeases my wrath a bit. But I have a semi-promise from him that if we are in the country when baby is born I will get a pass. Refuses to consider our discussion as between officer and enlisted man. Remember I must telephone Leah. Telephones all crowded beyond capacity. Mostly Jewish boys, lines lead back from each box. I wait an hour to get Leah and then can hardly hear her voice. Telegraph offices also swamped. It is now certain that we will move soon. Some artillerymen have already entrained. All day long trucks loaded with equipment ply the roads. Camp is full of visitors bidding their boys goodbye. Trains and station under heavy guard. Catholic boys are asked to go to confession. To bed at 10:30. Watched by Sgt. to see that I went to bed.

Thu. Mar. 28, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

*A regiment of Signal men and
Veterinary men leave camp – in
cheerful mood*

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. French toast, oatmeal, coffee. Police outside barracks and platoon room. Off for drill. It is cold without overcoats. Close order without a single rest period for two hours. Sgts. who have just completed course at OTC are assigned to our company and help drill in signal school. Take up wig-wag system. Shown International

codes. Confusing. Fair with semaphore. Play 3 deep and try our hands again at lope for long distance running. Drop out early in game. Feet ache. Muscles in legs ache. More wig-wag. To my credit. I can read it. Dinner. Roast beef, potatoes, coffee. Out on field, easier than yesterday. Pitch tents. Again a poor helper. Much indecision at inspection about disposal of equipment. Witness an exhibition of trench mortar firing under direction of English officers. One has but one arm. Mortar hurls cylindrical shot high into the air and drops into enemy trench 100 yds. distant. We are afraid of consequences at times and cannot resist temptation to follow shot with our eyes when we are at attention. Lts. themselves see firing for first time, so they condone our misconduct. Retreat within 5 minutes after we get back. Company is sized up in each platoon. Officers play ball. Bored into enlisted men's game in some places. Supper. Beef stew, prunes, coffee. Sgt. Moore who has felt poorly for 5 days is in such low condition that doctor is sent for. Lt. Mullins brings him. Doctor decides it is meningitis and orders company quarantined. Poor Moore. Boys help ambulance men take him to base hospital. His bed is cleared of bedclothes. All his belongings are packed in box, sprinkled with disinfectant and taken to woodshed for storing. Platoon Room disinfected. I write in Mess Hall. Lt. Cook and Capt. having supper there. Great shuffling of feet upstairs, evidence of excitement. Guard posted in hall permits no one to leave or enter. Called upstairs to help enforce quarantine. Tent halves hung up between beds to make separate compartments for each man. Ask Captain for permission to leave to call up Leah as I have promised to do so at 9:00. He advises me not to. Get permission to send telegram. Write and give it to Lt. Cook with instructions to have it delivered at 7:30 in the morning. Mail letters at Regimental PO. Boys who went out before

quarantine was enforced are much surprised at what they see. Go to bed. I am much worried about Leah. I am not satisfied with what I have done. Wish I could recall telegram. At 12:30 awakened by shouts of "fire" and bugle calls from all over camp. Out of bed. Dress. Fire alarm rings. I do not see necessity for leaving as we are not permitted to go out. Watch fire from windows until it burns down. K of C Hall, 5th Street completely destroyed. Entire Camp aroused. Companies formed to go to assistance if needed. Our hose cart out with Lieut. Griffiths. Capt. and Colonel up and moving about giving orders. Back to bed. Guard calls for Corporal so loud that he disturbs us even more.

Fri. Mar. 29, 1918

Weather: fine, clear

Health: Slight headache over eyes

In Quarantine

Up at 6:00. No Reveille. Take down shelter halves. Breakfast. Oatmeal, scrambled eggs, potatoes, coffee. Some boys thinking that they may sleep late are tardy entering Mess Hall. Are not missed. They make a complaint and are given coffee, French toast, and oatmeal. Ward men mess apart from us, sleep in half barracks, and must not mingle with us. Guttenberger tells me that he has not been able to send telegram that I gave to Cook. In platoon room, all windows are opened, cots and all equipment from needles to guns taken out for airing. Guard paces up and down company street. No one permitted to approach. We lie on our cots and sun ourselves. We expected we would do this all day. Muster. We make packs, long rolls, put on dress shoes, shave. Captain announces muster. To drill fields. Pitch tents. Big load carried by me very

easily today. Not at all fatigued. Manoeuvre a long time before we get order to pitch tents. Hackett my rear rank man. We erect a fine tent after a poor start. Lay out equipment for inspection. Layout changed a dozen times. Lie on ground and study semaphore and wig-wag signalling. Another big fire in Camp, which gives off great clouds of smoke. Men who have been close to Sgt. Moore during last few days are taken to base hospital for observation. Will be kept for a few days. Dinnertime approaches but we are nowhere near completed. 1:30 before Major has inspected, and order to strike tents is given. Dinner at 2. Mark Block comes. I am called out of Mess Hall. He has package for me from Mother. Tells me he has been transferred to Depot Brigade because alien. I ask him to call up Leah. He will. Finish dinner. Fish, potatoes, soup, coffee. Get three letters from Leah. Good news. Company formed to be examined for symptoms of meningitis. Doctor asks that all headaches be reported. I tell him that I have one. Stand aside. Rest of Company OK. Doctor takes my temperature. Have no other symptoms. Headache probably from sun. Am sunburned. Doctor sends over pills. We wash down walls and post in quarters with carbolic acid solution, and all parts of building thoroughly scrubbed. Wash cots, dust blankets, and clothing, and take packs upstairs. Clean guns, shine shoes, wash windows. Write. Supper. Macaroni, prunes, coffee. Sign payroll. Write letter to Leah and Mama. Do not tell Mama what has happened. Put up shelter halves again. Make bed. Fire so hot that my tent halves smell of burning rubber. Move bed. To bed at 11. Rub my head and exercise. A bit worried about my condition but decide not to give in. Boys send letters from hospital, asking for small articles such as razor, socks, towels to be sent to them. Most all of our sergeants and some of our corporals are there for 8 days.

Sat. Mar. 30, 1918

Weather: fair, mild

Health: good

In Quarantine.

Do washing.

Up at 5:45. Reveille. Take down tent halves. Have breakfast. Sausages, oatmeal, coffee. Police platoon room. Take a turn at cleaning gun. Wish to make a good job of it this week because special attention will be paid to pieces. Captain not here for inspection. Lt. Griffiths takes charge. Gun passed OK. Squad formation as at present will be kept up during quarantine. Check call will be taken to see that all men are here. Boys, I think, take seriously a memorandum which Captain reads at Reveille. It is dictated by Colonel and says that men going AWOL will be classed as deserters, lightest punishment for which so far has been 20 years in the penitentiary. Men who are absent from duty when company departs overseas will be put to death. His manner mimicked by boys. Dismissed for day. No further duty. Practice a little with Mendelsohn at signalling. Meet Jacobson while I am outside for a minute and get him to telephone Leah when he gets to City. He is going on a pass. Our company has 120 passes allotted to it which cannot be used on account of quarantine. Other companies get same amount. 24 hour passes only. Loaf about. Sit on front stoop. Toss a ball for half an hour. Take care of my arms. Read newspaper. Take a nap. Dinner. Corned beef and cabbage, potatoes, coffee. Loaf. I must make up my mind what to do. Decide to write Leah. Long time since I have written letter on Saturday. I want to go out to telephone her but obedience to orders prevails. Father Halligan, Chaplain

announces he will hear confession of Catholic boys. Closets himself in a corner where Moore has lain sick and has a congregation of about 25 boys. Retreat. Check roll. Supper. Beans, stew, rice pudding, cocoa. Continue writing, which I have interrupted frequently to eat up what Mother sent me yesterday. A glutton all day. Get rid of grapefruit, pears, 2 apples, 2 veal cutlets between meals, which I do justice to also. Mail letters to Leah and Mama. Get a telegram from Leah telling me she has gotten messages I have relayed to her, and a package of macarons from Mother-in-law. A letter from Mama. None from Leah. I long for one. Make my bed and rig shelter half. Write. Card games and horseplay in Mess Hall. MacWhinney lets loose. He is cooped up in Supply Room so long that when he has a holiday he is a terror. Boxing gloves, pokers and wet paper balls are thrown about. Boys climb on rafters, play phonograph at 11 PM. Turn out lights in Mess Hall, disturb card game. Officer of day comes in. Everybody ducks. I take a bath. The gang comes in just as I have dried myself. Threaten to spill a pail of water over me and a big joist is poised ready to tickle me. No place to hide. Nothing to protect myself with, so I must entreat them to go away. Like a man up a tree. Go to bed. A little worried about meningitis scare. Sleep well. No report has been received of Sgt. Moore's condition. Quarantine has given rise to a brand new crop of rumors that we will not be able to leave.

Sun. Mar. 31, 1918

Weather: fair, mild

Health: good

In Quarantine

First day of daylight saving season.

Clock set ahead one hour.

Up at 5:00. Catholic boys must take Communion in Mess Hall, 6:00. Stir awakens me. While I dress, hear weird droning of voices from below. Wash. Make bed. Fall out for check, roll call. All present. Breakfast. French toast, oatmeal, coffee. Police platoon room and lend a hand to Mess Room. Read newspaper and fall asleep for a half hour. A beautiful spring day, which calls one outdoors. I have a slight headache. Have stopped taking pills doctor sent. Perhaps I only imagine myself ill. Sit on front stoop of barracks and watch boys play indoor baseball. Much fun, but I cannot take interest in game. Visitors begin coming in. Go upstairs. Mendelsohn and I practice a little with signal flags until he is enticed away from me by ball game. Haight, Sweet and MacWhinney, who have never had a holiday are out, because of quarantine. Some of our boys have visitors. Entertain them in firebreak. Others leave quarters in spite of orders to stay within reach. A selfish practice fraught with danger. Bandler, who has been ill for 2 or 3 days, tonsillitis, is taken to base hospital. Boys adjourn the ball game to take part in a little joke which suggests itself to all of them simultaneously. They line the runway leading to curb and, when he comes out, bare their heads and stand at attention. Base drums roll, and boys with rifles present arms. Creepy joke. Bandler, who is a cut-up himself, arranges a little counterplay. He hesitates before running the gauntlet and, when half way to ambulance, has confederate upstairs

spill a pail of water directly over Fox, who is drenched to the skin. Kaplan gets a share of it too. Fox takes it like a good sport but when he finds out who did it, which he will eventually, there will be adequate reward meted out. Dinner at 1. Roast pork, spinach, mashed potatoes, apple sauce, coffee. Mendelsohn introduces me to his mother and guest with whom I chat for 5 minutes. Then write to Leah. Take a nap before I finish. Supper. Roast beef, beans, fruit salad, tea. Finish my writing. Wash to cool off.

Mon. Apr. 1, 1918

Weather: clear, mild

Health: good

In Quarantine

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Bacon, Oatmeal, coffee. Police platoon room. Feel like working. I do more than my share of the work voluntarily. Sweep more cot space than I am expected to. Remove ashes from stove and dump them in company street. Drill call sounds. No whistle blows to call us out. Have an opportunity to rest. Open all windows. Begin to think we will stay in quarters all day. At last whistle blows. Wanted in Mess Hall. Names are taken. Then we all file out into firebreak where doctor examines throat of every man. Lyons given critical examination and told to stand aside. Doctor is doubtful if Lyons needs attention (he feels well) but Captain takes no chances, orders Lyons taken to hospital. Doctor does not remember me, asks no questions, or whether I feel better. Passes me on at once. Fall out with arms and resign ourselves to full day's work. Two platoons. Lt. Wilhem leads us in drill in firebreak and later Capt. takes company to drill field. Kaplan acting as top Sgt. It is laughable to watch him as he plays at

soldiering. As stiff and precise as a mechanical toy. Training school Sgts. drill us for 10 minutes. Then open order drill is in order. We are all as anxious to work as bears in winter. It is a sin to make us run. I am always behind. Corporal Moss is not on the job. Only one short rest and fall out once for 10 minutes. Sit on ground and swap stories. Back to quarters to roll packs. This means pitch tents in afternoon. It is 10:30. Takes half hour to roll packs. I do not think we will go out till after dinner. Lie on Boman's bunk and study wig-wag code. Mendelsohn and I work together. He sends. I read well. I send very well but he is not up in reading. I am pleased to find I know entire alphabet. I try my hand at buzzer. Fingers are all thumbs. Dinner. Good roast beef, corn, potato, coffee. Lt. Cook comes into platoon room to make an announcement. No one calls men to attention. He spies Ginsburg lying on cot. Scolds him loudly. Gives him Hell. I jump off my bunk just as he looks in my direction, with signal chart in my hand which I have been studying. Lt. Cook wants everything Govt. has issued to us packed in barrack bag. Personal articles to be left behind. To go to field with pack and bag for inspection. Grumbling. Whistle blows to start. Weighs a ton. Before I get downstairs, a yell goes up. Company will be paid instead. List of men fined at Summary Court posted. Not on it. Evidently exonerated. A long list, some men fined as high as \$40. Callahan, my corporal, reduced to ranks. Paid \$18.20. Conway owes Company money. Gets no pay. Collect debts. Buy a pair of leggings to replace pair taken from me on Saturday. Outside with packs, bags, only to be checked for tagging. Unpack. Retreat. Write to Leah. No letter from her. Worried. A letter from Lottie. Supper. Very good beef stew, apple jelly, coffee. Finish writing. Read Wells' "History of Mr. Polly" Fall asleep. Make bunk. Steal out to K of C Hall to telephone Leah. Wait 20 minutes

to get booth, then offer my turn to officer. He politely refuses. Leah is well. Breathe easier. From tomorrow on she stays at home. This her last day of work. Se is reconciled to my going away. Do not talk long. Anxious to get back before I am missed. Read. Write. About 1000 new men have come into camp Second draft. Boxes of supplies from our company are sent away to RR freight station for shipment overseas. Conclusive evidence that we go away very soon. To bed at 11. Sleep well.

Mon. Apr. 2, 1918

Weather: fine, mild

Health: good

In Quarantine

Baby is born at 4:45 PM. Mother and baby doing well. Cecilie we will call her. May God bless them both and be good to them while I am away. Amen.



Picture of his daughter Cecilie received by I. Greenwald on Aug. 20, 1918. He refers to the photo as "daddy's talisman."

Wed. Apr. 3, 1918

Weather: fair, mild

Health: good

In Quarantine

Up at 5:00. Arise tired from excitement of day before. Capt. has refused me pass to go home. Baby and mother are resting well. Reveille. Breakfast. Told to pack barrack bag and be ready for a quick jump. Blow to me. Sting taken away by knowledge that baby has come and our troubles for time being are almost over. Bags packed. Packs rolled. Everything not to be taken along is to be destroyed or sent home. Outside with all our belongings. Quarters cleaned out of everything on walls or under cots while we wait outside. Boys happy, singing and play field music. Out until 12:00. Sent back. Barracks transformed from a barn to habitable quarters once more. Mess. Call up home. Leah and baby doing very well. Mother-in-law very happy. Makes her talkative. I received a telegram from Rachel to collect \$50 at Upton Office. Get cash. Buy a money belt from Dougherty. Excellent dinner. Unpack equipment. No signs of leaving today. Outside for drill. That goes against grain. We think we should be given a few days holiday before leaving. Out till 3:30. Retreat at 4. Run to K of C Hall to get writing paper. Have written 2 letters to Leah. Intend to write as many more as I can, dated in advance so that in case we go away before I can get a pass she will be deceived into thinking I am still in Camp. Supper up to the standard of the last few days. Do not go out. Continue writing under great difficulties. Boys from quarantine at base hospital came back home yesterday.

There is a lot of noise. It is hard to think under such conditions at best but my mind will not work well on Friday's letter. Write letter to Rachel in explanation. Mail letter at PO. To K of C Hall to telephone. Hall closes soon and I am in danger of being put out before I can get booth. Fortunate to arrive as Central is getting connections in quick time. Wait 10 minutes for connection. Begin to think everybody asleep. Finally Pop Block answers. He has just held baby in his arms. My Papa and Mama were there. In ecstasies over little one. Makes me extremely jealous. Tempted to take leave. Back to quarters. Find I am on guard, from 10 to 12. It is now 11. Reagan on post through dawn. Relieve him. Bring writing materials to begin Saturday's letter to Leah. Do not get far. Del Duca in hall telling Dougherty a story of underworld. They are two extremes of character. Together an interesting pair. The story is a brutal one, told in a manner which holds my attention. Relieved at 12 by Jones who was also unaware that he is on guard. Take a hurried bath. It is cold in latrine. Fires are out. Wash towels, handkerchiefs, socks. Hang on stove to dry. To bed at 1:00. Very tired. For first time I have not had a daytime nap. Fall asleep without saying prayers. Troubled all day. My thoughts being chiefly about home and Leah and the baby, I do not do my work properly. I have kissed Leah's picture in Mendelsohn's presence, a strange act but impulse too strong to resist. Lt. Cook has lectured us about conduct aboard transport and in France. Told how to have mail addressed. A physical examination. Passed OK. None rejected.

Thu. Apr. 4, 1918

Weather: It rains in afternoon

Health: good

Quarantine Lifted

Up at 5:30. Reveille. Breakfast. Eggs, oatmeal, coffee. Police. Outside for drill on parade ground till 9:30. Then same procedure as yesterday with barrack bag and pack. Clean out barracks. Major Budd inspects quarters. Outside same merriment prevails until 11:30. Write. Take up where I left off in my letters to Leah. Telephone home. Everything fine. Happy all over. Dinner. Eyes hurt very much. Cannot write any longer. Everything blurred. Fall asleep for a half hour. Outside for drill by Captain. A most snappy fast affair. Perfect coordination of units. Lieut. Cook and other officers attempt to step up pace. Result, a fizzle and unit must slow down. Dismissed at 3:30. Retreat. Formations are now considered very important. Roll call at each. Every man must be actually accounted for. No more covering for absentees by friends. A special delivery letter from Leah written by her own hand yesterday in bed. A touching note. She is especially anxious not to have me take leave without pass. Effect of that line of caution has just the opposite effect. I am seized with a desire to go home at any cost. To K of C Hall to call up Leah's Mama. Leah and baby whom I have decided to call Cecilie are both doing well. On the way I meet Lt. McDougall. Ask him about application for extra allotment for baby and about Saturday's passes. It will be a long one he hints. Determined now to go home. Have supper. Arrange with Mendelsohn to take tobacco and soap, other toilet articles which have been bought for me with a package for many other boys by the Captain in Patchogue. Stage a little play with Mendelsohn intended to get boys to believe I

am going to theater. Start for 7:03 train. My mind is full of risk of frightening Leah, which I am taking, and of my oath to Lieut. Cook, which I am breaking. I buy a ticket. Benz, Bandler, and Lubshansky are at station for same purpose as I. They are old hands at the game. I follow them to water tank, a good boarding place. Train slows to take water. Two other boys trying to board. Of entire party I am only one to successfully board train. Panic seizes me. I give up for Leah's sake and get off. Run into MPs. All go back together. Laughed at for getting off train. Heavy at heart. Try to write Leah when I get back. Decide to go to office to see Lt. McDougall about allotment. Not in. Find Lt. Cook. Tell him my troubles. Almost incoherent. He admires my sacrifice. Releases me from my promise to him but warns me not to go away. Advises me to tell Captain in the morning and they will all try to do their best for me. Write an excited letter to Leah in which I tell her all. Mail it. Back to quarters and go to bed immediately. Very sorry that I did not stay on train. Very much afraid that I may never see Leah or the baby any more. God forbid.

Fri. Apr. 5, 1918

Weather: cold, clear

Health: good

Up at 5:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Bacon, oatmeal, coffee. Police. Order comes at last to pack bags and take outside for shipment to transport. For some a monstrous task. It surprises me to find it done so quickly. First we go to bunks and empty our bedsacks. They must go in barracks bag. Overcoat left out for wear. Packs made up but not used. Barracks bare. If we sleep here tonight it will be on bare springs. Outside it is as cold as a winter's day but clear. All stoves must be started anew to

drive out chill. We go out for drill. The air is blue with imprecations. On parade grounds and roads, in firebreak, we drill all morning. At 9:30 I ask permission to fall out and follow Captain to his room and make a last appeal for a pass, which he cannot grant. Lt. Cook helps me to no avail. It cannot be done and I must go away without seeing baby. I straighten up and go to K of C to telephone Mother-in-law. Leah and Cecilie are well. Bid everyone a long farewell. Go to telegraph office and arrange with Hugo to send flowers for baby and Leah, tomorrow. Then right back to drill with my platoon. Very quick. Frequent rests. Dinner. Soup, fish, corned beef, coffee. Right out for drill to Drill Field. Platoon Sgts. give skirmish drill for an hour, then Lt. Cook takes us to trenches. We have explained to us fighting methods employed after which we engage in a sham battle. My impression is that if every man in such a game is not picked off, those that are not are the luckiest individuals in the world; also that bullets are not effective. I know now why cooties thrive. The dirtiest job in the world. Back to the barracks at route step. Orders to take pack down. A barn now, very bleak and sad looking. Wash up. Clean gun. Boys are happy, arrange to bring piano upstairs and have a dance. A great racket while I write Sunday's letter to Leah. Write farewell to Rachel, Mama, Leah. Send home 20 dollars to buy rug for baby, start bank account, pay for flowers and balance in charity box. Supper. Pork and beans, coffee, chocolate pudding. As soon as it is dark boys from other companies parade streets with brooms, torches, tin pans, etc. Get money order, stamps and mail all letters. I am tempted to call up home once more but I resist. To quarters. Shave. Make up bed on floor, two blankets and shelter half of tent. Preparations being made in kitchen for tomorrow's breakfast. Rations are given out for each squad leader to be divided among his men. I get three boxes of

hard tack and a can of hash. A guard is posted at 11 o'clock. Not one is permitted to go out not even to latrine. Go upstairs and look at the whole thing and wonder. A long time before I can make up my mind to go to bed on the floor. I do not think it is right. At 12 Lt. Cook makes a check. Get down at 1. All my clothes on. Too cold to sleep. All the stoves out.

II. GOING TO EUROPE

Sat. Apr. 6, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

Leave Camp Upton – At Sea

Submarine stories begin to be heard

The dreaded day has arrived. Up at 4:30. Breakfast. We are given 3 sandwiches and a cup of coffee. Put 1 ½ sandwiches in my mess kit for lunch. Roll call. Make pack. Everything vanishes from pegs and walls. Not as much hilarity as last night but boys are cheerful. Do final policing. Put out all fires. Nail windows. Clean latrine. Everybody gets 100 rounds of ammunition in his belt. Company street lined with men going to station. Sun has come out strong and boys' spirits revive. About 7:30 all out with packs on backs. A final roll call. Very tense minutes. Off for trains. As we turn corner take one last longing look at barracks. Moved to say it was a good home after all. Sorry to leave it for much worse. Wait at station. Get train at 8. Very systematic. Thorough arrangements for our comfort. Guard placed at both ends of train. Quick trip to terminal, during which I try to read, try to write, try to sleep. Unsuccessful in all. Taken over a little used spur of the railroad. Few farewell handkerchiefs wave for us along line of travel. Marched on to ferry boat at once, which will take us to transport we know not where. All our movements unknown to us. On ferry boat, sandwiches and coffee. Best ever. Around Manhattan to transport in Hudson. A trip of an hour. At times we were led to believe we were going to Camp Merritt. On pier there are thousands of boxes of lemons

which are broken into by boys. Pockets are filled with lemons which boys say are good for sea-sickness. Lieut. Griffiths first man on gangplank. All aboard in an hour. Given mess ticket and bunk card. Our platoon bunks deep down in hold in hastily constructed wooden bunks which fortunately are new and clean. Stairs are steep and many of them. A horrible damp odor pervades hold. Nobody pleased. I take a lower bunk next to stairs. Up on deck as soon as possible for fresh air. Try to get some information about destination and date of sailing. Deckhands tell me we go away at once. That is unjust. We have a little mess of our own and a look about ship. Mess is announced on ship. Long lines, much crowding. See kitchens, bakery, butcher shop, recreation rooms. In Mess Hall. Dank and cold, filthy, unappetizing. Fish, bread and jam, butter, tea. Wait an hour for turn. Give up idea of eating fish. We have started for somewhere in France. Pass Staten Island while at supper. Upstairs just in time to see lights of beaches and Fort Wadsworth. Ship totally dark. No lights showing on deck. Pilot taken off in channel. Wishes us good luck. Signalling with search lights from ships. Downstairs to bunk. No smoking. Upstairs in hatchway for smoke. Find my pipe broken. Grub cigarettes. Fix pipe by tying with cord. Try to get up on deck. Guard will not permit. Our company on guard. Boys slip a hatch. Stiff draft pulls through. Downstairs to make bunk, hand things away. Get into bunk to read. Hope I do not get seasick. Worry about Leah and baby. At dock I mailed two hastily written letters to Leah and Mama saying I have arrived safely oversea. The usual sort of communications to those at home. Sleep in my clothes.

Sun. Apr. 7, 1918

Weather: mild, clear

Health: good

At Sea

4 months ago, first went to Camp

Up at 6:00. Hold has been cleaned up during night. Smell is less evident. Perhaps accustomed to it. Upstairs to wash. Straighten out my bunk. Guard being called for next relief. One man does not answer roll call. I must take his place. Post No. 9, guarding hatchways. Do not permit anyone to smoke. Keep line. In order. Smell, smell, smell everywhere. Not relieved until 9:00. Have half a loaf of bread while on post. Breakfast good. Bacon, eggs, porridge, marmalade, butter, bread, coffee. Served by greasy little urchins more interested in a tip than in serving. Dirty, smelly, cold. No duties except two little odd jobs for Lt. McDougall and Corp. Haight. Lie on deck and sun myself. Fall asleep with book which I am reading. Nothing in sight but water. Toward noon, possibly off Massachusetts we see fishing smacks, two or three small boats out with launches. See others in distance with aid of glasses. Take a few naps. Spend a lazy forenoon such as one cannot describe. At 12 we have Mess. Barley mutton broth, mutton, beans, potatoes, plum pudding, hard tack. Loaf afterwards. Sun on deck, explore, smoke, read, doze off when I do. Feel a little queer at times whereupon I lie down on bunk. Surprising no one is seasick. Not much cause for sea is comparatively calm. Sea gulls follow ship all day long. Watch them for a while. I wonder do they go back home. Canteen is opened. Mobbed from time of opening to time of closing by boys who are longing for sweets. I would pay a high price for a bit of candy myself. At 3:30 a formation

on deck at which time there is roll call. Quite a few absent, wandering all over the ship, perhaps. Stand on line at canteen to buy candy. Wait more than an hour during which I move about 20 feet. Get many commissions. Finally grow tired of waiting and go back to quarters to read. Make up my bunk with two of my own blankets. Towards sunset just after Mess, of head cheese, pickles, jam, bread, coffee, we see a tramp steamer. First object of interest in all that big expanse of water. No salutes of any kind pass between ships. Downstairs to write until I feel need of fresh air. A wonderful night. Millions of stars overhead, no moon, a low hanging mist over the sea. Not a single light showing on board the ship. Everything totally dark and ship plows steadily but very silently on through the night, guided by unseen hands. Very impressive. Subduing. Below decks, card playing, smoking and some boys having a little drinking bout. Seems that a toper could dig up booze inside the sea if he happened to find himself there. A little bit homesick and anxious about Leah. Much would I give to be home and in her arms with which thought I put myself to sleep. Lights are kept lit all night. Sleep fairly well. Keep warm.

Mon. Apr. 8, 1918

Weather: mild clear

Health: good

At Sea

Up at 7:00. My watch reads 6. Official time is 7. Set clock ahead 1 hour. Reveille on deck. It is cold and windy. Wash. Toilets smell fearfully. Army Sanitary Officer has taken things in hand, making arrangements for sanitation. Sanitary train on board ship soon goes to task. Make bunk. Breakfast. Porridge, jam, butter, stew, coffee. Here again Major

Budd has made an improvement over ship's methods. Instead of slow-moving system of stewards in charge, each batchful of men to be fed according to schedule. We go into Mess Hall at specified time. Must finish on schedule, take our dish up to 4 of our boys who are washing dishes. Before Mess boys did all that work, losing 10 minutes feeding time for each sitting, or 20 minutes. Our method a great improvement. Better service. Boys not so overworked. Read on deck at stern where there is no wind. Sun up strong. Lie down and fall asleep. Suddenly awakened by a call for E. Company men to assemble in hold. Lt. Cook tells us about use of lifebelts, their importance and their care. Tells us unofficially we are going to Halifax to wait for convoy, many ships and a few destroyers. Tells us of method employed in convoying. Necessity for coolness in case of attack. Emphasizes record of White Star Line in carrying troops. Up to date, not a single loss. Minimizes danger to us. Life boat drill after Mess. Dismissed. Shifting of men to allow H. Company men to bunk in our hatch. Captain accounts for every man on board and assigns each to a lifeboat. I am assigned 1C – a collapsible, last boat off on the starboard side of the ship. Lt. Wilhelm in charge. Read while roll call is in progress. Dinner. Jam and bread, cheese, rice and apricots and apple. System working fine. Men are pleased. Tip boys liberally. Read in sun on deck. Formation for placement. Given a signal which will summon us for drill. Dismissed for 10 minutes. Signal given. Assemble quickly. Everybody present. Kept at attention for an hour. Dismissed. Long line for candy. Grub some from boys. Around sunset two ships are sighted, on much bigger than ours, another same type. Transports. Glasses much in demand. Supper. Pickles, head cheese, jam, coffee. Up on deck immediately after. All day nothing but water to be seen. Nothing but gulls which follow the ship to remind us of familiar

sights. Now we make up for dullness of day. Ships which we had sighted are dead ahead of us, 500 feet apart. Other small boats. Excitement. Land is sighted. Rocky promontory of Nova Scotia. Snow is seen on hillside with aid of glasses. It is much colder than it was in morning. Gradually near land. See lighthouse. Entering Halifax Harbor. Land on both sides. Sun is setting. Grows dark rapidly. Lights of Halifax seen as we drop anchor. Look longingly at land and wonder if we get shore leave and can send mail so that I can communicate with Leah. Have been thinking very much of her today. A little worried and would pay any price to hear from her. Regret not having gone in to her and baby last Thursday. Downstairs in bunk at 8. Write till 11. Very uncomfortable to write in bunk. Take off clothes. Get in good night's rest. Expected to be sick two or three times during day. Ship rolls only little in a comparatively calm sea. Prospects of a rough sea not a pleasant one. Make a successful trip to Canteen. Get in as others did when I was on line. Lay in a supply of 16 almond bars.

Tue. Apr. 9, 1918

Weather: cold, freezing, clear

Health: good

In Halifax Harbor

A case of measles on board.

306th Co. C. taken ashore.

Up at 7:00 by my watch. Time officially 6:00. Get back our hour. Discover we are underway. Out for Reveille. Nipping cold. Callahan not in formation. I report him absent. Salute Platoon Leader with left hand. Too intent on seeing Halifax to attend to business. Sight which greets me is one to excite wonder.

First thing we see as ship rides slowly into harbor is a circular island, in dead center, conical, a wonderful natural fortress. Break through thin ice. Ride to anchorage. Harbor very narrow above island. See ashes of Halifax devastated by recent explosion of munitions ship and ensuing fire. City rises from water line on both sides by steep inclines. Built in natural rock. Belgian relief ship which was damaged in plain view. Stem, part deck (**stern part of deck???**) fell through bottom. Wreckage everywhere. Some snow in evidence. Railroad yards and long line of freight cars only remaining structures in once populous business and residential section. Drop anchor. Look around to study geographical situation. Seems all islands and narrow waterways. Go to breakfast. Sausages, porridge, jam, bread, coffee. Wash basins shut down. Do without morning wash. Upstairs at once. Ships which we encountered last night are in harbor too. Sun up strong. Very warm. Look at surroundings with glasses. Another transport, Canadian troops, comes in. Signalling between ships soon stopped by Captain and Major. Read until lifeboat drill with life preservers is gone through. Inspection of belts by Major. Two or three boats launched. Other ship, Justinia, puts out nearly all hers. Canadian contingent sends boat over to visit. Colonel and General and his staff come aboard. Magazines and newspapers. Look at celebrities and watch as they are being received. Resume reading. See man writing letter. Ask if he has been told it would be mailed. Says yes, if unsealed. I give up dinner and write to Leah, Mama, and Sachs. Consume 3 chocolate bars. No one making any attempt to collect mail. General and party leave. Read lying down over hatch in hot sun until I fall asleep. No mail collection. Signal given to fall in. Downstairs for life belt. Take a few seabiscuits. All present for formation. Inspection. No boats

lowered. Dismissed. Told that from now on we must wear life belts at all times, except when asleep. Must be kept handy. Shave with life belt on. Back to deck to read. In future will spend as little time as possible in hold. Sunshine and fresh air are so much better. Supper. Pickles, headcheese, marmalade, bread, cocoa. We have weighted anchor and are under way to sea once more. Too soon to suit me. On deck in time to see fortress as in morning. Other ships follow us. On lookout for things of interest. Harbor closed after sunset by net drawn across held by buoy. Make out convoy. See wreck of Chrigel on rocks. Move slowly. Drop pilot. Take a good long look at land, which with good luck we will see again in about 11 days. A wonderful sunset. Stay on deck as long as I may. Smoke. Go downstairs to write till I go to bed at 10. Cigarettes and tobacco distributed. Give my share of cigarettes to Mac Adams who is broke. Medical inspection of quarters. Expecting boat drill call. Will keep belt handy. Regulations about smoking being rigidly enforced. Many men in brig.

Wed. Apr. 10, 1918

Weather: cloudy, raining, cold

Health: good

At Sea

Up at 6:00. Ship rolling and tossing in a heavy sea. Out on deck for Reveille. Spray blowing over. We form on weather side. Dismissed. Lieut. Stevens very seasick. Hatches all closed. Wind blows spray over bows. Freighters and transports, including an auxiliary and a cruiser are with us in convoy. Ride together at same rate of speed throughout night and all day. I am comfortable. Breakfast. Small attendance, many boys are sick. Rail is

crowded with men feeding fishes. Oatmeal, sausages, bread, butter, marmalade, coffee. Up on deck immediately after. Unbearable in hold for me. Combination of foul air and tossing of ship too much for me. On deck, rain, spray, gray, cold. Keep up spirits by joining in whistling and singing. Much laughter, provoked by boys standing on weather side of ship until driven away by spray. Some are wet through. Weather bids fair to hold bad all day. Seasickness claims more victims every minute. I am determined not to get sick. Boat drill at 9. Inspected and dismissed. Not permitted to go below decks until after 11. Lean over rail amidships where ship does not roll. Quite comfortable except for cold hands. Signalling between ship is interesting. Do not understand flags used. Stay until 11. Go below to quarters. Ammunition belts are collected and stored under lock and key in 2nd class Smoking Room because enlisted man on another transport in convoy has shot a seaman. Help carry belts. Lie down on bunk till 12:15. Mess. More vacancies. Soup, boiled beef, potatoes, turnips, prunes and rice. On deck a little while. Very uninviting. Go below. Read and fall asleep. Boat drill. Dismissed early. Captain drenched. Physical exercises to keep warm. Downstairs again. Roll into bunk to read. Amused by Thompson and Mullin, two boys of ever good humor who construct a guardhouse, put a prisoner in. Fun goes on for 2 hours. Card games, smoking in hold, against rules. H. Company on guard arresting many men for going above without life belts, smoking. Vengeance is threatened by E. Company. Fall asleep again until after Mess. A long time since I have slept so soundly. I do not hear commotion of boys going to Mess. When they come back, I am hungry. Look for something to eat. Get out of bunk. Ship rolling worse. My stomach turns. I hurry up on deck. Nausea disappears. Such pitch dark. See nothing but lights of ships about us. After 10

minutes, feeling it safe to go down, I do so. Eat a few biscuits. They come up with everything else that is in me. I walk to pail as though it were a natural thing. Vomit and eat a few more biscuits at once. Up they come too. Repeat with 2 more biscuits. They stay down so I eat some bully beef and bread. Suck a lemon. Feeling fine. Make my bunk. Take off shoes and leggings and tuck in. Wish I had a bath or a thorough washing. There are many days left before end of journey and a bath is necessary. Already beginning to scratch. Read until about 10:30. Eyes tired. Allow myself to be carried back home by my thoughts. Miss Leah and baby. I need them. Fall asleep. Rest well all night. What would a trip at sea be under similar circumstances were it not for the company of other ships? Watching them is our only interest. No amusement presented. Toilets are so filthy that many boys deny themselves necessary comforts. Conditions shameful.

Thu. Apr. 11, 1918

Weather: mild, cloudy

Health: good

At Sea

Up at 6:00. Sea much calmer. Wind has died down and if sun will come out and dry decks, things will be fairly cheerful. Ship rolling very little. Boys from #1 hold who suffered most are up on deck looking much drawn. Greenstein and Eddington who had had bad attacks are able to stay on deck. Reveille. Dismissed. Lie on bunk waiting for opportunity to get to wash room. Breakfast. Barley porridge, a new dish for me, marmalade, butter, liver and bacon, coffee. On deck at once on promenade deck, lee side. Sun breaking through clouds. Convoy riding with us keeping together very well. No straggling.

Flag signalling between ships. Too hazy for use of glasses. I am anxious to see what is going on aboard other ships. See four or five birds or perhaps flying fish. I am doubtful. Boat drill. Brownstein has been missed at last two formations. He has been looked for all over ship and his bed has not been slept in. Fear entertained that perhaps he has fallen overboard. Search renewed. He is found in hospital. Situation relieved. Major does not pay much attention to men in Boat K. Dismissed. Go aft with boys looking for candy. Canteen not open. See flying fish, white bellied, brown above. Remain on deck till time for Mess. Sun comes out for an hour or so. Captain steering a zig-zag course trying to keep in sun. See black and gray when sunrays fall. Reason for prevalent black and gray, camouflage paint on ships. Get a supply of candy and go to Mess. Pea soup, corned beef and cabbage, potatoes, sago pudding. On deck, discussion of submarines and torpedoes, percentages of casualties and similar unpleasant topics which I discourage. Till now I have not realized truth of geography that world is two thirds water. It is water, water, water, and only a drop in the bucket do we see. Boat drill. All sent below to bunks and at whistle blast come up in order as fast as we can. E. Company is last to go up. "Out of luck again", boys say. Everybody on deck in 4 ½ minutes. All present. Dismissed. Read on deck, seated on hot steam pipe, leading to laundry engines. An interesting story on feeding and equipping troops which holds my attention until Mess. Marmalade, bread, and tea. There is fish which is a little strong for my nostrils so I will not test my stomach. On deck for another look at convoy. Below to sew buttons and gloves. Write. Boys have made a game of quoits over which they grow enthusiastic. The sport interests me too, but score is being kept above my bunk. Cannot read or write. They are directly in my light.

Upstairs to fill water bottle and see what can be done towards getting bath. Greatest discomfort of journey. I wonder what steamship company thinks 3rd class passengers to be. No arrangements whatever for bathing. Disease and pestilence breeds in these holds. On deck to look around before turning in. Water phosphorescent as it is churned up by ship's propellers. Little starlike spots to make up for lack of stars in sky. A pretty sight. Nothing else visible. As black as pitch on all sides. Have not seen moon or stars since beginning of trip. Lights of convoy visible. A single light on each ship. On deck it is so dark that I cannot see two feet ahead of me. Sky only shows a dirty brown low hanging cloud. Down to bunk. I am hungry. Order a sandwich for which I wait an hour. Watch stairway for men who are playing cards. Caught by officer of the day, later. To bed at 11. Sleep well.

Fri. Apr. 12, 1918

Weather: cloudy, warm

Health: fair, headache and a peculiar throbbing entire back

At Sea – Near Gulf Stream

Up at 6:00. Reveille on deck. Remain for a smoke. Downstairs, get blankets, shake and air them over rail until it begins to rain. Downstairs and up again for a formation to size of men. Purpose unknown. All of convoy together. One of them so close to us for a time that we can see troops on board. Get a pair of field glasses and find three more have troops aboard instead of freight as I first thought. A fine drizzle falling. Not many sheltered spots on deck. Most of us below. Breakfast. Barley porridge, marmalade, hard boiled egg, bread, butter, coffee. On deck until first boat drill. Major has given up personal inspection. He

can be seen on navigation deck conversing with naval officers. Observing crew busily engaged with tackle of life boats. I find a magazine and read a short story, seated in canvas lifeboat on boat deck. Drizzling. Cinders from smokestack, very uncomfortable. I am amazed at absence of headwind and what little there is, is as warm as a summer's breeze. I must remain on deck until 11 as ordered though I wanted to go below. Recall sounds. Go below and lie on bunk until time for Mess. Dinner. Pea and barley soup, beef, potatoes, apple. Mess boy changes a five dollar bill for me. Boys all hang on to small change for card games. Shave and wash. Remain downstairs until 2:30 reading a submarine story "Hide and Seek". Everyone must be in hold at 2:30 to await signal for boat drill. No time for same will be announced. Every man must be ready. Object – to time exit from below. We are last company to come up. Time 4 minutes, which determines time for entire boatload. Considered fine. Major again observed from navigation deck. We are entering danger zone. Our 3rd day at sea. Rules and regulations are being more stringently enforced. Major has arrested many men for smoking in companionways and holds, walking about without lifebelts and other offences, Gambling is being frowned upon. All tomfoolery at an end. Our journey a serious one and must be taken as such. Special orders posted regarding our conduct during a successful attack by enemy submarine, man overboard and other emergencies such as fire, etc. Further safeguards taken to maintain health of men. Toilets are scrubbed and their use restricted. Decks are kept in better condition. Crew and enlisted men are not permitted to mingle. After boat drill nap again till supper. Cheese, tea, pickles. Our company on guard tonight. Guard formed at 3:30. I am in 3rd relief. Go on at 8 to 10. Soon after relieving man on Post 9, Capt. Sterling

invades crew's quarters and arrests 4 of crew and 3 enlisted men who have been playing Even in forecandle. Deckhand tells me we are nearing Gulf Stream. An incipient mutiny of ships crew over arrest of seamen. They all but threaten us. They are taking advantage of our boys in every way possible. Relieved at 10. Upstairs for a breath of fresh air. Stars and moon still invisible. Water phosphorescent. Pitch dark. One light only showing in each ship of convoy. Downstairs. First platoon takes a bath. All men whose names are called given 5 minute hot salt water in second class cabin. Wash towels and handkerchiefs. Go to bed feeling poorly, cold in head aggravated. Up at 1:30. On guard from 2 to 4. Almost every man in company has cramps. Latrines much in demand. Pork chop in sandwiches being sold by cook. I get one. Five minutes after, I am aware of pain in stomach. Must commandeer a man to relieve me. Learn things from crew. Relieved at 4. To bed after another journey to deck for a bit of air. Stars and moon are now out. An entirely different picture. Blue and black in sky but light enough to see other boats in distance. Sleep well removing shoes and leggings only. A promise of a fine day tomorrow.

Sat. Apr. 13, 1918

Weather: fair, warm, sea calm

Health: bad cold in head

At Sea

Up at 8:00. To take post again. Protest at being wakened thinking it is call for Reveille. Must relieve man on post and do without breakfast. Hungry. Feeling all choked up. Debate advisability of going on sick call to apply for a pill. Nose runs, cough, sneeze. Fresh air and sunlight coming in through companionway works wonders. Nose clears.

Breathe freely. A glorious day above decks. Everybody is out lying on deck, in boats and on masts. Boat drill at 9:00. Not many have to come up from below. Everyone remains on deck until 11. Relieved at 10. I go upstairs on boat deck and read. Show men how to use a magnifying glass to light a pipe with. Ships are maneuvering, taking a zig-zag course, but cross each others' bows at times. A little breeze. Boats are all swung outward ready for instant launching: they are all provisioned and equipped with necessary small things such as rockets, oil cans, lanterns, anchor, etc. Ordered downstairs to make up beds according to Capt.'s layout. To be done every morning. Remain to wait for dinner. Soup, potatoes, turnip, pork chops, sago pudding. Company E ordered not to eat meat until it has been examined and approved by Medical Officer. We finish meal without any sign of inspection and leave Mess Hall, thinking it wise not to eat pork chops at all if there is any question about its purity. For breakfast I had a few sea biscuits and some candy so I am still very hungry. Wash, read, sleep until 2:00. Go on for last shift. Boys still have cramps. Pork chops have been condemned. Much swabbing and washing down of decks until ship takes on appearance of naval vessel. Boat drill at which everybody comes from downstairs. All up in record time. I am last after directing two converging lines. Dismissed at once. Then big surprise of trip. A crash from up above without any warning. Everyone rushes to starboard rail, scurry upstairs. Guards leave posts in a number of instances. I stand fast. Something has happened. I do not even make effort to imagine what. I am awaiting developments. Ship is shaken by two more shots from cannon aft. Then 3 from distance. I almost believe that a submarine has been sighted. After five minutes word comes down open companionway. We are practicing firing at a target. A little bit disappointed. Firing

continues from other vessels. Just before I am relieved one of our boys is carried downstairs by Doctor and non-com. He took a fit while in one of the lifeboats reading. Not chronic with him. Probably brought on by shock or excitement of last half hour. He looks very much frightened. When I am relieved I go on deck, just in time to see a column of water rise from sea where shell had hit. Quiet after that. Wait for Mess. On deck, singing and dancing and music led by Corporal Mullin. Lights out. A beautiful dusk and sunset. Ships are all running totally dark now, not even a masthead light showing now. Their dark forms a pretty sight silhouetted against the sky. Remain on deck until 8:00. Lie on my back over a hatch and doze off thinking of a Hudson River excursion with Leah three years ago. Downstairs. Make bunk and write as long as I can amid great dire. Turn in at 10, nose clogged to such an extent that I cannot breathe freely. Hurts from constant blowing. Only shoes and leggings off. Corporal reduced for gambling. All smoking forbidden in hold by order of Sergeant. Many butts are strewn about decks. Captain probably informed of fact by Officer of Day who also catches gambling parties. Ship's canteen all sold out and bakers and butchers are holding up boys who buy specially prepared food from them.

Sun. Apr. 14, 1918

Weather: fair, warm, sea calm

Health: cold no better

At Sea

Boys of our Company detailed to study launching of lifeboats and assisting in everything.

Up at 6:00. On deck for Reveille. Downstairs

to wash. Boys see a porpoise. Upstairs for muster and a look around. Fleet riding together with cruiser well in lead. A promise of a beautiful day, which I cannot enjoy to full extent because I am in great distress because nose and head full of cold. I use handkerchief constantly. Breakfast. Oatmeal, liver and bacon, bread, butter, and coffee. Make bunk, police and go upstairs to read until boat drill, at which we assemble quickly. Dismissed. Crew men are kept on deck. Get rifles and are drilled in manual by non-coms. Everybody works unwillingly. Signal men taken in hand by Lt. Cook. I am not in class. Watch drilling for a while and find a spot on boat deck to sun myself and read. I try to write a letter to Leah telling her of last night's events, but I cannot concentrate. Attention distracted by drilling. Frequent coughing spells. Crew has a fire drill. All mess boys come on deck and to their stations carrying a blanket. Many gongs ring and whistles blow in different parts of the ship. A little excitement before reason is learned. Think it is some kind of submarine danger alarm. Boys on deck are sprayed by hose. Read till time for mess. Soup, bad meat, potatoes, plum duff. One of crew has scarlet fever. Notice posted to that effect and soldiers are warned not to mingle with men of the forecastle. On deck until 2:30 when we are sent below to await call for drill. Get upstairs in good time. Everybody present. Dismissed. New men and signalmen are put to work as in forenoon. I clamber into a collapsible boat looking for a place to write. Find a comfortable spot but cannot write. Disturbed by others. A guard is in boat to prevent men from loafing in boats 1A and 1, which are already slung on davits. Fear tackle may be tampered with. I try to lie down and take a nap. No place big enough to fit me. Gasp for air when I lie down. Spend a very restless hour. Am finally forced to get out and go below for a walk. Every ship in fleet in

manoeuvring and zig-zagging according to plan (I presume). Lt. Cook has been to our quarters and found a number of dirty guns. Orders everyone to give attention to rifles. I spend an hour taking off rust which is plentiful. Take a half hour's nap before supper. I am very hungry and very much disappointed. Head cheese, bread, jam, and stewed apples, tea. Eat a lot of rice and apples but it does not take the edge off my hunger. Take a laxative pill thinking it will help my cold a little. Walk around the deck until darkness falls. All lights are out. Spend a few minutes wondering at a salami one of the boys has brought in his pocket from New York and which is now being greedily devoured. Go below and get to bed as quickly as possible. I am not sleepy so I reread parts of a magazine I have been going through all day. Lieutenant of H. Company comes into hatch and asks all Catholics to assemble in prayer. Has an enlisted man, evidently a bible student, as his reader. Card games are stopped for the time being and about fifty boys gather around while the Rosary is told. They kneel of life belts and repeat prayer after reader. It sounds similar to the chanting which I heard, while in quarantine at Camp Upton, coming from the Mess Hall. I find myself repeating parts of the prayer because I listen intently to the reader. Service soon over. Fall asleep. Wake up 2 or 3 times during night to find myself dreaming.

Mon. Apr. 15, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm, sea calm

Health: cold slightly better

At Sea.

Toward evening in possible danger zone.

Bakers arrested for selling rolls.

Take advantage of my cold and lie abed until after Reveille, one eye open and one ear cocked. I listen to all the calls and all the bustle but I play fox, Get up in time to wash and make bed before breakfast. Barley porridge, bread, butter, coffee and stew which is not fit to eat. Shave down in hold with water from my canteen. On a little job for Sgt. Curley, first bit of fatigue duty I have done since boarding ship. Carry pail upstairs to empty it. That arduous duty over, I am free to go on deck. We are in a different formation. There are now two boats on starboard side, cruiser in port not in front as usual. Smoke and lounge about. Nothing to read. Boat drill at nine. Everyone present. Dismissed. must go below to get rifles. Looks like inspection. Go downstairs and feverishly polish some more. I am last one up. Afraid I would have dirtiest gun. Inspection. My gun is one of the best. New men and signalmen remain for work. I remain and watch both classes work. Sit on port anchor, smoking and watching waves. Flying fish numerous. Much shifting of positions of ships and a great deal of flag signalling. Remain at port until time for mess. Dinner. Lentil soup, potatoes, cabbage, meat which it is sinful to serve, stewed dried peaches. On deck to take advantage of sunshine. Get a bit of old newspaper from Corp. Dougherty and settle myself to read. From nearby, cry goes up, "whats that? A torpedo." I jump, lifebelt ready. See in

distance what appears to be cloud of spray. It is travelling in direction of one of our fleet. It changes its course and heads for us. No effort made to avoid it but great excitement on bridge and deck, Telescopes and glasses much in demand. We decide object is a whale spouting. Another appears a short distance ahead. This develops into a cloud of smoke clearly visible, which rises to a considerable height. Tension relieved. They are smoke bombs. Presently they are sent off from every ship. One of them produces a remarkable smoke screen, which hides entire fleet from our view. When cloud lifts, cruiser which was leading is seen coming toward us at right angles and then to our rear. Great speed. She remains behind, cruising until evening, when she takes lead again. At most interesting moment, we are ordered below to wait call for drill. Good time. Dismissed. Sleep on hatch for an hour. Rumours that a submarine was sighted is going the rounds. Crewmen drilling. Signalmen working. Pugh, who has missed formation, given fatigue duty by Lt. Cook. Supper. Worst yet. Bread and butter and tea. There was fish, too, but I was not satisfied with the odor of it. Start a new book. "Sorrows of Satan". in the dusk. A strange game is being played on deck forward. A man is corralled and downed and his bottom is bitten by boys. Many caught. Down in hold to read when darkness falls. Hungry. Make trip to canteen. Nothing sold but onions, which strange to say are good. Tonight a guard is posted to watch over boats. Each boat will have a man in it at all times. I volunteer to do a shift, wishing to see everything in case of accident. My offer accepted. Pieces are loaded and locked and orders are to permit no one to enter boats except Shoot to kill, if necessary to avert panic or accident. Write and read till eleven thirty. Sleep well. These are interesting days, full of the spirit of adventure. Not a man among us who would show white

feather. Search horizon for signs of convoy. Watch is doubled on ship's bridge and on crows nest. Fleet travels without a single light showing at night. Nothing but black hulks to be seen against gray sky and water.

Tue. Apr. 16, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Fair, Warm, sea calm

Health: cold slightly better, Head hurts over eyes and nose from congestion and cold.

At Sea, In Danger Zone.

A medical Examination.

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Remain on deck for smoke. Cloudy but very warm. Sea is much calmer than any lake I ever saw. Remarkably glassy surface. Two land birds fly across our bows. Flying fish numerous and a shark or porpoise was sighted. Wash and make bunk. Feeling miserable. Cannot blow my nose without great pain and must breathe through my mouth. Go on sick report, a thing I should have done sooner. Wait in stuffy passageway for half an hour which is mighty disagreeable. Must go to hatch for air. Before turn comes we must go up on deck for boat drill. I have been transferred from boat 1C to 2A, Lt. Stevens. Assigned to ropes, if boats are lowered. All boats have been lowered to stations and made ready for instant casting off. Dismissed. Back to Hospital for treatment. Wait and read. Doctor calls for me. Prescribes 2 CC pills, 6 quinine pills and Argerol drops in nose. I get some relief at once. Breathing easier but pain does not subside. Read until 11 when I mount guard in boat 2A until 1 o'clock. I am cold and in my present state of health it is foolhardy for me to stand in open boat, exposed as I am.

Interesting work though, which makes risk worth while taking. I scan horizon on all sides as systematically as I can but see nothing but flying fishes and porpoises. Odd bits of rubbish at times which are suspicious looking. A lecture downstairs in hatch to all Co. E. men. Relieved promptly at 1. Look about for something hot for dinner. Miss 1st and 2nd sittings. Get in for 3rd. Have a plate of hot soup and some beans, tapioca pudding and potatoes. There is meat which is rejected by everyone. I lie down in my bunk and am hot with fever or perhaps from quinine. As much annoyed with myself for being sick today. Afraid something will happen while I am below that I am anxious to witness. Decide that I must get well promptly. Everybody below for drill call. When we go up, I find that sun is shining. It is warm and I decide to stay on deck. I go below and get my book and lie over hatch on deck until time for mess, reading. My nose is entirely free from mucous now and my headache is gone, and things are much more cheerful. Supper. Cheese, pickles, bread, butter, marmalade, tea. Everybody grabs as much as possible. Result, some boys without food. Upstairs. Great excitement. Smoke on horizon. It is convoy, we think. Cruiser signals. Ship becomes visible and proves to be a merchantman. Cruiser makes prettiest dashes and turns to approach and identify. Interest in cruiser's movements until dark. Chat with boys. Piscara, a Staten Islander in our company. Downstairs to read for an hour. Go on guard again 9-11. Nothing but gray sky, black water, phosphorescent waves, ships, black hulks of ships. One shows a green light at times. Cold and windy. Manage to find shelter in boat. Well bundled up. It rains for 5 minutes or so. Time passes rapidly. Near end of my shift, Lieut. Stevens comes into the boat and we have a chat, in which I forget he is an officer and become quite informal. Relieved at 11. Seized with a

stomach cramp just as soon as I get into hold. Fortunate it does not occur in boat. Write, read. To bed at 12:30, In clothes. Sleep well. Chat with Lieut. recalls home to me very vividly and I dream of Leah and Cecelia and New York and shop all night.

Wed. Apr. 17, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Cold

Health: Bad neuralgia in morning

At Sea, In Danger Zone

Up at 6:00. Up on deck for Reveille. Remain on deck for smoke. Downstairs to wash and make bed. Lie down until breakfast. I have a splitting neuralgia headache. Nose in same condition. Take some menthol jelly for clearing it. No improvement. Breakfast. Porridge, fish, bread and butter, coffee. Warmth of it very gratifying. Take a look about on deck. Cruiser has left us, evidently some time during the night. Now riding alone in close order. See some gulls and flying fishes. Forced to go below to lie down and hold my head. Captain comes and orders every man on deck. Asks me what's wrong? Tell him but he insists orders are carried out. Try to find a spot where there is no wind. Get behind donkey engine and lie down, head well covered. Wind comes around corners and causes me distress. Take a chance of being caught and punished and go downstairs. Medical officers and ship's officers in hold for inspection, no other visitors to be feared. I lie down and get a little relief in sleep. News brought down that we have picked up our convoy. I must go up to see also. Prettiest sight I ever saw at sea. Most interesting moment in trip. We immediately proceed to run faster. Boat makes again as much speed as before. Ship's name plate put up. Spray

covering decks with water from both sides. Wind created by motion of ship so great that it hurts my head. I was going downstairs when order comes for all men in our company to get their rifles when names are called. We must relieve guard company at once. A case of measles has been discovered in C Company. Must go into quarantine at once. Guard duty falling on us next in order. We must relieve them 4 hours earlier. My name called. Get rifle and fall in for first relief. Given an inside post fortunately. Amuse myself watching officers at mess. Corridor becomes draughty. I swap a post for one further down aisle. At 2:30 boat drill. Still no relief forthcoming. I am very hungry. Relief does not come till 3:00. Head-ache has abated. Having that to be thankful for, hunger is minor matter. Meet a boy who has apples from canteen. Hold him up for 2. For a long time I have not had any. Go to dining hall, where rest of guard is being messed. Find food all gone. More boys come in as they are relieved, making 20 in all who have had nothing to eat since breakfast. Most of them manage to pick up an apple. Wait and protest, but ship's officers will not feed us. Sgts. and Corporals acquaint Captain and 1st Lts. with situation. They try their best to procure food for us but fail. Lt. manages to get some coffee for us. Boys would rather wait until supper. We steal 4 loaves of bread and some butter. Have words with Mess attendant. Outcome after a lecture by Lt. on a soldier's hardships is that we are given supper half an hour in advance. We must eat it in a hurry to make room for regularly assigned men. Bread, jelly, lima beans and bacon, coffee. Welcome and good. I do not go to my own mess for supper. Read for an hour and take a nap. On guard again from 7-9. Ship rolling and pitching very much. Vibrations from engines very much. Uninteresting two hours except for my thoughts which again are of home. Relieved. Have an apple and a half and go to

bed for 3 hrs. On guard again from 2-4. Clock set 66 minutes ahead. Sleepy post. Relieved at 4. Go to bed. Head aches again. Restless.

Thu. Apr. 18, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Cold

Health: Worst day of all. Splitting headache for 7 hours.

Up at 8:00. Go on sick call. I would like to do my shift of guard duty but Sgt. Fisher insists that I remain in bed until he calls for me. Along comes Kaplan and insists that I go on guard. We have a slight altercation over it. He threatens to report me for insolence. I get up for I do not want to refuse to do my duty and after a stormy scene enacted before half of guard detail we go to our posts while Kaplan routs remainder out of bed. Do one and a half hour's work and am relieved to get breakfast. This time a little forethought and arrangement is evident. We are served a very good breakfast of liver and bacon, bread, oatmeal and superior coffee. Feeling fairly well. Expect that headache will leave me, I go up on deck for first time during day. Rough seas and a strong head wind. Flying fishes numerous. We run into a school of dolphins. They follow our ship for miles. In plain view from rail. They leap and play in the waves which attracts a great many men to the rails. A big sea sends a shower of spray over deck completely wetting holders of first line positions. A guy rope wired for signal flags has been torn loose and flags fly in strong breeze. Cannot be brought down except by climbing to masthead and gathering in from that end. A dangerous climb necessary. I watch, looking up into a half-clouded sun and exposed to the wind. After a few minutes I feel bad effects of sun and wind in my congested head. A headache, neuralgia, which increases in intensity with every minute, begins. I go below to lie down.

Manage to fall asleep and do not awake for dinner. At 2:30 I must get up to appear at boat drill. We get up in quick time. Gusty and cold up forward where we assemble. My head aches so that my eyes water. Seems an eternity before we are dismissed. Back in bunk again till 3:30. Sgt. Fisher places me on sick call again. Doctor gives me a dose of salts and some pills which are nastiest ever, to be taken every three hours. In bunk. Pound my head and toes about in pain. Wash a few handkerchiefs and make my toilet. Feeling worse every minute. Cannot go to supper. Ask boys to bring me a cup of tea and some bread. Very kindly they oblige me, but I cannot touch food. I ask Sgt. Lemmon to report to doctor and ask his advice. Comes back with news that nothing can be done for me. I try my best to sleep and when I succeed, a game of quoits is started which creates much excitement and much noise. My bunk used as a chair by 4 men taking away what little air and light there is. I must get angry and use force to dislodge them. Game goes on as before, noisier than ever. Headache much abated so I get up for a little walk. Eat bread and jam and manage later to get a cup of coffee. Upstairs to see what night looks like. Clear, moon and stars out. Downstairs to write. To bed at 1:30. Sleep well. Lanterns are ready, lit and placed at convenient points in corridor to be used in emergency that engines are damaged and lights go out. Smoke bombs by boats to be thrown overboard if danger demands. Men not permitted to approach with lighted cigarettes or cigars. Captain has managed to procure some good coffee and a bun for our company. A complaint about the food has been made to him. System in Mess Hall is changed to better service. Nearly a collision between our ship and another due to signals being misconstrued. Distance between ships is barely 50 feet.

Fri. Apr. 19, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Cold

Health: Headache all day.

At Sea - Danger Zone - In England

Up at 6:00. On guard in boat 2A. Fearfully cold. A strong wind is blowing. Land is in sight to starboard. Five rocky promontories can be seen. Fleet riding close together. Must lie down in the boat to shelter from the wind. Have two pairs of gloves on hands. Still cold. Side of head gets full force of wind. Get out of boat to escape wind. Relieved at 8. Nothing sighted except flying fish. Leggings I brought up with me to dry on cable are missing. One of our men saw some one remove them but did not recognize him and cannot describe him. Go hunting for them but I cannot find a trace of the culprit. Tell Sergeant of my predicament. Advises me to take some one else's if I can find a pair. Consider that unfair. Would rather get scolding myself. Breakfast. Oatmeal, egg, bacon, coffee. Make another search for leggings. Find a pair on line which were probably those of man who took mine. They are size smaller but I manage to make them fit. Downstairs to roll pack amid great confusion. An inspection of company on deck after much excitement. Check taken on lost articles. Land much nearer now. Numerous mountains as far as the eye can see. Go back so far that they look like low hanging clouds against drab sky. Trawlers and fishermen numerous near coast. An outgoing convoy sighted. Object seen in distance which resembles a periscope. We watch it for a long time. Decide that if destroyer which passes it does not remark its presence we have been mistaken in our surmise. Remain on deck. Read and smoke till mess. Dinner, only edible part of which is pudding. Meat fat and tough as leather rejected by all. On deck again to

look at land which appears to be same as that we saw two hours ago. Read and listen to supply company men gossip. Boat guard at 2:30. Boat drill taken off. Ship is out of danger zone. Cheering subdued. Port of Debarkation plainly in sight. A Half hour after guard is relieved, we pass within fifty yards of floating mine. Ships scurry to safety. One of them cuts sharply across our bow. All follow in single file. Ride in that formation until supper time when they all slow down to await pilots. We are off again. Ship's name plate put up. Pilot and Captain hold an impromptu reception. Queer harborcraft, such as gas lightship and a side wheel steamer sighted. Cheering from passing ships. Destroyers leave us. We wait outside of bay for opportunity to enter inner harbor. A most wonderful beach in sight. A select summer colony on both shores. Houses all red brick and old tile roofs. Picture of symmetry and good order. People seen on shore through glasses. Anchor in river, too late to dock. Remain on deck until dark. Shivering from damp cold until I can no longer bear it. I go below to stand near to steam pipe for warmth. Mullin an escort, leading cheering and singing, American songs. Adjourn to hold. Dancing, games, horseplay. My headache begins with intensity. Lie around. Toss around until I manage to fall asleep. Wake up at 10:30, craving a drink of something hot. Coffee has been ordered by men playing cards and will be down shortly. Write a letter to Leah and Mama. Coffee comes. The best drink I ever tasted. Very hot. A perfect lubricant. Thoroughly warmed up. Quite comfortable now. Continue writing. Sandwiches come. I buy two. Good meat and jam. Up until 3:00. Feeling fine. Dream of home. A dangerous trip ended. I am pleased. Would very much welcome shore leave to look about town and city. Have utmost respect for British now. None but creators could plan such wonderful cities and keep such magnificent lawns.

Wealth apparent on all sides. No evidence of hustle or hurry. People move about very cautiously at night. Curb lights in streets are out. Houses all darkened. River front shows only necessary lights.

Sat. Apr. 20, 1918

Weather: Rainy, Cloudy

Health: Headache

In England

Up at 5:30. Reveille. We are in dock. Monster structure of brick and steel. It is warmer. Slight drizzle falling. Suburbs on other side of the river now present a perfect picture of order. Every house built of identical material, same color, same height. Well kept streets and beautiful lawns. Promenade decks of ship. Buy a newspaper from boy who comes up gangplank which is guarded to prevent men from getting off. Auxiliary cruiser, one of our escorts on trip over, warped to pier 6 feet away. Get some information about trip from seaman, also names of towns opposite and other information of value. Fill canteen with fresh water from city supply. Rations are issued. Loaf of bread, an apple, two hard boiled eggs, a slab of cheese and a can of bully beef. Packs are made up in readiness for moving. Hold policed. Lie down till 2:30. Miss my dinner. Relieved just in time to move with my company. Run into mess hold. Get a slice of ham and some hot coffee. Go to infirmary for pills. Company L man there who has slipped on deck and broke an ankle. He will go to hospital to be forwarded to his company when he recovers. Company assembled on deck, marched onto pier and outside to railroad yards. Much of interest. See an English bobby for first time. Overhead railways, compartment cars. Freight cars about half the size of ours marked to hold 6 tons. We

travel in 3rd class railway cars. Compartment just holds 1 squad. Off to "somewhere in England". Houses of poor along RR track, all neat. Red brick and red tiled roofs. Children have wonderful complexions, red cheeks. Women, red noses. Only old men and small boys to be seen. They wave to us and cheer from backyards. Boys go wild at sight of women and girls, also taverns and beer advertisements. Out in country, evergreens, flowers of every description in spite of cold, damp chill. It has stopped raining. Old trees, great stretches of farms all under cultivation, pretty lanes, fine rustic bridges, mostly sheep grazing, few cows, many quiet streams. Railroad sidings full of loaded coal cars, soft coal. A number of collieries and large factories on line. Stop at station. Cannot buy candy. Another hour to next station. Most beautiful country in the world. Not a single frame house to be seen. Stop for tea served by girls. Steal around to back entrance of refreshment house. Come up with officers. Slink away. Back in cars again. Steam is turned on. Dark now. We are hungry. Share a few cans of beef and some bread which with some water from our canteens makes our supper. Settle back to read. Boys nap. When they awake there is singing and shouting. Nothing can be seen outside. There are very few lights. At twelve we pass through London. Make one stop and go on. Have another meal. Continue reading while boys sleep. High spirits all gone. Make themselves as comfortable as possible in little space. At 2:00 I stop reading, take a little nap. Awakened by guard shouting "everybody out". On platform look about. Not a thing to be seen except outline of what seems to be a large factory against a high cliff. Ask guard where we are. Surprised at his answer. Check of company taken in whispers. Follow an English officer into town where we cannot see 2 feet ahead of us. Houses only dim outlines. March for 10

minutes, then halt and retrace road. Ordered to converse in whispers only, to show no cigarette lights. Masts of ships visible in harbor. Search lights play in sky. Stop in front of large warehouse and go up iron stairs to outside building to top floor. A perilous climb in the dark. A big loft with a few men along walls asleep. Formed for bunk space and left to make the best of it. Nobody thinks of sleep for an hour or more. Lie down with all clothes on, pack for my pillow. Men in barracks are all wounded. Home on leave. One gassed tells his experiences. We awakened him. A pitiful sight.

Sun. Apr. 21, 1918

Weather: Clear, Mild

Health: Headache

In England - France

Up at 6:30. Half hour before whistle blows, cold and stiff. Blinds are removed from windows. Daylight discloses a cliff in rear, sea gulls, crows and other birds nesting on slopes. A castle in the distance. Small neat brick houses, a few grey concrete. Aeroplane is circling overhead. Sun coming up, takes chill out of air. Go downstairs to wash and make a tour of inspection. See black bread on tables in Mess Hall which excites my appetite. Tell glad news to all the men. Many English soldiers about whom I cannot distinguish from officers, they are full of brass buttons. Find a Canteen and YMCA house. Yard is full of men, balconies lined too. Canteen is opened. Stormed by men for cake and chocolate, cigarettes, etc. One fights way to front and buys for us all. Breakfast. Wheat bread, ham, jelly, coffee. Quickly served. Food good. Thankful for first piece of wheat bread since I am in army. Go into shelter in mountain side which is to protect against air raids. Talk to

English Tommy about conditions at front. Describes them as horrible. Scotch, Irish, British subjects of all climes there to leave with our draft. Manage to mail letters written Friday. Girls and begging children outside of gate. Large numbers of women workers in uniform are about. See bicycles frequently. On inquiry find they are still the fashion. Find English army discipline is very strict. Men like statues in presence of officers. Company formed for a hike along roads which are lined with children begging for pennies. Every other house is a tavern. Old women numerous. Houses very old. Can see neat parlours and in every window a nosegay of fresh flowers. Follow road along cliffs. See fortifications. A wonderful view across channel. Hillsides covered with a wonderful carpet of green. Permitted to fall out. Spring to right of road and almost go over a sheer precipice 100 ft. above beach. Falls away so sharply that it is not seen till I am almost to edge. Captain comes up to take in view. Listen to wash of waves on beach below and follow gulls and ships that look like rowboats. Lie on grass, sun warming me, bask and start a letter to Leah. Ordered to fall in and get back in time for dinner. Mutton stew, bread, jam. Finish letter and manage to post it before company is assembled with pack on backs. March to boat landing admired and cheered by all. See ambulance cars which carry wounded. Board boat again put in deepest hold. Hot and stuffy. Head throbbing again. Long time before we get started. Get in a nap. Ordered to put on life belts and go on deck. Orders reversed. Begin to perspire profusely. Stomach turns. Just manage to reach deck. Vomit. Well in few minutes. Headwind very strong. Chills me. Get news of recent events from deckhand. Conscription in Ireland and an air raid last night over Calais. Surprised me. A very swift boat. Shores of France in plain view. Destroyers with us. Boat docks. Ready to

disembark. Company lines up on quay. Captain gives us a little close order drill to impress English and French officers about. All most disinterested people. Start on a two mile hike along a gray dusty road to rest camp. Boys from USA our advance guard going into town. We envy them. Blind men everywhere. Weight of pack and headache great annoyance. Cannot enjoy sights I see. Fortifications and air raid shelters. Aeroplanes scouting overhead. Not a vestige of anything but military. Arrive in Camp. No greeting. Tommies are queer reserved people. They have nothing to do but lounge. Quarters in three longbase barracks without lights. We are given a ticket which entitles us to supper. Bread, cheese, jam and tea. Fill up to capacity. Wholesome stuff. Some men manage to get beer and wine which puts them in good humor. Issued three heavy blankets. Worried about deportment in event of an attack. Make up a bunk on floor together with Eifert. Lie down and try to forget headache but cannot for a long time. I am a nuisance to bunkmate. Fancy I hear booming of big guns in distance. Dream of home. A very full day in which I try to be interested, realizing how near we are to front and that we will soon play our part in the big game. German prisoners are here.

III. IN FRANCE

Mon. Apr. 22, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Fair, Only slight headache

Up at 6:00. Wash, make bunk. Out for a few minutes to look about. Go to parapet fortifications. Want to go on sick call to prepare against possible headache. Cannot find doctor. Issued three tickets, one each for breakfast, dinner, tea. Breakfast. Canned sausage, bread, butter, jam, coffee. Lots of it and good. Run up to canteen to get cigarettes. Out of tobacco. Supply in pack. Company formed. We move down road to tents camp. Twelve men in small circular tent. Puzzled to find how we will sleep. Go back for blankets which with packs fill up tent. Watch English drill. We do not fraternize at all. There are coolies, Indians. Most motley aggregation of men I ever saw what with our own men of every nationality. Many women workers. Children drawing carts. Company formed with rifles and marched through village to ordnance warehouse, to get new style rifle and bayonet. Road full of children begging. Women and little girls selling fruit and chocolate. Houses ramshackle, plaster and mud walls, dirty and ill kept. No men in sight. A long wait for our turn. One man taken ill. Road alive with traffic. Supply trucks, messengers, gendarmes. See a steam propelled vehicle which looks to be very efficient. Ambulances from station bringing in wounded going to "Blighty". Some pitiful cases. Others slightly wounded fill up big trucks. They are a happy crowd. Faces and arms and legs bandaged. Severely wounded driven very slowly. Women chauffeurs. Bicycles by the score. All officials ride. Most women in mourning. Get a new rifle and

bayonet, late model. Clean pieces in street. Dust blows and covers where we take off grease. Check up and go back for dinner. Mutton stew, bread, rice pudding. Company forms again and marched off for miles along a stream to gas mask station. Given a mask and instructed in its use. While we wait I start a letter to Leah. Women and children reap a harvest selling chocolate at exorbitant prices to men. Officers cannot drive them away. Very late. Go to ordnance stores to draw ammunitions and steel helmets. Much fun trying on helmets. A long march back to camp. Boys amuse themselves by coaxing coolies to march in column with us. Give them helmets to wear. An audience of English all along route. Back in camp at 8. Supper of cheese, bread, jam of which we partake ravenously. I am very hungry. We make some sort of order in our tent in the rapidly falling light. Put packs along the walls to use as pillows and stretch blankets toward center pole. Thus we make arrangements for ten men to sleep. Two men find space in an empty tent in camp. I go to bed immediately. Some men have gone to town and at 9 they return and upset everything in the darkness. It rains for a few minutes. Tent is waterproof however. During our march of about 10 miles only camps and stores were seen. Everything gives up to the military establishment. One thing that impresses me is the salvage dumps where worn out and discarded material and equipment are stored and reclaimed, if possible. Another thing is the good order and cleanliness prevailing about English barracks. Where an Englishman stays he builds himself a garden in his spare time. English officers I see all carry canes and are dressed to perfection. I see a windmill and cottages built of mud and straw. The French permit their trees to grow to the height of the first branches and clip them off, leaving knobs only, probably using twigs and branches for

firewood and preserving the trunks of the trees. We pass down avenues lined with these trees on both sides. From the distance they look like huge knobbed walking sticks. Estaminets or cafes in every village in the proportion of about ten to every fifteen houses. Crowded with Englishmen drinking beer and red wine.

Tue. Apr. 23, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 5:00. Awake very cold. Boys who came in late could not find their blankets. They make a collection from men sleeping near at hand, leaving each only the necessary one. I have only one. An air raid is supposed to have taken place during night but I heard nothing of it. Wash and breakfast. Ham, jam, bread, coffee. Issued three tickets. Make up packs and company formed ready to move. Blankets are turned in. Ground policed. It begins to rain. Company moves off to railroad station. Packs with added weight of steel helmet and gas masks soon become a burden. The pace which is set by the Captain too fast. Route through the city, narrow streets, slippery pavement. See damage to buildings caused by air raids. A prosperous looking place with many large factories from which a busy hum is heard. and well-stocked shops, with the exception of the butcher shops which look depleted. No men are to be seen except in uniform. Children going to school. Halt only for passing trains. No rests. Walk was about three miles. At station we hand in our meal ticket at canteen and receive 2 sandwiches, 1 egg, 5 buns and a cup of good hot coffee, which is our ration for the day. Wooden boxcars holding from 36 to 40 men waiting for us. They are filthy being littered with decaying food, coal, wood, paper. Trains full of

wounded come in from the front, men on leave and small caliber field pieces. Huge guns mounted on railway trucks also, camouflaged to resemble foliage. Fill canteens and chat with Scots and English who go again to front. A cheerful lot not inclined to brag about anything they have done or the wounds they have received. Sun comes out as we leave RR yards. Noisy, jolting cars. A flat wheel directly under me. Have a short nap. Put my rations in steel helmet. Nothing to occupy our attention. Scenery commonplace. Hundreds of coolies working on railroads. Arrive at RR station in a half hour or so. Detrain and get another cup of hot coffee. Short rest and we start off hiking to our billets. Have no idea of the distance to be traveled. Adjutant issues order that we make only 2 and a half miles an hour which arouses my suspicion that it will be a long walk. Pass English camp and base hospital, great salvage yards and storehouses all in perfect order. Coolies go about with mess cans slung from their shoulders. Get a rest again for ten minutes. Then go for 45. See farms of Northern France. Long avenues of trained trees. Only one residence of consequence seen. Old lady pointing at my cartridge belt shouts at me: "Germans finish". I do not know whether that means I am to kill Germans or they are to kill me. Meet Lt. Cook on the road. He tells us we are going to a fine place. Men are beginning to drop out of ranks under strain. My left foot is blistered on sole and pack hurts my back. I whistle and sing in an effort to forget. Next rest we are quite hungry. I am out of luck. I have no rations. Lt. Stevens to whom I gave my tin hat to hold, while I jumped off the train, did not know I had food in it and spilled contents. Captain becoming annoyed at showing of his men. Passing trucks pick up stragglers. Go down a most wonderful avenue, lined with tall trees on both side. They are free of branches except for a tuft on top. Plod on under difficulty. Meet up with Major

who halts entire battalion until all stragglers are picked up. We rest an hour during which I lunch on bread and bully beef and manage to procure a glass of buttermilk, freshly churned. Learn from Tommy that we are only 35 miles from front. Men who are billeted in a town we have just passed tell us we have 10 minutes to go. This proves to be 3 miles. Enter gates of a French town admirably situated in a valley. Officers push ahead, while in rest, to locate quarters. We are marched all around the village to house us all- 20 or more in each barn. A beautiful place, but we are disgusted at finding we must sleep in barns. Almost too tired to go to mess. Field kitchen comes up too late to cook anything but coffee. We get 1 bully beef sandwich besides. Field kitchen a quarter mile away from our billets. Listen to a conversation in French between Sgt. Fischer, who is acting as interpreter for the Lts. and Madame, who tells where we are and what has happened, with the aid of a map. After mess, I go into estaminet and drink a glass of porter, first drink in four years. Excellent stuff. Boys buying it all up. They get all the wine and champagne they can hold. Some tipsy. Atmosphere of place full of rustic romance. Go to bed at 9:00, wondering if rats will disturb us. Hear the roar of battle. From sunset, guns boom incessantly in the distance, star shells and rockets seen in sky. Aeroplanes. Realize for first time how near we are to front.

Wed. Apr. 24, 1918

Weather: Damp, Cold

Health: Slight headache and footsore

Up at 6:00. Very sore feet. Bathe them and change socks. Wash. Go up for reveille. Have a half hour till breakfast. Look about. There are pigs, chickens, horses, pigeons, cows, all running about at once. There are no young men in town. Lots of children and old folks

who go to work in the fields. An aged cure and an old assistant. A church and a graveyard a hundred years old. A school in which our headquarters are established. Windmills furnish power. Two dozen or so houses of which 10 are estaminets. A store which sells canned goods and chocolate. Nothing much to be bought from farmers except eggs and milk. Everything else is strictly rationed. Wine and beer, of course, are plentiful. English soldiers are about, loafing but not a French Poilu in sight. Cannon booming in the distance. Noise so loud that the reverberation can be heard like the roll of thunder and the earth rocks. Aeroplanes are going up. We all slept well and refreshed ourselves with a bath under the old pump in the field. Breakfast. Beef stew, burned, bread, marmalade, coffee. The kitchen is moved to a more convenient spot, further still from us. I confess I am hungry. Boys immediately besiege Madame for eggs and milk. Eggs are 6¢, milk 3¢ our money. I have an opportunity to write. Start a letter to Leah. Walk through fields with Reilly. Look forward to a good rest and vacation. Consternation and cursing when order comes to fall out for drill formation. Object is to keep us from stiffening up entirely. I would rather rest but see justice of officers decision to drill us. My left foot hurts like the devil. We get a few lessons in how to handle our new rifle. Dismissed before mess which gives me time to shave. Dinner very late. Stew, bread and coffee. Mostly fat. Eat it all. I am hungry enough to eat leather. A scramble for food. Given an hour's rest, which I take up with writing. Our barracks bags have come up. Mine has been found in H company's quarters. It is in good condition. Some men's bags have either been wet or chewed by rats. Detailed to do a little fatigue job to get some scrap sheet iron from salvage warden. Go to village to buy some chocolate and sardines. Prices are ruinous. Estaminets are all filled with both English and American soldiers

drinking. Boys are spending their money royally, forcing up price of liquors. Englishmen are playing string instruments in one place where they pass around hat to get enough for a few drinks. Back to quarters to write. I seat myself in a covered cart in the yard, where undisturbed, I can arouse myself to thought inspired by the melodious song of the birds. Supper. Cheese, jam, bread, coffee. It is almost dark before supper is served. I have helped bring in supplies from stores carrying a load of bread. Meet R.... who insists on taking a loaf. I become a partner to the crime, remembering I have sardines. An onion is stolen by Callahan, a bottle of champagne is brought by Reilly. We repair to quarters and by the light of a stolen candle we have a second repast which is more to our liking than the first one. Not very much enchanted with the taste of champagne. Take a little of it. Offer to pay my share of cost. I must write to Leah. I break up party which was held behind woodshed. Go to bed after writing only a few lines because I am hot from the wine I drank. A fight starts among men over candles. Corporal refuses to put his out. Boys are afraid light will be seen by aeroplanes. A noise in the courtyard just then frightens us all and helps convince the corporal of the necessity of putting out light. It is only a dog barking at one of our boys who comes in late, drunk and singing. Guns have been keeping up a terrible concentrated fire since sunset. The noise is constant and as near as I can judge, the firing is from our lines. It is all our way at any rate. I ponder a long time about the reason for it all and cannot find any. Nothing but destruction, killing of men who can never be replaced. People here have courage, become accustomed to cannonading. They seem to think nothing of it judging from manner in which they go about their business. Make an attempt to speak French with the women of the house. I really thought that I

could carry on a conversation in French. That belief lasted only two or three minutes. My delusion is dispelled. I wish that I had brought with me a French dictionary.

Thu. Apr. 25, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Not necessary to march up to main quarters of company to stand reveille. Arrangements have been made to take check in our courtyard thus saving us more than a half mile walk. Bugle blows for mess. March up in a body. The line is very long. A half hour's wait to be fed is the rate of the last man. Had we tacked on to end of line it would have taken me until 8:30 to finish breakfast. As I had planned to take a bath, I have reason to swear. I did not know that according to plans each platoon has an opportunity to be at the head of line. We are second, therefore we break in near head. In a few minutes I have a sandwich of bread and crisp bacon, marmalade and coffee. Back to barn. Run out into field with a new suit of underwear under my arm, resolved to take my bath before anything develops to prevent it. I do not know just how that ceremony will be performed. There is only a pump and a wooden tub. Off go my shoes, socks and breeches and underwear. Fill tub and get in for a splash. Cold as ice, so cold I cannot stand in it. Dry lower portion and dress, then take off shirt and work on upper part. Rub hard with towel for long time to guard against cold. Then wash my clothes. Spread them on grass to dry. So ends my first rustic bath. Finish in time to hear bugle for drill. Assemble in main road. March off down road through fields in direction of small British camp. Everything there is quiet and in most perfect order. Calm and air of peace prevails. We ask for permission to use

adjoining field for drill purposes. Consent given we enter, intent upon impressing Englishmen about with our prowess. We all try hard to no purpose. Two Britons who are engaged in gardening look up slightly and resume work. A class of signal men do not even pay attention to us. Our showing is unusually poor on account of new men in platoon. They are picked out and drilled by sergeant while we rest and watch English system of sending, Morse code, and listen to a corporal instructing, who I must say knows how to explain what he wants to teach. Our boys laugh because they cannot understand corporal's English. Start back to quarters after a long rest. Dismissed at 11:30, in time to go to the village for a drink, after having a few eggs and bread at farmhouse. Drink only one glass of porter. Wait for others to buy a round. We are all warmed up. On end of mess line, an Italian accuses Reilly, one of trio, of standing on line for a second time. Sgt. comes up, questions Reilly, believes him. I corroborate statement, but Italian continues his abuse until Reilly lets his fist fly, catching other man a bad blow over the eye. Blood flows down his face from cut. He throws his mess kit at Reilly, who wards off blow. I stop cup with my hand, which I later discover is cut. Lt. stops fight. Questions both men. Sees justice of Reilly's act and dismisses him without punishment. Get our mess. Beef stew and coffee. No bread. Go down to our quarters where we still have a bit of bread left from yesterday. Sit under a tree in field. Reilly does not enjoy his meal. His hand is hurt. He feels badly because he has never before struck a man. He is wrought up over it all day. Write until 2:30. A formation with gas masks and steel helmets. Guns jolting against hat make music. Helmets hot as blazes. We go for a hike of about 2 miles without a rest. Looked upon as curiosities by English and Americans we meet on the road. Boys resent sneers of

Englishmen. Inspection of rifles on road. Fall out for 15 minutes. March back to quarters. Dismissed. Change our hats and go back to main road for retreat. Villagers turn out to look. Bugle blows call to colors accompanied by the hens who do not know what to make of it. They cackle in a horrible discord which creates laughter that cannot be subdued. I try my best to contain myself but I lose control. I am reprimanded. Supper, bread, beef, jam, coffee. Sit in cart to write. Birds, some of which sing, some of which whistle are my only companions. A wonderful evening. Go to bed at 9:00. In the morning the guns in the distance boom away at a fierce rate. Dozens of aeroplanes going toward front in early morning and in late afternoon. One turns and curvettes in the air. I thought for a moment it was winged. Officers much interested in operations. Many rumours about of a great Allied victory. English newspapers come into camp. Snatched up greedily. Drink a glass of milk which cost a penny fresh from the cow. We can have some everyday.

Fri. Apr. 26, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good, left leg sore

Up at 6:00. Reveille. There is a mist hanging low. It is damp and cold. Not a sound from the front. It seems as though a great battle has been fought and won and the men are taking a well deserved rest. Not an aeroplane to be seen or heard. We go up for breakfast. Bread, butter, coffee. Leg sore without a sign of blister or callous, just above knee. Feel it most when marching, Have an hour to myself. Get out a book to read. Formation with slicker. A nasty drizzle which makes for naught work I have put in cleaning and polishing my gun. We take a different road, less travelled. Pass a German prisoners camp, fenced about on all

sides with an intricate network of barbed wire. Apparently untenanted. One Englishman in sight. Accommodations there are better than those we have, which is remarked by boys with one accord. Push further on to an open field. Stop on road for setting up exercises. Stack guns which we cover with slickers. Proves ineffectual protection against drizzle. Pieces are dripping wet. In fields we do skirmish drill for half an hour. It is time to return. Rain stops, sun comes out. A pleasant walk back. Foot and leg slightly better. Dismissed and formed for mess. Steak, potato, bread, soup. Our first good meal. Look for an opportunity to mail letters. Only way is to ask British to get them through. I will not trust mine to them. Formation immediately after mess. Captain in command. Go down main road through village and onto high road. Entire battalion is out. Looks as though something of importance is to be done. Halt just beyond town. Go down into hollow where English have constructed a miniature battlefield, with trenches and a miniature village on the hillside. Three companies group around area. English lieutenant explains purpose of our coming and calls a squad of men to give an exhibition of quick loading. Men work in pairs, one loads and unloads. Other man fills clips. Next an exhibition of aiming at men in trenches who show their heads for periods of 4 seconds. One man aims, another behind him verifies results of supposed fire. All shots declared hits. Then 3 details proceed to fire at targets in village. 4 men at a time. Their aim is excellent. Designated targets usually demolished by first shot fired. Our general comes up. Introduced to Lieut. and leaves. English method of physical training shown. They are in the form of games. Nothing is done in cadence. Men who are slow are penalized by extra work. we move across road nearer town when an advance of men from trenches is

demonstrated. We cannot see very well or understand. It is more for the benefit of our officers who pay strict attention. They assemble for explanation after manoeuvres. It is past time for dismissal. I am very hungry. We expect to go right back to billets, but Captain takes opportunity to drill us in close order on a fine field. A company of unwilling workers. Led off field and drill is continued on road all the way back. I could eat a brick. Supper soon after dismissal. No retreat. Mess. Cheese, bread, jam, coffee. Generous portions given. I am still hungry. Write under shed behind barn until 8. Then to the village to buy some chocolate and change a big bill. Get enough to last for three days. Lie under a tree in field behind barn until darkness is complete. Go to bed. Cannot find diary. A big loss to me because it contains Leah's pictures. Valuable alone for the amount of work I have put into it. Make an ineffectual search for it in the hay, outside under tree, and in my pockets. Give it up and fall asleep. A mouse running around in hay near our heads. Men move and I look for it without success. Runs over their faces. Frightened and disgusted they pull blankets over their heads. Mouse comes into my corner. I beat about in the straw but cannot chase the visitor. Do as others did and fall asleep again. Not disturbed after that. Dream of home. Awakening a disappointment. Anxious about Leah and Cecelia. Can forget only by staying with men and singing. Impatient for letters from home. See two French poilus. Given an ovation by our men. Impressed with the discipline of the British soldiers. His manual entirely different from ours. Everything done in mechanical. Great credit due to non-com instructing.

Sat. Apr. 27, 1918

Weather: Drizzle in morning, afternoon fine.

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Go up for breakfast, Bacon, bread, dates, coffee. 3rd platoon on police duty. Empty cans and swill barrels. Police and sweep roads. Prohibits me from shaving for inspection we anticipate. Orders are to roll packs for inspection. Grumbling loud and long. Looks like no holiday. Roll packs in field, when all set orders recalled. Rifles, belts, gas masks. Company formed for drill. Marched past prison camp as yesterday. Two men fall out footsore. I debate with myself whether I should. I can barely talk. No rests. Work on hand is skirmish drill by squads. Corporal Callahan vexed with everybody. We get him back to good humor sufficiently to prevail upon him to give us a rest. Lieut. comes up and orders us to work again. Callahan furious. Vents his spleen on us. Humour him again. Hell to pay now. Threatens to report all of us. Company assembled. Lectured about discipline. Back to billet again at 11. Given 20 minutes to reassemble with packs in field behind main quarters. Equipment spread on grass for inspection. As usual just the nearest glance in passing by Lieut. Angers us that we are put to so much trouble for nothing. Foot inspection ordered. We remove shoes, leggings, stockings. Asked if my feet are O.K. I tell of strained tendons. No attention paid to me. Pack up. Everything wet and muddy. Sun comes out. Mess call sounds. Leave equipment in field until after mess. Beef stew, bread and coffee. Reassembled to get equipment. Dismissed for day. Take a short rest. My first opportunity to wash and shave. Get eggs and milk from Madam. Out to pump to tidy up. Do some washing, too. From the

battle front comes again the boom of heavy artillery. Activity in the air renewed. They are at it hammer and tongs. No Saturday half holiday out there. It is rumored that our Major has gone to front to observe and that he has been wounded. He has not been seen for a few days. Hang wash to dry and air out our blankets. Chat with Reilly. Lie in grass and write until time for Mess. Bully beef, marmalade, chili sauce and coffee. Second and third helpings of beef. More to be had than I can eat. Arrange to take a stroll in the evening with Leonard and Eifert. Walk to village. Saloons are being closed by officers. Men are congregating in groups on the roads. In most cases a Tommy in the center of the circle telling of his experiences and bragging of the Britons' accomplishments. I stop in front of the ancient church. Discover over the gate a plate reading 1763. I had no idea church was so old. Express desire to enter. Graveyards on each side full of queer tombstones, brass, iron, marble and some wooden glass enclosed boxes containing artificial wax flowers. Walk down a road at random. Run into a courtyard. Find a road leading to villages beyond. All on same plan as ours. What seems to be a castle is seen in the distance. We make that our objective. It is further away than it seemed. Darkness falls before we can reach it. Being afraid we will not be permitted to enter town if too late in returning, we wend our way back in the dusk. Stop in shop for some chocolate. It begins to rain again. Back at 9:00. Prepare to go to bed. Artillery is still very active. Firing seems more distant. Gossip has it we are to be absorbed into existing British organizations and used as needed. Prospect does not please us. We would much rather fight under our own Company. It is easily seen that we will have to undergo a course of training in British methods, remaining here for the purpose. Our officers and non-coms have been ordered to schools of instruction for a period of two

weeks. When they return, we will be asked to learn a lot of new things and in some cases to unlearn old. In my walk I see acres of rolling farm country with patches of green and brown, usually a windmill at the crest of the hill or a row of tufted trees, or knobbed trunks which are ideal subjects for a painter's brush. They invite the camera. If I could only have one to be able to send pictures to Leah of my surroundings or if I were permitted, to gather a nosegay of flowers to send her to let her know I am thinking of her and baby. A pond reminds me of a fishing excursion with her, a lane of our days of courtship. Tomorrow is Sunday and I will be alone. Not even a letter from home will I have to read.

Sun. Apr. 28, 1918

Weather: Damp, Chill

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Very reluctantly. Big guns have disturbed my rest. It is raining. Barn is damp, too. Rain leaks in through gaps in the roof. Go up for breakfast, attired in slickers. Stand in line in pouring rain. Cap sheds rain. Drop from it falls down my neck. Cap without a brim is useless in wet weather. Get to gate. Food runs out. Must wait until fresh supply comes up. It rains harder than ever now. Canned salmon, butter, bread, coffee, to which I add an egg which I saved from yesterday. Bring mess back to barn to keep out of wet. Walk which I had planned to take is impossible. Roads are all mud. I remain in billet. Sit around chatting with men for half an hour. Some go to the ancient church to attend services. Those that remain lie down for a nap. I get back in my corner, cover myself with a blanket and take a nap. Awakened by Jones. He and I must each carry a barrack bag to orderly room for sergeants who are being sent to schools to receive instruction in British

methods. Signaling, infantry drill, grenade throwing, machine gun fire. Two of our lieutenants go forward for study and observation. No sooner do we arrive at orderly room with bags when first sergeant informs us that no barrack bags can be taken along. We are to tell sergeants of that fact and go back with bags. I fill my pipe first and take my time about returning. Get a cup of hot coffee in the kitchen of the farmhouse as my reward. Not a tidy place. A queer stove of sheet iron which burns soft coal. Everything smells of and is full of soot. It has stopped raining, turned to fine drizzle. Sit in straw and take advantage of quiet to write. Time for dinner comes before I am aware of it. Boiled beef, potatoes, soup. Arrangements have been made to censor and post letters for us. They must first be signed by our officer, then go on to base censor. Back again to write a letter to Leah. Sit outside under woodshed. Letter I wrote last week I decide to tear up. It is too intimate a letter to be put through from our orderly room. Supper. Bully beef, cheese, bread, coffee. Continue writing until dark. Go to bed by candlelight. One of boys has a cake which he divides up among boys. Cake is a luxury which we have not had since leaving camp. I have not been out on roads except to go to mess, all day. The clamor of battle has been terrific all day long. Not a moment's cessation. The ground trembles as if in an earthquake. Constant rumbling as of thunder all day long, occasionally an extraordinarily loud clap as if a nearby town were being shelled. While I write the bombardment is so intense that my nerves are affected by it. I feel as though I would really like a drink of alcoholic liquor to steady them. Never before have I felt the need for stimulant. I wonder how men actually under fire can live amid the bursting shells and booming cannon. How can they live when in addition to the hardships of trench life, diet, lack of sleep, hunger, their nerves are wracked

by that stupendous noise. Madam is worried. She walks about all day with tears almost welling out of her eyes, raising her hands in horror and telling us of her fears in language we cannot understand. Activity in the air is curtailed. A few planes sighted flying very low. After some good-natured chaffing while under the covers, I fall asleep to be awakened at 10:30. The ground is actually trembling. My ears being close to the earth, the rumble is more distinct than under ordinary circumstances. I cannot fall asleep again for a long time. Firing at its greatest intensity seems to come from German lines.

Mon. Apr. 29, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cloudy

Health: Good, left leg hurts

Up at 6:00. Straggle outside for reveille. Everybody too tired to get up. Go up for breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Have an egg and a glass of milk from Madam, which all together makes a passable breakfast. Take a nap for a half hour. Drill call sounds. It is cloudy but does not look like rain. Not having orders to the contrary, we go up without overcoats, rest of company wearing overcoats. I am cold. Move off for drill field. Warm enough when marching but when we rest I almost freeze. Captain leading company. Two new lieutenants with us. One a crank on manual. It begins to drizzle. Close order drill for two hours. Drill field becomes a sea of mud from tramping of many feet. Ten minute rests every hour. Then it is necessary to swing arms and run around in circles to keep warm. A long line of Red Cross Ambulances pass along road. Probably wounded men from yesterday's fray. At eleven o'clock three Englishmen come up with Lewis machine guns. One squad from each platoon detailed to be instructed in working of Lewis gun. My

squad from 3rd platoon. Ten of our men assigned to each instructor. Our man a Cheshireman. It is very difficult for us to understand what he has to say. He takes gun apart and explains working of different parts and names of each. After half an hour we are dismissed to make way for another company. Rejoin platoon which is working with bayonets under Sgt. Kaplan. It begins to rain. Miserable without slickers. Hardly expected that we would continue to drill. Assembly sounds. Ready to thank Captain but on looking at watch see that it is 12 o'clock, time to go back. Clear again. Flounder back in mud, very tired. Dinner. Boiled beef, potato, soup, no bread. Rest an hour. Go up for drill with overcoats on. Wrong again. Go to drill field. On way down we fall out to change for slickers. Close order for half an hour. Men deficient in manual left behind. Rest of company moves off for patrol work on roads. Detachment picked for van and rear guards. Main body in center. Not given any explanation about work. Just walk up and down roads. Halt and go forward at command from connecting files. On drill field to rejoin company. It rains. Captain continues work. It seems to me that he defies elements until it stops. Back under difficulties. Wash and shave. Mess call sounds earlier than usual. Late. Must get on end of line. Rice all gone. Get cheese, hardtack, jam, cocoa, of which I get another cup later. Write, read, go to bed at 9:00. A little fun in the dark. Wake up at 2:30 to find it raining hard. Sleep well rest of the night. Artillery not very active today. Heavy gun firing has abated somewhat. Lieutenant tells us of British gains yesterday. A source of worry and speculation is sound of bursting shells very close to us, apparently no more than 7 or 8 miles away. They sound like giant crackers. Echo rolls through hills. Gun carriages and communications wagons going up to the front. Captain and 2 Sgts. scheduled

to go to front today but are not permitted to go near. Aeroplanes go over in late afternoon, flying very low, singly. In early evening come back in squadrons. Sound of motors is heard, but they cannot be seen until they emerge from the clouds. They come into sight very suddenly and then go right into or over another cloud bank. Appear to be flying sidewise. Englishmen tell of great masses of Germans being slaughtered in Flanders offensive. Post letters to Leah and Mama. Tobacco and cigarettes issued. Enough for 2 days.

Tue. Apr. 30, 1918

Weather: Rain, Cloudy, Cold

Health: Good, leg sore

*The hardest day's work since I am in
the army*

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Go up for breakfast with blouses on. While we wait on line it begins to rain drearily. Too far from billets to go back for raincoats. Get thoroughly wet. Try to find shelter under coping of barn. But drip from eaves is as much as from rain. Lets up sufficiently for us to get our mess of bread, butter, marmalade and coffee without milk. Very little for the day's work ahead of us. Lie down for half an hour. Clean gun a bit. Out for drill at 7:50 with slickers. Mud everywhere. Leg causing me pain. Tired before we get to courtyard for assembly. Difficulty in climbing hill. Captain leads company off to drill field without a halt. Wet through from exertion. Start off with patrol work up and down road for an hour with no purpose that I am aware of. Lieut. makes an effort to explain but captain's order "forward march" interrupts. On drill field after company is assembled. Allowed to fall out for ten minutes. Close

order drill for another hour. Platoon leaders give us manual of arms. Another rest of ten minutes. Company moves off again in direction of home but pass our road. Push on and go past detention camp and drill field to rifle range, up an embankment which taxes my strength to the utmost. A rest of ten minutes. Squad out for instruction in Lewis machine gun. Method of loading shown us. Assembled and marched home by a short cut. Pleased at prospect of getting back a little early, grow more tired owing to condition of road, up hill and down, through deep mud. In billets at 12:30, almost too tired to eat though I am very hungry. Wet through from perspiration. Dinner. Hard tack and beef stew, tinned. Get a second helping, enough to satisfy me. Rest in straw after mess. Fall asleep for ten minutes. Like going to execution to go up to courtyard for assembly. Captain stays in quarters. Lts. take us to drill field beyond detention camp. Make the biggest effort of my life to get there. Tempted to fall out. Grit my teeth and go on. Officers tired too. They know men are too tired to work and do not push us at all. Permitted to rest for 25 minutes. Revives me for a time. Cross road for open order drill. Corporals drill squads. Callahan takes us to far end of field where we fake it. Aiming and firing from prone positions. Restful work for a short time. Go back much better for short rest. Change slickers for overcoats to attend muster. Sgt. Corras appears in formation drunk. Captain much annoyed by his remarks but feigns not to notice him. Pigs run about yard interfering with business, causing laughter. Wait for retreat. Dismissed for day. Thoroughly fagged out and disgusted. Write until mess call blows. Supper. Bully beef, bread, coffee, not enough. I write until eight. Decide to look for something to eat. Go to village for some chocolate. None in town except for small pieces for which they ask too high a price which I will not pay. Meet our

cook who tells me of a canteen, a mile and a half distant where things can be had cheap. We make for it together until we meet a man on road who tells us canteen closes at 8. Go back to billet, hungry. Almost lose my way in the dark. Reilly, bunkmate, has not made up our bed. No candles. Make a mess of job in the dark. Cannot sleep, too tired, for an hour and a half. Then blankets become twisted and cannot be righted. Get up three or four times to straighten them. Unsuccessful. Cold all night. In the morning, while resting, I think of my wedding day and whether Leah looks at my clothes hanging in the closet and wonders when I will be back to wear them. Not much to be heard from the battle front. Only a few deposits heard. A great many horses come from front going in direction of railroad. A motor truck with a damaged aeroplane is seen. Plane has broken propeller and twisted wheels showing every indication of a serious accident. Activity in the air confined to a few hours in the afternoon. Single planes go over flying very low. From height above rifle range new towns are seen. In one an anti-aircraft gun is plainly seen mounted on top of tallest building. Many complaints about short rations made to officers. We learn from British they are fed same as us. They do not work as hard and can do with less food.

Wed. May 1, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Cold

Health: Good, Leg a trifle better

Up at 5:45. Reveille. First platoon on line for breakfast. Good bacon, bread, coffee. Third platoon on police duty. Our squad detailed to regimental headquarters. Pleased at that because orders for drill are to roll short packs containing one blanket, condiments and bacon can. Helmet and mask also. Delighted with prospects of a day's freedom from fatiguing

drill. Get our overcoats on, start off up road, intercepted by 1st Sgt. Must return, roll packs and fall out with company. Regimental order to witness an exhibition of some kind. Crestfallen lot. Promise of easy task in afternoon. Packs weigh as much almost as when full. Come to conclusion that it must be ammunition which is so burdensome. Company hikes off through village, Colonel with us, mounted. Reprimands Acting Major Whitehouse for tardiness. Maintain a good pace along worst road to vicinity. It is main road through village used by heavy trucks. Perspire freely. March to hollow just below village where exhibition was witnessed last week. Form in square, entire battalion. Colonel shouts down from road, orders to move to field above road on other side. Manage to get there with an effort. Stack arms, unslung equipment. Form around field in square formation. Same platoon as last week to show English drill discipline. Tedious morning inspection gone through, close order work, sentry drill, necessary drill. Marching good and bad, organized singing. Bayonet work. Having become warm and wet from exertion of marching, it is trying to stand still in cold damp wind. Move about whenever possible. Run. Slap each other on back, cut capers. Colonel immensely pleased with work of Englishmen. Compliments Lieutenant quite heartily on work of his platoon. To our mind while they have a better system, our old fluid platoon would drill better than they. Bayonet work far better than any we have ever done. Singing, while not a martial accomplishment, excellent, catchy airs. Over at 11. In harness again for a long hike to rifle range, where our squad gets instruction in Lewis gun. Rest of company with bayonet. Company formed for return to billets at 11:30. Relieve ourselves of equipment and go up with mess kits for formation. Payroll to be signed. Runs alphabetically giving me an opportunity to eat

early. Beef stew, hard tack, coffee. Second helping. Just room for more. Some men, last in alphabet, must go without dinner to be on time for another battalion formation at 1:15. Our part of 3rd platoon having extra distance to travel comes up to find company gone. Make inquiries about direction they took. Follow and make up rear of Company H to end of village and up road to hill behind. Stack arms and leave equipment in road. File into meadow where there is an auto and a number of English officers and one Scotchman. After a few preliminary remarks, the latter, a Capt. of Gordon Highlanders, makes an appeal to us to acquire the spirit of the bayonet. Quick thinking, and with charming animation he tells us how and why and wherefor of bayonet. Yet in spite of its brilliancy his talk arouses in me only resentment that such a cruel killing instrument as the bayonet is used in war. He talks for an hour and a half including practical demonstration with welterweight champion of England assisting. A delightful view of villages below from our point of observation. March to drill field off main country road where our company goes over French course for benefit of an English officer and 2 Lt. Cols. of our army. If our men fight the way they worked the last fifteen minutes we will go west very soon. Complaint from all sides about how little consideration Captain has for his men. Not content with what has already been done, on way back to billets we go in patrol formation. I am one of connecting files. As I pass along road outside of English camp, our Colonel and two English officers of high rank pass. I salute promptly. An English lance corporal inside camp enclosure standing with hands in pockets looking at aeroplane in sky, curvetting, does not notice party. He is called to attention by his countrymen officers who rein up their horses giving him a severe reprimand, taking his name, swearing at him for his breach of courtesy. Back at 4:30. Wait

in courtyard for retreat at 5:00. Back with equipment. Came up for supper which is held up for an hour, owing to lack of bread. When rations finally appear, English will not give us bread without order. Asked wait or take our bread ration in morning, which we decide to do, getting only bully beef, a slice of cheese, a spoonful of marmalade and coffee. Wash. Write for an hour. Go to village in search of chocolate to fill void in stomach. Find none. Come back and go to bed. Sleep well. No evidence of activity from front all day. Very quiet. Aeroplanes up only on practice flights. A few fly over drill field at morning exhibition, going slowly and at low altitude to see what is going on. Note at Englishman's exhibition drill that if a man has any trouble with equipment or commits an error, he immediately steps out of ranks and goes through work correctly in full view of company. They are quite honest about it.

Thu. May 2, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good, leg sore

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Wash. Go up for breakfast. Last platoon in line. Good portion of oatmeal, lots of bread and butter, coffee. Enabled to save a piece of bread. Promises of a fair day at last. Sun has not been seen since last Saturday noon. I notice that after a few day's quiet at the front clouds seem to lift until heavy firing begins again. Up for drill with packs, same as yesterday. From now on they will be worn at all drill formations. An hour spent in forming companies and setting helmets on packs to conform to new regulations. To drill field past prison camp. Stop on road to work at manual. Rest while patrols of picked men are sent out from both ends of company to surround area and meet at target butts. Corporal and second in command

taken out on patrol, leaving me in charge of squad. Remainder of company marched up to meet patrol. Company formed. Up embankment to drill field. Fall out for 25 minutes, which raises Captain back into good graces of men. Lie down on grass, dry for the first time in three days. Sun comes out at last. Remains out for rest of day. Instructors in gas mask drill come along. Take entire company in hand, after which machine gun squads go out for instruction. Our corporal, out last night, not feeling well, lays down on his work, telling stories of war instead. Very interesting experiences he has had in his four years in the service. Gives us many valuable pointers on trench life. Lessons over at 12. Rest while watching non-coms get bayonet work. Back to billets at 12:30. After regular mess time when we get in. Mess is steak, mashed potatoes, coffee. Too late in line. Steak is all gone. We get prime piece of fried ham, lots of potatoes and coffee. I divide my piece of bread among five men. Barely time to wash our mess tins before we are called out again. By a short cut to drill field. Get same gas mask lessons as in morning, by our officers this time. Colonel and General paying us a visit. Captain beams and dances attendance. Superiors in good humor. Bombing lesson from my corporal from standing and kneeling positions. Bayonet work by our Sgts. Back at 4:15. Wait in courtyard for retreat. Mess. Bully beef, bread, marmalade, coffee. Clean gun, write, change clothes, bathe at pump in field, shave, empty my barracks bag and order its contents. Bathe my feet. Rub sore leg with camphorated oil, which I find in my bag. To bed at 10. A discussion about the war among the boys until they are hooted to sleep by boys not taking part. Prospects of peace in near future discussed by all men about these parts. English, Americans and French talk about it as something in progress. A certain bulletin quoted as saying that Allies have made

overtures. This gives rise to the question of returning to the States and the method of demobilizing the National Army. Transport and food problems considered. Most of the men would prefer to stay in France for a few months. I take no part whatever in conference. For my part I do not think peace is imminent. The spirit of the war has gripped both sides with such an unbreakable hold that it will take more than a year to disengage it. The old story of our doubts about conscription being enforced and then our doubts about the National Army being sent to France. I consider it by no means uncertain that we will go further down the line as our state of training warrants. I will be prepared to go whenever we are sent. Think it much better to go forward quickly and have the job done with if we must go eventually, than to stay about in idleness for a few months. Clean my gun thoroughly. Probability of an inspection tomorrow at first drill formation. I do not propose to be noted for having a dirty piece as often happened while at camp. Apparently nothing of importance going on along the front. It is comparatively quiet. What few shots we hear may be practice firing. Corporal instructing us in machine gun thinks it is firing of the French mortars within our own camp area and for want of better authority we accept his judgment. Some reports very loud followed by a swish which seems to travel over the hills and then another report from behind us, the echo. It travels on and on until it is lost in the distance. Slight air activity.

Fri. May 3, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good, leg sore

Up at 5:45. Reveille. Up for breakfast. Oatmeal, bacon, bread, coffee. Go over gun again to make sure it is clean. Out for drill

with packs and other equipment. Captain and 1st Sgt. not with us. They have gone to the front to observe. One of our new Lieuts. in charge of company. Go to drill field. When on main road we assume that a gas attack is likely and carry our masks at the alert position. Not thinking we would carry imagination any further than that, I do not pay attention. Caught by surprise when cry comes from rear "Gas". Halt but foolishly continue to breathe until mask is ready to be put on. Under actual conditions of attack I might have been gassed by the time I had helmet on. Continue walking along road looking like an army of unearthly creatures for 19 minutes. My mask works like a charm. No clouding of eyepieces or excess salivation. Just a little stiffness of the tongue muscles and a bit warmer than normal. Remove masks before we enter drill field. Rest for 10 minutes. Resume work with manual. Then skirmish drill by squads. Annoy Callahan. Take it easy. Assembled to take a little lesson in trench digging. With my small entrenching shovel, I get to work deepening a communications trench. Ground is like clay, stubborn and sticky. Tiring work. Corporal sits on mound and bosses work, for all the world like a foreman of a section gang digging a hole in our country. Does not last long. Get a little close order with entire company, new formations. Go to drill field on other side of detention camp. Fall out for instruction in machine gun. Lesson for the day is cause and remedies for stoppages. Make notes on what is said. Work until time for company to return. Corporal tells us more of his experiences and "how to win the war". Back by short cut. Comfortable travelling. Leg not bothering me at all. Dinner on return. Stew, hard tack, coffee. A little rest before we go out again for drill. Acting C.O. announces that we will send out a platoon in advance, which will take up a position somewhere in the neighborhood of target butts. We will give them a half hour's

handicap and then follow in an endeavor to find them. Kidding. Remainder of company goes off by long way around. Hot as blazes in sun. Get a rest. Push on till we reach the main road. Fall out by roadside. Sit down beside a couple of daisies. Pluck them and pull them apart. Both tell me welcome news. Laugh at thought of unusual occupation for a soldier. Push on again sending out scouting parties to look for supposed enemy. Travel along in very leisurely fashion at route step. We come up behind butts without having sighted anyone. Frequent stops to observe and reconnoiter. Scouts come in with reports of failure to locate enemy. March to point where commander is to meet us. Meet up with Colonel when our column is spread all over the road in a very disorderly fashion. Colonel ascertains who is in command of detachment and relieves him, probably raking him a bit. He looks exceedingly discomforted. Not finding our quarry we go back, in better formation. See Colonel again, this time quizzing corporal in charge of an outpost. He calls Lt. Gives him instructions for future conduct. We get back at an easy pace. Clean gun and oil it while waiting for retreat formation. Lt. announces inspection for tomorrow and gives instructions for addressing mail to home. Supper, bully beef, pickles, marmalade, bread, coffee. Write in field by pump, while I am waiting to have my hair clipped. That procedure is gone through with an air of great resignation. I sit on stone basin and view destruction barber is inflicting with a pang of sorrow as each clump of hair falls to the ground. Begins to feel cool immediately. A fine foraging area for mosquitos now. I wash my head of an old collection of scale and dandruff. Feels really good and clean. Back to barn. Take joshing of boys good-naturedly. No need for combing little tuft of hair remaining in front. Morning toilet can be accomplished much quicker. Wait until it grows dark. Clean my shoes and

leggings of mud. Make my bed and lie down at 9:30. Sleep well but conscious of dampness all night. Not aware of any sustained action at front. One would almost believe in absence of news to the contrary that peace had been declared. A few distributed shots fired. Aeroplanes active flying in squadrons toward line. Do not notice their return. An occasional burst of machine gun fire heard in air. Many supply wagons and horses have passed down returning from a period of duty behind lines. Tommies looked very tired. Badly in need of rest. Most of them snoozing outside of quarters when we go by in afternoon. Go to village to get chocolate for which I pay a very high price. I must have it at any cost.

Sat. May 4, 1918

Weather: Partly cloudy, Cold

Health: Good

Up at 5:45. Raining. Reveille. Breakfast. Oatmeal, bacon, bread, coffee. Work for morning in doubt. Drill call sounds. Take a chance. In an effort to profit from indecision of commander, I take a shave. Originally planned to roll packs for an early inspection, but weather preventing, do not know whether we will go out for drill or have foot inspection. I do nothing until orders come. Foot inspection by our platoon Sgt. He can do nothing for kink in my leg and discontinue taking off shoes, telling him I am OK. Drill call comes again at 9:00. To go with usual pack. Assembled and go by short cut to drill field #2 where we take things easy. Close order drill, squad skirmish, platoon skirmish drill, manual, etc. Gun inspection. Pass muster. Only a few reported. Not much snap in work of company. Seems more like we are kept out of sight than for any serious purpose. Overhear a conversation between officers which makes it appear likely we will have a

formation in afternoon. Decidedly not to my liking. Go back at 12. Mess. Stew, hard tack, coffee. A new batch of men have arrived and are quartered in nearby village. Tell stories of obstacles confronting them on trip across. A railroad wreck, a sub sighted, etc. Make inquiries from men about late news from home. None of importance. Requested to remain about quarters until informed when we are to assemble for march to baths. Told on mess line to be ready at 3. I write a letter to Mother until then, anxious to miss formation. I do not fancy walking for half an hour for a probable cold bath, when I can take one at the pump. Urged to go by corporal who will have to account for me. I stay behind to gather up towel, socks and soap. Arrive at assembly point after company leaves. Go back, get soiled clothes as I had planned to do and take them to field, where I scrub them in cold water in tub. Hang them to dry, or rather spread them on grass to dry. Write a letter to Sachs. Sun is hot and bright. Welcome change from forenoon when it was so chill and cold, that I feared consequences, having very thin underclothing, only blouse for protection. Feels comfortable and pleasant to lie on grass, sun on back, writing to boys. I can tell them quite cheerfully of my experiences on trip across and in billet. Disturbed occasionally. Make plans to go to city about 10 kilometers distant for Sunday outing. Go up for supper. Cheese, bread, marmalade, coffee. Beginning to acquire a taste for marmalade. Passed it up frequently before. Get some from boys who cannot become accustomed to it, to save for tomorrow. Write while it is still light. Clothes on grass have become damp from dew by now. Pick them up, hang on line. Make bed and tuck in shortly after. Bunkmate a little under the influence of liquor. Talkative and confused but sober enough to be a gentleman. As usual Tommy and Fritz have taken advantage of the half holiday to bang away at

each other's wire. Sustained fire kept up, beginning at about 2 and running well into the night. Disturbs my slumbers by its intensity. Considerable rumbling. Reilly reports having gone outside at 3 AM and having seen flashes of fire as firing is done. Appears to him to be quite near. He is much amazed at what he sees. Talks much about it. Airplanes active all afternoon, flying very high in both directions. Occasional firing done. Cannot ascertain purpose or results. Boys think favorably of going on excursion tomorrow with Reilly and me in early forenoon after they have returned from church service. A few letters have come in from Ireland and England for the boys. It seems to me about time that some have come from the States. There is no need to censor such letters, so if they have come as reported it is time they were distributed. Letters have been returned to men by base censor on account of improper address. Thomas of our squad has received a money order from home for a large sum of francs and has gone to the city to cash it. Does not return. Absent since yesterday. If apprehended, punishment in store for him will be very severe. Thompson from another platoon with him to help him spend money.

Sun. May 5, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Breakfast in rain. Bacon, bread, coffee. Back to billets. Write. Finish letter to Sachs. Take a nap. Men go to church. Quiet. Awake after half hour just as Fallon comes to call for me. He tells me that a man is wanted at battalion headquarters to figure payrolls. Would I like to have him recommend me for work? I consent. Go up with him. Not wanted to appear personally. Name only desired. To be called when required. Come back to

quarters. Write to Leah. Stay indoors until Mess. Stew, bread, coffee. Get second helping. Satisfied. Sun comes out. Looks fair for trip to Urged to start off at once. Will not do so until I have finished writing. Do so at 3:00. Looks doubtful. Reilly alone anxious to go with me. I mail my letters and set out along main highway, slicker on arm. Do not go far before it rains. Stops and starts again. Pass along road as officers are practicing at miniature rifle range. Go up and down many hills, pass through many villages all built as ours. Look down on peaceful little hamlets from high road. In many trucks are stationed. Men evidently bunk in them when not on duty. A supply base. A steady driving rain now. Almost tempted to turn back, when a car driven by a civilian comes along bound for town. Now many Poilus are to be seen in billets in village through which we pass. Company of English returning from action to billets. Pass two companies of Frenchmen returning. The most tired, hard-worked looking set of men I ever saw. Look as if they had not slept for a week. Arrive in Tip chauffeur a franc, which he does not expect. We insist. Meet some of our company men. Start through streets of city with no idea of direction. More officers than I have ever seen before. Grow tired saluting. A big place where one can buy anything one wishes. Step into a shop, buy picture to railroad station where we see two companies of English passing, field kitchen trailing behind. Walk along canal bank. Into a shop which we buy out of crackers and get some candy to stay our appetites until supper. Worried about whether we can get out of town after 9 at night. Decide to stop at restaurant so we can be free to leave at any time after 8. Into a greasy little restaurant on a side street, full of Australians, English and a few of our boys. Order pork cutlets, potato chips, coffee, bread. In addition 2 fried eggs, more bread, potatoes and coffee,

or 4 meals in all, excellent in quality, satisfying in quantity for 8 fr. 60. Raining again. Lose our way. Put right by Tommy. Shelter in estaminet. Have a bottle of stout. Reilly angry with me for not drinking and urging him not to. English inform us we are being cheated in exchange. See comfort stations in streets, a thing which I had heard about but could not believe. Get away at 7. Raining very hard. Our hats are no protection. Water runs down our necks. Reilly silent. I finally consent to take another drink to bring him back into humor. An exceptionally good glass of beer. After a little confusion find road leading out of town. Entertainments for soldiers are numerous, concerts, plays, etc. Walk only a short distance. Get a lift on top of a London bus driven by a servicemen. He quickly picks up a load. All of us chip in a penny as a tip for him. Make excellent time to which is only three quarters of an hour walk to billets. Stop at canteen. More beer for Reilly. Stock up on candy and cake. Walk rest of distance leisurely. Still light when we return to tell boys what a good time we had. A long time since I had had the pleasure of ordering food I wanted of which there was sufficient to excess. Give fellows some candy. Lie about for a while telling of our excursion. Go to bed. Sleep well. Riding down road on bus seems just like a Sunday afternoon's ride down 5th Avenue in New York. Only weather to spoil a perfect afternoon. Thoughts go back to Leah at home while I go on outing with stranger. See extent of preparations made to take up new positions and block advance of enemy in case of retreat by Allies. Good news from front. Our men taking offensive and making gains. Aeroplanes numerous in afternoon. Sustained firing from late afternoon through night.

Mon, May 6, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Go out for breakfast. Intercepted by Lieut., who tells me I am wanted at Battalion Hdqrs. to report at 6:30 to Sgt. Major. Probably wanted to work on payrolls. Get breakfast. Oatmeal, bacon, bread, coffee. Go back for slicker and go up to Battalion Hdqrs. Wanted for figuring payrolls. Must report to Division Hdqrs. Necessary to get my rations first. Back to billet for a towel to wrap two sandwiches in. Start for Hdqrs. with Fox, F Co. man detailed to work with me. After 10 minutes on the road, he calls me Irving or Greenie. Don't know whether to take offense at his forwardness or overlook it. Directions given us for finding Disbursement Officer rather vague. To make matters worse, we lose way. Go much further up road than we should. It has cleared and become very hot. Sun shining strongly. Retrace our footsteps. Ask Tommy to direct us. Eventually find right road. Hdqrs. a fine mansion, beautiful grounds, old trees. Officers of all grades. Necessary to salute all the time we are on road. Find Capt., a small fat man of my faith, thick accent, still retains phlegmatic air of merchant. Men from other Battalions already at work, being instructed in method of figuring payroll, partly on basis of old pay, partly on basis of new. A big job ahead of us. We submit our payroll, which is not found correct in form. Do not wish to take responsibility of making corrections, suggest that corrections be noted and I will return to Co. Clerk to make corrections in compliance with form. Go back, Fox at my heels. Hungry enough to be tempted to eat a sandwich. I turn into a field, sit at the foot of a tree and watch a squad working a field radio a few yards away. Well-rested, walk back leisurely. Consult with clerk about changes. Help him make same. Takes until

11:30. Decide it is best to remain until after mess. Privileged to be served first. Beef stew, bread, coffee. Pick up papers, go in search of Fox. Meet him on road. Walk slowly to destination. More men are there completely taking up available working space. It is only a small hut with one table. Must wait until 2 men finish and go away. Do as much preliminary work as possible while waiting. Get started properly at 3:30. Righted in all details by 4:30. Decide to go back for mess. Report to Sgt. Major at Batt. Hdqrs. Asks us to come back at 8:00 tomorrow morning. Too busy to go into matters with us. Major holding an important conference. He came back from observations at front this morning and is back in harness again, a hard worker. Dispose of remaining sandwich on way back. Mess is bully beef, bread, coffee, jam. Back to billets. Sit under a tree far back in field to write. Disturbed by mosquitoes. Write until 8:00. Rest for an hour before it grows dark. Answer a lot of questions, which are put to me by boys who are anxious to be paid. Make bed. Turn in. Sleep for a few hours. Must go outside for a minute. The door of the barn is closed, in darkness. I cannot find my way to door. Step on man's feet. Frighten him. Frighten myself. Change direction, guiding myself by hole in the wall through which a gleam of light shows. Find I am walking on man's face. He catches my feet, cries out. Remain where I am, for safety's sake. Ask him for a match. He has one handy. Lights a cigarette with it. I find my way to door. Look out to a clouded sky. Can see red flashes in distance as guns roar. Would like to stay out, but being barefooted and cold, I tuck under covers, again guided by light of cigarette of man I had disturbed. I cannot sleep for a long while after. I tremble with the ground which reverberates with the shock of the firing. I have a queer waking dream. I see myself doing clerical work until I am commended for efficiency, installing new

systems, being recommended for a commission and so on. Slumber fitfully rest of night. Not feeling well, a headache comes on to add to my troubles. News of allied successes comes to us, which I think is deserved after such continuous bombardment. Kept up all day long without a stop. Little air activity noted. Tobacco issued for 4 day's supply. Cigarette ration cut down to one pack.

Tue. May 7, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good, Slight headache

Up at 6:15. Arrive last on mess line. Served ahead of other men. Find time to fuss around in billets with ordering barracks bag and folding blankets, scraping mud from shoes, etc. Raining heavily. Men have started for drill in spite of it. A gun cover and can of oil issued to each man. Arrive at Batt. Hdqrs. rather late. Work all morning figuring payroll. Cold enough inside to warrant starting a fire in small stove, fuel soft coal. Warms place taking away chill. Dark in corner. Must work by candlelight. Strike many snags, account of indefinite remarks in explanation of reasons for back pay coming to men, deductions for fines, etc. Men come in dripping wet, complaining of inadequate protection our hats are against the rain. Think of men out drilling. They must be having a hard time of it. Work until 12. Go back to billets for mess kit. Sun is shining. Dinner. Boiled beef, potatoes, carrots, half portion of coffee. Report back for duty at 1. Men are wet through and in many instances it has been necessary to change for dry clothing. More cheerful in office in afternoon. Go to Mansion Hdqrs. at 4 to get dates and information in doubtful cases. On way meet man on a horse and leading another. Fox, who is with me, wants to ride horse not being ridden. Asks for permission which is gladly

given. I continue walking. A few minutes later another enlisted man with two horses comes into view. Although I have never been astride a horse, I decide to ask permission to ride. Granted. I mount after a little difficulty, soldier making disclosure nag is blind. I wondered why horse had insisted on backing into ditch almost unseating me. Explanation found, I think it is best to continue leading my mount. This is done. Situation not much better. My horse runs into leader from behind and when leader begins to canter, my mount following, my back is almost broken from the jolting. I have no saddle or stirrups for support or comfort and nags back has a knife edge spine. Fearing I would be thrown or that I would become sore or lame, if I continued, I dismount and walk the remaining distance to destination. Meet Fox at crossroads. Have doubtful matters cleared up and return to billets in time for supper. Bully beef, bread, marmalade, coffee. Write until 8:30. Read newspaper until dark. Make bed and turn in. Men returning from village bring news that Capt. and Sgts. have returned from the front and are telling their experiences. They have been to Arras front, where they have worked with men in the trenches. Went out on patrol over the top. Stood by. Describe action. No man's land. Tell of bursting shells nearby, night raid, etc. A sickening sight they say, unnerving, yet one worth a thousand dollars to be permitted to witness. Would not give a nickel to return. Tell of comradeship of men they fought alongside of. All good fellows. Comradeship between officers and men. Saw men killed in action. Bayonet smeared with blood for 3/4ths of its length, with an inscription saying that it was revenge for three brothers of owner who were killed by Germans. A gruesome sight at the recollection of which our men shiver. Three British soldiers are arrested in the village for insolence to our officers. Retaliation for arrest

of our men in St. O. Incessant artillery action throughout the day and night. Towards evening about 30 aircraft are observed flying high in direction of front. Learn that my being detailed to work at Battalion Hdqrs. was opposed by someone in orderly room. Lts. anxious to have me back with company to rejoin machine gun squad. They stop me whenever we meet on the road to ask me how long I will be away. A few cases of dysentery have made their appearance. Slight attacks. Men not permitted to drink water from town wells. Only water from carts in square to be used for filling canteens.

Wed. May 8, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 5:30. This will be a big day's work for men. They go out on drill field to remain all day. Field kitchen and water carts go along. Mess in field. Drill, gas, bayonet, dig trenches under simulated battle conditions. Breakfast, oatmeal, bacon, toast, coffee. Have time to shave, wash and tidy up before reporting to Batt. Hdqrs. for duty. Finish E Company payroll in early forenoon. Begin on F, less involved. Before noon preliminary work is done. It is cold in the office while outside the sun warms wonderfully. Hands and feet numb. Must rub them to keep up circulation. Clear up and call off figures outside in courtyard, walking up and down to relieve stiffness in limbs. Get away for mess early because I do not know what arrangements have been made to feed men who remain behind on special duty. I may have to go out to kitchen in drill field. Pass courtyard where kitchen was to find one cook left behind who has made coffee over a fire of faggots and is serving sandwiches, cheese, jam. Do not go for my own mess kit, but borrow one from cook. He

fills it up with bread, cheese, marmalade and jam. Double ration for first portion. Help myself to as much more as I like. Good coffee. Sgts. MacWhinney and McGay entertain us with observations of activities at front. Go to quarters to get my overcoat. I propose to throw it over my knees to use as a blanket for warmth. Good idea. Much more comfortable working. I go outside for a few minutes to stretch my limbs. Orderly Kelly tells me that mail has come in from the States and that he has seen letters for me in pile. I imagine he is jesting but consider it is worthwhile to go to our orderly room for the possible pleasure of reading a letter from Leah. I promise to buy Tallon a bottle of wine if I find a letter from home. Go with a light heart. Our company clerk, the man who never smiles, gives me no encouragement, except a listless yes to my question, making me wait a long time before he bestirs himself sufficiently to sort my letters from pile. One from Leah and one from Mama. The happiest moment since April 2nd when baby was born. Thank God for cheerful news her letter contains. The bravest little girl in the world wrote that letter and the most loving one. I, Leah and Baby become the owners each of a Liberty Loan Bond of the third issue. I am officially noted by citizenry of Staten Island as being with the colors. Happy that Leah was strong enough to write one week after the baby was born. Please God she will remain strong and brave. Can work only with difficulty after reading letters. Officers come in but I continue reading. Tallon has a bottle of wine coming to him. At 6:10 I finish work. Get mess kit. Men have just come back, tired and perspiring. Meet Captain as company is dismissed. He wants to know what I am doing. I tell him. He is not pleased. He wants me for machine gun squad. Supper, cheese, jam, bread, figs, coffee. After mess I intrude on a group cleaning machine guns. Corporal tells me he has recommended

me for permanent assignment. I am to report to him when relieved of present duties. Better than being expected to kill a man with a bayonet. Watch gun being assembled. Return to write until 8:30. Then go in search of Tallon to buy his wine. I peep into office of major. Tallon at work. Looks very busy. Best to wait for a favorable opportunity to present itself. Meet Callahan and two men of his squad, all far from being temperance men who are detailed to close up saloons. Like a New York policeman's job. Two other men from company are detailed to guard water carts. Back in billets Read letter from Leah once more in failing light. Make bed and go to sleep. Restless all night Thank God for the letter from Leah and pray for the continuance of the good health of my two girls. Heavy bombardment all day long. Kept up all night without a stop. A big squadron of aeroplanes go over to the front. We from our position, far back in the lines, think that all the world is at war, every cannon in the world being fired at once, in spite of the fact that bulletins posted at Hdqrs. tell us that it is quiet at the front, situation unchanged, etc. During the night a successful air raid was carried out somewhere in the neighborhood. I do not hear report of bombs which were dropped. Everybody else did. Searchlights play, anti-air guns fire at planes. We do not know result.

Thu. May 9, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up late. Almost miss breakfast. No time to wash. Bacon, bread, coffee. Report for duty at Batt. Hdqrs. at 7:45. On way up meet Captain leading out company. I thought they had already left or I would have avoided him. He stops me to question what my duties for the day are. I tell him. He wants to know when I

must report. I tell him 7:30. Looks at his watch. After time. Gives me a call. I make an excuse. Say between 7:30 and 8 will do. That appeases him. Still very much displeased that I am not with company. Enter office. Major and adjutant already there. Work for an hour. Become very thirsty. Necessary to go back to billet to get water bottle. Fill it at water cart. Drink my fill. Keep bottle with me. Stay at my figures until 11:45. My partner Fox not working well. His figures do not tally for some reason. Sets time for completion of job back considerably. On the other hand, I have found myself. No longer necessary for me to figure on paper. In most cases I do sums mentally. Mess. Beef stew, from fresh meat, with rice, coffee, bread. Go back to work at once. Major not around. Sgt. Major has an opportunity to take afternoon off. Fox does not show up until 2. I had begun to think he had tired of job. Tells me a story of a big dinner at officer's mess through the favor of a friend. I grow to dislike him more and more every minute. Tallon in charge of office. He runs out into next courtyard where battalion supplies are kept. Comes back with a big bunch of prunes, dates and a few oranges. We have a party with dates. Save a few for boys in billet after supper. Not much to do until Sgt. Major comes back. He starts things humming again. Called outside by an orderly who is on duty in yard. Previous to that we had heard a few shot reports apparently from air. What orderly shows us explains. Far up in the air are three airplanes. Shells are bursting near them. Sound can plainly be heard and puffs of smoke can be seen against blue of sky. Not sure whether objects are not observation balloons. Look up into sky so long that vision becomes blurred. Aircraft out of sight under a cloud bank. Firing at them continues. 4 airplanes flying in other direction, also at great height. We think it a party out to down craft which is being fired at though it is doubtful,

account they are flying in other direction. When things are quiet, we go back into office. Work until 5:00. Go for mess. Bully beef, hard tack, coffee, marmalade. A straggling line. Boys have been to the shower baths. Come back one by one, pleased and feeling comfortable. At mess sound of explosion in air is heard, again from direction of front. After a time I discover puffs of smoke similar to those seen in early afternoon. No aircraft can be seen by me. Other men claim they can see them in clouds. A short engagement. Back in billet to write until 8:30. Look for Tallon. He is busily engaged at his typewriter. Officers have found occasion for dictation. Get matches in village. Back in the hay, read English newspapers 2 and 3 days old, until darkness falls. Make bed and get under blankets. Gossip for an hour. One of the men remarks that it takes a longer time for complete darkness to fall than it does in our country. I have wondered about that for a long while. Of course it might be taken into consideration that clock is set an hour ahead, yet it is light until almost 9:30. My night's rest broken and uncomfortable. I am tempted to get up a number of times. Guns are not very active. A few spurts of bombarding during the day. No air activity except for the incidents noted. They lead to the conclusion that there is a possibility of air attack during the night. Special precautions are taken about screening lights. Candle in our barn put out early. A regimental order to that effect. Another order is that no men or officers will be permitted to go to Sunday. As usual a case where the few men make the many suffer. Brawling and misconduct on the part of men in our division who were in town Sunday. A blow to the men. Madam is to be congratulated today. A new calf is born in the night, which accounts for the unrest among the animals in the barnyard all through the night. Lt. Berry pays us a visit at Batt. Hdqrs. A memo received about lack of

initiative among non-coms and junior officers. Unofficial British comment. Question Company Clerk about making out blank for additional allotment to Leah for Cecilie, bless her. Too late. His Majesty does not work after retreat, in France.

Fri. May 10, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Last on mess line for fried ham, bread, oatmeal, coffee. Cold enough to warrant wearing overcoat. Eat standing up, moving about to keep warm. Corporal of machine gun squad is in trouble. He is trying to put certain parts together without success. As I watch I fancy I see reason I call his attention to defect, probable trouble. Assures me appointment as machine gun man. Hash is cooked. I will surely become a member of suicide club. Back in quarters for a few minutes. Make an effort to get on a change of clothes, but damp chill weather makes me change my mind. Instead, go to my duties at Hdqrs. Just manage to avoid running into Capt. on my way up. Major and adjutant already at work. Something in the nature of a manoeuver is expected. An air of excitement prevails. Bend my back over task all morning, my knees freezing, toes numb, uncomfortable for want of a smoke, which I cannot indulge in on account of presence of Major. The important message from the Colonel arrives. The Battalion will camp out for the night. Brief but precise. A lot of work necessary to get proper instructions to the 4 companies, supply officers, medical detachment, etc. Guard to be arranged. Rations and duties of men who remain behind to be considered, under which group I fall. Typewriter busy for the rest of the forenoon. Go to mess. Look wise. Think with a selfish, internal smile of

the hard joke to be played on men, but tell nobody. I am not certain if the CO wants me to go with company. Inquire of adjutant. Best for me to stay. Get my rations. Back to work. Everybody working feverishly on preparations for spending the night in the open. Does not let up until 3 when from an unofficial source comes the news that Colonel has rescinded his order of the morning. No reason stated. The Major of course, will not strike camp until confirmation is received from Colonel to stop proceedings. Major a calm person. I admire him. Go out to end the game. Major and adjutant return after drill recall, buzzing about a possible order to pack up during the night for a hike and all of tomorrow afield. Orders issued in black. Nobody must know. It is to be a surprise. Ten minutes later every man in camp knows about it. Men worried in the extreme. Do not know whether to unroll packs. It is cold. They need blankets. On other hand if order does come to move out during night, it will not be possible to roll packs in the dark. Pester officers for information. Told to unroll. Liaison men ordered to remain packed, sleep in clothes, ready to turn out instantly if needed. Work until 5:15. Late for supper. Cheese, apple butter, bread, coffee. Hungry with a vengeance. Cannot wheedle anyone into giving me more food. Repeatedly asked to give information of probable movements of company. Keep a silent tongue in my head. Drop only vaguest hints to men about blankets. Write after mess. I have received a letter from Lottie written the 8th, telling me a lot about the little one. Wash myself. Stroll to the village. Look into Major's office for Tallon. Strange to say he is not busy. Will he have the bottle of red wine I promised him? Gladly. Best place, favorite place? None. Corner opposite church. Order a bottle of red wine, 4 francs, sit along the wall side by side dissecting the National Army into classes, good points, bad points. Non—coms weak

point, personnel, spirit, morale also. Air our individual grievances, our troubles before and after enlisting. Good jobs, bad jobs. I am interested in that. I want a job of my own, danger no object. Immunity from constant orders my objective. I want to work on my own hook no matter how lowly job is. Drink half a bottle. Part at nine. Shop closes. Guard finishes my glass. Remain in conversation for a few minutes in road. Tallon to office, I to billets. Feeling warm, active-minded, steady step. Bunkmate surprised when I light a match. Ten minutes chaff. Fall into a doze. Denarino, 3rd platoon liaison man just came in. Has been given orders as above about probable call. Wakes all of us, ordering men to roll packs and get ready to fall out. Questioned, he insists he has orders. About ready and resigned to cruel fate when someone worms from Italian the truth. He had been told probably. He misunderstood to inform us of probability. His explanation garbled, of no value. At any rate, we know of probability. Wakeful for an hour. An interesting hour with my accelerated thoughts, Leah and baby Cecilie, the burden of course. I have no inkling of any major military move. No bombardment heard. Only a few practice shots, bombs, grenades, machine guns. Bulletins report quiet on all fronts. Sleep undisturbed entire night. Aircraft not in action today in this vicinity. Warm and clear evening. Promise of fair day tomorrow. Haight looks for allotment blanks. Cannot find any. Poke. Exasperating surly cuss.

Sat. May 11, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 5:00. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Company goes out for a day afield. Field kitchen, water carts, all equipment goes along.

Rifle practice most of day. British praise our marksmanship. I have an hour and a half to myself. Wash, shave, get out a pair of new leggings from the bottom of the barrack bag. All dressed up. Go to Hdqrs. to finish work on payroll. Major and officers already out on field with men. The office is quiet giving every one an opportunity to put in a lot of work. Finish last company payroll and go over addition of columns to check. Find one error. Convert amounts to francs. At eleven o'clock I go up to Divisional Hdqrs. to find out whether money can be drawn today or tomorrow as we move within 48 hours. Area billeting officer has been in and given us tip that orders will soon come through. Lt. Graham anxious to pay men off before we march. Acting on advance information, Sgt. Major begins packing. At Disbursement Office, but disappointment awaits us. He will not pay on rolls as made out. Insufficient data and non-compliance to forms prevent him from paying. He will look over sheets personally this afternoon and do his best to put them through. Too bad he had not paid sufficient attention to payrolls day we reported for instructions. I come back with Fox who accompanied us. Grow eloquent in a tirade against the cruelty of the bayonet as an instrument of modern warfare. Get my mess first, then report. Rations have been left behind for me in quarters. Two big bully beef sandwiches, plenty of bread and jam and coffee., I look with pity at cook, who has built a fine supplementary oven out of sheet-iron and mud all for no purpose. Company clerk has news of movement too. Go back to Batt. Hdqrs. with letter from Cpl. Height, marked Govt. Business, probably extra endowment blanks for Cecilie, which I have made out while eating. Leave a horseshoe which I found on way back from Div. Hdqrs. outside gate while I deliver letter. Go back to billets forgetting to take it with me. Return for it. Leave word to

be called if wanted and where I can be found. My day's work is finished. I start on my own work by writing. Then I do my week's wash in field. Cows look on and almost speak. They look at me and inquire if I will dirty their drinking water. I assure them I will not. They test my veracity and go away. Finish in an hour. Spread clothes to dry on grass behind our barn. Surprised to find that machine gun squad is back before rest of company. They have evaded drill. Leonard and I ask Madam if she has any milk. She has and in addition she brings us each a piece of bread and butter and some cold boiled potatoes. I do not wish to take her offering but as Leonard avails himself of her generosity, so do I. We each have two glasses of milk besides. I remain to chat with Madam. Tell her about the Draft Army and conditions in America. She tells me of France. We understand each other quite well. Begin writing a letter to Leah. Interrupted to look at airplanes high up, which appear to be Germans. Continue lying on grass, sun shining, until time for mess. Cheese, bread, coffee. My writing has not pleased me this afternoon. My thoughts are not fluent. Decide to try it again, but give it up as a bad job, deciding to do better tomorrow. Boys have all been tipped off of movement to different quarters. Buzzing, false rumors. Official orders posted on barn door. List of articles to be put in pack is read first. It is a mule's job. 100 extra rounds of ammunition, extra pair of shoes, OD shirt, slicker to be carried in addition to what we had in pack when we came. Barrack bags to be left behind. Up at 6:45, bags turned in, inspection of packs, retreat & reveille formations announced for tomorrow. No Sunday rest if complied with. A hurried catalog is taken of stuff necessary and unnecessary, which will be either discarded or taken against orders. some men already packing bags. All make small pack, used all week for drill purposes making extra blanket

available. I take a trip to the village to buy matches. Return to read paper. Get a bar of chocolate from one of the boys. Waiting for Reilly to come back from the Canteen with probably some cake. He is back at nine with cake. I am very hungry. Remember I have a can of bully bee from rations received on last trip, which I have been saving for emergency, but as we will receive new rations when we leave, probably tomorrow, it is no longer necessary to guard. We have cake and bully beef as a bedtime repast. All turn in, much reserved in our thoughts with little discussion about tomorrow. We have an idea we go to front, where our men have been to observe. No sound of activity whatever at any time during the day, which in a manner considering recent inactivity also confirms rumor of a five day armistice, which has been gaining credence among men. In the air only a few scout planes up, incident in afternoon excepted.

Sun. May 12, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Cold

Health: Good

Concert by band for all Battalion

Up at 6:45. Breakfast. Oatmeal, bread, butter, coffee. Raining as usual on Sunday. Clear for a while. Begin day's work by removing clothing from Barrack Bag, taking out what I need for pack. Go out in field to work. Barn crowded. All working space taken up by other men. Fold blankets. Get all tobacco and toilet articles I have in bag between first and second blankets, so as not to be seen if inspection is held. Disposition of all my things almost decided when Lieut. comes with order to take out suit of underwear, one blanket and OD shirt. Cans and OD shirt to be taken away. Blanket and underwear to be rolled up small in

separate bundle and labeled with name of owner and organization. Take out things as ordered except for shirt. Leave that in pack. It begins to rain, which stops proceedings until I can find a dry spot to work in. Clears again. Finish rolling pack. Quite heavy. Barrack bag ready to be turned in. Ordered to fall in with packs. Question arises whether coats or slickers are to be worn. Conflicting orders. Finally decided neither. Arrive for formation after company has been dismissed. A good laugh. Have a little time to write. Read what I wrote to Leah yesterday. Decide to tear it up, start anew. Cans taken away. Write until 11:30. I am tired, take a nap. Do not hear mess call blow. No one awakens me. Up with a start to find barn empty. Look at my watch. Just in time to make it. Hurry, for I am hungry. Dinner. Boiled beef, potato, bread, coffee. Meat too tough to eat. Formation announced at which blouse, dress shoes, campaign hat will be turned in to Supply Sgt. after which men will form again to sign the payroll. I go up. Sgt. McWhinney asks if I must report to Batt. Hdqrs. I understand him to say I am wanted there, so I make haste to report to the Sgt. Major. He does not know who wants me. Go back for explanation. I have misunderstood. Look at payroll sheet on table. Ask Lieut. why it must be signed again. Answer is as I expected. Data in remarks column unsatisfactory. Paymaster will not OK. Haight later attempts to convince me that fault was mine. I cannot resent inference. He is a Corporal. Some day, perhaps, I will let him know his place. Sign payroll. Note that all remarks contained therein have been worded anew but not quite up to what paymaster requests. Haight is a very lazy man. An hour to myself in which to finish my letter to Leah. Another formation to draw ammunition. 100 rounds each, not 200 as originally announced. Barrack bag and blanket rolls turned in taking up another good hour of our time. German

planes sighted high up. Anti-aircraft guns try for them, unsuccessfully. Our move formation announced for 5 o'clock. Write a letter to Mama. Retreat at which first Lieut. commanding in Captain's absence sets a new fashion in doing parade rest. He has his hands behind his back until it is brought to his attention by titters of boys and fellow officers. Takes it quite good-naturedly. Supper. Cheese, bread, apple, jelly, coffee. Chill canteen. Company advised to do so by Lieut. Word is passed around that it is best to sleep fully clothed. We leave very early in the morning. Finish writing. Mail my letters. Find that field kitchen is being made ready for shipment with company. Think for a time that means we will walk entire journey, camp out at night, cook in field. It has grown very cold, damp, chill. I write outside until I grow cold and darkness gathering, I decide to go to bed. No blankets at all. One is in pack, another in blanket roll, third in barrack bag. Spread my slicker on straw, put on my overcoat, go outside to finish a pipe. See an OD blanket which no one claims. Take it for my own use. Lie down. Wait for Reilly to come back from next village. I have asked him to bring me some cake. Kronenberg comes in with some figs of which he gives me a generous handful. Reilly brings back some biscuits. Share them with the boys. Talk for a while. Cover ourselves with the single blanket. Try to sleep. It is too cold and damp. My feet are like ice. Toes numb, My body is warm, almost perspiring. Toss about restlessly. Manage to snatch a few winks at intervals. A rat disturbs my slumbers too. Runs around and scratches. Somewhere near our heads. Not a sound heard of firing all day, except by our own men nearby, but around 12 midnight a few scattered rumblings are heard. I have occasion to go outside not long thereafter. See flashes of light on the horizon to the South. A sight unfamiliar to me in these parts was a cloudless sky with

myriads of stars. Discern a few shooting stars. Booming continues for an hour. Little intensity. I cannot fall asleep again for more than an hour, which I spend in dreams and picturing Leah at home, wishing that I were with her or she here with me, wondering what she and baby are doing. I say a fervent prayer to God to take good care of them for me and of me for them. Manage to get an hour's solid sleep, apparently, for I did not hear an air raid, heavy, in which bombs were dropped which woke most of the men and shook our barn. Anti-air gun and searchlight get busy, making more noise. I do not hear a thing (No air activity worthy of note). During the day I had three glasses of milk. I have given Madame a bottle of camphorated oil which I cannot take with me. Other boys make all kinds of presents to her. She regrets that we leave.

Mon. May 13, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cloudy, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 2:45. Everything dark outside. Stars have disappeared as if by magic and instead is a gray cloudy sky. Damp and chill. Madam is already awake as I go for breakfast. So dark along road I cannot see ahead of me. I say another prayer for a safe journey and kiss Leah's picture on road, no one near. Line of men waiting for breakfast is long. Almost last on line. In spite of strict injunction against showing lights, men are smoking on line. There I hear stories of air raid which seriously frightened a lot of our men. Candles are burning in our open air kitchen to give cooks enough light to distribute food. Run short of bacon which holds up rationing. Bacon, bread and coffee. Men are afraid that during the day we will not be very well fed, so many attempts are made to procure seconds. Cause of heated discussions between Mess Sgts. and men.

Trailer to cooker is already boxed on top to secure supplies. Rations for the day are issued. A tin of beef, a tin of sugar and tea, and as many small hardtack crackers as one wishes to take. I get my hat filled. Given a linen bag for food. Handy for toilet articles later. Eat some of my biscuits to fill up. Get my things together. Madam has two glasses of milk for each of us. Ordered to fall in fully equipped for marching. A package of letters from Leah almost forgotten. Dispose of them in my overcoat pocket. Trouble with my cartridge belt. Men are leaving without me. Get aid of last man to put on my pack. Start off, bid Madam a sorrowful goodbye. Pack improperly adjusted. Have become somewhat attached to old barn. Think of probability of going to a worse place. Unconsciously feel for packet of letters, when a good distance up the road. Lost. Will go back at any cost for them. Find in barnyard, dropped while putting on pack. Start off again at a run. Played out before I start on hike. Last to arrive at formation of company. Nothing said. Off quickly without a fuss at 5:15. Daylight broke at Mess. A brisk pace is set. I cannot catch my breath. Belt too tight. Once out of village we take a strange road. Wonder where we are going. Open my belt. Feel more comfortable. Two men fall out. Lieut. warns Capt. pace is too fast. Company halted, closed up. Start again, slower pace. Trouble again. One man throws away a pair of shoes to lighten his burden. Not in our company though. Find we are heading for main road along which we first came to billets. Going again to RR station at A great short cut. On road is heavy artillery and limbers are going up the line. Fall out for 10 minutes. Continue making cuts. Soon at railhead. Fall out again. Stung by nettles. Made station 45 minutes ahead of schedule in spite of slow walking. Surprised that my foot has not bothered me at all. Much excitement. Many officials, Colonels, Generals, etc.

Crowded 40 in a car. No seats. Some of our men ride on flat car with kitchen. A can of crackers open in corner of car. Help ourselves. Warned not to take any. Warning disregarded. Start slowly. Men tired, lie down on dirty floor or on each other. Quickly becomes a stinking mess, animal like. It begins to rain. Only open door must be shut. Think of men on flat car. Hungry ones begin to eat. Little food about. Pass through farmlands, miles and miles under cultivation. Not many streams. Camps everywhere. Airplanes, tanks, ammunition dumps, coolies, English, no Frenchmen. Large manufacturing towns, water mills, canals, raceway. Only one large town seen. Every village, a church. Pass through At Camp what seems like a latticed fence. Look closer, sickened by sight of little wooden crosses so close together that at first I was deceived. Some two thousand. Hot water at station. Make tea. Canteen donates crackers. Pull, out leaving 4 men behind. Arrive at end of journey, 7:30. Disembark. Wait in rain for half an hour, getting wet in spite of slicker. Men who were on flat car a sight for pity, I am comfortable. Start along road to Surprised to find so near to war. Walk along road lined with empty trucks stored for night. Why do they not take us? Signs along road forbid smoking. Rest for five minutes. Men smoke. Dark now, still raining. Across country road. Nothing to be seen. Silence and darkness. Follow blindly. Pass English Camp, barracks along a tree bordered road. Into darkness again for an hour. Rest, smoke. Dangerous. No one prevents. I am feeling faint, exception a little lost, drink water, regret it immediately. Off again. Through village. Angry we do not stop. After an hour men become so fatigued and disgusted they shout aloud for a rest. No attention paid to them. Flashes and boom of cannon across open field. Men drop back. I have difficulty going up hill but stick it out. Men shout, curse and swear, to

no avail. Fall out. Fear for them in wet and dark. Finally reach billets. One man faints. I am so tired that I bend over gasping for breath. For first time men are encouraged by a word of cheer from officers. Not very far. Soon be in bed. Wake up farm to be billeted. Ours a crazy dirty barn with three tiers of bunks, only wire for bedding. Vermin infested. Crazy house. Off clothes. Slink into middle tier. Lie there until men are somewhat settled Use overcoat for covering. Too tired to unroll pack. Cold as death. Tired but cannot sleep. Everybody tossing, groaning, moaning, singing hysterically in slumber. Afraid I will become sick, though much revived. A madman, owner of the place stops men from picking up wood for fire in shed to dry clothes and warn themselves. Some stay up. They cannot find a bunk in dark. Pig sties occupied. A hell hole. My first hard knock as a soldier. Leah has given me strength through God. I had intended to take my horseshoe with me. Left behind in hurried exit. Cpl. Childs has "Rid-mosect" with him. Tons of tins along road.

Tue. May 14, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

At 10 o'clock call in courtyard that hot coffee is to be had. Captain wants every man in company to have some. Men too tired or too weak to get out of bunks for it. To me it is a godsend. I get out in a hurry. Get a steaming cup. A wonderful bracer. Warmth diffuses my body. Get back. Try to wake some of the men to go out for coffee. Some awake, all the while cannot be induced to get out. One man falls into hole. Coffee soon gone. 75 men have been piled into place. Body warm, feet cold, space small, knees cold, cramped. Wrap them in slicker. Slumber fitfully, wire sticks into

me. Madman yells all night. Awake at 6 to find sun shining. Promise of a beautiful day. Get right out. Boys who have remained awake have made tea, as black as coal, strong as poison. A smoking fire by which I warm my feet. Boys report that no water is to be had in town except rain water. No pumps. They manage to buy eggs -70. Boil them in tea, fry then. I buy three. Give Reilly one. A pot of coffee sent up from kitchen. Captain comes along, looks at our billets, told of madman. Will not accept place. Looks for another. Breakfast announced for 9:30. Feeling fine and cheerful now. Surprised at myself. Clean gun. Sun shining brightly, warm as toast. Go out to look about town. Ascertain name of place. A hundred scattered houses. Rest of Battalion comes in including our stragglers, headed by a band of Scotch pipers, the most beautiful music, coming through the trees, that I have ever heard. A good thing to hear. Hear of a detail being wanted. Make ourselves scarce. Breakfast on time, a piece of bread, marmalade and more coffee. Throw some of it away for the first time while in France. Make up bunk, unroll pack, spread my things on grass to dry. Go to barn where our extra blanket, which has come in, is being given out. Mine cannot be found. Go back. Lie on grass in a very hot sun, to write a letter to Leah or rather to Rachel, asking her to buy a bouquet of chrysanthemums for Leah on our wedding anniversary, June 27th. I have thought of this for a few days now. I may not be alive on that day and I want her to know that I thought of her. For her sake I ask God to spare me. Make six or seven starts, each time making a mistake. Start over and over. I will not give up. A new billet found for us, even better than last place at Get Reilly's assistance to move. Question of how to remit money comes up. I finish letter. Mess. Stew, lots of bread, coffee at 2:15. Think I will write a letter to Leah. Write only seven or eight

lines when I am told mail is in for us. Being distributed. I go to orderly room, arrive as my name is called. Rubin has been collecting letters for me. He has a fistful, more coming, 12 in all. One from Lottie. Envy of everyone. Read them in field back of barn. Mess call. Continue reading on line and while I eat bully beef, bread, coffee. All the letters contain the best of news. Believe I have the best and bravest little wife in the whole world. She sends me a flower leaf from the bouquet I sent to her on the 6th of April. They came to her as I was leaving camp for parts unknown. Leah and the baby are in good health, bless them. Everybody has been so good and kind to them. I have a big debt to repay. Write under a tree while a cow munches the grass at my feet, until 8:00. Make inquiries of the Captain whom I meet on my way to the orderly room, how I could get money home. He does not know. Unusually good humor for him, we have a little chat about letters. Get my gas mask and go with Reilly to top of hill to see star shells being sent up by Fritz. The artillery is rattling away at a fearful rate. Nothing like it heard at our old billets and there were times when I thought it was bad there. Shells bursting in the air trying to bag German airplanes. They are heard distinctly but are hard to see. Told by sound of their motors, which do not sound as smooth as ours. Hundreds of airplanes up during the day on scout duty. In the evening there is machine gun firing in the air. Telegraph wires singing with messages going back and forth. Return to billets. Take a look around my barn for the first time. A clean, airy place. At both ends there are so many holes in plaster that walls look like trellis work. All barns in town are in same condition. Plaster jarred off by shock of explosions. Make my bunk with Reilly using overcoat as pillow. It is hard to sleep with so much noise. Men start a discussion about what is going on. Airplanes passing overhead also

tend to keep men awake. Find my bed a hard one, not enough straw for bedding. It is Cold too. My side soon begins to pain from lying there. On this account, somewhat restless all night. Another reason, battle not diminishing in intensity until well into the morning hours. Our first full day in new billets passes with the impression that if so much is still being done in the war, peace is a long way off.

Wed. May 15, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Find a stranger at my feet. Tommy has come in during the night drunk, and lay down in the first convenient spot in all his clothes. I cannot find one of my leggings. Must wake him up in my search for it. I find an odd one under him. Put it on without further search so as not to be late for formation. We must all fall in for Reveille from now on, taking with us our mess kits. Captain commanding company. Breakfast. Bacon bread, coffee. Bread ration is sufficient. Will drill with short pack containing one blanket and poles only. Not very much time in which to roll them. Formation at 7:15. A lengthy morning inspection similar to English style. Men criticized severely in all platoons. Officers insist on men shaving more frequently. Start out for drill. Major picks out a site for us on a road. Lieut. Jepsen not in good humour. Capt. leaves for a while during which we get some brand new stunts from Lieut. He is a stickler for manual, which he can do very well. Gives us a new brand of physical exercise with a rifle. Lieut. with us in so far as rests are concerned. It is very hot in the sun, a distinct difference between local climate and that of last place. Blue skies and beautiful landscapes. Men and women at work in the fields, birds singing everywhere,

airplanes flying overhead. Company assembled at 10. We go back to respective billets, remove packs, fall out again looking as neat as possible under the circumstances. Led off by Captain to a large field to the west of town where we are drilled in close order in Company and platoons to prepare ourselves for inspection by British Brigadier General. Our own General appears on the scene. Seems to have been observing us and comes up to Captain to compliment him on our work. There is a look of the greatest pleasure on the face of the CO. English at ease is discarded from today. Rest a few minutes before Englishman arrives with our Major who orders open ranks and an inspection is given us. Brig., Gen., Major, Adj., and Captain walk along, look intently into each man's eyes. I notice Gen. hesitates, for a moment, as he passes me, while I am gazing steadily at neck of man in front. When his trip is finished he asks that we do a bit of manual for him. Capt. puts lots of pep into it, then platoon leaders put us through a few capers to please authority who pays little attention to us. They examine Sgt.'s equipment. A fervent prayer is said by us that his mess kit be found with a week's collection of grease on it etc. When he is satisfied that we have drilled before this, we gather around him forming three sides of a square. Major tells us that Gen. has something to say to us. In substance he says that he is glad to see us here. Then he tells us that he has discovered what he was looking for when he looked at each of us in passing. He has discovered we are all dreadfully keen to get into the game. He knows we are going to punch it. His speech is one that does credit to a schoolboy. He rides away in state, leaving the fate of France and England in our hands. A hundred scout planes are up during the ceremony. Three observation balloons, a new sight to us, are up in the distance. We are dismissed for the morning after being led back

by Lieut. On the way back we are reprimanded for singing a proscribed song. Have mess. Stew, bread, coffee. Have a half hour in which to rest. Ordered to form armed with towel and clean clothing to be in readiness for a bath. Hike about two miles to next village. Arrive at bath house wet from perspiration. Must wait for time. Lie around, read newspaper, take a little nap. Admitted to bathhouse in groups of twelve. Undress standing on a muddy floor. Into adjoining chamber, which has 6 small shower heads, size of 25 cent piece, each having exactly nine holes, under which two men must bathe in 4 minutes. It seems impossible to accomplish but the miracle is worked somehow and quite a satisfactory bath was obtained. Dress and wait outside feeling refreshed. It occurs to me to ask an Englishman where I can buy a money order. He directs me to , where there is a canteen and post office. Too far away to go tonight. Company goes back by platoons at a slower, cooler pace. Observation balloons still up. Rest, write, Mess when entire company is back. Cheese, bread, coffee, rice. Find a spot in a nearby field where I sit under a tree and write until dark. Take a hurried shave. Go out for a little stroll after I make my bed. Around the corner two Canadians who have had long experience at the front are telling stories to a group of our men. Plausible ones, full of cheer. A beautiful night, sky full of stars and a fine moon. An airplane is heard overhead in the semi-darkness. We make an effort to find same. Look for a long time until we see a light which travels overhead in direction from which sound is coming. A most interesting half hour spent watching it. Go to bed long after bunkmate. Awaken him. Corporals come in engaged in a heated discussion which awakens everybody. A Boche machine gun is heard overhead, followed by sound of shells bursting in air and the hum of our own machines going for it. All get up, crowd in

doorway to look. See nothing. Quiet. Repetition of incident. Madame out and watching this time, talking excitedly. Searchlights play and bombs burst in air. Astir for a long time hoping to see and hear more. Artillery quiet. No activity of any kind today, Practice firing within our own areas.

Thu. May 16, 1918

Weather: Fair, Hot

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Wash. Make up pack again. At formation names of men who go to school are read. Machine gun class. I expected to be called but an entirely new class is formed. Names of men, who ate iron rations given them for trip here, are taken. Reason advanced for this is that tinned beef was tainted. More fuss with inspection. Go to where we first drilled yesterday, where we spend an hour doing mostly nothing. Taken to number one field for practical demonstration of gas. Enter on field. Boys detect odor of pineapples. Some said apples. Then their eyes begin to smart painfully and soon we are all crying. We cannot see to dress in formation or stack arms. Gas masks kept slung when we remove packs. Put on to test out efficiency. Boys grumbling because it is so hot in there and inspection of masks is so slowly proceeding. Off to listen to a lecture on gasses employed by Fritz and how to detect them, by an English Corporal. Cut short after five minutes, which angers me. Always we are interrupted at an interesting lecture. Led off to center of field for some unknown purpose. Gathered in a circle waiting for something to happen. See gas bomb thrown directly at us. Shouts of "Gas". I hold my breath, take a look at it as it bursts, note sound and action. It sprays all around, causing fresh jets of flame as the air acts on it. Adjust

mask in good shape, deliberately but quickly. Told to watch hair and clothes or they may be burnt. I had hopped out of the way of sparks while watching bomb fume. Men next to me are burned on legs after acid eats through leggings and trousers. Two men almost have their blouses burned off their backs. Others burned on hands. Quite a few accidents. Masks removed, formed columns of squares, given sq. right. I see Tommy bursting another bomb. Wait for cloud to come. Quick work getting into mask. Better work by all this time. Over. Company herded together. Gas in air and on ground is stirred up so that we cry again and cannot be formed into any kind of shape. Move like a mob to our packs. March off as another company waits to get their dose. Back to billets. Capt. waylays me. Fall out of column. Tells me I am to go to SOS school. To put away my equipment and report at once. Have a bit of tack. Go to the orderly room. None but clerk about. He has no orders for me. Wait. Read Leah's letter of the third over again. Hang around, wishing I had materials for writing a letter with me. Capt. and 1st Sgt. come, find a job for me with another man to police near storerooms. I manage to get two big hunks of cheese to break the monotony of job. Other fellow does most of the work until mess. Beef stew, bread and coffee. CO happens along. Tells me to report to Company clerk at 1:30. Outside until scolded by Sgt. for not getting up. Assigned to school with 5 men from this company. March to Hdqrs. to meet men from other Cos. Taken by Lt. to a field where we get our first lesson in looking through a telescope, compass, binoculars, how to use and care for them. No labour at all. A good school. Lie in grass. Ask questions of our Lt. who has come up to take charge. I want to make an impression. I like this work. Dismissed at 4. Back under our Corporal. Rest till retreat. Supper. Cheese, jam, coffee. Ask Reilly to accompany me to immediately

after supper. He consents. Dry mess tins. Start at 6:10, hat in hand. Walk down the road at a slow pace to keep cool. Talk of poverty of France and opulence of US. Watch planes and observation balloons. Comment on landscapes of countryside as we pass them. Go to the bath house, turn to the left and walk for an hour and 1/4 along a hard macadam road, till I find myself very tired. Meet many officers on road including our Brig. Gen. whom I salute with my hat off. Just before getting to town, we fall in with some friends of Reilly. Beg a match. They are very scarce. A big town. Everything to be had. Railroad station at which a company of Tommies comes in fully equipped to be billeted. Go to canteen. Disappointed to find I cannot get money order. A store Tommy breaks the news to me. Tells me to try civilian post office. I find it closed at 7. Determined to get one. Find Reilly, who has gone for a glass of stout. Find a Tommy there who knows where the field PO is. He gulps down his stout to direct me and swears at me when I say "thank you". He must have expected a tip. Postmaster is not doing business. Does not give MOs for states. Civilian Post Office only, or perhaps town Mayor. Have a drink with Reilly. Beer. Two of our men, anxious to go, give us half a bottle of wine. Leave. Go to town Mayor. Not in and does not deal in Money Orders. Try to buy matches. None in town. Buy chocolate. See jewelry stores which I would like to visit. Toys and souvenirs I would like to send to Leah and Cecilie. Pretty girls, grisettes. Out of town, meet Canadians to ask direction. we are undecided at crossroads. Take their advice. It proves to be wrong. Cut across fields of growing crops to right road. Meet Harry Schneider. Talk of last summer at Edgemere and boys. Home at 10. Sleep well. Very tired. Get a blank check from Harry, which may help me out of my difficulty. Tell Reilly my troubles in the course of my fight for exemption. No action of

any kind at the front, that can be heard by us. A letter from Leah written on the 6th, transferred to the company from Camp. I am sorry that I have started drinking again while away from her.

Fri. May 17, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Third platoon for police duty. Pick up a few papers and tin cans to be put on dump. Brush up gun. Loaf for a half hour. I would like to do something, but neither water nor pail are available. Out to meet members of SOS class. A short distance down road, front rank remains on road, rear rank goes into the woods. We have each a pair of field glasses. An exercise is arranged to have men on road do little things from under cover of a hedge, move about cautiously, etc., which must be observed by man watching through glasses from woods and vice versa. Very interesting. I am on road class. Our cover is a hedge, but background is a poor one. It is all open. Little growth behind. Our movements can be distinctly noted. Other class in woods has an excellent background to work against, with little cover in front. They are most effectively hidden. It is most difficult to discern their movements. As proved later when notes are compared, they noted down most of what we did, while nearly all their movements escaped our notice. Major comes up while we are sitting on road, Rather annoyed that we do not stand up at attention, until he is informed of the reason. Our company is shooting at a miniature range on other side of the road, in a hollow where horses come to water. Noise of first shots causes them to shy and stampede. We go from there further along the road into field where we were yesterday. Given a

lecture, a practical lesson on finding an object while blindfolded, going by sense of direction only. I am best in class, almost reaching man standing quietly in the middle of the field, whom it is our duty to find. The same thing is gone through in patrols of 6 men each from the kneeling position. Not so good at that. It is very hot. We have our blouses off. Drinking much water. Men have neglected to fill their bottles, borrow from each other. Soon all gone. A race among us, divided into two teams, to see which section can get gas masks on in shortest time. Company across road with OD shirts off doing bayonet work. They are hot. Back for mess. Mutton boiled, sauce, potato, bread, coffee. Write. Report for afternoon work at 1:30. We all go into woods and are told how to sketch positions. From where class was in morning we make a sketch of stretch of road where we were behind hedge. Do a good job. Finish ahead of others. Praised by Lieut. with a few exceptions. Asked If I would like to take up signalling. I am not anxious. An exercise which trains in art of coming up behind a man without being heard. One man in center blindfolded. We all advance upon him from a distance of 8 yds, try to touch him. Successful 2 out of 3. Notes on shooting with and care of our new rifle read to us by Lieut. Back at 4 by a new course. Very warm by the time we reach barn. Retreat soon after upon return. Supper. Belly beef, hard tack, rice and raisins. A letter from Lottie in which there are a few lines from Papa, first he has ever written to me. Write under a tree in field until 8:30. Shave to prepare for possible inspection in morning. Walk around looking for lemon candy to quench thirst. I have been drinking water all day. Listen to a few groups of men talking about Fritz. Sit down on tree stump and join in a discussion about politics back home. An English scout plane showing lights flying overhead. Soon a Fritz machine is heard. Hovers about for a

while. A battle begins, outcome not known. Three big bombs are dropped at one point. They shake the earth, rock barn, wake sleeping men. I jump up to see if I can make out anything going on above. It is too dark to see. Anti-air guns are trained on him from everywhere. Firing from streets and all vantage points with portable guns. A disturbance created for an hour. Appear to have driven enemy back. He returns judging from sound of renewed shelling in air. Townspeople frightened. Out of doors, gesticulating and talking. Our men in barnyard making too much noise to suit men in barn trying to sleep. A wordy war between the two factions. Silence and we all go to bed. For the rest of the night aeroplanes patrol in the air. Firing continues at intervals. Affair impresses me more as a Fourth of July celebration than anything else. I am anxious to see it from point where damage was done for effect it would have on me. Similarly unmoved in afternoon while sketching. Company firing from behind road which we are sketching, also our practicing on range in woods. Officers fear for our safety. Afraid we will be hit by stray shots. Rattle of bullets sound in our ears while we go on with our work, paying no attention to noise. We are perhaps under conditions nearer to being under fire than ever before. Badly bitten by insects in woods. Matches remain very scarce. We have permission in afternoon to go out without blouses. Also remove ammunition from belt to lighten load. Keep twenty rounds in case of emergency. Not noticed by Lieut. Severe punishment, penalty if caught.

Sat. May 18, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Breakfast, oatmeal, jam,

bread, coffee. At Reveille it is announced that Company will be ready at 6:50 for a hike to Mess kits and tent poles and pins will be taken. Kitchen follows with water carts. Machine gun and SOS schools do not go. I have lots of time to clean my gun for some practice shooting today at a range we will build in the woods for our own use. We assemble with picks and shovels and burlap. One company absent. Another late. They come up just as it has been decided to leave me behind to wait for them and march them down to where we will work. Go to woods. Halt in a spot not far distant from where we worked yesterday. Divided into two shifts by taking front rank, in which I am, for half an hour and then rear rank and so on. Nine men in shift, divided into three shifts. Get stakes out of a tree which someone chopped down yesterday, mark out our ditch and begin digging, after building up bit of fret work to retain dirt thrown up by us. Easy shoveling. Soft earth, yielding. Unaccustomed work for me. Perspire freely. Change shifts. Take a look around in forest. See strange things in the shape of insects. Black begins carving his name on the bark of a tree. I am moved to do likewise. My first offense. I begin with the idea of carving only my own initials, but as I work it occurs to me to let that aged tree know another secret in addition to the many that it already knows, that I love Leah and Cecilie. I am interrupted to take another hand at the digging. It is harder work now. A stratum of rock has been struck, which must first be loosened with the pick. We find soft earth again making it easier for the next and last relief. They finish as Lieut. comes up with burlap and wire to fix up five targets by cutting up into strips, making five holes in one and stretching it across two stakes. Tin is looked for and, when found, piece is rounded out and nailed to a forked twig and we are ready to shoot. I am well along with my

carving. Lt. and a man get into pit to work target and score. Three men are posted on road behind range to watch if any shots go over embankment at back of trench. Five men get ready to shoot, prone position. It must be spotted and shot at immediately. It may appear at another opening for other men or perhaps at my hole. Quick aiming necessary. I make four out of five shots. Resume carving, while balance of men shoot, unconcerned in what they are doing. I must give up my labours to return for mess. We are dismissed until Monday morning. Cheers. We expect a good dinner. Rations left behind for us are a disappointment. Canned bully beef, jelly, hard tack. Bread supply and coffee exhausted before we arrive. Coffee is being made. I would like a glass of milk instead, so I do not wait, but go in search of some. Get enough to satisfy, then take my water bottle and gas mask and go back into the heart of the woods to finish carving my initials. I am alone. I meet one of our men, but he goes on his way. Blade of my knife breaks while I carve Cecelia's initials. When I am finished, I sit down on tree stump to write a letter to Leah. One of the men, who was with us this morning, comes with a detachment of men and CPI from his company to shoot. They slight the range we had built in morning. Shoot on one made by themselves. I become drowsy and fall asleep. Awakened by the sound of thunder. A shower coming. I hurry back to billets. It begins to rain. I feel sorry for the men who are out with packs on hike. Lie in straw and write. Men come in at end of slight shower. They have been reviewed again by the English and spoken to by General. Not pleased with proceedings. Fall out for retreat. Mess. Cheese, jam, bread, coffee. Write again until dark. Slowly. Cannot concentrate. Take a walk around the house to get into the open, so that I can see the flashes of light coming from where the guns are roaring once more. A fairly

intensive defense. A few loud reports may be explosion of bombs dropped from planes. Only scouts up over us tonight. Go to bed at 10. Sleep well. Some extra straw softens my bed.

Sun. May 19, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:45. Reveille. 1st. Lieut. in command. Capt. has been promoted to assist Major. Announcement made that no one will be permitted to go to without a pass. I was anxious to go to buy some presents for Leah, Cecelia and Mama. I hate to ask Lt. for a pass. We are not better related than when at Camp. Other instructions about inspections during the week are given. Notice posted about show the Co. is giving at the Gas Field, Tuesday night. Breakfast. Rice, jam, bread, coffee. Air blankets. Wash and shave. Look about for a bucket in which to wash my clothes. All being used. Much in demand. Some of the men have gone to a stream down road past ranges, where they can wash clothes and bathe their feet. I lie on grass over Reilly's shelter tent half and write a check for Rachel to buy a bouquet for Leah with. Write a letter to Mama. Enclose a duplicate check with instructions to be used in event that other goes astray. Tiresome lying on my stomach. Change places to shady spot. Take a nap while I write. Stay there until Mess. I take my letters with me to Orderly Room. Ask Lt. to OK, explaining that it contains nothing of military value. He says to stay while he looks at it. He turns to last page, at once, and he puts his OK on it without reading contents. OK on envelope. I seal it and give it to Company Clerk. Wait under a tree until Mess is ready. It is an hour late, but worth waiting for. Act. Capt. is playing ball with the men. I lie in readiness to catch a ball

if one comes my way. None comes. He does not appear to notice me. Continues batting ball until it is lost. Dinner. Steak, onions, potatoes, bread, coffee. A good meal. Hot water to wash dishes too. Real comforts. Back for a little rest. Clean my gun. Lie down with Kronenberg in the shade without OD shirt or shoes or socks on, after having washed a suit of underwear, 2 prs. of socks, 2 towels, 2 hdkfs. I have paper and pencil with me. Also binoculars to look at scout planes which are up in numbers. I write a letter to Matt and one to Lou. Supper. Cheese, jam, bread, coffee, write. When it is dark Reilly proposes a walk. I consent. We get outside on road only a few paces from house, when a military policeman makes us return to quarters. Everybody off roads at 9:00. Sit down against a wall of barn outside and talk with Reilly of Staten Island. Moon is so bright that I can read a paper by light of it. Go to bed at 10. Artillery has been active major portion of day and since nightfall has doubled in intensity. Ground rocks from force of repeated shocks. I feel a little bit shaky from continued thunder of guns. As I lie down Reilly says he hears Boche planes. Strain my ears, but it seems like our own motors are heard. Nevertheless, I am frightened for the first time since coming to France. Lying on my back I think that if the plane, which hovers right over our barn flying low, apparently were to drop a bomb on us, there would be the end of me. I would not like to die like that. I cannot sleep for the thought of it and the persistent rattling of the artillery beyond. A big night's work out there. I count the wounded, see the dying and picture the misery of those at home. I lie awake for hours, sick with sorrow for Leah and with bitterness at myself for not having stayed on train when I was on my way home to see Leah and baby. From the sleepers at the left end of barn comes the sound of singing, faint at first, but swelling in volume as the sound goes on. A sweet

voice, weird, uncanny, under the circumstances. Men awake or have been awake for the same reason as I, laugh. A few minutes interval. He repeats his songs. Men begin to complain. To cap the climax, Tallon begins a song. A foolish, sloppy one. Shouts from everybody. Silence soon after except for the guns. Broken slumber for the rest of the night.

Mon. May 20, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Cecilie's pictures come to me.

Up at 6:00. Breakfast. Bacon, very salty, which is responsible for an all day thirst, bread, coffee. Air blankets, wash. Wait to be called by scouting party at 7:30. Lts. bring with them a great many instruments in which are compasses of every make. Into the woods where our open air class meets. Group ourselves around instructors. Shown methods of using and manner of using different kinds of compasses. Use of map making instruments explained. Shown how to draw maps for military purposes as distinguished from ordinary ones. Given a lesson in map reading, finding direction and given points by compass, both in day and night. Use of maps for direction. Lt. has very poor material to work with. Bark of a large tree is our blackboard, no resting board or thumbtacks for drawings and sketches. Scaling of maps, distances obtained by foot pacing. Each man's pace differs, we must have each member's pace measured for this purpose. Lt. goes back to town for a tape. Meanwhile we take readings with pneumatic compass. Returns with tape. Go to main road, pace off 400 yds. Length of stride is 67 and one half inches. Captain and Colonel's adjutant

come along to tell Lt. that he is wanted to meet an officer at 1 o'clock, at a distant crossroad, with two of his best scouts. I was hoping that I would be one of two selected. Broadhead and Sgt. Fisk asked to go. Disappointed. Left with one instructor. We take a compass reading for accuracy of two points in different directions. Then make a map of road we are on. Simple. Back for mess. Told we will be prepared to go out tonight at 9 for patrol work, for which we must all secure compasses, from our respective supply Sgts. Promised early dismissal in afternoon. Write on return to billets. Mess. Beef stew, hardtack, coffee. Take an hour's nap in a shady spot in field. Out at 1:30. Lt. takes us to field across the road from where we will work tonight to permit us to study the ground. Trial of 4 men patrolling so we can get an idea of nature of work. Dismissed after a half hour's rest while we ask questions. To report at 9:00 with full equipment. Ask supply Sgt. for compass. Mail is in. Corp. Haight finds 6 letters for me. I open first one on road. Lie in field to read remainder. In the second I find pictures of Cecelia, taken in three positions. Leah in bed, looking fine God bless her, holding baby, Mama in rocker with baby and baby alone. First is best. Cecelia's beauty shows to best advantage. I am very happy. Contented to see baby as though I had seen her in the flesh. All Leah's letters contain good news, Thank God. I kiss baby, Leah, Mama, innumerable times. At once write a letter to Leah. While I write a bird lights on tree above me and quite plainly says, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy". I tell Leah about it. Glad I am alone. Company returns. Retreat without me. An inspection of equipment and feet without me. Lt. excuses me. Move to position in hot sun out of way. Mess. Bread, jam, coffee. I get an early supper, before men. Finish letter. Write until 9:10. Sgt. brings me a compass. I show Cecelia's picture to those worthy of looking at

her. Formation at 9:19. Brilliant moon. I wonder how a scout can prevent being seen on such a night. When I arrive, Lts. are in estaminet bargaining with Madam for eggs and bread for sandwiches when we return. She has bread but not enough eggs. Get enough from neighbor to satisfy our needs. We explain we want sandwiches. I am called upon to interpret. Laughed at. A poor French student. Finally I understand lady has no fire to fry with. Try neighbor, another and another, but no one can accommodate us. Decide to cache supplies and pick up on our return trip. At field, divided into two parties. Object, learn what is the condition of enemy's wire, enemy patrols if any, etc. Conway, Himpler, Black go out. Another party around hedge. Three men on guard, observing, listening. I am second relief on latter. Patrol goes out in bright moonlight. An occasional flare far distant. They creep. After a few minutes I lose sight of them, after which I cannot see a soul in the No Man's Land, to my great surprise. Too much creaking and noisemaking equipment on us. I relieve guard. Look through glasses until my eyes are sore, but still have located no one. Occasionally imagine I have found them but I see only shadows. No sound. Lt. and next relief pass same as I. Exercise should be over at 11:30. It is later and no one returns. We go to look for them. A hard job finding them. When two parties assemble to compare notes, we find that no man saw enemy except on one occasion. A most interesting night's work. A hard one for men who have been patrolling. Caked with mud and wet through from dew. An occasional airplane overhead. Once think we hear a bomb explode. See a bright pilot light for planes. Very little artillery action at front. See a few flashes and rockets. Three of our scout party lost. Wait until they are found. In the interval we take a smoke and are taught how to locate the north star. March back to village, picking up bread and eggs on wayside

before I get to my billet. Kiss baby and undress. Get into bed without disturbing anyone, at 12:30. Get a good and well-deserved night's rest. Plan to find forget-me-nots to enclose in letter to Leah.

Tue. May 21, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Greeted by a birdie who sings "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy" as I step out of the barn door to go to breakfast.

Up at 6:00. Do not appear at Reveille. Breakfast. Rice, Bread, coffee. Hoping we do not have to appear at drill formation. We were not given any instructions for today when we were dismissed last night. I stick my head out of alleyway behind billet to see if men are assembling. Find 2 Companies' representatives already there. Prepare to go out. Rest of our men come up. Lt. inquires who can ride a horse. Picks Himpler from among volunteers. 2nd Lt. leads us off to where we patrolled last night. Has men who were out go over same ground again in same manner for purpose of discovering and correcting tactical errors if any. Black's patrol criticized for appearing on sky line in our movement. Lt. seems to be at a loss about what he shall give us next. Marches us up embankment, has us do close order drill, a procedure which arouses men to make audible complaints. Feel like a high school boy who is asked to spell cat. Gas mask drill. Awfully hot in respirators. One complaint made. Overheard by Lieut. who resents it very much. Man thinks we are being drilled too hard and to no purpose after the little sleep we had. He is given the option of discontinuing with the class. He stays. Zimmerman, amateur champ boxer from Ga., new man in place of

Broadhead. He gets into trouble because he cannot take work seriously. Glad when gas mask is put away. Go through field of tall clover, in which our shoes and leggings get very wet, to our classroom in the woods. We are all very tired, which by now is so evident that Lt. permits us to fall out for nearly an hour. I take a nap. He then gives us an exercise in patrolling, which we decide to take advantage of by loafing. I believe Lt. is aware of our decision too, giving us this work more to get us out of the way than for any other reason. Zimmerman's smile causes his dismissal. Lt. threatens to make a report on his misconduct. We are sent into the woods where we lie down into a little group shortly after our arrival. Lieut. seen approaching by our lookout, we separate and hide in twos until time to return. Officer comes up just as corporal is making up his report and sketching map. We all lie like the devil about what we have been doing. Get a rest from our arduous labors when we come back. Spend a half hour designating and shooting at targets on road from concealed positions. Back for Mess. Boiled beef, rice, coffee, vegetables. No bread or hardtack. Sleep for three quarters of an hour. Out without blouses. To English musketry range for practice with our rifles. Lie in a peculiar position. Our heads are pointed downhill. Too much strain on left elbow. Piece wobbles. Our work is dismal failure. Annoys young English Lieut. Up slope to take a lesson from Sgt. in Tommy's method of quick loading and firing. He has had four yrs. of it. Too much. A crack shot. A company of Scots going to hike. Back into billets. Boys have been paid. I go for mine. Get 61 Frs. Collect some debts owing me. Mess. Cheese, bully, jam, coffee, bread. I go to clover field where we were in forenoon to find some forget-me-nots which I want to enclose in my letter to Leah. I hurry back to be in time for show which we are giving tonight on Gas field. I

prepare to shave. My name is called, wanted by Company Clerk. Slip on a blouse. Wanted at Batt. Hdqrs. Report to Sgt. Major who wants instructions about additional work to be done on payrolls. It is now too late to go to show. Write. Get a bucket of water. On way, see Reilly being carried in roaring drunk, by two men. Many others in same condition. Brawls at every estaminet. Five or six men in my platoon are the worse for wear. Reilly is laid on grass. I shave, bathe my upper body, feet. Make bed. Undress Reilly after he has been carried to bed. Sit outside for a last smoke until it is dark. Helpless men are brought in. Go to bed. Reilly and the rest are all puking. My blankets are all full of puke. Clothes too. Rowdyism. Pulling of blankets begins. Smell too much also. I go outside on field with our blankets. Two Tommies come to warn us not to show lights. They expect Fritz tonight. Lie down in overcoat, blouse, one blanket to cover. Cold. Lt. comes at 11 to stop noise. At 12:30 Fritz comes. Antis and machine guns drive him off. An exciting battle. I see and hear well through entirety, bursting shells, searchlights, roads alive with men going to points of vantage. Quiet at 2:00. Driven in by cold at daybreak. Little artillery action. Much in air. A company of Scots pass through, back from Palestine.

Wed. May 22, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Gaps in the line. Many heads too big to carry. Breakfast by a new system. Each platoon draws rations to be distributed by Sgts. Dry rations for all day, wet as they are cooked. This morning, rice, bread, coffee. The men will drill for an hour, then go for a bath. At 7:30, we meet and are given instructions to pack. Full equipment.

Mess Sgt. refuses to give us rations. We report at meeting place. Hot as blazes. Limbers to carry extra blanket rolls and rations late in arriving. Our own Lt. induces Sgt. to give us some tea, tack, cheese and bully. Difficulty in obtaining water. The carts are empty and the supply they are just putting in has not yet been chlorinated. First aid man detailed to march with us induces water cart man to give us a pinch of brine to put into our bottles. Gillece has a bad hangover from last night. He fills his canteen with red wine. I am offered some, represented as fresh water. One mouthful is all I want. Two hours are consumed in arranging details and prevailing upon supply men to give us what we need. Off without blouses, two limbers trailing behind, at 11. An easy pace, but in the hot sun I perspire, so that sweat streams off my nose and gets into my eyes. Pack does not bother me much. Feet are in good condition. After an hour, 2 men, Gillece and Conway, feel the effects of yesterday's carousel. Fortunately, we are at our first resting place. The horses are fed. We fall out for more than an hour. Eat very little. Only a little bread, cheese and jam. A cemetery across the road from us. Only a few graves, one a pvt., who died on Christmas Day. Take a smoke and a nap. Off again for 50 minutes. Getting nearer to the guns. Our new home in sight. Men in camps about are on a battle discipline basis. Lines of communication and supply show the enormity of modern warfare. Halted while Lt. explains what we came here for and shows us area to be occupied by battalion when they come up. We must note position carefully, guide others later. Home not what I expected as yet. First of all we see a real trench. Beyond this is another. Between these, we will pitch our tents, cut wires to get in. Wait for wagons to come up, after we rid ourselves of pack and equipment. Pass supply and extra clothes to men on other side of trench and then distribute everything to

owners. Pair off tenting. Gillece falls to my lot as mate. He is a fine fellow, but not desirable today. Arrange our things in tent. Build a narrow ditch for drainage around our new home. Get wood for a fire, make a fireplace, dig a latrine. Camouflage tents and a shelter for supplies made from branches. Walk to main camp, a quarter mile, to wash and get water for coffee and to fill our bottles. Unexpectedly British have rations for us, too. A cook volunteers. He makes excellent coffee and a surprise dish with bully beef. Hashes it and fixes it with bacon, bread. Take off my shoes and socks to cool feet. I write till 8:30. Guard posted. Corp. and Sgt. will take their turn too. Lt. gathers us about him. Cautions us to wear respirators at all times and in event of attack to give alarm. To bed at 10:00. Too much noise to sleep. Gillece snores. Fritz is very active. Artillery is our next door neighbor now. Air skirmishes are frequent. One right over us at 8, and another at 1 o'clock. Machine guns and shells work so close to us, they can be distinctly heard to whistle a greeting to us. Shells go by us with a prolonged swish, until we can see them burst with a flash of fire in the distance. There is very little danger of an enemy attack in this area, except an occasional gas shell. It is not hidden from us that we are from now on responsible for a sector of the battle front, which we will defend in the event of a general retreat to our point. It no longer occurs to me to liken battle at night to a distant Fourth of July celebration. There are two of our men in billets about, who came in during the day. They have news that Al Ferguson died in base hospital and has already been buried. This is told to us at sundown. I cannot believe it. Interrupt Lt. with my exclamation of surprise. I mourn his loss. A sunny spirit. During the night the guard catches two porcupines, taking them prisoner via an old tin can. Note a large cemetery and feel less affected than when I

first saw one on way to Large number of men in quartermaster service seen, on road, and lorries. Softens my opinion of struggle somewhat. At least some will go back unharmed. Infantry men tell stories of hardship only.

Thu. May 23, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Another event in the life of a soldier has come to life and I have gone my way as prescribed in the IOR without mishap. I have slept in a tent and still survive. Only the back of my neck was a trifle cold. Noise unaccustomed to. An opportunity to put into practice a long cherished desire of mine. I wash my feet in the morning dew on the grass. Feels fine. Dry with a handkerchief. Towel is precious, difficult to wash. Assemble for report. Go to farm house to wash. Fill water bottle. English look at tub in which I have just bathed. "Only one" says he and proceeds to use it. Back for breakfast at 7:00. Judge distance by fact that we left at 6:15 and returns so late. No loafing while there. Breakfast. Good bacon, jelly, coffee. The boy's coffee goes to the right spot. They make it better than the accredited cooks. Lots of time to eat but an objection is that I cannot let feet hang. My stomach is all doubled up either creeping or crawling or sitting with no back support and outstretched legs. I think of building a bench. Clean my gun thoroughly. It has misted a little from the dew. Will occur every night I presume. Air blankets. Take a peek at porcupine. Himpler goes back to Company for information wanted by Lt. and to report. Remainder of men except sick and kitchen help go out with both Lieuts. to survey our sector of trenches. Leave blouses behind. Take guns which prove a nuisance. Jump over

trenches until I am sore in every limb. A bewildering maze of ditches some completed, others under construction by Chinese coolies. I have seen many coolies in France but I have yet to see one of them throw a shovelful of dirt. Study wiring systems, locations and designation of MG emplacements, dugouts, drains, CTs, etc. Every one of the ditches we see is dug with the precision and neatness of work done for exhibition. All very carefully studied out and ordered beforehand. Miles of them. It makes one dizzy to walk through them, following their many turns and deviations. A trip of 11 and one half miles over battalion sector takes 2 and one half hours to complete. We rest for a few minutes at end. Soon after leaving for the return trip Fritz sends over 1/2 dozen or so gas shells not a half mile from where we were. After a horse corral? With the aid of glasses, I believe we can see artillery. Hurry back. It looks like a shower or thunderstorm coming. Mess. Stew, bread, coffee. Very good. I vote to continue cooks in office. Rest. Write a letter to Leah about my new life. Nap while I await call to drill. None forthcoming until 3:00. Maley(?) awakes me telling me that Himpler has returned from Company Hdqrs. with confirmation of the news that Al Ferguson is dead. Anthrax, rarest of diseases is the cause. I had noticed swelling on neck and small pimple. Thought it was mumps. Capt. endeavoring to ship body home. Another casualty in company. Jim Hamilton, Corp. detailed to baths at hit by shell in arm and leg during an air raid in place last night. Enemy raises the devil by night in our Company billets too. Keeps every one alert and ready to move on. Gas masks worn at alert. Clears up sufficiently for us to go out for observation. Do not take blouses though needed. In open the wind blows over us till we are chill. Taking bearings. My job for which I volunteer is to pace along to find openings in

work location, and conditions, number of holes, etc. Lt. fussy. Most of the information I give him has been obtained with zealous fidelity to rule. It angers me that what he is doing takes so much of his attention that he cannot listen to me. We go back at 4:30. Write until mess, finishing Leah's letter. Supper. Marmalade, bread, cheese, coffee. Second helping of bread and cheese. Write until 9:00. Help Gillece to construct a bench of logs. He has put in some work on it. We chop down a tree of 6 in. diameter for crosspieces. I do so with a pang of remorse. It is very cold. Damp and misty. If idle and not moving it stings toes. Guard posted. Go to bed. Overcoat for bottom bedding. Sleep with blouse on. Shoulders and feet are cold. Remainder of body warm. Fritz has taken a vacation. During the day no activity noticeable. It is very quiet. Not many planes up. A few shots fired at long intervals. Restless during the night from cold and trouble with the blankets, which insist on moving. Listen intently for sound of German planes. A fascinating sport. I fall asleep. He comes at 4 o'clock. Goes away without doing any damage. Not a favorable night for doing any kind of work, except scouting and patrolling. I forget a duty to baby and Leah. In the morning I observe that settled on each leaf of the trees in forest is black dust. No coal in these parts. It must be powdered charcoal floating about in air and settling on objects about countryside. A sham battle is fought in our grounds by Tommy, which is more play than war. We indulge in the sport, and I have always laughed at one for lacking in seriousness.

Fri. May 24, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Lt. does us the honor. Bathe feet

in wet grass. Go for wash and to fill bottles. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. It begins to rain, a fine drizzle at first which grows in strength. Lt. gives us a little of long discarded physical exercises, the hardest ones in the book. They hurt my stomach and back. Lt. undetermined whether to take us out until he sees a party of English come up for shooting on the range. If they can, we can, so out we go. Try to hint loud enough for officer to hear that men from 1st Battalion are still in tents. Have not stirred out of them except for breakfast. Purpose is to reconnoiter wiring. I am given same stretch of wiring as yesterday. Conway to assist me. Our task shorter than that of balance of men. Therefore we will help cooks get water. Start for farmhouse. Rain grows stronger. It is pouring now. Fortunately we are protected by slickers. They are inefficient. No protection for knees. Hats a nuisance. Water trickling down my neck. No water to be had. Having two missions it is for us to decide which to finish first as being more important. We think water for coffee is more necessary. We wait in keepers lodge until it is possible to get water. I sit in a real chair sheltered from the rain and take a nap and a smoke. It is 10. Grow afraid of scolding from Lt. for laxity of duty. In spite of heavy rain we fill dixies and cans with water. Put three dixies on stick, a proceeding which proves ridiculous. Too heavy. I take one in each hand. Stopping frequently across long stretch of muddy pasture I manage to reach kitchen with them, but only after I have reached the opinion that I will never again be able to use my arms. Men are back in tents as we arrive, which is an example for us to do likewise without having covered our assignment at all. Try to dry and warm my clothes. Of no avail. Tent begins to leak badly in middle, on sides. It is very damp and cold in house. Change my socks and shoes for new ones, never worn. Nap as well as I can until mess time. A projected stew changed to

bully beef a la scout, coffee, bread, dates. It cannot be eaten outside. Both of us crowd into tent. Very uncomfortable while eating. Warmth of coffee helps me back to good humour and compensates for discomforts. I have managed to dry knees a little, standing by fire. Write a letter. It clears long enough to permit us to go to farmhouse, for lesson in compass readings and, map references, in a garret, by climbing a ladder and crawling through a hole in the wall, on a flooring of brick, without support underneath. Rocks dangerously. Not interested in lecture. I am out of circle and cannot hear well, because of hammering from below. It sounds like a stage being constructed. I would like to investigate. Get a chance to steal downstairs. Sure enough. The limber loads of property and a sign announcing a vaudeville. London Music Hall stars. Willy Reeve, Morton, 5 other 1st magnitude actors. A piano is there already. I must go. Supper. Beer stew, hardtacks, coffee, is delayed. Ready to go up to theatre. Lt. interrupts. Cooks want water. It must be had. We will get some, bring it back after the show. Very well. No admission fee is charged. Crowded house. Electric light, balcony, men on rafters. Whole company on stage, ensemble act. Strange how it resembles New York vaudeville. Dirty tired soldiers for audience. Straw hats, full dress suits, plug hats, canes, boutonniers, silks and satins, all immaculate on stage, small and crude. A good actor is good and can move by his art under any conditions. They are wonders. Such songs and monologues, dances. First enjoyable moment since I am in army. A symphony orchestra of 25 Men. In middle of second act, gallery caves in. Our boys are on it. Wood supports and beams give way. A great crash, much dust but show goes on. Everybody tumbles in a heap on straw underneath. Nobody hurt except a Tommy who has nose scratched. I stand on a piece of wreckage giving up my dixie for

Gillece to stand on and we enjoy show. Would have kicked myself had I not come. Back after performance with water. Cold. Would like a cup of tea. Some embers still in grate. Fill mess cups with water, boil, make tea. Divide with cooks who reward us with a piece of bread with jam. Clear. Go to bed at 10. Sleep well. No noise of battle to disturb me. It is much warmer. My new shoes are as wet as though I had filled them with water. An Englishman has been hovering about our camp for a long time. I am trying to find out why.

Sat. May 25, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Too late to go to farm house to wash. Use my canteen for washing and shaving. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Clean gun, anticipating inspection. Lt. divides us into two parties, one to dig and construct an observation post in woods, a wonderfully sheltered spot. Chinese about, cooking dinner. Boys parley with them. English are not very well liked. I go out over trench system again with Lts. We find many more miles of ditch, some uncharted. Must study all over again. New points of strategic importance. Puzzling in the extreme. Even Lts. staggered at times. Go over roads, through woods. Follow offshoots and CTs to get better idea of system. Use glasses at odd moments. From distance attempt to pick out our Post. Impossible. Can see no movement whatever at point approximately near our Post. Train glasses on object in different direction. Pick up something that appears to be a post of some kind. Make everybody curious to see my discovery. Many things suggested. We push forward later in its direction and find object to be latrine in woods at far end of our sector. Bombs burst not far from us. Lt. notices

English walking about in camp and roads wearing gas masks. It occurs to him to try it on us. Line up to put on and adjust. Start across trenches and field, over wire and bridges with gingerly steps. Can breathe fairly well in mine, but rubber binds so that my entire head hurts. I doubt if it is possible to wear for an hour at a time. A great relief for all of us when we are ordered to remove mask. Bathed in sweat and a welt on face where mask was. Pick up party in woods at work on observation post. Take tools with us. It looks like a half holiday. Dinner on arrival. Cooks' best efforts expended on it. Steak, mashed creamed potatoes, onions, bread, coffee. Rest until 2:00. Write. Intend to go to show. Lt announces names of men who will be permitted to go to Company Headquarters. Must not stay in or go to any other town. Forbidden, unless pass is obtained from Major. They will bring back mail and take letters for posting. I offer to buy a bottle of wine if eight letters are brought back for me. Since I have received mail on Tuesday, I do not expect any. Thought I was making a safe offer. Write until it is too late to go to matinee. Take a nap until supper time. I bag (big?) mess after I go for water to bathe and boil clothes in. On way I meet two company men who are quartered near farmhouse. They come back with me to visit. They are envious of us for being so well fed. Cheese, jam, bread, coffee. So much that I cannot eat it all. Finish changing clothing, put old clothing to soak and boil. Our English friend has been hanging about all day. His actions are very suspicious. Almost ready to start for evening show when Lt. suggests we try out our snipers' rifles. Clean bores and set up small targets in range. Dandy guns. All five pepper target. Most of men do well. More difficult targets to hit are suggested. A cartridge case upended in sand embankment. Difficult to see, same color as earth. A piece of white put behind it. One man

wastes five shots on it. Lt. takes four. I put a hole in it first try. Later other men make it three times out of five. Grows too dark for further shooting. Clean bores and put away guns. Suggest that we go to crest of the hill to watch big guns spit fire. A terrible bombardment has commenced. Far greater than any I have yet heard. A combat in the air. Locate source of firing by puff of smoke and flash of flame. Stay for a few minutes. Go back. Find boys have returned from town. Eleven letters for me. I must buy wine. Too late tonight but tomorrow will do. Set to reading them at once. I strain my eyes in the darkness. 8:30 before I give up my pleasant task. Eat a sandwich of cheese and bread left from supper. Disappointed that men have brought no chocolate with them. Remain awake. It is our tent's turn to do guard duty. I am first shift. No one goes to bed until late. Want to observe and listen to battle and noise prevents sleeping if they are so inclined. Lights are lit in two tents, which I must order put out. Lieut. gives orders for tomorrow. Colonel and Major expected to visit us. Will look over ground. On guard, I pace up and down a few times, then sit down on bench. It is a dark night. Hell is let loose. Flashes of light from cannon and rockets appear in bold relief against sky. It is a misty cold wind that blows. I am a bit nervous. Would very much like someone to talk to. Tired, too. Very watchful though danger a minimum probability. Firing is all from us, judging by the sound. Pass my post every fifteen minutes. Would like a bite to eat. KP gets up. I ask for bread. He tells me where to look. I find some marmalade, too, making noise getting to it. Wake Gillece at 11:55 to relieve me. Tell him of storehouse and turn in. I cannot sleep. Not on account of nerves or thoughts. It is the noise that disturbs me. It keeps up unabated all through night, A visit from Fritz at 4:00 AM.

Sun. May 26, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Wash. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Police around tent. Pick up white clothes and hide in bush. Cut fresh branches from bushes to camouflage tent. Put my house in order. Everything within folded in good order. Ready for Major and Colonel. Lts. have come back. They were up and out before 5. I stir a wash in can over hot fire till water boils. Sgt. Fisher picks me of all men to go out towards road to watch for Colonel's party. I demur, but finally I have to go. Take my post taking advantage of opportunity to read remainder of letters I received yesterday. Every one, thank God, contains good news. Leah and baby well. In a few minutes Lts. relieve me. I go on with my washing. Hot water too hot. Chat with boys on bench until it cools sufficiently. Cloudy till now. Sun steals out for a little while. Finish work. Take clothes to farm house to rinse in cold water. Bring back a can of water for Himpler. Hang clothes to dry. Carefully conceal white clothes in bushes. Work for day is done. I begin a letter to Leah. Write on bench for a time, then get into tent. Mess is ready at 12 sharp. Beef stew, hard tack, coffee. Lieut. comes back. Gives men who remained in camp yesterday permission to go to their company headquarters. I did not intend to go because I do not fancy long hike. Men start for town before I have my letter completed so when ready, I must go to town myself to mail letters. Start at two. Get whatever letters men have ready to mail. Follow same road used by us in coming in last Wednesday. Walk until I reach spot opposite cemetery where we stopped on Wednesday. I am on wrong road but I am not aware of it. while I rest seated on spreading trunk of tree, I write two pages of a letter to

Mama. Let a good opportunity to ride pass by. Walk on. Meet a Frenchman. Pass the time of day. He offers me a cigarette. Unusual generosity for a poor Frenchman. As a rule they ask for largesse. Cut short his voluble lamentations about devastation of la belle France. Go on until I see a signpost which assures me I am on the wrong road. I had suspected as much. Objects I pass are unfamiliar. Lose a half hour in retracing my footsteps. At right crossroads, a Canadian in a car halts to inquire direction to town he wishes to make. It is in my direction. He offers me a ride. We converse. He is from Missouri. Swap stories of experiences. Outside of my old billets door in a few minutes. Stop for ten minutes to finish conversation. Everybody at home. I am quite welcome. Finish Mama's letter after we have told each other news. Mess is ready. Still working by platoon system. A tin of bully beef to each two men, cheese, bread, onions fried, hard tack, coffee. Can get more if I wish. Borrowed mess kit. Go to orderly room. Meet other men in from school. Agree to meet on way back. Lt. Cook in orderly room. He limps. I ask him why. Sprained his ankle at front. Communicative. Buy chocolate. Meet Captain and Lt. First platoon in quarantine. Ginsberg is very ill. He is taken to hospital. Get tobacco ration. Deliver mail to Company F and H. Wait at crossroads for men going back. It develops they have made same mistake as I on trip in. I do not admit my guilt. I kid them. Start back at 7 on right road with three others. Rest at cemetery. From there we get a lift in a lorry to road leading to home. There are two roads. Gilard on post tells us the road to left is a short cut. We take it and as usual when following the advice of others we lose our way. See ammunition trains going up line. Anti-air gun in field with operator watching. Shell holes which seem to be lately made. Am a trifle nervous. Missiles are heard to whiz in the

distance. Find YMCA hut. Get paper and envelopes. Locate a shower bath. Ask our way. Am properly directed. Home shortly much relieved. Very tired from hike. Make bed. Poker game among boys does not interest. No news. Undress and go to bed. Fall asleep quickly and sleep fairly well in spite of noise of engagement. Today the guns have not been idle for a minute and at night a barrage is put over apparently by us, which is terrible to listen to. A constant rumbling, not as lead as isolated shots. It ceased for an hour during night, according to guard, but is renewed and kept up until morning. Airmen are up, but I am not aware of any casualties or engagements. One, I observe, pitches headlong to earth, or I thought he was winged, but he rights himself. Very cold and misty during the night but I sleep well in spite of it. Say my prayers with special fervor.

Mon. May 27, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Wash. Police up. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee, butter. Go out to work early. One party resumes work on OP. 1st Lt. takes a party out. I am with 2nd Lt. and Sgt. We look for a suitable field of fire for a machine gun. We must also find a good place for outpost and another point from which observation can be taken. A slowly moving job. Lt. wants suggestions from us. We are very ignorant of subject but we all make bold efforts to conceal it. In some cases, we are successful. I traverse woods a number of times during early forenoon to locate position. In the course of one trip, I find a pile of faggots among which I see one I would like to have for a stick. I will ape the fashion of the English, most of whom carry a stick. I whittle it and shave it of bark, while we are on our

survey. It develops I will need an aid to walking. Lt. has a passion this morning for walking over trench system again and taking bearings. Peculiar. In comparison to 1st Lt. he gives us not a minutes rest. We walk all morning. Finish up by going through woods again to check up a bearing. Come out at spot which to my mind is far from right, but apparently it is taken as exact. Machine guns firing in range makes Lt. fear for safety. We must go into woods again to CF in which to advance under cover. Mess. Beef stew, hard tack, coffee. As I am having my tin filled we hear a sound as of a rushing in air. A distinct whistle and rustling among the leaves. A second later a tremendous bang. The ground rocks. It seems to have passed directly over our heads and struck not far from us. I am frightened. This is Fritz's first whizz—bang. It suggests itself to me that Englishman whom we think is a spy has disclosed our position. He has not made an appearance today, which adds to my suspicions. Another one comes over before we finish mess. I lie down in tent to write no matter what happens. Some of the boys go to the end of enclosure to see what shell hit. Nothing to be seen but a cloud of dust or smoke quite a distance away. A company of Englishman manoeuvring in woods behind us. They are firing a trench mortar which with bombardment of usual intensity from front and Fritz's little reminder to us every ten minutes or so makes a fairly deafening racket. I try to form conjectures of the damage the shells are making, the loss of life which they are causing. I shudder. We lie around until 3:30. Informed that Battalion will inspect trenches tonight. They will camp out behind lines. Lt. takes a party to meet them and escort them to lines of defense allotted to the different companies. I go out with 2nd Lt. on a tour of observation. 3 posts established. We must imagine our men when they come, are the enemy, and observe and note their

movements. Also anything that takes place in meantime which would be of military importance. He tries to trick us but I catch him at it and record his movements. He is pleased at our acuteness. By six no enemy in numbers has appeared. He rounds us up and takes us in to supper. Post #2 has seen F. Company. Supper. Cheese, bread, jam, coffee. Time for another shell dropping party from the enemy. Soon 5E Company comes in. Our men return. A concert at farmhouse in pasture. Shelling begins again with same objective. Reports of casualties come in. Deaths in Anzac camp and along road. Apparently they are trying for RR behind road, and important line of communication. I wonder how our men are reconciled to being greeted thus for their first visit to the trenches. Our scouts report anxiety in camp. At dusk, an air raid on same objective. Frequent shelling and machine gun fire directed in air. Enemy also trying for 2 of our observation balloons. Barrage and intermittent shelling from our men in enemy direction. I go to bed at dark. Say a fervent prayer for protection of our men. At times it seems as if our camp is being hit. Lying in tent explosions from big shells are much louder than when I was up. They almost jolt me off ground. I cannot sleep in spite of fact I am tired. It is cold and frosty too. My shoulders and back will not stay warm. Every time I doze off a shell bursts with a sound sufficient to wake the dead. At about one a fierce battle is waged in the air. Machine guns shell and searchlights play. Three bombs are dropped. A big shell bursts at same time. A wild night. No sleep for me. Our guard loads and locks his piece. He is anxious for our safety. I shiver when I think that it is worse than this at the front tonight. It seems hardly possible, yet it must be so. I envy my tentmate who snores unconcernedly. What would Leah say if she knew.

Tue. May 28, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 5:30. Guard tells of hole made by bomb during last night's raid about 200 yds. back of last tent. Boys go up to inspect it and come back with souvenirs of steel fragments from it. I must shave and have no time to go up. Shave, wash, police. Breakfast. Bully beef, hashed, bread, coffee. Clean gun for a few minutes. Fritz disturbs our meal again by sending a few shells over. He seems to have shortened range. They sound nearer. Out early to meet company which has camped out overnight. We are to act as guides for them and lead them into trenches again for observation. On arrival we find camp already broken. They have made up their packs and are ready to move. I assume an attitude of importance. Greet boys. Ask them how they spent night. They all confess to having slept well. I am surprised. Attribute it to fact that they were very tired from day's hiking and activity at night, inspection of positions. Company starts. I lead 1st platoon into their position. I do not know anything of its location. I ask Maloy who was with them last. I try not to display my ignorance. Lts. and Sgt. assign to corporals responsibility for making various improvements on existing system by cutting new CT and establishing snipers and OP latrines, dugouts and other things necessary for comfort in trenches. I offer my suggestions and point out points of importance in their sector to Sgt. He takes little notice of me and goes on with his own plans. Nothing for me to do but to sit down and rest from my arduous labors. Shells are still coming over at ten minute intervals. Being in the open I cannot see where they strike. Observe effect through my glasses. Raise a great cloud of dust or smoke where they hit. Distance from us greater than I suspected. Watch air battles

directly over front line through glasses. Lt. steals upon me unawares. Says good morning and looks as though he expects me to be busy as a bee. I immediately make apologies for my lack of work. At 9:45 company is ready to leave trenches. I follow without knowledge of what is to follow. Still I cannot find anything to do. We merely walk at head of column and look wise. Officers know way as well as we. Company rests until ten. So do we. Company leaves. We remain. No orders for us. Our Lts. not about. Find a canteen. Buy chocolate. Strike for home in a roundabout way at a slow pace. Back at 11. Rest until dinner time. Lt. informs us we bathe at 4. Do not go out. 2nd Lt., a Sgt., a Corp., and a Pvt. are ordered to Brigade Hdqrs. I help Lt. pack up. Mess. Steak, onions, boiled potatoes, bread, coffee. Excellent. 1st Lt. goes to town, leaving corporal in charge. I write all afternoon. A letter to Bertha, Dolly, Ma and Pa Block, Leah. At 4 we assemble and march to 1st Battalion Scouts quarters to join them. They are not ready to go. Wait until 5 picking 4 leaf clovers in the meantime. Find one and lose it later. Lt. comes up. I was lying down and did not notice he was an officer. Speak to him as I would to a private. Nothing said. I am ashamed of conduct. Column moves off. Fritz sends a few pills that sound nearer still. We take a road different from one which leads to baths I noticed on Sunday, about which I informed Lt. On the road I hear whistle of shell. Unconsciously duck my head as if that would save me from hurt if it strikes near. See a few old holes. Observation planes and balloons up. Baths are in English camp at Same as those near our old billet. Disappointed. Meet Kronenberg in town. Bath attendant knows nothing of arrangements to have us bathe. No orders. We may wait till seven if we wish or come back to-morrow. Decide to come back to-morrow. Boys stay in town a bit to see if drink can be obtained. I go

back to camp alone after I give Gillece the bottle of wine I owe. Tired from the tramp by the time I get back. The band is playing in a field for a Co. of Tommies who go up the line. Play for an hour or more. I get my supper. Bread, cheese, jam, coffee. Write until 8:30. Make bed, hand my letters to Lt. for censoring. He has just come back. Tells us of damage done by shelling on road and numbers of casualties. Warns us to keep away. I go up to examine hole made by bomb. Look for scrap. A hole 2 ft. deep and 6 ft. wide, earth thrown up all around it. Go to bed at dark. Talk for a while with Gillece. I am very sleepy. Expect to get a good night's sleep because it is quiet. Doomed to be disturbed once more. A party of our men at school getting instructions in sending up flares and wiring at night. Noise and bright light keep me awake. It also attracts German airmen almost immediately. Excited commands to stop sending up flares but too late. Enemy over us. A prolonged battle to drive them away, shelling him from wood behind us sounds almost in my ear. A few reports from the line. I can kiss my night's rest goodbye, I think. But I am so tired I fall asleep in spite of it all. Sleep better than at any time since arrival. Turn over two or three times during night to find comfort and keep warm but doze off again. A company of Scots have been at a sham battle in woods, bushes and pasture all day. They use a number of smoke bombs which from distance where we were this morning appear to be gas shells. We carry masks at alert, ready for any emergency. Feel a sense of comfort after I write to Mother-in-law and sisters. An obligation I owe them for their kindness to Leah. On the whole the day's martial activity has been negligible. Very quiet. An unusually easy day as far as work is concerned too. I prefer school to drill.

Wed. May 29, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

*Look for and find a fragment of bomb
in hole 200 yds. south of camp. A
jagged piece of steel, which means
instant death if struck by it.*

Up at 6:00. Frost on our tent. Wash. Police. Air blankets. A few shells dropped by enemy at same points. He saves them for our amusement at meal times. Breakfast. Bacon, coffee, bread. Rest for an hour, in which I read last letters from Leah over again. Looks for a time as if we were not going out. This is rapidly becoming a lazy man's haven. Reason, and I will go for water. Our party goes with Lt. We will meet up with them when finished with detail. Another party is to finish up work on observation post. Go about our work very leisurely. Read bulletins of war progress at divisional headquarters. It begins to look like rain. Take in blankets and set out to find Lt. and his class, carrying our slickers. See him just as he moves on over trenches. Leads us a merry dance around ditches and wires until we catch up with him. They are doing nothing in particular. Going over lines, Examining wires for openings. Sets out for a stone pile across the road, once a windmill blown up by English for obstructing field of fire. Take another look at F Company line. Told to take especial note of it. See a party of men looking at trench system through our glasses. Try to locate our OP. I find it in a few minutes. Head towards it to ascertain progress of working party there. Through glasses we take a look at officers in trench. They are all US men. Wade takes my glasses and recognizes about a dozen of them. Later they come out to road going towards us. We find that all of them but our Major are strangers.

Go back to house. Nothing to do till mess, so I take a nap. Kaiser adds a touch of spice to our meal as he has done now for the last few days. Stew, hard tack, coffee. I ask Lt. if we go for bath. It depends on whether other battalion scouts go. Sends me to inquire. Find no arrangements to bathe have been made, because we would be needed to escort battalion to trenches when they arrive late afternoon. Boys grumble. Prospects of much needed bath and an afternoon's rest from work are shattered. Take another nap until 2. A task found for us. We go to trench on hill crest south of camp to observe movements of Lt. and two men with him in trench to the north, about 300 yds. distant. I observe, Gillice records. Observation difficult on account of clouds from smoke bombs Englishmen have thrown in pasture for practice. Scotsmen rather, who have been at sham battle all day. A small field of vision with glasses and a large sector to observe make it difficult to spot movement. We know something is going on all the time but cannot locate or detect men. I look for a half hour during which time I note only one movement. Pass glasses to Gillice. He does not do much better. In all when called to assemble only 5 observations were taken. One man only, who had a telescope noted nearly all that went on. Lt. looks over reports. Quite satisfied with our work. Tells us to prepare for a night class to assemble at 8:30. Purpose to get location of points in our trench system by night. Write until supper time. Mess. Cheese, bread, jam, coffee. I am becoming tired of the sameness of that diet. Take another nap. Third during day. Two observation balloons up southwest. They are the target for countless German shells. Our planes over lines are having an interesting time dodging shells and machine gun fire in attempts to cross line. Spend an hour or more observing action through glasses. Enemy still trying for RR and road to north. Class

assembled. Lt. grows impatient waiting for darkness to fall. It is chill. Suggests we take our overcoats. He has his on. Rather than disturb our bedpack, we do without. Wear steel helmets, have cap underneath to keep my head warm. I remembered last experience with helmets when my head was cold. we all carry sticks. Play tunes with them on helmet of leading man as we go to the other side of woods through path. On arrival it is too light to send out parties. Wait 15 minutes at G. Company's dugouts. Talk to Australians at work thereon. Big action on ahead of us. Shells whiz all around us and cause Lt. to change plans. Had intended to send party out to stone pile, but is afraid to let men stray too far from him, so as to be near in case of accident. I am asked to lead two men to F. Co. by shortest route, I strike out in full confidence, though I am not very familiar with location, and reach objective without least difficulty. Stay down in trench for warmth. Look ahead over parapet. Flashes of red from guns as far East and West as the eye can see. Boom, boom, boom. Whiz, whiz, whiz until I am sickened by the cruelty of it. How can men inflict such misery and suffering on each other. At every report from the larger guns, I stand with bated breath waiting for the explosion of the shell. I imagine the toll of injury and death it takes. The cost of it. The futility of it. The war will never be won on the field of battle. Why not end it all and spare men and women. Flares, signal lights, machine guns. Almost all the machinery of war exposed to our view. I fail to see grandeur or glory in it. Airplanes over us traveling with lights. Look like moving stars. There is an example of greatness of man but it is being degraded by use to which these machines are put. Whistle for assembly blows at 10:15. Lt. comes up. Parties come together, all but one. We wait and scout for them. After 15 minutes conclude that they have gone back to dugout.

Make our way to it in silence intending to steal upon them unawares. They are ignorant of our approach. They are scolded for poor work. All go back through path in woods, over wire and trenches in darkness. Difficult to see man ahead. Millions of stars, beautiful sight but no moon to be seen. Chilled on arrival at camp. I eat an onion for warmth. Searchlights and guns play into the sky trying to find German plane above us. I am afraid they will keep me awake again tonight. A shell or bomb drops in the woods behind us, so close that it makes me hot all over. A few more play on road and then I fall asleep for the first time, enjoying an unbroken night's rest despite the din.

Thu. May 30, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

*Made a First Class Private. \$3.60
increase in pay, taking effect as of May
28.*

Up at 6:00. Wash. Police. Air blankets. Breakfast. Bacon, coffee, bread. Nothing to do but sleep. I am pleased with last night's performance and would like more of it evidently. A shell in wood as near as night before. Shells aimed at road are not doing much execution. They make little report, landing in sand to south. Sleep till nine o'clock. Then sent with Black and 3 others to take bearings on five points from northwest of clump of woods. My morning's work consists of pacing off distance to two points. Miserably lazy. Lie down on the grass and ask the daisies a question which they answer to my satisfaction. The Company has come up to spend the day and night along their sector. Whole battalion out. All officers. They are having even less of a holiday than we. I feel

sorry for them. On way a shell hits fifteen minutes before their arrival at a spot 50 yds. from them on road. Bring me news that I have been made First Class Private along with all the men in Scout School. Of my regular squad 5 have been promoted to 1st Class. Payroll will be signed here today. Cpls. Rist, Childs and Ostlieb in hospital. Cpl. Freese sick. Sgt. Kaplan missing three days now, overdue in returning from the front where he has gone to observe. The men are spreading a rumor that we will go with Pershing to Italy. They were very unwilling and mutinous on way here. Protest against little rest given them. Heavy packs tire them. All equipment with them, overcoats in pack too. No use hanging around company. We are not needed. Go back through path in woods. Meet Lt. and follow him for a while, but he sends us back, having nothing for us to do. Lie down on blankets outside of tent and fall asleep in hot sun thinking of past Decoration Days spent with Leah. Awakened by Mess Call. A bomb-shell in camp. Lt. Kidde brings a memorandum containing very bad news. School will be discontinued after tomorrow. We will go back to billets with Company. It will kill us to carry a pack after nine days' rest. From happiness to gloom, a sudden transition. Appetite for a good dinner of stew, tack and coffee, lost. Nobody goes for seconds. Feed a few visitors instead. Our English porter not in sight. Telephone wires being strung across pasture north to south. No work. Lt. ascertains that we cannot get a regular bath, so we all get a bucket of water at farmhouse. Boys bathe in the open as well as possible under the circumstances. Scots manoeuvring to-day. All are jealous and express admiration for our tents. Go up to company to sign payroll. We find them digging a CT, sweating and swearing. We crow. Deem it wise not to stay after ascertaining that payroll has not yet been brought up. Lt. in charge of Company goes off

into woods. We follow him and inquire when we may expect to sign roll. Tonight at 6:00. Back in tent. Write a ten page letter to Leah without interruption, except to look at skirmishes in air. Many observation balloons are up. Supper a howling success. More than we can eat. Using up surplus rations. Rice, two helpings, 3 if wanted, cheese, bread, dates, coffee. Englishman comes. Feed him too. He is saddened by news that we move. Go up to company again. Payroll not yet come. Meet boys. Talk to them. Tenting north of lines. Buy chocolate from them which has advanced in price from 1 Fr. in morning to 1 1/2 now. So we force up prices where ever we go. Excuse offered by canteens, we get good pay. Wait until eight. Decide to go back. Almost to entrance to pasture. Meet Corporal Haight on bicycle with payroll. Go back after directing him to Company Camp. He has been looking for us for an hour. See first fish life since I am in France in a pool by roadside. Frogs, tadpoles, minnows. Shells whistling overhead. Not causing much damage where they strike. Sign payroll as 1st Class Pvt. Back to camp. Write until too dark to see. Go to bed in comparative quiet. Air is deserted. Talk to Gillece for a long time until I remind him he must go on guard soon. Sleep well until 2. Awakened by Gillece to do guard duty until 4. Have a sandwich of cheese and bread left from supper. Ask if anything of importance has occurred. It has been very quiet. Day just breaking at 2:30. A signal for activity on part of Fritz. He sends five pills over to road. He is a most perseverent devil intent on hitting his objective. Rather difficult from distance estimated at 12 miles to strike such a small target. I lie in tent for half an hour before going on duty. Get some dates. Make a few rounds of post. Stir up campfire to get a coal to light my pipe with. Go back to tent. I hear a German airman over us. Wait for our guns to open fire on him. He is not discovered. I

remain in tent until he drops three bombs to east of Farm House. Goes west and drops another somewhere near our Company Camp. Gets away without a shot being fired at him. Daylight now. Make a good fire. Wake Conway to relieve me. Finish my pipe. Go to sleep. Wade has been to town in forenoon to deliver mail. As he gets to road, a shell bursts near him. Throws up a column of earth, 25 feet into air. Spatters a nearby working party with mud. He falls off bicycle into wheat in field. Nothing done by way of damage. Wade none the worse for his experience. Says he laughed so hard at other men that he fell off cycle. We all dread tomorrow. In the early evening, I pick up another fragment from bomb dropped behind our camp. 10x3x1/2 inches. A cruel death-dealing missile. Days and boys milk cows in the pasture to obtain milk for our rice. A threatened thrashing from the farmer the result.

Fri. May 31, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Wash. Police. Men must go out early to lead company over ground, therefore we eat early. Bacon, bread, coffee. For desert a few shells are sent over by Fritz. He is using poor ammunition. 6 or 7 do not explode. I expect to go out along with the boys. Surprised. Lt. reads names of men wanted. Same as those used when last Cos. were here. Nothing for me to do but loaf, as Griffiths goes away too. Ditches dug by us, to drain in case of rain, must be filled in. After this what? A great shame that this should have to end. I have become attached to mode of living and more particularly like to stay, account of superiority of rations. Of those who stay in camp, 4 play poker, and I write in my tent lying on my side till it aches, and the rest

haggle over the water question. Who is to go? To rid myself of kinks, I volunteer to go for as much as I can carry. Gillece likewise. We go to farmhouse. Fill dixie and can. A shell comes out of the sky without any warning at all. Sounds as though it would end all in the farmyard. It falls very close at hand, behind hedge, in open. No one hurt. I go out to gate to look. Meet Major and General strolling into Division Hdqrs. I wait their disappearance before I begin my investigation. Reassured that no one is skyward, we fill canteens and dioxies. Remove masks, which we have been wearing since starting for water. It so happens Lt. comes back just as I was ready to leave with an order that masks must be worn half hour in afternoon every day. It is rather inconvenient, I venture to say. So much the better. We must become accustomed to inconvenience. Wear them half way back. Englishman tells us they must be taken off. Another shell lands close to us before dust from the first one has chance to settle. I run to trench in a hedge to wait for the next one, determined to be an eyewitness to the damage it would cause. Enemy must be aware of my purpose. He does not wish to entertain me. Must go back to prosaic task of taking down tent and putting surplus in blanket roll. Mine is mostly surplus. I notice others who have mostly surplus. A few carry their shoes, slickers, underwear, etc. I reason, if limber will carry overcoats and blankets, slickers, shoes, then a great many other things can go along just as well. Finish in time to lean against my pack for a back rest, when eating lunch. Steak, fried onions, fried potatoes, prunes, coffee, bread. More was advertised, but there were no takers. Englishman visits us to get what he can by way of farewell. We find some members of a wiring school in front of our tent. They are as ambitious as we are. No cause to be, for they do not go home yet. Officer with them thirsty, asks me for a drink.

Write. Lt. goes away for a few minutes, summoned by Major. Limber comes. Put on blankets and surplus rations. Lie down to rid myself of a feeling of heaviness in the region of the stomach. Were it not for that, I would not have been able to walk. It is caused by drinking water when we have a greasy meal. I have still an hour before detachment goes back to companies. Nap. Company of Scotsman playing at war again. We are off at 3:30. Supposed to be wearing masks till 3:30, so Lt. takes us into shade of path till then for greater comfort. Company not ready yet. They are making up a pack entirely different from usual. I have a white bag strapped on back, such as no other man in company has. It can be noticed at once. Decide not to say anything. Lots of officers gravitate about it. I have a valid excuse to offer if I am called upon. I have been to school. The usual changing of fashions by adjutant. I account satisfactorily for the bag when I am asked by Lieut. Four o'clock starting time approaches and style correct or incorrect we must start. Platoon turned so that little men lead. A good idea. Going very slow. Hot. Fall out for rest after 35 minutes. Lie on road. English officer in car stops to inspect packs. Pass a shell hole, one of those which has been meant for RR near, our second resting place. A shell whistles directly over our heads, but buries itself in the ground, without doing any damage whatever. Had this one exploded, there would have been some casualties among our men, close to road as they were. Staying power exceeds my expectations. Of course, I have a shorter pack than they, but I have not had any training lately. Airplanes scout overhead. Fall out again in a tall clover field. Very cool and refreshing. Back in our old billets a half hour later. A big surprise to me to see us disband and dismissed without any formal ceremony. We walk into our quarters any fashion, though back to original mode of living. I vastly prefer

tenting in open. Off pack, bathe in water from canteen at once. Cooled off. Go to orderly room for mail. To be distributed later. Supper. Cheese, bread, jam, coffee. Distributed by our Sgts. Bad system. Not enough to eat after long hike. Stay to listen to Sgt. Lemmon tell of experiences in front line. Marvel at the system that makes a man like him Sgt. Shave. Wallent brings in the mail. Four letters from Leah, one from Sam Friedman. He has a soft berth in France with Pershing. Read letters. Saddened at the news that a misunderstanding exists between Mama and Leah about baby. Clean gun to be ready for Saturday inspection. I expect to drill with company tomorrow. With that in mind, take especial care to have clean gun and bayonet. Even polish up my uniform. Go down to get my blanket roll. Brought on limber and is somewhere near horse corral. I find it with a little difficulty and bring it back to billets. Open pack and roll and put away things as best as possible. Reilly makes bed. I am afraid that we will get little sleep account no straw on ground. Reilly is lazy. Should have been down long before this. Kronenberg gives me an orange. Notable for being the first orange I have tasted in 2 months. Bathe my feet in cold water. Go to bed as soon as conversation with rumormongers permits. There is no sleep in store for me. My eyes close against my will. But hard floor and noise of drunken Fallace and half-witted Mario discussing each others merits, a combination that absolutely prevents sleep. Nothing of note comes to my knowledge from our front. Condition remains same after a day of partial rest. Following rumored destination when next we move, for which we are once more all together. Phillipines, Panama Canal, Italy with Pershing.

Sat. Jun. 1, 1918

Weather: Fine, warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Assemble for Reveille. Back with the old gang after a nine days absence from formation. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee in small quantity. Many apparent differences between the men here and in our own exclusive camp on the farm. I have no orders other than to prepare for inspection with the platoon. I go about my work in a half martial manner, little pleased at the prospect of going out to drill after such a poor night's rest as I have had. I will have to break in all over again. In the midst of preparations, bugler sent to tell me I am wanted in Orderly Room. There I am told to report to Batt. Hdqrs. to work an payroll. As soon as Co. Clerk has finished, I find there is still considerable work to be done by him on it. Sit in a cart and begin a letter to Etta..... I owe her a line and am ashamed for having make her apologies for my neglect. It is not going well. My eyes want to shut in spite of me. When rolls are ready, I go to Hdqrs. Find Fox, my partner, has just arrived and is asking instructions from Sgt. Major. Lt. in charge of supply wishes work done under his personal supervision. We find a table to work on. Lt. moves about in camp by telling us rolls must be finished and ready for payment by the 3rd, which is Mon. This means that we will have to work all of today and tomorrow. No holiday in prospect of writing letter to Leah or Mama. Fox wants to quit the job. I say "yes sir" with as much grace as I can muster. I cannot ascertain just how much work Lt. wants us to put in on it, but appears he wants us to take up some of the duties attended to by Co. Clerks last month. He takes me for an authority on the subject of payrolls, which pleases me and acts as a balance for my hurt feelings on learning that I will have no holiday. He leaves us to

ourselves. My eyes are just as sleepy as ever, my work is not being done properly. Sheets are full of erasures. Gas Lt. comes in and scolds for not working with our masks on. I have not mine with me, nor has Fox. A respite to go for them, which will take as long as the period for wearing them lasts. Stop with Corp. Haight to point out a few errors in his roll. Go to billet. No one there. I am hungry. Take some jam and hard tack. Get my respirator and report back to Hdqrs. Another half hour sees me on my way back for lunch. Very little of it. Bully beef stew, bread, coffee. I am shown no consideration in spite of detail and must wait my turn on line. Lie down in grass for a nap till 1:30. On way to office meet Jacobsen, who tells me he has a letter from his sister, which mentions Leah and baby. He cannot find it after a search through his pockets. I promise to look him up tonight. Work lazily till time for another half hour period wearing masks. I hear that Sgt. Major is cautioned for neglecting to wear his, so I sling mine to be ready if officer comes, but shut door and do not wear it, until I hear footsteps near door. On it goes for 5 minutes. Period over. Work until 5, getting along quickly. I am further advanced than Fox. Do sums mentally. They are so simple which he ponders with paper and pencil. Perhaps I will have time to write. Supper, cheese, bread, jam, coffee. Hungry. Write in field leaning against tree in great discomfort. I am forcing myself to stay awake. When I have finished, I continue my letter to Etta but I must give it up, when darkness overtakes me. I have only added a few lines to it, which do not please me. Make my bed with Reilly. It seems a little softer than yesterday. I cannot find my overcoat, so I take Leonard's for a pullover. My object is to fall asleep before Fallace, Beger, and their gang come in and keep me from falling asleep by their drunken brawling. Officers are working an a new personnel of squads and platoons. There is a probability

that I will be transferred to another platoon, but it is not definite enough to please me. I want to get out. Lie down and fall asleep, almost at once, and enjoy a good night's rest. There has been shelling of some towns and railroad head, as all week. We can hear it from here almost as well as from farm. Air activity nothing to note. Rumors of approaching movement of company still going the rounds, with a little mere authority, as coming from Sgts. A newspaper report of a great victory is also peddled about. From nearer sound of guns, it has some credence with me. Bland and Wezerick in hospital. Tallen is in hospital too. An epidemic of grip apparently.

Sun. Jun. 2, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

BABY two months old today. May God spare her for us and keep her and Leah in good health.

Up at 6:45. Have had a good night's rest. Feel much refreshed. Wash. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. A poor meal. System of feeding by platoon not a success, in our platoon at least. Non-coms get their bellies full but privates go hungry. If a man asks for more to eat or attempts to get any by deceit, he is abused and sworn at, sometimes for the same thing that the non-coms do. I write a letter to Sam Friedman, before I go to work, all but a few lines. In office before Fox arrives. Manage to make good progress. Keep well ahead of Fox at all times, arranging so I can write a few letters in afternoon. Many officers in during forenoon. Gas Lt. Beers among them but seems to have forgotten about general orders about wearing gas masks. 10 and 10:30 comes and goes without mention of hateful

task being made. Finish all but E. Co. roll before leaving for lunch. Hard tack, bully beef stew, lime juice, a new thing on the bill of fare. It is a good cooling drink. Finish letter to Sam and write to Mama while I rest after lunch. Back to office at 1:30. Supply Sgt. Morten busy compiling statement of rations on hand for Lt. in charge. There is something in it which puzzles him greatly. We are not very welcome. Rather than disturb him I think it advisable to go outside to do my work. I could do very little upstairs under the circumstances because he is tearing his hair and swearing like a trooper. Sit on stone steps at entrance to Hdqrs. in hot sun. I take off my hat to get the full benefit of it. Fox complains but stays like an obedient lad until I find it entirely too hot for comfort. Look about for a shady spot. Find one, though no comfortable spot to sit down. Try it for a few minutes. Both of us complain. Fox goes upstairs to ascertain if Sgt. has finished his work. We have the room to ourselves. They have gone. Write a new letter to Etta. Borrowed paper. A small item to crow about, but even a piece of paper has high value here and if I can save a sheet out of my own stock, I feel as if I have done something to be proud of. How easily a man becomes small. Write to Leah. Fox has caught up with me. It is necessary to go on with my work. Stay with it until 5 o'clock. Get to billets in time for mess. Cheese, jam, bread, coffee. Told that I have been assigned to corporal Rist's squadron 1st platoon. Glad that I have finally been taken out of the 3rd, composed mostly of rowdies. What is more, it has always been my wish to someday belong to the 1st, a nicer, more intellectual set of boys. It is perhaps well to move to the area they occupy. Since they have been in quarantine on account of Al Ferguson's case of anthrax, they have pitched tents in the field. I would much prefer to tent. Sgt. Greenstein sends for me. Tells me that he would like to have me attend to whatever

sketches it will be necessary to make when out on work which requires it. I consent gladly. Chat with him for a few minutes. Cpl. Haight comes along. Tells me with a tone of finality that Co. goes into action Saturday morning. Says that he will go with company instead of doing office work. He is elated at the prospect of going into action. I become very much excited. Ask Sgt. if anyone in his platoon is looking for a bunkie. Find that Reagan is without a partner. Agree to come down about nine and pitch a tent with him. To hide my feelings I do not stay to hear more from Haight. Much disappointed that what I most dread (the probability of being in trenches on my wedding anniversary) seems about to be realised. I summon my courage to the task of finishing Leah's letter. Try very hard not to let letter betray anything of what I feel. It has been a cheerful letter up to this point. I succeed fairly well in finishing it in the same strain as it began. Spend another half hour writing. Then get together my belongings. A difficult job to find it all. During excitement of yesterday's expected inspection of billets most of my things have been thrown about or hidden. Reilly aids me and promises to carry some of my load to new quarters. Blankets and wearing apparel, pack carrier, gun, steel helmet on head, I move out. No parting formalities. Do not owe anybody a word of thanks. Reilly carries, shoes, shelter half, mess kit and a few other small articles. He turns me over to Reagan with a recommendation for sobriety and good habits. Almost dark. Reagan busy. Lie down until he is ready to get down to pitching our tent. Dougherty, next tent, is telling men of our coming movements, in particulars similar to what I have been told by Haight. I do not corroborate nor deny what he tells. Put up our tent. Chat with Reagan and Dougherty for half an hour after. Turn in with intentions of going to sleep at once. Reagan has a bad headache, which does not permit

him to sleep. Therefore he keeps me awake for almost two hours talking on general topics. I make mention of what I have been told concerning coming movement. He is dumbfounded. Remains silent almost long enough for me to fall asleep. Recovers his speech again. I have to bid him goodnight. Sleep well. I dream of him and a Kosher meat butcher. I have been too busy to know what has been going on during the day. I do not remember hearing the report of a single gun and as for airplanes, I cannot recall seeing or hearing any except one which hovers over us at night while we talk in our tent. It is quite cold and damp. Have a little difficulty with blankets. My few spare minutes during the day taken up exclusively with thoughts of Cecilie and Leah. It occurs to me to caution Leah to take good care of baby during the hot summer months to come. I am a bit worried by thoughts of how periods of heat effect babies.

Mon. Jun. 3, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Struggle into line at Reveille. CO sees me but does not look long enough to inspire him to penalize me. Realises I am not expected to be prompt, having worked all day yesterday. Breakfast will be taken with old platoon. So will rest of day's meals. Rice, bread, coffee. Suggest that since I returned, meals are not as advertised. Perhaps I mm a jinx. Told by Haight that SOS class will assemble at usual place at 7:30. Inform the boys. I will be excused for duty at Batt. Hdqrs. Lieut. complains that good men are taken away from his. I wonder does he include me? In office at 7:30. Fox comes later. Almost finished with counting individual sums. Next task is to total columns and verify addition and strike grand total. Lt. in early, apparently

pleased with progress we have made. Gives no instructions to convert into francs, making extensions for each item. That lengthens the job considerably. I had counted on completing original share of the work early in afternoon, perhaps doing much needed washing and then going to town to buy a wedding ring for myself and a few toys for baby, with a souvenir for Leah. Will take a chance on being turned back for lack of pass. Gas Lt. about, warned by Sgt. Major to put on mask for usual half hour period. I cannot work comfortably in it. Rather than inconvenience myself, I shut door and listen for footsteps on the stairs. Work till 12. Lt., second in command at SOS school, comes to ask about his pay. He is a peculiar man. Appears not to know me. A good mess, yet not up to standard of camp on farm. Boiled beef, potatoes, boiled onions, bread, coffee. Report to office immediately after. On homestretch now. Work is being held up by me. I am not able to add a single column of figures correctly. Fox, whom I have always excelled, is in good form fortunately, for the success of assignment, but cruel to my feelings. I am annoyed at this in spite of myself. Lt. makes his afternoon visit. Gives me a ray of hope that I may be spared drill in the future. Payrolls will no longer be figured at Batt. Hdqrs. He will head a new department, a statistical bureau which will take care of all clerical work for entire regiment. One company clerk from each organization to be taken by him for permanent duty. To be stationed at, according to plans. Would like to take me in preference to Sweet, our Co. Clerk. I cannot believe my ears for a time. Asks me about qualifications. Tell him on request what I did as civilian. Considered a fairly good printer, acquainted with forms. Have printed some for Navy Dept. Will let me know. It is quite natural that my work should become worse from here on. Delay is such that supper time overtakes me before we are done.

To show my appreciation for his consideration for me, I would like to surprise Lt. with completed work in morning. Ask Fox to come back after mess and finish sums in American money. Agrees. Mess. Bully beef, cheese, bread, coffee. Keep my appointment with Fox at 7. He has not yet arrived. Lt. is there. He would like to have amounts in Frs. by 9 tomorrow morning. I am most anxious to please him. Will work until dark. When Fox comes I tell him what Lt. asks. He is as mad as a hatter. Throws down his pencil. Refuses to go on. Let him alone. Tell him only to report his decision to Sgt. who will get me other help and let him digest that until better reason prevails. He goes out to find Lt. and talk with him. Comes back a quarter hour later, nice as you please, brings a bar of chocolate as a peace offering. I am having difficulty with a column of figures in Frs. cannot make it correspond with our money. Capt. comes in to fill his pen. Try to help him. When he leaves he asks me what I hear from home. I tell him. Asks if I would like to be home. Very much, if only for an hour. Elated that he shows a good human trait. Forgive him for his past sins against me. Work until it is too dark to see, on the same column of figures. I am getting along very poorly with what I promised to have done by AM. Quit and decide to ask Supply Sgt. procure me assistance in morning which he had proffered earlier in the evening. Try to get a cup of coffee at the ration dump. None to be had. Go to quarters. Reagan waiting for me. So hungry that I ask Dougherty for a piece of the hard tack he is chewing. Fill my water bottle for my morning ablutions, arrange blankets and get into tent before Reagan with the hope that I fall asleep before he begins to chatter. That is a habit of my own that now has proven hateful to me. I like to be alone with my thoughts at night. I am in for another discussion with my bunkmate. We talk for an hour on the causes of war. Reagan has studied

the subject. Nationalism is to blame. I defend my point of view. Commercialism is the chief factor, Nationalism subordinate. He is annoyed with me. Bids me goodnight. I make the best of the rest of the night. My eyes so tired at the end of day's work that I am reminded of the old days in the shop when it was a daily occurrence. While at work, subconsciously I worry about Leah and the baby. A new order about movement has been issued. List of articles to be carried in pack or worn is issued from Orderly Room. Do not know what has been going on outside of Hdqrs. office. I say a prayer that today's order is what will eventually be decided upon. An air raid during the night which I do not hear. I am too tired to do anything but sleep well. Lt. Jensen leaves us as per RSO.

Tue. Jun. 4, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. A little later than rest of the men. Pleased to hear that I will mess with my new platoon. Will not have to see the disgusting spectacle of giving food grudgingly so that the giver may have more for himself. Unfortunately there is a very poor breakfast. Battalion must make an accounting to the British for rations on hand. They are short on coffee, bread and rice, beside other supplies which must be made up for before battalion moves. Result, no coffee, bread or milk for breakfast. A meager spoonful of rice, some bacon, a few pieces of hard tack. Complaints so loud that Captain orders tomorrow's bread ration to be eaten, taking a chance on being able to buy some for Wednesday's meals. I do not have to wait or beg. I am cheerfully given precedence on line when I mention that I must report for duty early. Boys are going through what appears to be their morning French

lesson. There are four or five words they know which are being recited by all. One suggests another until they master quite a few. Some of them have dictionaries. In office at 7:30. Fox comes soon after. We get to work. Error which baffled me last night easily straightened out. Ask Sgt. to issue an order calling two Company Clerks to our aid. They come. I set them to work on their own company rolls. I arrange a sort of conversion table for them. They prove more adept at figures than I am. My figures are still twisted. B... finishes well ahead of us. He assists Fox, who I was afraid would not do very well. In reality he is more accurate than I, though a trifle slower. His roll totaled up found correct by B... . Other man finishes. Then both assist me. We are annoyed by the Gas period interrupting. Try ruse of shutting door again, with success. Unanimous opinion - it is too bad a job as it is without the inconvenience of wearing a respirator. Conversion of sums into francs is finished at 12 sharp, just in time to go to mess. Lend Pimpl, cook, 10 Frs., a move that pays dividends, if I care to take advantage of it. Dinner. Bread saved from breakfast, beef stew, lime juice. Plenty of it. I hear Captain asking Mess Sgt, what his suggestions are as to nature of supplies wanted. Company will purchase same. I can still find an afternoon's work to do at Hdqrs. on Co. E payroll, which is as usual incorrectly compiled. Many doubtful items in it. Must straighten out according to my own judgment. Lieut. in a number of times but makes no further mention of taking me with him. I wonder if Sweet was taken instead. Pump Sgt. Major. He is discreet in his answers. He will further my cause, I am sure, if opportunity presents itself. Trouble with additions again. I am either too excited or too fed up with figures to work properly. Work perseveringly until I straighten out the tangle. A number of very loud explosions are heard. They rock the building noticeably.

Aeroplanes battling overhead. Our men reported up in squadrons. Work done at 4 o'clock, one hour later than my latest promise to Lt. Bugler Maurer comes to ask for E Co. rolls. A correction to be made that will affect the entire roll. Work ahead for tomorrow, I see. Haight has been to Rgt. Hdqrs. and has been informed of his many misstatements on rolls. They are identical with what I have told him. He was not satisfied to take me as an authority on the subject, but now my judgment on the matters in question is vindicated. I inform Lt. of the change. I promise to correct in the morning. I figure it will take an hour to make the change, then I will take the rest of the day to myself to do some washing, go for a bath and perhaps to town. I hear Lt. tip off Capt. G Co. of destination in coming movement. Will be surprise to men. American sector hinted at. Too good to be true. Nothing would please our men better. Supper, a feast compared to past ration. Cheese, bully beef, potato, jam, coffee, bread. Really more than I would eat ordinarily. Long empty stomach shown favor tonight, if it ever was. Fuss about at ration dump for about an hour, discussing payrolls with Sgt. Back to quarters to write until 8:30. Set up our tent. It has been taken down by Reagan. It was necessary for him to do so to make up a big pack, with full equipment, which was carried today by all men who were out on drill. Get a bucket of water in which I take a refreshing bath before going to bed. I must refill bucket for man from whom I borrowed it in order to have use of it again when I want it. Make my bed and go to bed at dusk. Reagan comes in a little later. A little chat before I fall asleep, on general topics. Tell him latest report of probable destination. Sleep very well. Fritz and Tommy are at it hammer and tongs after sundown. There is no cessation of the fight while I am awake. Frequent shelling in air mingled with rattling fire of machine guns. One big gun

pounds steadily. Men are making usual cleanup of chickens similar to foray they made at last billet, when departure was imminent. Groups behind billet roasting them. Every few minutes a shot is heard. A chicken has gone west. All very well, and to my mind a just reprisal for having to pay one and a half Frs. for a bar of chocolate and 9 cents for an orange, but townspeople have the upper hand in the game just the same. They report to the town major who exacts a fine from companies, which each man must pay a share of. Even I will have to pay for chicken other men ate. Unfair and futile. Boys in SOS class have had an easy morning shooting on small range we built a few days ago. A moving target is used. Shooting in the nature of a competition to determine men qualified for marksmen. Their afternoon session is spent in same manner. I meet most of the boys during the day. They are anxious to have me back in class. Zimmerman, who was dismissed once before, is back again in the good graces of the Lt. once more. He replaces another man.

Wed. Jun. 5, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

A year ago today we registered. How time does fly!

Up at 6:00. Hurry to get breakfast. Our meals until further notice will be excellent, supplemented by what Co. has bought. Bacon, potato, jam, bread, coffee. Wash, after which I report to Battalion Hdqrs. at once. Work on correction in E. Co.'s payrolls until Lt. comes. He has been requested to make other changes, which he tells me of. I am kept busy making them until 11:00 o'clock. I am again told that perhaps I will be taken to work in new Bureau.

Many officers, including the Colonel, have been in this morning, and all of them have discussed the best piece of news we have heard since we have been in France. We have been rejected by the British and go South, probably to an American Base. Our English rifles, ammunition and machine guns will be turned in and exchanged for the material we brought over with us. Captain takes men to where an American YMCA has come up, to make whatever purchases of cigarettes, candy and crackers, etc. they need and tells them the good news. He has them gather in a circle for the purpose. Their cheers could be heard from where I was. An entirely different spirit in the army this morning. Cheering at intervals all day. Everybody is given the afternoon off to do their washing, shave, etc. When everybody leaves the office to take payrolls to paymaster, Sgt. Newton and I stay for a few minutes talking of the Lt. He asks me would I like to work for him. I would very much like to. We go out together. I buy some chocolate and in conversation I tell him I would like to take a bath this afternoon. He offers to give me a bicycle. Thank him and go to quarters. To my surprise the whole company is in billets. They are resting. A YMCA wagon is in front of orderly room door, selling American cigarettes, cigars, nuts, crackers, chocolate, etc. They do a land office business. Prices are reasonable. Office lends 5 Frs. to any man who wished it, till payday. I buy 4 bars of chocolate for 3 Frs., which is 1/2 the price we pay to French in village and 10 times as good in quality. All our plans must be changed. I cannot do my washing, as all the cans are taken. I must wait. Lie down until mess. A reminder of our Camp Upton meals. Beef stew, dried apricots, cocoa. Another plate of stew. Belly full and glad we go with our own men. A feeling of contentment. Find a bucket, heat water, boil clothes, wash and hang to dry. Duty to myself fulfilled, I pay my

debt to Leah and write her a letter of 6 pages, in good vein, I am pleased to think. Inconvenient writing in prone position, I grow very tired. Written while on my back, stomach, side and a few minutes while sitting. It takes me a long time, well up to supper. Another surprise for us. Corned beef and new cabbage, cheese, jam, coffee. I get a heaping plate of bully and cabbage and I can barely put it all away. I have a heavy stomach the remainder of the night. Go back to my writing until I finish. Write until 8. Fix up my tent, which was partly taken down to give contents an airing, make my bed and go to Batt. Hdqrs. to mail it. Mail not being taken in orderly room. Get a few more envelopes from mail clerk, quite a privilege. I forget to mention that immediately after supper at 6 o'clock, I go to for a bath. Falkowski, our company in charge, gives us lots of water and, detail being small, we take unlimited time. A most refreshed young man for the rest of the day, cool and clean. Entire company to have gone, but most of men are out celebrating in lieu of changing their surroundings. Others took advantage of the afternoon hours to go there, without an order, being permitted to bathe by Corp. On the way, I see a stream, such a rare occurrence that it is worthy of note. Shell hole near baths seen. This is one which was corporal Hamilton's nemesis, explosion of shell wounding him. A beautiful village as seen from the road surrounded by trees and nestling on a hilltop. Go back at our ease with Kronenberg. After mailing my letter, I lie down to rest without undressing and almost fall asleep. Decide to undress and go to bed at 10 o'clock. Restless for a long time. After 3 sleep soundly. During the day there has not been much activity but at night the combatants get busy. In jest we say, Fritz is aware of our leaving and is giving as a proper send-off. It is quite as fierce a battle as any we have ever heard. In the air we are quite certain that Fritz

has a number of his airmen up on the job. Our men are vigilant. Patrol the air until late at night. Boys getting very careless, showing lights from their tents during night, after dark. They write by candlelight and light matches for their pipes and cigarettes without any attempts at concealment. The Englishmen in town are not very much pleased that we are leaving. So much more that they will have to do when the time comes for fighting hard. For our part, we are glad that we were not called upon to assist them. While I was finishing letter to Leah shots were heard at short intervals, which I am certain mark the passage of a chicken at each report. My conclusion proves correct when a lad comes with a story of how he was beaten when he protested and informed when the hen was shot. He is ridiculed by the boys for not having returned the blows he received. Men from schools come back during the afternoon and report that the English are probably preparing to retreat. They are strengthening position at the farm. Cutting down hedges and trees and preparing for attack. One story has it that we hike for three days when we move. I believe Sweet has been given job at Personnel Bureau in place of me.

Thurs. Jun. 6, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

On hike. Kilometres to

Up at 6:00. Appear at Reveille. Create quite a sensation. Must be directed to place in proper squad, because I have not been at formation since shift in platoon organization. CO announces that packs and blanket rolls will be made up according to list given out yesterday. No mention of time set to move. Breakfast. Rice and apricots of which more can be had, bread, coffee. Go about preparation for

movement at once. Take down tent, make an inventory of belongings and a quick decision to disregard list for my own judgment. Put a lot of extras in squad roll. Make up pack with overcoat and slicker rolled on top. Slicker should be in pack, but I see no occasion for carrying it. A dry country. Order issued to go to Bombing Field at 9:00. Changed to have us assemble with packs in field. Take guns and gas masks. Remove all American gun slings. March to Field #1. Do a few company movements. Ordered to ground arms and forward march. How easy to get away with a dirty gun. Back, wait a few minutes. 1st Sgt. details me to take a money bag to Battalion Hdqrs. Same contains money with which to pay off company, an event occurring at 6:45. 63 1/2 Frs. collection debts due me. Report to Sgt. Major with bag. I should have given it to Sgt. Newton. He is at Field #1. Go there - not there. Back. Ask. He is eating lunch. Meet him coming out of his billets. Too busy to talk. He really has a lot to do to get ready for movement, which begins at 4 PM. Meet company going out with belts to dump bayonets and ammunition. Recalled to report for bombing. Field on road to baths, a few trenches, a place to throw from and another to throw into. A steep bank, running to the road, down which we go half way for protection from shrapnel. First 15 minutes, instruction in parts of the Mills Grenade, then we throw three bombs each until 12. After I throw, I am placed on guard for 10 or 15 minutes. Watch process of throwing and explosion from safe distance of 100 yds. A big column of earth comes up from the hole and for one minute after small stones and pellets of mud play tunes on hats of men. When I throw, I am a bit nervous. I do not throw very far. Back for dinner. Pork and beans, something the boys have not seen of for 2 months, bread, coffee. Final meal in town. Police up. Many formations for the purpose, but I am not in any

of them. Unexpended portion of day's rations given out at which I help. Butter, bread, cheese, jam. Cigarettes and matches from the 308th Association. Formation to draw our own rifles and ammunition interrupts formation of our company at which iron rations are distributed. So some men do not get any. Help at issuing rifles. They are the self same rifles we left at Ammunition familiar looking too. Overcoats ordered removed from packs and put into blanket roll. Slicker in my case goes with it. Pack much lighter. Impossible burden as before. Our parting police formation and we are off we know not where. Turn corner and wait there for 3 quarters of an hour. Boys fill canteens. Some get beer or wine. Surprising. Officers permit it. They are at wits end, wondering where we go. Rest of Battalion comes up. We lead, and start South by West along an unfamiliar road. Still very hot. Choking dust. No breeze. Load of pack bothers me only a little. Fall out. Major and Sgt. Major let on that we have 30 miles to go to railroad head and have 3 days to do it in. Stunned to think that anyone has the nerve to ask me to hike for 3 days, a thing I would never think of doing on my own accord. Men drink copiously. Many borrow from me. I give grudgingly because they drink more than is good for them and again they are told time and time again to fill canteens before going on march. Winding down the road we attract the attention of an airman. He swoops low and flies over our heads to see who we are. See smoke from railroad station so disbelieve tale of hike. It is not possible that we walk where there is railroad. Meet up with 1st Battalion. Sweet is with them. H. Schneider too. Halt to let them pass by to take lead. Really an inspiring thing to see so many men trudging under heavy load, cheerful when it is most brave to be cheerful. Supply wagons, cookers, trailers, water carts, all the paraphernalia of war. Our battalion, as an organization a work

worthy of praise, but still energy misdirected. When passing through villages, the men sing "Hail, Hail". The English must have no cause to doubt our courage. On road, unobserved, only a few songsters in action. Dust caking on clothes and clogging pores. Mucous from nose black. Feet beginning to burn. Blister on heel of right foot. On last march, leg muscles and joints stiffen. Passing through section where French are billeted. Interested in us. Stop at RR station. Expect to entrain. Cars pass by, gates open. We go on. Halt on other side. Fall out while officers arrange for billets. None to be had. Get permission to use a field. Seems made for purpose of tenting. Supper ready in an hour. Men scour town for eggs, bread, milk, chips, drink. Throw myself into tent. Paired with Upham, Sgt. Rest. Eat jam, bread, cheese. Feet hurt like the devil. Sweat is chilling. Only one blanket. Try to, heat tent with candlelight. Many lights shown. A big flare from kitchen grease burning. Attracts airmen who pass over us for defense. Get hot coffee. Feel better. Lie down to shiver alone in tent. Sgt. has taken his blanket to Kaplan's tent. Glad to be alone to pray for courage to continue and for health of my wife and baby. Smoke for calming. Manage to sleep a bit in spite of cold, noise of brawling outside, and disgust at Upham's breach of manners. Restless and cold all night. We are evidently near to lines, judging from the sound. French tell us of shelling of nearby points by Fritz. Capt. pleased with day's work. He is non-communicative.

Fri. Jun. 7, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

On hike. ... Kilometres to

Up at 5:45. Have slept soundly for an hour. Business of policing, trying to get water, eggs,

milk, pitching tents, rolling packs. Make mine as short as possible today. Eat a raw egg, shave, wash while waiting for breakfast. Lots of time for doing things in. No need to wake up so early. Some of the boys have an opportunity to get more liquor. Breakfast 8:00. Beef stew, bread, coffee. Heat of coffee revives me. I am almost numb from cold on awakening. Do not eat very much. Worst enemy on march is a loaded stomach. Police again. Get water. Bayonets issued. Kitchen packs up. Company formed, roll call taken. Two men missing. Bernard and Mason. Probably asleep in a barn somewhere, too drunk to get up. Lt. McAllister shakes hands with non-coms of 1st platoon and bids us goodbye. He leaves company as per RSO. A faint hope left that we will entrain. Dispelled at 9:00 when company moves off, going away from RR. A rather large village, picturesque but poor. British lorries abundant. See French trucks in numbers for first time. Colonel waiting for us at first turn. Go on up road for a few hundred yards. Halt and wait for Rgt. to assemble. Told it would be a long wait. Strange to say we complain. Why not permitted to sleep later in morning? Remove pack. Lie down in tall grass with blouse on, fall into a doze with sun shining hot upon me. Wake up in a sweat. Remove blouse but cannot fall asleep again. Feel somewhat refreshed. Still very weak. Find difficulty in breathing. Order to fall in. In coming down embankment, I lose my balance slightly and almost faint with effort to recover myself. Had we been given command to march, I could not have moved a step then. Wait for 1st Battalion to pass and 3 companies of our own. We go in rear of outfit. I sit down, which revives me. Off at 11. When I step it feels as if I walk on hot coals. Go on with great effort and resolve not to let smaller members of squad and company do better than I. Walk 30 to 35 minutes, fall out for 10. Second stop at 12 near

a canteen. I can refresh myself with lime juice and some chocolate. Boys have time to get more drink. At roadside, here, is a machine shop built on trucks. Machines for all kinds of repair. Hike along dusty roads, through fields of poppies, sweet peas, corn, rye, wheat, red clover. We are coming to a downhill path. Till now road has been remarkably level. At our feet in the valley directly below us is a village. A steep hillside, sheep, a belt of trees, a chalk deposit. The most beautiful sight in France. An aviation field, beyond, smooth as velvet, lends charm to the picture. This is the village of One more lap and we walk into a pasture at finish, 2:30. Wagons pull up water carts, kitchens at our service in a few minutes. My greatest desire is to bathe my feet. No stream in sight. All dry from heat. A dirty ditch by roadside, full of leeches, the only water available, but we all take off our shoes and bathe in dirt and mud. What a wonderful relief. Cooling entire body, getting us back into good humor. Remove shirt and blouse, lie down in grass to wait for end of mess line. I am not hungry. All I want is a piece of bacon, hard tack and lime juice in particular. Cheese also given. I do not take any. Mess over, I lie down in grass again until 4:30. Assembly call blows. Fall in eagerly. We are all very well rested. I can walk without feeling blisters. Just before our first stop we come to a considerable stream, the first that I have ever been close to or walked over in La Belle France. It is so inviting that we all proclaim that we would have stood hardship of coming this far before lunch, for the pleasure of a swim in it. Not a hundred yds. further on is another, shallower, clearer, a waterfall to add to its charm. Rest to prepare for a long uphill stretch, gentle but continuous. E. Co.'s line halts outside estaminet. Boys want wine. She gives only a little milk and some water until money conquers her objections. Nearly 30 bottles of wine licked up in 15 minutes. Off again. Boys

going well. I was afraid of those who drank. I push my body along, because little Himpler and Rubin on either side of me stick. One place, we come to road which forms a D semicircle. Instead of taking a cut uphill, across field along straight line of D, a well defined path worn by many feet, we go completely around. It occurs to Del Duca to sing "All Around the Mulberry Bush", which saves us from mutiny. Officers smile, proud that they have such a fine set of men. After our next rest, just as we can see homes through the trees, we pass one of the boys of F Co. lying flat at the roadside, face downward, his captain watching over him. Hear later that man died from bleeding heart. Pass through a short avenue of trees and town is outside. Perk up marching through town. We go without a stop into a field near edge of town and pitch tents. A procedure so rare for Co. E, noted for fuss, that it must be noted. I limp as best I can, pitch tent and lie down to rest. I must write. It is 1 hour to supper. May just as well do that. With aid of candle, I manage well. Mess. Bully and rice stew, coffee-red hot. Bathe feet in what water is left in my bottle and go to refill bottle. Cart has gone. Get a handful of figs from Pimpl. Divide with Rubin, bunkmnte, and fall asleep. I never rolled over once during entire night. An ideal space for our tent, slightly uphill. Passing through a town after noon mess, a gun is working havoc very close to us. We are aware of the rush of air after explosion. No airplanes noted during day.

Sat. Jun. 8, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

On Hike. Kilometres to

Up at 5:45, Breakfast. Stewed figs, bread, coffee, marmalade from one of the boys. I

save some and all of my bread. Have walked around and stood on line in my bare feet, altogether for over an hour. Not much dew on the ground, but it is excellent for cooling my tired feet. We must be off at 7:00. Packs rolled. Tents struck. Policing as usual. With packs, it is again a case of slicker in, slicker out, because it looks like rain. Otherwise, off without much fuss. Sun comes out strong and hot. Blouses are not worn, but I sweat a great deal. Road itself very hot and dusty, though excellent. Walk 30 minute periods, rest 10. Pack does not bother me at all. I am becoming used to weight of it. Two pads under shoulder straps to prevent cutting. Water obtained from well in courtyard of house opposite campsite before leaving. When that is gone, we must obtain fresh supply from water carts. Carts have water that is so impure, that 3 scoops of chloride are necessary to purify 100 gals. It is nasty tasting stuff, which even I, who insist that boys drink it instead of well water, balk when it comes to drinking it. More like medicine than water. Pass through a number of small villages. For two stretches, I carry an extra gun. Once Himpler's then Rubin's, not so much extra work or weight that I can notice, but it tells on me, so that during third period of march I have all I can do to carry my own. My feet are burning as if coals were in my shoes. Toes and heels hurt. Perhaps it is the heat of the road. Meet a body of our men coming from a different direction. All our officers at the crossroads. Pass two streams, which are extremely inviting. Near twelve, we enter Supplies there waiting. A smart little place, with a market square, two big watering pools, a large chateau and an imposing church. Looks like an ideal place for a stop, but looks are deceiving. No definite arrangements made for tenting or billeting. We go to edge of village and beyond into orchard. Take off our packs and told to stay. Mess will be ready in three quarters of an hour. Must not meander

off bounds. Officers go for a pow-wow to see if we can have use of place for pitching tents. In the meantime I take off my shoes and socks and look about for water with which to bathe and cool my feet. An hospitable old woman gives me some in a leaky basin. An immediate relief. Soak my feet for half an hour. Men all over begging for eggs and wine. Everything is scarce, most of all water. We are not even permitted to boil the water which is to be had. Dinner. Boiled, beef, potato, onion, bread, but nothing to drink. Line juice is promised as soon as water can be obtained. Word comes that we can use orchard provided we no not climb or cut trees. Formed for pitching tents. Pair up with Rubin. Pitch and arrange our tent amid cow dung which is most plentiful. Take off my shoes and begin to write, but fall asleep. Nap till 3:30. Rubin comes in to write. I make another attempt to do so. His diary is in Hebrew. It excites my interest and I make him read me a page of it. It is a literary gem. Instead of writing, we converse and discuss the relative merits of his and my methods of noting our experiences. A friend comes to take him away. I resume my writing until mess call blows. I would relish a good meal. Beef stew, bread, tea. The tea is made from water which is so much chlorinated that it drowns the taste of the tea altogether. I am compelled to quench my thirst with a glass of beer that tastes like dishwater. Quite a time getting it. Continue writing until dark. Receive two letters from Leah. Good news, Thank God. Disappointed that I get so few letters. None from Mama and wonder whether any of my letters have reached home. No mention made of water to bathe my feet and for canteen. Draw from well pump in courtyard of Chateau. An uninteresting exterior to house, but interior bespeaks riches, good taste and art. Grounds well taken care of and ample. A summer house and another building to be seen. I make an attempt to walk through park. Lt. comes in.

Looks questioningly at me. Ask permission to promenade. Refused. Make up my mind to return tomorrow morning. I must go opposite road for drinking water. Pass kitchen on way. Inquire of cooks if they have orders to move tomorrow. They have not, but while I am there Haight comes to tell them that tomorrow at 9 AM we must be off account of lack of good water. Water obtained after much trouble is so heavily dosed that it might as well have been pure chlorine. Wash and bathe. Return to chateau to refill bucket for Dougherty from whom I borrowed it. At crossroads are two regular army engineers enroute for their camp on motorcycles. A group around them. Treated to drink by our boys and to repay tell of their experiences in France. Tell us our training schedule will probably be a long one. Go to bed at 10. It is misty and cold. Do not sleep well. Worried because there is no opportunity to write Leah. I would have done so under any circumstances if there were any chance of mailing a letter. Out of earshot range of front. Strange that after so long a time under the guns we should be going away from them. Airplanes are only evidence of activity. Aerodrome within a stone's throw of us accounts for that. Up in flocks of thirty or more. Different type of machine than near other front and nearly all scout planes. Conduct of our men is disgraceful. From the beginning of the hike, where the drinking bout started, they have been drunk continuously. Wine is procured against all regulations and in spite of restrictions placed upon sale by inhabitants. Irishmen have formed a clique and have cornered the liquor market. Almost get into a scrap with woman in estaminet. No chocolate, cigarettes or sweets of any kind can be procured. One of our men arrested for buying champagne. Taken away from him and drunk by British MP who caught him, whereupon he is released.

Sun. Jun. 9, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Hike Kilometres to

Up at 5:30, feeling much refreshed. Feet in good condition. Breakfast. Pork and beans, bread, cocoa, jam. Beans are hard when mess call is blown. We wait for them to be cooked. Announced that we do not move this morning. Transportation cannot be arranged for. Move at 3 PM. Captain wishes men to stay in vicinity of camp and rest up for a nine mile hike, expected to be completed by 7 PM. We will rest and have supper and entrain at 12 PM for an unknown objective. Shave and police. Begin to write and fall asleep with pen in my hand, shortly. Sleep for more than an hour. Write until mess call blows. Dinner. Stew, hardtack, coffee. Order to strike tents immediately after mess. Roll pack. Blouses will be worn. It is quite cool. Somewhat cloudy sky. I am decidedly worried at prospect of hiking nine miles. To ease my feet, I think it well to bathe them before I leave, change to my old hiking shoes and see that I have a pair of good heavy socks on. Strike tent and roll pack, assisted by Rubin. At this juncture Company E is everlastingly disgraced by clique of drinking Irishmen. The knowledge that a long hike was proposed should have kept them from drink for their own comfort, if nothing else. I look up from my work to see Devlin, Hackett and Gillece in a brawl. Gillece drunk as a pig. Hackett and many others too. Hackett strikes Gillece a blow on the mouth which draws blood. Devlin, with probably the best of intentions tries to make peace. Gillece will not listen and to make matters worse insults Devlin who strikes him over eye. Gillece badly cut over eye, blood all over face. An Italian lad angered by Devlin's dastardly deed makes for him with a mattox and a

general fight ensues which must be stopped by officer. Rumor spread in battalion that all of Co. E. is drunk. Almost true as a matter of fact. Gillice patched up at infirmary. Company formed and starts promptly on time. Walk 45 minutes at a quick pace without a trace of foot discomfort. Everybody stands up well. Even the drunken ones. Gillice a great surprise. Villages passed poor in the extreme. Beautiful country. Up hill and down. See a young colt for the first time. Wonderful poppy fields. Cultivated hillsides. Wheat and rye all around us. Hike 50 minutes and rest for 10. March completed in 3 and a quarter hours, passing through, a fine town, with asphalt pavement on main street and two or three large chateaus besides a railroad station and factories. Excellent little shops of every kind. Boys march through in fine shape but hint they would like to fall out to permit them to see town sights. English quartered there. Fresh and pleased at the termination of hike, we rest in a boggy field, having supper. Cheese, bread, jam, coffee. Seconds, in which I draw a quarter loaf of bread, pound of cheese and some jam. Non-coms only permitted to visit town to make purchases. Nothing can be bought except liquor. E Co. makes a record purchase. A little rain shower. I get out to take a look around town. Evidences of a wealthy town. Chateaus and shops, railroad station, River and canal bridged by what looks to be American engineers' work. A disappointment as to size of river (it is only 50 feet wide) but of exceeding beauty, with trees lining both sides. Details out to take care of rations for trip. Assembled at 8, many absentees. A number of men must be carried to station where we lie in dusty road on our packs until 1 AM. A larger supply of liquor obtained. I sit for 2 hours chatting with 1st Sgt. Haley. He, too, is disgusted with conduct of men. I find he once was in paper business. Train pulls in at 12. Wagons and cookers

loaded on flat cars, horses and rations. 25 men to a car. I am unfortunate in getting into one which is full of horse dung at both ends, almost a foot deep at walls, soft, wet, foul-smelling stuff. Never in my life so disgusted. We search for candles and get to work immediately shoveling it out. What an awful job and how little I think of the men who permit such conditions to prevail. We clean up fairly well and steal a dozen large planks to lay over wet floor, from a private yard near station. Think we are justified in doing so. Rations drawn for entire trip. They are placed in corner. Men flop wherever they can find room. It is cold and chill. They must unroll packs to get blankets. Done in harness. I have only a little space to sit in corner on a pack and a sheaf of marsh grass which I picked to use as bedding. My eyes shut, but I awake in 15 minutes and thereafter cannot sleep. Getting accustomed to foul smell. After 2 hours of excitement in station loading transport we put out at 3. Day is breaking. Ride along course of river. Large towns passed. Architecture becoming more pretentious. Stand up looking through grating until 6. Eat a jam sandwich. Sit down and fall asleep. Have not seen any aircraft nor heard a gun all day. What a shame that such beautiful country, as we are passing through, should be devastated by war. Realize that La Belle France is not a misnomer in the few hours I spent looking through the grating. Men in car a pitiful sight to behold. Uncomfortable, restless, cold. Horses and cattle are better housed than we are and yet we die for glory on the battle field.

Mon. Jun. 10, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 8:00. Find that men have stolen a bale

of hay at a stop we have made while I was asleep. Has my approval. Sufficient to make a soft bedding for entire car. It begins to rain. I lie down again for another hour's nap. Raining heavily. To add to our discomfort, we find that the roof of the car leaks like a sieve. Only way to remedy it is to stretch our shelter halves across top beams of car. Rain comes in, in spite of all in some corners of car, especially in mine. Tin helmet for a pillow. I am up again at 9. Almost everyone else is, so we decide to have breakfast. Bread, jam, cheese from last night's supper ration. Wall and Devanny take a swig of Jamaican rum, for an appetizer. It is such strong stuff that, seasoned drinkers though they are, it makes them squirm. These are only men in our car who are drinking. Rest are all sober. But in car next to ours every man but one is lying dead drunk. No one awake yet. Other cars have similar reports to make. I remain awake. Pick a choice seat on car floor by car door for observation. Feet dangle outside. Airy and pleasant. Only complaint is due to the rain. Somehow when we travel it rains. Villages and towns of considerable size along the road. Only one evidence of destruction in a factory city of the first class. Deserted, and most of the roofs caved in, windows broken, walls down. Scenery a constant source of surprise and wonder. Streams and woods more plentiful. Wheat grain fields less to be seen than garden truck farms. Wild poppies everywhere. Hillside cultivated and laid out in fields which resemble crazy quilts. Some remind me of shaven poodle dogs with a tuft of trees to relieve the smooth green of the lawns. Houses more solid in construction. Brick has replaced wood and plaster. Design much more modern. A few army camps of British seen, but as we go along they are more frequently occupied by Frenchmen. Stop frequently for water at stations. Coffee served from our cookers. Still using highly chlorinated water. Warmth it

gives is welcome. Nothing prevents our men from buying wine, even at 2 minute stops. They manage to get some from stationmen or by bribing children to run into town to get it for them. Pay fabulous sums for the stuff. At two, we stop at for twenty minutes. We are given coffee with rum at a French cooking station. I give mine away. Run into town to buy some chocolate. 1st Battalion has been here ahead of us and has cleaned out the town. Can get two raw eggs to supplement our dinner of veal and hardtack. Buildings lack care and paint on the outside. Shops beautiful, neat and well-stocked. Much wine bought. Caught in a heavy shower and before I can get back to car I am well drenched. Train starts. A wild scramble to get aboard in which some men are nearly left. An opportunity to wash in brook, which flows parallel to track. Move slowly along through a rich countryside. Fruit becomes evident. At sight of ripe cherries boys go wild. Want to hop off train to pick some. A stop made, where black coffee is served from our cookers, another where we get coffee, soup, army's water. Maloy still asleep. Since after breakfast. He has not taken any food since then. Admits he is not feeling well, then protests he is all right. I fear he is very ill. I feel his head. He has high temperature. Tell company clerk to procure a doctor. Get Maloy up and give him some pills. Goes back to sleep again until next morning. People along road wave a greeting to us, throw us flowers and wish us good luck. Boys shout and whistle all day. Supper. Bully beef, hard tack, good coffee with rich milk at Large French camp and aviation field at Rivers passed. Concrete ships being built at one. Rain stops before sundown. Can see in the distance. A long stop at to change engines and switch to a track going different direction. Given a great welcome here. Frenchmen, here and all along route, beg us to give them tobacco. None can be had in

towns. Soldiers and well dressed citizens get what little we can spare. Children and women Red Cross workers collect cigarettes, tobacco, and money to buy same for soldiers. Beauty of this part of country beyond description. It holds my interest to such an extent, I cannot tear myself away from the door. Stay there till long after dark. It is cold but I stay awake to see what I can. I would have remained all night were it not for men asking to have door closed. Electric trains, American built engines and railroad passed. Bridges, viaducts and factories of familiar design. American soldiers and officers in small numbers to tell us where we are and give us welcome. They accept liquor and tobacco from our boys. A beautiful sunset. Not a gun heard or an airplane seen in flight. This is nothing but a pleasure trip. Go to sleep, or rather try to, sitting up against our door, then lie down. Draft from cracks makes me move closer to walls for warmth. Change to other side, between two men. Still cold and uncomfortable and at 2, I must get up and undo my pack and get out blankets. Fall asleep at about three. At refugee children and women.

Tue. Jun. 11, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. We have stopped at a station where there are pumps and running water to permit us to wash and shave. Coffee served from our cookers. Both doors and windows of car opened to air interior. Men are somewhat sobered up this morning. In new country. Field and forest. Thinly inhabited. Some grain. Wild poppies, cherries, strawberries. New construction work going on all along route. American rails, farming implements and track machinery. Breakfast. Jam and bread, hard tack. German prisoners working on roads.

Seem well fed and contented. Algerians, Moroccans in working gangs. Different rock formations. No more chalk and pebbles. Hard gray stone and lava strata. Not an Englishman to be seen. All French. Plenty of water. Streams all bridged. No grade crossings. Viaducts of recent construction. Birch forests. Yoked oxen replace horses on farms. Hay mowing tine. Every man, woman or child who can wield a rake or swing a scythe is out working in the fields. Soldiers home on furlough, and in billets doing their share too. Hills steeper but cultivated nevertheless. Small vineyards. At stops boys get out for water and wine. Men are left behind. Officers forbid us to leave cars except at coffee stops for this reason. Two of our men are missing. F Co. is four short. One of their men falls from car. Sgt. picks him up in his arms and attempts to put him on rapidly moving train. Cannot get him into box car or throw him on flat car, and both are left behind. A regiment of Algerians. At a crossing one of their bands plays for us as we go by. Regiment of Poles. Frenchmen moving back to billets. Large factories. Cloudy for a few hours and cold enough to wrap myself in blanket. Tired as are rest of the men, but I must stay awake to view scenery. Scribble a postcard to Leah and attempt to mail it. No one will take it from me. Dinner. Bully beef, hard tack and coffee from our cookers. Traveling through a cut most of the time now and an occasional short tunnel. Few villages along the road. A coffee stop at 1:15. Rum and coffee. Do not take any. Train split into two parts and sidetracked for a half hour. I look for wild strawberries which were plentiful along road till now. Find none. Men manage to get a few bottles of wine from children. Some cheese, of which I have some, white, bitter and strong. French soldiers having coffee and rum are selling rum to our men. They are filling canteens and cups as officers leave to superintend forward

movement. Train leaves as Lenehan has two cups of rum filled. He must run with both hands full and is spilling the precious stuff so he drinks a cupful as if it were water. Facilitates movement and he can now make train. Five minutes later he is writhing in pain on the floor of his car and becomes unconscious. Two canteens full in our car. One swig and a man goes to sleep for an hour, all afternoon. Hills and mountains. More streams than ever seen when not riding through cuts or tunnels. Take a nap after rolling my pack as per orders to be ready to disembark about 10 PM. American men and camps. We are shouting all the time. What beautiful valleys and hillsides. Supper. Veal loaf, bread and hardtack. American boys greet us. Lined up on embankment. At dusk pull into, where American Red Cross workers give us writing paper and tomato bouillon. Gun carriages, cars, engines marked USA for which there is a rousing cheer. Stay at door until it is dark. A bright golden crescent of moon resting on a black cloud shelf, which gradually hides the lower point until it looks like the top of a golden shell, which slowly, very slowly disappears behind the cloud. So I lie down dreaming of peace. A hard corner near door. I shut my eyes but cannot sleep. One door still open through which I see the roof of, where we stop, while lying on my back. Twelve o'clock and not yet at journey's end. At, Wall, who has taken too much rum, starts a rumpus with a little Italian in jest, which awakens us all. We are hungry and think of the rations we have saved. Candle lit and we have a midnight supper of hard tack and bully beef. All settled again for a nap. I collect some straw for a pillow, smoke a cigarette and fall asleep. Camps and soldiers along railroad and in towns we pass only evidences of war to remind me that I am not touring the country. I try as much as possible to take an interest in

what I see. It is not hard to forget war amid such scenes, in the afternoon particularly. Would like very much to have a map of France. Maloy has been up all day. He is much better. A dozen drunks.

Wed. Jun. 12, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Hike 19 Kilometres to

Awakened at 2. We have reached destination. Ordered to put on packs, turn in rations and get out on a station platform. All the men who were drunk are able to move but Lenehan. He cannot be stirred and is in great pain. Allowed to lie in car until company moves off, when he is packed into an ambulance along with a few others. Formed in platoon to take roll call. Take off packs and wait until wagons and ration is unloaded. I am sleepy and grouchy. It is cold. Must walk up and down to keep warm. When fire is started I stand near cookers. Growing light rapidly. Men scramble for water. Many parched throats. Told how to deport ourselves among soldiers in sector. To the best of our knowledge a six mile hike is before us, tired and hungry though we are. We lead column and hit up a brisk pace through village. A large factory, shops and named streets., a sizable town. Women and men up with the light of day, look at us from windows as we go by. It is uphill, beautiful country, hills and plateaus, along brooks and through forests. I have nothing to say. Will not listen to chatter of men. Wish only that Leah were with me to enjoy a leisurely tour through this part of France. March a half hour and halt. Some men break through, come to brookside and refresh themselves with a wash. Others sit down to rest. A good many fall asleep in a few seconds. Up again and march for a full fifty

minute period into Another march to a wood outside of, where we halt. Cookers and water carts come up. Off goes pack. Captain tells us we breakfast at 7 and rest till 1, when we move in. Most of us fall asleep. I feel somewhat fresher and remain awake. Breakfast. Coffee and a piece of hard task. Complaints, Some men do not even get that. They have slept and did not wake till late. Not enough ration to last till end of line. Captain disturbed and takes personal interest in arrangements for dinner. Has platoon Sgts. announce that we will have a good dinner at 11:30. Wants us all to rest till then. Roads and towns out of bounds. Does not deter men from stealing out through woods to village for eggs and a swim. Most go to sleep on their slickers. I go into woods, where I will not be disturbed and write. In ten minutes I fall asleep, pen in hand. Nap for half an hour, then go back to camp. Lie down on Maloy's slicker, but cannot sleep. Toss about till 11. Get up to see how dinner is getting on. Water carts are empty, so nothing has been done except to empty canned stew into dixies. Officers are becoming anxious lest we cannot leave at 1. I am sent to look for water. Find strawberries instead. Water cart comes back. Stew is ready in 15 minutes. Write rather than wait on line. Dinner. Stew and coffee. Boys want to know where promised good dinner is. Make up packs, leaving blouses off. It is very hot. Off at one promptly. Supply company mourns one horse, which died and has been buried in the woods. They have trouble starting account of flies bothering horses. We wait five minutes for them to come up. Off again for a full hour's hike, without rest, along an excellent road, but mostly uphill. Hay is being cut in every field. We pass by one close to the road from which the breeze blows to us an odor sweeter than any perfume. Women, children, old men, soldiers home on leave, all at work raking it into wagons made of what looks like two

ladders, one on each side. Rest for 15 minutes and at the end of the next march come upon a village where some of our men are quartered. Questions about Jim and John and a hearty welcome. A pump in the square where we halt is immediately besieged by thirsty men with bottles. A fight to get water, which lasts till time to fall in. Boys still fight for water ignoring call from officers to assemble. Those who disobey will be punished. Push on for 50 minutes past another village, where there is a stream which makes men shout with delight. But we do not stop here. So they grow entirely mutinous and shout to be allowed to fall out. No heed paid to them by Major or Capt. until time is up. Fall out in a wood, told we have only 25 minutes more walking to do, which proves correct almost to the minute. Pitch tents in a cut hayfield at the entrance to the village. Some discussion as to how tents are to be lined. I take a half hour's nap in the meantime. Do not have to move. Shave. Write. Fill canteen which has been empty all day. Supper. Rice, figs, tea. Short rations. None have come up from quartermaster. A scramble for eggs, all over town, bread and milk which are scarce. Wine is cheap, so plenty is bought. Walk through village to a brook to bathe my feet. It is as cold as ice. A wonderful tonic. Come back to tent and write till dark. Then light candle and continue until 10:30. Go to bed. Sleep well. In all the villages we passed on way up from RR station, water is very plentiful. A brook or two flows through each. There are troughs in the squares into which water flows in a constant stream from a spigot. Every house has a miniature shrine over the door, shrines by the wayside. Dwellings mostly two story affairs of white sandstone. Not very well taken care of. Very old. One built in 1720. Few men about. Quite a number of children and old women. Washing is done on flat, brown sandstones mounted on troughs. We make use of them at once. Cherries,

plums, strawberries plentiful. Mountains in the distance. Wood plentiful. Lenehan has been with us on afternoon hike. Begging for water every minute. His stomach must be in very bad condition. He has emptied canteen of every man near him on march. Lt. forbids him to drink anymore, but he is desperate and disobeys. A pitiful sight to behold. Long hair disheveled and face drawn from sufferings. Every hike finds someone in trouble for a similar cause. I have had very little water during day. Cannot tell how distant we are from front. Only a few distant rumblings of cannon heard. One aeroplane's hum. Charmed beyond description with surroundings.

Thu. Jun. 13, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Captain tells some very good tidings. The day will be given up more or less to rest. A formation at 9 o'clock, another for Retreat at five PM. Free to go wherever we please within a reasonable distance from camp, excepting in 1st Battalion area. Breakfast. Fried evaporated potatoes, tea. I am one of the very few satisfied. Eggs are in great demand. Sardines, peas and whatever canned stuff can be bought is procured at very high prices. I do some washing. When I come bank I find we have been ordered to prepare for inspection of all equipment at 10:30. Get to work immediately. Show everything that I have. Clean my very rusty gun. Tents must be taken down, halves folded up. Report is that Fritz is up taking aeroplane pictures. Same procedure to be followed every day. A nuisance. Trucks done up with our small blanket rolls. Most of them are broken up. Many can not be found. I spend more than an hour hunting for mine. Look for it in every company pile in vain. I am worried over loss

for Leah's letters are in it. I value these more than remainder of contents. Trucks have come directly into field and wheels have sunk into soft earth. A difficult task to pull one of them out. Two trucks are needed for tow. From time to time, I make an examination of rolls remaining unclaimed but mine does not turn up. Report same but nothing can be done. Hang around entire morning waiting for inspection of my equipment. Decide to go into woods behind tent to write until noon mess, keeping a watchful eye peeled for officers if they should happen to reach my tent. They abandon idea of inspection, asking men to report shortage of equipment to Supply Sgt. Mess. Evaporated vegetables and bully beef stew, tea. Enough stew to go the rounds twice. Captain takes measures to hurry delivery of rations. Situation becoming serious. Nothing left in kitchen. Reserve all used up. Bread greatly missed. Chickens in danger of their lives. I see two which have already sacrificed their lives to help win the war. One woman in the town has cornered the egg market, a thing little expected in this sleepy village. She gets 5 Frs. per dozen for them. Traveling notion carts come into the square and do a thriving business. Men need ink, soap, pipes, combs, paper, etc. Charge a franc or more for the smallest articles and 1 Fr. for a bottle of ink which I buy. Later in day prices recede. I look for a quiet spot to write. Follow brook which runs through village into the woods. Men are bathing naked. Women in fields look on or pass by making comment, unabashed. I find a spot in woods to suit my purpose. A moss covered stump for a writing desk. Comfortable while I smoke. Run out of matches. Cannot light pipe. Horse flies and large mosquitos drive me away. Walk to camp along edge of woods to look for strawberries. Find a few. Loaf for a few minutes. Begin writing a letter to Leah. Seriously worried about scarcity of mail. What I write cannot be posted either, but

it will be in readiness as soon as arrangements for mailing can be made. Supper. Bully beef, mashed potatoes, rhubarb, tea. An excellent meal. I was under the impression that Captain purchases potatoes and rhubarb with money from mess funds, but hear later that Del Duca was the donor of it. Captain has word that rations are due to arrive before six in the morning. Pitch tent, make bed, thankful for extra blanket from Rubin's roll. Continue writing. Lieut. Cook and men are having a great deal of fun tossing men in a blanket. I await my doom, expecting to be called upon every minute for Lt. says purpose of game is to liven up the "dead ones". I am sure men would have been delighted to give me a ride but Lt. Cook respects me as an old man and a papa writing to his loved ones. Large and small lured into the circle, surrounded and tossed until men are tired. Rank not considered. Non-coms get as much attention as privates when supply of "grease balls" runs out. Rubin caught. Tossed twice. Blanket splits. Another taken. Kept up until long after dark. Men asleep in their tents taken out for the purpose of shaking up their supper. Men from other companies caught. Everybody's grudges satisfied. Next tent to ours, boys are gathered around singing endless song, which is extremely clever though smutty. Mason and another drunk, proclaiming he does not care for the crowned heads of Europe but is a great friend of Presidents. I finish writing as darkness comes. Go to bed. Lie awake talking to Rubin until 11 o'clock. Discuss merits and virtues, accomplishments of our wives at home. Is it well to have a baby at home or not? I have, Thank God, and I am happy that Leah has someone to love and fuss over in my absence. Someone to inspire her and give her courage. I live over again all the events of our courtship and marriage, say my prayers and fall asleep. Awakened at three by rattle of ration wagons coming in. This is an ideal

summer camp. Not a suggestion of war all day. Everybody has scoured neighboring country for cigarettes and chocolate. Not a canteen found. Our usual luck. Two men from company have an arrangement with a lorry driver to bring supplies from, 12 kms. distant. Officers give their consent. No sign of my blanket roll.

Fri. Jun. 14, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 5:45. Reveille. Captain wants every man in company to devote time between breakfast and 9 o'clock to washing clothes and if we are fortunate Major will find a brook where company may bathe later in the morning. Cheerful news, not because there are prospects of a bath (most of us have had one) but because there will be no drill. Breakfast a surprise. Our American rations, those Capt. told us to expect have come and for breakfast there is plenty. White bread once again, rice, jam, Karo syrup, butter, coffee and bread is all I get for being late in line. Tent taken down, wash a pair of socks and a dish towel. Air blankets. My work is done. I make an effort to write. Sun is too hot. I become drowsy and take a nap. Awakened by the whistle. Fall in with towel and soap. I have no underwear. Extra suit is in blanket roll which is lost. March out to a brook running along a patch of woods about a kilometre from town. Clear as crystal, slow moving, bottom seems a foot below surface though in reality it is two. Minnows playing in weeds along bank frightened at unaccustomed noise. Squat wherever we can find a comfortable spot to undress in. My underclothes very dirty, especially drawers. First man in kicks up a wave of mud. Reports water is cold. I am undeterred. This once I am not last. Some of

these boys are probably more afraid of cold water than of bullets. Hang back for further reports. 4th man in. Cook watching performance. Step in and get a shock. Must not wince the least bit while he is looking. Splash about in muddy water for three or four minutes. Swim not better or worse than in surf at beaches near home. This water so cold that legs and feet become numb. I can even feel my insides being chilled. Lt. looks on and smiles, a rare thing for him where I am concerned. Make a remark about temperature of water after I am out. Draw a civil answer from him. He goes to join his cronies. I stand on bank. It is warm in sun. Swing my arms to keep off horse flies which draw blood when they bite. After five minutes I go in again, cake of soap in my hand. Soap up until soap falls into water. Search for it until I am nearly frozen. Come out. Dry myself. Dress, all but undershirt, which I wish to wash when I get back to camp. A German plane heard overhead. Lie down to sun myself. Find Lt. is inclined to let us go back as we please. I take advantage of his kindness at once. Through the woods all alone looking for things of interest and strawberries. Go astray for 5 minutes. Meet Wallert who tells me Haight wants to see me. My idea is he can want me for only 2 reasons, either to tell me that Lt. G. wants me at Division Hdqrs., or that my blanket roll has been found. Tease myself by not showing much outward concern and will wait until I am called again. Boys form in line for dinner half hour before call sounds. I must either take foot of line or work my way in. Do so. Good steak, potatoes, coffee, bread. A new spirit of independence among the men. They refuse to pay the price egg trust demands. Expect to drill in afternoon so make no attempt to leave camp. Write a letter to Leah. Lazy, drowsy, take a nap. Assembly blows, but it is only for non-coms. Thank the Lord. Another afternoon off. Sit in the shade of a

tree to write. Traveling bazaar comes into square again. Good business today as yesterday. Del Duca comes up with 2 boxes of cigars, 1 carton of Velvet and some Sweet Caporals. That attracts my attention first, but there is something else about him that is of more importance. It is his manner. "Where are they?" he shouts. "They" are Goldsoll and Krause who got Fatima cigarettes and tobacco at and sold them this morning at 30¢ or 100% profit. Del pulls a stake out of the ground and makes for Krause. Waiting only long enough to give a few words of explanation, he strikes him twice with the stake, strong blows over the shoulders. Then with his fist he strikes Krause in the face. "Give back every cent" he commands. "Where is the other ___?" Goldsoll at other end of the field tries to hide out cannot escape vengeance. He has a pack on his back, being punished for neglect of duty. That does not hinder Del from meting out justice. He strikes him to the ground and has difficulty restraining himself from kicking him. No one interferes. Both culprits shout for Sgts. who will not come to their rescue. Goldsoll puts up no defense. Hands over the profit he had made. Fox comes back with a dozen cartons of Fatimas and sale of cigarettes and tobacco at NY City prices. Men who paid double prices in morning have money refunded. I suspected there was profiteering at previous sale and could not be induced to buy anything. Even went so far as to tell men my suspicions. They were out of cigarettes and would pay any price. Everybody agrees that Del Duca was right to beat men. Write a letter to Mama. Supper. Beans and meat stew, bread, coffee. Wash my shirt. Start a letter to Matt and the boys. Write until it is dark. Make bed and go to sleep at 10 in silence. Sleep well. Lt. C. up until 12 pulling down tents just for fun. A traveling tinker comes to town. A bellows, a handful of coal, a soldering iron, a bench, a

stool. He is ready for work. Collects all the dippers and pots and pans in the village that need repairing. A rich country. So much fruit that there is no objection to men taking as much as they please. Plums, cherries, gooseberries, currants, grapes. Looking dawn into the valley from the plateau, fields of green, patches of brown, clumps of woods, blue mountains in the distance, a village shows its red gables to the right of me, one to the left, a sky of clear blue with fleecy white clouds. In the village, two very old women, on a bench outside their window, knitting, greet me as I pass. Old men arguing volubly. Children looking at me in wonder, an intruder upon the peace and quiet of their home. A rifle range built by Lt. Griffiths. Shave and clean gun and bayonet before I go to bed. Lt. C. watching. Our mascot goat is climbing up walls of tents. They are mountains to him. Antics amuse everyone. Himpler, Black, Maloy, Sgt. and Lt. go up to new front tomorrow for observation. Somewhat displeased at not being among the chosen. Rather let a man, who is interested in strife to the extent of wishing to get into it, go, than one who would merely like to observe. They are happily singing themselves to sleep.

Sat. Jun. 15, 1918

Weather: Warm, Raining

Health: Good

Up at 5:45. A bugle blows somewhere at 5 o'clock. Our camp is astir. Go to sleep again, but disturbed by SOS making preparations to leave. Reveille. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Our American bacon does not compare with the British. Inspection at 8:00. My gun not in the best of condition. My personal appearance somewhat neglected. Lt. C. looks our platoon over. I feel assured that I will pass muster. He looks at me sharply for a second

while I stare into space. Forgives me perhaps because he saw me at least make an effort to comply with standard while I worked the night before. We were out with packs, mine camouflaged, without shelter half, because it threatened rain. This led us to believe we were going out to drill and no greater surprise could be given to us than to hear Sgts. command "Dismissed". We could not believe our ears and voted our Army a fine institution. Plans were being made to spend the day as we fancied. A whistle blows which dissipates them all. Drill at 8:20. Sun is trying hard to come out and has partially succeeded. We go to a large hay field, newly cleared. March down road at attention. This is all new to me. Step is strange, gun on shoulder a new sensation. Resigned to what is before me. I will do my best and pay strict attention. Close order drill on field. Company split into three sections, one of which continues with close order. Two work out a problem in formation for attack, approved by our COs. Some of our men have had a little of it, at last station where I overheard some conversations on the subject, which led me to believe it was a very complex one. I do not find it so. I readily get into the swing of it. A long rest period, lying prone on the ground to be ready for the call to attention, because Major is expected. My interest lies in watching farmer in adjoining field cutting hay with an American mowing machine. One of his horses has its ears painted red and a fancy headpiece, probably for protection against flies. Non-coms now take platoons for combat formation drill until 11, then a half hour of close order drill. Company can be excelled by a lot of rookies who have the proper spirit. At half past eleven mess line is formed, but mess is not ready until 12:30. I write in the meantime and find a place in the line through the favor of Reilly. Dinner. Canned roast beef, boiled potatoes, coffee, bread. Back again to the Upton days, when I had more to eat than I

cared for. Lt. announces mail will be accepted in afternoon. Formation at 2:30, with packs at rifle range. It begins to rain at 1. Tents ordered put up. Men dig trenches around tents. I, who have put in raindays at and found that an unnecessary precaution, have time to write. Rubin comes in. Disturbs me. 2:30 goes by. No orders. 3 o'clock is the hour set. Men wait and argue with the 1st Sgt. It is madness to go out in the rain. Orders are orders. F Co. returns from range. Their Lt. advises we stay home. He is heard with favor. A wild cheer at dismissal. Free for day. Continue with letter to Nuck. I rewrite it often. Twice, because rain drops blot paper, so that it looks as if I were crying. Once, on account of error. Rubin reads a few items from his diary to me. Charmed with them. A description of a sunrise and a sunset while at sea. I mail a letter to Leah and to Mama. Supper. Canned salmon, potatoes, tea, bread. Debate advisability of leaving some for later. Get a piece of chocolate. Write. It has stopped raining, I have been in my tent most of time since arrival. I will go out for a walk to stretch my legs. Will look for some chocolate which I long for. Get no further than 25 ft. up the road when I see a man picking cherries from a tree in private grounds. If he can, without being disturbed, why not I? Delicious, ripe red sweet berries. Handfuls. A privilege to pluck them. A privilege granted by God. After a while take even partly ripe berries. Try a few from another tree. I am full to bursting. Go up the road midway between two villages to look at a picture from the road. Woods for a background from left to right. Village, orchard, a field of green, one brown patch, an enclosed cemetery, field, orchard, village. A glow of splendid gold all over by the setting sun. I would go out but I have writing to do. Wash leggings. In tent to write. Rations wagon comes in and our cook who has been to hunt up extra blanket rolls. He has his. For me he brings only raincoat which has

sheltered him. Yes, he has seen mine. In a bundle in an open field wet by rain. I must go for it tomorrow surely. I want Leah's letters. Our men have returned from schools. Some from hospital too. Lt. and Sgts. having a discussion on best methods to kill with a bayonet. Make bed. Tent is very dry in spite of rain. Rubin is talkative. So am I. There is a world of things I want to say. Rubin goes to see a friend in another street. Lt. Cook scolds men who come in or walk about after taps, which has just been sounded, so Rubin is trapped and sleeps with three other men where he visits. I wait and go to sleep at once, while I say my prayers for Leah and the end of the war to come. Not a sound of strife except for reports from rifle range. It rains again during the night. I must get out once.

Sun. Jun. 16, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. A rush for breakfast, which I avoid by staying in my tent to arrange things. Hard beans, Karo syrup, bread. I hardly finish eating, order comes to roll packs to go to rifle range. Rubin helps me, giving up what little time he has. Everything is just thrown together. A stiff jolt would knock it all apart. Company formed and off in a short time. Range a kilo from camp. 10 targets. I shoot in first relay of ten men. I make a very poor showing, at which Lt. wonders. Not so I. Whoever told him I was a good shot is mistaken. Range is an old quarry of brown sandstone. Lie prone on a shelf of stone, which lies in strata from 1 1/2 to 2 inches in thickness, just as if laid one atop the other by the hand of man. A considerable deposit. A cave. A high bank on three sides with shelving rock along the road which leads to it, more stone on the left. At the crossroads, I spread

my slicker to lie down for a nap, while I wait for the other men to take their turn. Talk and smoke for an hour. Sleep for another. Awake to find our men running in and out of gateway of house to left of road. They have been in the gardens to pick flowers for their caps and have found the house unoccupied. I get on the scent immediately. In a sumptuously furnished room, an elaborate chandelier, cabinets, wonderfully carved furniture and woodwork, a desk, every drawer of which is filled with papers of military importance, scientific instruments, seals, books, engravings, works of art on paneled walls. A music room, conservatory, sun room, bedrooms in one of which a bed which was recently slept in, a calendar, showing date when last occupied, probably November 17. A cabinet, full of beautiful jewel cases, empty, but keys in all of them. On the calendar a little marble plaque, a work of exquisite art, dress clothes, shoes, etc. Perfume. Upstairs an attic, which is lighted by purple glow, giving the place an air of mystery. Armour room, guns, ammunition, a fully equipped chemists' laboratory. A large reception hall. In the parlor a suite of costly cloth or gold embroidered upholstered furniture, an onyx table, a settle and a footstool, which I fancy for Leah and me. I want to roam for an hour. Boys play a phonograph. Some take bits of clothing or small articles for souvenirs. I take a visiting card found in the desk, probably that of the owner, for all seals and other things bear initials corresponding. A beautiful garden. All hastily abandoned not so long ago. Cobwebs over doors and shutters are of recent weaving. Call to fall in. I tear myself away and my imagination pictures the owner and his life, on the march back to tents. Dinner. Boiled beef, potato, tea. After dinner a formation to attend a lecture on First Aid and how and when to apply, at the regimental infirmary. The church chimes are playing. The village is in gala

attire. Everyone going to church. Coming from all sides. Quite a walk. Wait for doctor. He leads us to spot in the woods, where there is a natural rostrum for him to lecture from. We sit around on the damp earth. It has been drizzling for the past half hour. Talk on First Aid in sickness. For aid to the injured a volunteer is wanted to strip. Doctor must mark out position of principal arteries and veins on him. No one volunteers. Kenny is drafted. Demurs. Commanded to obey by company officers. He is a nymph in the wild wood. Marked up with indelible pencil. Thanked and dismissed. Doctor selects me for purpose of a model to demonstrate methods of bandaging different parts of the body. Does me up all over. Uses a tourniquet to prevent my bleeding too profusely. Trusses up all my broken bones in arms and legs. I am a most interested patient. Calls for questions. A few asked. Dismissed. Back for supper. Make inquiries about my lost blanket roll. It is being traced. It rains, In spite of which men wait on long line for supper. I would rather not eat than do that. Come last but get plenty of good stew, bread and coffee. Go to pump to wash my mess kit, which reminds me to pick some cherries for dessert. Write till 8:30. Go for a walk to, where there is a factory I would like to see. I can see its chimneys from our town. It is dusk. Men coming back from by automobile whose kindly drivers give them a lift. Some have bundles of delicacies for friends. Some are full of wine. Men still drinking in houses I pass. Find the object of my quest is a brick, tile and conduit factory. A large place, not being worked to capacity. I go no further into town. Must get back in time to make my bed and be present at check. Roll call. Rubin has unrolled my pack and is making bed alone. I help him, undress and go to bed. Talk for an hour about home. I hear from Sgt. that mail has come in. Asleep at 10:30. It rains hard during the night but our tent is dry. A guard

posted around camp to permit no one to leave during period between dinner and time to go to lecture. In the evening we are paid a visit by French soldiers who speak Italian to members of our company. A demonstration and discussion on our and their methods of bayonet work. Street urchins and young arrive from village. In afternoon many of our men from nearby billets visit us. Signal corps, quartermasters and others. Bring us news of some men who were with us in camp in US, men that left us months ago. I reach the conclusion that what is left in France is a lot of cripples and simpletons. Hunchbacks are frequently seen on the roads. Out of 4 men who are in our camp tonight, 2 are misshapen. They are very lax in morals. Talk to our boys as if experienced and steeped in vice. Boys of 6 or 7 smoke cigarettes without discomfort - like veterans.

Mon. Jun. 17, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Good

Hike 12.4 kilometres to "In like a lamb. Out like a lion" Off to the C.....

Up at 6:00. It is raining so heavily I deem it improbable, Reveille or formation will be held. Lie abed. Reveille, rain or no rain, but Sgt. having difficulty getting men out of tents. In great haste I reach for my shoes. Find that it has rained into one of them. Socks are damp. Slow down because I realize it is impossible to appear on time. Get word to squad leader to report me present which he does. I remain in shelter until mess line shortens. Crawl out in full view of Lt. C. I eye him narrowly. He seems to bear me no grudge. I hardly think it possible that my absence should go unnoticed but it has! A bully breakfast of rice, prunes and figs, bread, karo and tea. Very

uncomfortable for two to eat in our little tent. Rubin crawls in rubbing inner surface of tent cloth, causing water to come through. Thereafter a steady drip until noon when a pal suggests we rub entire interior surface which attracts drip to bottom. We are all much perturbed over possibility of forming for drill. It would be a sorry day for us if drill were contemplated. By 1:30 nothing said. Mail given out. I have 3 letters from Leah, one from Mama. Good cheer reigns at home, Thank God. All are well. No drill, mind at ease again about things at home, I am in a mood to write a long letter to Leah. I bless the rain. It is making a quagmire of the field, wetting our blankets and my feet are cold as ice. No reason why I should not spend the day with Leah as I promised myself I would. Rubin is inclined to write. We are as uncomfortable as we can be. Lie on stomach till it hurts, wiggle and squirm to find comfort. None to be had. Have occasion to go outside and see two dozen men drilling in the rain by way of atoning for absence at Reveille, squad leader among them for having a dirty gun on Saturday. Write until 12. Mess. Fine boiled beef, potatoes, tea, bread. Take off my shoes, socks, spread my blankets and settle myself for a nap. If drill call blows, let it blow. My feet warm up. I fall asleep. Wake to find my tent fallen in, everything wet. F Co. men moving into billets have pulled up a stake from soft earth, without stopping to repair the damage. Fix it. Go out for a bit of air. What will I do next? Another letter from Leah is given me. What now? A bombshell, work aplenty. Clean guns wanted. Rag and oil furnished for purpose. Small extra blanket rolls are to be made up. We move tonight in the rain. Someone is joking? I pay no attention. Do my writing. Supper is served. Bully beef, potatoes, coffee, bread. Ordered to strike tents. No shirking it now. Rubin is not around. He has gone for supper to the village.

I make the best of it in his absence. Prepare my own pack first. He comes to help. In a few minutes we are once more homeless and at the mercy of someone else. Rubin has a piece of plum pie. Only that can make me feel cheerful. I go for water. I am caught for a detail to unload our blanket rolls at Batt. Hdqrs. and it is dark before I come back. Tobacco has been issued, 2 pkgs, 25 box cigarettes. Rubin has something better for me. Three more letters, one from Leah, two from Lottie. Everything is so wet and sticky, heavy. March off at 9:45. First lap made with ease. It is not so very dark, not raining hard. Road is fine. We see no opening in woods as we pass through. It is the force of our wills and from sheer ????? that opens the gates for us. The sky rises from the embankment just at the side of the road. Those dark, ghostlike forms in the distance are clumps of woods. Rest in the village of Men think it necessary to make a lot of noise to disturb the natives. A few look out of windows. March again into village of Rest outside a graveyard. Then out into the open for two laps. It is drizzling and so dark that I cannot see the movement of my feet, or my hand before my face. I do not know that there is anyone ahead of me. I must ask and watch till there is only a blur ahead of me. A fearful strain on the eyes. I shut my eyes. Push out my feet. I am fortunate they land safely. Put out my hand to touch Rubin, who marches besides me. Many times I drop far behind. Woe to the man who falls out to-night. He will not be found until morning. When we rest, I sit on my steel helmet, which I should have worn but I have troubles enough and I carry it in my hand. On we go through the darkness. I do not know what impels us, what guides us. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. Song is sung. The man ahead stops, because ahead of him is a man who stops. His back almost touches my body before I am aware of motion ahead having

stopped. Rain is so cold it almost freezes. Body so warm from exertion that every pore is open. A flash of light from an officer's lantern, a matter of consuming interest. Where is it and what else is there? Tired from broken pace, sleepy, I yawn while marching. Rest outside a hospital, many buildings in an enclosure. Off again. Houses, one, then two, then three stories. It must be a city. RR tracks. Guarded lights, pavements, shop windows. We are home once more. Inpatient because another company is billeted before we are. Almost to end of city till we stop. Smell horse, a big pile of brick before us. Sound of running water. Up an incline to floor above. Men asleep. Wake them as we move to bunks, with a bed pack on each. Undo packs, lie down on a damp bed, covered by a wet blanket, in wet clothes. Coffee comes. Never before has coffee tasted so good. I am asleep between the time my cup is taken away from me and the time it comes back filled. Dirt, dust, smell of horse and damp mud. A hard bed. If the women at home could have seen their boys tonight, would war continue? Men sleep on the floors too. A bolo issued to me. What will I do with it? I am not told. I wish I had never seen it.

Tue. Jun. 18, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Hike 17 kilometres to Hike 14 kilometres to Voices from New York

Out of bunk at 8:00. I have not slept. It was the hard and damp. A piece of bread with butter and coffee for breakfast. We are in an old brick factory. Another organization quartered with us. A gas tank to the rear, fields in front and to the left. City to right. We are an

the outskirts. A cold clear brook running against the wall on side of road. Straighten out my equipment, which I threw anywhere to get to bed in a hurry. Wash, shave and brush up a bit until I feel much refreshed. Ask again for my blanket roll. Cooks preparing for dinner. Perhaps I can get to where it is supposed to be before we move again. I will try. Off through the city. Shops of all kinds, factories, a department store, jeweler, printer, butchers. Our soldiers have possession of the town. Fine hotels, a wide street, narrow side streets. Meet Rubin. Commission him to buy me socks and shoes, hats. Out of town on main road. Ask directions of Frenchmen to make sure of fast pace. Pass our resting place of last night. It is a hospital. Wounded are coming in. What we thought beautiful last night is ramshackle and vice-versa. I am sure I will get a lift. What beautiful country we passed through last night without knowing it. I would have liked to march now in the sunlight. Make in an hour and a quarter. Ask every soldier in town for my blanket roll. See Sgt. Corras. Sweet, whom I locate in Rgt. Hdqrs. office, tells me packs were picked up and taken away last night. A hard pill to swallow. A fair sized village. Back at once. Do not let disappointment detain me. I must go back to quarters for mess. Again no lift. Men are just messing. Fine boiled beef, potatoes, bread, tomato beef broth. A long time since we have had soup. I am exhausted when I lie down to rest after dinner. Take my shoes off. Too tired to sleep, I toss about until 3. Up. On with my shoes. Armed with a towel, downstairs to brook to bathe my feet. Cold as ice. Feet tingle. A blister between toes hurts and bleeds. Much refreshed nevertheless. Wash a towel and some handkerchiefs. I have another important mission to perform. I must keep a promise to Leah and buy a wedding ring. A heavy rain and hail shower comes up. Detains me only a few minutes. Mail a letter to Leah.

Visit YMCA. Want to look into print shops, but doors are locked. Buy a map. Stuff up with sweets. Pry into every shop window. Last of all into the town jeweler's. It is easy to ask for what I want. Jeweler himself wears one but he has none in stock. Another disappointment. Moves for our men at YMCA at 3 and 7. Behave wonderfully. An open town. But no one spoils a good record for sobriety for the day. Confine themselves to purchases of sweets and caps, leggings, etc. Shopkeepers reaping a harvest on high prices. Back to bed for another rest. Up for supper. Beef stew, bread, coffee. Lie down again until 7. Make my pack. Chat with 1st. Sgt. of Signal Corps. Told and shown a map where we are going, by good authority. Write until order to fall in comes. I have prayed all day that orders might be changed. A few absentees at formation. Off for end of village to wait remainder of battalion. A beautiful sight. Cool, sun is setting. Flowers given to us by three young ladies, who hang over a wall. I fall out to get one. Reprimanded by Lt. C., so Lt. W. gets one for me. Men all in fine spirits. Sing songs full of cheer. Moon comes up bright and clear. A wonderful wine coloured sunset. Road leads through woods most of the way. Moon shines directly on paths. It is as bright as day almost. At last I have managed well. The ..-th comes along, back from the line, to rest. An ovation. They retard our progress. It does not matter. Hello Mac, Hello Bill. Anyone from Harlem, Yorkville, Brooklyn? The Dutchman is easy! Fritz will end your vacation! Songs. Alabama boys halt us. destroyed and in ruins from shell fire. Southern men, a little heated with wine, back to rest, entertain us. "Fritz is afraid. Show them up as we did." More of our boys. The ..th is strong in numbers and spirit. Great hulking fellows. Getting tired. Pack a burden. Marching difficult for two columns of troops on a narrow road mostly through woods. We lose a lot of time halting to let

them pass. Rest in one place where there is a ditch by roadside, which I do not notice. I sit down and fall backwards almost going down entirely, losing my helmet. I am calmer than those who observe me. Very painful walking after resting. Heels and toes blistered. Were it not for the beauty of the evening and the sight of some of our boys, I do not know what misery I would have suffered. Our home looms up. Wind lets us know when we are near. Brings with it odor of horses and musty breath of old things in town. Partly destroyed by shelling. To right a large church, unharmed. To left, across road, ruins. Billeting and hoisting halt parade for a quarter of an hour while we sit on cold stones of pavement. Some men up and out to greet us. Wind our way through streets to end of town, into a gateway in grounds of A classic pile. Find our bunks of straw, mat and board in the dark. Sky light shows in the East. It is 2:30. Coffee brought to us. I find a sweater. Off with wet coat, roll into blanket and tent half. Fall asleep until awakened by pain in shoulder and hips from hardness of bed, and so on. Resigned to what is to come. Hope for the best. I face knowledge that on the 27th, I shall either be in the trenches or no more without a shudder.

Wed. Jun. 19, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00 . Stiff and sore. Do not care to go to breakfast. Not very hungry. Bacon, bread, coffee. Sit around. Look place over. Many buildings housing our men and officers. Fine husky lads everywhere. Group of our men around lads who have been up line. I wash, brush up, make bed. Go for a stroll into town. I have a notion I would like some fruit in spite of prices. Most men in company have spent all

their money in They come to me to borrow. I do a thriving business as a money lender. Into the town as workers from the factories are going to lunch. Shops of all kinds. Soldiers line streets, fill cafes and restaurants, street corner groups, a crowd around commissary where tobacco, cigarettes and canned goods is sold. Newspaper and fruit stands surrounded. Streets littered with orange peels and other refuse. One cannot be at ease, there are so many officers to salute. Attracted by a display of laces, socks and handkerchiefs in a shop window. Suggests itself that I might send something home to Leah and baby. I follow main street to end of town to gas works and factories, which are at work on war supplies. A slight shower comes up. I see fishermen along river bank from road. I stop, lean over wall and spend a few minutes wishing that I were once again on Jamaica Bay in a boat with Leah and the boys. The fishing season opened officially, in France, yesterday which explains why, till now, I have seen no one angling. Am tempted to go back and question them, look around for road or incline. Find none. Go on. Buy a newspaper. Drag my feet along. I am very, very tired, more so than yesterday. An effort to get back to barracks. Breathe heavily, walk heavily, think heavily. Way seems twice as long. It takes an age to make the short distance. I have taken no interest in anything I have seen. Spoken to no one I could avoid. Out one hour and I am completely in. Throw myself down on my straw mat, look over newspaper and in a few minutes I am asleep. Flies walk all over me making it impossible to sleep soundly. Wake at 3. Wash for dinner, which will be served at 4. I am feeling much refreshed but am extremely blue and irritable. Walk about grounds and buildings, in hallways of which are maps and inscriptions chronicling deeds of army leaders and dates of their successes, coats of arms, etc. Nothing of an artistic or

interesting nature to be seen. Everybody is plain, ordinary, commonplace. No decorations whatever. Supper. Beef stew, bread, coffee. Upstairs to write at a table, a novelty since leaving camp. Disturbed for a time until men leave, their beds made up. One bed is on table. Captain has announced there will be movies from 6 to 8 at the YMCA. Everybody leaves for town. I am left quite alone to finish my task. I do not know what to do next. I am not sure but what movies might appeal to me. I do not know where they are so I will go to town and wander about aimlessly. If I find cinema, I will go in. In square, I am led to look again at shelled section of town. Cross bridge to get there. Loiter to watch fishermen once more. Told to move on because bridge is mined. View the ruins. See a YMCA down the street. I go in to have a cup of lukewarm chocolate and crackers. Cinema other side of the square. I will go in. It is free. Inside are Americans, Frenchmen, Italians, street urchins. Our Captain and officers. Seats narrow and cramped for leg room. Wait 15 minutes for picture to be shown. "The Ragged Earl", an old American film, I learn from man next to me. Five reels. First one is interesting enough, so is second, then my eyes tire. I shut them and see myself in the Richmond or Park Theater with Leah. The Strand and Rialto in New York another scene in my mind. I become indescribably melancholy and homesick. Stay on because if I go back to quarters I will feel worse. Here there is something to compel slight interest at least. Force my eyes to remain open and try my best to follow picture. An effective cure. Disappointed when lights go up at 8. Go out into square. Struck at once by the similarity sky bears to grey painted backgrounds used in photograph galleries, which I always thought too exaggerated. I am caught in a shower before I go 100 yds. Manage to get to RR station before downpour becomes too heavy.

Sit on a box waiting for it to let up. Run out at first sign of abatement but am caught again midway between gate and station. Run as fast as my ambition permits and get under shelter in doorway. Wet through. Expect to find a candle lit in sleeping quarters so that I could make my bed. Men are all asleep. It is dark. Take off my shoes and make my bed and it is not long before I am asleep. At YMCA I heard a fine voice accompanied by piano. I ask question concerning procedure for mailing souvenirs and bulk articles should I have occasion to do so. Get a surprise while watching Frenchmen at mess to see that they receive an issue of red wine for supper. In questioning them, I believe I have accomplished a feat, being first conversation in French in which it was not necessary to draw pictures in air. Pleased with myself for that, the only achievement in a blue day. See a sign on building, Bathing, Washing, Delousing. Two Sergeants from Regulars assigned to our company.

Thu. Jun. 20, 1918

Weather: Warm, Showers

Health: Good

Hike 12 kilometres to

Up at 8:00. No formalities to be observed. Breakfast ready a good while. Were it not for a rattling mess kit, many of us would have slept much longer. There are no details wanted, therefore I can go about my morning toilet feeling easy that my plans will not be disturbed and I need not hurry. Breakfast, bread, bacon, butter (real Am. stuff), coffee. Enough of everything to satisfy the most ravenous appetite. I wash and shave, then go towards Main Street. At every turn I make, one of the boys asks me to lend money. My accounts this month are larger than ever, due to our billets being in two big towns this week.

Buy fruit and a newspaper. Caught in a shower, while I am close to shelter, giving me an opportunity to read. When it is again clear, I walk cautiously up and down outside of jewelers casting side glances at windows, trying to see a card displaying wedding rings. I cannot see any, but realizing the job must be done sooner or later, I screw up my courage and walk in, boldly. Ask for what I want in English, explaining with difficulty that I am a man who wants to buy a certain kind of ring, usually worn by a woman. Madame expresses surprise, blushing, and pulls a card from a case, which was directly before my eyes. I feel ashamed of myself. Put nervousness down as cause for my lack of observation. All the rings I can see are of some yellow metal, not gold. No explanations are necessary and as I cannot understand anyhow, I make a quick decision to take one, if the price is fair. 6 Frs. is asked. I try on rings until I find one that fits me and prepare for a quick exit. I am afraid of consequences of being seen by any of our men. But once outside, I grew braver and do not hide my fingers. I want to see other end of town before I go back. Meet Ellsworth, a married man whom I can confide in, if necessary, for I have a wild idea I ought to tell what I have done. He wants a pipe but has not the price. I go with him and lend him enough to make his purchase. Go home intending to read newspaper and nap before Mess. Caught in middle of road in a heavy shower. Drenched by time I get to shelter, which begins to leak. Driven away, I go on and I do not stop until I reach quarters. Water runs off my slicker into my leggings and socks. My knees are wet. Thus I lie down to read, holding my ringed finger so that it is plainly visible to everybody. No one sees or notices it. My fears vanish and I feel quite at home in my new possession. Read until mess. Boiled beef, potatoes, bread, coffee. Display ring prominently while I peel potatoes. No notice paid to me. I decide that I

am proof against detection. Lie down to sleep again for a few minutes. Out to try to purchase something of lace for Leah and baby. Monsieur Paul is in the store. He takes up too much of Madame's time, so I go away. Back to bed, sleep with a blanket over my head to guard against being disturbed by flies, till 4:00. Then write until supper. Boiled beef, potato, bread, coffee. Again fill canteen, roll pack, police around my bunk, wait for command to assemble. Formation at 7:00 to take check. Dismissed for an hour or so. Make a thorough tour of University grounds. See nothing of historical interest, excepting inscriptions dedicated to warriors and Jeanne de Arc. Munch nuts. In a room in our own building I find a room with many excellent cartoons and pictures. Wait upstairs, joining in singing and whistling. Assembled at 8:30. Whole battalion off in record time. Our Captain, acting Major. Wearing helmets and slickers. McKeon already drunk, falls out of rank for another drink and does not come back. Seen to go by Sgt., who does not interfere. It is murky and cloudy. Too hot to wear helmet. I disregard orders and take it off. Cheered going through town. Blessed by an old woman on outskirts, as we pass into main road. Another battalion comes in to take up quarters just vacated by us. A battalion of Iowans pulls in. Slurring remarks cast upon us by them engender bad feeling and give rise to use of much bad language. We promise to show them up. Rest after 1 hour. Capt. is in a hurry. We are up again in 10 minutes. Second hike through, and mostly uphill, skirting feet of mountain and into pine and birch forests, where it is almost as dark as on Monday night's march. This time only a seven minute rest. Along a road screened to left, with camouflage and barbed wire behind, which is artillery. No village in sight. I assume we will spend the night in trenches. A five minute rest. Smell horse. Into a wood dotted

with lights. Met by billeting officers. We think these are our quarters. No rest yet for our weary bones. Hear a bell, which may be a gas alarm. It is a church bell. We are in town. A square, then a narrow lane to barracks at end of village. Our scouts and our signalmen are there. Charlie Pugh is there. He has not been gassed. Black is there. He is not killed. Mud is three inches deep for flooring. Bunks in squares containing 4 each. All those with hay bedding already taken by the time I get in. Smells like the devil from the damp. Do not relish prospects of sleeping on heavy wire, which cuts into body. It begins to rain so I cannot go out to find hay. Unroll pack and manage to get a handful of damp grass and put it across two upper bunks and team up with McGuire, who has just come in after falling out an march. Become sick, take two tent halves for bedding and two blankets for cover. Lie down to wait for hot coffee. None comes. Kitchen has been lost. Try chocolate. I am cold and disgusted with everything. I am trying to sleep and men who were at the front are telling lies about their experiences. Two distinct groups contradicting each other. If these are American barracks, give me English billets or tents. A disgrace to our wealthy nation. It rains all night. Lulled to sleep about 3:30 by cannonading, a forgotten sensation. Subdued but not far distant from what men who have been to front tell us.

Fri. Jun. 21, 1918

Weather: Raining, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 11. A fine state of affairs in the army. Again it is mess kits that take the place of a bugle. I dress quickly and run out for a breakfast of beans and coffee. I am too late to get anything but coffee. Gratifyingly hot. I get back to bunk and get everything full of mud in

doing so, blankets and clothing. It steps raining and looks clear long enough to give me reason to believe it is good opportunity to wash clothes. I have taken a run around town to dodge detail duty and to buy cake and nuts to supplement my poor breakfast. Store like New York. Good stock and good service. Through town in a few minutes. Streets named for big cities on continent. See a factory block and where Americans are quartered. A mill wheel turned by first dirty stream I have seen in these parts. Walk up road coming upon a Frenchman on guard at an ammunition store in a dugout. Stop to pass the time of day and obtain a light for my pipe. A fat Frenchman comes along. He eyes me suspiciously and questions soldier who gives a good account of me. Then he questions me. He can speak English well. I look him straight in the eye telling him I am only out for a stroll, having stopped to look at something which interested me. He goes away and I return to billets shortly afterwards. An ammunition train pulling up to the line. Little donkey carts. Regulars. Still clear. I undress in my bunk, taking only suit of underwear and towel to street trough. Women object, laying claim to piece of board I pick for my own use. I give them preference, shaving and washing, while I wait for them to finish, borrow their brush and do my work. Three or four showers come up in the meantime. Tallon gives me a letter from Sam Friedman. Hang clothes on a barbed wire fence to dry. Read newspaper. Go outside to take advantage of sun, dodge detail and to write a letter to Leah, describing my night marches. Company goes on guard. Men posted on street corners to look for aeroplanes and give alarm in case of gas attack. A siren in square for that purpose. Two companies go into the line tonight. Undecided which is to go. It rains intermittently all afternoon. Mess of boiled beef, bread, potatoes and coffee at 4:00. Make up for scantiness of morning meal.

Write again until ordered to roll packs. Countermanded by Corporal. I must mount guard between 12:00 and 2. I am to transfer my things to opposite barracks, where rest of guard is quartered. I will not do this until I have finished my letter. To be ready in case we move. I put on my underwear, while it is still wet. OD shirt instead of undershirt, which is too wet. Aeroplane alert sounds. Tin hats are put on and everybody is ordered inside, so that pictures cannot be taken of us in numbers. Mess served in squads with same purpose in view at 4. I continue writing indoors. Other men crowd in doorway, in spite of orders, to watch shells bursting in air sent up by our men to bring down Fritz. Lasts for an hour. Outside to finish letter. Dark now, Corporal orders me to claim a bunk. I do so. Transfer my stuff and my handful of straw. Take a lower bunk and go outside to find some long grass for bedding. None in the vicinity. Go back. Cannot bear to think of sleeping on wire again this night, so I make a determined effort to get something other than hay or grass, going down the road for this purpose. Find a few handfuls of grass. Meet a man with a knife who has been cutting twigs. Good idea. Ask him to lend me his tool. He is very obliging. We chat while I get twigs enough for my bed. Tells he he thinks I am above the average for a soldier and he would like to make a friend of me. His name is Boone, G Co. I promise to look him up, when I have time. Make up my bunk. Eifert, who is next to me, refuses my offer to team up, so I sleep alone. In a few minutes Corporal tells me post I was to guard has been abolished. Thankful. I cannot sleep, owing to a high temperature. I toss and cannot shut my eyes. I do not know that I have a cold or any other disorder. At loss to know what ails me. I am worried. Think that I have contracted some contagious disease from a sweater that I found and have worn for last few days. Other queer ideas. Boys are all awake and are making a

terrible din. Corporals swearing at each other and noise prolonged by men who wish to sleep, swearing and shouting at non-coms for making noise. They are having a feast of some kind over which there is a great deal of contention. Bread and meat evidently stolen from kitchen. A case of one thief calling another. When men are told to unroll packs, there is much grumbling. That job has become so distasteful that men would prefer going to the front. It is so to-night. A number of aeroplane engagements during night. No shelling noted. We are so situated that it is difficult to find us. In a small valley. Pine and birch forests all around us. Gardens are kept by all householders. None show signs of care and cultivation. Strawberries, cherries, plums and other fruits plentiful in this vicinity. Some of our boys have gone out and return with handfuls of berries. When order to roll packs came, I was greatly disturbed, owing to proximity of 27th. Much relieved that other companies go into the line ahead of us. They will probably stay 6 or 7 days before we are due to relieve them. I pray that this is so. If only I am not in action on the 27th. I will not complain if I am called upon the very next day. I can go on with my work thinking that God has been good to me, giving me a year of happily married life for which I will thank him from the depths of my heart and worship with my whole soul. I would like to receive a telegram or other evidence of remembrance from Leah on that day. French newsman creates a laugh. He comes in blowing a horn. Reminds boys of a fish.

Sat. Jun. 22, 1918

Weather: Showers, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. There will be formation for Reveille this morning in the rain, wearing tin

hats, no umbrellas. Breakfast, beans, Karo, bread, coffee. Formation for the day announced. Newsmen comes. He gets an ovation. Rumour is infectious. He blows his horn frequently to draw remarks from the men. Wash, clean gun to be ready for possible inspection. Raining considerably, which minimized possibility of formation this morning, so I begin writing. Called out for the purpose of debating questions which have come up regarding the company Mess. Non-coms, particularly platoon sergeants have complained to Company Commander, that food is both poor in quality and insufficient for sustenance. Lt. Cook, therefore, calls company together to explain that we have an English cooker, intended originally and constructed for a company of only 100 men. If anyone can suggest how to make it do more work, than the cooks at present on the job get out of it, he will listen gladly. It must also be taken into consideration that cooker needs repairing. Anyone is welcome to volunteer either services or suggestions of value to remedy defects in it. Does anyone know how meat can be cooked in a different manner from what cooks have been serving? It takes one hour to settle argument. Haas, Bezer and others have suggestions. I laugh at them. Personal tastes are not company tastes. Sugarman volunteers as cook. He has had experience in New York hotels. A butcher was picked for work in the kitchen. Lt. gives some men permission to go to, where a number of stoves and dixies have been seen lying around, to bring back same. If anyone knows where kitchen utensils can be purchased, they will receive permission to go. Great expectations for noon mess. Dismissed. No formation until afternoon. A new Sgt., Burren, suggests we practice putting on respirators. Those who are in barracks line up and while away half an hour in gas mask drill. Go over letter I wrote to Leah, making some

corrections. A visit to the YMCA to get some paper and inquire about cablegrams and how to send. Rubin wants to know. Mess really a surprise to the boys. It was worthwhile complaining, is the general verdict. Soup, boiled beef, bread and butter, potato, all done to perfection. Non-coms are in line same as privates as per order of Lt. Strange to see Sgt. Kaplan at end of line. Formation announced for 1:15. Slickers, gas masks, helmets, rifles. It is clear and much too warm for slickers and tin hats. Go to rifle range. A detail picked to act as scorers and pasters. Men who had much experience in shooting picked for job. I and remaining scouts will not shoot. One half of company in another field for hand grenade work. Range in a square, a hollow, trees on 4 sides. We shoot at poor targets, corrugated paper. Soon plugged full of holes. Paste and paper soon gives out. Two sections of company alternate their work. Men who have shot, going to bombing field, and bombers come to shoot. Machine guns squad have no opportunity to use rifles. They devote entire afternoon to Souchard under French officers. Our Captain Mills attempts to shoot Souchard's gun from shoulder. Kick almost knocks him over in spite of his weight. Tries it from hip with better results. As a grand finale Lt. has corporals fire ten shots each at a tin can, intending to count the number of perforations in the can at the end of a minute. Go up to get it. It is a wreck. More holes in it than anyone cares to count. Company goes back. Led off in squads to prevent enemy from taking pictures of any larger bodies of troops. Dismissed. Mess as soon as we get back. Stew, potato, coffee, bread. Meal voted a success. Much praise for our new cooks. New system for serving again gives good results. Begin writing a letter to Nuck and the boys. I am risking a great deal in writing it. It may give offense to officials, there being a possibility that what I write in a humorous

vein be taken seriously by censoring officer. It is too good to destroy, in my opinion. I read as much of it as I have finished to Rubin and the other men in the next bunk. I must borrow a candle to continue writing after dark. I consume two or three candle ends before I finish. It is eleven o'clock when I finally extinguish light to please men who wish to sleep. I finish letter but do not revise it. Tonight there has been another mass meeting before our doors, of men who tell each other how the war can be won. If only they are fortunate enough to be permitted to go to the line, they will illustrate their methods of going over to visit Fritz, etc. Everyman has an infallible system. Just before sundown the usual engagements in the air are fought over the lines. The town alarm is sounded at which all men must get under cover. Being unconcerned as to danger, our men congregate in doorway and under eaves of barracks to watch shells bursting in air. Announcement made for tomorrow's calls. Reveille will be at 6:30. During the night a number of isolated shots are fired. F and H companies must be having a quiet time of it in the trenches in spite of a dozen rumors to the contrary that they have been shot up. Some of their men who have been guarding rations and supplies at, come up to join battalion and are quartered with us for rationing. Everyone quickly detects them as strangers and protests against feeding them. A selfish lot. To bed at 11:15. Sleep well. Told that Jacobson, G. Company, has been transferred to field artillery. One of our new Sgts. and Powers have a discussion about proper way to wear tin helmet.

Sun. Jun. 23, 1918

Weather: Warm, Showers

Health: Good

Up at 7:00, instead of 6:30 as scheduled.

Top Sgt. has overslept. He is not very insistent this morning that absentees be reported for this reason. No Reveille formation to catch up with schedule. Best breakfast in France. Rice, prunes and stewed apples, bread, Karo, coffee. Police. Our company goes on guard again. I expect to be called but am not. Newspaper man comes to put us in good humour. Raining intermittently. Sgt. looking for a detail. I must air my blankets at that time. Wash and shave at the town pump. Get stationary from YMCA by sending Kronenberg to get it. Lie down on hillside where my blankets are spread out and begin writing a letter to Mama. Kronenberg comes to join me. Now Sgt. Nichols is looking for a detail. It begins to rain. Two excuses to go to YMCA to write are better than one. Gather up my blankets and put them on bunk, going in back entrance to barrack. Out back way and avoid Sgt. Get to YMCA. Upstairs, where are two writing rooms with a half dozen board tables and benches. A forgotten feeling of comfort to sit at a table while writing. Downstairs a man is playing the piano. Syncopated and classic. He does very well at both. It must be a great comfort for such a man to be where he can find a piano when he is at leisure. Someone joins him singing a song accompanied by piano. From somewhere across the street, I hear a phonograph. I was deeply immersed in my writing. Startled by resemblance to Sunday at home. Pause to listen. It is just as when I was at home, lying in bed, thinking of my afternoon visit to Leah, my sisters play the piano, while a wheezy phonograph is grinding out ragtime from somewhere in the courtyard. In those days I was seriously annoyed at the intrusion on my thoughts. Strangely this morning I am not. I

value music too much to complain. Go on writing, telling Mother about it, and thinking how pleased Leah will be when she hears of incident. I mean to tell her about it too. I must coach Kronenberg in spelling. Now a religious service is being held downstairs. Hymns are sung. A soloist, A sermon, A prayer. Impressive in the extreme. Write a letter to Sam Friedman, before I go to quarters. Mess. Boiled beef, potatoes, bread, coffee. Excellent. Clean gun. Begin a letter to Willets. Called out at 1:15 for company formation to go to rifle range again. Today entire company will shoot with exception of riflemen learning Souhard. Range detail is picked from among men who shot twice yesterday. Using same targets as yesterday. All paste and markers. Targets cannot be distinguished. Lt. takes no interest in scores. Each man looks at his own target. I shoot ten shots, making a fine group. Lie down to take a nap, while waiting for company to finish work. A heavy hail storm comes up. It rattles on helmets and covers the ground with a blanket of white. A stiff wind bends young pines and birch in the forest like reeds. It thunders too. Twice a rain shower interrupts. Expert shots in company put at rapid firing, Non-coms in particular. Then scouts are pitted against non-coms. We show them up. I get off nine shots in the allotted minute and as nearly as I can judge there are four bullseyes on my card and a good group of three just below. This fusillade ends the day's work. Write again. Supper. Canned roast beef, potato, bread, rice, coffee. Wonder is expressed at how good a complaint does. Finish letter to Willets. Not neglecting Leah, I write 8 pages to her. Mail distributed to-day. For first time since mail has been arriving, I do not receive any. By candlelight lie down in Rubin's bunk next to mine to write. It is softer bedded than mine, more roomy. Stay there until dispossessed by three occupants who wish to sleep. Continue writing in my bunk

until Sgt. orders all lights out and noise stopped at 10 o'clock. Lenehan who is being punished for his recent drunk by being given nasty detail work, was put to work picking up orange peels and nut shells in streets of town. When he goes to bed he tells of his discomfort while at his task. Frenchmen laugh at him, our men jibe. He tells how he was given a bag big enough to hold all the orange peels in France. Objects that the men who ate the fruit threw skins where they are hard to get at, in mud holes, ditches, etc., instead of in middle of street. He thinks that orange skins are used by the British for making marmalade. I laugh more than I have in months. Laughter is irresistible, listening to Lenehan tell his troubles in a dry plaintive voice, making everyone laugh, yet he lies in bed without a smile disturbing his features. He is paying dearly for his drunk. But "every dog has his day" he says. While here everyone is carefree and comfortable, mirth reigning until late in the night, not far away men are dying and being wounded to-night. Observation balloons were up early in the morning. All day the air was alive with the drone of aeroplane motors. The sound of shells bursting high in air came every minute. At sundown activity on a large scale was commenced. Barrages were laid down after that until long after we went to sleep. Apparently Fritz's welcome to our men. We wonder what the casualty list will be and whether our Battalion is engaged in the struggle to-night. Some of our men expect to be awakened during the night to go up as reinforcements. All have our respirators nearby and remove as little clothing as possible. Anxiously await reports. Ginsburg returns from the hospital cured. Tells us of other men. He has travelled over France, going through Paris, Rouen, and has had a bully time. He loves nurses, treatment he received, and gets a hearty welcome from us. Glad he is back with us.

Mon. Jun. 24, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Reveille. Observation balloons up on hill. Sgt. McGay absent. No fuss. Over with promptly. Newsman blows his welcome horn. It is a message from civilization that he brings. It makes breakfast more enjoyable to sit down as of old to eat and read the news of the day. Police around bunk and make a hurried cleanup of my gun. Lt. has threatened an inspection. I must not give him the opportunity to make good his threat of yesterday that a man found with a dirty gun will receive an appointment to the white wing squad of the town. We, who remember that, look at Lenehan and laugh. Breakfast, plenty. Bacon, bread, Karo, coffee. As usual, I absent-mindedly place plate containing syrup where it will drip. I lose a good portion of it, which glues up straw bedding. I spend ten minutes with my gun cleaning outfit. Kaplan asks me if I am on guard duty for to-day. No! He wants me to report to Cpl. Haight for a "soft job". I have no faith in that. Rather think I am called to answer for having written to the boys is such a peculiar strain. Come what may it is best to wash. Maybe I can charm away officers' anger with my neat appearance. I hurry as much as possible, reporting to Cpl. Haight, while all officers are in Orderly Room. I am to be orderly for the day he tells us. Lt. C. displeased with Kaplan's choice, very evidently. My duties begin at once and consist of waiting outside for half an hour, then sent to Battalion Hdqrs. with papers, returning to Haight with others. Run to ask Lt. a question, once more to Batt. Hdqrs. and my morning's work is done. I get back to billets for a newspaper and a French Grammar belonging to Havens to help while away the time. The

slowest, sleepest job in the world. Bugle blows every fifteen minutes it seems, warning of an aeroplane overhead, which must be obeyed by getting under cover to prevent pictures from being taken, or hurt coming to anyone accidentally from dropping shrapnel. Fritz is overhead early but is quickly driven away. One of our planes is dodging back and forth over the lines, being shelled constantly. He goes through the morning's program safely. I admire his nerve and coolness. Rumours of heavy losses among Co. C last night. Officers and Co. clerks have it. I believe it is true, because it is uniformly the same from many sources. Rather worries us. Major especially. Go to mess a little ahead of time, finding 15 minutes to write. Mess. Soup, fit for a Duke's table, pork and beans, bread, coffee. I had a few nuts previous to dinner, making a meal which fills me up to the neck, a heavy feeling resulting. Back to my bench by the brook to study French. I do that all afternoon. Not a single errand until 4 o'clock, when Captain sends me to hunt up Lts. to tell them he wishes to meet them at once to go over sector with them. I pick strawberries on my way back. Large, juicy, red ones. Handfuls of them. Aviators take an afternoon off. So do gunners. A lazy, restful afternoon spent in wishing I were prepared to write and in study. Supper comes and with it another errand to my barracks. Men are lined up getting new caps, wrap leggings, 2 prs., socks, a shirt, if one has been lost, and a stick with two small pieces of wire gauze, purpose of which we do not know. Suggest it can be used as a fly swatter. Dress up in our new trappings immediately. Pleased with myself. Supper, for which I have no desire, is again very good. Bully beef stew, jam, bread, coffee. Report back for duty in Orderly room. A crowd around infirmary next door. I look upon a pitiful sight, French soldiers brought in from the lines, tear-gassed. They are in great pain. Eyes swelled, red-

lidded, tearing in a steady stream, totally blind temporarily. Coughing, vomiting, some burned about the legs and arms too. They are led indoors by a brother soldier. Follow meekly, suffering in silence, answering questions put to them by men convalescing from slight wounds, obediently. Tell how it came about. Women in street look on and cry. In all about a dozen cases brought in. One, a woman, comes on foot from a nearby place, for treatment, led by a man. That affects me more than anything else I have seen. Shame that a woman, a noncombatant, should be exposed to injury and death. When ambulances have ceased bringing in their toll of wounded I am asked to distribute mail for the company. I look anxiously for letters. Disappointed again. Very few letters. Some newspapers and magazines. I am besieged by everybody waiting to hear from home. Back to my post where a discussion of gas brings up question of how long we can hold our breath. A competition which I lose. Haight makes a remarkable record of 1:40. I study French for another hour. Seat myself beside Sgts. on bench going over events of the day. Another ambulance full of gas cases pulls in. Some minor injuries among them in a second car. Woman returns for treatment. She must live very near at hand, in which case this town is in greater danger than we thought, from hostile gas or shell attacks. Captain and Lts. return from sector. I wait a few minutes before going in to ask if I am needed, as I am told to do by Haight. I intrude upon their supper. Lt. Cook looks at me as though I were most despised criminal, but I pay no attention to him. Told that I am not needed. Back to quarters at once to write. Sunset is the signal for an aeroplane sortie by Fritz. Town takes cover. Antis try to wing him without success. He is driven away, having done no damage. I write till 10:30 by candlelight. Heavy guard posted to be alert for gas and air raids. Major directs that gas masks

are to be kept close at hand. Some men discussing possibility of getting orders to go up in reserve at night. I do not think it possible, judging from what Height told me, that we would remain for four or five days and then relieve H and E. Comparatively quiet tonight, both in and out of the barracks. Carefully roll up my leggings and go to bed. Sleep like a top. It is cool and quiet. An Army truck runs over the leg of an ox, breaking it. The calmest Frenchman I ever saw is the owner. He makes no complaint, swears at no one and apparently does not want indemnity in sum twice the value of his ox. Rumours of C Co. casualties confirmed by Doctor Trow.

Tue. Jun. 25, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Three blasts of the whistle. It cannot be 6 o'clock so soon. I had only just gone to sleep. Everybody up. I rub my eyes. I am not dreaming. Do I hear the cry "Gas"? I was sure I heard it coming from the next barracks. It was expected I know, so just to make sure, I reach for my mask. No need to put it on, in six seconds. We are indoors. I wait to make sure, because it is inconvenient to wear mask. 1st Sgt. exclaims at this point. Everybody up, roll packs, ready to move in a few minutes. Going up the line. We are needed. Message to Batt. Hdqrs. Too bad that my hopes are shattered. If I must be in a trench on Thursday in obedience to orders, I must. No help for it. I will kiss Leah's picture, say a prayer for her safety and that I may come back to her. I feel easy and quite calm now. I find myself pitying Rubin, who always wants to know what time it is in New York. It is only 1:30 now. Sure enough, "It's about 7:30 in New York". That is all. We dress. I carefully adjust my new leggings as though I am going on a vacation trip or an

outing. Make up my pack, adjusting everything neatly. Lt. C. comes in to hurry us. Slickers will be worn. He sees everybody rolling pack. Asks why. "We were all told to". "No, No." Only 1st and 4th platoons and Del Duca's squad, of the second, Bezer's squad of the 4th. A relief for those men who do not go, that is given vent to in a vast audible sigh. They help us to get ready. Outside it is dark, a bright moon and a starry sky. My first care is water. I tell all men in squad to fill bottles. We must wait to draw ammunition. Order is to fall out. No lights to be shown. Fifty cigarettes are lit. Rubin examines his gas mask, a good idea. I do likewise, while I listen to Reddie next to me asking Sgt. where we are going and how long we would stay, in a voice subdued by fear. I want to go away from them. I would rather listen to shells bursting. Auto-rifle ammunition is drawn, pistol and rifle ammunition comes up next and we are off, just as day is dawning. March up the road in squads, twenty yards apart, slowly, so as not to gain on leaders, through the virgin forest, silent, but for the waking birds. It is hot work, going up hill always. Co. single file on right of the road. I lead. Order passed back to halt and rest. We close up and sit down. We must get up again. Close up platoon. Rest. Up a 45 degree hill, a terrible strain on the legs. Sweat pours from under my tin hat in little rivulets. I pant from the effort of that little climb as though I had run miles. Rest for a few minutes. Lt. puts SOS and a few more good riflemen at the head of the column. We go on till edge of woods. Look down into the valley where there is a low hanging mist, which we think may be gas. One can never tell. We sniff! Must wait again for some reason, which angers Capt. Not so us. Smoke and picture our fates, in fact, we can hear over the hills the "Put, put, put" of a machine gun, else all is quiet. Push forward again, cautiously, for we are in an open field. Fritz is up. We cannot

hide. A little village. There is a barn being used as an ammunition dump. Two oxen are on guard. They eye us suspiciously while we sit on shells and powder boxes. Forward! Shells, shells on all sides in camouflaged dugouts, pyramids on roads. And a little hillock, which as we come closer proves to be wire and painted canvas, loose leaves and straw. Under it a gun. Into the trench go the leaders. Stay there while we push on, some left behind in every bay. 308th to end of sector. Captain goes on to establish communications with unit on our left. Order is to keep a man on guard, not specific what he is to look for. Other 9 men to get under cover, in a clump of scrub pine and hemlock in the hollow. We are wet and hungry. A strawberry patch just outside our door. Forget fatigue and hunger and work for pleasure of picking berries. The dew on ground is like ice. My fingers grow numb but I do not stop until my cup is half full. Lie down to rest until my turn comes to stand guard. No one knows where to get breakfast, which worries us. Runner comes up at 9 to tell us breakfast is ready, also that we must go back 200 yards into woods and keep under cover. Most interest in breakfast. In a clump of trees, 200 yds. away, it is being served. Cold because it is brought to us from a distance of almost 3 miles. Stewed figs, rice, biscuit, coffee. Go back and carry out orders to move. Go a little way off road into the forest, and all lie down for a nap. My helmet is my pillow. Fritz sends over a shell. It lands not far from us. Wakes us, causing a little worry. Wait for a few more. Decide they do not endanger us. Lie down to nap again till noon mess. Do not sleep soundly of course, and we hear shells in the air and sounds of our own artillery at our right. No mess until 3 o'clock. Steak, onions, potato, biscuit, coffee, cold. Nothing to do but loaf and sleep if we can. Batteries near at hand open fire. Two are not more than 100 feet from our little camp. They

startle us. Concussion rocks the ground. The noise is not a boom but more like the clanging of an iron door, many times magnified. For a half hour, they pound away, Fritz returning our compliments. Quiet. Visit Frenchmen working on big gun. They prepare to move it. I carry on a conversation with them, which is more to my credit than any hitherto, thanks to yesterday's study. I remain behind, while men go for supper. They bring back bacon, potato, coffee, biscuit, cold, greasy. I try to start a fire to warm coffee a bit, succeeding in warming it just a little. Men prepare beds and pitch tents. I wait, reluctant to undo my pack. Stroll about woods, where I see OPC gun emplacements, dumps, dugouts, trench systems. French infantrymen's camp. When I come back, a voices calling for corporal. I suspect an order to move. I am right. All men's labor gathering twigs and straw gone for naught. We must go back to position occupied in the morning, taking up post held on arrival. Our blankets are taken into pines. We stand guard with respirators at alert, tin hats on, guns loaded and locked. Wait an hour not knowing what to do, all watching. 1st Sgt. comes up with instructions. One man to watch, others to lie or sit in trench. Can smoke if we wish but must not show lights. It is awfully cold sitting on parapet or in trench. The moon pops up over distant hill and before I can call Rubin's attention to the brightness and beauty, it is half over the top. It is a full moon, shedding a light as bright as day. Flares go up. Signals for our artillery. Flashes returned from under their camouflaged hillocks. Soon they will begin their work. Reagan comes to tell us the signal for gas is 3 shots from a rifle. If the men to our left or the right send it, we must lose no time to get our masks on. We must be on the alert for shells dropping in our zone. Blankets are brought up from below. We lie down, two men abreast across width of trench, after an hour spent in smoking, jesting, chatting and

complaining of the cold. Rubin remains on guard. Shut my eyes, which is a signal for batteries all around us to open fire. First one fires as many shells as possible, then taken up by the next and so on. A flash, a crash, a puff of smoke, a sound of some irresistible unseen force hurtling through the air with a rush, a whistle and a moan, as it goes to its destination, which is too far from us to hear sound of explosion. We humans, become accustomed to all things. Being tired, growing warmer from close contact with Gillece, my sleeping partner, I fall asleep. I hear nothing more. "Gas", frenzied shout, which I do not stop to question or think, nor does anyone else. I grope in the dark for my mask, which I have kept on. Hold my breath till it is uncomfortable, before it is adjusted. Rubin fires signal, second shot simultaneous with the bang of our big guns. I hear the hiss of escaping gas, and of bursting shells, and peer through goggles into the haze, all in an instant. In a minute, the hiss and thud and haze are gone. I look into the clear moon, quiet reigns. We look at each other, gather courage to talk cautiously and then Rubin's excited voice is heard asking pardon. He made a mistake it appears. There is no gas. But, he is sure he heard shots, which made him aware that his responsibility for men's lives rested upon his shoulders, and his imagination did the rest. I listen to his apologies, nervously uttered, until I would like to tell him to shut up, were he not such a keen young fellow. Look at my watch. It is just 1:30. My time to go on guard. I suggest it was only a little joke of his to wake me up that way. He is too excited to see the humour and makes further apologies. I take over post. A runner is sent to find out cause of signal being fired below. He returns, saying that it came from headquarters to them, and the sound of a distant barrage, only thing to disturb silence of night, while I am on post. An aeroplane is up. Do not know his mission.

At 2:30, I wake Lukas and take his blanket and place in the trench. Rubin took mine next to Gillece, where he fell asleep instantly. Sleep like a brick on the damp cold earth of trench.

Wed. Jun. 26, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up again at 6. We all stand to in trench. Order not understood. We can see no reason for it, but we obey. Wash in a little stream in the fields. Visit our comrades with whom we chat while waiting for breakfast. Told happenings of the day in their sector. The fourth platoon has been under shell fire, shrapnel hitting among the men and whistling around their heads. Vitkin comes nearest to being hit. Corp. Fox, PT Thompson and Carney meet with an accident, which severely injured them. They had picked up a detonator from somewhere in the trench. In spite of repeated orders not to pick up or fool with anything in the nature of an explosive that might be found. It is never sure that such an object is dead. There are a hundred reasons why it has not exploded, but it may if tampered with. This same detonator had been kicked about by Clark all day, when Fox, a brave, picked it up and examined it, perhaps hammering it. While taking it apart, it went off, blowing his hand to shreds so that he may lose it, injuring Thompson along the arms and on the chest painfully, and cutting a jagged gash in the hand of Carney, whose life was probably saved by providentially having the injured hand up to his face in the act of eating a piece of bread, else his head would have been blown off. Pvt. Rodder was so frightened during the shelling yesterday, that he ran back to barracks at Move our belongings back into the woods on other side of the road, into our home by day. On the way I see a tree

loaded with cherries. I tell Corp. about it. He and I go thither to pick a capful. I eat cherries to my heart's content. Bring some back for the boys. Take off shoes, leggings and stockings and lie down for a nap until dinner time. Boiled beef, potato, bread, coffee. I go to town of, ten minute's walk away from where we are encamped. There is a YMCA in that place where I get crackers, cigarettes and writing paper for the boys, furnishing the necessary capital, for every one of our party is broke. Get a newspaper too. I am so pleased with the courtesy of the worker in charge, that I stay to chat for a few minutes. In the center of town there is a barn. Although very near to the front, this town has not suffered much from shelling. Buildings are all intact, except for a few at farther end of village. A fair sized grocery store where I see American canned condensed milk on the shelves. Back with my purchases to be scolded for not having bought more. Cakes are relished. Del Duca again goes picking cherries. Two men from the main body of company visit us. They have rifles with them and are anxious to get some practice. Maloy and Himpler think that is a good idea and will do likewise. They know of a big hollow in the ground near where Del Duca is in the cherry tree, which can be used as a range. They go off to shoot. I had been writing, at which I continue. Our guns send over seven or eight shots in rapid succession. As usual, the first one coming unexpected startles. After that I do not pay any attention to them. I can distinctly hear the report of our rifles from the range. Suddenly a big explosion near us. I say "To-day's souvenir from Fritz" and think no more of it. A second later Maloy and Himpler, pale and excited, panting for breath come back. The trouble is that they had been using an unexploded Stokes trench mortar shell, which lay in the excavation, for a target. What I thought was Fritz's shell was the detonation from the

trench mortar projectile which went off immediately. How they saved their lives they did not know. No one was hurt, by a miracle. A bigger hole was made, dirt and pebbles flew fifty feet into the air. The boys ran at the rate of a thousand yards a minute. If these things are kept up, the company will have no need to go into the trenches. They will destroy themselves. Fritz makes no return of our shelling which ceased when work of single gun is finished. Supper, greatly delayed, meat, bread, butter, coffee. Potatoes come up as I am leaving to go back to camp. Take a few and eat on road. Write. Take a stroll in the woods to Frenchman's camp. We tease each other. Dusk coming on. Must return to await orders. They are, to move to our night quarters. Take up post in trench and await further orders. When we are settled, runner comes with written orders to make up packs, be ready to move. We are to go back to barracks and be relieved by 2nd and 3rd platoon men. I am undeniably happy to know that I will be in a comparatively safe place to-morrow. My pack is ready rolled. I had not opened it since arrival. Boys prepare to move. "Hullo, Del Duca? a message." Capt. directs that you and your squad remain, unroll packs and make yourselves comfortable for the night. I am again disappointed. It is a quiet night, Perhaps nothing will happen to me, either today or to-morrow. I put my trust in the Lord. What the boys say about the National Army and its commanders would make a stone image blush. Nothing can be done, however, but to stay. Guard is posted. I had intended to ask for 12-2 watch. It is arranged that Rubin and I are on duty then without my knowledge. Pleased at the thought that I will be awake to usher in the first anniversary of my Wedding Day. I lie down to sleep at 10. Say a prayer of thanks for the happiness, good health and prosperity, which have been ours in the past year and ask that continued happiness be given my loved

ones by our lord. Sleep for a little more than an hour. Up at 11:45 to take my post. It is a silent world I look upon from our trench. The church bell strikes the hour of twelve. I say a prayer in the presence of Rubin. A thanks offering. I am not mindful of the presence of Rubin. I know he understands. I talk of Leah and of home, her goodness, her virtues, of baby and our past pleasures. How happy I am to-night that my hands are still unstained with blood. I do not long for home. I would only ask the privilege of seeing the tears in Leah's eyes when she receives my flowers to-day, please God. I would be content with hearing her say "Dear Boy". Silence for a few minutes. Reagan comes up to tell us gas alarm signal is to be given on a brass shell case, which he gives us. Two aeroplanes are up. One is a Hun. I hear his motors distinctly. At right angles to him, and making for him is one of our machines. They manoeuvre for position for half an hour until we cannot hear them from the distance. Again it is a quiet, moonlit night. Only sound of two husbands confiding in each other and the occasional "put, put" from a machine gun. Meet a Frenchman who talks German quite well. Practice shooting with a pistol. Hit bullseye, first shot. To bed at 2, undoing my pack, extra blanket making a warm bed. Two hours on duty pass quickly and I am hardly aware of the cold.

Thu. Jun. 27, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

My First Wedding Anniversary

Up at 6:00. Stand on guard for 10 minutes or so. Corporal calls it off then. It is cloudy. Perhaps it may rain. Pick a handful of strawberries. Go to visit the new men. Sgt.

Hesaber running around loose. We help him out of his troubles. Breakfast detail has gone down for mess. I lie down for a nap and a chat with Rubin. Men are all standing to, in trench. Stay until ordered out by 1st Sgt. Move back to woods, taking with us belongings of men who are on mess detail. Waiting anxiously for breakfast is too tame for me. I get out on road to look for cherries. See a farmer mowing hay in a field under a loaded tree. I approach with a smile, looking up at the tree inquiringly. Yes, cherries, but no good, "Sour, acid" and I can take all I wish. He has no use for them. I may take as many as I like. They are big and ripe. He takes out some tobacco to bite off, sufficient for a chew, telling me it is American tobacco. I play politics, giving him a plug I have been carrying around with me. He helps me half fill my hat with cherries. Breakfast. Apples, stewed, beans, doughnuts, bread, coffee. Full to excess. I want more cherries. Del Duca knows where to get some. He orders me back with mess kits, while he gets cherries big as plums. He promises to return with a capful. Move into back woods, Rubin helping me carry excess load. Lie down for a nap till Corporal comes back with cherries. Really good. He also brings back a fifty franc note, which he divides among the men, five francs each if they wish. I go to P..... to spend some of it, to wash and shave. Write out an order that Corporal authorizes me to purchase supplies for squad, go with Rubin to make purchases of crackers, cigarettes, jam, etc. Meet a Frenchman who has been in New York. He speaks almost perfect English. Modestly admits he knows a little. Gas shell holes all around our camp. Craters show evidences of potency of gas, earth being blackened and hardened in spots. Many of them, especially near batteries. Back after I make my toilet at the town pump. In ten minutes crackers are gone. It is time to go up for dinner. I do not care to go. Ask Rubin to

bring me back a bit, if it is good. Lie down to read. What a Godsend is today, my wedding anniversary, and nothing to do but to bask in the sun, which has come out, and ponder upon my happiness in Leah. No trenches in sight. I am free from the guilt of having slain or even attempted to. I will write a letter to Leah to celebrate this day. If I would only get mail as a present it would be ideal. Maloy and Himpler come back while I read. They have met an orderly coming to us with a message. We are to pack up and move to the line with Lt. G. I am dazed. Ask a lot of questions to make sure that I am in my senses and have heard. Up my boy! Do not show these men you do not want to go. I pack up hurriedly for we are late. Cool as a cucumber, I will take my chances. Off for Batt. Hdqrs. Stop to have dinner. Steak, potato, bread, coffee. Rubin is troubled and pale. He knows. Eat quickly and little. We are off across field. They have sent orderly to look for us. It is all uphill. I begin to perspire. Never was I so hot. Anxious to get to Hdqrs. Men will not stop long enough to give themselves benefit of rest. In the woods are twenty or more men resting. We join them. Meet Sgt. Nichols, who tells us there is only a few hundred yards to go. Hdqrs. a beautiful barrack colony in woods. Men who built it have pavilions and enclosures. Lt. G. and other Battalion Lieuts. are there, but we will not go forward tonight. Orders have been rescinded. 4 men will go to-morrow at 8 AM. Gillece and I will wait till company goes up line. In meantime to return to posts. My prayers are answered. I am not reluctant about going back after I cool off. It is made in half time of trip up. Back in quarters in woods. Throw off pack in assumed disgust. Take off shoes. Prepare to write to Leah. Send Rubin for supper of beef stew, bread, butter and coffee, while I write, and after eating continue. As I lie I tell corporal of Lt. C.'s dissatisfaction with sector assigned to us when we go to line,

that when C. and Iowans suffered many casualties, boys annoyed at Lt. Any place as good as another he holds. I defend the Lt., which angers the Corporal. He takes revolver, and points at me. I know he jests, so I do not move. Bang! I hear no bullet whizzing. He has shot, which I did not expect. Had I, I would have moved and been dead. I laugh at my narrow escape and go on writing. Lenehan is waiting, talking to Gillece. Maguire fooling with gun, which is loaded and supposedly locked. It is not. Bang! A cloud of earth thrown into the air. Lenehan jumps out shouting he is shot in back. It is only flying dirt that has hit him. It takes minutes to convince him he is alive. He insists he is hit. Pale as ashes. This army will kill itself yet. We move to pines. Hell lets loose. We expect a wild night. Flares and signals up. Continue for a half hour. Six of us left. We will all stay in trenches until 10:30, then each team will be on guard five and a half hours. A steady stream of supplies and gun carriages going down road back from lines. Del Duca holds a reception. War has ceased. It is quiet, but for activity on road. Stories of narrow escapes from death in civilian life are told, a subject suggested by accidents and casualties occurring in our compound. I have a feeling of distress from an overloaded stomach. To bed at 10:30, but got no sleep. I lie awake belching and squirming from cramps. I hear only wagons on road.

Fri. Jun. 28, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Diarrhea, Cramps

I wake up men and go to sleep. Asked if I want breakfast. I have no desire to eat. Stomach overloaded. Cramps. Bowels are loose. A cup of coffee will do me. I go to sleep again. Do not awaken till 10. Nobody about. Beside my blanket is a cup of coffee and two

slices of bread and butter. Coffee is cold, so I build a small fire of twigs and paper to heat it. Succeed only in getting it lukewarm. Relish a meal. Seized with cramps again. Back and try to write. I begin a letter to Leah, writing 2 1/2 pages. My eyes are tired and I fall asleep again. Remember mess time. Wake up to find all the men back and asleep. No one has moved to camp in back woods this morning. Tell men it is mess time and ask them to kindly bring me some coffee and bread. Rubin volunteers to do so. I thank him. One reason I do not go up to where mess is served is that our squad members are taking their turn at returning dixies to kitchen, a trip of almost a mile, in which a steep hill is encountered. I do not feel equal to the task, and I am afraid I will be asked to go. Write again until Rubin brings me a cup of coffee and Lukas has 11 letters from home for me, 1 from Willie, 1 from Morris, who is in the country, taking advantage of a honeymoon, 2 from Lottie and seven from Leah, the first dating from May 30th, Decoration Day. Her thoughts on that day were of a year ago, similar to those I wrote about in my Decoration Day letter to her. I am very happy and relieved to receive letters from home and as usual do not open and read them until everything else is done. I heat my coffee, after spending half an hour or so trying to get a fire started, without success. Eat bread and butter, while I read Leah's letter. She has received mail from me in France, but I do not know which. Reference may have been made to three in the 15 or more other letters which have not arrived. Leah is quite evidently worried, because she has had so few letters from me. She is trying her very best to keep from crying. A package of goodies is on the way to me, being brought in a trunk by a friend of Miss Hogue's, who is in France to do canteen work. All news, otherwise, is cheerful. Baby and Leah are well, thank God. I write a bit more until word is sent down from Hdqrs.

that we must go up to sign payroll, something I thought wouldn't be done this month. I am not at all anxious to go up, having no need for money, and would rather continue writing to Leah. Rubin is going up and urges me to accompany him; besides it is an order and since it is known that I am in camp, I will have to obey. I go out for first time to-day. It is very hot in the sun. A three quarter of a mile walk. Payroll is signed under a camouflaged hill, where not long ago was a big gun. Back by way of Pick and eat a few cherries, which are so tempting that I cannot resist, though I should. Into town from other end, where our company has never been. Go to YMCA to buy some crackers, which I eat on the way back to camp. Portion of town I have just passed through recently shelled. Take a short cut into the fields, bearing down upon our camp in the right direction at the beginning, but in crossing over barbed wire entanglements, I lose my way. Go much behind the pines in which we live. Meet Del Duca and Rubin coming back. I have heard some one practicing shooting with a rifle. Sound seems to be coming toward me, but I continue walking. When we are back in our grove, Del Duca begins cleaning his rifle, then taking out his pistol, finds it has been hit just outside ejector slot by a bullet, which went through his holster. He finds splinters of bullet in bottom of case. A marvelously narrow escape for him. It seems in the ranks of C Company, there is one every day. I lie on my stomach on a blanket, writing, feeling very uncomfortable, until I fall asleep. I am asked do I want anything for supper. Not a thing. I thank Rubin for being so kind. I awake at 8 o'clock, cranky and annoyed to find nothing for me to eat. I have an appetite and would especially like something to drink. Not a drop of water in any of the canteens. Ask permission to go to YMCA, and incidentally to fill water bottles. Permitted to go provided I

bring back water. I take three bottles and go down the road in the dark. Our artillery near at hand is beginning a little shelling of Fritz. YMCA still open to my surprise. It is electric lighted. So are main buildings and very little precaution is taken to screen lights. I get crackers for my supper and fill water bottles, going back quietly along the road in the dark until I come upon the squad standing to, in the trench post assigned to us. Del Duca is doing the talking as usual. I leave a bottle of water for them, then go down for my gun and belt. I do not feel very much like standing guard, yet it is best not to complain. I come up and listen half asleep, to Del Duca. At 10:15, I go down to sleep. Guns near us are spitting fire, but at the front things are quiet. Corporal has been told, a barrage is expected and an attempt will be made to break through, to be especially watchful for gas. I am on guard with Rubin, from 1:10 to 3:30. I fall asleep and slumber soundly until McGuire awakens us to go on post. Up quickly; in five minutes I am on duty. Nothing has happened and it is very quiet now. Occasionally machine gun fire. I am again seized with cramps. I am very uncommunicative. Rubin makes efforts to draw me out, but does not succeed. His stories of business successes and reverses do not interest me. Time is dragging. Toward 3:15, as dawn is breaking to replace a dark, cloudy night, a German aeroplane is heard. It is coming in our direction. My steel helmet is on and gas mask alert. I wonder why nothing is being done to scare him away or no effort being made to shell him. Presently, hum of motor from our own plane heard giving chase. Reason enough why no shells are sent skyward. A running game of hide and seek is played until they are out of earshot. I go down to wake up Lukas and Gillece, our relief. I go to bed and sleep very well. It is warm. Annoyed with myself for not having written to Leah. I had ample opportunity to do so. Find a

beautiful bird nest and with it prove correctness of my contentious discussion with Rubin about family responsibility.

Sat. Jun. 29, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Fair

Hike to Battalion Hdqrs. at and to to take up duties. Sleep in a bed, in a room, where there are roses on the table in a vase.

I am the first awake at 8. This gang is getting lazy. They are still asleep. I must wake them. It is perhaps past breakfast time. There would be much grumbling if they should miss breakfast. They realize the importance of getting out quickly. Go up together. Rubin has orders to bring me bread and coffee. I am feeling much improved. Look over what I wrote to Leah yesterday. Do not find anything of interest in it. Decide to destroy it and begin anew after breakfast. Lie down while I wait for men to come back. Aeroplanes are up on both sides and are being fired at. Frenchman, who hit Del Duca's pistol yesterday, is at practice again. I get nervous, but decide that I am just as safe where I am as any place else. Bring me rice, bread and coffee. I start fire to warm coffee. Boys admire my patience while I try to keep it burning. They declare I cannot be very sick if I can spend so much time over fire. General, Major and Adjutant, also Colonel are out looking over their sector. They almost come in upon us, so close do they come. Yet, we are not aware we are being observed. I do not believe they know our position. I plan to do some washing, before I begin to write. Take too much time to decide whether I will or not. He who hesitates will not wash, so 10 o'clock finds me writing a

letter to Leah. I go over events of yesterday. At twelve o'clock I am still writing. Take I off my shoes and stockings, leggings and blouse for greater comfort. Dinner time comes. I am urged to go to mess. Dress so that I can. Take paper, pen and ink with me, in the event that I must wait. I can improve the shining hour. It is indeed a shining hour, a red hot sun and a beautiful blue sky. Mess has not yet arrived. I sit with my back to a sapling and resume writing, which displeases Del Duca. I am made a target for sticks and stones. I am amused when I casually glance at Lenehan. He has had his hair cut. Barber leaves a tuft of hair in the center of his head, which gives him a most ludicrous appearance. He is not aware of the barber's joke. Mess arrives. I do not care for anything, but coffee. I get a cup and some bread. Coffee is hot and creates an appetite. I get some steak too, which I relish. I do not remain very long, fearing I will be sent back with the dixies. Return at once to my writing room. Lukas goes to YMCA in town to get crackers and newspapers. Returns with crackers for me. Write undisturbed until 4:30, munching crackers, birds my only companions. Men are away to town or with rest of company. Writing a very long letter. Sgt. Fiske calls. Gillece and I are to roll packs and report to Batt. Hdqrs. at 5:00. It is almost 5 now and quite impossible to carry out orders. Remember my experience of Thursday and finish my letter writing without hurrying. My greatest accomplishment for Leah if my letter arrives safely, 20 pages. Roll my pack. Work quickly but do not hurry, for Gillece has not yet come. Look at my rifle. It is nearly all rust. Make a hurried cleanup. Men are back. Have had a good supper. None left for me. I know where I can get some. Say good-bye. Will see comrades later. Company moves into lines later to-night. Sling pack and we are off. Some hard trudging going up hill. Fortunately, heat of day is over. Go slowly as I possibly

can, yet I perspire so that I am wet through. Steep hill knocks us out for a time. We must rest. Stop in kitchen to fill our water bottles. Get doughnuts and bread for my supper. Keep pack on. Perspiring and panting. Eating in that condition increases my stomach distress. Go on to Hdqrs. in woods without a halt. Sgt. Fiske waiting for us. Others there. As I expected, we do not start until dark. I no longer grow angry when, on arriving an hour or more after appointed time, I am told that we are hours too early. Unslung my pack. Talking to Tallon who is grouchy. A message is to go to E Co. from Hdqrs. Sgt. Fiske suggests that I take it. I protest that I am tired and wringing wet. No avail. I must go. Go off road two or three times. Manage to get to our Co. Hdqrs. See Captain to whom I deliver message. No answer in return. It is much easier going up hill without pack. Company going up hill singly to assemble in wood. Aeroplanes are up to observe movement. Quickly spotted and fired at. On way back stop in kitchen for a few more doughnuts. Lose path on way back to Hdqrs. A fine scout am I. Lose 15 minutes finding direction. Dusk when I get back. Not yet ready to start. Get news of A Co. 3 casualties. One gas case, serious, 2 slight shrapnel wounds. Reread letter to Leah, while I wait. Off through forest road at 9:15. See nothing of E Co. Sgt. Major in a hurry. Too fast a pace and no rests. Through where Hdqrs. will be. Stop there to rest and await further orders. Expect for a time to be quartered there. Orders to move on to Gillece and I set out alone. To war at last. A dark road for a half mile through the town. Quiet as death. A column of ghosts coming toward us. Think I recognize Lt. Griffiths. No. To our left, signals rising, white and ghostlike into the darkness of the sky. Gillece suggests we load and lock our rifles. Not a bad idea. I think more than I talk. Asked what I would do to a German. Nothing, I do not want to see

any. A trifle nervous and perspiring. Sit down to rest against a wall to regain my composure. Off again in ten minutes. Meet limbers. Ask if we are on right road to make sure that we will not wander about all night. A camouflaged road all the way out. Walking at a fast pace brings us into town at 12. Only one sentry stopped us on road. In town there are more. Nothing to be seen but ruins, every house in the town torn by shells. A light at junction of main street and road, coming through shuttered windows. Perhaps these are the sentries. A French canteen. One man inside going over accounts, turns to the right. Nobody. A peculiar odor. Gas? Stop to sniff. Undecided. Iodine? Yes! Next, a guard. He does not know where we can find Lt. Leaves his post to inquire, a foolish move. Comes out with definite information of value. Next place where a light shows, we are to inquire. Ruins everywhere. Another guard comes up in the darkness. A ray of light through a window. A familiar voice from a dim figure. Kenny. He does not know where Lt. is. Black will know. Here he comes. All the men are here. So glad to see them, as after absence of years. We follow them in direction from which we came. A column of troops coming in. Lt. not yet arrived. Halt at a house still intact. Shown where a shell struck a few hours before, smashing wall and street. Himpler and Maloy on guard. Ask us to relieve them. For some unexplainable reason I object, aggressively. Inside. Once a rich man's place. Holy pictures on walls. Beds, quite a few of them in rooms. Screened candles for light. Windows shaded. Unpack. Rest. Discuss question of guard. Draw lots. Three more shifts to be done. 6 of us present. 3 numbered slips, 3 blanks. I draw a blank. No guard for me. Gillece from 2 to 4. To ring klaxen and wake men. Edit Leah's letter before I go to bed, because I find some free censor envelopes about. Just what I have been looking for. To bed, fully clothed. Town

is frequently shelled so it is not advisable to remove clothes. Wonder if Leah knows that I am in danger; that I have walked cautiously through a ruined city, ready to take a life or protect my own. E Co. comes in while I sleep and go into line, unnoticed. No activity of any kind comes to my knowledge. Maloy has a swollen face, which reminds me that he slept near Ferguson, who died of Anthrax. I question him as to how he feels. He thinks it is an insect bite. Biggest adventure.

Sun. Jun. 30, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

"Greenwald". "Yep". Rub my eyes. It is the Lt. "Yes Sir", I correct myself. "I want you to go to with the morning report. Get ready!" "Yes Sir". It is 5:30. I am to go on a bicycle. No time to wash. Look for a pistol to arm myself with. None to be found. I take only my belt. More adventure. I imagine I must run a gauntlet of fire, and will have to display a great deal of courage. Long time since I have been astride a bicycle. Down hill at once. I like my job. All I must do is sit in the saddle and ride down hill. Meet Cohn, who has a message that I should have taken at Hdqrs. at 5:45. A most enjoyable ride for a morning constitutional. No opportunity to display bravery. No harrowing fire to ride through. Touring the country, it seems to me. I do remember caution enough to keep close to camouflage screen along road. Many aeroplanes up and being fired at. Upward of 100 shots fired at them. In ten minutes I am halted by guard to whom I give password. In another minute I am before Major with report. Give Leah's letter into the care of Sgt. Major, who promises to see that it is mailed. On my way back, guard does not halt me this time. Instead he asks for a match. I try to go uphill

on bicycle. Decide to get off and walk; a rest for my thighs. A few coasting stretches, but most of the time I walk uphill beside the bicycle. Last stretch of road a downhill coast and a short uphill into town, which I ride by zig-zagging, arriving out of breath, and wet, at quarters. To pump in square to wash and shave. A deserted village if there ever was one. Not until I am finished do I see anyone. Meet some of our Company men. Ration dump in store below. Corporal in charge is still asleep. We wake him to get rations for breakfast. Kitchen across road in lodge of chateau. Bean stew and coffee, made yesterday is being reheated. There are a few large pieces of bread and beef there, which have been in gas recently and is unfit for consumption. The place is filthy with garbage and dirt. Upstairs are high explosives, stored away in a corner. The bean stew is sour. The coffee is fair and with bread and Karo makes my breakfast. Make plans for setting things in order. Sweep out thoroughly. Dispose of decaying garbage and all useless cans and tins, bags, etc. Conway constitutes himself cook and begins making dinner. I run through chateau looking for ink. Find many valuable articles, I wish could be sent home as souvenirs. An old quarte French and Latin dictionary 16 -- . I take it with me to my room. Write for an hour. Get wood and chop it. Take a nap or rather try to, disturbed by flies and one of our anti-air guns directly behind us, which has a target in the sky. Give it up as a bad job and go to kitchen to wait for mess. Kapek, our old cook, and Deyo, KP at , have joined our detachment and have been assigned to take charge of the mess, which assures us of good meals. There is roast beef hash, potato, bread, Karo, coffee. As soon as Lt. finishes his lunch, he assigns Himpler and me to relieve Black and Maloy at the OF. I am shaky in the knees. I expect to have to fight for my life every second of my day.

Lt. takes us out, equipped with rifle belt, bayonet, mask and glasses. Through an alley into the trenches. I expected them to be 4 ft. wide, higher than my head, cut out of earth. They are wide enough to allow only one to pass, shored up on both sides, boardwalk floor, camouflaged on top, winding till I become dizzy following their course. Come out into a lit and upon a well camouflaged OP. A narrow door and inside as safe as an office. A map, telephone, watches, glasses, etc. Platform and chair for observer. Table and chair for recorder. All built into the earth, bullet proof. Black and Maloy half asleep. A Frenchman is supposed to be about. He is asleep on the parapet behind OP. Relieve men, get a half hour's instructions. Left to ourselves, finding it quite pleasant, nothing in particular to do, fear leaves me. I take up post as observer. Look upon an intricate trench system, strange to us. No evidence of German occupation. Directly in front of my glass, in No Man's Land, is a little white wooden cross. Only thing to suggest that man has been here. I take it upon faith that he is here now. Frenchman comes in. Quite a cheerful person. I must begin to practice on him. The job begins to appeal to me. Himpler observes. A good opportunity to write. I had no idea war was like this! Observing again. Bang! A cloud of smoke. It is coming in through peep hole. Whew! Gas! "Non gas", cries the Frenchman. "Explosif". "Gas", hoarsely to Himpler. We take out our masks. "Damn that Frenchman. He is as cool as ice". I breathe another whiff of smoke. Look at Himpler and the fire-eater and put my mask back, all atremble. In a minute, Bang! Bang! Bang! Behind OP earth and small stones shower into our doorway. Houses of the town obscured from view by smoke. More courageous this time, enough to remember that I am expected to find out where they hit, calibre of shell, direction of fire, etc. Aided to make notations and map readings by

Frenchy. He is relieved by another, who sings and whistles most of the time. I get along well with him too. Jerry sends more pills back of town on road. No casualties. We return the compliment with 35 to 40 75s to A puff of smoke from a trench. I have heard no whizz. Ask Frenchy what it is. He says it is our shelling and not in trench but miles behind. I agree with him. Another. A puff of yellow, in another. Now he is convinced. Put it down as a hit on German lines. Quiet except for aeroplanes which are fired at. I read photoplay magazine. A third Frenchman comes. He is not as willing to teach me French as the others. He only signs and whistles and reads. Run out to look at aero battles. Relieved by Wade and Howe at 7:15. On way to quarters meet Kandel and Weinhold, who tell us one of our outposts was hit. Herman and Newberger badly scared. See at once that what I reported as a hit on German lines was a hit on ours. Explain circumstances to Lt. when I see him. Ask if shelling has done any damage in town. None. Glad of that. Men in the trenches are hungering. Kitchen is overtaxed, being burdened with an order to ration 168 extra men. No casualties, Thank God. Kapek and Deyo have worked wonders in the kitchen. It is clean, well arranged and sanitary. Roast beef hash, apple sauce, biscuits and coffee for which we must wait. A satisfactory supper. Men are all assembled in our room. I cannot write. No ink. I will read, something I have not done since leaving Sewell Ford's torchy stories. Three surplus rifles, which have been issued to E boys, are being cleaned by them. Candles are lit. Windows sealed. Guard and OP details for the night are announced by the Lt. I am free to sleep as soon as I care to go to bed. Read till 10. Make bed and turn in with my shoes on. Men talk and argue. Those that want to sleep are peeved. Heated discussion. Ward has a box of Left's hard candies from the States. He passes

it around. It is good. I take more and promise everybody a treat when I get my packages. Hot in bed. Room is as close as a tomb. I take off shoes, stockings and leggings. Tempted to remove all my clothing. Of what use is a bed if I cannot remove my clothing? It is two, almost three months since I have slept in my underwear. 4 months ago, I last slept in pajamas. I would like to risk it. Being tired, I fall asleep debating the question. Lights are out. All the men are asleep. The air is so foul and thick that I cannot sleep. I awake in an hour. Shout that I want the window open. Not to be thought of. There is a weight on my chest. I am too accustomed to tent life to stand this. Bed is not so comfortable, after all. I remain hot, roll and toss all night. The book I found is my pillow. It is too hard. I get rid of it. No better. Nothing occurs during the night. A few bursts of machine gun fire. Hear a story describing action of Rogers and Hussey upon sighting a German and what Del Duca does subsequently. My admiration for Del grows. Lt. out till past twelve. He has had no sleep for the past two nights and asks to be awakened at 4. He is the hardest worker in the army. Never complains. Never takes advantage of a minute in which to rest, or do something for himself. Modest withal.

Mon. Jul. 1, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

After breakfast- "Who will get flowers for our table?" I will. Beautiful roses across the street. I get some. Lt. G., "What are you doing with them?" "For our boudoir." "Nix. Gassed." Into the swill barrel.

Up at 6:00 with a congested nose and head.

It is a long time since I have awakened thus. Wash up, feeling much refreshed. Breakfast in a most modern kitchen. The boys do not idle for a single moment. They have been out into the town and through the pottery and return with crockery. If we wish, we might have our meals served on china. Breakfast. Roast beef hash, Karo, coffee. Himpler out on special duty trying to locate Bandler and his squad, who are reported missing. Found by Himp and Captain who was anxious about men. Squad was lost in the night. Waited until the daylight to return. Our room is swept up, furniture moved about and put in order. Lt. means to take 5 men out to lines in wood on hill. I am in the detail. Fully armed. Lt. called to Hdqrs. by orderly with message as we are about to start. Cpl. Thurn takes charge. One aspect of new work that I like, is that when we go out it is not necessary to restrain my temper, because a noncom spends a half hour figuring how to get three men into a column of twos. We march as we please for greater safety. Halt a few minutes at end of town. French 75s are saying good morning to Fritz. Signs of very recent gas attack are evident. Shrapnel plentiful on road and embankment. Past and into the hills. Up a very steep one, into the woods. See many new things in the zone. Protection always near at hand in numerous dugouts and funkholes. Defensive bombs, gas signals, etc. Meet Lt. to explain our mission to him. Cpl. takes half hour longer than necessary to do so. Got nervous listening to his chatter. Scene reminds me of picture of Hdqrs. in Civil War times, I have seen in the States. General at table in secured position. Private, orderly standing at respectful distance, delivering an incoherent message- in nine colors. Should be only 1 in white, pasty white, the color of our complexions. Start on a tour of the post. Miles of ditches cut through stone, dirt, tree roots, twisting in a bewildering maze. Boardwalks for flooring, where I expected to find none. A

dizzy job to traverse the trenches, which are not in the pink of condition. Pretty well knocked about. They are deep enough in most places for us to walk erect without being seen above the parapet. Stores for various kinds of ammunition every few feet. Rockets, flares, etc. M.O's, bomb throwers, trench mortars ready for instant action. Woods in No Man's Land and for a considerable distance back of our lines is now nothing but ruin. Scarred stumps and trunks all that is left. Fallen branches present an almost impenetrable barricade against attack from either side. Poor observation to be had at the outposts, which we visit to familiarize ourselves with their positions, though their construction is very ingenious and represents a vast amount of labor. Well supplied with ammunition. Men are rationed on tinned stuff. They are by no means lacking in courage, though sadly deficient in the realization of the importance of their duties. Because nothing happens, they grow lax. They will get out of that shortly. At each one we rest while Cpl. Thurn gets on my nerves talking. At 11, I take off my belt for greater comfort. Thurn suddenly decides to go on. He is well acquainted with lines. To me they are like a jig saw puzzle. The only excitement we have had so far has been furnished by ourselves. We talk in whispers and imagine naive wonders. Stop at 12 to inquire about progress and observations made. None, Corp. Thurn takes a look but from a hole which is well concealed. Black looks over a parapet through glasses. Thurn, white as a sheet, excited beyond control, comes over to Black, pulls him down and commands us all to duck. He has seen two German snipers with guns leveled at Black. We look at each other, I believe, to see who is bravest. We see each other shivering. I am quaking in my boots. My heart is thumping so that I cannot breathe. Corp. takes a bomb. Black and Maloy who have snipers' rifles make an attempt to take a

shot, provided Thurn can pick them up again through the glasses. We set our feet down on that. It would give us away. A Sgt. from 10 comes. When he hears the news, he is not anxious to stay. Cautiously we wend our way toward 10. It is hard to make our legs move. Look and listen. A most dramatic scene. Maloy looking through glasses and we, all ready to shoot, wait what seems an age. Nervous strain too great to stand. We do not know what is to our left, where there is a noise which sounds suspicions. It is best to go back. More theatricals. I am as frightened as any of them. Out on path with a great sigh of relief. I feel much lighter. I feel myself. A good reason why I am feeling free. My ammunition belt is not on my person. Consternation. I forgot to put it on then we left post 11. What am I to do? Nothing. Back to quarters, consoling each other with "next time" resolves and post mortems. I haven't a damn thing to say. It is hard enough to be afraid without lying. An hour to mess time. I can find a tonic in my book, so I read. Mess. Hash, onion sauce, bread, coffee. Hungry enough to ask for more. Eat outside on a table in the garden. Read again until Lt. comes back and finishes his lunch. Announces detail for day because he must leave. Gillece and I ordered to OP from 7 to 12. A good opportunity to write. Disturbed by a visit from Jerry's planes. At four I plan to bathe my feet. Go to the brook with my soiled clothes, which I will wash. An aeroplane buzzing around. Back to the kitchen for a dixie and filling it with water, I go back to the kitchen to do the job. Wash my clothes there too. Hang them to dry. Get a handful of forbidden fruit, currants. Supper is ready. Rice, bread, butter, coffee. Eat outside. Finished, I get ready to go on duty. Borrow a belt. Out with Gillece. As usual he asks a lot of questions, and wishes often that the Lord will permit him to kill a German. He is sober in spite of the fact that there were 5 canteens

of red wine at home. I have asked Himpler to forbid him to drink any and he has succeeded in doing so. Arrive at post to relieve Farrell and Messinger without incident. Frenchy No. 1 is there. He is tired and goes out to parapet to take a nap. Left alone, I instruct Gillece in use of glasses and tell him where I think the German trench lines are. He looks for 15 minutes through glasses that are not focused. He is as bright as gunmetal tonight. I observe for a half hour or more straining my eyes uselessly. Do not observe any motion whatever, except from the crows. So it is, until it is too dark to see. No. 3, the silent Frenchman, comes and makes preparations for the night. Flaps down. Door curtains down. Candles lit. Frenchy wants to write. Tries to tell Gillece who looks at him with a most stupid stare. I explain. Frenchy writes. I study French, send Gillece outside. Machine gun fire heard, 4 or 5 bursts of it. There is more action than usual. Artillery on both sides working. French send over about 50 75's. Once an unusual series of reports. A mystery to us. On our reports we put it, in interrogatory form. From our right, where we saw Germans in the morning, three long bursts of fire with ????. Looks like E is getting action from Germans who are angered by Lt. Griffiths treatment of them in afternoon. He was out with Thurn with a rifle to verify Thurn's morning report. Sees three German snipers in camouflaged suits crawling around near our lines. He takes a crack at them. Result unknown because Thurn, who had the glasses on them, was so frightened by the report of the gun and flinches. Interesting to note down what I hear. Outside to look for flares, etc. It is pitch dark. We cannot see anything. Frenchman writes his letters. At 12 he leaves. I begin a letter to Leah. Wade comes with relief. I stop writing, wake up Gillece, who is asleep on chair on platform. Wade is drunk. Have difficulty in finding arms which I have left outside. It is too

dark to see. Proceed by sense of touch. Wade leads. Cannot see where we are going. Shells come over. We wait to hear their whizz. Go on when we ascertain direction of travel. I think Wade is playing Wild West. It is, Pvt. Black whispers all the way in. Step high so that I will not stumble. Make for kitchen to look for coffee. None. Strike messes and make a lot of noise. Transport is in town. A ray of light from Lt's. window. He is still at work, soon sleeps. I go up to give him our reports. We talk it over for a half hour. He has made up a roster of our duties. Gillece and I are assigned to in the future. Long shifts in our own platoon's sector. Work there will begin in the morning. Go to bed at 1:15. Read Terchy. Machine guns still going. Tonight window is open. Much more comfortable to sleep. Succeed very well in going about in the dark. Clothes on.

Tue. Jul. 2, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. Wash and police or rather clean house. Breakfast. Bacon, hash, bread, coffee. My wash on line is still wet. Dishes must go unwashed, which is all I have to worry about this morning. When the working details are all out, I go upstairs to read and write. Lt. goes off alone, leaving orders for Gillece and me to go on post in the afternoon, after mess. Continue writing for more than an hour, when I have occasion to go outside. Hardly do I get under shelter in the latrine across the street, when a whizz, close by, bursts with a loud report, and the kitchen force and all those remaining behind, who were in quarters, make haste to find shelter in the dugout. When I arrive, there are our men and a half dozen signalmen and linemen there. They were taking down dead wire near OP and were apparently spotted by German observation

balloon, which sent a recommendation that they be shelled. Hell, Jerry almost made a good job of it. Only one man was frightened, not hurt, but instead of running to assigned shelter, he goes elsewhere. Not two minutes later than the first, another arrives doing damage to the terrain, and sending in linemen from another job. With the third, I arrive in the dugout. I find a red, upholstered, velvet chair, tip it backward and take advantage of my enforced lay-off from writing by settling myself for a nap. More and more shells come over, the bursting and flying shrapnel finding many a target in the courtyard of the villa and on the roof. It must have been a respectable thud to be heard in the cellar as each flying piece hit the roof. An aero up to watch fire effectiveness. He is shelled by us, so close to our town, that the shrapnel falls into the street, through the trees and in the garden. A shower of missiles for a time. Linemen tell of previous similar experiences. After half an hour, I fall asleep in the chair and do not wake until it is all over. One or two men are still there, but I doubt if I would have been awakened by them had they gone away, which they were on the verge of doing. In that case had a gas shell come across, I would have been in trouble. Upstairs to write again until noon mess. Roast beef, meat balls, bread, coffee. So very good that I ask for more. Get a pistol, issued with clips of ammunition. Now I want for nothing more in the way of arms. Guns, pistol, etc. hooked up and Gillece and I go off to war again, together with Sgt. Kirshner. To a boyau and along more than a mile of winding trenches, narrow, with shored up sides and a boardwalk floor. It is hot, helmet is heavy, no room for comfort, too narrow in some places to pass, without going through sideways. Perfectly hidden from view by Fritz. Sweat is pouring down my face and into my eyes, so that they burn, until I can no longer see. A never ending walk, which might just as well

have been accomplished by going over the hills and through wood. Lt. Cook not at Hdqrs. when we arrive. Del Duca is telling the men how he did it last night. He was over the top to look for Huns and ran into three of them, who ran back, leaving a bag of grenades behind. Cpl. Wall also has had a brush with the Huns. E Company had quite a bit of excitement last night on the whole. Many of the men had their ambition to take a shot at Jerry satisfied. One casualty. Weaving is shot in the head. Not seriously injured, Taken to base hospital. Del is worshipped by the boys and officers. Capt. is all smiles. Del is glad to see me. I listen to him. Anxious to get a drink of water. None about. Do without. Observation post is only a short distance to the right. All fallen trees and a tangle behind camouflage screen, into a Ct. and we are there at first bay of line. Evidently an old bombing post. Little protection against observer being observed, and as far as I can see no view of enemy lines at all. We look right down into our own, where men go about unconcerned and exposed to view. I might as well get completely into open with my glasses. No view there either. Post cannot be improved upon for field of view. Sgt. climbs a tree, but neither can he find German lines. No use going back to quarters yet, so sit in the little shack after camouflaging door opening with a dead pine and installing an old stove for a chair. Look and look, but can see nothing. Sgt. and Gillece go further on to scout for a better position, leaving me alone, where I am in danger of being picked off by a sniper, if I become too observant. For a half hour or so I observe, and seeing nothing I rest sitting on the first of two steps, where I fall asleep for a while. Awakened when pipe falls out of my mouth. Take another look, just as unsuccessfully as before. I have had enough of that. Sgt. and Gillece come back. We all go up to Lt. Cook's quarters once more and sling the bull. Lt. McDougall, Sgt., Gillece and I go

over map, look wise and ask each other what we think his next move will be. An exciting sport. I guess and take a chance stab at locating points and Fritz' motives in attack, which is taken as seriously by Lt., as though I were a General. We kid him along for a half hour. Sgt. Kirchner goes back to quarters and we go for another futile hour's observation at the post. Nothing to report. Lt. Cook is in command, this time, when we are on safe side of screen. He looks and acts like Robin Hood and his robber gang in the woods. He and McDougall take the map and register "deep thought" stuff in order to make up a list for tonight's patrol and their place of action. We are not consulted by the doughty Lt. for which I am glad, since I am a better man with a pick and shovel than I am a scout and I know nothing about the sector. Some men from the Company must go on a gas guard in the city tonight. They are taken away from a comfortable rest, told to roll their packs and follow us, who are ready to go in. The same long tiring walk through the trenches, though this time not so warm a job, the sun being low. Meet Thurn in the town. He has been out all day and is bringing back a story of how a Colonel questioned him and found him a very intelligent young man, asking his name, in a tone which implied that promotion will be certain in the near future. Back to town for supper of salmon, rice, syrup, bread, coffee. Rest a bit and begin a letter to Leah in return for two which I have received from her in the morning. They are of the fifteen that are missing and answer all the questions that I am in doubt about. She has had two letters from me, written at In one of hers is enclosed a postal from Mr. Modole, who inquires of her about me. It is a touching reminder of regard in which he holds me. I am sorry I have forgotten him. I write until it is dark and then by candlelight with blinds drawn. Lt. and Sgt. go out on a job, taking

with them 7 men, probably to stay out late. Does he purposely avoid calling on me, when the work entails danger? It seems he does. I am thoughtful. I do not want him to do that. I go to bed at 10., making myself as comfortable as possible by removing shoes and stockings and gas mask. Talk for a half hour with Maloy, across the room, about Staten Island. Gillece talks in his sleep. Windows are open and it is comfortable. Sleep well.

Wed. Jul. 3, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

We celebrate the Fourth of July

Up at 5:00 to go down to company kitchen for rations. Get a hot cup of coffee to start off the day. Carry back a good day's grub. A picture from home of my mother and father is given to me. It has been in a bag, together with bundles of newspapers, for a number of days. Surprising how well preserved it comes to me. Wait in the kitchen, talking to the cooks and writing to Leah, until breakfast is ready. Bacon, bread, Karo, fried potatoes, coffee. Wall comes for the men. Two letters for me from Leah. I thought they were more of the missing ones, but no, it is new mail. Good news. A card from Hugo. Wash and police room. Prepare to go out to 12 post. Corps is expected to transfer there. Yesterday's post has been abandoned. On the way to the post I get four more letters. Three from Mama and one from Leah. Read them as I walk. Leah has received Govt. insurance policy. Lottie sends me news clippings about Yorkville celebrities. On road and up hillside, I see evidences of destruction from gas shelling. Never before have I noticed how it sears and burns the trees

and grass. Get into 12 very easily. Thurn and Gillece with me. On post two men are awake and the remainder sleep. We do not disturb them, noisy as we are. The night has been very quiet. Nothing develops. On parapet and in outpost, one will watch in each. But, where are my glasses? I was sure I had brought them with me. I guess I have not taken them with me. I must wait till the others have done their tour of duty. In the meantime I sit down to wonder what has come over me of late. Every time I go out, I leave something behind. Observation is poor, that is, it is quiet ahead of us. Nothing can be seen. I relieve Gillece and fare no better than he. Position is an exposed one, from which it is easy to be seen by enemy observers. No support for the glasses, which must be held in the hand, a tiring job. While others observe, I write to Leah seated on a box in the entrance to the dugout, from which a strong draft issues. I quickly become chilled and must stop writing. On post again and alternate with Gillece until 2:30, when relief comes. At one time a Sgt. in H Co. looks out and believes he discovers a German observer in the gully below. I take glasses and stick my head way over parapet in endeavor to see, but distinguish nothing in the tangle of twigs and branches. Very hungry and must encroach on rations of men in post for a bully beef sandwich. Thurn stays behind to continue his observations. Gillece and I return to quarters without a report of any kind to make. In a hurry for mess. Roast beef hash, potatoes, tomato sauce, coffee and bread. The afternoon is ours after we report to the Lt. I write until supper time. Hash again, bread, coffee. Of course I am not very hungry. A hint that the entire party will be asked to volunteer for a raiding party to go out with Lt. Cook. Write until 8, when Sgt. comes in to announce that if any one would like to go with him and Lt. they may volunteer to do so. No one is anxious to work with Lt. Cook, I by no means. Sgt. tells

Gillece and me we must go, only to report to the Lt., stay there all night and bring back a report of the night's activities. Start out before nightfall, without the company of other men. The proposed raid, or whatever it is that was projected, has been called off. Dark when we get to headquarters. Told to make ourselves comfortable. It begins to rain. No comfort outside, Get into dugout. A queer scene. Exaggerated as a stage scene. Runners see officers leave for a little nap. Officers are supposed to be in the line with the men. Three of us sit on a bunk to chat. Begin to write. Runners fall asleep. I write, alone and in silence, until I finish a twenty page letter. Officers come in. Awake runners. I go into next room. Officers praise each other for their bravery. I reread letter, making a few corrections. Get as far as page 8. "Everybody out". I wonder why! Lt. Cook has always been a joker. I look at him again. He is in dead earnest. I carefully fold letter, put it away safely. Get my arms and helmet. Follow the others upstairs. I do not hear anything yet. Think it is foolish stand-to order that is to blame. It is as dark as pitch. We must feel our way. So dark that we cannot see our hands in front of us. At head of stairs, a step further, and my foot hangs in space. Feel about cautiously. Get on terra firma. Warn the next man about trench. It is Gillece who I ask to stick close to me. In my opinion it is best to stick together. Now I understand why we were ordered up. A machine gun spits a load of lead into the darkness. Pop, pop of rifles. Bombs. It opens up all over the line. I find myself shivering, my teeth chattering. Plant my legs firmly on ground. Stiffen up to quiet my nerves. Men beside me are complaining it is cold, because they shiver. I know better than they why. It is not cold. Cloudy and a mist is falling. We talk in whispers. I keep shouting to men to keep out of the trench. Told that I will be shot if I make a noise. I do not understand

and continue to warn men, who tumble into the trench. Officers have disappeared excepting McDougall. I thought they had started to go to outposts. We are gathered in a knot and roll called. French Lt. is sent for. I hear him coming. Revolver in hand, ready to fire, I halt him. Recognized. I send for Bernard, interpreter. They converse. Lts. disclose their positions. They have been waiting to aid men, to quiet or direct us. My blood boils. Fighting grows more and more intense. Bombs are bursting and machine guns and rifles are working steadily. I, pistol in hand, still shivering, stand in silence, admiring the courage of our men, who for the first time under fire are displaying remarkable coolness. A barrage called for at our left. A little widely distributed shelling and the barrage is on. At first the shells pass over our heads, but with the first explosion that cannot be heard. At our backs, see a most wonderful sight. The houses lit up by the flash of the guns. What a noise. We must shout to be heard now. Is the other side replying to our fire? I try to listen. Cannot distinguish anything but bomb, rifle and machine gun. A few shells bursting in the woods, as a precautionary measure, to keep them from coming over. It rains harder. Orders being issued by Mac only. Cook is in dugout with Capt. Sturgis. Seems that battle makes the night lighter. I am ready to go out if I am sent. Shrapnel whizz around us at times. As each bomb or shell bursts, I duck my head, so that my helmet hides my face from injury. We must be on the alert for gas. He usually sends gas to back area. Powder smell is blown back to us by now. It will be difficult to detect gas if it comes. Barrage continues for fifteen minutes with telling results. He sends over only a few heavy shells, which apparently find a target in the town. Gradually, the bombing, machine gun firing and rifle firing grows less and less. The battle is over. Lt. comes up out of the dugout with a smile to Capt., saying we

have won. The gang is all here. "My compliments". How does he know? We are told we may go downstairs. We remain where we are to talk about it. Pray that none of our boys was killed, but how can that be possible? I expect a big list of wounded and dead and that casualties will exceed C Co. See some men coming over crest of rise behind us. Take no chances. Tell men to be on lookout and halt the first man that shows himself. It is Stringer. How did he get there? I go down into the dugout. There is Rogers on officers' bench. His feet being bandaged. So, that is the first one. There must be many, many more. Stringer comes down, hatless, coatless, no gas mask, breeches and shirt in shreds, hands and face torn. He is wet from head to toe, shivering from cold and from shock. He had fallen into a shell hole on his way back to trench from where he was while on ambush patrol. 3 airplanes up over us, circling about, directing shell fire from behind lines.

Thu. Jul. 4, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Reports of the fray begin to arrive. Lts. wish to go out to get particulars and take check and hearten boys. Capt. remains. Tells the men he would have given all the fortunes in the world to have been with the boys in the first line. Cook comes back shortly with a fishy story about why he did not go out. I believe he could not find his way, and will wait until it grows light to go out. In the meantime post-mortems and more wishes that they were permitted to have been in the fray. Self praise for coolness displayed - in a dugout. Captain comes, pleased with performance of his men, and tells how he awakened the town to be prepared in case of gas. It grows light and officers leave to inspect the men, Perch myself

on bed and listen to young Kenny explain how he won the battle. Undoubtedly the bravest lad of all the runners, but has too much to say. Talk of gas, and it develops that there is not a single extra mask to be had. What if Stringer had run into gas and there was no mask for him? Fall asleep with Cpl. Hessler on bed beside me, about 3:30. Awake at 5 to find Capt. Sturgis is my bedfellow. Lt. McDougall back. Elated with performance of boys. Him I admire. So do the other men. I go upstairs, while I wait for the report to take to Intelligence. Del Duca and others in group talking about their performance and experiences of the night. Del's squad of Italians are the best fighters in the company. "Grease Balls", who have redeemed themselves. Goldberg back after being out in a shell hole all night. Devlin's squad not yet accounted for. No one wants to sleep. All look fresh, Trophies of fray, a few German grenades. One of our rifles is split down entire length of barrel. It had been hit by a missile around seven. It did not explode while firing. A German sniper's armored breastplate, with bullet hole where collar bone would be, is on exhibition. Machine gun ammunition has been exhausted. Every man threw at least 20 bombs on an average. Now all is quiet except for machine gun from Young's sector, where they are still working. Suggest that report be made out for us to take back. Must wait for Cook or Captain. Cook comes, writes a brief report of victorious engagements, giving it to Gillece, ignoring me as usual. Go back to town. Ask McDougall for any orders. He would like to see report. I call for Gillece, who is well under way by now, to come back. He does not hear me. Run through boyau quite a distance to catch up with him. Bring back and show report to McDougall, who is displeased with it. Not comprehensive enough. He and Cook make out another. Back to town with it, starting at 5:30. Should be in 5:48. Gillece worried.

I reason with him, it is not our fault. Hurry going through boyau with hand on pistol, ready for instant use if intercepted. Much damage done to unshored cups and CT along the line of the boyau. No incident on way. Handed report to Lt. Griffiths 6:00. Scolded for being late. Tell him what I know about the battle. His men were up but were not sent out. He and Sgt. went to town OP to observe progress. Difficulty in finding place in the dark. No use going to bed until after breakfast. I am starving. To kitchen, where I must fry a few pieces of bacon and with bread make a sandwich to appease hunger, while I tell cooks and S C men of my experiences. Breakfast ready now. Bacon, potatoes, bread, coffee. Say it is my opinion that I will go to bed. Sgt., who has just come in to breakfast, asks if I would not like to take a message to Batt. Hdqrs. before I go to sleep. Yes, of course I will. Go upstairs at once. Ask boys if there is anything they would like from the YMCA. Get a commission to get chocolate and matches. Get the wheel. Ask Lt. if he needs anything. He does not, so I go off at once. Get to Hdqrs. Talk to Atha for a few minutes. No one to be seen in the office. See Sgt. Fisher through an open door, call him. Sgt. Major comes out, takes it and gives it to Nichols, who is still asleep. Look for letters I had intended to mail. Find I have forgotten them. Ask if anything is going back. A message for E. I sign for it. Go to YMCA. It is closed. Back to quarters. Major on horseback passes me on road. Walk up hills too steep for riding. In quarters, read, go to sleep at 8:00. Awake at 12:00 for dinner. Steak, potato, tomato sauce, macaroni, coffee, bread. Write a letter to Mama, Mr. Reilly, Mr. Medoli. Kiddled considerably for writing so much. Supper, Beef stew, toast, coffee. Write again until 7:10. Sgt. picks a detail of men to go with him and Lt. on an ambush patrol. They leave behind, bayonet, canteen and steel helmet, arm themselves with bombs, rifle and

pistol, and leave before dark. I am gas guard from 2 to 4. Wooster comes with a message from Batt. Hdqrs. for Lt. No one knows where he has gone. Conway goes to Co. Hdqrs. to find out where he is, then Gillece and Ward go out to look for him. Of course they cannot find him. He has already gone out on No Man's land. Wooster stays for a while and reports back to Batt. Hdqrs. During the night another message comes for the Lt. It is about report being late this morning. Major wants to know why. Sleep until 2. Himpler wakes me with a lot of fuss and feathers at 1:40. I protest and get up at 1:50. Go down with stool, where it is dark and quiet. I am cold, without sweater, which I have loaned to Black. I cough considerably. Halt a few men from F, who have relieved E Co., which went back to for a rest of a few days. Patrol comes back at 2:30, having done nothing and encountered no one. Some of the men went to sleep in No Man's Land. Grows light. Bethink myself of going to railway station at end of street, quite near, to see what it is like. Been here so long and never thought of going north of our quarters. Look for something to eat in kitchen. Find dried apples. Machine gun firing and little shelling in sector to our left ceases at daybreak. Airplanes have been active over sector to ascertain extent of damage done during the night. They are shelled heavily from both sides. Shelling during day not very active. None in or near town. Devlin's squad and all others accounted for. After supper I go to Company Hdqrs. to get a telegram, which I have been told is there for me. I expect it is a cablegram of congratulations on my wedding anniversary. So it proved. I came near not getting it. Haight tells me it is packed up. I say, packed up or not, I must have them. He sees I am in earnest, promises to get it for me. It is only a little suitcase that must be opened. He is the laziest man in the company. Captain is in very good humour. He again asks me

what I hear from home. Fine, I say. To myself I say, I hope so always. Please God.

Fri. Jul. 5, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Everybody arises late account having worked during night. Breakfast. Prunes, bread, Karo, coffee. We are having difficulty getting rations from a machine gun unit, who draw them from Supply instead of E. Tell the boys of a dream I had during my last sleep in which I was captured by the Germans and had a good time. More of my companions are there than I ever expected to find. Wash outside, while a number of Heinie aeroplanes are circling about. They are being shot at. One group draws as many as 40 shots. Another battle further north in which almost as much effort is expended to get an American plane over their lines. I am waiting for orders from Sgt. I shave off a big growth of whiskers. I expect to go to 12 post with Gillece. See no reason why I am not ordered to do so. Go upstairs to put myself in way of Sgt. in charge of details. I find Himpler and Conway have gone out, which frees us from duty until the afternoon, after we have had our dinner. A Good opportunity to write. I take advantage of Lt. and at the same time talk to Maloy, who is reading the Staten Islander, recalling different places of interest and people in Staten Island, while the boys wonder how it is we know the same people. It is not long before dinner is ready. The cooks have been issued fresh meat for the first time since our arrival, and make beef stew, kidney beans, bread toasted, coffee. I have eaten a great deal more than is good for the comfort of my stomach and wish to rest awhile before going to work, allowing my dinner to digest as much as possible. Of late I have gone to bed every night with heartburn,

quite severe, and my excreta is streaked with blood. There is a feeling of inflammation in my stomach or perhaps laceration of tissue. Wait until past one and feeling somewhat relieved of heaviness, get ready to go. Do not wear a blouse or carry a rifle. No one knows the new pass word, so I pin a green band, scout insignia, on my left arm. Halted by guard at end of town, but get by easily, pointing to band. There is one spot on the way up which on passing is sure to bring itself to my attention, forcibly. On right of road is a considerable pond filled with bullfrogs. Sounds like 2 million inhabit it. They work all day long. On left is a loosened blind in the window space of a ruined wall. It swings and creaks in the breeze. The combination of sounds startles me. I cannot become accustomed to it, and liken it to the noise made by a gas shell as it travels through the air, and I am always on the alert as I pass. The sun is strong and very hot. Wise to have left blouse and rifle behind. Up the hill to road and instead of going up to wood, I turn to the right, getting lost for a minute. Gillece discovers that we are not in the right place. We argue about how to get ourselves on the road again with the least trouble. I am sure the best way is to retrace our footsteps. Gillece thinks I am the most contrary person in the world, before the discussion is over, but follows me to what proves to be our road. Into CT and from there to post without any trouble. Men are paying strict attention to observation, showing greater interest than H Co. men, but they are making 7 times as much noise. I tell them they might as well walk on the parapet. One fellow comes along shouting Hun in a voice loud enough to be heard in Berlin. Observation is very good, but as usual see no signs of movement nor can anyone else. At times there are as many as four pairs of glasses trained on the gully, but no movement of any kind is discovered. A great disadvantage to success is the flies. As

soon as I have a bead on an object, Mr. Fly lights and plays on my nose and ears, till I cannot remain passive. I shake my head or wave my arms, losing focus on object of interest. When Gillece watches and I nap, I must put a slicker over my head to keep the flies out. I am alone in post at one time when I hear someone whisper, wanting to know who I am. I turn around and am told to get down. I think the order comes from a corporal. As Battalion Scout, I take precedence and tell him so. This is my post I tell him, and as he walks away I see by his boots he is an officer. Observe nothing to report and at 5:45 go back to quarters. Pause on road to light a pipe with my magnifying glass, having no matches. This is dangerous proceeding. It may attract a shell. Not having any success, I give it up, going on to town. Stopped by a new sentinel, walk by him readily with the excuse that password was not given to us, and showing him my band. Get a match and keep on until we wind up in the kitchen where is Lt. My supper saved hot for me. Hamburger roast, potato, bread and coffee. Chat and sit at table with Lt., who when he finishes his mess tells me he would like to see me. I am excited by the thought he has some important mission for me. In his room are three other men, two of whom are sent out to bring back report of activity in a possible raid. Thurn making a report, so long-winded, that I can hardly wait until he is finished. Lt. begins in a manner which bodes trouble, disappointing me greatly. He asks me to sit down and tells me that the General insists on investigating causes for late arrival of message I took down to Hdqrs. yesterday. Lt. has been removed from official capacity as Batt. Intelligence officer and I am punished by being detailed to a work squad for 2 weeks. That is very unfair. I am by no means attached to my present job, but to be degraded by being put on the work squad is by no means pleasing to me, and I insist it was only 15 minutes from

the time I left, that I got to Hdqrs. with the message. Someone there is trying to cover their delinquency in passing it further. I put up a very able defense and insist upon showing that according to my notation of time I went to bed there is a discrepancy of half an hour in my schedule and theirs. Lt. will try to have my punishment rescinded and in the meantime I will report to the work battalion as a matter of form. I am not told where or to whom. Men all side with me when I tell them what happened. Their experience is similar to mine when on mission to Hdqrs., always finding Sgt. Nichols asleep on arrival. Tell Lt. that and other evidences of importance in our case against the lying highbrows at Batt. Hdqrs. Lt. decides that every message delivered to Hdqrs. must be signed and receipted for. A good idea. Write after holding an indignation meeting until 10:30. To bed. Sleep well.

Sat. Jul. 6, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Poor

F Co. to make a raid to-night with the aid of French. E Co. platoon comes up in support. 4 letters from Leah - one from Annette

Up at 7:00. Wash. Breakfast. I wonder what will happen to me. Nothing further has been said about my undergoing punishment. I know that Lt. is trying his best to get me out of the scrape I am in, and silence on his part, leads me to believe he has found a way to comply with the spirit of the order without punishing or degrading me. I cannot find interest or enjoyment in anything. I am not feeling well. My digestion is poor. I have cramps and symptoms of dysentery, which together with the disgrace which stares me in the face make

me wish to close my eyes and forget my troubles in sleep if I can. Lie down and fall asleep. Awake at 12. Go to dinner. Meat balls, potatoes, tomato sauce, bread, coffee. A feeling of fullness and heaviness in spite of the fact that I eat very little. Lt. has not yet come back. My fate is still in doubt. Best to take a walk to avoid hearing any disagreeable news. I will go to the pottery. Meet Sgt. Byrne there, who tells me he has had experience in the potter's craft. Explains different stages of manufacture of plates to me. Stroll around in the various buildings looking for finished pieces suitable for sending home as souvenirs. A wonderful place at one time, now in ruins. Thousand of pieces of crockery, most of them broken or cracked. Some baskets of good ones from among which I pick a few pieces which suit my fancy. See infants' bath tubs, which remind me forcibly and painfully of my loved ones at home. I think of the baby I have at home and have never seen and realize what a fool I was not to have gone home to see her before I left. Not a new thought with me lately, but a futile one, I realize. Find a willow wired cane an my way out. I think it may belong to one of the men billeted in quarters here, pass it by, then turn back to get it. Boys in quarters when I get back admire both my cane and the pottery I bring back. A number of them seized with the impulse to go there and do as I did, leaving me almost alone and giving me the opportunity to write a letter to Leah without being disturbed. There is not much paper. Borrow as much as I can. Tell Leah about the bath tubs. Write to Bella, Willie, and begin a letter to Lottie. Supper. Meat balls, spaghetti, bread, coffee. Stomach feels a little better. Lie down for a moment's nap. I have been asked to go with Gillece to Hdqrs. to stay for the night and bring back report of activities, if any. This pleases me more than any detail I have so far been given for it signifies I am reinstated into the good

graces of the Major and am still a Battalion Scout in good standing. To myself I thank Lt. Griffiths for intercession in my behalf. Happy and pleased as punch. An example of how good news cures ills. Lie contentedly, smoking in bed, when discussion arises on what day of the week it is. I have imagined all day that it was Friday and was enjoying the last smoke before Sabbath was ushered in. Convinced that to-day is Saturday, I feel awfully sorry that for the first time since I made my promise to Leah not to smoke on the Sabbath, I have broken it. Unconsciously, to be sure, but nevertheless I feel badly about it. Material for another letter to Leah to-morrow, in which I will ask for forgiveness. Observe what is left of the Sabbath, about an hour and a half. Prepare to go to H Hdqrs. Take cane as supplementary weapon. Get a sandwich in the kitchen to have at hand in case I grow hungry in the night, as was the case while on last job of this nature. Get the password. Start while it is light. Beyond the town the smell of mustard rising from the damp ground. Quite sure it is that. Gillice disagrees. Another argument with him about the road we should take. This time he proves to be in the right. Made as welcome as the accommodations permit by the men on guard and patrol duty. Hdqrs. is outside under a shed. Dugouts and boyaus on left of road. Talk to whoever is arriving for purpose of getting whatever information I can from them. Caution them about talking to officers, who are spying in this sector. They tell me of the exploits of Capt. Mills and a French Lieut., who went over the top from 18 post, where we have spent so much time in observation, going down into the gully, to the spot we had reported to be a new line of trench. They make no attempt to conceal movement and encounter no one. Supposed line of trench is a road and shell holes in No Man's Land. That is a bit of gossip that pleases me, for it discredits Thurn, who, every time he goes to that post to

observe, sees from 1 to 12 Huns, houses, MG emplacements, etc. I was almost certain he uses his imagination instead of his eyes. Now I am sure. Ask for officers, so that I may report presence to them. Ushered into the presence of Capt., and Lt. Otto, whom I snubbed yesterday. They are in good humour and joke with us, while they instruct us of intended movement in event they must retreat under heavy shelling or gas attack. Follow non-com into adjoining dugout, where we can get a bit of sleep if we wish. Bunks are without straw on the customary wide mesh springs. Only a board bottom. Place smells of dump and vermin. Suggestive of rats. No one asleep as yet. Most of the men are sleeping out in the open, but it becomes too cold and damp for them. They come in one by one for warmth and cover. Artillery behind our lines is very busy. Shells are whizzing above us frequently and sound is quite audible from where we are. I should have gone out to investigate, but I am assured it is nothing of importance. Bursts of firing lasting about 10 minutes at a time. M.G Fire - But no activity in sector I am covering. Lennon comes in. We talk. Remove belt and helmet. Lie down on bench which has served as my chair. The hardest thing I have ever slept on. Sorry now that I have not chosen one of the bunks while they were still to be had. Men are awakened who are to go on visiting patrol. I get into place vacated by them. Heavy shelling at 12 o'clock to our right. Fritz is active too. and are being shelled with .. and gas. I wonder what our detachment is doing. From sound, they are in zone of fire. Probably in the dugout. Sleep a little in my perch. Must get out when men come back. Place I have vacated has been taken by a member of company, so I am without a bunk. Sit on opposite bench, too narrow to sleep on, and bethink myself of finishing letter to Lottie. Light and position too poor for that and

instead want to clean and oil my revolver. It is loaded. I extract cartridge, and interested in method of ejection, I load and unload. When I have seen enough of workings, I release magazine and pull trigger. Bang! The bullet buries itself in the flooring without injury to anyone. E Company brilliancy. Sure death to someone had muzzle not been pointed to floor. Look unconcerned. Scolded by men but no one gets excited.

Sun. Jul. 7, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Poor

Find my first cootie in my shirt.

Eat my sandwich and when the next patrol is out, I get into one of their bunks to finish a night's rest very much broken up. At 3:00, I hear the dull boom of a distant barrage to the right. Not quite sure of it, seems more like I am dreaming. At four o'clock I am awake ready to go back to quarters. No message of any kind to take back to Lt. Not tired. Stomach easy. Back without incident. Smell of mustard again. Lt. awake when we enter, helping Sgt. make out report. It appears that he has been up all night. Still he is in his usual good humour. Report verbally about what has happened. Asks about barrage sent over at 3. Tell him it was at our left, in error. Correct myself as best I can. Gillice is sent to Batt. Hdqrs., while I lie down to sleep until breakfast. Awake at 8. Sgt. shows me a note written by Lt. ordering me to report to work squad. He tells Act. Capt. of F Co., in charge of detail, it is his honest opinion I am being punished wrongfully for some one's mistake and requests him to be lenient with me. Nevertheless, I am sore at heart at the thought of having to undergo punishment, and that, to protect others. I must take it without complaint and have a black

mark against my record. I am not willing to go even under the easy conditions of Lt.'s note and say so, earnestly. Sgt. of course, has his hands tied. He sympathizes with me, as do all the men, and many a threat of revenge is uttered against the men who wronged me. I go for breakfast. Eat little and in silence, feeling like a whipped youngster. Argue that I will take a court-martial in preference, but for Lt.'s sake I do not press on that tack. Ask if it would be expedient to report sick, which for my own sake, I really should do, thereby getting out of punishment by a technicality. Now that I want to be sick, I feel fairly well and I cannot feel honest if I do report sick. I want to see Lt. once more before I go. I can see him at the window, shaving. I wait until he has finished, but when I get upstairs he has mysteriously disappeared. I become moody. Try Sgt.'s patience while I attend to toilet with a lot of needless fuss. Begin to roll my pack in full view of them all. Not until I am almost finished does Sgt. tell me it is not necessary. I am going but to Hdqrs. of F, to report to either Lt. or Sgt. Much cheered at that and am up and off in a hurry. We get to, which is the route Sgt. wishes to take to destination, but I dissuade him and get him to go by a good road with me. I am under the impression that we are bound for road at right of 12. When there, Sgt. finds ground unfamiliar. He wants to go to the left. It is a puzzle how to get there from where we are at present. We must go uphill and downhill by roads and steps cut into side of hill, until we get to the foot, in the gully where our imaginary German stronghold is. We are at the extreme left of the path described by Capt. Mills. There are shell holes galore and I can easily see that Capt. Hills must be right in his surmise. We are to the best of my knowledge in No Man's Land, a plain target for snipers. If Sgt. is not afraid, I will not be, but I caution him not to go too far. I finally convince him we should go uphill

again and to our right. He accedes and in a few minutes we find our post, but no Sgt. or Lt. They are at French Hdqrs. We make the tortuous journey through the boyau, sweating and bumping my head as usual, only to find that they are not there either. In at F kitchen perhaps. Sgt. has been there but not now, so he is sent for and brought to us. What a long time it has taken to bring a culprit to his punishment. Now that I am here, there is not work to do. Cheered again by the thought that Major's order is being obeyed, as it should be, merely having me report, to be dismissed, and remain at the service of Lt. Griffiths. Sgt. walks up to our quarters. Pottery is mentioned when we arrive at door, where 3rd battalion scouts are, while on a visit to the lines. They would like to go to the pottery with me to get a few souvenirs for themselves. I go with them to show them where to find what they want. Go there and bring back with us handfuls of same designs that I got yesterday. It is agreed that I have my dinner and report back to Sgt. at 1:30. I may mess and sleep where I have been during the week. Steak, potato, bread, coffee. Stomach rebels. Read newspaper, President's Fourth of July speech. Go to report for duty. Dismissed! Glory Hallelujah! For once the Army does things sensibly. I need not report to-morrow unless called for. Back to resort the glad tidings and tell Sgt. of course I want to do guard duty. Then I will wash my underwear and take a bath in the stream. The sun is hot and there will be lots of time for my wash to dry, Aeroplanes overhead make me nervous. Germans up far from me are being fired at. He may see me before I can take cover. One eye on him, and hurry bath. On my undershirt I find a cootie. Black helps me look for more. That is all I find. Hang clothes to dry. Upstairs to write a letter to Leah about yesterday's remissness and to-day's cootie. Steal the necessary paper. Finish Lottie's letter. Supper. I am cheerful. Feel like a

member of our select circle should feel, cheerful, a good appetite too. Meat balls, bread, coffee, potatoes, sauce. Upstairs to write again. A voice from below calls my name. Sgt. Hammond. He wants me at 7:30 tomorrow AM. In the dumps again, mentally as well as physically. I get cramps. I had intended to remain awake until 12 when I go on gas guard, but instead I go to bed with miserable outlook upon things, sorry that I did not report sick. Worry until I sleep. Boys had to seek shelter in dugout twice during last night. At town fountain evidences of gas shells to be seen. In that part of town I can see a dozen new holes. Herman and Kandel, who were near where one strikes, are badly shocked. During day, much air activity. Hundreds of shells sent into the air. Heavy nose of one, a missile of death, if struck, falls outside our quarters. Shelling from our guns kept up all day at intervals. On the whole things are tranquil. F Co. and Frenchmen are coming back from their raid as I am on my way to quarters in the early morning. They have penetrated 700 yds. into German lines and found no one. One man says, Germans go home to their wives at night. One man accidentally shot in the arm by his own men.

Mon. Jul. 8, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Poor

Up at 2:00. Stomach full of gas and knees weak. I must leave my post twice in one hour, in charge of men coming back from duty on posts. It is quiet except for a barrage in the distance and a few whizzes near us. One thing that I am worried about though. I am sure that I hear a gas alarm some place. It is continuous and without a doubt from a claxton. I am not taking any chances and will be on the alert. My belief that if gas is about, one whiff in my

present state of health will be sufficient to do considerable damage, and possibly, not being able to spread the alarm in such case, mean death or serious injury to men asleep upstairs. Listen for a long time, so long that had it really been a gas alarm, it would have been passed on to our sector by now, so I decide it is the creaking of the frogs in the pond up the road. It is a warm, starry, beautiful night. I am tempted to say my prayers standing under Man's original temple, the sky. Awaken Conway promptly at 3:30. To bed and long after, even in my sleep, I worry about guns. Up at 8:30. Breakfast. Two pieces of toast and a cup of coffee, which is quite enough for me. My stomach feels much easier. Ready to report to the work squad, I am the first to put in an appearance. Am sent to rout out the others. Meet Jack Curry in a party of three, which is part of the work squad. Remainder comes up and when we are all assembled, Sgt. looks us over and discovers that Curry and I have pistols in our belt. He takes them away. That angers me considerably. A balloon is up over the German lines, which might see us wending our way through the boyau, and it is necessary to bend low all the time. At the Hdqrs. we are turned over to another Sgt., who details us to clean out a dugout, which is the filthiest, most rat infested place I have ever seen. None of us work too hard. It must be made an all morning job if possible. I rest frequently but when I do my mind is most active. I cannot reconcile myself to being on a squad considered as being prisoners. The ordinary, Camp Upton type of work squad would not be so bad, but with prisoners being punished for drunkenness and disobedience, never, not while I have Leah and Cecelie to urge me to uphold my honor. I stop work as soon as possible after helping to store cases of reserve rations. Lie down on bed of pine branches and fall asleep with my troubles. Three aeroplanes up directing artillery fire

from trench guns. They are being fired at generously. We keep under cover to keep from being struck by falling shrapnel. Boche planes up to give battle, making the situation interesting. Mess, which I had expected to eat with the boys, is brought for us from F kitchen. Boiled bacon, bread, potatoes, coffee. Read propaganda, printed in German, sent to their lines by the French. Walk to the stream in No-Man's Land to wash the mess kit. One man there is shaving, others washing clothes and bathing feet. On way back, (I do not stay there long) I sit down in an old post, where there is a copy of the Sat(urday) Eve(ning) Post to read a political article by I. Gotta. Stay there until warned that an officer is coming. Back further to where Frenchmen are. I sit down on bench at their table to smoke a cigarette and pass a few minutes in talking French to a Poilu. We get along famously. Others come out from dugout. Men of higher intellect. One has a dictionary. I converse with the aid of the lexicon for hours, carrying on quite a conversation uninterrupted by anyone, until it is time to go back. The other men have been working all this time. We all take back a bag of salvaged material, mine containing wires. I see now just what will be expected of me, and I realize who I am doing penance for. Nevertheless it is degrading being on such a squad, and I resolve not to report again if I can help it. My gun not returned to me, which angers me still more. Dump the bag of wire at kitchen and get back to quarters just in time for supper. Karo and bread, coffee. I am questioned and joshed by the boys. I am miserable enough without that, so I put a stop to it at once, From then on I stay pretty much to myself, going upstairs to write at the open window. I am feeling hot and uncomfortable. Digestion very poor. Though I am hot and perspiring, my head is cold. I lie down, bothered by the flies, put a towel over my head and struggle to overcome a fever. I am

slightly delirious. Do not sleep at all. Up again to fight. I am afraid I have trench fever. S....., one of our men, was taken to hospital today, complaining of that. Look for opportunity to talk to Lt. He is closeted with officers of 3rd Battalion, talking over our positions. Put up a fine battle with indisposition and in an hour or so I am well enough to write. Lt., Sgt. and men going out on patrol tonight. Jewelry and valuables turned over to me. I remain awake till after 11 o'clock all alone, for the first time. Lt. is ingratiating. Up till 9 o'clock men have had a bully time singing and throwing things, as is their way when they go on patrol. May as well be happy, for tomorrow we may die, Now all is tenseness and every man has his own thoughts, which he thinks quietly to himself. Complain about closeness of room and light, and display other evidences of displeasure, at being awakened from a sound sleep to go out into the night to endanger their lives. When I put out the light to go to bed, I forget my diary on the table. Lie awake in bed. There is no sleep in me. Hear transport in street. MG fire, shelling. My feverish brain magnifies the sound to bigger proportions and I continually wonder why I am not awakened and made to run across the street to the dugout. A shot is fired in the street, from a rifle. That I am sure will eventually turn out to be a warning signal against gas, yet I make no effort to get up to investigate. Maloy who has come back from post, comes into the room. I ask him what the shot I heard meant. He did not take the trouble to find out and does not know. I talk to him for a time, answering his questions about the dugouts at PA 5, and when he goes to sleep I find myself in the same condition as before, magnifying sounds, exaggerating numbers, so that two men walking in the street below seem to be an army. A new kind of gun is working from our side. No one can describe it to me. Some time during the night the men come in. They are no doubt talking of their work. As

near as I can recollect, they were trying to straighten out the casualty list of Germans, who did the damage, etc. Lurid tales of hard fighting and defeat inflicted upon the enemy, with a few losses on our side. But, upon awakening in the morning, the report is the same as usual. No activity on the part of the enemy. We did not go out to look for trouble. Schlesinger shoots at a rat with a rifle. Did anyone ever hear of an intelligent grown up doing such a thing in a house where men are asleep? It sounds like a bomb explosion, as it echoes through the empty rooms. Wade, out sniping, shoots a German similarly employed.

Tue. Jul. 9, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Warm

Health: Poor

Up at 7:00. Very much determined not to appear on the work squad, no matter what the cost to me. Stomach feeling better and not wanting much breakfast, I make myself a few pieces of toast and have a cup of coffee. Wash and go upstairs to read. I have no intention of reporting to Hdqrs. of company which holds CA 5. Pottering about upstairs, making my bed and putting things in order, when I am told I am wanted by someone below. I know who it is and mutter a curse under my breath. Sgt. Hamond. He wants me. I tell him I will report sick and will see in the meantime what the Lt. has done to get me off. That suits him. He is reasonable. All he wants me to do is go with him to Hdqrs. He leaves on a bicycle and after I have gone upstairs for my mask and cap, I follow. Come up with the work squad and Sgt. at Boyau entrance near Capt.'s quarters. Sgt. suggests that I talk to Acting Capt. I do so. He is in dugout. Not the Lt. I had in mind, but after questioning him as politely as I can, I see that I have been laboring under a false impression. I begin by

telling him I would like to report sick, then explain to him that I object to working with the prisoners and tell him why. Also ask if I may not be spared entirely, since I have reported, and then be able to return with the men when they leave tonight. He cannot allow that, I am free for the day to do as I wish and he would explain to the Capt. of the company taking over the position tonight, the circumstances. That satisfies me. On my way back I stop in at the infirmary and get some pills for gassy stomach, some for dysentery and some ointment for my foot, which I dress in the kitchen when I get back. Take a pill, which makes me feel worse. Go to bed and sleep until 12. For dinner there is steak, potatoes, tomato sauce, bread, and coffee. I have a slice of toast, some potatoes and coffee. That is a mistake. I should not have eaten anything. There is nothing for me to do. I stay in the kitchen and listen to the sympathetic advice of the boys who would like me to go along with them tonight. Discussing what punishment should be meted out to the men at Batt. Hdqrs, who are the cause of the trouble I am in. Go upstairs and read Torchy and wait for an opportunity to speak to Lt. He does not appear until 4 o'clock. He sees that I have a complaint to make, before I say a word. Offers me a cigarette and light, diplomatically. I am not to be disarmed. Explain to him, I object to being considered a prisoner, and while I have no fondness for carrying arms, I feel keenly the degradation of having my automatic pistol taken away from me. Of course, he does not blame me. No man of spirit would permit such treatment without objecting. But as much as he would like to help me, the order must be carried out. I suggest that I have reported for work. Why not let the matter drop? He will consult with K Co. Capt. who takes over command of prisoners. He will call me later in the day. Men are preparing to leave. Tell them I will probably be with them. Think it an

outrage if I do not go with them for a rest. They begin to roll packs. So do I, thinking that either way, if I go or not, I must move from here. The feeling of joy among the boys at being relieved gives vent in a desire to break things. They smash a number of pieces of crockery, sing songs and fight among themselves. Supper. Beef stew, bread, coffee. I take only broth and vegetables of the stew, thinking meat harmful. Broth is too peppery. Noticed by all. Perhaps the reason for a most uncomfortable time from then until far into the night. A severe attack of gastritis. I do not feel equal to the task of carrying a pack, but to escape punishment and to be with my own men, I will risk it. Orders to be ready at 8 PM. Nothing said about me. I lie on my back in bed for relief of cramps until then. Men assemble outside in command of Sgt. Lt. not around. Has he gone off and left me stranded? That is a seamy trick that I did not expect of him. Four men have been left behind. Two for duty on GPOP(?)—one each at company Hdqrs. Perhaps I will receive word from Lt. that I can go in time to move with the men. Learn upon inquiry that it is possible, for Lt. has not left yet. He is out with Lt. Godfrey. New men take possession. Three of them in an advance party. I explain to them why I am here. Write until it is dark, then lie down again for a nap. I am belching excessively, gas from my stomach leaves a nasty taste in my mouth. At 10:30 entire detachment of scouts comes in. I am looked upon askance. In whispers they ask each other who I am. I tell them that 4 of us stay until tomorrow morning. I tell them about lights and precautions they should take to screen them. Post them on where things can be put and found, disposition of bunks, etc. Read Torchy until 11:30, when they are all settled and ready to go to bed. Put out lights and lie in the dark, feeling miserable mentally and physically. Must go downstairs. A pitch dark, moonless, starless night. Know my way about

well enough to get about. Ellbogen comes in at 12:30. Tell him I will bunk with him until the morning. My pack has not been unrolled. He kindly offers me the use of his blankets. I decline with thanks, as I am warm enough to do without covers. Not long before I must go out again. Decide to take a pill for dysentery. I had not bothered with them till now. Gives me immediate relief. Draft coming in through window is strong. I search for my hat in the dark but cannot find it. Were it not for the discomfort the breeze causes me, I would have been asleep long ago. with approaching daylight, I feel fairly well and rest easily. The day's activities have been below normal. Only a few aeroplanes up and shelling is done by the French only so far as I know. No concentrated fire, that would strike one who is accustomed to hearing them go over as only work on the part of the artillery to keep their guns from getting rusty and themselves from falling asleep. I hear there is mail at Battalion Hdqrs. I am anxious to get it if there is any for me. Ask the men to see that it is forwarded if they can arrange that for me. Being stranded without mail from home is worst form of punishment possible.

Wed. Jul. 10, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Warm

Health: Poor

Up at 8:00. Cook for new detachment, obligingly gives me breakfast. I have no appetite. Refuse Bacon. Take only bread, which I toast, and coffee. Men who were out in the night are back. Gillice squeezes into my bed for a nap just before I get up. At 5, Lt. Griffiths calls Ellbogen to ask him for his report. Scolds him for not having turned it in sooner. I am glad to see him back, but he makes no mention of what I am to do. I ask him while he has his breakfast in kitchen. He

has not yet spoken to K Co. Captain. He will do so shortly. I embarrass him every time I mention anything about the trouble in which we are both involved. I realize now that it is he, more than anyone else, I am doing penance for. That being the case, I must not again threaten to demand a court martial, which it is obvious would result in more punishment for him than he has already undergone. And since it is for him I am making the sacrifice of my vacation, I have much less to complain about. I regard him very highly and am certain that I will have an easy time of it through his intercession. Upstairs in the parlor we chat, 2nd Batt. boys telling the new men of their experiences, and giving whatever advice they can for their benefit. At 10:00, my comrades are ready to leave - without me. No word from Lt. and I am again despondent. Try to forget my troubles by reading Torchy, humorous, refreshing tales. Finish the book. All but a few of the new men go out on duty. They all have previously designated tasks to perform. They seem to be better organized than we were. No one has called for me to go to work, at which I am pleased and a little surprised. From one of the men, I hear that my Lt. has not yet gone. He was seen in the trenches escorting a party of officers from the relief. This morning my situation reminds me of the Englishman, whom we fed at I am not attached to any organization. My meals will be given by men who are not expected to feed me. It strikes me as interesting to tell Leah of the Englishman and how my case parallels his. I begin writing her a long letter, telling the story of the supposed spy first, and then recounting my present experiences. Have dinner at 12. Only toast and a small piece of roast beef and a cup of coffee. Enough for my appetite. Afterward, when I have resumed writing, I am surprised by a call from Lt. He has finally had an audience with the Capt. and it is arranged that I remain behind and report daily to him, but

work to be done by me, if any, will not be in conjunction with prisoners. I am assured I will not be considered as such. Capt. will use me for minor jobs to be done around hdqrs. Advised to take it as easy as possible. I only remain here for mess and my bunk, with the consent of the Lt. I would like to repay them by doing gas guard duty for them, but Lt. advises that that is not necessary. I thank him and assure him that present plans meet with my hearty approval. He promises to have mail for me, if any, forwarded without delay as soon as he gets back to his detachment. I thank him. He appears grateful that I will let matter rest as it is. Leaves as soon as I see Sgt. Stewart in charge, in absence of his Lt. I tell him that my status has been decided upon and explain details to him. Offer to do guard duty. Declines with thanks. Only returning favors we showed him, he declares, while he was visiting. Write until I become tired. Settle myself for a nap. Flies bother me. Must cover my head with coat and am awakened by the boys to go down for supper. Bread and coffee again. It is a fine diet. Frenchmen below us vacate. They are relieved to go back for a rest. I write till dark. One of the boys has received a bundle of papers from home. Brooklyn Standard Union and the American. Some copies of the Post. Sit at the table after the candles are lit and read them. Interesting. Almost as good as a trip home to read them. Pick up a copy of the Post. Strike a story which was the last I remember reading before I left for Camp Upton, dated December 1st. Read a story by George Weston. Look over war pictures in a Sun Pictorial Section. Chat with boys about the mistakes their predecessors and ours have made, They are interested. Some of their men are out on patrol. It is raining quite hard and the night is blacker than pitch. They have no raincoats with them. Sympathize with them. For their first night's work they must cope with rain,

while we had ideal weather the entire length of our stay. We were fortunate. The ice of formality has been broken. I am no longer considered a stranger, and I am feeling considerably improved in health. I am quite content with the world. Nevertheless before I go to bed a reaction has set in and I have vague feeling of uneasiness, as if something detrimental to my interests was impending. It may be a bilious trick played upon me by my still disordered stomach. To bed at 10 o'clock. The Hun has sent over a few of his shells today from reports the men bring in. A few of them have been seen in the trenches from the OP opposite 12, where Thurn always saw something of interest he is supposed to have wanted to have seen. This minnie-wafer(?). His aeroplanes have been scouting overhead all day. It causes me considerable worry when they are up, because there is at all times a large gathering around the kitchen, none of them seeking cover when they should. They, I was afraid, would be spotted by Fritz and dispersed in a manner not to their liking. From behind our lines one or two guns have been busy without a stop today, sending shells in the direction of and The new men are anxious on that account. It seems to them they come in our direction from the enemy. During the night, the guard below is busy challenging men. The patrol comes back with lots of food for discussion. They have had the same trouble finding Germans that we always had. Like us, too, they are intent on exterminating themselves. One of them is lost in the dark and when he returns, one of his own men hurls a bomb at him, because in his excitement, he cannot give the password when challenged. And only a few hours before they had smiled tolerantly when I told them of similar incidents in our battalion. Everybody is awakened by the recital of their troubles and discomforts. Propaganda shot over to the German lines by French and Americans.

Thu. Jul. 11, 1918

Weather: Fair, warm

Health: Fair

Up at 7:00. I would have slept for hours were it not for the other boys, anxious to get their breakfast. They awake me. Dress hurriedly. Breakfast not to my liking. Greasy bacon again. I have had so much of that stuff. Too much. That is why my stomach is out of order. Make a few pieces of toast for myself and with a cup of coffee, I have a satisfactory breakfast. Look for pills which I have put in a small envelope in wash stand. It has disappeared. Strikes me as funny that any person should have made away with pills. Wash and shave. I have a plea to make before Capt. F., so I want to look as neat as possible when I go. I take with me my ammunition belt and at my side is empty holster. No one will look close enough to notice the deception, and to the passerby it will look as if I am armed. On the way I meet a member of the prison squad who says he has been reassigned to his company. An observation balloon is up, so I cannot go to Company Hdqrs. by the direct route. Must make a detour. Capt. or top Sgt. not about to speak to me or listen to my troubles. They are escorting the Colonel through the lines. Men assure me they will be back in an hour or so. I know it takes longer than that to make an observation tour with the Colonel and I intend to go back to quarters shortly to write. Sit on a mattress outside the dugout, reading part of letter to Leah, which I wrote yesterday. An even dozen aeroplanes make their appearance, high up in the clouds, coming from the south, where there are so many it is hard to tell by the sound of their motors, who they are, but judging from the white smoke of the shells, which, an instant after, burst all around them, they were German planes. In five minutes that

entire patch of sky was dotted with puffs of white smoke, a hundred of them at least, and while I read, I distinctly hear the whizz of two shell nose caps, which come from up above and land not very far away from me. After I finish reading, I stay a little while to swear at myself for having lost my cap, which I am sure I took with me. Look around for it and inquire. Then it dawns upon me that when I took my belt off in my room, it must have fallen out. Return without leaving any word behind, I wonder if some new punishment will be visited on me and a second later forget about it. Bid the Frenchman good morning and make my way back to quarters, very leisurely. It must be seen that I am sick. A squadrille of French planes up over us in pursuit of the Boche. Too far behind. They have long ago gone out of sight and hearing. It proves a very active morning. Our friends, the Frenchmen, have their artillery working in good form today and are letting Fritz know about it. The 75s are kept working all day. No stops for lunch or anything like that. They have work to do demolishing some of Fritz' recent works within his lines, which our observers have spotted. His observation post and a few machine gun emplacements are targets we play upon, I believe. Later in the day success is reported. Back in quarters, lie on my stomach on bunk, writing until noon time. I find another few sheets of paper, with which I must be satisfied, though of smaller size, and I continue writing letter to Leah. Besides the story of the Englishman, I tell her about Ruben, when he awakened us by "mistake". It takes 22 pages to talk to her. Read and seal in an envelope, then comes the question of how and where to mail it. Read for a time. Take a nap for a half hour or so. Think it is a good time to write a letter to Morris Berger. I make a beginning on it at any rate, keeping me occupied until supper time. I am not hungry, but it is best to eat something. Make a few

slices of toast and have my usual cup of coffee. A few stolen figs. Bit of steak, which I have had with my dinner, is still in my stomach and causing me considerable distress. By that I am able to tell what part of my diet is harmful. Must be fried foods, for yesterday I had a piece of roast meat, without any bad after effects. I will avoid anything with grease in its composition. I finish Morris's letter. I am more or less aware that it is a bilious composition. I do not seal it therefore. To keep occupied, read a newspaper and try a book. My eyes hurt. I lie down but not to sleep. Quickly I am rested and interested in pinochle game, which has been going on all afternoon. A slow game, for small stakes, being played by men, not because of the money which is won or lost, but for the interest to be found in it. I tire of watching them. So I begin writing a letter to Annette which is interrupted by the lights going out. The card game has been finished at 10. My letter not important enough to warrant burning candle which will keep the men awake. They are going out to work on sunburst patrol tonight. Some of them are, and an hour's sleep will come in handy. Originally early in the day a patrol of large proportions was planned for. It would have taken nearly every man in the detachment to satisfy the Lt. Batt. Hdqrs. interferes and changes plans. Dizzy army, the boys say. Only this crowd does that! They do not know that our Batt. Hdqrs. interferes with our scouting plans every day. Our Lt. spent more time consulting with the Major at Batt. Hdqrs. than he did with us. There is no need to feel disappointed. Sleep is better than scouting. Guard reports a very dark night and owing to prolonged quiet and conditions, it is possible an attack will be made tonight. Guard is doubled on post below. While I am awake, I can hear the guard halting everybody who passes and the steady firing of a 75 in back of us. I still sleep alone, taking up space two should occupy, while some men

sleep on the floor. During the night I am awakened frequently, when the reliefs are made and when an extra heavy explosion disturbs me. I have a dream. Mr. Willetts has bought a half interest in my business while I have been in Europe and has incorporated it. Leah has been taken into partnership and will travel through Pennsylvania selling stock for the concern, which seems to me to be a get rich quick scheme. Other complications, which make me laugh to myself. Someone remarks that this is no war, because twenty miles from No Man's Land men are playing pinochle and singing "Ally Up". It may just as well be accomplished in No Man's land, weather permitting.

Fri. Jul. 12, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Fair

Up at 7:00. Expect another dull, uninteresting day. Determined to get to Hdqrs. of Capt. F, with a tale of sickness and after go to in search of some eggs and other things which I might eat. Have my breakfast. Toast, coffee. Wash, tidy and police up in quarters. Without a blouse, weather is so nice, go to Hdqrs. Capt. is asleep. 1st Sgt. is asleep. I am not going to disturb their slumbers, if I can help it. Ask Sgt. to tell either of them, at first opportunity, that I have called and reported sick. Return to quarters to get password from one of the men. I have it. Promise to come back with matches. Walk down the road feeling like a very happy and free person. It is delightful to feel the cool breeze blow against my forehead. My steel hat is off for comfort and my front collar button is open to let breeze play against my chest. Pine breath from the limbs on the camouflage screen by the road is more pleasant than perfume. Keep to the left in the shade. Walk slowly. I feel superior to other men of

company. Perhaps they are working. I am resting and my time is my own. As free as my fancy. Walk jauntily as the spirit of my journey grips me. Bid good morning to those I meet on the road if they are worthy looking individuals. Guard does not halt me. He is polishing his bayonet. I tell him it is not necessary. I know the word and he lets me go by. In the YMCA no crackers. I am disappointed. Get chocolate, a newspaper, a can of pears, after which it occurs to me that I would like some matches. Then I see tobacco. I need that, and last, perhaps chewing gum will quench my thirst. I may need it for tomorrow. I have just learned today is Friday. Wrap my purchases in newspaper, which I forget and leave behind at first. Then go where I know Epicerie was, to buy some eggs. To my surprise the place looks deserted and upon inquiry I find that it is. All the civilians have been ordered out by the 14th and most of them have complied with the order. A few old women left. It must be very hard for them to tear themselves away from their homes, which they have loved for so many years. No use bemoaning the past, and I can spend my time to better advantage writing than chatting on about causes. I start back to quarters. I feel as though I have forgotten something. Yes, I have. Envelopes. I asked for them too and went away without them. Take 1 dozen, make up a new bundle and start off again. At the door I stop again. Something missing. Pears left behind. Now I have everything. Off once more. In the east end of town, it sounds like shelling was being done by Fritz. It is difficult to locate. Observers differ as to objective. Both sides of the road at the end of town are being hit. Dangerous traveling on road. I wait for a few minutes in the sentry box at town gate, from where I can get a good view of where the next shell strikes. It lands on the other side of the road from where we saw the last one land. Doubtful what he is after, also

how to avoid him. The Colonel passes in a car. He goes on without hesitation. Gives me courage to go on. Before I make the next village another shell bursts. I duck my head as though that would save me from injury. Frenchmen staying close to stone barn for protection. As soon as I make it, I follow their example, while two more burst nearby, one ahead of us, one behind us. I think it is the puffy, gusty wind that is responsible for such a widely scattered group of hits. Two Frenchmen come up. They think it is safe to go on, after questioning. I follow them. We run to next shelter while Fritz reloads, single file, keeping in the shade. Rest in a doorway where is another lad who came from opposite direction. Two officers stop to read my newspaper. While waiting there, one strikes so close that I feel a slight shock and a half minute later a piece of shrapnel comes breaking through the trees, landing not 15 yds. from us. One Frenchman in the building has business in He starts immediately after last explosion. I follow him. He runs. I do likewise. Aeroplanes up to check. One battery is retaliating. I hear the whistle of shells over us. Pace is too fast for me. I must walk. Decide to throw myself flat on the ground if I hear shell coming. I will have to listen carefully for them. I am making a noise, the wind is rustling the leaves of the trees. Our shells are flying. A little rested, I run again. Frenchman way ahead of me. Roofs of town in sight now. A most welcome sight. I am fooled once by our own shell. I crouch for protection against a low stone wall. Then I am safe at last. In the open, walk up to kitchen, panting for breath and very hot. Distribute what I bought among the men. My clothes all open to cool off. Tell them how cruel Fritz has been to me. He keeps it up. Our guns breaking up things on Fritz's side of the line. Lts., Sgts., and two French scouts, who were out on patrol (reconnaissance), are back with trophies. A

Prussian Guard's cap with a bloodstain on it. Frenchman has many decorations. Lt. is nervous. We must all stay indoors while aeroplanes are up, yet he himself runs around. This morning his party was shot at by snipers. I make my own cocoa for dinner. Have a piece of good roast meat, bread, dates, pears and cocoa, a big dinner, which leaves no ill effects. The afternoon I devote to writing. First thing I do is to tear up letters I wrote yesterday and rewrite them. Morris Berger's, Morris' and Annette's. My how the French gunners are pelting Fritz today! The sky is full of planes and shells go over without cessation all day. It does not disturb me. Nothing does until, to break the monotony of things, one of the boys starts making a jazz band of two drumsticks on mess cup, on mess tin, on a chair. I must stop. Read until supper is ready. I have a meat ball, bread and cocoa. Upstairs to read. Corp. Wager starts his jazz band working again. It is the funniest thing I have ever seen. A stick suspended on two chair backs, from which is suspended an iron ring, a cup, two bags of Bull Durham, why I do not know. It is good sport to see him working at his band. It is good music too. Boys help along by singing. They have a fine quartet and good solo numbers. The evening cannonading in full swing. I read the NY Evening Journal and the Saturday Evening Post until I grow tired. I do not want to go to bed so early. I fall asleep nevertheless, shoes on. Wake for a few minutes to remove my shoes and from then on get a full quota of sleep during the night. I have another dream about the shop. This time Haff is mixed up in it. He and I have the old Fulton Press in Luke Street. It is slightly changed of course. There is some disagreement about ownership. Funny things occur like in the movies, animated presses, self-setting type, etc. A patrol to go out some time in the morning, the official substitute for the large one scheduled for the Battalion to pull out tonight. Frenchmen

advise caution, I believe. Much in praise of the French scout who has citations for bravery from 3 Generals and 1 Croix de Guerre. He is envied but not by me. A blue devil with him, really a dare devil. Growing tired of self-confinement. My bottom hurts. But in spite of it all, I would like to write more to Leah and the boys about my experiences. If I could have quiet and convenience, I might do something worthwhile. I debate advisability of writing a song as part of an entertainment for the Army, when the jazz band intervenes.

Sat. Jul. 13, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. It has rained hard during the night. Men are just returning from a special patrol. It has the usual disastrous results. The party had been challenged from an outpost in which were men who were probably not aware that the party might be expected to return at that point. There was a slight misunderstanding. The patrol quickened its movement, a Frenchman in the party dropped a bomb which he had ready decapped for instant use. He was killed, one man mortally wounded, dying during the day, and 4 of Co. K boys are injured more or less severely. I am feeling considerably better as far as my stomach is concerned. I have rice and bacon, bread and coffee for breakfast without any after distress. Do not think it necessary to report to the work squad since I have officially reported sick. But I need a bandage for binding my foot which still shows a rash. Go to the infirmary for some, coming back to quarters to find everybody asleep. Absolute and ideal quiet reigns, making a fine opportunity to write. I take advantage of it at once. Two big planes are over the lines, cutting capers for Fritz. They draw fire every time they circle over his

territory and as long as they remain within range. They are evidently taking photographs and scouting. Flying low enough to be seen and heard from the window where I sit. Admire their daring. Machine guns also open up on them. One of the new boys comes in to look at them from the window through glasses. He reports their movements to me, while I write. Some shells from 75s are sent under their direction. Write until noon time. Men on awakening, again begin to talk about the accident which occurred during the night. One of them has helped bring them in and tells how fearful a sight the wounded men are. Dinner. Beef stew with green peas, bread, coffee. Feel well. Take a nap of a half hour. Sgt. Stewart comes in to inquire if I know the location of a post, outside of which is a timed iron pig or minnie wafer, which has not been exploded. Engineers are here for the purpose of detonating it. They are taken out by Wager and everybody is warned to keep under cover and told when they might expect to hear the explosion. I have hit upon the idea of writing a story, based upon yesterday's experiences, to Leah, but so as not to frighten her I will not tell her when it happened. I look for a place outside in the sun to sit while I write. It is windy wherever I locate. While perched for a few minutes on a wall next to our chateau, a loud explosion coming from a very nearby point, almost jolts me from my position. I get down and cross the street to tell the men it is advisable to seek shelter in the dugout. I think some very heavy shelling is about to begin, very close at hand. They remind me of the missing wafer the engineers had been sent out to explode, which I had completely forgotten about, so I return to my perch until I find it inconvenient to write in the wind. Go upstairs. After a rather slow beginning, I gather momentum and by supper time I have written considerably. Shelling from our guns intermittently. A Boche plane is brought

down. It is seen to tumble towards earth by the men in the kitchen. I envy them. The fall of an aeroplane is the only sight I am anxious to witness. From accounts it is brought down by machine gun fire by the 307 boys. Supper. I do not take meat. Have potatoes, peas, bread, coffee. A little distress in a few hours. I am too busily engaged writing to feel annoyed. The men are playing pinochle and disturb me for a while. Write until candlelight. Something is doing which has not yet been told us about. Men were to go out on patrol, but it was called off. About 10 o'clock, without any warning, Lt. issues orders that gas masks are to be worn at the alert position and, that as soon as it becomes necessary to move into the dugout, rifles and ammunition are also to be taken. We wonder what it is all about. There are no signs of an attack. Only activity is an occasional spurt of machine gun fire and the steady sending of shells from our guns at about ten minute intervals. There is much discussion and suspense and presently resume writing with my coat and mask on. Some of the boys have had to dress to comply with the Lt.'s order. They had remarked, one man in particular, that it looks like the night will be quiet and had removed all their clothes. It begins to rain. That ends the gas scare. It rains heavily for a few hours. The men go back to bed. I resume writing, remaining awake, alone in the room. At 11:00, Sgt. Stewart comes in to suggest that I put the lights out. It is shining through the window and can be seen from the street. I comply with his wish at once. Put out the light, open the window and lie down to sleep. My mind still insists on writing to Leah. It keeps on working and working, so that I cannot sleep. Had I a pen in my hand, I would have had written at least 3000 words, before the machinery stops. Milne, who has been sick all day with an illness similar to mine, is taken seriously ill and vomits. That effectually prevents me from shutting my eyes. He must

go on guard in a half hour or so. It will soon be light, so I lie awake on my back waiting for daylight, when I will get up to continue writing. Milne goes on guard. I get up and dress fully. Go downstairs for a few minutes to get the air and keep the guard company. I have a dull pain in my back and kidney from constipation. My bowels have not moved today. I exercise thinking it will bring them back to normal. Decide there is something radically wrong with me, for since the beginning of the week, I have had diarrhea and now I am constipated. I will see the doctor at my earliest opportunity. I have gone downstairs without a blouse and it begins to feel chilly. I am on my way upstairs when I meet Sgt. Stewart. I have a question to ask him, and I would like to talk to him in general. He impresses me as a very fine fellow. We talk for more than fifteen minutes and as I look at him, I am impressed with his fine physique and exquisitely cut features. I confess that I admire him. We go upstairs together. Enter my room, intending to begin anew at my writing. Get my paper, fuss around a little with it. Read what I have already written, so that I can get back into the swing of it. Milne comes in, staggering from weakness, gasping for breath. He is in great pain from acute indigestion. I tell him to lie down, loosen his clothes to permit him freedom and suggest that he swallow a camphor and opium pill, which are handy on the table. They were prescribed by doctor. He feels better after taking one. I put back my paper, intending to lie down to be ready in case Milne needs me. He is in bad shape and I fear we will have to get a doctor for him, but I fall asleep and Milne does too. Sgt. Williamson of this detachment receives his commission. Other men in the regiment, also promoted.

Sun. Jul. 14, 1918

Weather: Fair, warm

Health: Fair

Up at 8:00. Have breakfast. Rice, bacon, bread, coffee. There is some shelling, also aeroplanes up, which are attracting shell fire. I lie down on my bunk. Am not feeling extra well. Fall asleep for an hour. Wash at the brook. An aeroplane is up somewhere. I am anxious to see what is on the other side of the railroad track. Make an attempt to investigate. Before I am well started an ominous swish is heard. Sounds near enough to scare us. Seems it will drop close to us. Lands somewhere in the vicinity where he played for on Friday. A machine gun close at hand. No place for me. I get my towel and go upstairs. He continues shelling. From our window, we can see what they sit and where they land. High explosive, large calibre shells. Our artillery essays to return MG fire. Five or six shells to Fritz's one for a few minutes. This calls for a punishing fire from Fritz. He literally rains shells upon the road between and The damage he is doing must be considerable. He silences our batteries entirely. I do not think he puts them out of action, but it is evidently useless to reply. Our boys grow hilarious in their joy at the spectacle. Mark 41! Good work! Keep it up!, etc. I go downstairs to sit at the table under the tree, where I wish to write. In a short time, I am interrupted by three men who have just come in from an all night ambush patrol. The shelling has not ceased. They sing over our head constantly. Renny, one of three men, is making a show of bravado, chaffing his companions about being white livered. He has issued a challenge to Fritz to come over from the center of a shell hole. He thinks because his companions have not done that, they lack courage. I must go away. It disgusts me to listen to him. Go upstairs again, where it is so noisy, that I cannot write. So I take another

nap. Sleep until twelve. Dinner. Beans, bread, coffee. That is bad for my stomach. Lie down again. Fall asleep. Awake at 2. Begin writing. My mind will not work well. I begin to think a little exercise will do me good. I would like to go for a walk. Sgt. Stewart comes in with a solution to the problem. He has a message to be delivered to Capt. Frothingham. It has been my intention to see him in regard to passing Lt. Griffith's note on to the Capt., who relieves him when his own company goes back to rest tonight. I volunteer to go. I find the Captain, give him the message, receiving an answer. Then tell him who I am and that I have been sick. He tells me that I was almost to be turned in to the MR as a deserter. I express surprise. Must report at 7 o'clock to be turned over to the company relieving. Go with him to locate a Very pistol add two white flares. They cannot be found. No one knows where they can be procured. I get a pistol, but no lights. Take back with me two flares of some kind, which no one knows anything about. Report back to Lt. Godfrey. He does not know what to do with the flares. I write a letter to Leah until supper time. A lean supper. Potato pancakes, bread, coffee. Write until 7 o'clock, when I report to Sgt. Lt. Godfrey calls his men together to instruct them in what he intended to do to-night. I meet Wager later and ask him most sincerely not to come back, telling that another man has been wounded or killed. At 7, I meet Sgt. Pittman. He is one of those close order fiends. We must march in formation and all that sort of rot. My anger at the practice blows away in an instant when I see that he has mail for me. Officially turned over. Our mail is handed out to us. I get the fright of my life when I see under the first envelope, two with a mourning border. I feel faint - relieved to find they go to Lenehan. He always get his letters on such stationary. 5 from Leah, one each from Becks, Dolly, Lottie. No chance to read them. I must go to work. Loading and

unloading a trench. It begins to rain. As I have no raincoat, the other fellows do all the work. I go back as soon as it stops raining, I must do gas guard from 12 to 3. I offer to do so gladly. Men have gone out on patrol. Read my letters. All good news. Leah's anniversary letter to me. Baby's picture has been taken and is on the way. Read each letter twice. Write more to Leah, suggested by her letters. Raining intermittently as I write alone. Other men who have not gone on patrol are asleep. I intend to remain awake. No use going to bed, as long as I have a letter to write. At 11:15, Bennett, one of the men who had gone out on patrol, comes into quarters looking like a ghost, panting for breath, wringing wet from sweat, with an order from the Lt. that every man in the place dress, fully equipped, and meet him outside, in the street. Men are awakened and dress, everybody excited, not knowing what to make of the order. It is quiet outside but for a few shells from our guns going to Fritz. I put away my writing, get on my things, and when I am all dressed, Milne comes in looking just the same as Bennett, when he came in. Something mysterious is in the wind. Mere men come in, look frightened to death. One of the men, R..., whispers to me, "Dick (Sgt. Stewart) has been shot". I am shocked, sorry beyond words. He was such a nice fellow, I admired him so, in the morning in the full bloom of health. The order now is to stay indoors. We talk in whispers and discuss the tragic affair. It seems he is wounded in the face. Renny, the man who displayed so much bravado in the morning is the culprit. He mistook Stewart for a Boche the men say. I cannot believe it. I am disgusted. Lie down in the dark. The candles have been put out and windows opened. I hear a scuffling in the next room. Whispering, excitedly, we rush in. They have brought in Renny, the man who did the shooting. He is delirious. "Dick, Dick, Dick. I didn't mean to do it" he is saying, crying, struggling to be

freed. He wants to kill himself. Boys whisper that Dick is alright. Soothe him. Plead with him to be calm. Poor fellow. This morning so brave and now! Other members of the patrol straggle in. All the worse for their experiences. Wager has sprained his ankle. Lt. assures men not to worry. Stewart is being attended to. No one knows where he is, it develops. I go on guard. Men are being sent for a doctor. I am sent to Capt., then told to stay. Relief coming in. Halt a man a minute. No one gives the password correctly. Stewart is brought to the door on a stretcher by four men who have carried him over No Man's Land. He is a brave lad. Breathes with difficulty. His lung has been penetrated by the bullet. He is taken to the dressing station after a great deal of fuss and red tape. Afterwards, different versions of the affair come in. Street is quiet after 1. A few shells and a little fray in the area to left. Go to bed at 3. Boys remain awake long. Their nerves are shattered. One man stays awake to guard Renny. He falls asleep at 2.

Mon. Jul. 15, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Fair

Up at 8:00 with a problem on my hands.

How was I to avoid being put to work with prisoners. There is an air of quiet and thoughtfulness about the men. They are very anxious to know what Stewart's condition is. No one knows and it is too early to find out. Renny has slept peacefully and is still asleep when I go downstairs for my breakfast, a half hour after arising. There is bacon, bread and coffee. I am tired naturally, and want to go back to bed again, while our men are shelling the Germans again in that peculiar lazy manner, which seems to indicate they are only working their guns to keep them from rusting. Everybody takes advantage of the effect the

tragedy of last night has on the Lt., who is in bed, by also going to sleep for a few more hours. I have made up my mind not to bother about reporting, and to wait until I am called or sent for. If by twelve o'clock I am not sent for, I will report sick after lunch. Get up again at 10:30. Wash and shave at the stream behind the house, refreshing me considerably. Were it not for the fact that I was constipated and feeling the effects of last night, I would be enjoying myself to-day, it is so beautiful. The sun is hot and bright. The sky is deep blue, clear and high. As yesterday, my short stay at the stream is a signal for Fritz to open up with his shells. His target is the same as yesterday. I do not linger long, for Fritz is not to be trusted. Upstairs to write. It is quiet and I can do so undisturbed. I smile to see Renny sitting on the floor in his room, cleaning his rifle. I believe no one has said a word to him this morning, nor has he had anything to say. Dinner is delayed to-day There is not much to eat, the fault of the supply man, who is not sending sufficient ration. Men and lieutenant complain. A small piece of steak, potatoes, bread, coffee. Wash my mess kit, tidy my bunk and go in search of Corp. McGovern in charge of work squad. I cannot find him, after a diligent search. I see some of the prisoners, who find an opportunity to admire me for "getting away with it". I protest I had been sick and look much concerned over not being able to find the leader, though I don't care and in fact would prefer it if I never found him. I am thirsty and look for a drink of water, promising to come back in a few minutes. On my way back, I run into the corporal, he recognizing me at the same time. I tell him my tale of woe, and how I would like to see the doctor first. He cannot excuse me and suggests I talk to the captain. I find the captain busy with a French officer and some maps. I cannot interrupt. Wait an hour, in the meantime doing a few small errands for the corporal after

which I protest that the doctor will soon be in, whereupon I am excused to report after my consultation with him. I find out on my way back that the doctor will not be in until 4:10, which gives me an hour to write. At 4:00, I go to the infirmary. The doctor has not yet arrived. So I read and go upstairs to the prettiest room in town where there are a piano, a rug, arm chairs, etc. Hear that Stewart is badly wounded. The doctor comes. I tell him my trouble. He gives me a big dose of castor oil. An old favorite of mine. To report tomorrow if I do not feel better. Report to McGovern, this time telling him the history of my case and suggesting I seek the Captain after I have my mess, so that I can get an easy detail apart from the prisoners. That suits him and I go back for a mess of beef stew, bread, coffee. As I go to wash my mess kit, I meet Renny in the garden. He tells me how the accident happened. The pistol was fired as his hand hit the wire, when he turned to see who it was that was approaching him. He is a penitent lad and seems glad that he has been ordered back to his company to rest. I console him by fibbing about Stewart's condition. He says the Major has been to visit Stewart and finds him getting along nicely, which does not jibe with what I have heard, yet he may be right. The castor oil is working and I have cramps. I look for Capt. Sturges at his dugout, a hot half hour's walk from my quarters. I see a Boche aeroplane driven down, wounded by our shelling. He is having a hard time to keep his machine from crashing to earth. Capt. is not in dugout, so back to Chateau Headquarters. I find him in the act of reading a list, which should contain my name. I am listed as sick. I interrupt and tell him my story. He understands perfectly and assigns me to his mess. Fine. A good meal is in sight at last. Wants me to bunk with cook. Promise to get my things up some time before dark. A wonderful sunset. I do a little more writing. At

eight-thirty I put my things in a shelter half and leave the boys, thanking them for their hospitality, wishing them luck and hoping to see them again. I report to cook, get a fine bed in a large room with a window, which I leave open when I put away my things. It is light enough to write for a half hour and then by candlelight. I add to Leah's letter. A corporal sent up from his company to act as runner, sent to my room to look for a bunk. He is a chatty fellow with whom I spend more than an hour on the causes, etc. of war, putting by Leah's letter to be finished to-morrow. Ask about gas guard, dugouts, etc. After an hour's discomfort from the physic I had, I fall asleep to enjoy a real good night's rest, undisturbed by anything determined not to work hard tomorrow. A report of casualties from bombing during the night before.

Tue. Jul. 16, 1918

Weather: Fair, Hot

Health: Good

Chiefly notable for "Eats"

Thronsen calls me at 6. I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep. I get up quickly and dress, reporting for duty before I wash. He suggests I have breakfast first. I look about me. I am pleased with what I see. Pancakes, three of them, syrup, strawberry jam and bread, and real coffee, two cups, with real milk and lots of sugar. As to the manner born, I go through with it, complaining, when H....., the cook, offers me potatoes also, that I am sick and therefore must not eat too much. Ready now for a pipe and then I wash myself at the pump in the square. Cold, invigorating, running water. After which I get to work washing dishes, sweeping the floor, etc. When I am finished, Thronsen has a job for me.

Upstairs is a bathtub. It is full of garbage and putrid water. He wants me to clean it out so that the Captain may take a bath when he awakes at 11:30. I feel like kicking, but I decide to wait and see if the details go on any work. It is a nasty stinking job. I am not anxious to work too fast. Not looking for any speed records on the job, so I get my papers and pen to write a little more to Leah, keeping my ears open for footsteps on the stairs. I am a good imitation of a servant. Throndsen catches me loafing. I tell him a fish story. I go downstairs and get hell from the cook for working upstairs. He needs me, so I finish the job quickly, coming downstairs to do his errands. Next I am asked to fill the bathtub with water. I refuse to do that. It is too hot for such work and besides I am not feeling equal to the task of lugging 20 or more dixies of water upstairs. We argue about my disability in the matter, but whether or not I must obey, I am not going to fill a bathtub with water, when I can plead sickness as the excuse. It is finally agreed that I take up 4 dixies full which I consider reasonable. That done, I have other work to do in the kitchen. There is little chance to loaf. I want to clean up as well as I can. Officers come in, the Captain gets out of bed and bathes with the aid of Throndsen. It is more like a mansion here than a soldier's home by the lines. The Captain calling Throndsen, Throndsen for a half hour. He has his dinner served at once. They do not stay long at it. The Captain is a busy, hard worker, and he goes at once to his hdqrs. dugout. Then we have our dinner. Oh boy! Talk about eats. There is German pot roast, and spaghetti, potato salad, brown gravy, pie, apple pie, doughnuts and strawberry jam, bread and jam, and three cups of cafe au lait, with beaucoup sugar. Cook wants wood. I want to sit and ponder over the taucross on door for a few minutes. I say nothing but go out into the garden to take from the line some handkerchiefs which I had

washed in the early forenoon. Cook is in a hurry, needlessly, and wants to know if I am an ornament to the kitchen, or do I intend to work. I do not reply. Go about my business and on my way out meet Mess Sergeant and cook conferring. I am called into the conference and asked why I refused to get wood. I tell them I did not refuse so far as I know, but if any "grease ball" talks to me like that again, things will liven up and as far as working is concerned, I refuse to do a tap, which may be told to the Captain, if any one does tell him. I am humored and an attempt is made to calm me. I get wood, refusing to chop same. Prisoners are doing that work. They complain too, but complaining won't do them any good. For the rest of the afternoon the cook makes overtures. I have a bit of beer from him and he offers me a lot of other little snacks. I accept what I fancy. Bear him no ill will. I go out for water. Hear a series of rapid explosions. Planes are up and are being shelled. I cannot distinguish direction or nature of sound, but before my pail is filled, there are two very loud explosions, which shake every building in the place, and sends up a puff of white smoke, or rather a cloud of it. I seek the shelter of a wall until the danger of falling pieces is over. In headquarters everybody is ordered out. There is a meeting of officers, which adjourns to the cellar. I find my gas mask was left behind. I get it and join those in the cellar. We stay until someone mentions that it is an ammunition dump which has exploded, a fact I thought they were aware of. They thought it is shelling. We, who saw the affair from the street, are of the opinion that Jerry hit it with a bomb. He was over that spot a moment before. The afternoon passes quickly. Everything is clean and tidy by 3:30, and while cook prepares a good dinner, I write a bit more of my story to Leah. There is no further complaint about me looking and acting like an ornament. At 6:00, supper is served.

when his lordship, the Captain has finished, we have steak. I take some cold roast left from the dinner, baked beans, tomato sauce, potatoes, bread and jam, and tea, real tea, not quite as good as Leah's, but the nearest to it I have has since leaving home. 3 cups. Everybody on good terms with each other now. I wash the dishes and the cook dries them and what with the aid of Throndsen, we quickly have the kitchen in ship shape. At 8, I am off for the day. I wash and soap up thoroughly, hair too, and let the stream from the constantly flowing pump play on my head. A most refreshing bath. Fill my canteen for use at night, if necessary, and retire to my parlor to write. Take off my shoes and stockings and open the windows wide, prepared to spend a comfortable evening at home. The flies and mosquitos annoying considerably, while it is light, but after I shut the blinds and light the candle, they disappear. I write on my story for an hour and then other work until 11:30. Candle out, windows wide open, a beautiful cool breeze, making it ideal for sleeping. No one but myself is the room. The two corporals have gone to headquarters dugout, where I imagine they will stay for the night. I fall asleep promptly. At 12:30 they come in, make enough noise to wake me. It takes a half hour for me to go off again, but once asleep, I do not open my eyes until the morning. No news from Stewart. Evidently he is mending. There is little activity during the day. Some artillery firing from both sides only. The road is washed up a bit in the morning.

Wed. Jul. 17, 1918

Weather: Fair, Hot

Health: Good

Some damn fool, who hangs around Hdqrs.
and thinks I eat with the plebes at the company

kitchen, wakes me at 5:10, telling me I will miss my mess if I don't get up. I dress and fuss around in the kitchen for an hour before the officers have had their breakfast. The Captain is late and must be served separately. We have pancakes galore, syrup, bread and jam and real coffee. Yesterday's good eating has fixed me up in great shape. I feel fine. Begin to think it is a mistake on my part to imagine that the army diet is sufficient. Wash dishes and sweep, get wood and do chores, after which I help the cook make rhubarb pie for dinner. The news that there will be pie spreads rapidly and everybody has a question to ask the cook, and some come in to look for somebody, whom they know cannot be found in the kitchen, all in the hope of getting pie. The juice from the rhubarb we put in a bowl to cool, and all morning we have a cooling summer drink. The Captain and all our visitors have some. Sgt. has had no breakfast. We make him some, which gives me more work washing dishes. Peel potatoes for a half hour, which is the finish of the morning's work. I decide to take a nap, first washing my undershirt, which will dry rapidly in the hot sun. I would like to take a bath this afternoon at the spring. Lie down on my bed. Try to sleep. Discover that I am wide awake. It is very hot. The general opinion is that to-day is the hottest day of the year. The flies bother me. Hundreds of them walking over my face and head constantly. I must get up to put a towel over my head. Aeroplanes overhead can be seen from my window, where I lie. Fritz is again shelling the road, which is closed to traffic. I get no sleep but a fairly good rest until 11:30. Throndsen calls me to help him with the water for the Captain's bath. That business annoys me terribly, but since it is the only disagreeable detail of a day's work, I do not complain. I go back to bed for a few minutes, until the officers are ready for mess. The Captain has no time to eat. He is called

away to attend to the moving back of two platoons and the relocation of Hdqrs. Dugout. After officers are satisfied, we have bacon, lyonnaise potatoes, carrots and peas, lettuce salad, rhubarb pie, bread and jam, tea 2 cups. Quite a feed for a private. Throndsen helps with the dishes. We are done with our work quickly. I have time off which is spent in writing. Go to my room, remove my shoes and leggings and sit in bed at work on my story. It is interesting work. I have decided to elaborate on it to give Leah as much pleasure as possible. Ludwig, company clerk of this organization, gives me an idea, which is an excellent one. In the garden are some red, white, and blue flowers. He has pressed them in a book and pasted them on a card to send home. I must do likewise. For a long time I have wanted to send home a flower and now I have found a way, but I am angry with myself for having to copy. I wish I could do something original. Leah will be immensely pleased with it, I know. My undershirt is dry, so I wash my OD shirt. I write for two hours in my room, seated on my bed. The Captain sees me a number of times, as he passes along the hall. Later in the day he asks Ludwig if I am needed. He answers "yes". The flies bother me a great deal while I work. They drive me to give up my writing and I find myself with a half hour's time on my hands, which I cannot give a good account of. Supper is delayed again by the Captain. He is very busy. Shuler picks currants for to-morrow's pie. When the Captain comes in, he brings with him a mess kit full, which he himself has picked. That man certainly likes to eat well. Supper is hash, potatoes, stewed corn, bread, coffee, jam. I am growing fat under the treatment I am receiving. A visible change has taken place in me since yesterday. Wash the dishes and with the help of Throndsen, who dries them, we are done by 8:30. Wash myself at the pump. It is good, on a day as hot as today, especially. My

OD shirt is dry enough to put on. I dress and go to Scout Headquarters for my tent poles and pins which I have left behind. Meet Archer whom I ask about Sgt. Stewart's condition. No word about him has been received. Renny is still there having asked to be permitted to remain. He is himself again, having completely forgotten about the incident of the other day, from which I judge that Stewart is mending nicely. Archer has some aeroplane photographs, something which I have been looking for, for a long time. In my opinion, if I can get them home, they would be the best possible souvenir. I would like one for myself. He tells me there is a stack of them downstairs in the cellar of the building and without further parley goes to get some of them for me. I am most grateful. He hands me more than a dozen of them. I stay to chat with him for a few minutes, going back to my quarters at once. Then I pick a red and white rose and some blue flowers, putting them in a book to press. I sleep on it, using it for a pillow. Light my candle, shut the window, take off my shoes and leggings and prepare to write. I give Ludwig a few of the pictures in return for the good idea he gave me in reference to the flowers. I get a bar of chocolate, the regular issue from the cook. Lying on my belly, I finish my story but think to add to it by putting another page or two at the beginning, describing my eating, etc. It is growing late, hot and stuffy. I write a little while longer, blow out my candle and go to Sleep. With the windows open, it is delightfully cool. There is a fine breeze blowing, which draws through the building and slams doors and windows shut. I am a little bit worried about events to-night. Everybody is either moving back or has already moved out of the town, as if a forward movement by the Germans is expected. Company is occupying a new line. Some 1st Battalion men come up in advance, which

dispels a rumor that the regiment was going to Italy. I hear the men from our company are drilling at instead of resting. In the morning I reread Leah's last letters. No activity of any kind to-day. Only a few aeroplanes up, and a few stray small arms shots fired. What with the meals and the quiet, war is to make life easy..... Patrol of 3rd Battalion Scouts out on patrol come in without having encountered anything worthy of note. No accident or incident until they are in quarters when Bennett discharges his gun into the wall.

Thu. Jul. 18, 1918

Weather: Raining, Hot

Health: Good

Thronsdon calls me at 7. I have breakfast of six or seven pancakes, syrup, bread, jam, coffee, eggs. Take a rest and smoke a pipe, home style before I go to work. For water, and on my way back take a handful of wood, bit supplies for Eddie and manage to get more wood. Wash the dishes, sweep the floor in both kitchen and dining room, clean tables, refill hot water tank and my day's work is practically done. Think it is a good plan to wash towels and a few napkins. If the officers eat so well, they should have napkins, which can be procured so easily. They are not much soiled. It will be an easy matter to wash them. I do that including a tablecloth among the linens, quite a large one. I have my doubts if I will be able to accomplish the feat. With good hot water, I quickly make a passable job of them, rinse wash in cold enter and am ready to hang out for drying. A shower comes up again. There has been a heavy one from 7 to 8, which has wet everything, and now it seems as if it will rain all day. At any rate, my duties for the morning are finished. 1, 2, 3 heavy explosions in the direction of the lines. There

is only the shortest possible hiss before the shell is detonated. Seems to me like Fritz is sending them to the boys in the front line. I stop work, sit on the window sill to listen in which direction they are going. Decide it is our guns shelling some very close position within the enemy lines. That ends the hostilities in the morning, with the exception of aeroplanes up observing shellfire. To my room to write by the windows. I have a chair, the sill is my table and I look out upon one of the most beautiful rose bushes in the world. It is a big one, almost a tree, trained to spread out like an umbrella. There is a little more fuss than usual attendant upon dinner. Get water for the Captain's bath at 12. He does not get out of bed until 12:30. Takes a long time to perform his ablutions. Late in getting downstairs. Dinner is steak, French fried potatoes, onions, peas, currant pie, tea. I broil my steak on a little griddle, which has been found in one of the closets, and make one of the tastiest morsels of meat I have ever eaten. There is work to do serving and running errands until 3:30, after which I wash the dishes, sweep the floor, etc. until 4:00, at which time I am off for the afternoon. Write for half an hour, finishing work at hand and take a nap. No one disturbs me until 6:00. Have had an excellent nap. I get up of my awn accord when I hear shells by the hundreds going up towards Germany. What I cannot understand is why I hear no reports. They sing along "Wheeee, Wheeee" and all that can be heard, when it is naturally expected their journey is at an end, is an occasional shell sound. I wonder whether these are gas shells that are being sent. I heard something this morning that gas of American manufacture was being used with telling effect. It is of such strength that it eats leather. Also hear that 1800 Germans were taken prisoners by our boys. So, I wonder if this can be more of that gas to take advantage of a wind that is in our

favor and promises to be for the rest of the day. It is a mournful sound to hear. One that suggests suffering that goes with it. I lie in bed for a matter of five minutes or so, but I must get up. That sound is getting on my nerves. Supper will be served shortly, for 4 as usual. At the last minute company comes, Captain Handy, to look over positions which he takes over. Throndsen goes up in the air. It is still worse when another Lt. comes. There are now prospects that the servants get no supper. They do away with all the potatoes, leaving for us some of the best meat I ever tasted, peas, prunes, tea, bread and jam. All this was much delayed. After officers are done, Capt. sends for me. Asks me how I feel. OK. He has been directed by Rgtl. authority that I am to be put to work outdoors. He wants me to get my arms and follow him to his new hdqrs. I see that he is in trouble of some kind regarding me, so I consent. Finish my supper, called for again, to tell me that I must move and when I return there is some ammunition to be carried. I do not like the prospect. I finish some prunes and tea and put all my things into my shelter half and move up to the chateau, where the boys are, which is disagreeable in the extreme and which so far I have been fortunate to avoid. I make the best of it. I will obey orders and complain afterward. I am dreadfully worried about the consequences. I like the Capt., wonder how Rgtl. Hdqrs. got to know about me and put it down to the letter I wrote to Leah about the Englishman in which I probably said something to which exception was taken and for which I shall have to pay dearly. Dreadfully sad about it. I, the Papa of Cecilie, a prisoner, first to shield another and now because he has committed a sin. I do not know what to do. If I refuse to take punishment, I will be dealt with severely. Can I ask Leah and Cecilie to do without me to save my honor? I decide that I cannot. It is better that I suffer degradation than make them

suffer for an instant. Not if I love them will I refuse to accept punishment. I get a bunk in the hall upstairs. Go back for the things I left. Told we may rest for the night. That is good. Stay apart from the men by sitting on my bed to go through my letters to see if there is any further reference made to my condition in them. I do not like the tone of any of them and tear up two of them. There is no time to rewrite them tonight. Burn the scraps carefully. My imagination now places me in the middle of an international scandal. I go about it as though everything about me would be examined for evidence that will prove I am a spy or some such criminal. I am truly in a panic. I do not know what I am doing or what brought it all about, when I finally remove my things and go to bed with a feather mattress, which I found in the next room, as bedding underneath. It is just as good as no covering at all over the heavy wire network. My side, back and ribs are sore, sore from sleeping on the bars, stops the circulation of the blood. I cannot sleep. As I say my prayers, the order comes for everybody out to carry ammunition. I decide to feign sleep, but in a minute I change my mind. I must be honest now of all times, since I ask a favor of the Lord. I get up at once, go downstairs with the others. When we are most of us assembled, the order comes not to mind but to go back to bed. I remain awake for another smoke and to be alone with my unbearable thoughts. Oh how it hurts Leah's husband and Cecilie's papa to be a prisoner in disgrace. My head bursts from thinking and brooding.

Fri. Jul. 19, 1918

Weather: Fair, Hot

Health: Fair

1st Batt. - no casualties

Up at 7:00. Awakened by Corp. McGovern who wants us to report to officers' mess. For a moment I think the scandal I am involved in has been straightened out, but it only proves that he has no orders as to my day's work, other than what I have been doing. I do as he bids, making no attempt to argue about it. Report to the kitchen. Everything is already cleaned up though it is only 7:30. Get my breakfast there. Bacon and potatoes. My mind is much easier over the new state of affairs this morning. I am not worried and go about inquiring how Regt. Hdqrs. knows that I had an easy job and just what it was. I find that Ludwig, Co L clerk, had been in the habit of filling out a daily report in which my name was mentioned as being at the officers' mess. I believe that was questioned, since officers' mess could get along without extra men. I wash and do a few chores, sweeping up, carrying wood, etc., after which Corp. McGovern decides that it is best not to have me in the kitchen. He tells me to fall in with the others and report up the hill. There will not be much work to do, I am assured. We take our time getting there and find a tree trunk to sit on, while on the way. Next, we go farther up hill to where the platoons are camped in the wood and there get to work, digging a latrine. It is easy work. There are 4 of us. 2 work at a time, 1 loosens earth with a pick, one shovels out loose dirt. In that manner each man works about 15 minutes of each hour. But in spite of the fact that it is not so bad as I thought, this is no business and no place for Leah's husband and Cecilie's papa. One aeroplane up over us in wood. One tree, 2 1/2 feet thick, split 15

feet above the ground by a shell, cut off completely by a great force. At eleven o'clock, we decide that the latrine is finished and make our way back home by the open road and in close formation in full view of observation balloon. A grave error. Rest in a round house dugout, probably of German construction. I try to write a letter but it will not work. There isn't a thought in my head. I am right to refuse to be in the company of these men. Hairbrained, thoughtless, silly laughter. No wonder I cannot think. At 11:30, we are on our way back. Go direct to quarters. When I arrive upstairs, I notice that the flowers which I have pressed and been saving to send to Leah are on the floor, as if my personal belongings have been trifled with and gone through. I suspect Smith of the trick, but say nothing. I will watch. Eat my mess. Steak, lots of peas, bread, coffee. Corporal tells us to report to Rgtl. Hdqrs. at 3:30, with packs. I am interested in the order, chiefly because I see an afternoon off. I write a letter to Mama. The boys make their packs. I do not. Orders come to remain where we are. No packs will be taken. Start a letter to Leah. Aeroplane is up, a Boche, not far away. A gun opens up almost directly behind us, which we mistake for shelling from Fritz. At the first shot, I spring up, see that I have my writing and all my pictures, gas mask and helmet and make for the dugout. Outside I discover my mistake and go right back again for I have no time to lose. One soon tires of his diversion. At 3:30, we prepare to assemble. McGovern meets us and arranges us in formation to take us up to be turned over. We have appeared without belts and rifles and are sent back to get same. In making the change, I forget my gas mask, a loss I am not aware of until I am halfway to quarters. No men we are, and the corporal takes us through the streets in full view of the enemy's observation balloon, in addition to the mistake he makes, permitting us to go about unarmed. He expects

to meet the general and sure enough he does. We are called to attention as we are marched up the road to headquarters. General stops us and demands an explanation from the corporal. He has his orders from the Capt. and as a final result, by six o'clock, we hear the Captain has been relieved of his command, the Corporal punished. We fall out in the road and for a whole hour we wait for Capt. of B Co. to turn up to take us over. He does not come. Finally, we are sent back to return at 7. I go first in staggered formation. I hurry. So far I have been exceedingly fortunate. Get back after having been out for 1 hour and 15 minutes without a gas mask in very dangerous country. A fine way of safeguarding Leah's and Cecilie's bread earner. I am most ashamed of my neglect. I made plans to get into the tall tree, that had a ladder against its boughs, in case of a gas attack. I would have been safe if I could get there. Get my mess kit and prepare to go to supper, when Bernard tells me I will be out of luck if I go to kitchen. There is no more left he tells me. I do not care. There is bread downstairs and that will do me. He has jam and we find a can of hash out of which we make our supper. Artillery shakes us up a bit while we eat. An argument about the location. I am getting anxious to know what will be done with me. Write until seven o'clock. Men who play the piano very well come to visit and entertain. The table is cleared and taken outside the hall, so there is room for dancing. Quite a parlor these men have fixed up for themselves. Lounges, upholstered cushion armchairs, piano, etc., pictures on the wall, the best beds in the town, cooking utensils and stove. A home. Man plays ragtime music wonderfully well, sings some of his own compositions. Another does likewise. An exceptional pair. Oh how I love to sit upstairs to listen so that I can imagine I am back in New York at someone's house where there is entertainment. I wonder how it is that life in

the trenches does not rob men of both the desire and the ability to play. Ponder on the effect that spirit, which cannot be subdued, has upon men who are fighting. Think they are leaders without a peer. They can make an army sing itself to victory. I write upstairs until it is too dark to see. Go downstairs in parlor, a place I would have avoided ordinarily, but since I want to finish my letter to Leah, I must give up my preference to necessity. There is a good deal of noise. The players of course, have left, to go back with their companies. The relief is beginning to come in. At ten, Corp. McGovern brings a great big Simon Legree and a new corporal to whom we must bow for the term of their stay. The information is given us that we must get up at 4 o'clock in the morning. We will do the work done by ration details of other companies. Lots of thinking and suggestions for getting out of it, none of which proves of any value. Write till 11 o'clock. Boys are making doughnuts and coffee. I have some before I go to bed. Get into bed and fall asleep quickly. About 2 o'clock, for some reason, my bed collapses, making quite a little noise. I am not in the least frightened. It strikes me as funny knowing guard who is awake would be frightened because it comes from upstairs. Sure enough, they came up with loaded guns and rifles while I am fixing it. Sleep well.

Sat. Jul. 20, 1918

Weather: Fair, Hot

Health: Good

Everybody up and on the job at 4 in spite of pretests. They don't go with this outfit. Because it takes a little longer than Lt. thinks it should to get outside, he comes for the Corp. to inquire why. He himself comes in to order some of the men out, and as a result we are told we will all pay the penalty. The Capt.

comes down, too, to look us over. He does not approve of grinning and thinks our jobs should be made more difficult because Smith grins. To begin with, we will get no breakfast until mess is delivered to the boys in the lines. We are paraded to the kitchen and on the way up I have some very serious thoughts. I realize that it is best to go through with this thing, and complain after, so I say nothing to Capt. This is my last day anyhow. To-morrow should see me back with my company. At the kitchen everything is ready. Cans of bacon and coffee strapped into carriers are put on the backs of men. I take 4 empty bacon cans to be used for taking mess to the outposts. One group of men to GC5 - my group to GC6. A long walk, hot and dangerous. I think what a sin it is to make a husband and father take such risks, unarmed. I could kill the men that gave these orders. A dozen times I almost break my neck by banging my steel helmeted head against the upper cross pieces of shoring. Sweating like a "bull" is supposed to sweat. Arrive at post without incident, one place passed, pointed out by corporal as the point which was made a target by MG last time they were up. Is this not a horrible predicament for me to be in? At post is a fussy looking Lt., who calls everything a "damn thing". He is disliked by all the men. The plan they have for feeding men on post is that we take the food up to them in the bacon cans. A corporal assigned to the task of showing us the way. He goes astray two or three times, as who would not, in these ditches. The mess is cold when we get to the first post we serve. I wait while corp. and man serve two others. Then we go back to the starting point for cans and carriers. Ten Allied planes have gone over early in the morning on a bombing expedition within the German lines. They are coming back amid shell fire, as we emerge from Central, minus one of their number. In the kitchen for mess. Plenty of bread, Karo and coffee, but no bacon. We

complain. Cook fries some for us. He does not know what he is doing. Takes him 15 minutes to find something to fry bacon in. If he puts a thing down, he forgets where. Strikes me as a very queer person. While we are messing, some more of our planes go up. They are peppered with German HE before they can get across right over our heads. It rains iron into the streets of the town. I will not even go out. I advise all the men it is best to keep indoors. None of them obeys. There is an OB up and they may be seen, for he is looking right down the main street of the town. The din is about as big as any I have ever heard. The entire town shakes. The ruins shower brick and whatever else is loose. When it is all over I go to quarters. Two planes are still up drawing fire. I write and rest until it is time to go out with noon mess. I catch Smith, whom I suspected of prying into my things yesterday, in the act of opening the folder which contains pictures of Mama and Papa. Promise to thrash him unless he goes downstairs at once. He goes without a word other than the excuse that he is looking for paper. I tell men to be on the watch for him. Mess of bacon, tomatoes, bread and coffee. I take a can of coffee to GC5, the shortest trip. Cover is not screwed down tightly and contents spill all over me. I have a fight in my efforts to have it fixed. It cannot be done, so I take it through the Boyau. My clothes absorb as much sweat as coffee. Shame surges through me. Drunkards are supposed to do this work, not I. There the men from the post come for their own mess. It is served to them from dixies. Go back empty handed. Have a good dinner of corn, bacon, coffee with milk, bread and syrup. To quarters, write barefooted in bed. Rest an hour or so. An occasional fire from the guns behind us, which in the morning were quite active. O'Keefe and De Andrea bring up McKeon and O'Connell from E to join the prison gang. They tell me there is mail for me and my heart

aches to read it. I am angry with them for not bringing it. They did not know I was here. Nobody does and it surprises them. Get news from Co. Ready for supper trip. Wait for it while I talk to boys in Cafe next to kitchen. Hear a shot fired. Pay no attention to it, because it is quite frequent that someone draws his rifle. By joining Lt. 10 minutes later, I go out to see if mess is ready and find an excited group in the kitchen. The cook, who I thought acted queerly in the morning, has attempted to blow his brains out. He has succeeded in tearing away his gums, teeth, lips and part of his nose. Lies in bed, a gory sight, conscious, brushing away flies, which are on his face, Lt. and Captain ministering to him. I am not much affected by the sight, nor do I sympathize with the man. Boys, who know him, tell me the troubles which worried him. Take coffee to GC5 again. Keep dry this time. It begins to cloud up. A shower is imminent but passes over. Back empty. Supper. Corn, bread, syrup, coffee and milk. To quarters to write. I have made inquiries about being permitted to leave for my company quarters to rejoin them. Captain does not know particulars of my case. I am disappointed. A gale blowing now. Sky clear. A fine sunset. Get a canteen of water. When I come back, begin a letter to Antoinette by candlelight. Corporal comes with awful news that we are wanted for work. Complaints do not help. We must go. Respect Capt. To Chateau to pick up bedding rolls of officers and carry them to Hdqrs. in wood on stretchers and a sheet for pack. When that is finished, we carry ammunition till 11:30. A ticklish job. My thoughts are not in harmony with the bright moonlight night. At finish I meet Capt. and ask him when I am released. He does not know. Wants me to follow him to look up record. Find that date of committal only is posted opposite my name, which means I must stay until he can get in touch with Lt. Griffiths. Must be up at 4 in the

morning. In my bunk at 12. The wind howls. There are no windows to shut and I lie in a tremendous draft all night. Awake most of time. Hear unofficially that Harry Schneider was one of the victims in C Co.'s tragic affair last month. I make inquiries but no one is sure. They think so. Town now completely evacuated but for a few dozen men. New corporal in charge of prisoners proves to be a good fellow.

Sun. Jul. 21, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 4, after a night of little rest, cold and stiff and sore. I had just a faint hope that I would not be called. Most of us go down to the kitchen to work. One plays sick and a few hide or disappear after they have reported. Before we have our own breakfast, we take the mess to the boys in the lines. I go with the Greek corporal. I am shown consideration by the Sergeant, who suggests that I carry the bread only, because I shouldered the coffee twice yesterday. I am given a can of syrup too. It leaks, so it is put in a pail. Half way down the street, the corporal calls to my attention that the pail leaks too. The syrup has run down my clothes, my coat. My trousers, my leggings and shoes are all sticky. A fearful mess. I scrape some of it off with a knife, put a handle of iron on the pail and carry my burden carefully and gingerly for the rest of the journey. The way seems shorter than yesterday, so at a certain point I cannot believe I am near and think I have gone wrong, and promptly do so. I make a detour, which costs me fifteen minutes of anxiety and valuable time, before I get back. I try to hide in a sniper's post to escape the job of taking the mess to the outposts, which are a mile of trench distant. It is an unsuccessful ruse. I

must go. The walking is good. A deep trench except in a few spots, which have been caved in by shells. Disgusted with the war before I get to our destination with Tommie and a Sergeant to guide us. Before I get back, I am worse in the dumps. As we leave the post to go back, we meet a party of three coming from another post. One of the men is from theth, from a raiding party, which has been out in the night. He became detached from them in the dark and lost his way. Out all night in a shell hole and wanders into our sector as soon as it is light. We head to the road which will take him to his mates. Back in the kitchen at 7. Have breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee with milk and a few prunes, which I steal. My only wish now is to get some sleep. I have a copy of the Stars and Stripes. Lie down on the couch in the parlor, read the paper and would have fallen asleep at once if it were not for the flies. I use my newspaper as a screen and manage to get an hour and a half's sleep. Corporal comes looking for a detail. He does not disturb me. I am grateful. Begin a letter to Annette. Finish it before mess. Corporal does not disturb me to carry noon mess to the lines. Dinner a good one. Roast beef, potatoes, bread, crullers, coffee with milk. Back to write a letter to Leah. I may be disturbed to go on detail, which is to carry reserve ration back into the reserve lines. It begins to rain, which postpones the corporal's call for a half hour or so. He comes when the rain stops. On wheel barrows we must move 58 cases of reserve ration, which weigh 107 pounds apiece. An awful job. The ordeal is prolonged by the supply sergeant in charge, who misleads us. I am afraid we will be seen by Jerry, OBs and shelled. Not an unusual proceeding with them. Wheel barrows break down, we sweat like the devil, we swear and rest frequently. I have a load of 4 cases on a rickety barrow with the aid of two other men to help push. Over hill we need 7 men to pull our load. After 2 hours

we are at the dugout, which will hold the cases. There we are told we will not have to carry mess into the lines. Some of the men start back. I do not trust in the promised release from the unpleasant job and hang back. Get my mess kit and take barrow back to the kitchen. The mess has not been taken out yet and the order is that the first man finished will have to go out. I have always been a slow eater. I am always last to finish eating. There are quite a few discussions and fights among the men on account of the order. One party starts out. The other to the farthest post, cannot be procured. The men refuse to go. I remain passive, say nothing. Get back to quarters unseen. Mess Sgt. sends orderly with an order from Capt. for two men. Refusal means severe punishment. I argue out of it. Take off my shoes and stockings to apply ointment on my sore feet, which are growing worse. Have the Sanitary man bandage it for me and change my socks. As a result of the refusal of the men to take the mess out, we must all move to a building near the kitchen to be under the orders of the Mess. Sgt. I get ready to go, picking up my stuff, putting it into a shelter half, without making a pack. On the way downstairs I meet one of the men who tells me I am to be dismissed. Joy. Mess Sgt. tells me I am free and to report to Company Hdqrs. Also gives me my mail. 4 letters from Leah, one from Morris, Lottie, Esther Karmiohl, Rachel, and a wedding invitation from Mandy. It strikes me as humorous. A Sgt. will accompany me to Hdqrs. It is a wonderful moonlit night, but warm. I am wringing wet by the time I get up the hill. There I find no one from my company has called for me, which is necessary before I am released. I must go back to town. In the meantime, the Sgt. has a lot to talk about to the officers. I read all but one of my letters. All good news, thank God. Pictures of Morris and Florence. A touching note from Papa

written by himself. An action in the lines, which sounds like trench mortars were working. Does not last long, but Lt. is worried. Seems close or in his sector. Go back at 11:30. A most wonderful moonlit panorama below. The town seen as in daylight. Can see to read by the light, so bright is it. The Sergeant is nervous. He is afraid we will be seen and sniped at. I tell him we are within our own lines. He starts at the sound of our footsteps on the gravel and at every shadow and noise. In the town again, I do not know where the men are, so I step into the place where the runners bunk. Ask for a place, which is given me gladly. Sit at their table and smoke their cigarettes, read the last letter. We talk again of Harry Schneider, and from a description of a man one of the boys saw dead after the C Co. action on the 24th, I am sure Harry died. I am touched beyond the power of speech to describe. Silent after the news is told me. Get a mattress, go to bed after 12. Anxiously awaiting the morning to go to Harry's grave. There is more activity to-night than for a long time. I am afraid it will develop into a major operation for this front and think of the men in the lines and the distance they have to retreat to safety. Afraid to tell Leah about the death of Harry. Worried that she will think I am in grave danger, but I must tell, so I will give the news to Rachel. Leave word not to wake me for breakfast. I can, almost at any time get a piece of bread and a cup of coffee from the kitchen.th makes a daylight secret raid with 50 men of which only 10 return without a mark. 35 dead and the Captain. A manoeuver which starts an investigation. A reckless piece of business.

Mon. Jul. 22, 1918

Weather: Fair, warm

Health: Good

Hike to alone.

Up at 7:00. Breakfast. Rice and raisins, bacon, bread and coffee, no milk. Wash, make bunk. Get ready to go to the grave of Harry Schneider. One of the men tells me he has been there and directs me to where his grave lies. On the road to my old OP, a spot I have passed many times. In the little military cemetery opposite So long since I have been down that way that things seem to have changed and grown older. Three aeroplanes up directing artillery fire, which seems to consist of gun shelling in German back area. As I near cemetery, Germans open fire on planes with high explosives. I duck into the lone barn on the right of the road for shelter from falling shrapnel. When planes are out of range, shelling ceases, giving me an opportunity to get up gently sloping hillside to cemetery. I have a hard time locating the new graves. Almost give up hope of finding them when I think of looking extreme right, last row. There are 14 new graves, 12 with crosses at the head, two with a rounded top marker board. No. 13 is Harry's. I step between some graves to get near enough to read the inscription on the board and the identification tag. It is Harry Schneider, Died June 24. Go to the foot of the grave, stand at attention and ask the Lord to rest his soul in peace. He was a good lad, loved his country and loved his mother. The planes overhead were within range and, as I say my prayer, the enemy fires a salute for the glorious dead, in the air high above us. Turn back immediately. I have left word that I would be back in a few minutes, in case I was called for. Expecting a runner from E would start for after his breakfast and by now should be there. Back in quarters. No one has

been looking for me. My eyes are tired. They can only be rested by sleep. I take a nap until mess time. Have to. Must give up attempt to write more of Leah's letter. Postpone that till after dinner. Good beef stew with lots of tomato in it, bread, black coffee. Take a chance on putting a pair of socks and a towel to dry before any one calls for me and I wash them at the pump. Go to the guard house for some ink. Three of the boys are there writing. There is very little ink to be had. Back to write until I am sent for. Appears that I have been forsaken and abandoned to the mercies of D Co. At four 1st Sgt. calls to tell me I should have been working all day, since nobody has come for me. I am not yet dispatched to my organization and properly receipted for. Lucky I do not get an extra month on the work platoon. Other boys, he says, who have kept in hiding all day to avoid work, will receive that punishment, he tells me. Sends me to find as many of them as I can locate. Go to guard house to get those men I have seen there. On my way there, meet Greek Corporal who has already routed them out. Report and am ordered to roll my pack, and report to orderly room in charge of runner. Busy as once. Takes me long to roll pack. When ready am escorted up the hill into the woods by Mahon. Hotter than blue blazes. Sweat like the devil. Wet from head to foot. Rest once, little more than midway between town and headquarters. Arrive there, remove pack, told to wait. For a half hour I sit down doing nothing. Cannot finish my interrupted letter to Leah. Nothing to read, so I take Leah's letters again, something I had reserved for a few days later. Asked my name, number, etc., so that 1st Sgt. could make out a receipt for me. Everybody is acquainted with the fact that I am a prisoner. Much questioning and laughter at my expense. Grind my teeth in rage, while outwardly I smile. I will be sent to Battalion Hdqrs., where I can be sent further if my destination calls for

any further movement. First I will have mess, which I wait for about 15 minutes. More stew, without potatoes, bread and black coffee. On my way through the woods to with an orderly. Hot walking. Rest once for 10 minutes on the road. Arrive at Batt. Hdqrs. to find great changes have been made. Penfield, Nichols and Fish have been commissioned and office is in charge of acting Co. Clerks. They do not know what to do with me. Ask for Lt. Griffiths. He is eating. I see him and other officers at a table. Wait out of sight until he is finished. In meantime see Tallon. He tells me I will be court-martialed. He had made out the charges yesterday. Begs me to tell all I know. I walk around and to my surprise, who do I see but the boys playing pitch and toss outside of barracks door. "Hello Greeny". Oh God. I get a royal welcome. My hand is wrung, my back is slapped. I am lugged by Wade. I am mighty glad to see the boys together. Glad to be with them. They have been resting since they left, doing nothing connected with company work. Doherty and a Sgt., some Pvts., new additions to the detachment. Back to the office to see Lt. Griffiths. When he is finished, I stand where he will notice me easily. He is surprised and glad to see me. Comes to me, wants to know how I am, and tells me he was looking for me with company since yesterday. Takes me to barracks. Johnnie Himpler has a bunk ready for me. Lt. takes my mail, promises to get it off for me quickly. Ask him about my pay and other things. Everything will be attended to for me. Tells me to do nothing but rest up. Himpler tells me I need a haircut and promises to give me one tomorrow. Games stop, boys gather around me to hear of my experiences while away. From Lt. I heard that Stewart had died in the hospital from wounds. Shocking. Hold court, telling all I know about the shooting, other accidents, activity, while in town, present status of the lines, my experience in the

road, etc. A dozen men or more around me and every once in a while another comes in and interrupts to shake hands and tell me how glad they are to see me back. Talk until it is dark, light candles and continue until Lt. orders all lights out. A scramble to make bunks. Boys are all lousy. Warn me not to lie in hay. Full of vermin. Tallon comes in. Give him part of my bunk. Must postpone writing until to-morrow. To bed at 10:30. Boys keep up a story-telling contest. Besides scouts, the battalion runners are quartered with us. They come in late after a hard day's work, as a rule, and want to sleep. There is so much noise that they cannot sleep. An argument and a fight starts as usual. Scouts are pretty mellow and in excellent humour as is usual when they rest. At 11:30, it quiets down. Plenty of snoring, lots of rats under and on the bunks. I cannot sleep. Bed is hard and I imagine I itch. At 1:30, a big gun in the woods goes off. It wakes me entirely. Another and another until it assumes the proportions of a modified barrage. The noise wakes up one, then another. Men get gas masks and hold them in readiness. We are all awake by now, wondering what is going on. Nothing can be seen, but flashes. No one gets out of bed. Lie awake trying to tell from the sound where the gun is and what is its caliber. About a half hour of fierce action. I am told there are about 600 guns in these woods all around us. Everybody knows that in ten days we move. Four places favored.

Tue. Jul. 23, 1918

Weather: Raining, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Get breakfast with F Co. Bread and Karo, coffee. A very poor breakfast, which I am fortunate enough to supplement with some sardines, which Ellbogen has. Nothing to do but wash and shave. After that I

will write. A few boys go to work. Most of them play "cat" in the firebreak. Rifles, belts, bayonets, gas masks must be worn all the time. An hour in the morning, the gas mask must be worn. I get a board and write. Borrow ink pens from the boys. They would give me anything I want at any time. Paper is the only thing I cannot get and that is because there is none. I must go to the YMCA to get some. It is closed. I have enough to write for a few minutes. My eyes tired again and I must go to bed for a nap before I can do anything. Ask Gillece to wake me at 10:00. Lie down and promptly on time I am awakened. Finish letter to Leah and write one to Rachel, telling her of the death of Harry Schneider, describing how he died and letting her know that I went to his grave and said a prayer, while the guns fired a salute above us. Dinner, a good one for F Co. Good roast meat, potato, sauce, rice and raisins, coffee. There is a good deal of complaint with F Co.'s mess and its Mess Sergeant. He guards what he gets as if it were for his use only. Because he sees me, a new man on the line, he complains that he must draw an extra ration. I suggest he can squeeze one out of the lot for me. "Editorially speaking he can", says he. After mess there is nothing to do but write. Get off a letter to Becks and Esther Karmiohl. Five letters ready for mailing before nightfall. An afternoon without incident, quiet. Not an order is issued to me by anyone. My time is all and wholly my own. I can do as I please and I please to write. There is not enough time to do all I wish to. This is what the men have been doing since they came back from I have missed a lot. I have made a much bigger sacrifice than I imagined. They have had bathing, time to write, time to read and what I have been able to do has had to be done under the guise of being ill. To-day a detail of F Co. men are going out to locate lines and make maps. Some men have gone to the Company for mail

and other things. The men go to to straighten out blanket rolls. They will separate overcoats and underwear from the rolls and these will be forwarded to us. This has some bearing and significance on our next move, what, we do not know. But, does that indicate the mountains of Italy, Russia or some colder clime? There is much discussion about it. The victories of the Americans at Chateau Thierry is also dovetailed into the discussion. The general opinion is that the war cannot last long now. French hold likewise now. We hear of wagers made about the early ending of the world struggle. Supper is stew without potatoes, but plenty of green peas, a good substitute, bread, coffee. A single gun has been practicing apparently, all afternoon. Just aimless lazy firing. We have no intimation of what is going on outside. The woods are so thick that we cannot see out of them. After supper, it rains in torrents. The boys were again playing cat and are driven inside. I continue writing till nightfall and candles are lit. The boys are drinking "vin blanc". I am tempted to ask for a mouthful but that is all I can be induced to take. They procure the wine from Frenchmen who bring it to them under cover of the darkness, the bottles being carried in sand bags. They have champagne to sell too, but the boys have little money among them. I cannot give them any this month, as I have not yet been paid, nor have I collected any of the 100 Frs. that are due me from them. Have some sardines and canned peaches before I go to bed. I am offered some more wine by Black and Conway, who sit outside the door drinking out of a bottle they have between them. I try to find someone who will take some for the benefit of these two boys, who I am afraid will become badly intoxicated. No one wants any more. They are all in their bunks wondering why they are so hot and feel so talkative. A big, burly Frenchman comes in after the doors are

locked, trying to sell champagne. He comes up out of the darkness outside, so suddenly that for a moment I am frightened and think he is a Boche. As soon as it gets dark, a rifle or a pistol shot is heard occasionally and once a spurt of machine gun fire. I cannot imagine where it comes from or the cause of the firing. It is in our own territory and there should be no occasion for it. A distant barrage is heard for about 10 minutes and I imagine I hear the hum of an aeroplane. A few distributed shots from the gun in the woods, which has done work earlier in the day and that is all we hear of the war for the day. To bed at 10, then change my mind about sleeping. There is too much noise and the bed is hard. Perhaps I ought to read for an hour or so? It is a long time since I have read a book. Maloy has been reading "That Printer of Udrels" today. It is by Wright and I have long been wanting to read one of his works. Light my candle again and lie on my back reading while boys shout, swear and fight among themselves. Days, with too much wine in him, is trying to explain to the men how many centimes in a sou and occasionally how many sous in a centime. Gillece takes a hand. Schlesinger, Syrop, Farrell, all try to straighten out the tangle. There is so much wrangling, that the guard outside must intervene and demand that quiet be maintained. He tells us that the officer of the day will punish us all severely, if we do not simmer down. The runners want to sleep and threaten to report Farrell. It quiets down and I blow out my candle. Others do likewise and in a few minutes one is able to sleep. I do not realize how tired I really am until I begin to say my prayers, fall asleep and wander into unintelligible things. Tallon comes in shortly after waking me and disturbing me. He wants to talk but I do not. He falls asleep soon and begins gnashing his teeth. It sends a chill down my spine. I must stop up my ears so that I cannot hear. All night long he disturbs me

with it. It rains the greater part of the night. I feel sorry for C Co. in the lines again to-night. They have the worst luck of any company in the regiment it seems. They are getting their baptism of soldiering with a vengeance. Hear of promotions in F Co. Del Duca and Wall made Sgts., Guttenberger is sent back to the States, to act as an instructor. I envy him. Hear rather late that the French Government has called in all Napoleons. Have two of them without knowing about it. Difficulty in getting rid of them.

Wed. Jul. 24, 1918

Weather: Rain, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Bread, bacon, coffee. It rains a little. My blankets are out on the line to air for the first time in a month. Must take them in. Make Johnnie Himpler give me a haircut. Get a pail to sit on, which answers the purpose of a swivel chair. A bum pair of scissors are procured from Ellbogen. Get a towel, sit outside under a tree and the operation begins. My hair is long and wiry. Himpler has a hard time cutting it and breathes hard. Must rest to ease his fingers which grow stiff. Interrupted by the rain, which patters through the trees. Must pull them (blankets?) in. Barber shop moves indoors too. Admiring onlookers gather around. Tell barber to cut my neck off. Johnnie is careful and wishes to make a good job of it. I look at the finished job with the aid of two mirrors. It pleases me. Wash and talk with boys for a while. Wait for Lt. Griffiths to come in. I want to ask him about shoes, underwear, overcoat, etc. He thinks it best for me to go to company headquarters and requisition for what I need. He can give me a pass to if I wish, which will give me an opportunity to look up my blanket roll at either or Would I like to have

one? I sure would. Suggests that I go tomorrow, for it looks like more rain. That will do to perfection. My fondness for Griffiths increases. Tell the boys my good fortune. Tell them to make sure to give me orders for anything they may want. I propose to buy presents for Leah, baby, Mama and the girls. Look forward to my excursion with pleasure. Write in my bunk. Rather uncomfortable. Schlesinger, I observe, is doing something in his bunk, with his new pen, which absorbs his attention. He is writing poetry I find out later. It is raining again. Continues for an hour or more. Allen is going to the Company Hdqrs. I ask him to see if there is any mail for me. He will. Dinner is ready soon. Mealy uncooked spaghetti, prunes, coffee, bread. No seconds. A little rest. Resume writing in my bunk by candlelight. Schlesinger interrupts me, asking me to edit his poetry. He has a good idea, but as far as the poetry is concerned, it is awful. I cannot make him understand that it cannot be scanned. It has no feet or rhythm. Only rhymes. I do not like to discourage him, but I can ill afford to give my time to him. I have him make a few corrections, after which he returns and interrupts again. I try to make him see, as tactfully as possible, that I have no time for him. He insists that I give up my work for him. Boys go to YMCA for me to get crackers and cigars. Enjoying my vacation properly. Allen comes back with a letter from Leah, 3 old ones from Lottie, one from Mike and one from Abe Gold, who is in where our regiment was. I read my letters. Schlesinger intrudes again. This time I insist that he must let me read my letters. Surprised to find Goldie in France. Mike's letter is good to read. Everybody tells me how pretty my Cecilie is. Leah has good news and so has Lottie. Thank God. Still no pictures. That disappoints me. I look at Schlesinger's poem again. It is becoming a worse muddle. He makes more corrections and finally leaves it with me to

look over at my leisure. Company F has received an American cook and we have for supper, bacon, doughnuts and coffee. We make it a matter of competition among us to see who can get another doughnut from the Mess Sgt. I and a few others manage to get some. By praising the cooks and their output, I wheedle a doughnut out of them. Look for Lt. Griffiths. Hear Court Martial proceedings against me are being squashed. Lt. is at his supper and must not be disturbed. I will return later. In about an hour during which I have been writing, I look for him again. Find him in. Very courteously gives me a pass for tomorrow from 7 AM to 9 PM. Advises where to buy and a chat about next move. Italy and still hot favorites. Tell the boys to get their orders ready. Work on my version of a story of a day for Leah. Work on that until lights are ordered out. Frenchmen come around to peddle wine. Nobody buys. We have another story-telling contest. Wade and Howe are chief entertainers. Days tells one once in a while. They tell some of the funniest stories I ever heard. I must laugh. Tallon comes in very late. Runners protest against the noise again. No attention paid to them until 12 o'clock, when our men think it is time to go to sleep. Boys wiggle, squirm, scratch, itch. Requires all the will power they can muster to refrain from scratching. I begin to scratch. Things crawl over me, bite, keep me from sleeping. Boards are hard. My back and sides hurt from lying on them. Blankets and pillow are dusty and dirty. Smell of must and damp. Fall asleep after twelve. Nothing but practice machine gun firing in the quarry heard. Three aeroplanes up in the morning, draw shell fire. A few shots from the artillery, a summary of the day's activity. An air of uncertainty about everything. No one seems to want to do anything. Hear three Germans walk into the lines of the 307th to give themselves up. Official news. Newspapers tell of great

successes of Americans at Chateau Thierry. Thousands of prisoners taken, ground gained and guns captured. Some of the men anxious to get into action in a lively sector. Officers are being taken from us and shifted to duty elsewhere. Schlesinger gives up trying to intrude on my time. Takes his poem and confides to Ward. I hear him tell Syrop what a wonderful critic I am. Tells things I never knew about myself, while I make believe I do not hear. Ginsberg is in the Hospital

Thu. Jul. 25, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Go to

Up at 6:30. Syrop wakes me as he had promised. Upon entering, tell the Mess Sgt. I am going away and want to eat early. He me with bacon, syrup, bread, coffee. Hurry to wash and shave. While doing these things, I get orders from the boys for souvenirs, handkerchiefs. Get French money from Mitchell in exchange for last 10 dollar bill of our money remaining. Borrow 35 Frs. from Himpler, fill my canteen with drinking water. Take a pistol, helmet, gas mask and and at 7:30 I am on my way. Three aeroplanes up as usual. Take the new road downhill all the way, to On the road I am surprised to find Hackett and a squad of men combing it. They are ambitious looking boys. Glad to see me. I tell them what I have been doing in the few minutes I spend with them. Go on till almost in when I see Del 100 yards down the road. He steps out and begins to smile and welcome me before I am well in sight. He also has a squad of men working on the roads. He is most pleased to see me and I tell him how good it is to see him. Tells me news of company while I rest. He is angry at the army for having sentenced me to two weeks in the

lines and also at Captain McMurtry for not having permitted him to go back to the States. He was a more logical candidate than Guttenberger. In the company orderly room, after I got news of Capt. Condon, from Cluster. Say Hello to Capt. I expected him to show more interest in me than he does. Corp. Haight just as phlegmatic as ever. He goes to OT 6. More his understudy, assuming the same air of unconcern. Ask for my pay, which has been turned back to Div. Personnel Bureau. Requisition for shoes and underwear, which I am told is all I can get. Hear that Sgt. Greenstein has found my old letters at Indian Village. I look for Astrove to get corroboration of the death of Harry Schneider. He has learned soon after the fatal raid of his death. Sgt. Lennon knows him too. Off to to look up Sgt. Greenstein. I find him. He tells me that Rubin or somebody picked up some of my letters, last time he was there. I find Rubin. He knows nothing about them. I ask the others if they have seen my letters. I look for them myself but find nothing. Imagine I have not very much time and wish to push on, asking boys to look for my letters and hold them for me if they find any. Rubin gives me 20 Frs. for the money he owes me. It is welcome. Meet Greenstein, Goldberg, Eddington, at the fork of the road. They are waiting for a lorry to take them to They have rations for the day with them and invite me to have dinner with them in, and share what they have. Tell me how everybody resents my unjust sentence. We wait a long time till a lorry comes. A most welcome lift up the steep hill. Much jesting. In we go to a house where Greenstein has bunked and woman will make our dinner for us. On the road I see the 2nd Battalion scouts. Red Shannon hails me to tell me that Archer has some of my lost letters. I do not know how he knew I had lost them and doubt if he has them. One of the boys takes me to him and sure

enough gives me a bundle of letters, which I am most happy to see again. Accompanying them is a cute note from Archer. I thank them all and go up to the house. The woman makes wonderful embroidered laces by hand. I make a bargain with her for five collarettes at 75 Frs. Pleased with my purchase. Stay for dinner. Steak, chips, salad, beans, bread, beer, coffee and service. A young mother and an old spinster our hosts. Smoke and read the paper until Baby is brought in. I think of my Cecilie, whom I have not seen. This is a pretty baby. I want to kiss her, but I cannot. I want to wait till I get home before I kiss babies. I play with her but even that is too much a reminder of home, so I run away. I go outside. At 1 o'clock I leave for A good road, but dusty. MP asks for pass. Tell him I have one. Pass him. A wonderful scene before me. Golden grain in sheaves in field and farmers cutting it. I am tired and hot but go on without resting. Strange men in town. I help two women lift a bag of oats on truck. Ask who is in town. No definite answer. Buy a tomato. Shop for handkerchiefs. Buy some good ones. Then to cut glass shop. Much difficulty in making a selection. Finally decide on two small vases for buffet. Perfect cut glass. They come to 60 Frs. I look to see how much money I have. Only 50 Frs. I have to look for something else or go away without anything. Nothing else takes my fancy. Induce proprietor, who talks English well, to let me have the selection I made, promising to send the difference to him. Leaves me without money for postage. Will take packages back to Griffiths to OK. He cuts a monogram in both of the vases. Packs them in a box filled with straw. I insert a card for Leah. Go back to the boys at once. The most wonderful scene I have ever looked upon. Hills, mountains, fields and the village nestling in the valley. A hot walk of 3/4 hour. Meet Archer and thank him for his kindness in salvaging my letters. The boys are waiting for

me. I wash. Supper ready in ten minutes. Steak, chips, salad, omelette, beer, coffee. Baby looks very pretty. I play with her. Old man and the boy comes home. Hard workers. See children with tin cans tied to their feet. 6:30. I start back to Greenstein forgets things and must go back. We wait in the road for him. A lorry comes down. He is in it. We get on and go to our destination. They must get out at I go on to All the boys from the company in the square. They come to attend a concert to celebrate the opening of a Salvation Army Canteen. In the orderly room, Pimpl calls me aside to tell me he has something for me. More of my old letters. My cup of joy is complete. He wants the reward I promised Mullin. Three aeroplanes up. See Haight about mailing my package. As usual I get no satisfaction from him. Hang around for a while, trying to get some information about our next move. Get none. Hear that Reilly is in the hospital. On way again to my quarters by foot, up the steep hills. A terribly warm walk My wind surprisingly poor. Must stop to pant and wipe sweat frequently. Road seems four times longer than it really is. Dark when I get back to barracks. Boys had given up hope of seeing me. I rest and cool off, then give them the handkerchiefs I have purchased for them. My shopping tour a success. Everybody pleased, except those whom I forgot about. McLeary's check I have forgotten to cash. Chocolate could not be purchased. Put away my packages until to-morrow, intending to write. Cannot get hold of ink. I am tired, so make no serious effort to do so. Hear that Lt. Griffiths goes home to the States. Wade is summoned before the Major and told to roll pack. He is drunk when he goes up. Howe helps him. In ten minutes order changed. He is to wait till to-morrow and turn in all his stuff. We think he will be punished. Mystery surrounds the affair. Go to bed at 10. In spite of itch and hard bed, I find it hard to stay

awake long enough to say my prayers. Wade and Howe are having a contest as usual for the honor of telling the best smutty story. Sleep well. I have spent all my money and am in debt about 50 Frs. Boys agree I purchased well, when I show them the pretty laces. They all would like to own some. See old men threshing grain. Entire town is busy with the harvest. Renny is still with 2nd Battalion scouts. Nothing has been done to punish him.

Fri. Jul. 26, 1918

Weather: Fair, Rain

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Breakfast. Bread, Karo, coffee. Doughnuts, 4 of them by a ruse. I am caught at it but not scolded. After breakfast, wash, shave, walk up to Battalion Hdqrs. to talk to some of the boys, whom I see standing around, and I am called by Lt. Griffiths. He hails me 3 or 4 times, before I am aware that he wants me, and then I must be told by the men. He wants to know whether I have had a good time in yesterday and if I had time enough to do all I wanted to. Of course I have. He wants to give me a pass for Saturday also and wants me to take advantage of it. Think it a good opportunity to mail my packages at the railroad. Thank him and promise to ask for a pass to-morrow. In quarters, begin to write. Sgt. Kirchner announces a formation. Everybody will go with him to patrol by daylight over territory to be gone over to-night. The problem before us tonight will be to get by F Company's sentry in dark. We go out in three or four sections. All present but two men. We follow railroad to a French camp, going down hill. Lose the path. Ask our way, and are put right by the French. Come upon a most beautiful spot. A farm house and farm in the heart of the woods. A natural clearing, surrounded four sides by the woods, level as a

billiard table with a lake and a bath house at eastern end. Is this war? Hardly. We sit down on the banks of the lake, pick huckleberries and raspberries and those who are inclined to, undress and go for a swim. Deep and cold. Excellent swimming. I wish that I could go in too, but rash on my foot prevents me from bathing. Lie on the grass on the banks, talking about how people pay money for a vacation like to-day's and how remarkable that soldiers can lie as peacefully as this. Fifteen minutes from the front line trenches is a spot which war has never touched and probably never will, it is so sheltered. The cackle of hens and the crow of roosters can be distinctly heard from where we are. I take my ease, lying on my stomach in the sun. I would like to lie there for the rest of the day. Angry when the Sgt. calls us to go back. A warm climb up the hill. Five minutes' walk hides the lake and farm from view completely. Shortly after, we get back, mess is ready. Write in the meantime. Dinner. Steak, squash, bread, coffee. Plenty of seconds. Write again until we are ordered out to report to office. Lieut. wants everybody to go out to the different posts to familiarize themselves with the positions and the roads which lead to them. Kirchner, Thurn and the Lt. each take out a party. I am with the Lt. We go to where Capt. Brooks had his Hdqrs. in the woods. A pleasant walk. Lt. converses with us. At the barracks he stays to talk with Lt. Blackwell for half an hour. Schlesinger and I talk about Capt. Mills, while we wait for the return trip. It looks like a shower coming up. Catches us on the road at an ammunition dump. From there we must run a half mile in the open to a dugout. An old gun emplacement handier. We find shelter there for all. Gun is gone but there are at least 800 75 shells in the racks, powder and all other accessories to artillery. Interested enough to ask a lot of questions most of which remain unanswered. Meet some of the advance party

of the Division. Scouts and engineers. Quite wet. Rain stops in ten minutes. Go back by a different road and when we are dismissed we are cautioned to remain near our quarters to be in readiness to assemble at 8:45 for patrol formation. Write until supper. Excellent beef stew, bread, coffee. Write again till I am finished. Make an effort to pack up laces to mail home. Have five empty tobacco tins, get paste from Tallon at Battalion Headquarters and go to Lt. Griffiths' shack to work. He is not in, so I do nothing, for I want to show him the laces I have bought before I wrap them up. While waiting for him to come in, I write a letter to Mama, which keeps me busy till it is time to go back to barracks for roll-call. Sgt. calling out names. I am able to answer present. The party is destined not to go out. Two officers, breathless, hatless and perspiring are with Lt. Griffiths, telling him of a most regrettable accident, which has just occurred. Capt. Mills and a number of others were demonstrating and practicing with rifle grenades, when one exploded prematurely in the cup, blowing off part of Capt. Mills' face and the arm of Johnson, the company mechanic. The Capt. is in bad condition, unconscious and breathing hard. His life is despaired of. Only thing that can be done for him is to make him as comfortable as possible. The camp is all upset. We are shocked beyond expression. Officers and orderlies running about in search of doctors and medical men. Groups all over camp trying to learn particulars of accident from G. Co men, who are on official errands. Johnson's arm will have to be amputated. He is remembered by all as a fine fellow. Major busily engaged in calming others down and making arrangements for Capt.'s removal to for treatment. Lt. Griffiths only one remaining at Battalion Headquarters, so it is doubtful if the patrols go out. We are told to wait 15 minutes or so till it is finally decided what to do. In the

meantime, we discuss the many accidents which have occurred in the regiment. It is as much a matter of wonder as it is of regret. Again the question is put "Are we fit to fight?" Again the answer is "No". Reminiscences of Capt. Mills, picturesque, lovable qualities. There is hardly a man in the regiment who did not know and like him. Sgt. returns to tell us that we will not go out to-night. All G. Co men with us are sent to their company to get whatever information they can about condition of Capt. for Lt. Griffiths. Rest of us go to bed. I look through my OD and undershirt for cooties. Find a nest of them in both shirts, after a diligent search, which lasts for half an hour. Then I go to bed. Tallon comes in to disturb me as usual. Hardly half an hour after I have cleaned out my shirt, I feel the vermin crawl over my neck again, in my trousers too. Scratch myself to sleep. In spite of the air of sadness among the men, some of them tell stories as on previous night. G. Co men come in after 11 to report that Capt. Mills has been removed to Base Hospital at His condition is unchanged. Recovery very much in doubt. The late comers light candles to make their beds by. Sounds like a Boche plane overhead. Boys are nervous and argue that the light should be put out at once. No one obeys. They stay lit until they are no longer needed. One or two of the big guns in the woods bark at about this time. That and a few other shots fired during the day, only activity. Practice machine gun firing among the French.

Sat. Jul. 27, 1918
Weather: Raining, Mild
Health: Good

Capt. Mills dies two hours after he arrives in hospital

Up at 7:00. It is raining. Prospects of going to not very bright. Reluctant about going to breakfast, but, as no one will bring it to me, I must go for it myself. Rice and prunes, of which I can never get enough, bread and syrup, coffee. Wash and go back to bed for a few minutes. Wonder what to do about packages I want to send home. I enclose 1 piece of lace each, in five tobacco cans and go up to Lt. Griffiths quarters to wrap them up. He is pleased to see me and begins making out a pass for me, before I have anything to say. I was thinking if to-morrow would not be just as well to ask for a pass on account of the rain. Then, by thinking that even if I start at 1, I will have time to do my errands. I take the pass and tell Lt. that I will go as soon as it clears. He wants me to get for him a suit uniform, which may be ready, waiting for him at the officer's club, or the pharmacy. Also a pair of boots, which he is having repaired in Gives me money and OKs package I have ready and puts his signature on the wrappers I am to use for others. Leaves with Lt. K(?). I remain in his quarters for an hour wrapping and addressing packages. Sun comes out for a few minutes now and then, but afterwards it rains worse. Look for mail clerk to stamp packages with regimental censor stamp. That takes an interminably long time. One package not OK and he will not stamp it. I look for an officer to put his signature on it. Pass and repass Lt. Kiefer without noticing him. Finally look close and see him. He is glad to accommodate me. All set now. Lt. Cooke and Major being shown by Tedisco how accident in which

Capt. Mills lost his life, occurred. Cooke looks important. Go back to quarters with my packages. Decide that in any case I will wait until after mess before I go to It rains and stops. Write until mess in my bunk. Mess. Bacon, stewed corn, bread, coffee. I am hungry immediately after. Take commissions from the boys, who want things from Gillece and Conway are going to Company Hdqrs. at Gives me the courage to start out. Get my packages and slickers in addition to my other equipment and I am on my way by a new road to It looks like more rain at any moment. Windy. A beautiful scene from the plateau. Miles of the surrounding country can be seen. Ripe grain and crops going to waste, because of a shortage of farm labor. In the YMCA trying to buy some crackers or anything that can be eaten. All out of things. Try Salvation Army next door. Get candy and cake. It rains heavily. Looks for a time like a continuous downpour. It stops in half an hour. The sky clears and again my plans change. Instead of remaining at the YMCA to write, I try to go on to A truck outside of Salvation Army loading officer's baggage. I ask if they go to my destination. Yes. They start soon. I get on. See O Co. boys, 166th on the road in camp between and Lieut. Otto gets on the lorry with an orderly. He thinks I am one of the new boys, so he questions me. On finding I am one of Griffiths' men, the conversation is cut short. He gets off at We go on and I am deposited just outside of the barracks. Raining again. In the Post Office I am disappointed to hear that there are no stamps. I have a few and am determined not to go back with the packages. I go among the men in the barracks and locate a man who has enough for my needs. I give him 2 Frs. for 27c worth. Glad that it is done. Next go to the Christaux to pay the 5 Frs. I owe. Proprietor is most surprised. He does not remember that I owe

him money or who I am. Woman knows me. Men in town are new men. Not the same as when I was there Thursday. Go to drug store for Lt.'s uniform. He does not know anything about it. I go to the officer's club. There I hear that the tailor has been there up to three o'clock. Look for the interpreter that transacts business for him at the French Mission. He is not there, I find, after a long confab with everybody in the place. He will return soon I am told. I promise to come back in half an hour. Ask to have him held till my return. Go to photographer for Kirchner, find him closed. I am getting hungry, but I have no money except for a fr.'s worth of nuts. To buy handkerchiefs for the boys next. Shop well. Ask for the French Post Office. Must cross the bridge and see our boys fishing for trout. After a little difficulty, I find the PO and change McCleary's money order, giving the girl two nuts as a tip. She is tickled to death. Look at my watch. See it is late. Hurry back to the mission. Find interpreter is in and learn that the Lt. has to wait until Thursday before he can get his suit, unless he sends for it to Nancy. Hate to go back with disappointing news to Lt., so I try druggist again. Nothing has been left for me. Start for home. Just miss a ride to the next town and I must walk all the way in the rain. The same beautiful scenery not spoiled by the rain. To the YMCA to inquire for something for Farrell. Look for the old lady cobbler who has Griffiths' shoes. It seems he had given me the wrong address. Much fun trying to explain to the good folks what I want. Decide to ask soldiers. One of the boys knows where an old lady, who cobbles, lives. It is at other end of town. I go there, because it is on my way home. Ask Barney whom I meet. He also knows the cobbleress. At an ambulance Co.'s kitchen across the road from the shoemakers, I ask for some bread to take the edge off my hunger. It is cut for me, while I bargain with the woman (the

cobbleress). She wants 13 Frs. for a poor job. She gives me change, while I listen for a motor truck to come along. I hear one just in time. I run across the road to get my bread and signal to the driver to slow down. He pays no heed to me. I run, but cannot catch his truck. Go back to the kitchen to swear and wait for another conveyance. I refuse to walk. I am too tired. Presently a prairie wagon comes along. I get a lift as far as the village. It rains and I loan the driver of the lumber my slicker. On the road I pass the new boys, on the street, some hiking, and some in camp at Mess. Walk into with some of the new fellows. They have come directly from without any previous training with the British. Their packs are three times the size of ours, but in spite of the weather and the weight of the packs, they utter not a complaint. A fine big lot of fellows, N.G's. In I am greeted by the boys again. Some of them have not seen me since my return from the lines and accord me the same reception as everyone else has. I burst in on the cooks and demand something to eat. Sugarman gives me hot coffee and bread with jam. Welcome warmth in the coffee. Stay there and talk until it is very dark. No possibility of getting back to the billets in time to come within the time allowed me by my pass. That does not bother me. It is dark as pitch in the woods, I know. I look at my pistol. It is not even loaded. I hate the damned thing anyhow, so I will not bother to load now. Take the open road outside the wood as long as I can. Pass a Frenchman, a ghost out of the darkness. We greet each other to make sure we are friends. A barrage going on from our lines at my left. Think I am out of luck that tonight should be chosen for a fight, after so many nights of quiet. I am frightened by bushes, which stand along like sentinels. Stride into the woods. Inky black. I laugh and am amused at thought of what my Leah would say if she could see me now. For her approval, I will go

through the darkness of the woods to my quarters. An almost hopeless and a somewhat dangerous job ahead of me. In I go floundering in mud. The boots hamper my movement. I can see eight dim figures crossing my path. It is the relief coming in. I am glad to meet up with them. I stay with them. At the first crossroad, we meet another platoon crossing our road. We stop. I insist I am right. Ask for an officer. None present. We go on. I am finding my way by my sense of direction. Go on until the column ahead stops. Cannot see a soul. They whistle to keep in touch with each other. A strange meeting with Kelly in the darkness. I help guide a company of engineers. Run into a man every step I take. At a crossroad I go right up hill, see lights. Find railroad track. Pat myself on the back for achievement. Follow track, making noise to attract attention of guard. I am passed. Meet Paul and lead him to our billet. Boys glad to see me. Wet. It is raining again. After I have told my story, I go to bed. Scratch all night. I do not sleep well. Tallon bothers me a lot. New men are greeted with the sound of action. Guns in the woods close to them must give them an exaggerated impression of the activity in these parts. M Guns, bombing etc. I pity them, too, for the task that confronts them. Pitching tents in the dark and rain.

Sun. Jul. 28, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. I might have slept on, for there is no breakfast. There is only bread, syrup, coffee, but the bread is green molded, unfit to eat; therefore the syrup is useless. My breakfast consists of a cup of coffee. I wash and shave. The boys have received some mail and are reading it. I give to each man what I have bought for him and they are all pleased.

One of the men, who came in during the night, comes in to ask if we have a vacant bunk for him. Deys can accommodate him. He comes in with his stuff and tells us all he knows about France and the trip across. They travelled differently in every respect than we. I take the boots up to the Lieutenant in the rain, thinking surely he is awake. Enter his room, which is empty. Look into his bedroom and see a little bundle under a blanket, which I judge is he, and go back, slipping and sliding down the hill in the mud. It is cold as the early winter and bleak with prospects for an all day rain. Make an attempt to write which is interrupted by a vicious itching. The cooties in my shirt are moving about restlessly, probably looking for a warm spot. I decide to read my shirt. Go to the door for the purpose and with the aid of Streeter, I find a plentiful assortment of sizes, breeds and degrees of plumpness in "cooties" nests and breeding places. There will probably be more to-morrow. It is about time I had a change of underwear and a bath. To the Lieutenant's shack again. He is not in, and after waiting a minute, I hear his footsteps on the boards outside. Bid him good morning and tell him he is unfortunate and cannot get his uniform until Thursday, unless he goes to Nancy for it. As usual, he takes bad news quite calmly. Glad he has his boots, at any rate. Give him his money and ask him to give me the 13 Frs. I spent for his boots. He tells me he knows I have had no pay this month and insists that I permit him to lend me money. Having in mind the many small debts I owe, I think it best to take 20 Frs. from him and pay the small debts I owe. Thank him and leave for the billet to straighten up my accounts again. Lie down for a nap of an hour, which proves refreshing in spite of the cold. My feet are like ice. It is chill and cold. Necessary to resort to the use of blankets for warmth. When I awake, I write until time for mess, which is better than I expected. The story goes that

there will be little to eat for a few days, on account of new prisoners we have taken at Chateau Thierry, whom it is necessary to feed, taking away supplies from the entire division. We have fine boiled beef, tender and aplenty, with peas and bread of which I manage to get a piece that is not moldy, and coffee. After dinner, there being no formation, I lie in my bunk to write. My eyes are tired and it is with difficulty that I finish the page. Then I take another nap of an hour. Resume writing. Maloy, Gillece and others have gone to company headquarters. Ask for mail and candy if they can get any. Wait anxiously for their return. A long time since I have had any candy. While I slept, I had a dream that I was home and was talking to Papa, who was sure that peace would be declared by September the first. Very realistic. Hope it comes to pass. Am annoyed again by Schlesinger, who wants me to revise his poetry. It is in worse shape now than before. Make a suggestion to him, which if he follows, may improve his work. Stops raining, but the ground is very muddy and it is still cold. I must go outside often. Begin a letter to Leah. It strikes me that I have been negligent in not writing to her all week and I am duly repentant, promising myself that I will write her a long letter. Supper comes. Expecting to get nothing at all to eat, or next to nothing. I am surprised to find bean and beef stew, doughnuts and coffee. I get two more doughnuts and then more from Ellenbogen, so on the whole, I have made up amply for the ration I missed at breakfast. Resume writing. To-morrow we will receive no ration at all. We will have to eat our iron rations and for that purpose we must turn in our bully beef for cooks to make stew of. Our men turn in their stuff and are told to give it in to the sergeant of the kitchen where they eat. Rather than do that they keep it and eat it before going to bed. I have a piece of bully from Schlesinger's can. Doherty comes back

from, in the dark of the forest, duplicating the feat I accomplished yesterday. He says it is not worth while taking the trip for a bar or two of chocolate. Ask for Gillece. He is somewhere in the woods with Tallon. I remember I have given him five francs and I think, therefore, that perhaps he is drunk. Doherty also tells me there is mail for us being brought in by Joe Maloy. I remain awake, writing until he comes in, which is not very long. He brings with him a bulky envelope from Lottie and three letters from Leah, but still no pictures of Cecilie. I wonder why, but in one of Leah's letters, it is explained that the pictures are not ready yet, and in another Leah tells me that she has sent on a pipe and Cecilie's picture with another of Rachel's friends who is coming to do canteen work. A great disappointment, for I have no hope of ever receiving them through that medium, having in mind the package that was sent to me like that, which I should have had not long after May 30th. Sorry it is too late to get Leah to change her plans. A letter would not reach her for a month and it is probably too late to wire her, for a month and six days at least would have expired since she wrote of her intentions. I know that Leah has received my bouquet of flowers, which I sent to her through Rachel, who acted like a Major and never told Leah a word of what I had done until the day arrived. Leah cries for joy, which I am glad to hear. She writes me a wonderful letter about the happy day she spent and the presents and telephone calls she received from her friends. In Lottie's letter there is the same good news, Thank God, and pictures of Hattie, Lena, Bella, Vincent and our dog Nellie. I did not know how good it would feel to see the "mutt" and that it would be possible to feel the home ties tugging at the sight of a dog. I show the boys pictures of my pretty sisters, bless them. They are pronounced pretty by everybody. Read and look over some of the

letters that Leah sent me since I have been in France and they appeal to me more than they did when I first read them. I haven't the heart to burn them, as my intention was and I decide to hang on to them as long as I can and carry as many of them with me when we move as I can. My gas mask is already loaded to the brim with letters. Today I am not aware of having heard a single rifle or big gun fired. No aeroplanes up owing to the weather. A very quiet day. Rumours of our next move remain as they were, with Chateau Thierry and Italy still favored. Capt. Mills' funeral held in today at 2 PM with the Major, a lieutenant and eight non-coms in attendance. I am annoyed at the rain today, more on that account than any other. I was hoping the sun would shine for him. Go to sleep amid noise as usual. Joke telling continues. In spite of having read my shirt this morning, I scratch all night. Tallon grits his teeth a lot to-night. Gillece and he come back without candy after I have gone to bed. They have run into two Frenchmen who belong to our camp. They are drunk. One of them has a pint with him. Gillece and Tallon have a funny story to tell of their experiences. They meet Hessler and others looking for spies.

Mon. Jul. 29, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. This is "iron ration" day. There are no rations received and breakfast consists of apple sauce and coffee. I am too late to get any apples, so a cup of coffee must satisfy me. I intend to do a lot for myself to-day if I have no official duties. I wash and shave. It seems to me it would be a good idea to clean my gun, something I have not done in a month or more. Hang out my blankets to air. Police. The boys suggest to the Sergeant that we go to the

delousing station this morning. It is not doubted for a moment that Griffiths will give his consent. The sergeant puts the proposition to him and of course he permits half of his men to go. I ask to be allowed to go today. I am on sergeant's list. While the party is forming, I write a little more of my letter to Leah. I take the paper with me and fill my pen, to take advantage of any opportunity I may have during the day to resume writing. I am hungry. Luckily I have money with which to buy something to eat in the town. Pleased to hear from Jerry that we will have the whole day off. We can visit the company, too, and perhaps I can get a pair of shoes or something else I need. We go off at 9, fully equipped. Take the open road going in straggling formation, because there is danger of being seen by OB or observers within the German lines. We are cautioned by men building gun emplacements not to go near them. We look for fruit on the way. Meet some company men manicuring the roads, with Del Duca in charge. In town a little after 10. The YMCA is sold out of sweets as usual. We resort to the Salvation Army. There I buy cakes and raisins and Himpler buys nuts with which we fill the voids in our stomachs. We hang around on the square for a half hour, talking to men from the company, waiting for the delousing station to open at 11. We go to where the station is located, eating nuts and raisins on the road. When we get there, man in charge tells us we cannot have a bath to-day, because of the shortage of coal with which to heat the water. After a great deal of red tape is unwound, we are allowed inside and promised a cold bath. Even that is welcome to me. We undress. I find many cooties in my shirt and drawers. The medical sergeant tells me that if I have lice I had better not bathe, because I will not receive new underwear. The proceedings are halted until an officer comes, who goes over the situation with the man in charge, and after

a long time decides we can get a hot bath. We are all ready. The same thin streams of water as everywhere else, but it is most refreshing to let the water play on my body. It turns cold in a few minutes. Our bath finished, we go to put on the dirty, lousy underwear in which we came. When official red tape is unwound again and we are told we can get a new suit of underwear and socks, nothing more to be desired, but after the fashion of men who are given something, I want more. I ask for a pair of breeches and an OD shirt. I cannot procure any. We dress and I leave to go wherever I please for the rest of the day. Gillece and I go to E Company for our dinner. At the entrance to town, there is a plum tree, which gives a handful of juicy, ripe, sugar plums. We have a bottle of beer each in an estaminet. Time for dinner. At the company there is bully beef, bread, coffee, which with the fruit and cake we have had leaves us satisfied. Ask Bergen for what I need and get a fine pair of shoes and socks. Lt. McDougall calls me to ask a question. Barney and I wash our towels and go up on the hill over the town to get plums, after which I propose to finish Leah's letter. We are in luck and get many plums. Eat my fill, sit down under a tree to write. I am tired and propose to Gillece that he wake me up in a half hour if I fall asleep. He is writing and promises to wake me. I fall asleep and when I awake, Carney and Devaney are waking Gillece up from a nap. He does not know where he is and looks for me. I ask Carney how he feels and get full particulars about the accident in which he was injured. I write for a while longer and then propose that we go down to the village. There I write again until supper time. Some more men, who have not seen me since I have come back, greet me, among them Norman who lends me his mess kit to get my supper. In spite of the hard times, E Co. serves what I call a good meal. Bully beef, beans, tomato sauce, squash, coffee.

Plenty for me. Rubin tells me of his experiences in the lines the night of July 3-4. He was with Devlin at post 20, when the barrage broke over his head. He says he has written 25 pages in his diary about it from which I judge how it affected him, because he does not write of trivial things. He wants to go to the YMCA to write. I am being interrupted frequently, so I think it best to go with him to stay for a half hour or so, while Gillece goes to pick more plums. He comes back in time. We are ready to go back to camp, when I find I have forgotten my towel. Go back for it and then we go for our billets. We take the open road going back, where from the left we hear the sound of a barrage going over, presumably in the sector occupied by theth or theth. Kept up steadily until we reach our barracks and late into the night. It is still light enough to write outside until I finish Leah's letter. Get a cup of hot sweet coffee from H Co. kitchen. Lie in bed to read and correct Leah's letter and then write by candlelight until the men complain about me and demand that I put it out. The boys have found a new form of bedtime diversion. They throw things around, heavy articles, soap, paper wads, etc. are thrown. I am afraid something will land where it is least expected and hurt someone. They also tell more stories when they are tired of throwing things about. A new thing occurs. Since I have been in this sector, I have never heard an aeroplane up over the lines at night. The men insist that all lights are put out, which is done as a precautionary measure. Then in the dark we can see that the woods are full of lights. In every barracks, there is the gleam of lights which makes an excellent target for Fritz. It is a Boche plane that is up. Nobody shells him, to my surprise. We are very much afraid that he will drop a few bombs in our midst, so the noise and joke telling is forgotten for a time. The plane hovers overhead for more than a half hour,

then leaves again. Story telling and horseplay is resumed. In the early morning the barrage, which I heard, is attributed to the Germans. It still continues and when I fall asleep it has not diminished the least bit. After I come back from town a French soldier brings around some very good samples of hammered brass vases made from 75 shells. I would like to have some of them to send home, but I have learned that brass cannot be exported from French ports. No new light whatever on what our next move will be, when or where. Secrecy still enshrouds the orders. Some men's overcoats taken from them. Does that mean we are going to a clime so hot we will not need them? Our battalion, I hear, has turned in their rifles, which were packed in cosmoline. Learn at the company of new promotions. An imaginary gas alarm, which cannot be heard for the noise in the barracks. E Co. is feeding a company of engineers besides its own men. See only one of our officers all day. Learn a lot about farm produce, different kinds of grain, etc. See an old man threshing rye with a flail and investigate.

Tue. Jul. 30, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:30. Breakfast. Rice with apricots, bread and Karo, coffee. Apologies by Kastner, F Co. Mess Sergeant for not being able to give me any breakfast and then he gives me as much as I want. The barrage, which started last night, is still going, apparently without having let up at all. I am anxious to know what the outcome of the fray is and also what organization is taking part in it. I inquire of the Sgt. if there are any formations for the day. None that he knows of until he inquires of the Lieutenant. Out of curiosity, I look at my shirts. In my OD I find a few cooties and also

in my undershirt. What I cannot understand is how they can breed so quickly in clothes that have been deloused by the disinfecting process. It must be the billets that are at fault. They are four or more years old and have probably never been cleaned, or policed properly. The French are not for such things. Search my blankets but in them I can find no trace of lice. Hang them outside to air. Clean out the dust and straw from my bunk and shake shelter tent halves well. The Sergeant has Corp. Thurn, Ellenbogen and two others go out with him and the Lieutenant to show the men of 145th, who relieve us, the positions of posts and limits of sector. All those men, who were not to delousing station yesterday, go to-day. They are given the password but are cautioned not to stay away "too long". They are expected back after mess. The reason is that at any moment we may get an order to pack up and move. The crop of rumors in regard to our destination is not very abundant this morning. No one has any brilliant ideas. Nothing original. Get in to my bunk to write. It is hard. Move about in an attempt to find comfort. Try lying down, sit up, move to this place and that. So I accomplish very little up to dinner time. The best rumor of the day is a rumor that we have a good dinner. It is true. We have potato, meatballs, bread, coffee. The meatballs are plentiful. I get another without having to resort to a ruse. The other fellows have more than they can eat, some of them having gone up to the mess shack three times. After dinner there is no formation and the afternoon we have to ourselves. I see a newspaper for the first time in weeks and learn of the death of John Purroy Mitchell, our former Mayor. It surprises me more than shocks me. I have so far permitted myself to get out of touch with the world, so that I know of nothing that is going on. All the news I get is hearsay news from the other boys. In the same manner I receive news of the death of

the Roosevelt boys in an aeroplane accident. I am growing tired of this place for that reason. We see too little and get too little from the outer world. Write a letter to Abe Gold outside. Go inside to write to Mike, one to Reggie and Mende, one to Leah. The boys who have been to the delousing station come back with new clothes. Even their outer garments have been sterilized. They have had a wonderful dinner with E Company, something that could never happen here. Their section party of 12 were fed with steak, potatoes, soup, bread, sliced tomatoes, lettuce salad. I can hardly believe that such a thing is possible in the army, but all the boys vouch for the truth of what they say was on their menu. Our sergeant has told F Co. kitchen earlier in the morning that twelve of his men will come in for dinner a little late and asked him to save mess. When the boys come in they are told that mess is waiting for them. They are not sure whether they are able to eat another meal but they will try. Strange to say, the mess sergeant is generous with them and offers them as many as 4 or 5 meatballs. They refuse to take them, which must be as much of a surprise to the sergeant. A big day of eats for Black who is always hungry. Nothing else of interest occurs during the afternoon. It is quiet. The officers are busy going over maps and orders with their successors. Men from the companies are all but on detail, fixing roads or digging trenches. Finish all my letters before supper time, except the one for Leah. I am tired. Take a half hour's nap and then have supper. Stew, bread, coffee. The mess sergeant is watching the line. He has discovered that some "wise guys" have put one over on him. He is hoppin' mad. He threatens to report those who beat him out of a few meatballs, which he might have thrown away. Surprised to find no one whom he recognizes. After supper sit on a box to finish Leah's letter. There is Streeter and another who are writing, too, and want me

to prompt them in spelling. I help them a lot. Many easy words cannot be spelled by them. Growing dark. Write in my bunk by candlelight. Everybody is in good humour to-night in spite of the fact that Wade, the ringleader, has not had much to drink. The boys in the lower bunk complain about my light. I pay no attention to them. Protest that in every other billet there are lights lit. There is a little surprise in store for us to-night. A Boche plane, perhaps more than one is up over us. Order for lights out in our billet is immediately obeyed. I lie on my back, anxiously wondering what will happen. We are afraid that plane will drop bombs, because there are so many lights in the woods. Plane circles about for more than 15 minutes and nothing is done to drive him away. Not a gun is fired at him. No planes of our own are up. The nearest aviation field is 38 kilos away and it is probably difficult to send a machine or two up on short notice. There is excitement when the first few shots from an anti-aircraft gun are fired. The Boche must get away in a hurry and to do this he must lighten his cargo and drops 4 bombs. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! behind our camp. Many of the boys get out of their beds and run to the door. It looks like a stampede for a time. Streeter and Farrell and a number of others keep their heads and shout for the men to remain in their bunks. Everybody takes up that cry and the men come back and get into their bunks. Fritz goes on. We can hear him directly over our heads. Persistent in his purpose. A mile or so ahead of us he drops eight more. They are not very large bombs, but they rock the ground considerably. Some of the men think that the reports we hear are from big guns. That is good, as it quiets some of our men. Fritz seems to be coming back. He is circling back again, over and around us. Lying on my bunk I try to think what it is best to do. I hate to think of a bomb dropping right into my bunk. I turn

on my side, so that I cannot see it come. More nervousness, nothing else, for I realize that it is absolutely futile to do anything but lie where we are, for if I run, I may run into a bomb or a piece of shrapnel. Tallon comes in at this point. He talks as though there was no bombing. Soon after the sound of the aeroplane ceases. Sleep well after that. The boys resume their story-telling for a while. I watch for a while. Tallon grinds his teeth all night. Gillece is hurt in a barrage of cans, soap, paper, etc. His eye is cut. It bleeds considerably.

Wed. Jul. 31, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. The first thing that is told us this morning is that two men have been struck by shrapnel from the bombs that were dropped in the night. Two horses were also injured. It appears that the Boche spied the lights of some engineers who were loading a transport above H Co. kitchen. Wade gets the news when he goes up to breakfast. A bomb was dropped very close to the men who were working. Gives rise to resentment among us and we decide that there will be no lights showing to-night. It is brought to the attention of the officers and the guard has orders to see that all lights are out at dark. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Wash, shave, hang out blankets to air, police, then pull off my shirt to hunt for cooties. In my OD shirt I find one big one, but my undershirt is full of cooties of all sizes. A surprise to me how we get them. Talk to the boys for a while before I begin to write. The rumor for the morning is that the 42nd, which we relieved, is digging trenches behind the lines. This comes through the medium of a letter one of the boys has received from a friend in the 69th. We are still accredited with

being sent to any place from Alaska to China. My plans for the morning are to continue revising my story, which I will send to Leah. The men are preparing to go to the rifle range in the afternoon. They go to the YMCA for cardboard with which to make targets and a number of them mark bullseyes on them. I write all morning on my bunk without being disturbed by anyone. Dinner. Boiled beef, potatoes, soup, bread. Three planes up this morning directing artillery fire. They are seen through the trees. After dinner I have a feeling that I would like some exercise. The boys have been playing Cat considerably of late. Think I would like to join in a game, which at one time I played fairly well. Wade offers to play with me. He plays poorly. I have not lost my proficiency at the game. Play for ten minutes only when the Sgt. orders us to fall in to go to the rifle range. We protest against wearing blouses but as a few men have washed their OD shirts,

MISSING PAGES

and a few pieces of beef, bread and coffee. Resume writing, inside, then in the sun, then in the shade. The boys are tired of seeing me writing. They josh me unmercifully. Some of them become insulting. I have difficulty restraining my anger. Mitchell imitates a drunk to perfection, so natural that for a time I think he is drunk. Get some candles from F Co. kitchen and write by candlelight in my bunk until the officer of the day and the guards order all lights out. There are a few lights left in the woods after ours are out. I can see them from the door. The boys are boisterous. They are cheering the mess sergeant, the scouts and the runners, telling jokes and making a lot of aimless noise. There is a lull in the noise for a minute. It seems that we hear an aeroplane. It is only a wagon going down hill. The gaiety of the boys shows again. Another lull which

seems to be final. Kelly begins again. We hear some kind of horn. It is quiet so that we can listen. Four revolver shots are heard in the woods. The merriment continues. Then the horn we heard before sounds again. It is surely a gas siren. Two shots from a rifle. The men yell gas. We get our masks ready for instant use. I adjust mine to alert. Somebody yells, "everybody out". He is scolded. Some of the men sleep, not hearing either the sirens or the noise of the men. A machine gun heard from the lines. Try to sleep with my mask on my chest. It is uncomfortable. After an hour, no further alarms having been sounded, I hang my mask on the wall again and try to fall asleep in spite of Tallon who is gnashing his teeth tonight more than ever. Everybody is beginning to complain about him now. He annoys me all night. I do not sleep for a half hour's stretch at a time, what with Tallon and the cooties.

Thu. Aug. 1, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Lots of cooties

Up at 7:00. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee. Wash, shave, police, put blankets out to air. The news of the morning is that there was a gas alarm sounded at the front and it was carried back as far as P....., where it was heard from by us. Germans came over, but a little too soon. They were spied on the skyline and sent back with losses. We, that is the 1st battalion of theth, lose 5 men - 1 killed - 4 wounded. From that it argues that every time we make a relief, the Boche knows about it. He was evidently intent on cutting us up a bit, same as he did to 6 of our own regiment. There are the usual aeroplanes up this

morning. They can be heard but not seen, directing artillery. Try to read the story I have written for Leah. It seems I like so much trash to me, so I give it up. Begin to read. I have found again the book that I started, "That Printer of Udell" and I mean to finish it. Sergeant announces work for the morning. We must get out of the way before the Major or somebody complains about our idleness. The work in hand will be a problem in patrolling. We go to the woods for the purpose, a quarter mile down the road and to the left. We get a little lecture about the nature of the work in hand, after we stack arms and make ourselves comfortable, and then we are allowed to rest, for 30 minutes, before we go to work. Gillece put in charge of E, a corporal for each other company. Take their men out to all points in the wood and endeavor to close in on a central point, simulating night conditions, traveling as silently as possible. We treat it as a joke at first, but later work with Barney well enough for the sergeant to pronounce our work worthy of merit. Another rest, so that we can partake of strenuous half hour's work later. In the meantime, while the sergeant and his corporals are planning how to capture an imaginary machine gun post, we capture a huckleberry patch. Before our tongues can become properly black, we are called to battle. I crawl and creep and halt and look around in silence, as far as possible. I try to avoid the sound of twigs breaking and dry leaves rustling, but that cannot be done in spite of the greatest effort. We capture the machine gun, bring it back within our lines and are given the rest of the morning off. Perhaps the Sgt. sees how anxious we are to get back to the blueberry patch. We get further away from the road into a patch which has a million big berries. I pick and eat them until I can eat no more. I must be dragged away from them by Howe. Make a stop every time I see a good cluster. After I can eat no more, I lie down on a bed of dry

leaves and smoke a pipe until I fall asleep thinking how easy a life we are leading. At 11, we are taken back to the billet for dinner. Arrive a half hour or so too soon. Spend the time writing in my bunk. Dinner. Beef, sauce, flapjacks, blackberry jam, coffee. There is no work for the afternoon. I finish writing, then for want of something better to do, I take a nap. I make another attempt to read my manuscript, but not being interested in it, there is no use, no compelling interest. After my nap I feel like playing a game of pussy cat. Select to play with. The first game I beat him by a fluke. The next game is lost by me in the same manner. Read until supper time. Mess. Meatballs, potatoes, bread, coffee. There are a few games worked on the mess sergeant for the purpose of procuring seconds. None of them are very successful. Take a vacation from writing to-day. Ask who wants to play pussy cat. Get into one game. Work hard and sweat much. Ride a bicycle down hill and up for the exercise. It is a good bit of work bringing the cycle uphill. Most everybody rides up and down once. Farrell gives an exhibition of trick riding. He is adept at getting close to objects without running into them. He brushes the trousers of a man with the front wheel of the bicycle. Those who come along the road seem to think that he is having difficulty in riding a bicycle. Entertainment is the order of things to-night. Black, Himpler and Kelly give us a song and dance. Black makes us laugh with his silly antics. As it grows dark, I take a letter to the Lt. for his OK, thinking that he will not take the trouble to read it. Doherty has a request for supplies signed, which spoils my chances. Gillece brings some mail. I cannot understand why I have none and why of late, so many of Leah's letters are lost. Doherty gets a package. It looks like candy. I will watch his movements. We are all around him in the rear of the barracks, when Schlesinger brings a

French party with him. They give us some bread and furnish some very good entertainment for us. One of them sings for us in imitation of a phonograph. The fidelity of his reproduction is remarkable and his voice is one of the finest I have heard in the army. He is cheered and applauded by all the boys in the barracks. Attract men from F Co., among them two boys who can sing well. They shine for the benefit of the Frenchmen. They vie with each other. The bread is eaten at the party, with the addition of some Karo syrup. Lights are being lit. Yesterday everybody was afraid of the light; that they would attract planes. Tonight, it is forgotten and lights are lit all around. There is nothing to disturb the quiet of the evening. Doherty distributes the candy. The order to move has finally come through. It is known that we move tomorrow. The line of march is decided upon and mapped out for the scouts. Too bad nobody knows where we go. It gives the boys many sleepless nights. Doherty is rather out of luck receiving the package of candy to-night. He will not be able to carry it in addition to his necessary personal belongings, so he gives as much of it away as he can. The usual barrage of things that are not attached begins. Howe and Wade begin a little drunken brawl, which is friendly but to a stranger would seem to be in earnest. Between the two of them, I am entertained with some of the choicest bits of repartee I have ever heard. Were it not for the fact that it is smutty, it would be classic. To-day and for sometime past, I have felt as if I would very much like to be home with Leah. I must own up to being homesick. I do my best to fight it off, but of myself it is not possible, therefore it is providential that entertainment, even of an amateur kind, should draw my thoughts away from myself. I forget for the rest of the night. I am reminded of more cheerful things like the vaudeville we saw at and the entertainments we have given among

ourselves. It is quiet about 12 but for Wade and Howe. Levine comes in at 12 looking for a searchlight to enable him to go to N..... and return with a message. No one but Schlesinger has a light worth anything. He is awakened by Levine and Wade both, but refuses to give away his light. He is justly cursed and sworn at. Levine gets a light from another fellow, which will answer the purpose. A limber driver is lost in the woods. Wade is a good fellow. Offers to help him find his way out of the woods. Rations are given the men - 1 can of beef, 2 cans of crackers and nine biscuits. Burn up some of Leah's letters and all others. A hateful task. The boys tease me about it until I grow angry. Get rid of all envelopes. Find out accidentally that Wolff, one of our detachment, is a stone hand, which sets me to wondering if I can still impose a form. He, too, tries. We go to it. I have quite forgotten how.

Fri. Aug. 2, 1918

Weather: Raining, Warm

Health: Good

Hike 30 Kilometers to From to the prettiest landscape in the valley that I have ever seen. *The rainbow lends beauty to the mountain grandeur.*

Men glad to move off and go off singing, whistling and cheering, and end up, tired, footsore and grumbling.

Lose my pipe, which I had in my layout. Men throw away new things regulations provide should be carried.

"Lost in Action".

Up at 7:00. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, coffee.

Wash. Police. Air blankets, look for cooties. Find three or four and a whole string of nits. Camp getting ready to move. F Co. rolls packs and has inspection like those we used to have at camp. I read my manuscript. Find nothing of interest in it. Put it away in a book. It begins to rain slightly. Watch F Company tricks, which I used to hate so much. They spread out all their equipment, which is examined by Lt. Keefer. Since early morning, something which sounds like a barrage is heard from behind us. I wash a towel, handkerchief and socks, taking a chance on them drying in time. At 9:30, Sgt. tells us we move in a body, going ahead of the battalion to pick out the road. The corporals from each company get a map, showing road, and as soon as we are ready, we can go. We must all meet at the YMCA in We decide to start before dinner to enable us to eat with E Company. We all roll our packs. It begins to rain and we cannot go. Police up, burn letters and papers making a bonfire in the barracks. Caution men against danger of dumping bullets into fire. Read until time for mess. I do not write because we may move at any minute. Dislike interruptions. Doherty gets rid of all his candy. Dinner. Boiled beef, sauce, squash, bread pudding, soup. Doubt whether we could have had as good a dinner with E. Still raining. About 2 it clears. Tallon tells us we do not go until the headquarters go, so I read instead of write again, thinking to do my writing after supper. Angry that I had to put writing into my pack. Corporal draws our supper rations, cans of salmon, some bread and crullers. The crullers are eaten at once. Gillece has come back from the company with our travel rations: sugar, coffee, 2 boxes of crackers for each man and a big can of bacon. None of us has the bacon or condiment cans, so we can only take the crackers with us. The bacon, sugar and coffee we ask the limber driver to put on his limber. Gillece has the trouble of bringing the big box of rations on

his bicycle for nothing, as we probably will not see the bacon, sugar and coffee again. At 4:00, the Sgt. orders us to move. Black has gone ahead to help billet. He rides a bicycle, because he has sprained his ankle four days ago. I have left out a few things for packing at the last minute, which gives the men of my company an advantage over me. They get ready and before I know it are off before me. Angry at their brusqueness. Go off by myself. Do not notice that I am going by the long route. Change my course. Meet Sgt. and others. Fall in with them. We make excellent time to without a stop to rest. There we wait for the entire scout detachment to come up, while we spend whatever money we have left and borrow money for cakes at the the Salvation Army Canteen. Give my last bit of change to Himpler and he brings back nothing for myself. Split up again by companies and hike to There we rest after an awful uphill climb to get wind for a still steeper climb, if we cannot get a lorry to None comes. E goes off first. I stay behind to roll a cigarette and go with F. All my legs can do to carry me up the hill. On top is a lorry which looks as though it starts soon. I ask one of the men if he goes our way. He says no. The driver comes and says yes. He will give us a lift too. Good luck. In a few minutes we start. On the road we pass E boys. The driver will not stop. Boys are angry. I feel sorry for them. At the YMCA in 10 minutes. We have lemonade there, crackers and cigars, while we wait for others to come up and have supper with us. I read and talk to the French people, who tell me of the time of the German occupation. In an hour E comes up, hot and mad. We eat. Salmon, bread, pork and beans. At 7, everybody is with us. Some of the men get a lift of about 2 miles. We were the only ones who rode all the way. A few of the boys go looking for beer and do not come back until we are ready to move on. It showers after

which there is a wonderful rainbow, then a double bow. It moves across the sky not a mile away from us. Its base is in a field at the right and the foot of a mountain to our left. It still rains as we go off, leaving two men to wait for the battalion to come up, and guide them to the next crossing. We are walking into the rainbow. At drop two more men. Take a short cut by a dirt road after crossing the Meurthe. For a time the right tail of the bow is only a few hundred yards from us. It is lost to view. Stops raining. Drop two more men. At each crossroad we get a rest in that manner. The next lap is a short one again. Then up into the mountains for a long gradual, uphill climb. Meet many companies of the 87th Division coming down. We kid them, telling them to turn back, the war is over, we are going home. They take it good-naturedly. We are traveling at a great rate of speed. Make at least 8 miles before we halt. Seems I was never in my life as weary. More men pass us. Another mile or more to a crossroad. Luckily we stop long to confer on which is the right road. We ask officers of an incoming battalion. They think the same as we, while Sgt. discusses and asks who wants to stay here. Black comes along on a bicycle in the dark. A great stroke of luck. He tells us we must go in the direction from which he came, which is at right angles to the road we were about to take. After Black rests, we start off again. Glad that I have not been left here. No shelter at all in sight. All downhill, so dark that a few times we are almost run down by automobile and cycles, which travel without lights. The maps we have are wrong according to the route Black takes. In, our next stop where two more men are dropped. The town smells fearfully of wet, soggy horse dung. From what the Sgt. says, the rest of us go on to the end of our journey. Another crossroad, which might not by any chance mislead the battalion, but the Sgt. insists that Ernst and I stay. They go on. We

take off our packs and look around us for some place to get a little sleep. All the barns and houses are dark and the doors are locked. Climb into a wagon, a hay cart, and in ten minutes I am sick of the smell of manure, which judging by the odor is right under my nose. My back and sides are sore from the pack I have tried to sleep on. Cold all over. My teeth chatter from the chill. Ernst has left me and gone down below to look for Himpler and Quigly. I soon follow him. Ernst and I try again to get into a barn. We meet some men from the 145 MG. Ask them if they can shelter us for an hour or so. We go into a corral with them. At the entrance is a little cemetery where a few Germans are buried. It is very dark. Impossible to see the men I am with. Ernst has gone with someone else to a billet. I talk to two men about what they have to expect in the service in this sector. They tell me of air raids over town in which two or three men were killed. The people are inhospitable. They do not favor the Americans, seemingly pro-German. Soon time for the Battalion to come along, so I look for Ernst. Find him in a billet where there is a light and it is warm, talking to the corporal of the guard. I see a can of syrup and ask for some. Gladly given to me with some bread. Stay there for an hour, going to the door frequently to listen for the sound of marching men. At 2 I go out to the road again. Walk up and down between the two posts to keep warm. Lie down on my back on a board and manage to get a half hour's sleep, shivering from chill all the time. I am afraid I will catch a death of cold and fear for the other men, too. Still nothing is heard and no one from our organization is in sight. Think, now, that they have been lost by taking the wrong road at the point that puzzled us. Hearing noise down the road, I go in that direction to talk to the men and anger at my misfortune in being picked for such a job as this. I meet someone in the middle of the road and tell him

what I think of the army. He looks at me. I look at him. It is D.... The battalion is behind him. Get my pack on as Lt. Griffiths comes up. I tell him I am nearly frozen, in a conversational way. He thinks I am complaining. Direct the battalion to the next crossroad. It is getting light. The column falls out to rest. Hear from the men what a hard hike they have had. Many men have fallen out of ranks. The ambulance picks up all there is room for, leaving the rest to shift for themselves. Everyone is fagged out. Sick men taken from the hospital to move with the company. They loiter with us and suffer greatly from heat and fatigue. Resume march with the scout detachment which leads the column. An observation balloon is up and we are in full view of it in the early morning light. Think it is our balloon so no attempt is made to hide. Fall out again for a rest and get in the rear of E, which billets with F in G and H go to Kiernan marching alongside of me, on a sore foot, just out of the hospital, limping. I prevail upon him to let me carry his belt, as I am fine after a half hour's rest. The town is seen through the trees, a kilometre away. The sight of the roofs and the kilometre stone heartens the men. A long time before everybody is billeted, after we get there. Men either go to sleep or bathe their feet as soon as their packs are off. The scouts are not billeted until last. In the meantime I go with Gillice to look for plums before we are assigned to a billet.

Sat. Aug. 3, 1918

Weather: Clear, Warm, Rains at night

Health: Good

Hike 22 Kilometers to

There is no fruit to be had. Many plums but none are ripe. The fields are yellow with ripe grain, or grain cut and stacked decorates them.

Here or there an isolated grave of either a Frenchman or Boche interred where he fell. There is one in a garden where truck grows all around it. Behind the church I get some currants and peas in the pod, after which I get my pack from against the church wall, where I have left it, and look for my billet. The Lieut. directs me to No. 30, which is a huge barn where fresh hay and chaff is stacked high. The new mown hay is spread generously on the floor, where the men who came on without stopping are all asleep. There is room between two of them for me to lie down without removing anything, but my leggings, to permit of a free circulation of blood in my legs. Clothes wet from perspiration, but that does not keep me from sleeping soundly until 12, when I am awakened to get my mess. Kitchen as usual is at the end of town, which proves to be a very small one, very poor and ramshackle, full of foul smelling manure piles and incredibly filthy. Little damage, comparatively, from shells and bombs. Look again for fruit but find none. Dinner. Cold, burned roast beef, evaporated potatoes, syrup, bread, coffee, as much as one wants of it. A lot left over given to the Frenchmen and children, who greedily take what is given. Get back to billets, where there is a lot to do. I must open my pack to-day to dry the wet things I have in it. There is a very hot sun shining! Wash my OD shirt, handkerchiefs, socks. They all dry in a short time. Wash my feet, shave and look for cooties and am glad to find none. The Captain and Major have put into effect an order that men must wear leggings and blouses. This, to my mind is ridiculous. After a man has made such a stiff hike as last night, and is completely knocked out, he should be permitted a little latitude in the matter of dress. I am seen by the Captain without my leggings and in my undershirt, but he says nothing. Maloy goes 20 feet from the billets and is scolded by him. As late as 4 o'clock in the

afternoon men who were left on the road last night, still come in. The infirmary which is directly underneath us is crowded to capacity all day. There is nothing but beer to be had in the town. Men are all broke anyhow and it is the rule to be going around trying to borrow. Goldsoll went to look for a room and bed when he came in and unfortunately he hires one which has been assigned to the Captain. As a result he is guarding the town all by himself. Before supper, I make my pack and get ready to move at a moment's notice. I have been carrying an extra pair of shoes, very much worn, only so that I could take ink with me. To-night I find a new place for the ink, in my gas mask, so I lose the shoes. Corp. Thurn and the Lt. have gone over the route of to-night's march on bicycles and have returned. It is so free from misleading crossroads that it is not necessary for the 305th to go ahead and act as guides. We will march with the column behind Hdqrs, which is leading. Write until supper time. Arrive a little ahead of time, but the scouts manage to persuade the cooks to feed us early. Beans, hard tack, meat tinned, coffee. I get little peppers, too. Orders are to move at 8:15. I write until it is time. The boys give their little entertainment of songs composed by Black. Everybody is chipper. We fall in and march to a point on the road where we can take the lead when the companies come up. Black entertains again. The YMCA man and the Major amused. The pack is very light. Hike uphill to begin, which warms us up thoroughly. See a herd of about 200 cattle, the only big herd I have seen. After the first hill, it is mostly good hard road. Hike 50 minutes. Fall out where we can look down into the valley and enjoy the scene, three villages nestling in the valley, golden fields, orchards and a setting sun. In the distance over the top of the crest, a flash can be seen occasionally. We all wonder at the vividness of it and it does not enter our minds that it is

lightning. Everybody decides it is the flash of a gun, but question why we hear no report. It is clouding up from the north. It grows very dark and going through, where there is a bridge, the rear of our column lags behind. We must cut down on the pace ahead. Thundering now. At our second fall out the men get out their slickers. It lightens from all sides. Begins to rain. Stops as we march again. I would rather get wet than wear my slicker, which is handy on top of my pack, nevertheless. What looks like buildings in the dark proves to be trees. Now we run into another shower. It thunders, lightens and blows a gale. Beginning with a light rainfall. It grows steadily heavier as we travel. There are lights to be seen in what looks like a barracks. We travel towards them. They are on both sides of the road. But for them and the flashlights, we would walk all over ourselves, it is so dark. As it is, we walk off the road on both sides. It is raining, so that my left side is as wet as if a bucket of water is being emptied slowly over me. It runs down my pack and into my breaches and leggings, and trickles into my shoes. My face is being washed. The horses go with difficulty. Think surely we will halt to take shelter where the lights show, but we pass them. Buildings are hospitals and QM stores. Men fall out. Two of our scouts leave the ranks to get under a shed and we do not see them any more that night. Everybody who has a flashlight is using it, which makes it imperative for safety's sake to order them put out. Only the officers using them. I find my cane a great aid in walking. I use it like a blind man, by tapping the road directly ahead of me. Keep calling Gillece to enable us to keep together. We are going fast in the face of difficulties. I lose my cane and put the entire detachment out until I find it. A flash of lightning, so vivid, that it blinds us. Looking down the road it looks as though we were walking into the tree tops. My clothes oozing water. After a while I find it useless to

fret about it, for it cannot get any worse. We march on till we outwalk the shower. One good thing about it is that it has become cool. I am no longer perspiring. The stars come out and we see the lightning following the path of the storm cloud. Fall out for a rest against a tree which drips water. I am too wet to mind. Sitting in my helmet, because my bottom is naked! On our next march, the wind dries my clothes a little, aided by the heat from my body. My legs are stiff and my feet are sore on account of my leggings shrinking. Talking to Wolfe about printing helps me forget my discomfort and the time flies. We annoy the other fellows, because we talk shop. Grow chill and stiff in the next rest period, which is a long one to allow the companies behind us to catch up. We march again and, on the hike, we sing going through Cheer the runners, the Sergeant Major. Kastner and the runners cheer us according to the new formula. The roads are drying. It is delightfully cool for hiking. The stars give enough light to march by and at a good clip go through, singing and whistling. Plenty of manure piles in the long winding street and not a house touched by the Boche. At the last rest, the Major urges us to do our best, by telling us it is the last lap we have to go, which partially accounts for the fast pace. I am sure this town will be our stop for the night, thinking we go to the end of it, because it is so big, but we pass out and make two kilos more to Part of the road on this last stretch is dry, as it has not rained in this vicinity at all. This is remarked upon by the men. No sooner than said, when it clouds up over us and begins to rain as we enter the town, though to our right and left the stars show. Into the square where we are kept waiting in the rain while the billeting party is looked up. The Major goes through the town calling for McDougall, who has fallen asleep in his billet. When they are found, the rain stops. Gradually the men are assigned to

billets. We are given a still bigger barn than yesterday, in which both runners and scouts are put away without being noticed. We are in trouble when we try to get in. The door is bolted and barred. It was not to be opened until 4:30. It is 3:25, so we break in. There is lots of new mown hay, straw and chaff for bedding. Before we can unroll our packs to get out candles, the men fall through holes in the floor. Bunk up with Himpler, fix my things in order and go downstairs for coffee, which the Lieutenant announces will be served at 4:00 o'clock at billet 21, which is at the other end of town. Ten minutes' walk from my quarters. It is growing light. Coming back with 3 cups of coffee (some for my comrades), the day breaks. Against a black velvet background is a lustrous silver moon, a crescent. Back in quarters, I open a box of crackers, part of iron ration, which it is forbidden to eat, and drink coffee which tastes like a drug. The crackers will go down in history as having been lost. Asleep at 4:30. First time my breeches have been off in a month of nights. Miss my tobacco pouch and feel its loss keenly, because it is a gift from Leah. It shows up miraculously before I go to bed. All night I have been asking men to roll cigarettes for me. Rather out of luck.

Sun. Aug. 4, 1918

Weather: Showers, Warm

Health: Good

Hike 8 kilometres to

Wake up at 11. Dress without my drawers, which I will wash and trust to luck that they will dry enough to wear by the time we leave. Go for dinner. Steak, potatoes, onions, bread, Karo, coffee. The leanest woman I ever saw hangs around the kitchen with two children. The kiddies are given hard tack and bread and the woman gets a pot of coffee, some meat

and a can of grease, not quite empty. She is tickled beyond description. Sends one of the youngsters down with things as fast as she gets them, with orders to come back at once. They each make many trips. Other street urchins get bread and what the men leave, being specially pleased with the Karo. About a mile of street in the town, with houses on both sides, a pretentious church, a smaller shrine in the center of the village, a butcher and baker, and a few other stores. Plenty of water and fruit. Plums, nuts, apples and pears. Make a discovery in the shape of a large, seedless, yellow apple, which is only fruit ripe enough to eat. Even they are still tart. See Del Duca on the street with a hat full of eggs. We tease him. He makes as if to throw an egg at us. I dare him to. He closes in on me and I go towards him ready to catch it, thinking he means to be friendly and throw it so that I can get it. It proves otherwise though. He throws the egg with force, intent upon having it splash on my clothes. I turn around, trying to avoid it and it breaks on my back and splashes all over my shirt, so I am out of luck again. I must get a knife and scrape it and hang the shirt to dry. Disregarding orders, I go to the pump to wash with only breeches and undershirt on. I wash my drawers, too. My bottom shows through two great big holes in my pants. Any place but in France I would have been ashamed. There are many women and some pretty girls, who do not mind me in the least. They are neater than the average village girl I have seen. This is a clean town on the whole. Of course there is lots of manure in piles in front of the houses, but the street is clean. Hang my things to dry and look for fruit again. I am still stiff and sore from the night's hike and a trifle sleepy, so I lie down for a nap until 3:30. I am awakened by Himpler, who wants to get his things together to roll his pack. Himpler has orders to go to on the billeting detail. When he tells me what our probable

destination is, I am surprised that the hike is so short. Get out the map and try to dope out where we will entrain and what our probable destination is. It appears to me, logically, we go to An old woman is interested in the map reading. Supper is ready. Beans and beef stew, Karo, bread, coffee. When half finished with supper, it begins to rain. I hurriedly finish my supper, while two Frenchwomen who have evidently seen my wedding ring discuss me. I listen without letting on that I understand. I smile to myself and think of their surprise if they saw the bottom of my pants. I remember that my drawers are spread on a wood pile to dry and hurry like the devil down street to my billet. Halfway there I am so wet and likewise my drawers, that it is useless to go further. Take shelter until the shower is over. Get my drawers and wring the water from them. Possibly they will dry in the two hours that are left before we move. The sun is hot. Wash my feet. A job that I have saved for the last minute. Roll my pack, ready to put on my hump. A bit of time left for writing. I sit on a box. My hand is unsteady. Go upstairs to write on window sill. That does not work well, either. Downstairs again. After ten minutes, I want to give it up as a bad job. Put up my pen. Change my mind. Rather than be idle, I will try again. It works fairly well after my resolution is made and up to the time I am ordered to fall in, I almost finish the page. My drawers are not dry, so it is necessary to go without them. Roll them wet into my slicker, which goes over the pack. Fall in outside. There is a rainbow again, not near as fine as Friday's. Farrell and Ernst show up, ready to march with us. They are looked upon with anger by the sergeants. Black and his gang come up at the last minute. They have been licking up beer and are feeling fine. All present, we are the first ones off. March down the street amid the cheers of the other men. We give one cheer for those whom we do not

like. Capt. McMurtry passes. We have the satisfaction of making him smile. Black is singing a new song, composed in the estaminet, a parody on "If he can love". It draws applause. Uphill over the bridge to the point where the head of the column should be. We are on the crest again, looking down on wheat and rye, uncut, potatoes and truck. Stacks of cut grain, orchard and streams to the foot of the hill at our left. Fall out to wait, while Black gives his cabaret in the hearing of G Co. Much applause. Farrell and Maloy are mellow and begin cheering everybody, both styles, until they are hoarse. Maloy grows familiar with the adjutant. We are all feeling good, because the hike is so short. The destination of the army for the night is known to everybody now. A good level road, or down hill. Cheering individuals now. G Co. sings songs. Greenwald is cheered with a hurrah, and a verse of the song is composed for him, which went "if he can hike like he can write". Of course the diary is mentioned. We hike steadily without a stop and go through the town of in the dusk. The dung piles are small, denoting poverty, according to the boys. It is a full hour before we are permitted to fall out. The 3rd Battalion is in the town. They are out to watch us go by. We deride them, calling them grease balls and they return the compliment. The singing and cheering have helped wonderfully to keep the men in lines. For my part, I would just as soon have gone on to the end of the trip to, the church spires of which can just be seen in the fast failing light. It is a fine night, the stars promise to come out in their brightest dress. It is cool. The grass upon which we lie is wet, too wet for me to sit on. I am bare below, so I lie on my side. In fifteen minutes we are under way again. Down hill, to the foot of the hill upon which the town is built. It is a hard climb up, but we get up without much discomfort because we are so fresh. It smells like hell of

barns and dung. We are billeted quickly. The scouts are split up this time in different billets. Five of us in a barn with a floor full of holes. There is plenty of good straw. Through the floor, when the candles are lit, can be seen cows and pigs, The officers' horses are put in the stalls below, too. They snort and stomp below, which makes it all the more uncertain that I get a good night's sleep. It smells too much for me to understand why the other fellows think it a good place to sleep. I sleep alone tonight. Would like to take my breeches off but my drawers are still wet. The companies are being made to wait a long time before they are billeted. There is noise in the streets up till the time I go to sleep. Go to bed at once and sleep for two hours, when the noise of the animals wakes me. There is a dog in the loft with us, which barks in the night and wakes me again. All day not the sound of a gun, rifle or aeroplane. An ideal quiet Sunday. I find my French improving somewhat. I can understand fairly well if it is spoken slowly. With what little I can talk and gesture, I can now make myself understood. We travel with an interpreter in this march. He and the YMCA man are attached to this battalion. They are traveling without packs, yet they have blistered feet and stiff limbs. That kind of makes the men feel proud that they are no worse though they carry a heavy pack. Hamilton very sick, apparently from eating green apples. He vomits and has diarrhea. The infirmary busy fixing up sore feet.

Mon. Aug. 5, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. The bugle wakes me. It blows reveille. Something I have not heard for months. The companies have formation in the

streets. I wake the other men, dress and go downstairs to look for the kitchen. It is a long walk from where we are, uphill. There is stewed apples, Karo, bread, coffee made from chlorinated water. Water is scarce in this town, because it is on the crest of the hill. In the center of the town is a well which supplies six troughs, some for washing, some for the animals to drink from. The town has two streets, one long one and one short one at right angles to it in the center of town, like a T. It is filthy dirty, animals of all kinds run about the streets, quite a well populated place. Old men and women are plentiful. Two stores, which supply all needs, a few drinking places, a large church and a school, which was formerly a poor house. At breakfast Gillece tells me there is an empty bunk in his billet, so I decide to change my quarters. Gather my things together in a shelter half and take them across the street. Then wash at the troughs where hundreds of men have already washed. They are using the animal troughs, too, which makes the water unfit to drink. To my billet. Go behind the house to see what is there. Orchards full of plums and patches of garden truck, many potatoes, peas and beans. look for plums which can be eaten. Blue sugar plums are not ripe, but I find yellow Mirabelle plums which are small but good. There are many varieties on hundreds of trees. Also apples, pears, nuts. Meet Maloy out looking for plums, too. He tells me that Conway has found some red ones, ripe and sweet. I follow him, chewing those I have till I find Conway. His tree has wonderfully sweet, red and gold plums. There are others like it nearby. We eat so many of them that I am afraid I will get sick. My belly is so full that it is doubtful if I can eat dimer. I leave the boys and trying to get back to my billets, I lose my way. I had no idea I had wandered so far away from the village. Look across the valley and the cultivated slope of the mountain, a which is

surely a "belle view". Meet a little, aged, bowed woman, who is looking for some kind of herb among the potatoes. I speak to her. Ask her questions about the town and surrounding country. She tells me the mountain is an extinct volcano, which has erupted in her youth. She calls the picture before us a belle view. All around on the slope are the simple graves of men who have died for France. She tells me about the German invasion. Talks with difficulty, being bothered with asthma. I am kneeling, while I listen and talk, looking up into her face which is almost level with mine, she is so small. I can see the church spires of many towns in the distance. I ask the old lady if one can look into Germany from the summit of the mountain, but she does not understand. I believe it is possible to see Germany. Bid Grandmother good-bye and go to my billet, get hay for my bunk and arrange it for to-night. We do not march again until further orders are issued, so it is expedient to make myself comfortable. My drawers are dry at last, which gives me much comfort. I plan to write a letter to Leah to-day. It is a long time since I have written to Mama too. First I will clean my gun. It is very rusty in all parts from the rain of Saturday night. All the men are cleaning theirs, which gives the Sergeant an idea that he will hold an inspection at 4 o'clock. The Lieut. has ordered a formation at ?? o'clock for some unknown purpose. The division commander has issued an order that men wear belt, rifles, and full equipment in the streets when men are away from billets. No one can understand why, we are so far away from the lines. I am seen without my belt by a lieutenant and am asked why I have none. I give him a satisfactory excuse. Going to dinner, I carry my belt like the rest of the men. We have steak and potatoes, bread, tomato sauce, coffee. Feed the chickens with the leavings. They gobble up everything that drops. It is unnecessary to police. After dinner,

write for half an hour, and then fall in for formation. We go back of the house into the orchard. The Lieutenant comes with Sgt. Frachi, who gives us a lesson in signaling to aeroplanes with panels. There are only six to learn. The signal kit consists of 1 triangular and 2 rectangular pieces of white muslin. The Lt. explains how aeroplanes send signals to men below and the Sgt. shows how to answer. Then the Lt. begins to talk about guns, that they should be thoroughly cleaned to be ready for use probably in the next sector we take over. He thinks it will be further north, where there is open fighting more than trench work. This indicates that in his opinion we will go to Chateau Thierry. Tells us how to shoot and sight the new Springfield rifles, which some of the snipers have. Most of us are bored and want to be dismissed, but some of the lads who have nothing else to do, ask a lot of questions, which prolongs the session. When finally we are dismissed, I go with Rubin, who has been in the infirmary below our billet and has wandered out in back to pick plums. He is too sick to eat any, but I lead him about with me for an hour while I pick plums, eat and talk to him. I learn some things from him about the engagement we were in on the night of the 3rd and 4th of July. His action and that of the Captains. Back at 4 in my billet, where I write until supper time, which we are informed is at 6. When we get to the kitchen, there is nobody on line and it looks to me as if the company has already messed. I ask some men whom I meet. There is nothing left for us but Sgt. Kessler is a good fellow. He has some bacon fried for us, which with some bread and coffee makes my supper. He promises better for breakfast to-morrow, and will give us tobacco in the morning too. The scouts are laughed at for being late. The men tell us that we will be late going over the top. After supper the men borrow as much as they can get together to buy beer with. They all go out to get drunk if

the money goes far enough, leaving me alone with Streeter and Simpson. I lie on my belly in someone else's bunk and write. Interrupted occasionally to answer a question, which the boys ask. We get to talking about letters and writing, what the censor will pass and what he will not. I tell them of some of the things I have written home. It is growing too dark to see, so I go to my own bunk in the bedroom, light a candle and continue writing. Streeter, Mac and Swanson come in to go to bed. We get to talking of many things. First job is what finishes the night's entertainment, which started with a discussion of the war. They go to sleep and I write until my candle goes out. Make my bed and go to bed at 11. Sleep well in a fairly soft bed. Shortly after I go to bed, I hear a noise of some kind downstairs, which makes me think of war. Which is all that has happened to suggest there is such a thing. No shells, rifles, or bombs heard, nor are there any aeroplanes up. Strange as it may seem, since there is no money among us, the boys get drunk. They pledge their next month's pay for drink. Come in about 10 o'clock and say things that are nasty to listen to, but for which they are not responsible. I hate the army when it is resting. The same old story of idleness breeding mischief. No place is it so true as in the army. The Captain has been supplying funds for some of the men, in small sums. The best thing that has ever happened is that the men will not be paid until after we have finished our movement. I need the money but will gladly do without it so that the boys will not kill themselves on the hike, by drink. The infirmary is busy at sick call. All farm machinery in the country about here is American made. McCormick patents.

Tue. Aug 6, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Showers, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Breakfast. Bacon, bread, butter, coffee. It is raining, a nasty drizzle. Eat indoors in a barn, where some of our men are billeted, to get out of the rain. Most of the boys there are taking entirely too much liberty with me. I decide it is high time to put an end to it. Hereafter, some of the men will not be permitted to use any nicknames when addressing me. The company has a formation this morning. I am very much surprised that men, who are on the hike and may be ordered to proceed to-day at a moment's notice, should be put to work at such a tiring monotonous business as skirmishes. They go to the foot of the mountain for the purpose. The only advantage of having the men working is that they will be less likely to get drunk. Pity the poor fellows and am glad, once more, that I am not attached to the company. Go to quarters. Wash and police. Hardly finished my toilet, when the Lieut. announces he wants all E and F Co. men to take a walk with him. Full equipment is to be worn. Purpose of formation is unknown. Some F men are in the other billets and have been forgotten, another is asleep in his bunk upstairs, and no one has thought to wake him, so assembly is very much delayed. The Lt. is angry. He takes us to the road leading from the village, and there begins to hold class. Begins by telling us we have an easy time of it, but if we have grown unaccustomed to answering calls quickly, we may return to our companies, where that discipline is never forgotten. The guilty ones say nothing, but inwardly resolve that it is best not to spoil a good thing. Lt. then apologizes for calling us without warning, and that it was a divisional order that had not yet come, when he spoke to us yesterday. The purpose of the formation is to acquaint us with the principles

of scouting and observing in open warfare work. We may have occasion to use what he will tell us very shortly. Of course that leads to only one conclusion, as far as our next move is concerned. He knows that we will draw that inference and tells us there is nothing official as yet, as to our destination. Our time is spent sitting around him on the ground listening to his lecture. The battalion runners come along later, to get a little lecture on signaling to aeroplanes, the same as we received yesterday, which we have not yet forgotten. After that we are dismissed to do as we please for the day. There will be no movement until to-morrow, we are told, when every man will travel with an overcoat on his pack. We are to get ours at E Company. Corporal Doherty and the rest of us vow not to carry any. There is time left before dinner to get a handful of plums from the garden in the road. They are not quite ripe, yet I eat them. The good ones have been discovered by others than we and are gone. Write for a little while and then go for dinner. It is a prize dinner. We help slice potatoes for frying while we wait. The company has not yet returned, which delays our being fed, until finally we prevail on the cooks to give us our portions of steak, onion gravy, fried potatoes, bread, coffee. That is the most tasty meal in a long time and is so generously dispensed, that I cannot eat seconds, which were also given. I have heard that Corp. Kiernan has an extra pair of trousers, which causes me to look for him. He usually is to be found in the rooms of the old couple who live in the back of the church, but now he is not there. I inquire for him and while I wait, I have more than a half hour's very ... conversation in French with Grandma. The Captain has 400 Frs., which he will lend in sums of 10 Frs. each to men of the company, who will apply for it. The list is filled quicker than a Camp Upton pass list. Go back to my billet to write. The boys are noisy and boisterous, due to vin blanc, in which they

have already invested some of the borrowed money. In a half hour or so I fall asleep over my book, after which I resume and finish. Into the garden once more for plums. Also look for edible vegetables in the truck garden behind the house, which nobody seems to own or look after. Rain drives me inside until upper time. Supper is served in the rain. Meatballs, potato, beans, coffee, bread. I eat in another barn, where I must stay until a very heavy shower is over. I look for the extra trousers Kiernan has, where I have been told by him they are. Find them in better condition than my own and take them. Next inspect the overcoats, which are left from E Co.'s allotment, for the purpose of finding my own, which has a fine pair of kid gloves in one of the pockets. I find many others but not mine, so I take none, to have pack uniform with other men to-morrow. No one urges me to take any. Called outside, while I am going over the coats, to see a wonderful sight. A flock of sheep, so big that it chokes the entire road, is coming down the hill. No one has seen it before and all question what they are being brought into town for. It is marvelous how they follow the leader and the obedience to the command of the shepherd and the fear, of the two dogs, which they display. Stand a long time watching how the shepherd goes among his sheep to single out those he returns to their owners. Everybody in the town sends their sheep to graze on the hillside under his care. He leaves sheep and lambs with almost every householder. They have distinctive marks on their hindquarters. The 1000 or more sheep are delivered half in each of the two streets. There is lots of fun when the boys, surprised at the army of sheep, command them to "right dress", "over in file", etc. Even the Major, who is looking out of a window, is amused. In my billet with nothing to do. It is no use writing a letter, as it cannot be mailed. Look at my shirts for cooties. Glad to find none. Talk to the men, shave, and start

a letter which I stop writing when the men come in with two helmets full of nuts and two canteens full of white wine. They have 3 friends from E Co. with them. I anticipate little sleep to-night, which is not a pleasant prospect, since we must be up at 4:30 in the morning. It immediately becomes very noisy, everybody talking at once, laughing, shouting, singing and swearing. I take a few nuts and a mouthful of wine, stay with them a little while and go to bed. I am very sleepy and doze off. In the next room the spirit of revelry grows stronger. Canteens are being taken downstairs for refilling as fast as they are emptied. The jokes and songs become more ribald and the noise more unbearable, so that it awakes me and keeps me awake. The medical men downstairs shout up to the scouts to keep quiet and let them sleep. They come up to plead and threaten, when at first they are not heeded, and say they will report to Lt. Griffiths. After a while the noise not abating, they do so. The Lt. calls for the Corporal, who staggers downstairs, and orders them to put out the lights and send the men to bed. They obey and dismiss their friends, afterwards arguing and discussing the wonderful time they had. It is not long before they are sick. Black the worst. Simpson comes into my room and tells how he just had to let loose to get relief from worry over a great wrong he has done and cannot correct, which is causing sleepless nights. Only he in the world knows. I am sure that we will know it in a few minutes, and my judgment proves correct. He talks like a good boy who wants to do justice to the person sinned against and I feel sorry for him, but my good opinion of him is lowered. I too, while I lie in bed, and all day and for a long time past, have felt like letting loose, but I have not, nor would I in such a manner as he has found for letting off steam. I feel guilty for not having written to anyone this week and I want very much to hear from home. No letters have

come for a long time. I miss many of Leah's letters. There is no activity of any kind that we are aware of to-day. The old woman I spoke with at noon tells of such bloody battles in the streets of the town in the early days of the war. My comrades remind me of a mass of wriggling, restless worms in a dung pile, during their debauch. Idle, idle all the time, till liquor gives them something to find interest in. They now are not allowing themselves a moment's rest. Each wants to outdo the other in lewdness.

Wed. Aug. 7, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Hike 14 Kilometers to

Up at 4:30 as day is breaking, after having had very little sleep. I am tired, which is to be expected. Wash and begin to roll my pack. Mess call at Co. F kitchen is the signal for us to go down. E does not leave with us and does not breakfast until 6:30, so we are told to eat with F. In spite of our orders, as usual, it is difficult to get a meal out of them. There is a long line, which we do not care to take the end of, so we lie and swear that we leave at 5:30, ahead of the battalion which gains for us permission to squeeze in at the head of the line, after much argument. Breakfast. Rice, stewed apricots, bread, coffee. Back to quarters, eat there, after which I roll my pack and by 6:30 I am ready. There are many regrets this morning. The men all denounce themselves for fools, because of their debauch last night. The thing that hurts most is that they always begin a long hot hike feeling bad physically, big heads and thirsts. My regret is that I am without money and must begin a long journey, perhaps, without a bit of

goodies. Ever since the first day of our travels, I have been penniless. I think I have an hour yet before we go, which I mean to spend in writing. That is interrupted by Lt. Griffiths, who comes with an order to police up. We all get busy. Into the garden next for a few plums. Everybody ready, it is time to fall in. We leave at 7:10 at the head of the column. It has rained considerably in the night and the roads are muddy and full of puddles. We fall out till the battalion forms. Lt. Griffiths notices Doherty without an overcoat on his pack, which begins a cross examination, which discloses that no E men have overcoats. Doherty makes excuses. Lt. calm and collected as usual but hopping mad at us. Looks like trouble for a time, but it blows over. We go off up hill, which is the rule all through the hike. Soon after we start, we must take a 35% grade. One cannot get a foothold in the mud. We slip and make poor progress. Cloudy, but muggy on the woodland path. Come out into the open, where a hilly scene of remarkable beauty unfolds itself. We walk along a road in the center of a dozen foot hills all gold with ripe grain and green and red with clover. Nestling villages and villages on the heights. One large town, our destination, seen from below looks quite near. Its nearness deceives us. A wind, cooling and fresh blows over the open, which makes it a little more comfortable walking. Fall out after 50 minutes. Off again from the top of a hill, while other companies are still below. Turn back to look at the column of men bending their backs in the effort to get to the summit of the incline. Impressive in the extreme. Through where there are some Americans quartered. Into the woods, along an awful rutted road, full of puddles and not a breath of breeze stirring. Fall out for 10 minutes after walking uphill for 50. We must go over the low mountain range, into the valley where the railroad runs. Fall out again and off for the last lap of 4 kilos. Meet Vicker in the woods

where the supply company tented in the rain for the night. After 1 1/2 kilos walk we fall out, stack arms and unslung equipment to wait for the kitchens to come up and serve dinner. I am very hungry. Lie with my back up in the sun until my clothes dry out. Run down the road to an orchard, where I manage to get a couple of apples and some green plums to take the edge off my hunger. M Co. 3rd Battalion comes in. The Captain buys two kegs of beer for his boys, an act of kindness which I have not, as yet, seen equalled, not even by our Captain. The boys appreciate it very much. F Co. comes up and serves cold bacon, potatoes, bread, Karo and coffee. A miserable meal. G Co. in, so I decide to try their line. With the aid of Wade, I get some rice and potato, stew, bread and coffee. Back to where my equipment is to take a nap on the grass until the army moves to the station. Judging from the size of the station, and loading detail that goes to the station and from what Zucker tells me, I have hopes that we may, perhaps, go out of France. We hike to the station past an English hospital, a Canadian unit, where there are many men, mostly with injured limbs. Fall out and wait to entrain. A wild rush to the YMCA for crackers, chocolate and canned foods. I grub a cracker here and there, but borrow no money for myself. An English-French field bakery across the road. Listen to rumors of our probable destination from the men who have been here from E for a week or more aiding in the movement of troops. They are of the opinion that we go to Italy. We are packed in, 33 in a car, and ship two day's rations. It is entirely too crowded for a two-day trip where men must sleep. The car itself is fairly clean. Conway, who has gone ahead has swept the dung out and it is almost dry. Lt. Cook is with us, full of bull, as usual, and perhaps a bit of booze. Griffiths is still angry with us, judging from the abrupt manner in which he speaks to us. Restless to get under

way. The usual excitement and fuss. My maps are out, waiting to pass the first town, to see where we may be bound for. We go south. Try to puzzle the puzzle out, but make no success. Pass beautiful fields along a canal, where Frenchmen are fishing and summering. The women out to greet us as we pass. Children beg for biscuits and in return give us some plums. Lots of water, consequently many factories, in some of which German and Turkish prisoners are at work. Many boys and young girls. Sizable towns. The map reading grows more interesting. It begins to look like Italy, especially when Lt. Hepburn tells us not to touch the ration for to-night. They must last for two days. Where can a two days' trip take us? No one knows. I sit in the door and enjoy the scenery which has the mountains for a background. The boys sing a good deal and cheer the girls. Supper is served at a 15 minute stop. The same trouble in finding out who we feed with. I persuade H Co. to give me hash and coffee, which with biscuit makes a good supper. We munch biscuit all the time. At dusk we see some of our boys, engineers, who are in this country seven months and are permanently stationed here. They do not know where we go., a railroad center out of which six lines run will decide our fate. 3 lines go north and 3 lines go south. Best road in France runs alongside the tracks. At, in the dark, talk to MPs who are only in the service since May and who were whisked out of Camp at Spartansburg at once. From there, a town of many barracks, where the lights are lit at night, and which is, so far, unscathed by war. We go up a steep mountain. The engine a fine thing as it puffs hard to pull us up the steep grade. The men go to sleep. Maloy and I remain awake to wait for coffee to be served between 11 and 12. Another reason is that there is no room for us. It grows cold. We cannot find an inch of space to lie down comfortably. Maloy manages. I can find

nothing better than the box of hard tack 2 x 3 ft. It cannot be done. I remain awake. Seized with cramps. Luckily the train stops. I get the name of the station and look at the map. We are going to without a doubt. That is all I want to know. I get into a corner where Farrell is. Wake everybody to make room for me, which gives rise to much swearing. I manage to make room and fall asleep out of sheer fatigue. At 1, coffee and rum comes. This time I drink it. Excellent. Helps keep me warm for the night. Allays my cramps a bit.

Thu. Aug. 8, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Hike 3 kilos to

Up again at 6:00, sore in limb and cold. Go to the door to have a look around. We are passing through flat, level country over which hangs a low, thick mist, making it impossible to see more than a few hundred feet. But what we do see is not a very pleasant sight. We see graves, thousands of them all over the plains by the railroad tracks, by the roadside, in among the trees, where there are a few, by the side of the stream. All we see, men buried where they fell on a bloody battle field. Nearly all Frenchmen, who lie buried here. Single graves, double and triple graves, and in a few places larger plots, all well kept with a railing around each, a little wreath, a wooden cross, and the emblem of France on a circular cardboard from which hangs a ribbon, tricolored. A flag flies on some of the mounds, which is faded from the rains. On the plains, wheat, rye and oats grow around the dead, most of it newly cut and tied in stacks left to dry. Passing a town there are dead in a truck garden which has been cultivated up to the very edge of the grave. No one disturbs the dead. They lie where they have fallen, by the

railroad track, close to the ties, so close that our legs which hang as we sit on the floor of the car by the door, almost graze the crosses that mark the graves of the men who rolled down the low embankment. We see coolie laborers again, who are building and fixing roads. They live in barracks, hundreds of them. Big six inch guns and gun carriages, monster 10 and 11 inch guns mounted on railway trucks, ponderous, solidly built trucks that impress one with the power that lies within them. Big shells almost as tall as a small man, so wide around that it would be difficult to encircle them with one's arms. They must be lifted into the guns by cranes, they are so heavy. A French camp of barracks, which stretches for kilos on both sides of the tracks, a hospital, captured German guns, damaged and salvaged guns of our own, and piles of aeroplanes, engines, planes and bodies, stores, trucks and a thousand other things of war. But every inch of ground bears grain or potatoes or something else. No doubt now, where we are going. I look at the map to see where we are now. Most of the men are up now. They are asking about breakfast. We make no stops for more than an hour, then we stop at, a large station where are civilians and soldiers. Good to see prosperous looking, cleanly dressed men and women; but all in black; old-faced people they are. Seems that they are seeing their sons, brothers and husbands off to the front again, after their furloughs. There is a chance to buy a French newspaper, fill our water bottles and wash. Have breakfast. Bully beef, pork and beans and hard tack biscuits (French use bread). All anxious for a cup of hot coffee, but none in sight. We wait patiently for a coffee stop, nursing our thirsts as best we can. Some drinking cold water. I smoke my pipe to quench my thirst. Level country mostly, little water, few hills. At ten-thirty we stop for breakfast. Some trouble getting somebody to

believe we should be fed. I get a cup of coffee and some bread and bacon. The train starts before I can get back to my own car. Make a stop where the train crew and the officers get their orders. After that we are not allowed to get off the train when it stops for water. Many guesses where we are going, because we are close to and on the road to Paris. Pass some American boys bathing in a brook. Shout to them to find out who they are. Much surprised to hear they are first battalion men of our own regiment. This means that we stop close by, right behind the lines. Our transport waiting for us at the next station. Then I lie down to take a nap as there is nothing more to see. Use the pack of a medical man for a pillow . Disturbed in a few minutes when the order comes to get pack ready. I fix up mine. Order comes that canes may not be taken with us. Hate to lose mine; it has been a great help to me. We get off the cars. Orders are very strict regarding the general police of the men. I am told to button up and asked to fix a lot of minor details. We have an hour and a half to walk to our billets, we are told. Get to the head of the street where the column is halted, because there is a trainload of Italian soldiers sprawled across the road. A load of French just pulling out in the opposite direction, riding in compartment coaches. Chaff between the French, Italian and Yankees make it look like a lively picnic scene. There comes word that our billeting orders have been changed. From we go to which is a shorter walk. Uphill through beautiful little town as pretty a little place as ever we have been in. Stores of all kinds, a market, solidly built houses and a substantial bridge. Very hot hiking. The sun is out full strength, so the doctor orders just a half hour's hike and then a fall out of ten minutes. Around the turn and down the hill to the second little village is our home for a little while. We are near a creek. Pass it before we get into the town square,

where there is a single well which constitutes the water supply for the town. Down another hill to the last house in town, where nobody lives and nobody cares for the garden behind the house. Good bunks in 7 or 8 rooms, all light and airy, but dirty. Put my stuff down to claim a bunk and out on the grass to lie down for a nap, which I want more than anything else. The flies and bees, which are most numerous, annoy me, but I manage to get a little rest. There is a swift, babbling brook down an embankment, which furnishes power to the paper factory just above us. It is good to bathe in. I get a towel and clean socks. Bathe my body and feet, which is most refreshing. Unroll my pack and hang up my things on nails which are plentiful. Doolan goes scouting for supper rations, comes back with some things he needs and gets potatoes direct from the garden. I write until supper time. We have corned beef hash, new potatoes, coffee. Write again until time to light candles, when the boys come in to sit around the table which we have in the room. It is fairly cozy and a pleasant place to chat. This is the first time American troops have been in the town. The French were the former occupants. They have built themselves good bunks and have tables and other comforts. Eggs and wine are cheap as a result of no Americans having been here. The inhabitants are not aware of the wealth of our soldiers. The people are very hospitable and give us anything we want, gladly. The children get us wine or fruit in return for the hard tack which they consider a delicacy. There is a big aerodrome at St Cyr about half-way distant between Paris and this place and all day long the machines are up, most of them flying very low. From the distance can be heard the dull boom of cannon, very much modified by distance. Most of the boys cannot hear it. We are ordered to wear gas masks, helmets, belts, full ammunition and rifles or revolvers, a ridiculous order, which everybody

up to the Major rebels against, because the Frenchmen and Americans of other divisions go about without any arms, or even masks. We are so far behind the lines that there is not the slightest reason for issuing an order like this, except as a disciplinary measure. The officers are doing their best to have the orders rescinded on condition that the men comply with the ruling strictly. For the sake of novelty, I take my breaches off, naked. Get a good night's rest. We have a lot to say before we fall asleep about the prospects of the war ending soon. A lot of faith put in the recent gains of the French and the Americans at Chateau Thierry. Caissons move. Even the English are getting into the spirit of Aliens and duplicating our victory.

Fri. Aug. 9, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Dress and go next door for breakfast. Bully beef, cold bacon, hard tack, coffee. Busy myself immediately with washing my undershirt, socks, handkerchiefs and the pair of breeches I got from Joe Kiernan. Look for a pot or something to boil them in. A youngster hoeing potatoes in a field helps me to locate a big kettle at a little cottage which is uninhabited but not abandoned. The people are visiting somewhere and what I take must be returned as soon as possible. Get water at the brook and use the kitchen fire to boil my things on. I notice all the men are cleaning their guns. I think they are doing it of their own accord for want of something better to do. Rub my clothes as well as I can without soap, seated on a bench in the kitchen, when Kapek tells me that I had better clean my gun, as there will be an inspection at 9:30. I think he is jesting and inquire of the Sergeant. Kapek is right. I

leave my washing and go over my gun hurriedly. Lt. Griffiths will look us over with respect to the guns, masks, clothing and feet. Doherty again gets a call about E Co. men not having overcoats, as soon as the Lt. reviews the detachment, which the Sergeant has formed. He finds fault with many guns being polished well on the outside and showing lack of attention to the barrels. Next he goes over the matter of ammunition. It has become common knowledge that the men in their travels have thrown away cartridge clips to lighten their burdens. Some of our own men are notorious offenders in that respect, Farrell and Ernst particularly. They have none at all in their belts. The Lt. tells us it is a trick as old as cartridges themselves. Hereafter every man must be able to account for 100 rounds of ammunition in their belts or be charged with the cost of cartridges not accounted for. The Colonel is with us this morning and has issued strict orders to that effect, besides directing that only men with full belts are seen on the street. Doherty and a number of others with us are fooling themselves by having borrowed what ammunition they are short from men who are not standing inspection. I have the best record but one. My belt contains 90 rounds. Only 10 short. Deys, the only one who legitimately has 100 rounds. Ordinance is made for 1500 rounds for our small detachment. Next gas masks are inspected. The Lt. thinks mine is bad because it does not rattle. Told to see the Battalion Gas N Co. about it. Nothing gone over. Of course, my pants with two big holes in them come in for comment. The Lt. is satisfied with my explanation that I have a better pair in the wash. Feet inspected. My feet are in good condition. They feel good after yesterday's bath. The Lt. compliments us on having a fine lot of feet and tells us how to keep them in good condition. During that inspection I see the Gas Sgt. going along. I hail him and ask

him about my mask. He tells me it should not rattle, contrary to what the Lt. says. Therefore my mask is OK. Tells me that we move again, time unknown, to the north, where a clean rifle is an asset. Suggest we put them in top shape. Dismissed for the day. Go back to my washing. I finish it as fast as I can, under the circumstances. Spread my things on the grass to dry. Time for dinner now. Not much to anticipate. Bully beef, hash, hardtack, coffee. Lie down on another's blanket in the sun and toast myself for an hour. Hear the dull boom of war in the north. Does not disturb me in the least. It is a sound I am accustomed to. Aeroplane motors buzz overhead continuously but I pay no attention to them. Bothered by the flies and thoughts of home more than anything else. Too long ago since I have received mail from home and I have a guilty feeling for not having written to Leah and Mama for so long. My connection with home has been broken and I am miserably homesick and restless. I will try to write a letter to Leah now though for the life of me I do not know what to write. Go indoors where there are many flies. Put a handkerchief over my head and in that way get a little relief from them. Write indoors until it gets too hot. Go outdoors where it is too windy and too many spiders crawl about. Finish up inside where I began. Time for supper for which the boys have dug potatoes and picked stringbeans from the garden at our disposal. These are put into a stew with bully beef, which is by no means a success. The bully beef spoils whatever good there is in the vegetables. Also hardtack and coffee. We have had so much hardtack by now that the men throw it around, play ball with it and give it to the children. Feel as though I would like to take a look around the vicinity a bit. Shave and wash up, a refreshing feeling. Take a walk to the paper mill upstream, going without gas mask, or anything else. See some of E Company men in the field. The remainder of E

Co. scouts come to visit, largely for the purpose of seeing how much money they can borrow for drinks. They are as anxious as I to go to where the hospital is to look around, but do not know that men are now prohibited from going to town. Back in quarters to write until Lieutenant comes to tell us we must all carry 160 rounds of ammunition to-morrow, when we move, and must personally go to draw what we are short. After I have come back from my walk, the boys tell me that somebody has been looking for me in company with Allen, the runner who has directed him to where I am quartered. I cannot imagine who he is. From the description the men give me of him, the only person I can think of is Abe Gold, but that is rather improbable. After I come back from the supply company, where I draw the surplus ammunition, I meet Allen again. He tells me once more that the stranger was looking for me. He has left a note explaining his identity. His name is Greenfield and he is of the Atkinson family of Staten Island. He has a note of introduction to me probably. I am too busy to look him up. Fill my belt with cartridges I am short and hook on to an extra bandolier of 60. Write again till it is too dark to see inside. Look for a candle but cannot find any. They are scarce as they are not issued with the field ration. Outside it is still light enough to write for a while, which I take advantage of for as long as possible. Orders come to stay near quarters to-morrow morning, as we may have to move at any moment. The welcome news is given us, though that we will have to hike to the railroad station only and from there will get transportation in motor lorries to our destination. That is too good to be true. The sergeant has a good idea of where we are going, from what the Lt. lets fall. We will go up as reserve to battalions, and, behind the lines where the Americans are making such wonderful gains and taking so

many prisoners. To-day's reports are very encouraging; many kilometers of country and thousands of men and guns are taken. I am not worried in the least at the prospect of going north where the fighting is so heavy. Resigned to what I must undergo from now on, taking consolation from the fact that as a scout, I will not be as much exposed to danger as I might be with a company in an engagement. The other men fortunately cannot go out to-night to get drunk to screw up their courage, as they have no money and can borrow none, so they sit outside on the embankment of the road and tell each other how many days they will be dead in a week from now, a custom which I frown upon. It is always the most popular topic of conversation, the day before a move of any magnitude is made. Not being able to borrow a candle, I go to bed, where I talk to Schlesinger who has been away from us all afternoon with Farrell and Ernst for the purpose of eating. This trio thinks of nothing else but their bellies and never come back without telling us how delicious such and such a viand was. Back of the hospital in there is a row of graves of American lads who have died of wounds, except one who died of disease. A number of men busily engaged digging new graves all day long. In the evening, before dark, nurses and doctors from the hospital are in town for a stroll. They are chatting happily and enjoying themselves thoroughly, but I do not envy them at all. The doctors are kept busily saluting everybody in town.

Sat. Aug. 10, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

*Hike 3 kilos to Go about 70
kilos in motor lorries and hike a kilo
and a half to outside*

Up at 7:00. Breakfast. Hash, biscuits and coffee. Told to roll our packs by 10:30, which gives us plenty of time. Wash and get to work at once on my pack. This time it is lightened by being minus a tent pole and pin, which I have loaned to Gardiner. Made heavier by the addition of an overcoat, which the Lieutenant has finally convinced us we should carry. Black goes to the company supply sergeant and brings back one for every E Co. man. To-day, we have a heavy burden to carry, taking into consideration the 160 rounds of ammunition which we must cling to. My pack ready, I write for an hour. The time of moving has been postponed for an hour. At 11 we form and march into town, having previously eaten a bit of biscuit and some hash. E Co.'s men and officers are in the town square waiting for the command to march. About 2/3 of the company go up the line; the rest remaining behind to look after supplies or something of that sort. The kitchens remain behind also. They cannot be taken along to-day. The cooking will be done in a few dixies which are taken on the truck. Major in the square as neat as a pin, on horseback, issues the order to wear tin helmets for which he is heartily sworn at. We go at head of column. Fall out as usual, a few hundred yards down the road to say a little more in praise of the Major. Griffiths is becoming very strict with us. We are beginning to grouch with him, too. Hike to the crossroads in the hot sun, where we see a line of trucks as far as the eye can reach. The first battalion already embarked, 16

men to a lorry. For a time we do not notice the lorry drivers. Then I discover that they are Chinese coolies. It strikes me as funny to be driven by them. There are two to each lorry, stupid leering individuals. We all wonder how they were ever taught to drive. We go up the road past hundreds of lorries. That train and its drivers is a thing of record. We go uphill till it seems the Major will never halt, then after a little rest we do squads left about and walk down hill in column of twos, are counted off in groups of 16, by the French loading authorities, and are packed into tight quarters. Our equipment takes up all floor space. We sit on benches along the sides and 4 men on the tail board. We amuse ourselves at the officers' expense. Then we begin to think of eats. Everybody is hungry, and there are apparently no preparations being made to feed us. We are sorry we have not taken tinned meat and biscuit with us. Doherty tells a Frenchman of our plight and we get a half a loaf of bread from him. It disappears as if by magic. Wait impatiently for the train to start. Every one of the many cars is filled to capacity. It is now a question of providing for the officers. They are bundled into a large lorry. The Major rides in a Ford with the adjutant. Orders given to go, the lorries crank up while we wonder if our lives are safe in their hands. They are off with a safe interval between cars. They go like hell, giving us an awful bumping. We are given to understand that it is a five hour trip to where we are going. Pass through where we are given a hearty cheer by the women. Soon the men on the tail board are white from the road dust. They are queer looking men with white hair, eyelashes and a coating of dust on their noses and around the mouths. In the car it is not so bad, but my eyes and nose smart considerably. We find that these coolies can drive lorries. The train stops outside of to let a railroad train pass. We get off and run into an orchard, which we quickly denude of

green apples. I get enough to give everybody in my car some. They sharpen my appetite. We clamor for something to eat until McLeary and Deys, who have many biscuits as their iron rations, give then up, one to each man. We want more. Going through hilly country now, all sown in grain most of it cut or being cut. All Short stops along the road made where there is nothing to eat to be had. Above which has the marks of the Hun's work on it, and is a pretty busy town, there are signs of German occupation. In one place the forest has been cut down, for the manufacture of wire stakes of which there are hundreds of thousands. Cross the and see lines of trenches, shell holes and battered forests. Down into a beautiful valley. German billeting and direction signs in Cross the at The scenery is as pretty in my estimation as along the Hudson at home. Beautiful villages once, as many on the other side of the river, some of them more fortunate than others, but most of them ruined. There are many rich men's houses of modern construction of varicolored stones and concrete. American troops quartered in which is large enough to have had a trolley car. The men are at mess. We tell them we are hungry and they hold up their mess tins to us as we pass and snatch their bread. See our artillery, ready to move at instant notice, on tractors. Ask a quartermaster truckman to throw us a can of salmon, which he does. We are not faring so badly for food after all. We are fortunate. A hillside scene beyond comparison on the road to A vineyard on the slopes in a semi-circular formation of many kilos. Our men all along the route now. We exchange greetings. In a once wealthy and beautiful city damaged beyond repair. Outside the city are the battle fields with a million shell holes, splintered trees, abandoned ammunition, graves, in the fields and by the roadside. We are all sore and stiff

from bumping. Everybody has a headache. Black very sick. My box of crackers is stolen and eaten. An aviation field on what was only recently German ground, where are their graves and sign posts. Many of our men and machines. We stop on the road. Run over to take a look. A wonderful engine in those I see. They are much smaller than I imagined. All American made. One is trying out its motor. Find that we were being convoyed by aeroplane all through our trip. Pilot getting a relief here. Through and which the Boche has just left. A church smashed to pieces, one of the finest in France; the clock is still going. Next along the battlefield is which proves to be our destination. It is dark as we pull in. A large town, an important one in the recent operations. Surprised to find a few women and civilians about. I cannot imagine where they can live. The streets choked with soldiers. We beg two big loaves of bread and from one shop obtain a can of peaches. March off to our billets, which no one knows how to locate. We turn about in the narrow street. I can see no place where we might sleep indoors. The men ask questions which we answer and we in turn get news of the day's operations and answers from them. We march out of town. Here only 20 kilos behind the lines are men without even a mask on them, which makes us laugh. See the Colonel. Ordered not to muster. The railroad station and tracks destroyed. We stumble and trip over men in the dark. Hear distinctly the sound of an engagement, see the flashes of the guns and the slowly rising flares and artillery signals. Take a very circuitous route to our unknown resting place. Every five feet a shell hole. That is something new. The smell of rotting dead, improperly and hastily buried, or parts of bodies not buried at all. A frightful, fearful thing in the dark. We hold our noses and turn about but the stench comes from all sides. Every few yards we get a whiff of it.

And here we will sleep. Turn into the woods and are told to pitch our tents. I have no pole or pins. Shout for Gillece to come and bunk with me. A long time finding him in the dark. We are not permitted to use lights, an order which is disobeyed by those who have them. I look up into the starlit sky and wonder what will happen. Unroll my pack and with Gillece, make up our bed, two slickers and tent halves on the ground and two blankets and overcoats for covering with our coats on. Gillece has a box of crackers which are eaten. Doherty comes up to join us. Men go for dry rations. We get a can of hash and somehardtack for the three of us and fill our bellies before we get under the blankets. A faint stench greets our nostrils occasionally. We sleep with dead men. Shrapnel under my bed and pillow. The sky lit up by flares and the flash of guns. There is a constant rumbling and booming in the distance, not very far from us, much more than at any of the nights we have spent in the sector or the positions we held around There is probably another gain made by our men. Artillery fire is as constant as in a barrage. Surprised that no guard is stationed around. We have no definite knowledge of how long we will stay here. And, as I have said here before, I have become an admirer of the coolies. They are good workers and generous in the extreme. Theirs is a job of hardships, which they bear smilingly. We have much less spirit than we began with, after observing activity here.

Sun. Aug. 11, 1918

Weather: Fair, Hot

Health: Good

A happy day: The Captain tells me he has recommended me to be one of the men who goes back to the States to instruct in Army Camp on infantry work.

Up at 7:00. The first thing to think about is breakfast. Our own mess is not promised for 11 o'clock, because Doolan the Cook is too tired to get up. Lt. Hepburn goes below calling for him and looking for him, but he cannot be found until some of our men, who know where he has bunked, call him. I find we are not in as dense a forest as I at first thought. We look about for something to eat. Many bugles blowing mess call. Gillice tries to get mess at E Co. taking down two mess kits. He brings back coffee but no hash which is part of their mess. They are not in a generous mood this morning. Lts. also carefully watching the lines. Streeter goes down to E Co.'s line and gets none. I go down and manage to get coffee, but no more. Nothing to do but wait until our mess is ready. I wash and get water. Some men have been roaming about the woods and have picked up little things left behind by the Germans, such as newspapers, tin helmets, cigarette boxes. And then, in the wild scramble for water, which is hard to get, asking the Frenchmen who live in German built barracks a little above us, they get bottles of German mineral water of which 10 or 11 big cases have been left behind in their retreat. Our KPs must go a mile for it to the railroad station. A French water cart is filled up but they refuse to let us take any of it. Then the officers become aware of the rush to the mineral water, which the French give away,

and forbid us to drink it. The French are dining sumptuously. They have ham, boiled, French fried potatoes, cheese, wine and coffee. Besides they have a well stocked larder of bologna, fresh vegetables and tinned stuffs. Our breakfast is ready. We have bacon, prunes raw, hard tack and coffee. We try an innovation which proves a success, by frying the biscuits after soaking them. We get plenty. Explosions heard right of us in the open field, without any warning, whizz or the echo of a gun. It is a continued a mystery to us until we decide that our men are exploding duds of which there are thousands strewn about in the fields. Wandering through the woods, other men discover dugouts and machine gun emplacements, rifles and gas masks. Some potato mashers about, and it is not long before men are reported to have hurt themselves picking up and meddling with things they know nothing about. The officers forbid wandering about or going to town without a pass. Even when going for water the men cannot leave the camp area without a pass. Full equipment must be worn, which as before is a source of discomfort and unruliness among the men. Lt. Bush of .. Co. gives his men a little lecture on the subject, telling them to submit with the best of grace, for only by obedience to the order can they bring about its recall. Aeroplanes are more numerous here than any place we have been in. They fly low enough for the pilot to be seen or so high that they are either invisible or can just barely be seen. All of them, whether Ally or Boche are shelled by anti-aircraft guns as soon as they are within range. The artillery is still peppering away with just the least bit less intensity than during the night, when it is reported, our boys advance eight kilos. Anxious to write but nowhere can I obtain privacy and quiet. Nothing better to do, fall asleep until I hear the rattle of mess kits, which means dinner is ready. Same old roast

beef hash, that I am growing tired of, stewed prunes, hard tack and coffee, which has become a scarce thing lately. After attending to a few little duties around my bunk, I write, lying down in the sun on a blanket. It soon becomes very uncomfortable. Roasting hot and my body becomes stiff from the position I lie in. I must move. Almost as fast as I move the sun follows me. I cannot find shade and comfort near bunk. Constantly interrupted by the throb and boom of aeroplane motors. There is as much traffic in the air as there is on the roads. Force of will enables me to finish my task by supper time. We have more hash, biscuits and coffee. Inclined to take a walk into the hollow where are a lot of German works of interest. There are shelters for riflemen and machine gunners on the slope, so plentiful that it looks like a network of holes. A well was being sunk into the sandy ground, which was half completed when the Boche was forced to run. The sand taken out of the hole is as white as the sand of the beaches of which it reminds me. Little huts built of corrugated iron, built for two, are being occupied by our men. The large barracks, I notice, are of the ready built type, which come shipped complete, ready to set up. Unexploded shells and bombs plentiful among the trees and in the bushes. The Frenchman shows us two big shells and explains to us in where they are inferior to ours. Shell holes plentiful but little evidence of gas having been used. Occasionally the nasty smell of decomposing flesh. I have Gillece's pistol with me and therefore do not wish to stay out long for fear he may wish to use it, so I return and I am informed that the Captain wishes to see me. I cannot imagine what for. There is a smile upon Lt. Cook's face as I draw near and from that I take it I am in for a scolding about something, which is the only thing in connection with me he would find delight in. I salute the Captain, who draws me aside and

tells me he has been asked to send in to headquarters the name of a man whom he thinks should go back to the States, and he has recommended me. I cannot believe my ears. I do not know what to say. I am all atremble. I thank him as best I can. Tell him that I have been very much interested in my work, but would like to go home to see baby and Leah. Go back to where my blankets lie and stare into space and dream of home. I tell nobody of what has happened. Soon the rumor spreads that men from each company are going home; then their names become known. The battalion orderlies, who brought in the orders and took back the names submitted, have spread the news. My name is in everybody's mouth. Some are jealous, others are glad that it is I whom the Captain wishes to send home. I am congratulated on all sides. Pestered to death with the well wishers, when I long to be left alone with Leah, Cecilie and Mama. Kelly and Fleischer, runners, tell me in confidence what I already know. Men want me to take their addresses so that I can visit their folks and take back things with me, for them. Schlesinger makes a very impassioned speech about how he goes into the battle ahead. He is sure of death and wants me to tell his elder brother all about it, have supper at his house and cheer up his mother. I refuse to listen to him. Tell him to follow my example whenever there is a mother's worries to worry about. Accept nobody's commissions or congratulations, for I still cannot believe that I may go home. I cannot believe that a 1st class private will be accorded the privilege and honor of going home to instruct men and why was my name selected. I never was a favorite with the Captain or Lt. C. I lie down, undress, get under the covers. It becomes more quiet. I can hear my name mentioned in the tents near me. Hell breaks loose soon after dark. The sky lit up by flames of white and red light, continuously. The guns go off at intervals of a

tenth of a second, so with my thoughts it will be impossible to sleep the few hours that remain till 3:30, when we must be on the move again. Canteens ordered filled, which is an order that has an ominous import. It seems that we go into the lines. There is the added worry of being killed before the 19th, when the men to go back to the States get under way. The joyous news I have heard and the worry about our next move have the effect of keeping me awake all night. I pray fervently and long that the Lord let me go home to my loved ones, safe and soon. Try hard as I will, I cannot shut my eyes. My brain is too active. I am fully awake. I see and hear everything that goes on. Time goes slowly. The stars are out in full force and I see the wonders of the night. Stars fall to earth and stars rise slowly, vanish into the heavens. Our monitor gun not far from us is fired at regular intervals and the shock is so great that my body seems to rise from the ground with each explosion. I hear the cooks get up, hear them call the bugler later, and once I look behind me and think the forest is aflame from the cook's fire, which I am afraid will be seen and draw a bomb from the enemies' planes. Stars rise and stars fall. All omens are propitious and I am almost certain that I will go home.

Mon. Aug. 12, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Hike 7 Kilos to east of in the woods, and later back again with lift in a lorry

Hop out of bed as soon as the bugle blows, lighthearted and happy. Though I have not slept a wink all night, I do not mind. I am feeling as fresh as a daisy. Mess call blows. I

go towards the kitchen fire, which is my guide, stumbling over tree stumps and matted brush in the dark underfoot. The men of my company are silent. The men of other companies are glad that I go home and congratulate me heartily. In spite of my protests that I am not sure, they all take it for granted that I am the lucky man. Had I but known what lies in store for me! I protest, yes, but I am sure that I will go back on the 19th, for have I not prayed all night and have I not had a thousand omens before me that augured well. I build castles instead of inquiring of the Captain is it possible to send home a private. I am shown consideration by the cook who gives me plenty of bacon, prunes, hard tack and coffee and the men all make way for me and bowing, seeing me already a sergeant or more. Dress by the fire and make up my pack as soon as I get to my blanket. The day breaks. Soon a wonderful purple sunrise tints the sky. Is not such a sunrise a good omen and if all the boys smile when I think of home, does not that mean that I go home? My pack made up. Streetor gives me tobacco. Gillece pays a debt that he owes me. That annoys me. We form at 5 and march to the road. I can walk 20 miles to-day, with a pack on my back. Out on the road we wait for E and F Cos. to assemble and march behind us. In front is a plain, which under a veil of mist looks like a sea in the morning quiet. Piles of shells at regular intervals on the road, which the Boche left behind in his hurried flight. Shells packed in wicker cases, thousands of feet of narrow gauge railroad track, tools, etc. "Duds" all over the place. At 5:15 we are off. Pass a German ammunition dump, the largest ever seen. More than a million shells of all sizes and kinds are here. The system of camouflage employed something new. Readily see its effectiveness. Old abandoned guns, helmets, cartridges, articles of clothing, cookers, limbers. We march openly across the plain in full view of

the enemy, if he is looking. Over the battlefield where are evidences of the struggle everywhere, the crops of wheat ruined, the graves of Germans in the fields and by the road, the ground pitted with shell holes. Mounds of earth from which comes a terrible stench. Rotting remains of horses and humans underneath, or perhaps in the grain where they fell unnoticed. The crows which rise from the fields at our approach in such great numbers, probably disclose where men and horses rot in the hot sun. After passing a piece of road which smells, the fresh air seems good and it is a relief to breathe again. One cannot hold one's breath too long. Simpson, who marches beside me, can talk of nothing but my good fortune, till I doubt if it is well to be so sure of the visit I may pay Leah, Cecilie and Mama. I ask him to change the subject of conversation. We come to a bar across the road. The Lieutenant runs ahead to reconnoiter. There is a bridge, which has been blown up and destroyed. We think it spans a river flowing through a deep cut. The Major commands "Forward" and I see myself wading through water. I pity the Major's well-polished boots and natty uniform. For myself, I don't care. Nothing matters now. We march up to the bank. It is a railroad cut 40 ft. deep with a 60 degree angle. A precarious descent which the Major makes over the broken rock of the fallen span. I follow his path instead of going down the grassy slope where there is no footpath. Danger of exploding bombs among the rocks, German bombs which lie strewn around promiscuously in large numbers. Those who follow are ordered not to cross over the rocks. The Major stands on the bank on the other side directing the Capt. as to how to bring over his men, while I take the tiring, hot, steep climb up with a heavy pack on my back. It will take more than a half hour to bring all the men across, which we who were lucky to lead the column will enjoy by resting.

On the other side an ammunition dump blown up, shells spread all over the terrain. Rest for a long time at the crossroads while we watch aeroplane battles, see them manoeuvre as they are shelled from the ground; admire the courage of the aviators. Our big guns being drawn on rubber-tired trucks to take up new positions further ahead to keep up with the advancing infantry. We are off again, passing by anti-aircraft guns mounted behind camouflaged shelters on the plains, and heavy artillery quite close to us, yet which we cannot locate accurately. The crash as they go off, sometimes more than one at a time, hurts my eardrums so that I cannot hear. The concussion shakes us up pretty well. Through going east into the woods. We halt and rest in a sheltered spot for an hour, while a camp site is being looked up by the officers. Two Germans lie buried near us and it smells when the wind blows in our direction. Try to sleep but I cannot. There is too much noise from the artillery, which is below us now, and besides I am on my way home. A site found, we march to it, stack arms and remove equipment, lie around in horse dung and hay wondering about dinner. Some hard tack about the men, which is divided up. Lt. orders two men back to where three companies are, without packs, so that they may lead them in, in the afternoon. Then a corporal and two privates rise to go back to Regimental Hdqrs. to wait till the 1st and 3rd battalions come up in from 1 to 5 days. Sgt. sends me on the party as I will soon leave them. Take my pack and go back with Doherty and McCleary. Meet Moss, company clerk. He is not so cordial as yesterday. Meet Cpl. Rist, who congratulates me and shakes my hand. On the road to wait for 3 men, whom Moss is sending back. They do not appear, so we go off without them in a fierce hot blistering sun. No lorry to give us a lift. A dead horse in a ditch by the roadside to offend us. Get a lift in an ambulance to near

the YMCA warehouse. They do not sell at retail, but we convince the men that we are hungry, so we get a box of crackers each. Walk for a while in the road, dusty and red hot. A lorry gives us a lift. I lose my helmet and almost my life getting on. To the devil with the helmet. I will get another, somewhere, so I do not bother getting off to recover it. I value the ride more. Two men from the outfit we relieve are in the car. They tell of their hardships. 30 days in the line, nothing to eat, no water, not properly clothed. Tell how they drove the huns and how it cost them about 60% of the men. They steal a tin of bully beef from the chauffeur's iron ration, so hungry are they. Get off in and find Headquarters after a little difficulty. Scout about for something to eat and get bully beef hash, bread and coffee with Hdqrs. Company. The colonel sends Corp. Doherty back again with a message to Major Budd in a side car, fortunately for Doc. We hang around till supper. Macaroni, some hash, bread, coffee. Doherty comes back. I am writing. Bougartz comes with a message to the Colonel. It is that the Captain wants to replace Corp. Rist's name with Sgt. Burley's name as the man who goes home. This means that Rist, the man who shook hands with me, honestly glad that I go home, has been substituted for me and I can see why. My Captain again at fault and he cannot pay the debt he owes me. He did not know enough to make me a non-com for the occasion. I am dumb and dejected, sad and mad. Rist's name has already been submitted and the Colonel will not substitute another. I am glad for Rist's sake. I am not jealous. It is my Captain's fault and my own for not questioning the point in doubt - my rank. Not yet will I see Leah and Cecilie and Mama. I will wait and trust in God. He knows. It is His will. I write until dark. Pitch a tent with Doherty in the dark. We have no pins, no poles. A comical situation, an awful job. One

minute we laugh, the next we swear. Bayonets, bolos, trench twines, wire, pins made out of twigs and an old badger shoe (McCleary's) play a part. Go to bed sweating from the exertion. I say my prayers. "His will Be Done." A wild night on the battlefield. I cannot sleep. I curse every man who fires a gun. Even myself, if I ever do. Restless and awake all night. The guns are thunder, the flares are lightning, the rain is shrapnel. Why do men do it? Why do they kill? Why do they destroy? I have no courage to-night. No will to live. Then think of Leah and Cecilie. I must not despair. 2 of our OB's brought down in flames.

Tue. Aug. 13, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 6:00. During the night I have thought of talking to the Colonel about myself. Breakfast. Hash, bread, coffee. Must bolt my food to get back to my tent in a hurry. They are waiting for me to get out on a manoeuver with Hdqrs. company, as a runner representing the Battalion. The Colonel's orders. He has tired of seeing us idle and lounge. I am in bad temper. I am thinking of what might have been. I don't care what happens to me, and then I think of Leah and Cecilie and Mama and I brace up. The youngest Lt. in the regiment is in charge of the liaison arrangements. He has a good imagination. The field beyond the railroad track is the battlefield. The railroad signalman's tower and house is the signal receiving station. I am a runner who will relay messages to Headquarters. My post quarter mile distant from the next. Loaf a half hour till the game is staged, sitting by the well, talking to the Frenchman who fills my canteen. A message for me to take to the next post. Get there as

fast as I can and return leisurely. Waiting for further work to come my way, I watch aeroplane battles and shelling of the Boche planes which are attempting to come over. Probably observing manoeuvres we are executing. Orders come to stop the game and prepare to move. Back to my tent with the other men. Doherty has no orders. Lie down in order to write a letter to Mama, which I will keep about me until I can mail it. A tank load of mail comes in, but we do not know if it is destined for us. Everybody questions. All of us are beginning to miss the letters from home. Bothered by flies. Rig up a contrivance to swing from the roof of our tent and force them out. Talk to Doherty who is also writing home, under the shade of our tent, till time for dinner. The sky is clear blue against which aeroplanes cannot be seen. Their motors can be heard all morning, as can the exploding shells in the air. Many and many machines of both sides up and being shelled. None brought down as far as we can learn. Dinner. Canned salmon, string beans, hardtack, coffee. Newspaper man comes. We get rations for to-night's supper. Orders come to strike tents at 2 o'clock. Get busy immediately. That done, read the newspaper, which gives no news of importance in connection with this front, except that the has been crossed by our men. Lie in the sun which is so hot that it burns. Try to sleep but the flies will not permit. Put a coat over my face and hands. It becomes altogether too hot. Officers are new. McCleary helps to load truck. I am permitted to sleep until the loading is complete. The Colonel permits the men to drink bottled mineral water, which otherwise he could have left behind. It is the same stuff we were warned not to drink yesterday. We get under way with Lt. Haas leading. He is new to me. Makes a poor impression, being too exact about makeup of our packs. We halt for a while to let a machine gun procession pass by.

Off by the long road. Not long before the perspiration pours from me in a stream. We fall out in a high spot, where there is a cool breeze blowing. Where I would like to stop for fifteen minutes or so, we are given only five scant, before the lunatic, who leads the fast march, has us going again. Much German equipment and munitions scattered about in the woods, wagons, limbers, etc. Through a sandy road in the wood where the walking is extremely hard. Dust clogs my nostrils and parches my throat. For the next rest, we are treated more generously, getting ten minutes, quite necessary, for there is a big hill to climb. It looks as though we are being led all over the countryside. The Lt., as I suspect, does not know the road to where he is going. He asks two French wagoners. We climb up a big hill going around instead of across its crest, into the road leading into the forest, where the scouts rested yesterday morning. Instead of halting here or near this point, we go on up the road and then downhill again into Pass a dead horse in the square. Nothing left but the skeleton, which smells horribly in the heat of the fierce sun. This is what American soldiers in the town have for company. I am beginning to ask myself what of the vaunted superiority of the Americans in the matter of sanitation in his army camps. British headquarters is here, not so far away for the smell of horse not to be evident and what potency is lost, account of the distance, is made up for by the pile of putrid garbage in the gate of the house across the street. Here are all the dignitaries of the army that I know, and a few lazy ones. The Colonel is there. It looks like the regimental headquarters is to be established here. Find Doherty, who has been marching near the head of the column, and we ridicule the Lt. for the roundabout road on which he has conducted our march. But it is not over yet. Find to our disgust we do not halt here. Our home will be in the woods on the heights we

just came down from. We swear heartily on the tiresome, tortuous climb uphill. More confusion until we are led into the path in the wood. Fifty yds. in we are halted and told to fall out, while our brilliant leader reconnoiters for a camp site. That is not of itself a laughable display of judgment, but, consider, we are resting where the bones of two or three horses decay in the sun. Our odors are fitting with the strength of the odor. We have taken our packs off and in five minutes they must be slung again to march for another half hour. We find the camp site, which is where the horse corral once was. There are German dugouts galore, little narrow trenches about a foot deep to accommodate from one to three men. These do not appeal to me. It reminds me too much of sleeping in a grave. Looking about for a tent site, we find some German newspapers, very evident misrepresentation of the war situation being the keynote of each editorial. I read the paper while Mac and Doherty look for a tent site. We will all bunk together. Growing dark we complete the construction of our abode for the night. What an old fuss Mac is for a boy. Everything must be just so and to his liking or it calls for a long speech from him. Next comes the question of food. Coffee is promised for 9 o'clock. The emergency rations we brought with us will have to be consumed, as it is too late to cook anything. This ration consists of a can of beans for eight men and a few biscuits apiece. We dig up eight men, who beg a can of beans before the man in charge of rations is quite ready to give them up. Procure our mess after an eloquent plea. It gives each of us only a few spoonfuls of beans. Ask Sgt. Roth particulars of order to send men back to the States and learn that it was not necessary to recommend a non-com. I could have been promoted for the orders, I am told by Sgt. Roth, who is an authority on army orders and paper work. That is another point of knowledge, the neglect to acquaint myself

with, has worked to my disadvantage. I might have suggested that I be promoted or inquired of the Captain if I was to be promoted first. I am sad. Extremely sad. We are going into battle when I might be on my way home, perhaps. At nine o'clock we have coffee. After being sent back for my cartridge belt when almost to the kitchen. Then it is so dark that we cannot find our tent for some time. To bed without a much desired smoke, being afraid to light a match. Hell breaks loose soon after Mac has fussed himself to sleep. Doherty almost as bad. Both are so nervous that I must order them to sleep. An aeroplane out for destruction is above us. I do not much care what happens until I say my prayers, which gives me fresh courage. Barrages and shelling in addition to the Boche's work. He drops his bombs near us it seems. The morning will tell. Sleep fitfully. At two o'clock a gas alarm. consternation. I cannot find my mask for the time it takes me to take two breaths. A lot of excitement and no gas. Doherty, the most nervous man I ever met for a man who says his prayers as I know he does. When the turmoil is over, we sleep again. I wonder who it is that is gaining ground in the barrage.

Wed. Aug. 14, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Fair, Very Tired

*Into the Valley of Death and
Desolation.*

*Hike about 50 Kilos during the day.
Some men are killed at the edge of the
wood by the bombs the Boche dropped
last night. Horses killed and equipment
damaged.*

Up at 7:00. Breakfast with HQ Co. Uncooked

bacon, bread, coffee. Meet some of the men who were left behind where we embarked on the lorry train for this part of the country. With Lt. Stevens in charge, they have hiked as many as 25 kilos a day with little food and rest and no medical attendance. They are foot-sore and sore at heart over the fact that they were not permitted to travel with us. I make an attempt to lead McFinch back to my tent to see Doherty. The length of the trip is too much for Mac. He turns back. I wash and take a short nap, as far as the heat and flies will permit. The tent is so hot that it has to be camouflaged with boughs to keep the sun out. I lie on my stomach to read some old letters of Leah's and I write for the remainder of the morning. Dinner a wonderful one. We have beef stew, bread pudding and coffee. I scrape the pan which contained the pudding. There is crust on the sides and bottom. Another man employed similarly. I ask him what my wife would say if she could see me now. Millions of flies which have feasted on dead men and horses share my meal with me. It almost takes away all desire to eat. When I pass a pile of rotting bones, my stomach feels as though it will give up its contents. The smell is constantly in my nose, though I am far away from the source. Take a nap again. Write until 1 o'clock. Then Cpl. Doherty calls me to take a message to 2nd Batt. Hdqrs. Regrets that he cannot get me a bicycle. I am glad that is the case. I prefer to ride in lorries than to push a bicycle uphill. I have time to myself, a pleasant afternoon hiking and riding about the country. No one knows where it is that I have to go. The name of the place is and the direction I am to take is shown me on a map. With the aid of signposts, in addition to that, I will get there. Cut short Doherty's fears and leave. Walk along the dusty hot road reading the papers I carry, a thing I always do to be able to deliver the message verbally in case the papers are lost or I am hurt. Also, anxious to see if they

contain something in reference to the men who go home. Ask MP if I am on the right road, so as to guide me. Every few hundred yards, I must stop breathing or faint from the stench. There are dead horses and decay everywhere. A ration wagon comes, going to give me a lift as far as the foot of the first hill. D Company living in funk holes by the roadside. I meet Jacobson and tell him of my fortune, which was not destined for me after all. Now I do not know which way to turn. There are three roads and no signposts. Stop into a circular hut, where are some men and G Co.'s packs, to enquire for 2nd Batt. Hdqrs. They direct me along a path which is in a different direction from the instructions the last signpost gave. I am puzzled and stay to argue the matter. The warning hiss of an onrushing shell. I hide behind a barricade of packs and pray. The shrapnel falls all around us. Four or five shells are sent. This will be no picnic for me, but I must go on with important papers. I hurry up the hill to the farmhouse where the kitchens are. Perhaps I may find the Major or his adjutant there. They visit occasionally. On the way, there is a horse killed last night. Others dead many days, perhaps weeks. Unfortunately, I cannot hold my breath long enough to pass. I shudder and shiver at what is ahead of me. Four large farmhouses in a square with a courtyard in the center. Battalion staff there, but no officers. I must go further. Up a hill which is being raked by shell fire, because one of our batteries is there. Along a path in the wood and then for more than a mile under observation and at the mercy of snipers and shells. I think of home and Leah and Cecilie and Mama and say a prayer for the Lord to get me through safely. I find courage. See Gillice and Wade in the yard. They tell me what road I must follow and where hell is. I must pass dead men. They unnerve me. They are pale as death themselves. They have been sent for rations. I hold it is not right to risk

men's lives for the sake of something to eat. While I talk to them, the shells break on the hill ahead. A crash and the whistle of flying shrapnel. How can I get through? I hesitate. I ask if anybody goes my way. I do not want to die alone. Another man to go with me. He is badly scared too. We start for the hill in the fire. Rush up the hill as fast as I can. The other man sets the pace. He is tired, having been going for 24 hours. His slowness irritates me. It may mean death to me. I am trembling now with the knowledge that Sgt. Greenstein and Wedies were killed on this road last night and Sergeant and Vandenberg were seriously wounded by a single shell. In my ears rings the cry of the man, whose leg was just now torn and mangled. I heard him as I passed the first aid station in the farmhouse, where F Co. men lie dead and others are wounded. The man I am with is carrying rations too. In the wood I breathe easier. I think it is a safe place, not knowing how many men were killed here in the last few days. I offer to relieve my companion of part of his burden, so that he will travel faster. The shells break around us. We hug the earth when we hear them. Out of the woods and now we must travel at the mercy of the Boche. He can see us every inch of the way. It is not safe to proceed. Below and behind us the earth is being torn up. We lie flat and wait. I want to go on. I prevail. It is worse to wait for death than face it. Three men come up. They must travel the same road as we. Let them lead the way. We follow as soon as the planes that watch us are out of hearing. Make a rush for the men. The other man too tired to run. Against my will I go as slowly as he. I do not know the road. Surprised to find I am still alive, whenever I think of life or death. Into the valley by way of a gully. Two men on post in a funk hole. Ranier there too, on his way back to farmhouse. He looks like an animal. Stop to catch our breath and cool off. On down a narrow path, down and down

we run, past a dead horse, two dixies of beans, which also tell a story and then two dead men, one on each side of the road. Black from decay. Dead a long time. A million flies on them, which will perhaps eat our food soon. How they smell! I am braver as I pass them than I thought I would be. Down into the village, where there is more death. Fritz can look right into the main street and sees our every movement. We must run like mad. Stones, mud and water from an overflowing well follow us down hill. Here is destruction. Not a soul to be seen. The smell of the dead. Every house torn down and piled in the middle of the street. We must clamber over pieces of wreckage. More men rotting in the sun, one stretched out in the yard of a ruined church. One ambulance and a brave driver ready to take the wounded out when the opportunity offers. To the right, down into a cellar, where is the Major, Capt. McM. and Lt. McD., Kidde, and Lt., Griffiths, the Battalion staff. I deliver my message. I am questioned. Scolded for having taken so long to come. The officers are eating. Fifty million flies buzz and crawl. Breathless. Sick men all around me. Lt. McDougall wants news. I give him what I have. The Captain calls me aside and tells me he is sorry that I cannot go home. I will get a chance again if it is in his power to give it to me. I almost cry but I am not sorry. My deference has been a big one. There is a message to go back at once. Say goodbye informally. Run away from death and destruction. Again I must pass the shelter before I can get out of the village. How I dread to pass the dead men. There I must rest on that hill almost dead from exhaustion. Across the open field while planes are up. High explosives break directly over my head. Frightened. Run until my heart almost bursts. I cannot breathe. Safe in the woods. Safely out. Down the hill into the farmhouse, where the kitchen is, shaken in nerves and mind. I tell

what I have seen. Get a red hot cup of coffee. Fill my canteen with it too. Take a can of bully beef and some crackers. Surprised that I think of food. Off again down the road. Five minutes after I leave the farm a hundred shells break on the hill behind it. With an officer and a Y man, I hug the earth. Shell fragments fall within two inches of me. I look and I am afraid. I pray for death. Wish I am wounded to end it all and then ask to be spared. I decide to run for the nearby road. Make it safely. See Jacobsen again. Have him follow me while I talk to him. Outside of I get a lift in a lorry to home. I am happy. Find we are moving. Talk, drink coffee, eat. My pack has been rolled for me and will be taken on a limber. Orders that I must go back to Batt. Hdqrs. I am too dazed to think. I do not protest. Take my sentence in silence. No hope for life now. Out on the road in the dark. Pass marching men. A lift in a lorry filled with grenades. Walk again. Our batteries sending a barrage. C Co. moving up. I fall in with them. I am on my belly every minute. Our men shell-shocked, trembling, crying. Manage to get to the farmhouse. Men have been hurt after I last left up the hill into the woods where I am lost. Wander about much on my belly. Meet F Co. Men trying to get down into to relieve another Co. I cannot think. I cannot talk coherently. No one can help me and I have an important message which I have made up my mind to get through. Stumble about; question men whom I cannot see. For an hour I wander. Once I smell gas. Hide in a dugout. Find a way out. Take with me the man who is trying to guide F Co. He is too frightened to follow, too frightened to turn back. Another manikin on my hands. Meet E Co. Stop to question. Gas is encountered. Shake again and bless Rubin for rolling the pack. Go on, calling to my companion constantly by a wrong name. Take mask off. Smell something like horse radish, but it does not kill as I understand.

Hesitate. Put on my mask again. Meet H. Co. walking without masks. Order them to put them on. Five men and a Sergeant also without masks. The men are slightly wounded and are being taken to the first aid station in the village. Hard to see with my mask on. Two fires on the horizon. One is distant where the German guns flash and the flares come from. The other in the village where I can see the forms of men silhouetted against it. The dead men do not smell when I have the mask on. They are used as landmarks. We do not run. The gas is strong in the village. A hard time finding headquarters. The fire is in the first aid station of the 300th. Shelling the cause. In the Major's dugout are a swarm of men on the floor all with masks on. Deliver my message. Lie down on the floor, everybody sneezing and coughing. Some vomiting. The village has been an inferno for hours. Some shells have hit the roof of the house but the cellar is as strong as a block house. Hughs, our gas NCO, without a mask, is warning everybody to wear theirs. Everybody excited. I feel the effects of what I have inhaled. It is 2 o'clock, five hours since I got the message, which I do not think was important. Shelling has ceased.

Thurs. Aug. 15, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Fair, Very Tired

Gassed

I sit on the floor with the rest of them.

Sometimes with my mask off, sometimes on. I try to sleep in it. It grows light. Ordered out of the dugout so that a fire can be built to burn up the gas, and that the gas and flies can be fanned out. Little Jake Allen cannot stand on his feet, nor can Bowring. Others fighting with themselves to bear up. Stretchers are procured

and Allen and Bowring taken to first aid. Other men taken down the street in the lull that prevails. Driven downstairs again by shells falling into the village. Mask off for a while. The dugout quickly fills with gas. Hessler working hard to clear it, all the time with his mask off. When we take ours off we leave the mouth and nose pieces adjusted. The air is occasionally pure depending on the wind, but gas and the smell of dead men across the street prevails. Not a wink of sleep yet. Report of casualties soon in. G Co. suffered heavily from gas and shells, 2 men dead and buried. E Co. stayed in the woods. The men who came down with me sent back with another guide, H. Co. all gassed. C Co. men gassed and wounded by shells. A costly relief. All the scouts and Headquarters from the Major down are gassed. They will feel the full effect of it to-morrow and to-night. Our guns are busy now. Getting the best of the deal. Men trying to sleep on the dugout floor. No room for me. I want to sleep too. The only way is to go back to Rgtl. Hdqrs. Jorgensen and Kennedy are going to F Co., in the woods where I left them last night. It is on my way back and they do not know the road, so I volunteer to show them the way. We go out quickly, run up the hill past the dead. Rest in funk hole before I go out in the open. The men complain of the danger and the pace I set. We are not fired upon by shells, but I can hear the bullets of snipers whisk past. By the roadside 6 men carrying stretcher with big Krause in it. His leg torn by a shell fragment. Seriously wounded, a brave lad. Meet Coyle in the woods going to the infirmary. With him is Greenstein, badly shell shocked. O'Keefe gassed and Coyle himself in bad shape from gas. Coyle tells me Longinotti's arm has been blown off, Schein hurt, Russey gassed and a dozen others with minor injuries. Rest for a time in the woods. Attacked with cramps. Through the woods and into the cluster of big

guns behind it. Down the hill to the farmhouse. The slope is pitted with holes made after I left yesterday afternoon. Get further reports of casualties. Hdqrs. has established a kitchen here too. I beg for some bread and jam while thinking that E kitchen has moved out. My wits are dull. Get a cup of hot coffee too. Lie down on another man's bunk with his towel over my face to protect me against the flies in the big barn. I sleep a few hours. Move to another barn later. An air battle directly over us. We seek shelter. The Hun is driven off by ack G and superior force, but he knows the location of our kitchens. Sleep fitfully in a daze, my body twitching nervously, until mess time. Wounded men taken away in ambulance. Dinner. Steak, cabbage, bread pudding, coffee. Do things automatically. See Doherty, who takes me back with Lt. Woods to where Rgtl. Hdqrs. are. I find my pack. Lie down in a stinking barn with a hot slicker over my head to guard against flies. Badly stiffened, sore, dopey. Awakened by Doherty to take a message. I refuse to go back to Batt. Hdqrs. A long argument with him. I do not reason or I would not have refused to go; it seems like a form of hysteria comes over me now. I protest that McLeary should go. Doherty heeds my suggestion. Fritz begins shelling the town now. Get supper in the detachment kitchen around the corner. Some of our big guns are firing. They are quite near. The house in which supper is being served rocks as though it were coming down around our ears at any moment. Supper. Potatoes, canned roast beef, bread and coffee. Learn that a new liaison system has been established. Messages will be relayed by 4 posts to Batt. Hdqrs. Now only necessary for me to take messages to Post 1, where Mac will be stationed, near the Red Cross ambulances on the road outside the town. Pleased at the prospect of not having to pass dead men. Arrange for bunk space in

room next to the street. A message comes which must go to the farmhouse instead of Post 1. The Sgt. wishes to make sure they are relayed from there. Full of fear about going up. Shelling all around us, mostly behind Rgtl. Hdqrs., where our big guns are. Fritz is on to their position. The shell fragments rain down upon us. Some fall in front of us and across the street. The Colonel outside without even a helmet for protection. My message is probably only a dummy. I am well on my way when I am recalled to get and deliver a real message and important papers. Some close calls from flying steel. Hurry as fast as I can to the farm. It is growing dark, the time Fritz picks for doing his worst and again I want to get back to sleep if I can. All in when I reach the farm. Arrangements for relay are there. Messages are forwarded from there. On my way back. Shelling ahead of me. Get into town as a Boche plane appears overhead. Find shelter in YMCA, where I buy tobacco, matches and gum. Cannot leave for some time. MPs order everyone inside while the Boche is being shelled. I am anxious to get to quarters, so I disobey orders and skirting the walls of the battered houses, I wend my way towards home amid a rain of steel. Halt every time I hear a missile whistling towards earth. When the shell breaks, I hug the earth, listening to the shell fragments striking upon the house—tops or landing in the road. As I arrive near my quarters, a bursting shell sends a shower of death close to the men standing in the doorway. Doherty comes within an inch of being hit. A piece weighing more than two pounds falls directly in front of our threshold. I remain indoors from then on. Lie down on the hard floor and endeavor, by smoking and relaxation, to quiet my nerves. That is impossible. The building itself is as nervous as I. Our own guns and Fritz's shelling rock the rickety structure during my hour. The door and the window frames rattle. Sgt. Murray has

another message to go out at 9:30, after I have removed my leggings for comfort. Doherty offers to take it up. I marvel at his sudden display of energy and consideration. Before he can start, it is announced we are relieved from duty by Lt. Kidde and ordered to report back to Batt. Hdqrs. at, where are the dead men. I do not propose to go back there tonight nor does Doherty. No, not for the General himself would I go out. Doherty travels the relay to Post 1. I say some very fervent prayers for it seems to me that the farm will be entirely destroyed before morning. Prayers are a great relief to the mind. I can think now. I wonder why it is that we are kept here to be gradually killed off or sent to the hospital with bad wounds, without a chance to fight for our lives. The shell is cowardly. We cannot combat it. They come too fast to dodge and all that is left is to wait for death. I would not care if it came were it not for my loved ones. Because I have them, I trust in God to save me. I would be glad to fight, face to face with an enemy the sight of whom would give me courage. Strange to say, I do not regret or think seemly about the trip home, which I nearly was rewarded with. I would like to come home with tales of to-day and tomorrow and how the Lord and Leah's love saw me safely through the inferno. Thinking these thoughts, shifting from courageous to fearsome, I doze off. Doherty comes back swearing to himself that the easy snap he has had will be over, but to me one place where there are shells is no worse than another. The gun duels increase in intensity, with no rest for us. We are tossed about with the racking of the earth and the booming. An aeroplane comes and drops a load of bombs into the other end of town, taking a large toll. Big caliber shells drop as close as 25 yds. from us. So close that they shock me badly. My mind is clear now but my nerves are all on edge and I cannot sleep a wink for an hour or more when fatigue

again becomes imperative and puts me to sleep. Not long before gas shells come over. I hear the alarm and adjust my mask. Ordered off again in a few minutes. Lie awake and find myself listening once more to the battle in which men die without having had a chance to defend themselves. There is a great commotion directly at our door. Something heavy is being pulled by men. They sing out as they heave, like the longshoremen at home. I wonder what it is. It occurs to me that our immense naval guns are coming in under cover of the darkness to take their positions. It is a horse, which has been wounded so badly by a shell fragment that it has to be shot and is now being dragged over the wall of a razed house into the ditch to be off the road and to rot in the sun and breed a billion flies. After that the transport moves on and there is comparative quiet until another gas alarm is sounded. I do not mind that. I remark the guard only smells powder. Wait for a second warning. None comes. I fall asleep amid all the noise that follows and in spite of the shaking of the building. My eyes are bad from the effects of the gas, my throat is becoming sore, my legs are played out and stiff from the work they have done in the last hours. I know I will be sick in the morning. Another gas alarm. Shelling until day break.

Fri. Aug. 16, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Suffering from effects of gas

Up at 8, nauseous, eyes glassy and red, throat sore and lungs congested, no appetite. Cough and blow my nose continuously. Weak in general. Little ambition to roll my pack and hike with it on my back. Wash and shave, which helps freshen me a bit. Go scouting about for a cup of coffee, which is all I care to eat. Our kitchen has none. They

have received no ration and will have cabbage and potatoes from native garden in about an hour. I roll my pack so that I can take with me to Batt. Hdqrs. an overcoat, slicker, towel, toilet bag, my sweater. The rest is in my tent half. Have a hard time to eat my mess. At 11, everybody ready to start for the farmhouse, where we will stop for dinner. Fritz is quiet all morning. He has done very little while out in this area. Difficult for me to climb the hill to the farmhouse. My wind is extremely poor. I am afraid I will decline rapidly from now on, according to what I have been told of the effects of gas. Take off my pack in the E Co.'s kitchen, where I get a slice of bread with butter and a cup of hot coffee, which is sufficient for my dinner. I am urged to take steak and other things, but I have no appetite. I am told that during the night Fritz put a shell into the barn, where E Co.'s work detail was asleep and blinded two or three of our men and put fourteen of them in the hospital. Varying reports of the damage done. I go to the infirmary where I am treated. I am given a drink of ammonia and water, some ammonia to inhale. My eyes bathed with a solution of bicarbonate of soda, which is also applied to a few burns on my face. See one man terribly blistered from the mustard gas, all over his body. In five minutes I feel fresh as a daisy. I expected to be sent to the hospital. The doctor wants to know if I am blind. As long as I can see I am fit for duty. The men wait impatiently for me. I go back to the kitchen, taking off my mess kit carrier from my pack and with that make into a bundle the other things I mean to carry into the lines with me. A bulky load, not very heavy. We are off. I know the way better than the others. Levine, Mac and Doherty put me in command. That leaves me in a state where personal fear is entirely forgotten. I have the lives of others on my hands. No time for thoughts of self. Not a shell from Fritz all the way up the hill to the woods. Lead the men

safely through the woods. There we halt for a rest. Doherty white with fear. Mac nervous. I am quite calm. Across the field as quickly as I can travel, without a mishap or incident. Rest in a funk hole. Two runners with a message come down. There is a post two or three holes further on, where the message is delivered for relay. I permit the relay to get away first. I follow with my command. Past the dead horse and the spilled beans before Fritz spies us and sends a few shells for us. His range is long. With the first one, I hug the earth, with the second we run into the bushes. The men huddle together. I order them to spread out. Put my bundle on my back to act as a shock absorber if fragments fall on me. It is a foot thick of cloth, excellent for the purpose. Fragments fall close to us. Since his range is long, I want to move forward. I collect my brood and we run down the hill past the dead men, entirely out of range. Almost fall where the water overflows. Afraid Fritz will get us at this point with machine gun fire. Do not stop until we are safe in our dugout. Only three men are there. Headquarters have moved down the street. The three men present are very sick. The Major is just sent to the hospital. He is in a bad state. Every member of the Hdqrs. detachment has gone or is going to the hospital. All of E Co.'s scouts and many others. Only ten of us left, including we three, who just came. All of H Co. but 2 men are in the hospital. Many casualties from shell fire during the night and day. Griffiths and Capt. McMurtry running the Battalion. Griffiths in bad shape. He hangs on gamely. The bravest man I ever met. I am wringing wet all over. If gas were to come now, I would be burnt to a cinder. Fan myself to dry a bit. There is cold coffee and bread to eat on which a billion flies have already feasted. The Major has left behind a bundle of cigars which we sample. Lie down in the dirt in an effort get some sleep. Lt Griffiths comes in to get two fresh

men to go with him on a mission. G Company platoon and Hdqrs. is ordered with Colonel to move up on the heights to get out of this hole where the gas hangs so long. We must reconnoiter for a position, dangerous work in the daytime. Doherty tries to get out of it, but the Lt. orders him to follow. We run through the streets and up the slope under the shelter of the brush and woods. In a short while my lungs are ready to burst. I pant so, must lie down to rest. Whole body heaving. Up three terraces where we find a suitable spot for the retreat. Rest there and return to our quarters faster than we came up. Not a shot fired at us. We must wait until dark and orders to move. Wetter than before. Beg that the candle be put out to get relief from the flies. Doherty makes life miserable with his nervous worries about the light and the curtain. Lie down on a chaise lounge. A little after dark the liaison platoon of G comes trooping into our dugout, where it is pitch dark and no one can see. The seething mass sit on each other and curse in all languages. I am far away from my equipment at the other end of the cellar. Lt. comes, orders us up. I make a frantic effort to get my things, tiring myself out completely, even before I start. Lt. leads a quick march up the hill. Soon he drops back to let Doherty guide the column up. I press forward. We halt the men on the 2nd terrace by mistake. Then move up one more. String out men and tell them to dig in. Lt. comes and changes plans, taking all of the men into the little hollow intended for Hdqrs. We begin to dig in. Revel in a pile of dung. My imagination plays tricks. Think I am digging my grave or disturbing the grave of another. Not five minutes after the task is begun we are shelled. He must have seen us in the moonlight overseeing the orchard. He fires short. Fall prone as each shell comes hissing towards us. Steel drops a foot away from us twice. Then the Lt. calls me. Wants me to go back to the village to Hdqrs. to wait for a

ration detail. Take another man with me to bring back two G men for the purpose of acquainting them with position so they can form a liaison group. I go back for my coat and arms. Hesitate a moment before I return to the Lt. which saves my life probably, for had I been that much further advanced on my return to where he was I would have been struck squarely on the head by a pound piece of steel. Say a prayer of thanks. Lt. cautions me to duck when I hear a shell coming. I do not heed his warning. I run and flop alternately. It is getting hot. Make the village in safety. Fill up my canteen at the pump. Man looking for aid for an engineer, badly wounded. Two ambulances ready to take casualties out. Argue with my companion in center of the street, ordering him to proceed with his mission, which he will not do. I get into a dugout as three shells explode behind me, sending a shower of debris into the door and down the steps after me. A barrage of at least a thousand shells follows H Co. and plenty of gas. The town and the whole hillside is raked by the fire, shaken up considerably. My mask on and off. The ration detail comes to report. Later Lt. Griffiths, who brings down a party of L. Co., which has taken up a position near us on the hill, for water. We go to Batt. Hdqrs. Lt. arranges about rations. An E Co. detail tells me Atha and Kinlen have shot themselves while cleaning their pistols, slight foot wounds. I am left behind to bring an E and F man up in morning. Glad to be left, where there is shelter. I tell of my experiences to a sergeant, not knowing that Lt. Godfry and Captain of the 3rd Batt. are asleep there. There is occasion for them to wake up. A conversation follows which I will remember for the rest of my days. Try to help them but they do not take my advice. I lie down to sleep on a mattress. Sleep for three hours, soundly. Sergeant kind enough to give me something to eat. There is plenty of ration but difficult to

carry it in the lines. Lt. Cook comes in looking like a lunatic. He was up in the hill with Hdqrs. They were shelled out and wounded soon after I left or as soon as the company took on position. Lt. Case badly wounded with other men and Lt. Guerst was killed. Most everybody shell-shocked and he fears for the safety of Lt. Griffiths and Capt. McMurtry, who were with him. The men had to move to another sector unknown to us. I am worried.

Sat. Aug. 17, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Suffering effects of gas

Cpl. Rist comes out of the lines in safety to start on his way back to the States on the mission that I was originally recommended for.

A complaint by the men in the lines that our own artillery is firing short upon them. It cannot be ascertained which battery is to blame.

My throat is sore, my eyes smart, breathing is difficult. I feel nauseous, very tired and little inclined to work. In this state of health it is quite natural that I should feel morbid and easily worried. No men from either E or F Co. has shown up to draw rations. Daylight not the time to get food into the lines unobserved. Lt. Scott very much worried about something. He lets me talk to him and contents himself with answering merely, for about an hour. Capt. Harrington, who has remained to carry to a conclusion the mission on which he was sent, has come back looking for something to eat. There are canned beans for each company in boxes upstairs. They get a can which with bread provides breakfast for 8. The candle is

put out, the doors opened which makes it more comfortable in the cellar, because the activities of shelling ceases. It is a conservative estimate that there are 2 million flies in the place, ceaselessly buzzing about and crawling over the food. Upstairs, where the ration dump is, there are swarms of thousands of flies on each loaf of bread or other article that is not canned or covered. The odor is sickening. The room in the rear is full of mustard gas, which clings to the mattress, which is still on the bed and one's life is in danger if one stays there too long. No attempt is made to clean any part of the town. A little chloride of lime is really all that is necessary. I am anxious to get a bit of talcum powder or some such thing as an antidote against the odor. One o'clock and still no word of either Capt. McMurtry or the Lt. Lt Scott more dazed and reserved than ever. We decide that it is a good opportunity to make inquiries about the new disposition of the men on the hill and the whereabouts of the officers. A Boche plane up prevents me from venturing forth just yet. Wait a while. Instructions from Lt. Scott to bring back his bag and slicker if no one is where it was left, or in other words if the position has been abandoned. I am ready to go out, traveling without a rifle or anything that will hamper quick movement. Take with me two H Co. men, who have survived the gas attack and who wish to report to Batt. Hdqrs. and a machine gun man to establish liaison, if that is possible. Run the entire length of the village street to the church and then take a moment's shelter. Note new destruction wrought in the vicinity by last night's shelling. Many new shell holes. My companions are growing anxious about the distance they have to travel thus, and question if I know the road well. I am annoyed at their questioning and order them to follow me. Run across the open where no advantage can be taken of cover, then work my way up the hillside among the trees in a little orchard to the top of the first

terrace where we must cross an open space of about 15 yds. The little spurts that are necessary in spots like these are what tire us so. We lie flat on the ground concealed by the row of bushes that crown the hillside, listening to the buzz of an aero motor high up. It is necessary to scold to procure silence, so that we can learn what kind of machine is up. Seems to me like a French plane. After a short rest we run across the field to the top of the next terrace, where there is another row of bushes and trees behind which to take shelter. We get there just in time to hear the ripping of a shell about to drop. Fall prone on the bank maintaining a goodly distance between us. The shell falls short, somewhere on the road. I do not turn to look where they strike. We are just within range of flying fragments. He sends four over and gives up a bad job having done no damage other than making holes in the earth. Assured that he is quiet for the time being, we make the next and last ascent bearing to the right to take advantage of cover offered by trees, which grow half way up the slope. No sooner seated to rest when on looking down through the trees on the bank there is to be seen the dead body of a man with a pack on his back. He does not show any evidence of having been badly hurt. Probably his death largely due to shock. Wedged between trees, which prevented him from rolling down into the flat. There is much L Co. equipment about. 10 yds. more to go to where we dug in last night, in the little hollow. I crawl continuously to the place, so that I do not risk injury to the men entrenched there, by being observed. No one is to be seen. I look for the spot where I began to dig. Doherty is not there. I shout guardedly for the men and officers without a response. Belts, guns and packs left behind. All evidences of a very hurried removal, but no suggestion as to where they might have gone. I see the little white bag in which I keep Leah's letters. I am incensed at

Doherty for having left it behind, after I had taken the trouble to take with me his water pail which he had left in town, before I came up. My mess kit cover, which contains pictures and papers of value also left by him. Reconnoiter guardedly for about 10 minutes but find not a trace of the men who were there last night. Greatly worried about their safety and realize the futility of remaining where I am. I may be seen and fired at again. Look for the Lt.'s stuff and between myself and the machine gun man divide, as booty, some cigarettes and matches, leaving H Co. men to run the gauntlet of the open fields on their way to where they had declared it their intention to go. Make a hurried trip back to town, it being easy going down the slopes, halting only once when I hear a plane overhead. Back in the cellar, the Lt. is still moping, white as a sheet, lifeless, helpless. A... , one of our scouts comes to inquire for Griffiths, which makes the mystery of his disappearance still more baffling. No one comes with messages or official business, and presently when Nelson comes to invite me to stay with them for the night two doors below. The Lt. goes to the MG Captain's dugout for company, while I attend to a message to be sent there a short while later, at the same time letting Lt. know that I can be found if wanted, with the scouts, where I now go. Have a bit of salmon, buttered bread and water there. It is a much cleaner place than any other in town, there being less flies and a bedding of clean straw on the floor. I lie down, talk and discuss with the men the probable fate of the Capt. and Lt. They offer no encouragement whatever. Not an optimistic thought among them, and I rapidly work myself into a condition similar to that of Lt. Scott's, helpless. No one calls for me. No one stirs out of the place. The general opinion among the men is that it is best not to invite work in such dangerous surroundings. They will coast until sent for. Fritz sends a

few series of shells distributed all over the countryside. Some come so close to our dugout that the effect on my nerves is extremely weakening. They whizz by so near that their passage fires a rush of hot air into the cellar. Along about nightfall I have occasion to go upstairs. I had intended to see if anything had been heard from the Capt. and the Lt. On reaching the head of the stairs, there comes the familiar ripping sound that is so much to be dreaded, a loud explosion and a shower of dirt goes into the cellar after me, almost partaking me in its flight. I lose all desire to attend to business. Better described by saying that duties do not exist. The only thing to do is to lie on my back and wonder why such a thing as the shell was ever invented. It gives a man no chance whatsoever for this life. It comes upon him unawares. He cannot fight against it. We settle ourselves for the night. Sleep and strange to say, make no arrangements whatever to post a gas guard. It proves unnecessary to be sure but there was a possibility, which should have been taken into consideration, that all of us would have fallen sound asleep. We sleep in fits and starts, there being always somebody awake. All of us cough and breathe heavily, complain about parched throats and smarting eyes, and when Fritz sends in his usual 12:10 barrage, we are prepared to adjust our gas masks hurriedly. Two or three big shells rack the place considerably, but do not disconcert us for we feel safe in the knowledge that our hiding place is strong and proof against shells. Many shells whizz, which do not explode, leading us to believe that gas is being sent over. Those of us who can still smell, sniff loud and long but discover no trace of gas, so we decide the wind is in our favor, blowing it away from us. Gradually we fall asleep and for an hour or so there is quiet. Another prolonged burst of shell fire, during which some of the men light cigarettes. I knock the matches from the hand

of one man and scold everyone for carelessness under circumstances where each man depends for his life on the action of the other. The men attribute my display of aggressiveness to the fact that I am sick. For the rest of the night we are wary of the Hun's deadly gasses, without a guard.

Sun. Aug. 18, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Feeling very poorly

Up about 8, after a fair night's rest, my first thoughts are for Lt. Griffiths and the Captain. I am feeling dizzy and listless, throat very sore. Run down the street to Batt. Hdqrs. that were, and notice Lt. Scott looking worse than yesterday, in the armchair where he sat yesterday. Ask for news, whereupon someone sitting at the table looks up. I notice it is the Captain. I bid him a glad good morning. Look around for Lt. Griffiths. Do not see him, so I ask his whereabouts. Merely told he is not here. The Captain expresses an anxious wish that he were, which leads me to think the worst has happened. Looks like the Captain had come in alone. I am questioned as to where I spent the night and why I left, which I answer by saying that I thought it best to stay with the scouts. Asked how many were there and what they knew about the roads and company positions, for the Captain is badly in need of runners. Lt. Scott suggests that I be put in charge of the men and that I will be relied upon to furnish runners to different Hdqrs. as they are needed. That suits me to perfection, as it signifies that I will have to do little running myself. It develops that during the night Co. L and the 77th Division took their first prisoner, in the person of a very young fellow who got lost, evidently while on a mission, and wandered into our lines. Goldsoll halted him. Lt. McDougall captures

him. Powers and others bring him in, frightened to death. He pleads for mercy pitifully. A red and white aeroplane panel taken from him, besides a snipers rifle, which disproves his story that he was trying to rejoin his company. Questioned by Weinhold and Thurn and later taken to Rgtl. Hdqrs. Sorry now that I did not get here last night. Find that Doherty, McCleary, and Streeter are asleep here. Lt. Griffiths comes in. I feel relieved. He, too, wants to know where I have been. I explain satisfactorily. Captain and Lt. get to work on morning reports. The men who go back to the States, from the different companies, are to be sent for to come out of the lines. Arrangements must be made for our relief to-night by the 3rd Battalion. That is most welcome news to all of us. Many men in different commands are to be seen and acquainted with the route to be followed, by both incoming and outgoing Battalions. The General's orders are that the roads are not to be used. This presents a problem. We go back of the lines not far from in the woods for six or seven days. I get Schlesinger to run a G Co. message. He complains and asks to be shot rather than to make the trip by daylight. We all feel that way but that is not fair to those at home. I tell him to come with me and later I get Jorgenson to take the morning report to Rgtl. Hdqrs. via Post 1. He complains he does not know the way. I remind him that I took him over the route a few days ago. He gets under way as soon as there is a lull in the shell fire. I see about a bite to eat. There are prunes which may be eaten raw, plenty of doughnuts in bags. Not a soul has appeared from the companies to draw rations. The Captain is suffering only from the flies. He is frantic. He orders the place swept out and cleaned. I take charge of the work. Lt. Wilkenson straightens things up upstairs. I manage to get all the flies out below, but in a few minutes they come in again. I then constitute myself fly chaser,

sitting by the door and shooing out as many as I can with a pad. Lt. Scott lies down on the couch feeling very bad. Not long before I do the same thing. Doherty sent out with a message. Stretor and Kapak go to the hospital. Doherty comes back from his errand frightened, white and sweating profusely, explaining that a shell burst within a few feet of him, fearfully adding that he does not wish to be sent out again to die. McCleary goes on the next errand, also complaining. The Captain about all in from the strain and lack of sleep. Still everybody insists that he is doing all the work, a condition of affairs which the Captain and Griffiths, most tired and hardest worked men in the army, and the gamest, cope with patiently. Jorgenson comes back with the message undelivered. He has been unable to find the road. I feel sorry for him that he must go back through those streets and roads again, but the message must be delivered. Shells are breaking in town again, which gives him time to rest up a bit. Nothing said to him for being delinquent. The officers realize what a sacrificial task it is. McCleary is sent out on a message. He complains. The Captain growing frantic from the flies and the baffling problems before him. I suggest he cover his head with a handkerchief. That gives him some relief. Then a Colonel comes with his adjutant and a Lt. Col. They have made the dangerous trip across the open field, same as we do and are out of breath, swearing and perspiring. I learn it is our Colonel. Appears to be a fine fellow of the fat jolly sort. He is smart. The Capt. busy bowing and conciliating. The Colonel tells how to avoid being killed in modern warfare. Tells of the experiences with the dead in the Philippines. Incensed over the fact that our men lie in the streets unburied. Goes over the problem confronting the regiment. Tells Captain of how proud he is of us, especially E Co. Captain beams. Gets down to business. Wants to know what has been done towards

establishing a liaison between F. Co. and organization on our left, unknown to us. The General's pet project. Colonel thinks he is a great man and a great man must be conciliated at any cost. If Lt. Keefer has not already established liaison, it must be done right now, at once, in broad daylight, regardless of cost in life or time. Who does undertake the venture will make a hit with him. Lt. Griffiths selected to go. Poor tired man sent on an errand which may mean his death. The foolishness of taking ten men out in the open under observation in broad daylight under the tender mercies of all the Kaiser has in his bag of tricks. Griffiths the man in the outfit who does not complain. He says, "Yes Sir" and prepares to go. First he must make the dangerous trip to L Co. alone in the open to get the men. Ten minutes after he leaves, Lt. Keefer arrives with the news that liaison has been established during the night. His neglect to report same may cost lives. The Colonel wants to recall Griffiths, then changes his mind, perhaps to test Griff's mettle. Unnecessary, if he but knew. Keefer makes a hit with the Col. Schlesinger comes, panting. An artillery firing short again. Artillery Lt. excited. Begins investigation at once, personally. The Colonel stays for an hour, leaving in broad daylight. I go to scout's dugout, where I find Doherty and Mac hiding. Have come to get my things to roll into a pack, ready to move to-night. Stay for a little nap. Shelling close to us. Go back to Batt. Hdqrs. where Keefer and the Capt. go over plans for relief. Keefer makes valuable suggestion that orders are ignored and each company had best follow its own path out and meet at a given point. So after all day's stewing, the problem of relief is solved. Reports to be made to Capt. as soon as possible so that Hdqrs. can move. Keefer leaves. I sleep, glad that the Captain does not send forth any more messages. Lt. Griffiths comes back. We are extremely glad to see him. He is modest in his description of

the hardship he has had to go through to perform his mission. Makes out his report at once. No one about but me to deliver the message to Post 1. I am asked to go by the Captain. I complain that I am too sick, perhaps I will not be able to reach the post. I feel that way. My legs are stiff and sore. Griff tells me he too is sick but keeps going. I run up street. Like dragging a load after me. My lungs will not work. I pant like a bellows. Slightly confused at the top of the hill. Difficulty restraining to vomit as I pass the dead men. Accomplish my mission without being fired upon. Rest for a time, and start back, running much easier. The fresh air is doing me a world of good. Stop in at the infirmary on my way down. It is growing dark. Doctor gives me a drink of ammonia. and a very cheerful word of advice. He is a wonder in that respect. Talks of a bath and a good dinner. Walk down the street. See the men. Glad to be back. Wait for darkness, rolling my pack in the meantime. Take another pack carrier and only an overcoat and a sweater goes into it. Bright moonlight. Fill water canteens for everybody. Doherty back nervously guarding the door and shading lights. Later I relieve him. Flies have gone to sleep, so I fall asleep in a chair outside. A beautiful cool night. H Co., part of them, come from town. Wait patiently for further word that relief is being made. None comes. Supper. Prunes and water. I get a cupful in the dark upstairs and distribute them among the officers and men. Captain falls asleep by the candle, head resting on the table. I ask him to put out the light to give relief from the flies. Major Summer and staff comes. So stuffy that it is absolutely necessary to put out the light and open the door. Griffiths wakes up. I nap in the dark, while Summer talks like a trooper.

Mon. Aug. 19, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good, Throat sore

Out of the Valley.

A heavy, steady barrage going on at our left, while our artillery has not fired a shot since nightfall.

Doherty with his nervous cry awakes me. "Get ready". Lt Griffiths tells me I need not go till Hdqrs. goes, if I feel too sick. It is 3 o'clock. I am not anxious to stay a minute longer than I have to. File outside, where Lt McDougall is with .. Co., in a hurry to get under way. Inquiry about us goes unanswered. He gets angry. Push by him and go down street in bright moonlight. Doherty proves an awful coward. He begins by leading, but becomes so nervous that McCleary has to lead the procession. Ten of us come out. About 20 of us went in. No headquarters men at all are left. We walk quickly up the hill past the dead man for the last time, we hope. I take the lead going over the plain to the airdromes. Not a shot fired at us or near us. Instead of going into the woods and following the crazy narrow path, I take the risk of skirting along the edge, where we can make better time. Go too fast for the men over shell holes and fallen trees. A thin strip of wood which we must go through, where the artillery observers are. There a shell hole from which comes the odor of phosphorous. It smells like gas. CO orders, men to adjust masks. Artillery observers tell us we are mistaken. Stumble in the woods for the short time I have the mask on. Out of the woods in safety. A few heated words with Doherty. Down the hill to the Farmhouse, where we left greater part of our equipment on Friday. The place looks utterly deserted. Not a single guard to be seen. Call into the barn

where E Co. kitchen was. No answer. Call louder. Get a response. K Co. kitchen is there, having just come in. They know absolutely nothing about our packs. We feel about in the dark, where we think they ought to be, finding nothing but bread and ration. Seized with cramps. There are plenty of packs and other equipment in the yard but not a sign of ours and we dare not use lights to look for them with. Quiet on all sides, except for the rumble in the distance. Spend a half hour futilely looking for our packs, finally deciding that perhaps they will be taken back with the ration wagon. Put on our camouflaged packs and get under way. In the yard is a pile of excess ration, some cans of milk in a pail. A welcome sight is milk. I take a can of it. Doherty carries a loaf of bread, a can of salmon, others take more milk. The light of a fire seen on the left of the front where the artillery is at work. Something burning in the German lines perhaps. Shells falling behind us. Fear for L. Co., which we have seen no sign of since coming out of the Valley. We walk so quickly, I am in the lead, that the men with full, heavy packs cannot keep up the pace. Through, feeling a sense of safety now. Wonderful how the spirits of the men revive. Some even whistle. No more fear or worry. But for the dust, the air would be pure and fresh. We stop to rest with the same feeling of relief we experienced on the hike, where a half hour ago we would not have thought of halting. We were running away then. On the road we fill our canteens with water. Notice Doherty has a German water bottle. Growing light, we enter upon the homestretch. Into the familiar woods soon, outside of which a line of trenches, a nest of wire and camouflage screen are being built by some men in the daytime. MP tells us Fritz has shelled frequently with damaging results. Just now he is working a few shells in the woods. I find the spot we camped in, the morning when it was so sure I was going back

to the States. Glad I am there. The air is pure, we are free, unafraid. Our packs and wet coats come off. Lie down to smoke and rest. Open a can of milk and cut off a slice of bread. Pour the rich cream on the bread. My, how delicious! Doherty, Mac and Powers, our best fast grub getters, have gone off into the woods, where I have located a column of smoke, probably a kitchen. I follow, meet them coming back. Doherty, very important, has arranged for 9 cups of coffee under the greatest difficulties, overcoming monstrous obstacles. I pay no attention to him. Go to the kitchen myself. Tell my own story. See a man washing in a bucket. Wash too. A forgotten sensation. Borrow a cup. Hot coffee is good. Cake is given us. Back to camp. E. Capt, Mac and Griff with them, coming in. Lt. Scott noticeably better. I am no longer sick. I feel fine. The air has accomplished a cure. Something like 96 men come out of the valley with E Co. 55 are in the hospital. Look for Rubin. He is in the hospital. Same thing with others I wish to see. Lt. McDougall makes arrangements to have the kitchen cook a big dixie of coffee for the men. He is a wonder. Griff lies down for a rest at once. Take off my leggings, shave, clean up a bit and lie down for a rest. Cannot sleep. Too much to say, everybody about being in the happiest of moods. Doctor comes up telling us French have taken the Hill during the night. Praises the work of his faithful "Dog". He worked in shell fire and gas like a hero. Coffee ready. We give up our bread. The Captain shares a piece of it with us. Later he goes to locate our permanent camp site for the period of our rest. Comes back with the news that 40 minutes walk from where we are is our kitchen, where there are steaks, and two foot stacks of mail. A gleeful shout from the men. They promise to walk the distance in 20 minutes. Through the woods, out into the open field, while a German observation balloon looks on. I

wonder why that is done. We can be plainly seen when we enter the forest. There is our kitchen, steaks and mail, just as the Captain said there was. A large wood, funk holes big enough for 2 or 3 to sleep in, with tents for covering. Dinner. Steak, carrots, bread, coffee. Then mail is given out so I forget about eating. We get cigarettes, too. 19 letters for me. I sit down by a tree and read for hours. All about Cecilie, good news, little troubles, promised pictures. Many letters from Lottie. A wonderful day so far and to make it still more pleasant for us, there is a band which is playing popular and classic music. The latter seems a trifle out of place where there is so much evidence of war and misery. Music does not combine well with that. But it serves to cheer up the boys and revive their spirits. How quickly the boys come back. No one would believe that yesterday these men were in the lines. They are all spruced and shaved and cleaned. Lt. Wilkinson makes an arrangement to quarter us in a series of 5 funk holes. I have no equipment for pitching tent. All my things have been left behind at the farm. Nothing has been brought back with the kitchen wagon. Sgt. McWhinney at the farm salvaging whatever can be found belonging to F Company. In the meantime, I will be the guest of Messrs. Syrop and Summer in their tents. We set about building it. We get leaves and brush for the floor. Limbs and twigs for poles and pins. Funk hole is a foot deep, dug into the sand and must be widened about a foot to permit 3 of us to sleep in comfort. We have a good supper. Rice and beef stew, coffee, bread and Karo. Dive planes fly over us frequently. We are worried to take cover. I fully expect to be awakened in the night by a Boche bombing. May the Lord have mercy upon us if he does. We live so closely together that it would be a miracle if no one were hurt. Lt. Griffiths builds himself a tent with our help. We go into the forest to cut down sufficient saplings to

enable him to put a roof over his head. He is feeling very poorly. I lie in our tent to write until nightfall. The band plays us a concert, which is a good way to be put to sleep. I am very tired and can hardly remain awake long enough to say my prayers and meditate on the terrors of the last week. From the direction of yesterday's action comes the sound of another barrage, which to-night pleases me, for it augers that the French are still advancing. They are making great gains according to reports. I am put to the necessity of borrowing a suit of underwear from I McWhinney. Mine is filthy from long wear. My throat is becoming very sore and I talk hoarsely like the other men who have been gassed. The infirmary not yet established, so no cures can be expected. We receive word that Longinotti and Rossman die of injuries. The Captain feels badly about their loss. Rather a tight fit in our bed. The blankets not long enough.

Tue. Aug. 20, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Throat very sore, dysentery, speak hoarsely.

A package from Leah "Daddy's Talisman", pictures of Cecilie and two pipes.

Sgt. Kirchner returns from the hospital.

Up at 6:00, feeling poorly. I have cramps and dysentery besides a very sore throat, which tickles so that I must cough constantly. Speak hoarsely. Surprises in store for us. There is more mail in. Packages from the continent, too. One for me. A light wooden box. I have no idea what it might contain. Think it is the long lost package of tobacco and goodies, but it is too light. Pick a secluded spot to look into

it. Contains two pipes, one with a cute note from Leah, a folder containing a picture of a baby, which I do not recognize. She does not look like me. A funny-faced little infant with big eyes. I put her away to look at her later. Get breakfast. Bacon, bread, syrup, coffee. We have no duties to perform except those of our own choosing. I read my mail. Good news. Hear that Morris has gone to Camp Upton about the 29th of July. I sit outside in the sun which becomes too hot for comfort. Get into the tent where it is too hot to remain. The flies are pestering. They cannot be driven out of the tent. I look again at Cecilie's picture. I begin to fall in love with her. I am beginning to believe that I have a pretty, charming little girlie. I kiss her often. Smoking one of Leah's new pipes filled with Union Leader, my old brand of tobacco. Were it not for the heat and the flies, I could lie here very contentedly, thinking of Leah and Cecilie. John Child back with the Company, after a long absence part of which he spent without leave in Paris and part in prison. Charged with being a deserter. No evidence against him. He is discharged. Ginsberg, who had been in the base hospital for more than a month, is back with us. Reilly is back. Glad to see him. The only good thing about the hospital is that we get a new outfit when coming out, the boys say. MacWhinney back from the farm without anything belonging to Doherty or me. Last night the place was shelled and the barn in which the kitchens were has been completely wrecked. Everything buried under debris. Lt. Griffiths sends word by me to have him report to him. He has the nasty detail of going back into Death Valley to bring up with him Rgtl. Hdqrs. field desk. 4 men to help him. Their lives are in grave danger. They will not be able to travel with any amount of speed. I fear for them. The band plays for us all morning. Men begin writing letters home. Greatly handicapped by lack of paper and ink.

Everybody tries to borrow. Mail is being taken. I manage to get envelopes so that I can mail the letters I have carried with me so long. Look at Cecilie again. Take a nap and then for the remainder of the morning I write. Ink is very scarce. Boys take advantage of the opportunity to do some washing. Water is scarce. Dinner. Good steak, carrots, bread, coffee. Shelling in the direction of the farm. Occasionally a few land somewhere at the northern end of the woods. I write for the greater part of the afternoon. Hard work catching up. Not in any condition to concentrate. Head seems empty, constantly coughing and sniffing. Can hardly talk above a whisper. Notice Lt. McDougall has silver bar on his coat. He has been promoted for his good work in action at He is acting Capt. of E. Co., while Capt. McMurtry acts as Major. Lying in my tent I hear a shot. Almost as soon as it rings out I know what to expect. A painful shout, "I'm shot". An H Co. man, cleaning his rifle, has shot off one of his toes. A genuine accident no doubt. He has put himself out of action as far as fighting again is concerned. Receives treatment from the first aid man and later is taken to the hospital. A buzz of excitement in camp for a time. I do not leave my tent. I am not anxious to see. Men ordered not to go near by the Lieutenants. The companies hold retreat formation, the band playing the "Star Spangled Banner". I am so unaccustomed to formation that I do not get out of my tent to stand at attention. Fortunately, Summer, who is in the tent with me, and I are not noticed. A serious offense if apprehended. Aeroplanes hovering overhead, which worry me. They are anxiously searching for us, I believe. Supper, at which it is announced that a Jewish Chaplain is in camp. Services will be held by him in the woods at 7:30. I am going if I can find the time. There is no reason why I should not. Rather like the prospect of going to a religious service.

McCleary has come back, having concluded his mission. They were constantly shelled. The batteries on top of the hill at the farm have been under fire all day. Many casualties reported by him. Hear an intelligence report for Thursday says that only one German seen out in the open, by day, which is evidence of a fine system. They rest by day and they work by night. After supper the band gives us a concert again. I wash and tidy up and go to the spot where a group of Jewish boys are congregated around the Chaplain. There is an audience of about 75 men. Get away from the band by moving towards the edge of the woods under the shadows of the Catholic Chaplain's altar. An aeroplane overhead, which worries me, for the chaplain has just told us of a service he held which was disturbed and which ended up in a dugout. A short prayer said, which I cannot follow. Then a sermon on control and a request that we keep in touch with him and notify him whenever possible of graves of Jewish men which have not received proper attention. His duty to put a proper headboard over the graves of our Jewish dead. We say Kaddish for the men who have died. I particularly pray for the repose of the soul of Harry Schneider and Sgt. Greenstein, though I cannot follow the prayer. The chaplain at fault for assuming that we are acquainted with the ritual. I feel very guilty of my lack of knowledge. I can only listen which is not quite right. Dusk when we are dismissed. Move away in small groups, discussing the services and their effect upon us. Back to my tent to prepare to go to bed. Change my underwear for the clean suit I have borrowed. My body needs a bath very much. Go to bed at once, fairly fatigued. Men do not obey lights out order. All seem to want one last smoke. Hardly under the blankets, when Fritz, the Marauder, comes to pay us a visit. I expected him. He flies over us, circling around us, looking for us, I am sure. Surprised that he

cannot find a place to drop his bombs. Makes me nervous lying there, a helmet on, so that my head and nose are covered. As usual I think what a fine target a man lying prone makes for a falling bomb, nervously worried. I would prefer to be outside of the tent on my feet, but now that I am settled it is inadvisable to move. Continues to fly over us in the bright moonlight so long that I become accustomed to him and fatigue gets the better of fear, so that I fall asleep. Hardly dozed off when Syrop, who has been tossing a lot, loosens a toilet bag which hung from the roof of the tent. It strikes me in the face. I awake with a start that jolts me. Sure that Fritz has dropped his bomb at last and that this hit. Wait for it to explode. Wait patiently but nothing happens. Not even the sound of Fritz's motor can be heard. It is still, but for the artillery. I try to sleep again but cannot. I begin to cough and spit. Breathing difficult. Tossing about makes me warm. Must get up occasionally for comfort. Throat one continual tickle. Seek relief by taking a mouthful of water to gargle. My antics wake up the other men in the tent. They proceed to do as I, and with the occupant of the next tent we make it sound like the vicinity of a consumptive hospital. At three there is a gas alarm in the strip of woods the other side of us, which I know would be taken up by our foot guard. He proceeds to wake up the camp but there are so many men awake for reasons similar to what keeps me awake, that having heard where it comes from and recognizing impossibility of gas carrying that distance the alarm is laughed at. No one adjusts masks. Awake all night. Not a solid wink of sleep. There is mustard gas in our blankets and clothing, I am sure. Detect a trace of it.

Wed. Aug. 21, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Throat very sore, speak
hoarsely, dysentery

*YMCA man brings in newspapers
which tell of the successes of the
French.*

Noyons Hill taken.

Up at 5:45. The band does the job. Not nearly as graceless as the bugler. They march through the company streets playing a march that makes one want to get up to follow the parade. Then the bugler blows call for Reveille, very much like Camp Upton. My imagination substitutes the woods for the barracks, completing the illusion. Scouts do not have to worry about getting out of bed if they wish to take a few more winks. But my belly feels as sore as it possibly can. Loaded with cramp and lead. Throat dry and parched, nose clogged as if by corks. Best to get up, to take a walk. Company men not at all pleased with the formalities that are being observed. Besides, at 7:15, they must go out to dig trenches. Those members of the company, who are physically able to work, numbering about a hundred now, are assigned to the work. All the Sgts. included, so they side with the men when they complain. That is of no avail. Divisional order responsible. They take their mess kits with them. Men from their number will come in later to take mess to them. Sick call announced. I attend. Nothing can be done for me and other sick members, except that we get the usual pill. Told to return later in the day when the medical cart will be at our disposal. Breakfast. Bread, hash, Karo, coffee. More mail is in. I get two letters from Leah, 3 from Lottie and one from Sam Swerling, which gives me another debt to pay. Take a nap of a

half hour to ease the smart in my eyes. Look about for a bucket or can to boil clothes in. Find an old bacon can with a leak in it and for water it is necessary to use that which the men have washed their faces in. Put my can on the kitchen fire, which boils water in a few minutes. Lt. Griffiths has been commanded by the Doctor to go to the hospital for treatment and rest. Kirchner and Thurn help him to pack up bedding roll for which they are rewarded by a half finished box of chocolates which are to be divided among the scouts. Candy is always welcome, but today it is like manna. Sorry to see the Lt. go away from us. Doherty sent on a detail to dig some kind of a dugout with the aid of some E. Co. men. This is the Lt.'s last official act. From now on we are rudderless with no duties that we are aware of. The washing is interrupted by getting up to greet men who return from the hospital. One by one they come in all toggged up in new uniforms. Other men use the water I have washed in for their handkerchiefs and other small pieces. Water situation is a problem. As fast as the cart is filled, it is emptied, and it remains so until the evening. Every one of us has a raging thirst and drink water whether it is chlorinated or not. Eight out of every ten men have loose bowels and thirsts. I attribute these conditions to the flies and the fine dust that permeates everything that we breathe constantly parching our throats and producing abnormal thirsts. Rest in my tent after I have hung my washing to dry. Driven out quickly by the flies, which in the daytime are in sole possession of my tent. They crawl under anything put over the face for protection against them, too. About now something is being done to remedy the fly situation. Chlorinate of lime is being freely used around garbage piles and latrines. Our Old YMCA man, who marched and rode with us from to appears on the scene. He has been to Paris for supplies. Has crackers,

cigarettes and writing paper and envelopes with him. An anxious crowd surrounds him quickly, looking for sweets and paper. Paper easy to get. Crackers and cigarettes sold to and distributed by the company supply sergeants. Write until time for dinner, which is served at 11:30 at which time mess is brought out to the men at work in the trenches. An ideal summer day vegetable dinner. Beans, table celery, tomatoes, artichokes. Bread and good coffee. Before dinner. we are entertained by aeroplane engagements and music from the band. Very hot in the sun and no shadiness is found in our part of camp. Necessary to remove my OD shirt to cool off. Men in from work detail tell of being shelled. There are 4 casualties so far to-day fortunately none in E Co. Talk to Marshall, who startles me with the information that 1000 men out of 3000 in the regiment have been evacuated from first aid to field hospitals, then going on to base. This estimate not counting dead. Can hardly believe it until I am reminded of slightly gassed cases. The men of the 28th, whom we were with not long ago, spoke the truth when they placed the casualties at 60%. We have an air battle staged above us which can be seen part of the time through an opening in the trees. Fritz is worsted. His object in coming was to bring down our observation balloons which are held captive from motor trucks in the fields on either side of the woods. One balloon on our right put out of business. The other hauled down in time. Observers observed safely in parachutes. Machine guns used effectively from ground positions. The planes engaged execute the most thrilling manoeuvres. Fritz, intrepid, dives nose down directly at the balloon in an attempt to ram it. Luckily he is caught at it and course reversed by our own machines, which dive for him. When the detail returns from digging, retreat is held by all companies. I pay attention to the National Anthem to-day. Supper immediately after.

Fritz hurts 4 more men in the course of the afternoon, making a total of 8 for the day. Doherty returns with a story that Regimental Headquarters at has been squarely hit by a shell sending 3 men to the hospital, killing Corporal Goodman. Not a single officer hurt. The Colonel and staff not about at the time. Sgt. Murray in the hospital. Sorry for him. A fine fellow. Lt. McDougall joins Doherty and me, while we talk about the regrettable incident. All of us agree that it might have been avoided by dispensing with bravery and working in dugouts instead of in the rooms of the chateau. Childs, who was sent with Goldsoll and Gottlieb to Regl. Hdqrs. to act as runners, badly shocked by shell, which sends him to the hospital again after being with the company less than one day, which he spent in cutting the boys' hair and telling stories of his stay in Paris. Supper. Canned salmon, doughnuts, coffee, bread. After supper I begin writing a letter to Leah about my newly acquired love. A number of fires started to burn up rubbish. The usual thing happens. There are a few live cartridges swept up with the other things. They explode and narrowly miss hurting men nearby. See observation balloon at short range when it is brought down for the night. Looks like a baby elephant minus legs. Write until dark. A most wonderful moon comes out. It is hardly noticeable that it grows dark. The band plays until late. Popular numbers which please the boys. They sit around the concert field in a circle as long as they can induce the band to play for them. Bugler Sauer blows tattoo just as I settle myself in the field for the night. A reminiscent moment during which I think first of Rookie, whom I listened to every night that he was bugler on duty, his pranks, Camp Upton, its neatness and cleanliness, the conveniences it offered and the passes for home and Leah on Saturdays, before baby was born and then the sudden change. Not

permitted to see my little daughter, taken away to France, far away from home and at present very homesick and unhappy. Call to quarters and taps are blown. Then it was my custom to finish writing and go to bed. Now I am awake coughing and spitting all night, trying to throw off the bad effects of the Boche poison gas. Wonder whether or not I should tell Leah of the fact that I am sick. Decide to maintain silence about it. Make plans to talk to the Captain in reference to the next detail of men to go home. Fritz pays us a visit. Hovers and flies around us as last night without dropping a single bomb. I wonder what he is up to. The easiest job in the world to kill a few of us if he lets loose. Doherty and Thurn aver that he has dropped three flares of exceeding whiteness in the woods. Put on my steel helmet as a precaution. Getting accustomed to the hum of his motor. I have no objection to his hanging around if he is not out to do damage. Get a few fitful winks of sleep by three in the morning, when I must get out of bed to go into the woods. Never have I seen such a beautiful night. I can see as plainly along the path as if it were daylight, half mindful to remain awake and enjoy the quiet coolness and the freedom from flies. Stomach has become very sore and cramped so I lie down again for comfort. Restless, balance of the night. Gillece first one of the scouts to return to us. He is apparently in worse health than when he went away. Himpler, he tells us, very badly gassed and sent on to the base hospital. Have seen Sgt. Roth about next month's detail of men to go home. He would help me if he could, I am sure. Makes helpful suggestions, which I intend to follow.

Thu. Aug. 22, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Throat sore, dysentery, badly disordered stomach

At 6:00 o'clock, the band serenades us, playing a stirring march as it goes through the company streets. we get up, dream, wash, shave, Have breakfast of jam, bread, canned hash, coffee. Stay about the kitchen for a long time listening to gossip of the men and joining in discussions of operations in the sector. The story that women were found operating machine guns against us is again repeated by the men of the ...nd Division who are here for some sort of manoeuvres. One man, who was in all the fighting from to the, asserts that the enemy had MG's on the trees swinging from cables, so that they might be sent from point to point readily as needed. A sort of aerial railway scheme. He was in the fighting for 18 days without a relief, among the Germans at this very point. A difficult and costly task. His division suffered 4,000 casualties according to him. Very little gas sent to them, surprisingly. Part of the ...th Division near Gas brought up especially for use upon this division. Intelligence comes that last night 11 Germans were captured by the 3rd Battalion companies in the lines. Eyes smart so that I have to lie down for a nap of a half hour to ease them. Covered with a towel, I fool the flies a little. The sun is roasting hot out of a clear blue sky. Not long after I resume writing Leah's letter, I am driven to seek some shade. Wherever I go the sun follows me and makes me so uncomfortable that I think with difficulty. Writing is very slow with many interruptions to talk to the men and time lost in getting from one spot to the other. The entire morning is taken up with my letter, still unfinished. Wondering how many soldiers have slept in

these woods and how many soldiers' feet have trampled over these grounds to wear down and kill the brush, or the grass, or whatever kind of ground covering there was here. Now nothing but fine brown sand which gets into everything, chokes and blinds so that one wishes it would rain, and yet rain would make every foot of forest a foot of mud and every tent a mud hole. This is one place I object to, one place I wish I were away from, one woods in which I cannot find pleasure. An unusual amount of flies. Wherever a particle of food has been dropped there are a thousand flies. One hates to eat on account of the flies and when one does eat, it is fast, to save as much food as possible from being devoured or contaminated by the flies. They cannot be beaten off, so hungry are they, and many times they follow one's food into the mouth. Reilly and a detail come from the roadside where the men have been digging. I ask him how the men are able to work in the hot sun and in conditions physically of the poorest. "Oh they've got to work, whether they want to or not." I can picture Simon Lagree in the person of Lemmon and Curley, keeping men who are sick from gas and dysentery at work, contrary to all the laws of decency. Nine tenths of the men are suffering from dysentery. I attribute it to the flies and dirt. Particles of fine sand cannot be kept out of the food and that entering the bowels and causing irritation. Dinner ready early to give time to take mess to the men on fatigue detail. There is beefsteak, carrots, bread, Karo, coffee. Sorry I drink so much coffee. It makes me perspire too much. There is need to cool off by seeking shade. I walk nearly the entire length of the camp looking for shade. Peculiar place this where there are trees and no shade. Make some fellows move to accommodate me. They do so willingly. I must finally come back to the vicinity of my own tent. There I lie around until I finish my letter. Schlesinger hangs

around near me, very sick, coughing and spitting till he makes a nuisance of himself. Boys are all becoming tired of him and his tricks. He is lying about in the road without care for his clothes or the cleanliness of his body. All due to worry. He worries entirely too much, I believe. Broods for home sometimes and thinks drink and excessive eating will give him forgetfulness from his troubles. My letter is finished about the time when a sudden burst of fire from a machine gun attracts our attention. An aeroplane has been flying around over us and to the right where one of our own balloons was up. It is a French machine, so no attention is paid to it. He is permitted to sail around at his will. Suddenly, being directly overhead the observation balloon, he dives down upon it, opening up his machine gun. His aim is poor as is his judgment. The Frenchmen, who guard this balloon from below with machine guns, open fire, with shouts of Boche, Boche, arousing everybody to instant action. It is made hot for the Boche so that he is driven off, but not until he has done a little bad work. One man has been wounded by him, in the shoulder, the balloonist forced to come down in a parachute, making a fine descent safely, and the balloon is lowered to repair a few probable punctures from machine gun bullets. During all this the men remaining in camp make a sudden rush for an open space where the display of cowardly German methods is being staged. They are ordered under cover. The attraction proves too great and they do not obey. Necessary to call again and threaten punishment, to get men under command. The balloon goes up again later to remain until sundown, when both balloons, left and right, are brought down for our entertainment. Balloon on the left is in communication with the ground wireless station all day. Band plays in the afternoon until time for retreat, then plays the National Anthem, while the detailed

men stand, all over the wood, at attention. Supper immediately after retreat. Rice and beef stew, doughnuts and Karo, bread, coffee. Company E feeds more strangers than men in its own company. Everybody from all over the camp takes a chance in the line and is fed. Write lying on the ground, on an overcoat. It is comfortable and cool now. Trouble with my pen and ink and manage to borrow a pen and make new enemies by borrowing ink tablets. Always grubbing is the verdict about me when my back is turned. Time for an evening wash. Becomes too dark to write, so remain to talk about the end of the war, when it will be our pleasure to hear about it, when the war will be won. We lie about on overcoats for our last smoke and chat. Lights ordered out. Men must light matches in spite of orders. Where is the discipline of this army? A thing of this kind may sometime mean the death of many men. Those little lights can be seen out of the forest for miles and show brighter than the light of any fire. While we are scolding the men who are so negligent, we hear a buzz, buzz, buzz, as if he were going slowly, drawing a very heavy load. Everybody at the same time says he is heavily loaded with bombs. Scurry to the shelter of our tent-covered funk-holes. To my mind a foolish, unnecessary move. An upright, standing target less apt to be hit by falling object than any lying prone. The path in the woods shows up as bright as day in the moonlight, which floods the street between our tents, and haste is made to pick up white objects, such as newspapers and underclothes, which might be seen from above. Pray and shiver. Try to shut my eyes. I do not want to see the bomb that will crush me. We put steel helmets over our heads and noses and lie there listening until the marauder goes out of earshot. These nightly visits are getting to be a puzzle. Surely, judging by the manner in which he hangs about, he is looking for us and, judging the fact that he has been here not

so long ago, we should be very easy to find. Artillery duel ahead of us to the left, prevents me from sleeping soundly. Some of our guns are quite near, remaining silent during the day while the balloons are up but to-night doing a fair share of the work. Shells from many batteries dropping within a few kilos of us. We are evidently out of the range of his guns. Men next and across from our tent spend the night as I do, coughing and going to the latrine. Runner-up with me most of all. Somebody, I notice, lights a match as I come back. Call to the attention of the guard. He is not at all watchful nor does he seem to care.

Fri. Aug. 23, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Throat sore, dysentery,
spoiled stomach, gas burns.

Up at 6:00 o'clock when the band calls us.

Loath to get up. I am sore in limb and my eyes would like very much to sleep. They had very little during the night. Breakfast. Hash, Karo, bread, coffee. I am determined to get as much as there is to be had. No sense in starving oneself and still feeling poorly. More of our men back from the field hospital, discharged as cured from the effects of the mustard gas. They are curious sights. All neatly newly clothed but looking as though they were badly in need of a bath. Leary's face is as black as a negro, where the gas has touched the skin. An even, lasting color, on some others blotchy, black and red. A queer looking lot. Yet, they do not cough and wheeze as we do, which shows that what little attention they have had has been better than none at all. My stomach feels a bit better. Discover new effect of gas burns. Skin dry and black between legs in crotch. Uncomfortable and made worse by rubbing and chafing, while walking. Not bad enough to go to the infirmary for treatment.

After breakfast, I must lie down to get a half hour more nap to ease my smarting eyes. Flies are fooled this morning by putting a towel over my head. When I awake, I am entirely devoid of ambition. My gait is slow and painful. Head dull and manner listless and languid. I would like to go on sick call and take a few days' rest at the hospital and perhaps a bath could freshen me up, but men who go to the hospital lose every article either issue or personal that they take with them. That means pictures and letters and my diary. Not worth while to go for treatment merely at the medical cart. They have nothing but worthless pills. The band playing popular airs. The men are reading newspapers, which have come from home, that is, those who are in camp. The companies are digging trenches where Fritz is regularly shelling them, sending one or two men to the hospital every hour or so. Much air activity directly over us by what seems like our machines, but since the trick Fritz played yesterday, one cannot be sure it is not a Boche flying over us. The Corporal of the Guard orders white things, such as towels and underwear, taken from the lines stretched between trees, but no one obeys. This is an order issued every morning, but not an officer sees to it that it is enforced. I am sitting against a tree writing, when I see McCready, Third Battalion scout, with a number of others. Hail him and ask him if it is true that the 3rd Battalion has made an advance or lost ground, two reports which have gained wide circulation. They have neither lost nor gained ground. True that they had many losses. The scouts were out on patrol and were fired on by machine guns. Their record is no better than ours. New York will be terribly shocked when the casualty lists come to their notice. Leah will be a problem to me from now on. There will be a gap of three weeks or more in my letters to her. She will think I am dead or injured and I will not be able to get a

cablegram to her until I get to some place where there is a cable office. The question comes up whether we will go back again into the fighting line. According to what has been rumored, we are due for another trip up. How can we go? The entire battalion at present numbers only 600 men and 10 officers, with H Company completely gone and most of the men, like the scouts, in no condition to see service. I could not do a single day's duty before I would have to go to the hospital. I doubt whether we will be sent in again. Preparations are made to get blanket rolls and other equipment to us from the front, which in my mind would not be necessary if we were going back, until we returned. Dinner ready. Bread, coffee, steak, carrots. Have little appetite and ask for half portions. After dinner, write a letter to Felix Mendelsohn. Takes a long time to finish. No ambition and poor flow of thoughts. Keep on the job only to counteract the effects of laziness and fatigue. 307th men quartered in the woods near us are being paid off. Soon they must move up to the front. Of what value is money to them? They begin large crap games and poker games immediately after they have their money. One time when I approve of gambling and the lucky man is the man that loses. Fighting with money in one's belt cannot be pleasant if one has a thought of it. Sets our boys on edge, properly expecting that they, too, will soon be paid. Continue at my writing until supper time, almost a nervous wreck from the activity of the flies. Mechanical motion to shoo them away whether there are flies or not. Supper. Rice and beef stew, bread pudding and coffee. My pudding attracts a thousand flies. Necessary to cover it with my steel helmet in spite of which they crawl under and feast. Later I wonder why I ate that pudding. There must have been billions of decay germs upon it. Some men who eat nearby throw refuse about in the vicinity of tents, which is one

reason why flies are so numerous. I scold them. Observation balloon taken down in full view of us. A detail goes up to the lines to salvage equipment. in charge asks me to let him have my compass. Fears he will become lost. Must travel off roads when it becomes dark. Roads are forbidden to use by troops. Too frequently shelled, therefore too many casualties. Men returning from the front report the death of Captain Brooks D Co., while going into the lines on tour of inspection of the sector to be taken over by them. Struck by a shell and instantly killed. Lt. Adams, his 2nd in command, badly wounded. More casualties in L Co. Writing up to time ration wagons come in. Someone immediately discovers they are laden with mail. Taken off wagon at once and distributed to the men in the rapidly failing light. Co. clerk brings 5 letters for me, 4 from Leah, 1 from Lottie. Summers gets a long expected package containing goodies from his girl, making everybody happy. Visions of a shell-out are realized. Begin to read my letters at a time when ordinarily I would have given up any attempt to read or write. Must hold letters close to me and practically guess sequence of words after diligently trying to decipher beginning of sentences. Summers is generous with the candy, giving each of us 2 chocolate creams. Wonderful letters from home and chocolate creams all in one day are luxuries no soldier dares dream of. To-night is too good to be true. Only thing to dampen my spirits is that Leah is worried, dreadfully worried, about me. She has had casualty lists before her and reports of the C Co. affair on the 24th of June, which the New York newspapers have magnified into an action of the largest proportions. Slightly gassed cases reported as severely wounded, which makes a large casualty list. I wonder what to do to ease Leah's fears. Wish that a cable office were near. Think it advisable to send home

manuscript relating to conditions on the front, which compared to others is good. I read three letters in the dark, being forced to quit at a point in the third, which tells of Cecilie's fondness for Leah's diamond solitaire. A good laugh over that, counteracts my disappointment over the conduct of the moon, which all week has been daylight bright but to-night is hidden. Thoughts of home are with all of us. The band during the day has played selections from Jack O'Lantern, Fred Stone's play which Leah and I saw back home. It set me to reminiscing and whistling, carefree, as on the evening we saw that play, and with to-night's letters describing Cecilie's tricks and other good things, I am inclined to remain awake and talk about things at home with Doherty and the other men. The 307th pulls out for a trip to the outpost lines and later to the front, while the 3rd Battalion of our own regiment comes in to join us. They have fared about the same as we in the matter of losses, but have more to show for it, namely, prisoners and being in a number of minor engagements with the enemy. Go to bed, wishing, as do all the other men, that we do not go again to the front in this sector. The Boche plane pays us his nightly visit, while the artillery plays a little game of give and take, as usual, keeping me awake.

Sat. Aug. 24, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Feeling poorly in general

Write a letter to Leah, Al Posen, F.

Mendelsohn.

Up at 6:00, called by marching band. The companies have reveille, while I lie in bed, resuming the reading of Leah's letters and stealing a kiss from her and Cecilie under the

covers. Leah has good news for me of improvement of Cecilie and her own health is good, but she is laboring under a great mental strain. Bravely tries to hide it from me but, underneath, her letters show me how much she frets. Breakfast. Blackberry jam and bread, coffee, bacon. Wash and police. Take a little nap and write a short letter to Leah, begging her to be brave, enclosing the manuscript of my activities on my trip to when Fritz shelled the road. Perhaps Leah will see the humor of it and find consolation in that. Doherty again detailed to lead a digging detail to work on the dugouts. The company goes out to its assigned task of digging trenches. I am glad on such occasion as these that I am detached from the company. I get another letter from Leah, which was in last night's mail bag. Read that and note still the same note of courage under difficulties. Her complaint about scarcity of mail from me, I find is a common one, as voiced in the letters men receive from home. Attribute it to lack of time for censoring outgoing mail, while at No Man's front, consequently piling up in large quantities and being held until our return to rest, before censored and released. Begin a letter to Al Posen after I am driven out of my tent by the flies. Beginning to feel annoyed at being held in these woods, where there is no cure for dysentery, sour stomach and where a good night's rest is impossible. Then the Captain increases my irritation by sending for me. Think it is a detail of an unpleasant nature given merely to break in upon our well earned rest. Gillece is also called. Captain wants from us the names of the men in the scout organization. Between us, we can name offhand every one of them, but Smith of H. Co. Must return to Summers to ask which man in H Co. we do not name. Back again to the Captain, which is the completion of the detail. List for the purpose of informing the Captains not to include our names in platoon formation

when platoons are reconstructed. Shortly after Lt. Kiefer talks to F Co. men as though they were all criminals, telling them to behave or receive punishment under new company administration, because one or two men ducked formation. Resume my writing after returning, when the feeling of relief over not having been given some detail to the lines, gives impetus to my pen. Lose the desire to write when that wears off. Rest by relaxation until time for dinner. Boiled beef, carrots and peas, bread, coffee. Ask for half portions, but carrots and peas are an enticing combination and ask for more, getting my stomach uncomfortably full. I cannot do anything but lie on my stomach in the shade, at the mercy of the flies, and hoping against hope that we move away and back from where there is so much decay and putrefaction. There are very few men in camp that are not sick with dysentery. The medical cart does a thriving business. Men sent to the hospital, suffering either from the epidemic or recently developed gas burn blisters. Some who have been to the field hospital and evacuated back to Company, must be returned for further treatment. A number of aeroplanes circling about, flying very low, undoubtedly ours. The balloons remain up unmolested. Artillery action on both sides till now very little. Only the usual scattered shots fired with Fritz trying to decimate the force of men digging trenches, no success accompanying his efforts, though. We learn that Maurer, our bugler, just returned from the hospital and yesterday sent out with the blanket roll detail, has been badly shell shocked, a case similar to that of Childs. Move about restlessly to wherever the shade happens to be. The sun moves quickly, dispossessing me almost as fast as I settle. My ink bottle follows me, which is remarked by the medical Corps man, who teases me about it, with the assistance of my own comrades. Finally getting down to the business of writing, I am

soon interrupted. Told to report to Lt. Scott, who wants me for a very trifling reason. Two men from the 306th, who were with us when we were in the lines have not been heard from since we returned. They were guarding rations upstairs, I am able to inform him, besides giving him a description of the men and my opinion that they left before we did, not having seen them since the morning of the day in question. Sgt. Kirchner gets in a tangle with Capt. McMurtry, who wants to know how we are spending our time. Sgt. says "in drill". Is ordered to report at 7:30 in AM, each morning hereafter. To keep occupied, the entire detachment is called out to round up a couple of squads of 1st Battalion men, who are somewhere about camp and who are wanted at Hdqrs. with full equipment at once. We run through the entire camp area before they are located. They are anxious to mess before they go away in the lines, being men who are back from the hospital, where they went to be treated for gas, others, casualties of June 24th raid listed in US casualty lists as severely wounded. Supper consists of canned salmon and bread pudding and coffee, Karo, a combination which has an ill effect upon my already sick stomach. Supper is followed by a heartburn, which makes it very uncomfortable for me to write a letter to Leah, which I have started. Give it up much before sundown and lie in my tent. The band plays its concert until 8:30 again, rendering selections from "Jack-O-Lantern", but to-night I am too sick to be drawn by it. Lie alone, while Summers and Syrop remain outside to have a chat about shop, which is continued when they are undressed, ready for bed. I join in. Syrop, whom I have always considered a first-water fool, proves by his conversation that he is a bright enough lad at his own game, automobiling. Summers, in the course of the conversation, divulges that his father, a typical English coal miner, was so addicted to drink,

that he was often abashed by delirium tremens during which he beat up wife, daughters and sons. Altogether a tale of wretchedness, that I would never have believed in connection with Summers, such a mild-mannered lad. He says, and his actions so far as I know have proved, that he has profited by experience and does not, nor ever will, drink intoxicating liquor. Later than usual, they fall asleep, I remaining awake because somewhere between my breast and my stomach is a piece of that bread pudding, which the flies have feasted on before me, and which will go neither up nor down. It stays where it is lodged, even though I drink water, and it burns and makes it difficult for me to breathe and causes severe cramps, coughing spells and belching. So, I suffer all night without once shutting my eyes for more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time, between coughing spells. I can hear the continual thumping of our barrage going over, which has been in progress since the early afternoon. I hear the bugle calls, Fritz's phantom aeroplane, the pounding of one or two new big guns, in a point to the south of us outside the woods, fierce shelling in the village over the hill, and early in the morning a gas alarm in the distance, which I prepare for myself and wake my bed fellows, but which is not taken up by our guards. Try as hard as I will, I cannot sleep. Dispirited.

Sun. Aug. 25, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Very ill, Spoiled stomach,
Dysentery, Headache, Nausea

Up at 6:00 as usual with the march of the band. Company duties and I, not being synonymous, is a blessing this morning. In doubt whether I will get up for breakfast, but flies decide for me. They drive me out. Perhaps a walk will do me good. It proves

more beneficial than medicine. Decide to eat to counteract the weakening effects of the dysentery. Take some boiled rice, Karo, bread, coffee. A heavy stomach, which will not function, is the result. I try to cure myself by working, so I tidy up house, air the blankets, beat the dust out of overcoats and coats. Then do the washing. Locate a pail, steal water from the cart which should be used only for drinking purposes. While I wait for the kitchen fire to be lit, I interest myself in the newspapers which have come to the boys from home. My movements are at a snail's pace. I cannot possibly go faster. The band plays but it does not cheer me. There are ever nearing thoughts of home, too, and I look at Leah and Cecilie and wonder will I ever be nearer to them than I was two weeks ago, when I was told I was to go home. Joy reigning in F Co., which is told to sign payroll and later in the day be paid. I put my clothes on the fire and while they boil, manage to write a line or two. Strange how hard it is for me to concentrate these days. My thoughts wander, I am restless, I do not feel that I am embarked on an outing, as I once did. Put down my pen and shut my eyes, lying on a coat under a tree where there is a little shade from the boiling sun. The flies crawl under the newspaper which I have spread over my head. They crawl on my hands and face. Their sticky germ-laden legs make me shiver. I run away from them to the fire, where my pail of wash is ready boiled for me. I sit down on a sand bank and scrub clothes. Announced that E Co. will be paid. A happy gang. Men line up in order of rank. I sign, asking a question about amount due me, of the company clerk, which receives no reply. This angers me. I am in no mood to be trifled with. I insist on an answer and then go back to my tent cursing all the company clerks we ever had to my knowledge. They were all an ignorant, arrogant lot. The sun goes down behind a cloud bank, which worries me as

much as a housewife would be worried when her clothes are on the line. We move to-night and I want to return the suit of underwear I borrowed from McWhinney. Lie down on the coat again, managing to write a few more lines. The effort is too much for me. My stomach bothers me, my head feels wooden. Life has no charm for me. I cover my head again, move carefully and try to find relief in sleep. Doze off until mess call blows. Not anxious to eat. Go to mess line but of curiosity. They have nothing but meatballs, bread and coffee left. There were beans and corn to be had but I am too late. Meat and bread satisfies me. I will not take coffee as I have an idea coffee sours my stomach. The water is never allowed to boil long enough to sterilize it. Eat near my tent, reclining on my side, too weak to sit up. Not quite finished when Sgt. Kirchner announced that 12 guides are wanted to bring the 1st Batt. out of the lines to-night. Simultaneously given out that F Co. will be paid at 1 sharp. Both create a distinct surprise. We cannot imagine that the Major will order a lot of sick men to go into the lines on any errand. No more necessary than an order to shovel snow. Did not the 1st Batt. go in? Can they not come out without us, since they made no advances. I and McCleary so sick that we cannot stand on our feet. No need for us as guides, and the other men in no condition to go, and we are sent hours before we can be of any use, on an errand that may mean death to us. Even much of the territory to be covered is shelled night and day. Orders are orders. We must go and no one goes with as little grace as I. Even before we are paid we must be off. I am angry with the whole world, and fight with everyone before I am equipped. Go without packs. We will join our company which moves out to-night whenever we return. The sun is red hot, my legs are weak and will not move. My hips and stomach complain of the weight of the belt upon them, my head

goes round like a carrousel. I fall to the rear of the column at the head of which they are arguing about short-cuts. It is forbidden to take the main road, but we decide to do so, being a short-cut. McCleary just ahead of me. We have gone 2 kilometers, pushing along against my desire to rest, when just as the main road is reached, McCleary can go no further. He is very weak from the same cause as I, dysentery. He asks me to stop with him. I was minded to go on and obey orders, but I cannot leave Mac alone, so I stay with him, calling to Syrop in the rear of the vanguard, a good distance ahead of us to tell Cpl. Doherty, McCleary is very sick. Syrop turns around, sees that we have fallen out to rest and leaves the men, coming towards us, without calling to the Cpl., who is now too far ahead to hear us. He walks with a sturdy enough step and whines that he will die if he goes further. We cross the road into the wood to be in the shade. An effort for me to get up. Feeling much worse since I fell out. Now impossible for me to go on, though under the circumstances I want to. McCleary vomits a great deal. Coughing up considerable bile and blood. I want to vomit but cannot. Dizzy and very feverish, severe cramps. Syrop begins to pester us to go back to camp, all the time talking and having never once sat down. Mac and I have not the spirit or strength to go on. Mac is much worse than I, and he must not be left alone. Syrop implores. Shells bursting ahead of us. No immediate danger and it is best to lie where we are till we feel a bit better. Guns behind us frighten us with their sudden, unexpected report, flies bother us. Syrop bothers us and finally we pick ourselves up and go back. I am loathe to go that way. I have never before fallen out of the line or been too sick to do my duty, and even now, though I can hardly walk, I would rather go forward than turn back. After ten minutes on must rest, going on again to where there are some

engineers behind, cooking a pot of blackberries. Here we lie in the shade of some bushes for 15 minutes, as long as we can bear with the entreaties of Syrop to move back faster. He fills our water bottles while we rest. Drink water which is not good for us but we are thirsty. Fall out again on a bank by the road under a big tree. An engineer becomes interested in us. Syrop talks to him as volubly as ever. When we go on, the engineer carries my gun and belt to the edge of the wood where we rest again. There he leaves us. Through the woods in the pleasant shade, with frequent stops, till we reach our camp. Fearing to approach, expecting a severe reprimand if I am seen by the Major. Stop at the medical cart. The doctor has gone to mess. Eating does not interest me. The boys are having supper. All packed up ready to go, they are whiling away the time by shooting craps. A big game. Only the S.O.S detachment still has its tents up. I lie in Doherty's tent till the doctor is ready for us. Tell him all my complaints, expecting to have him send me to the hospital. He pays little attention to me. Does not even feel my pulse. Gives me two kinds of pills to be taken together, every two hours. McWhinney ready to spend the night in my tent. The flies are a little less active as it grows darker and it is possible to sleep without covering over the face. Develop a high temperature and severe cramps, the latter passing away quickly. I fall into a deep sleep entirely unmindful of my surroundings, until at 12, a heavy rain shower comes on. Syrop gets out to cover up the back of our tent, which has been left open for air. I feel 100% better. Take two more of the pills and remain awake long enough to say my prayers and listen to the barrage on our left to which I have now become accustomed. Sleep soundly until 2:00, when Summers comes back alone, wet and with a story of awful experience dodging shells and invading gas, beating us to it, when

the Captain tells him his services are not needed but he can be of use taking some wounded men to the aid station in He is rightfully sore at us for having gotten out of the nasty night's work. I say nothing in return for the scolding we get, other than that I was very sick. I pity the boys who are still out on their fool's errand, guiding officers who habitually refuse to be guided, getting wet and suffering from cold, while we are already in poor health. I fear Doherty's nervous tongue in the morning. Go to sleep again after taking last dose of pills. No one knows where the companies have gone.

Mon. Aug. 26, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Raining

Health: Fair

We have a new Major

The band is still with us. Calls us at 6:00. The men are all back safely, Thank God. The first Battalion is encamped, the men breathing freer and are happy to have come out of hell. They are as good and pleasant to look at as we were when we reached here a week ago, singing and laughing, not minding that all they own is wet. It rains hard, so I do not get out of my tent. Not interested in breakfast. Remarkable how much better I feel. Light in body and mind compared with yesterday. The scouts build a fire when the shower passes, to dry their clothes. I go out for fresh air and Doherty lights upon me with a sneering remark, doubting if I was sick. I let him have it with a broadside of what I think of him, calling him a nasty name and leaving him abruptly, thoroughly disgusted with him. Later I hear him and Gillece, who was with him, tell of their experiences which were truly hair-raising. They were under heavy shell fire all

the way back and while waiting for the relief to be made, saw a direct hit made upon a dugout very close to theirs in which were a Lieut. and a Sgt. The Lt.'s head was blown completely and cleanly from his body. The Sgt. was crushed to death also. Four or five other men injured. When coming out, they were under constant fire. Doherty nervously telling about barrages. This time I do not doubt him. Every man acting as guide had similar experiences, except Ernst, who guided Capt. Harvey, Company A, which never was within range of either shell fire or gas. Back in my tent to sleep again. The flies remain on the roof without disturbing me. Shortly before noon, I get up. This is a good opportunity to look up Greenfield, the S.I. man who has been looking for me. A. Co. is near me. Go over and make inquiries. Find him an uninviting fellow, tell him who I am, chat a few minutes with him and leave to get my mess kit for a bite to eat. He tells me A Co. was in a battle that night before, shortly before being relieved. They were ordered to retake a few yards of lost wood, driving the Germans out with the loss of two men dead and some wounded. German casualties about the same. A Co. kitchen generous with bread and jam, coffee, hash. I take only the bread and jam, returning for more to satisfy a sharpened appetite. Rest for an hour until Sgt. Kirchner comes back from a trip made to locate the Company. Begin rolling a pack with what little I have. 1st Battalion ordered to move out, too. I pick up a blanket, tent half, and cap, which gives me a fair sized outfit once more. Through the woods following the Sgt. who has gone ahead. We cannot find him. When we reach the edge of the wood no one is in sight. Meet Brickett, F Co. man. He is able to direct us to the Batt. Hdqrs. by a long description. Doherty is quite useless, so I lead. Find the various paths in the wood, the entrance to which I see marked by red bully beef tins

stuck on trees. The best concealed path through the heart of the wood a kilometer in length, I have come up with. Complete protection from overhead observation. Rest is a little clearing where the road forks. McAvoy there going to E Co. 1 and 1/2 kilometers distant. Tells Gillece and me we are wanted by Moss to collect our pay. We remain there to take shelter under a tree, while a shower passes by, talking and trying to find our new position in relation to the Hdqrs. I maintain that we have retired, judging from the sound of artillery fire. Report to Hdqrs. Sgt. already there. We make an attempt to go to E Co. following in direction given us by McAvoy. We walk through three woods, but find no familiar faces or signs. No one seems to know. Ask artillery and transport men, all of whom have an idea, but not the right one. See G Co. coming across the field. Ask Lt. Otto. He does not know. Ask Lemon. He tells us to follow him. We do not notice we are going back to where we started from until we run right into Batt. Hdqrs. again. Soundly scolded by Gillece for being headstrong. Remain where we are for supper. In the meantime I look for a funk hole to sleep in. While we were away, all the good places were taken. Gillece, having nothing to build house with, will bunk with Doherty and Jorgenson. I find myself a deep hole in E Co. area, which I must occupy alone. Would like a mate to keep me warm, but all are settled. Cover half of space over hole with my tent half pegged into the parapet and tied to brush. Get out the wet leaves from the floor of hole and shovel out a puddle of water from the morning rains, take off another inch or so of topsoil and I have a fairly good hole to sleep in. Get things ready so that I can go to bed at once when I return from E Co., where I plan to go after supper. We have orders to feed with H Co. There is salmon, mashed potato, tomato sauce, bread, coffee. A soft dish, which I am afraid will not agree with me. Get

instructions from Astrow how to go to E Co. which are as vague as any. We go in the same direction which mislead us before, asking everyone we meet if they know of an infantry company in the woods. All know where one was, but not is. We begin to use our own judgment, crossing a shell-hole pitted field to where we see a number of wagons and some horses, an excellent target for Fritz's artillery if he cares to spend a shell to get us. He looks right at us from his hills. We get across safely. An artillery outfit is in the woods. Where we enter is a plot where three Americans were buried by the French. A number of men standing about to read the French inscription telling that they died on the field of honor. We inquire for E Company. They do not know. Go along the edge of the wood. Watch the balloon being lowered. Find a man who knows where we might try. We act on his suggestion and it is not long before we hear the click of a typewriter and see Moss, the clerk at work under a tree, his face with an accumulation of two days' dirt upon it. He is glad to see us and glad to be rid of the responsibility of carrying our money about with him. I am paid 168 1/2 Fr., not knowing whether it is 2 months' pay or one with un-deducted allotment. I am not good at figures to-day, so I ask Moss to inquire if the sum given me is correct. A long parley before he consents. Look up some of the men who owe me money and pay a debt I owe. A poker game in progress on the kitchen table. The men distributed so widely and so well concealed that no one would believe a company of men are quartered here. Astrow there, having left our quarters later than we, and arrived ahead of us. We go back in the Kelly and (then?) by the right road, an appreciable short cut. It is dark, so there is no danger of being seen. Get back to quarters safely. Get ready for bed at once. Remove only our shoes, leggings and coats. Wrap myself in my blanket as well as I can.

Overcoat and slicker to guard against the cold from the ground. Say my prayers. I am fairly warm to begin with, but it rapidly grows colder. I put on my coat. A Hun plane comes to hover over us. Our guns silent so that their position will not be discovered, while the enemy shells where E Co. is, it seems to me. I pray that the boys are not hurt. The night grows colder. I must wrap myself closer in the blankets. Our big guns rock my bed, when the plane goes back home. Then the Hun shells in the general direction of the battery. At 2, a barrage begins on the left in which batteries in the immediate vicinities take part, making sleep impossible. A wonderful thing from an abstract viewpoint, but how I wish the war were over. Not a wink of sleep. Nervously toss all night, cold in every fiber. Cough all night.

Tue. Aug. 27, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Raining

Health: Good

Up at 5:45 with the call of the bugle to obey the new Major's orders that the headquarters detachment stand Reveille. Seems queer to be toting a gun out to formation, something I last did at Other men feel as I do about it, which is not popular approval of Major's edict. We are to have another formation at 7:10. Roll call held by G and H Cos. The ceremony of the morning over with us, ahead of company, we manage to head the line for breakfast. Bacon, bread, jam, coffee. Talk a bit to the men about on the subject of the disabilities caused by gas, the freak actions. When and where is our next move comes up for discussion. Some have cheering rumors, others make me disconsolate. No one can hear the thought of returning to death valley or even the support line, which is constantly under shell fire aimed at our batteries. Indications seem to favor the opinion that we go into the

lines again, unless by a miracle we are relieved by the Division. One rumor has it that we have orders to move to the Red Line position to-night. Go to my hole to shave. My upper lip is a trifle sore, which gives birth to the fancy that I leave my mustache as it is. Laugh at the idea which requires a bit of courage to execute. Feeling in excellent health this morning in spite of the little sleep I have had. I feel stronger than I have in a long while. Also there is the desire to clean up, which accompanies a healthy, vigorous feeling, which causes me to spend a little more time than usual at my toilet. The bugle blows for company formation, which I pay no attention to thinking we will have a call of our own. Therefore, I do not hurry. Not quite ready when the Sgt. comes to look for me with the mild reprimand that I am keeping the entire detachment back in its work. I hurry then, arm myself and look for them where we found them this morning. They are not there. Using my judgment as to where they might have gone, I follow the road in the direction of the open. Find them much sooner than I expected to, in a little clearing in the wood doing physical drill. I make myself comfortable and join in. I can stretch my limbs and stand erect, conscious of a long absent amount of power. We have some of the simple exercises long familiar to us at Camp Upton and some entirely new. All of them do me a world of good, I feel. Helps wonderfully to limber me up. When we are dismissed, I consider we have spent a profitable half hour and look forward with pleasure to the afternoon session similarly employed as announced. The morning's work as far as we know is ended. Feel as though I would like to lie down, cross my legs and read a newspaper. There are plenty to be had at the H Co. Postmasters, July issues. Get a NY paper, settle myself comfortably to read about our progress in the war, a topic which now interests me more than

formerly. Kirchner comes to ask me to build a latrine for the Major. Others to help me. We are all very righteously indignant. Unfair enough that he makes us stand formation, but this is an unheard of outrage. It is mentioned by us in a tone of voice louder than a whisper and no doubt the Major hears our complaint, but we obey the order, filling in an old one and beginning a new, with 4 men on the job, working so that we each have a turn at a pick or shovel. I am laughed at by the others for the manner in which I handle my tools. I find digging very arduous work. I do not possess the knack of it. When we cut a limb of a tree for a crosspiece, I cannot even make a cut in it with a fairly sharp axe, so it is taken away from me and the job is done by Gillece. There is an hour yet to dinner time which I employ in writing. Afternoon formation has been cancelled, account of detail work we have done, but afternoon retreat formation, at which rifles will be inspected, will not be overlooked. Dinner, excellent roast meat with gravy, mashed potatoes, tomatoes stewed, bread, coffee. To my hole to take a nap with a newspaper spread over my head. First I finish reading the newspaper. Awake at 2 undecided whether to clean my gun or write. My gun was never before so rusty. Do not know how long it will take to get it into shape, since there is no oil to be had, so I get to work on that and, if there will be any spare time, I will write. A hard time getting rust off. Half of my task done when Gillece comes, asking me to go to E Co. with him, where it is reported there is oil. Agreeable to me. We know the road today, so it is just as safe or unsafe to cut across the field as it is to use the road and we act accordingly. 4 aeroplanes are up. We pay no attention to them, getting across safely and quickly. At the company kitchen is Lt. McDougall who wants to know what news I have. I have a chat with him for a half hour. Tell him of rumored moves to-night. He

discounts it. Interested in the markings on boxes of German hand grenades (potato mashers) which are lying about. I translate for him. He is of the opinion the Germans have a wonderful system in everything they do. No one knows anything about oil. The supply sergeant suggests we ask the men to whom a want issue was made for some. We discover Weinhold, who is a Bouchard gunner, has some. He gives me as much as he can spare and after chatting with the men a bit, we go back by a shorter cut across country than the way we came. In a little hollow, we find German boots of first quality leather and other little things of interest. Gillece and others come to my hole when we get back to work on their guns. We can pool oil and tools. Getting along nicely when Sgt. tells us the Major does not like the latrine we dug. He orders one built and dug to his own taste. It matters not if Thurn is a Corporal or not, he must help dig. The rules of company management ignored. Thurn working with those men who were idle this morning. We are wanted to fill in the old hole. We kick this time as hard as we know how and obey at our leisure. We find Thurn shouting he wants to be a rear rank private if such indignities as this are to be heaped upon him. His loud voice attracts the Major. We laugh in our sleeves at him. I lay off as quickly as I can, going back to clean my gun, making a good job of it under the circumstances. A little time left to write before the bugle calls us to fall in for retreat. This amuses me. I wonder can I do the manual or stand at attention property. The Sgt. checks us up. The entire headquarters detachment including runners are in the ranks. The Major comes up looking like a parlor lad and tells us how little there may be between us and death, if it were not for the rifle and would we please therefore keep it clean. That amuses me, because we haven't had a chance to use a rifle at a visible target since we have been in the fighting. He asks the

Sgt. to inspect, as he is pressed for time. We go through the performance, laughingly, watching the Major out of the corners of our eyes. Retreat is blown by the bugler, a novel thrill standing at parade rest and present arms. Dismissed with a caution about attending Reveille in the morning. Supper. Beans, mashed potatoes, tomato sauce, bread, coffee, plentiful and well-prepared. Nelson has been to Regimental Hdqrs. and returns with the news that we stay in the sector we now occupy until the 5th of next month but whether or not we move into the lines he does not know. To my bunk to write until it is dark. It threatens rain, which will bring disaster to me, since my tent half covers only half the hole I occupy. To guard against such a contingency, I wrap my slicker around my feet and button it. Use sweater and coats to sleep in and for warmth. Very tired and sleepy. It is comparatively quiet and it looks as if we will be able to sleep well to-night. Soon it begins to rain when I am about to doze off. I must get up to take in my gun and belt, which are hanging from a twig outside. Lie down again and fall asleep, my feet and exposed part of my body all being wet. Sleep soundly until 12:30 when I awake in a very peculiar state of mind. I imagine I have been shellshocked. I am fully awake, yet I talk nonsense and feel nervous. I console myself that I will go home for sure and talk dribble to Leah, still I am glad that I am home. It has ceased to rain. I look about in my hole for the shell which did the damage, surprised that I cannot find it or hear the bustle attendant upon getting the wounded out of the wood. I am sure it must have hit very near me to shock me thus and if it did explode so near, it must have hurt many. A lucid moment and then childish, nonsensical thoughts. Awake all the time this is going on. It appears I awoke with a start, because I have worked my feet out of the slicker, a thing normally not easy to accomplish without unfastening catches.

Readjust slicker, which I have wits enough to do, when it again begins to rain, and lie down to wonder and rave intermittently. I pity myself that my mind should have given way so easily. Fall asleep again, though I react nervously at each report of a gun. Wake and sleep.

Wed. Aug. 28, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Raining

Health: Good

Hike about 15 miles for a bath, which we do not get.

The Red cross station in is hit, killing 7 men and injuring many.

Up a little later than bugle call. I must put on my leggings and shoes in a hurry. Reason for tardiness is that after hearing the bugle I am surprised to find myself sane and sound in mind. Most time spent in happiness, surprise and laughter. Hurry into my arms and equipment, running to our formation. I find only Schlesinger there with the Sgt. I shamefacedly say, I am late no doubt. Greeted with a forgiving smile and told that the boys would not condescend to get up for formation. Schlesinger and I are the only ones to appear. The rest complain of being sick. But, everybody tumbles out for breakfast, bacon, bread, butter, coffee. This morning Headquarters and the companies go for a bath to, a considerable walk. At 7:10 we fall in. All of us are supposed to go but, as usual, some prefer to take advantage of the time they will have for themselves, if they remain behind. I argue that point with myself, too, deciding to go because I really need a bath and probably will be able to buy toothpaste, towel and get writing paper, matches and chocolate,

tobacco at a YMCA, which we should pass on the road. Only about half our detachment goes. Not very clear where we go or how. Syrop says he knows the way. So does Simpson, both being sure of themselves, but both having a different route in mind. We talk all along the way. We talk without paying very much attention to the road. Our feet lead us rather than our judgment. Walking by miles of telegraph wire cut down or torn by shell. Shell holes plentiful from the very beginning of our trip, all over the field. On approaching a stream, real devastation and destruction greets our eyes, trees which line the brook shattered and splintered. Holes in the earth 15 feet deep and 25 feet wide. Monster pits made by monster bombs we decide. Shell holes from 75s every 25 yards. A pockmarked landscape. This is the, the most bloody and the greatest

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we go back to the bathhouse to see what can be done. No chance. We must go home without getting wet. Wash my face at the pump. Scout for something to eat. Unsuccessful in that too. Aeroplanes up delay our return a little. In the little village of Frenchmen are quartered. We ask for wine and bread. They have none to offer, an exceptional case. It behooves us to hurry back. The sergeant knows a shortcut. We rely upon him. He leads us over the hills and on the crest we see he has been going opposite to the direction we should have taken. A heated argument ensues. Everybody calls the other a fool. Syrop and I win out. We will lead them back in less than an hour. We come upon the grave of a German soldier, ammunition and clothes and small articles. We get to a point where we can take our bearings. See the stem of the observation balloon parked at the edge of the wood, which is our guide. Head for that

talking with the Sgt. about my proposed trip to the States, which did not materialize. The balloon an object of great interest. We halt to inspect it. Cut across another field, where are two unidentified dead Germans near a dump of enemy machine gun equipment. In the wood where we stayed last week, a few minutes from home, having come in a little over a half hour, what it took us almost three hours to go over in the morning. We are not too late to get a bite to eat. There is a very good stew, bread and coffee. The walk has been to my liking. Thurn lets the Major hear his opinion about having to walk so many miles for a bath that could not be had. Go to my bunk for a little nap. The sun is out strong and all the flies in the forest are gathered about my house. I cannot nap comfortably even with a covering over my head. At 2:30 I begin writing. The rumor comes that we have orders to move. Some men are already making their packs. The Sergeant called away from a poker game to go with the Major, Capt., Thurn and Doherty on a reconnaissance expedition, probably to look over camp site. Before supper almost all of H is packed up. Supper at 5 without retreat. Hash and mashed potatoes, bread, coffee,rice. Plenty for repeat orders. Go back to write. Schlesinger comes to worry me with his nervous fears. He wants to know if I will pack up or wait for orders, telling me that all the boys are already packed. I do not want them to have the advantage over me, so break up my house while he is still with me. No sooner am I completely at the mercy of the elements, if the threatened shower should break, when down comes a heavy rain, giving me just time enough to fill my pack and cover things in my hole with my slicker. Then I must leave it and find shelter somewhere from the rain. It rains hard and long while I stand under the medical cart shed. When it lets up, I fix up completely and leave everything outside of hole covered by slicker and overcoat. Go to

see what progress the other men have made, to get some news and to see how McCleary is getting along. He is very sick with dysentery and unfit to hike or move. Not a single tent has been touched. Not a man in the scouts has packed. Duly angry at Schlesinger for the trick he has played me. Stay with McCleary. Urge him to refuse to move out to-night. The best the doctor can do for him is to refer his case to another to decide if he is sick enough to send to the hospital. The poor kid is worried terribly. I write in his tent until it is too dark to see. Finished, and still no word about moving. I am in a predicament with no place to sleep. My own hole is now a dump. I must ask Mac to take me for a boarder for the night. He consents willingly enough but all night worries about not having eaten for seven days. Childish pettiness and irritableness characterizes him. Though the limbers and horses are already here the companies have word to move but not we. E and F come in to join the rest of the battalion. It pours rain again, the men waiting while the officers consult in dugout. Third Battalion comes in to take up their positions, Men slip and slide in the mud. Sgt. and Capt. return at last with the good news that Hdqrs. detachment does not move until dawn. Mac must leave the tent every few minutes. Once I leave with him to bring my pack and equipment to where I sleep. Consider it an achievement to do it safely in the inky blackness of the night, taking two inch steps and working by familiar markings underfoot and trees. Three of us try to sleep in the tent. I cough. Mac must disturb us often. The guns, while not very active on account of the weather, are too near to permit of sleeping. Spy-glasses for a pillow. Take my shoes off. I am warm and comfortable enough to rest, even though I do not sleep. I say my prayers and get courage to go into the hell hole once more. At twelve the Captain calls to tell the Sergeant we will move out earlier because it

has cleared.

Thu. Aug. 29, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Hike ... kilometers to Have a very nasty dream. I have been home and it is my misfortune not to see Cecilie

Up at 1:30. Spry and chipper, not particularly disturbed over the prospect of going back into the lines. Early yesterday I told the Sgt. that since losing my chance to go home, my wind was up. It is not so. Bustle about under the clear starlit sky, calling to the men to get up and helping Capt. McMurtry to find the men he wants. McCleary has obtained permission to remain behind, being too sick and helpless. Syrop displays a streak of yellow, refusing to go with us, saying he is too sick and nervous to be of any use. The Sergeant argues with him for a few minutes then gives it up as a bad job. Schlesinger does as Syrop. Both of them are always well enough to go into the mess line for seconds or eat with 2 or 3 companies at a meal and earlier in the evening one was swearing quite vigorously and the other was minding other people's business, but when duty calls they are sick. Any one but Sgt. Kirchner would not permit such tricks to be played. Some of the runners have adopted the same tactics. After an hour and a half fussing around in the dark, we are ready to move. A transport follows us. I put my pack on a Hdqrs. limber. Tell the others to do likewise. Capt. McMurtry does not go with us. He goes to aeroplane liaison school with Summers and Thurn later in the day. Only scouts left for duty with only the Sgt. left to direct us. Before we start there is a little shelling, but now all is quiet. A fast steady pace set, marching at

intervals of every 5 or 10 yds. The path in the wood is hard to traverse, being ankle deep in mud, slippery, slimy stuff. Once on the open road the walking is excellent. It feels like a pleasant jaunt. I am not the least bit nervous or worried. Cecilie is my talisman. Pass through the little villages which are deserted because of enemy shelling. So unfamiliar am I with the road that for a time I fear we are being misled. We go without a single fall out for rest. Pass by batteries which are being worked, so close by that the heat of the flash is felt and the report hurts my eardrums. A little shelling in the distance, in the direction of where we are going. The further we go the more I like the walk. Then I think, surely this should feel good to everybody. Do they all think as I do, that life is queer, that while in the midst of an enjoyable stroll, such as this is, one little shell might spoil it all, and there is a possibility that a shell might come to spoil it for one of us? I pity the man who is hit while on an enjoyable hike. I curse the cowardly shell more than ever. We go nearer and nearer the lines and yet I haven't the least bit of fear for myself and not so long ago I was telling people I had my wind up. We get into, before I am aware of it. The trip proves shorter than I thought it would be and so busy am I with my thoughts, I do not notice the passing of kilometers. The procession halts at the main road crossing in the town. Some parts of the transport, kitchens, etc., stay here, others follow us as far as the farm. Fritz sends over four or five gas shells. The men get nervous, the MPs shout for us to get under cover, for all of which there is no necessity. The shells are far out of range to hit us. Disposition of the transport settled, we go on up the road which I have traveled so often. There have been changes. The guns are now lined up along the roadside, six inches. New shell holes, dugouts, funk holes, etc. We turn to go up the hill. The dead horses do not smell as much as they did last week. Into the

farmhouse, safely, just in time to avoid being made a target for the Huns. He sends over four big ones right in back of the barn where we shelter. Shrapnel rains into the yard and upon the road. The men are worried now. To me it is fun, great fun this morning. I would like him to send more to tease the other fellows and waste his shells by making holes in the ground. He will not please me. Dawn is breaking. Best to unload the wagons so that they can get away without being seen. We pitch in, all of us. Rest in a little strong box which has a coating of flies on the walls and ceiling buzzing about, ready to annoy us with the first shaft of light which will show them their prey. We decide to wait until daylight before starting the short trip uphill to the edge of the forest, where Hdqrs. will be located. Two more wagons come in. We unload them to ensure the safety of the drivers who are not aware of the danger they are in. Their load consists of rations. A pleasant surprise for I am hungry. Gillece and I look for something we might relish. Take a can of beans and a can of salmon. No bread, but what we get is better than nothing. Find tobacco too, and matches, both of which we need. Make a fair breakfast, taking the edge off a sharp appetite. Daylight now. Assure the men it is safe to go up the hill as we can be seen only by aeroplane. A hateful job before us. We must carry up with us the Major's bedding roll and the damned old field desk, which will some day be the death of a man. A stiff climb, all of us taking turns carrying the extra burden. On top, the Major is shivering. He has been cold all night. He thanks us for our kindness to him, but he must vent his spleen upon us. Before I regain my breath, the Sgt. tells me the Major wants breakfast. I promise to go with the Sgt. if I will be spared for the remainder of the day. Agreeable to him, so we conclude the bargain. Off with my pack and down the shell-pitted hillside to the town, a half hours journey. The

cooks swear when we tell them they must make breakfast. We have some buttered bread and I lie down for a nap on the dirty fly blown floor, while I wait until coffee is made. Powers will help us carry dixies up. Stop at aid station to feed the medical man, then the tiring uphill climb without meeting with a shell. The boys are happy with such a fine breakfast. I crawl into a funk hole in the chalk cliff for an hour's nap, lying almost doubled up, emerging stiff and sore. Orders are to go into the wood, when we have no business in the open, for the guns are right beside us and we might disclose their positions. Much air activity makes it necessary for us to hide whenever a plane is over us, no matter whether our own or Fritz's. The Major has been satisfied with his breakfast and has gone for a stroll and has located a site for his latrine, which the scouts will please dig for him. Then the scouts will police up. We go about with bayonets sticking papers, bread, tin cans, etc, like the men in the parks do with their pointed sticks. At last the Major is pleased. He has nothing further for us to do, so I lie down in O'Keefe's funk hole in the woods to read the papers and take a nap, after which I begin to write. Satisfy my hunger with hard tack, which is lying about plentifully. The Major walks about looking for places to dig holes. Sitting on a box in the funk hole, writing, absorbed in my task, when a terrific bang, a vivid flash of fire and heat, a rush of hot air. My ears ring, my blood turns cold, my heart stops beating and I jump two feet from my seat. Then another bang before I can regain my senses. Two 6 inch guns, hidden in the brush 20 yds. from me, have been fired for the first time. They were installed this morning. The report as they are fired is so deafening that I cannot become accustomed to it. The only way to withstand the shock is to shut my ears and hold my breath. Shiver, a bit shaky thereafter. Supper comes. Beef steak, bread, butter,

coffee. I have a good enough appetite to take seconds of the whole menu. Resume writing as the Boche begins shelling us. He has two ranges this afternoon. One is short and is on a line with the newly installed guns about a hundred yds. to their left. The longer range takes his shells into He alternates them for our benefit so we can tell when to duck. Every time his shell breaks on his short range target, the shrapnel flies directly over my head. All I have to do is duck when I hear them coming and I can avoid being hit. In between shells, I write so that I can finish my work. He works steadily for an hour but does no damage. He apparently has only two guns in the battery that play upon us. He sends his shells so slowly that we can fool him. Make my bunk with Patrick, the Major's orderly. He has been to town with O'Keefe and expect him back soon. Find the bunk, hardly is enough for two, and hope Patrick does not come back until the morning. I am so tired that my eyes shut against my will. Doze off as I hear "Ready Fire" and a crash which jolts me from the ground and sends a shower of chalk pebbles and dust upon me. I open my eyes quickly and keep them open. If I shut my ears and hold my breath, I can withstand the shock. Presently I fall asleep. There is a great deal of activity on both sides, the Boche sending many gas shells which gives rise to gas alarms that I do not hear and sleep through peacefully. From time to time I look about semi-consciously trying to find my partner. He does not appear upon the scene and I grow worried about him.

Fri. Aug. 30, 1918
Weather: Fair, Warm
Health: Good

I have a dream that Cecilie is ill

Awakened at 3 o'clock by Cohen to take my turn at Gas Guard. No sooner do I get upstairs, that is into the wood, when the odor of gas comes to my nostrils. I sound the alarm, shout gas and adjust my mask, having done which I get into Cohen's trench, covered over with dirt and branches for protection, and proceed to finish my nap. The gas NCO is with us and sleeps with me. I go down to the hillside to get one of the blankets. I am surprised to find Patrick in his bunk. O'Keefe has returned too, after spending most of the night in the town. My gas mask is off. Not long after, there is another strong whiff of mustard gas hanging around the spot we occupy. Sound the alarm again and turn in with the blanket to cover me and the Gas NCO to help keep me warm. He obligingly acts as taster, pronouncing it safe to lie without a mask on, and then we both fall asleep, oblivious to gas or who my relief is for the last shift. I wake nobody and do not wake myself until called upon by Sgt. Kirchner to get the morning mess. Doherty, I am surprised, offers to go with me. He must be very much in want of something to eat to brave "barrages". We find, in looking over the hills, that the Boche has taken the church steeple down in the town of He has been active enough to suit us during the night and what I wonder at is how I came to sleep through the din made by 25 rounds fired from the 6 inchers at our side. I must be rapidly growing accustomed to shocks and loud noises. I look toward the pleasure of a cup of hot coffee at E Co. kitchen. Take the main road across the hill, where there are many new shell holes. There is not a single shell coming

for us and nothing whatever to worry about, but the Corporal finds cause to grow nervous and cautions us foolishly about nothing, so I take charge of the procession. Before coming down from the hill, I was offered the opportunity to go to aeroplane liaison school in the capacity of kitchen police. Thinking it only a two or three day school, I decline the offer and recommend Gillece. He and Farrell, who go as students, and three men from the companies in support have come down with us, and all crowd into our kitchen. I send off all other men but E on the mess detail to H Co. kitchen to relieve congestion. Bill Kessler, Mess Sergeant, has been hit by a small piece of shrapnel in the leg just above the knee. He has been treated and has refused to go to the hospital. Limp about gamely. Take my breakfast while I wait for H to have battalion mess ready. Kessler is feeding men going to school and E Co. men on mess detail, without a word of complaint. My breakfast consists of two big slices of buttered bread, E Co. coffee and some rice and peas, so much that I must cram in order to finish. A few shells came over at this time yesterday, so there is preparation to get under cover at the first indication of renewed activity by Fritz. Not a shell comes to disturb us. When H has mess ready, we lead detail back, having with us a can of corn and a can of salmon, two bars of milk chocolate, a welcome delicacy. Get the mess into the Med. Det. in the farmhouse without incident and after a rest get it safely up the hill and into the woods. Not a shell fired on us all the way up or down, it being remarkably and unusually quiet, and I have an excellent breakfast and a fine morning walk. The regular mess, I discover, is steak, bread, coffee, so I take mine to save for dinner in case I am hungry. We decide to go to E Co. headquarters hereabout. The Major, walking about after his good breakfast decides we ought to police up and also begin a salvage

dump. He must be obeyed, though under our breaths we curse him. Open many packs lying about and find many things we can use. Get socks, razors, blankets, maps and toilet articles. When we have done our little duties we go to E Co., stopping on the way to talk to the 6 inch gunners who explain the workings of their guns to us. Spend an interesting half hour. Go on to E Hdqrs. and finding Lt. McDougall in good humor, we have quite a chat with him, in the course of which I find out that the liaison school lasts for 2 weeks and that I have passed up a good job, shell proof and an excellent opportunity to be with the Captain, close enough to play politics with him in my effort to gain his consent to send me home next month. I am a good deal put out when I think of the chance I threw away. We go back to our dugout. The work on hand for the afternoon consists of cleaning rifles. The Major has seen to it that we have gun oil. All our oil cases are filled. We sit on the hillside where we can see the shells breaking in the valleys and surrounding hills. It looks to us that he only ploughs holes in the ground, an expensive pastime for him, but from where we are, there is no telling but that someone is hurt by the flying fragments. We have a stiff job ahead of us cleaning our guns of rust and caked plaster in the woodwork and heel plates. A young medical officer comes up the hill with a red cross man and stretcher and other equipment. He makes himself at home near us and while he waits for the Major to come to report to him, tells us the news of many successes of the French and English, which kindles the hope that the war will not last long. It seems that we have the Germans on the run and they will soon be suing for mercy. We talk on general terms and when I call Doherty "Doc" the Lieut. answers with a friendly questioning look, not at all alarmed by the apparent familiarity, until the riddle is explained to him. His men have been looking

about in the wood for a suitable spot in which to locate the proposed new aid station. The Lieut. wonders if the Major has room in his dugout to accommodate him, but on learning that there is just room for our men, he is satisfied to bunk for the night with his medical man. He goes to look at apartment somewhere in the wood, but then the Major comes. I have gone into my bunk for a few minutes' rest, when the Major learns of the Doctor's arrival and calls for Kirchner to consult him about where to build a funk hole for the doctor, so that we may not be remiss in our hospitality. Kirchner salutes and details Privates Greenwald, Nelson, to begin digging at once. They disobey his orders for ten minutes. Must be spent in swearing and making up our minds where to begin. We must enlarge a hole in the chalk hillside, which is too small for me to get into so that I can work comfortably. I must double up like a jack-knife and must squeeze myself into a most uncomfortable position in order to use a small ordinance shovel, which is even too large for use by me, except with difficulty. The doctor looks on with an expression that is very evidently one of pity for us. I am sure he feels for Nelson and me and considers it quite useless to build a place for him when there are so many good holes about, ready dug. We work hard for that reason until supper time. We vote the doctor a good fellow. I propose to cultivate his acquaintance to-morrow. Supper is stew, bread and Karo, coffee. Work is put aside until to-morrow, as the Doctor goes back to the farm for the night. I lie under the shelter of Doherty's dugout in which I have taken Gillece's place, with my head at the door and my feet on the pillows, to write until it is dark. A beautiful view of a fine sunset from our position. As I am on no guard detail tonight, nor is any work to be done by me that I know of, therefore I expect a good night's rest. There are sufficient blankets to keep warm and if

Doherty will promise to keep quiet when shelling begins, sleep might possibly be had. We make up a clean fresh bunk and I remove my leggings and shoes and change my socks for the first time since the 10th, for a clean pair from the salvaged packs we collected in the morning. It is not long before our six inch guns begin working in cadence with the 75s on the lower slope. As soon as our guns sound, sleep leaves my eyes. I wait for the artillery officer to shout "Fire", which is the signal for me to hold my breath and plug my ears. Fritz fires his night's quota, making a target of the flash of our guns. His shells break down at the farm and on the hillside, not very far from us, but we are never in danger, except from a possible steel fragment. Doherty grows terribly excited as usual, gets up and goes outside crawling over me and stepping on my feet with his heavy shoes. This makes me mad and I command him to lie down and remain quiet. I plead with him that he is only making a better target of himself by moving about. He takes my advice and lies down, remaining awake with his gas mask handy. Have it handy, too. No occasion to use it. I fall asleep amid the noise and enjoy a good night's rest.

Sat. Aug. 31, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Good, slightly gassed

Write a letter to Leah

I am awakened at 9 by the sergeant, who tells me that breakfast is ready waiting for Doherty and me. There is a slight drizzle of rain, which does not disturb me as there is a slight possibility of being excused from digging on account of it. I get out to wrap my leggings and put on my shoes. Go into the wood where I find breakfast very nearly over,

the bacon cold and greasy, and the coffee cold. It is chill and miserable in the drizzle, but we must eat outdoors just the same, it being impossible to bring food into our dugout for the many flies. Have a hearty breakfast of bacon and bread, Karo and coffee, and from the surplus bacon I make up a sandwich to put away for dinner. The Major orders the police squad out and organizes another latrine digging detail with the aid of the Sergeant, and Ernst and I are assigned to the task of digging in the Doctor's funk-hole from 10-11. Neither of us is particularly pleased with our detail. It is the wet that disturbs us most, for when the chalk and clay are wet, it cakes and sticks to everything like glue. Our shoes immediately become ten pounds heavier from the accumulation of clay and robs us of whatever aid the hobnails on our shoes afford us in climbing the slippery sides of the quarry. The roads and paths in the woods are all mud and walking is both dangerous and uncomfortable. Ernst and I are a poor working team on such a job, as both of us are two tall to fit into the hole. We make a very poor start, Ernst being sleepy and too little interested in the job to think. He gets held of a shovel and plods away removing a spoonful of clay at a time, ordering me into my bunk for a half hour when he will call me to relieve him. The arrangement suits me, as I do not fancy standing in the rain. There is also the problem of providing drainage for our house. The rain collects on our corrugated iron reef and drops into our funk hole. We must contrive an arrangement of sloping boards and slickers to permit the drip to run free of our hole. A number of mess cups also pressed into service, which when filled are emptied outside. There I write until it is time for me to relieve Ernst. He works so steadily, that unnoticed by him, the hour slips by and the Sgt. puts Nelson and Jorgenson to work on the hole. They accomplish quite a lot while I write. The

Boche has not taken a vacation in spite of the rain. He sends shells regularly into the hillside and the valley below. Our 6 inchers fire a few rounds and our 75s do likewise. At twelve Ernst and I get busy with the digging again. The hole is now large enough to permit us to work with a fair amount of speed and comfort. A layer of brown, gray and white clay is in the hole, which is easy to remove. A strata of rock gives us a good deal of trouble and is the cause for swearing. The doctor pays us a visit. He lets us go on with our work without making any suggestions. Anything we do for him seems to please him. He leaves and shortly after the Major comes to inspect our work. We are saved a good deal of labor by following out a new idea of his, which also will make a much better and safer funk-hole for the doctor. We work steadily and with mere relish until our hour is up and we are relieved by Nelson and his partner again. It has ceased raining. It is fairly dry now that the sun is out. I write in my funk-hole for about an hour. The Sergeant orders me on a detail to get mess for tonight. Fritz is shelling the farm and in the vicinity of, but I do not hesitate about going down the hill. I move to see the fire and play tag with him. I start a little ahead of the rest for freedom of movement. Make a detour to the right of the farmhouse. Only a short distance down the hillside, I get a strong whiff of gas borne to me from I knew not where, by a stiff breeze. I can see the shells breaking along the back and right walls of the farmhouse and I go down hill, with the nose and mouth pieces of my mask adjusted. They whizz loudly, plough into the softened earth, emit a cloud of black smoke and then a loud report and singing fragments of steel fly through the air, though none within range of me. The same thing happens in the town of and immediately this side of it. Some of the shells are gas. There is really not enough gas about to cause more than a little bit of

smart in the eyes and a little sneezing so for comfort I remove my mask. My eyes water and the sharp horse-radish odor, which persistently follows me, makes me sneeze. The entire area is gassed but nobody is wearing a mask. The other men of the detail are apparently not annoyed by gas. Go down the road which is midway between Fritz' targets. He is using two guns and I observe that he used each on its respective targets without changing their range. I will have to be careful going into the town, because I am walking into the danger zone. I am watchful, as I continue on my way, but he has stopped shelling by now. I notice where one of his shells landed only four doors from E Kitchen, the end of town, close to the road, spreading dirt and stones and plums from a nearby tree over the road. He sends one more, after. I am safe in the kitchen. A piece of shrapnel hits on the tin reef above, which is the extent of the damage done. Wait in E Kitchen and have a bite to eat until E has mess ready for us. Wish the boys luck and go back with the mess. I am empty-handed until we reach the farmhouse where we must stop to feed the medical men. Fritz has wrought havoc around the farm and with the ruined buildings. New holes are everywhere. The medics fed, I start the party carrying a dixie myself. Fritz, to favor us has stopped working here and is playing a tattoo into the woods on our right. I ask if some canteens, which I brought with me, have been filled and am angered to find that they have not. At any risk, I mean to bring back water, so I take them and return to the farmhouse, fill them and move on again up the hillside. I have the pleasure of hearing two duds land in the woods and the sight of his shells making harmless holes in the woods, not near enough to hurt any of us. Meet up with the detail which could not travel as fast with their burden as I could with mine. Relieve them, reaching the wood in safety. Jones is going to

the aid station in the farmhouse to have his slight wound dressed. Mess is served. Stewed corn, steak, Karo, bread, coffee. Fritz shells the farmhouse again. I fear for Jones. Wash myself thoroughly, feeling greatly refreshed. The Major comes about and inspects the doctor's finished dugout. Where the doctor has praise for our work, the Major thinks it should be dug six inches further into the hillside. Sgt. is called and Ernst and I are detailed to dig. I begin working, chatting with the doctor and joking. Ernst fails to appear and I finish the job alone to the doctor's satisfaction. He makes his bunk and holds informal sick call. I watch him fix up all sorts of sick men with only five kinds of pills. Rally him about it. He says one can practice medicine with the five pills he has. Jones comes back to him to be dressed and reports men hurt at the farm. Make arrangements with the Sgt. to take the last shift on the gas guard, from 4:00 to 6:00 and go to bed. Our guns blast away, the big guns rocking me and tossing me. When they stop, the little ones by comparison are so noiseless that they do not worry me and I sleep well. A gas alarm is sounded. I merely reach for my mask and adjust it. I am becoming quite accustomed to such things and they no longer thrill me. I must quiet Doherty again. In a few minutes masks are ordered off. Can hear the gas shells being pumped into the valley. The fumes will not flout upward to us. Considerable artillery action on both sides. I doze off again and in a little while another gas alarm. Immediately ordered off by artillery officer. Gets his big guns to work and when finished firing twenty or so rounds, I sleep peacefully until morning.

Sun. Sep. 1, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Disordered stomach from gas

At 4:30 Nelson awakes me to go on gas guard until 6 o'clock. My bed is warm and comfortable and outside it is chill and dreary. I decide to do my turn on guard lying awake in bed, a rather novel way of obeying orders and conforming to regulations. I reason that 15 ft. or so from where I sleep is a gas guard from the artillery outfit and in the wood above there are any number of sentries posted with noses, eyes and ears open to give the alarm in case gas is sent over, which at this hour is a great improbability. There is no activity of any kind on either side, usually, at this hour of the day. At six o'clock, I get out of my funk-hole, feeling good, very much refreshed after a good night's rest and anxious to go down to town for rations. I call the men who are detailed to go with me. Every man gets up promptly, so that I envy them their ability to do so. I have my party complete and go down in the road, encountering no obstacles whatever. There is no shelling but that from our own batteries. Walk into H Co.'s kitchen, hoping that breakfast will not be ready for an hour or so, that I might spend sitting and chatting in E Co.'s kitchen, where I feel so much at home. Not a thing has been done yet towards making breakfast, so I scold and swear a lot and tell them that G Co. is eating breakfast by now, our party having met theirs coming up with food as we were going out. Conceal my pleasure as best I can and go to E, where I have bread, bacon, coffee and rice. Hospitality is shown to all the boys I bring with me. There is a lot of mail in a bag which goes to E Co. Headquarters, which contains letters for me. I cannot refrain from trying to sort out mine from the pile, but upon request from the men who are waiting to get away with the mess, I agree to wait until I get back to my

headquarters only a short distance from theirs. There is still an hour or so to wait before H has our breakfast, so I help peel potatoes rather than sit idle, for I can chat and work at the same time. Complain about not having received any tobacco lately and after a little difficulty manage to scrape up six packs of Velvet for Doherty and me and while I am about it I ask for 2 bars of chocolate, though I have already had some, and a can of peas. I exact payment for my labor. Many men come in for a cup of coffee or a crust of bread and in true E fashion they are given welcome and something to eat. One fellow comes in from the lines, having just been relieved, and to make conversation he tells us he has a brother, a Captain, and four other brothers in the German army. A queer case! At 8 o'clock, our breakfast is ready. I carry my personal ration until half way down the road to the artillery, where I relieve one of the men carrying a dixie. Just then the last gun in the row of three is fired. The suddenness of it shocks me. I kid the artillery boys about not having warned me that they were going to shoot. Simultaneously, I hear a yell from the direction of the cross roads to the left, which the gun that was fired overlooks. Someone is crying in pain. I see a man's hand above the embankment and his head being lowered as though he is falling to the ground. Some of my party, in advance, shout a man is hurt. I drop my burden, run around the turn and see a 307th lad wounded, his left arm mangled below the elbow on the inside. He is crying, weeping and writhing from the pain. The powder charge from the gun which was fired must have hit him, as he was directly in front of the piece. The artillery officer comes over and insists that he was hit by shrapnel, which is not so, as there was no shell exploded within a mile of us. I hold his arm above the elbow, which acts as a tourniquet, until a medical man who comes up can put a regular tourniquet on his arm. We

remove his pack and procure a stretcher. I have had the rest of the ration detail go on in the meantime as it will not do for many of us to congregate on the road. A stretcher is procured from the artillery and with three other men we carry the wounded man to the farmhouse where there is an aid station. A bigger job to carry a stretcher than I thought it was. I am thoroughly fagged out. The injured man is dressed and taken care of. I leave with the other men to take the mess up the hill. Get up without mishap. We have rice, bread and Karo and coffee. I take some rice to put away for my dinner. Shortly after I get my pack open, as much as I dislike to do that, for I must shave or grow a beard. Talk to the doctor while I shave. Then I get into my tent and begin a letter to Leah, dated yesterday. Soon it begins to rain. We have trouble getting the rain to drain outside of our funk-hole. In the effort, going in and out, the wet clay sticks to our feet and quickly everything inside becomes plastered with mud. Presently we are settled and resume our writing. Our guns blare away constantly. They jar our thoughts and our spines. Fritz does a little shelling in the edge of the wood to our left with no damage except to the ground. At one o'clock, we have cold rice and peas. The Major has found a good job for us. He has conceived a place to build a deep dugout for protection against concentrated shell fire. He calls for a detail, spares from the various companies, and if necessary the scouts will relieve them. The men come and hardly begin work when the artillery officer objects to digging in the vicinity of his batteries. Work is halted until the Major arrives. After consultation with the artillery officer, the work on the dugout is continued, digging from the edge of the wood downward at an angle which will make for naught all our work on the doctor's funk-hole. The Major wants the work pushed as much as possible. The enemy is registering on our

artillery. We have supper. Stew, bread, coffee, Karo, which affects my stomach at once. The bread, I believe, was gassed. I belch, and heartburn sets in, my breathing is affected, cramps and wind. The scouts take part in the digging. I find it difficult to work. Cannot take up more than a few handfuls of earth at a time. Must stop to rest and to regain my breath. Hear the sound of a sharp action from our sector, machine guns pumping, bombs and shelling by the Huns. His barrage, presumably he is attacking. Aeroplane overhead stops our work for a long time. Some shells put into the wood and on the hillside below us. Everybody in, helmeted and in dugouts where possible. We dig a foot deep and 4 x 10 before we stop work for the night. Like digging in cement. Doherty's strength goes bad, which confirms my belief bread was gassed, as he had not been near gassed area yesterday. It showers again for a few minutes. We go to bed, neither of us taking off our shoes, as a precaution against being called out at any moment. We are cold because we cannot put our clay laden feet under the blankets. A heavy barrage is sent over by us all along the line. The 6's shake us up considerably. The 75's are tame by comparison. They have a nasty wicked snap, like the sound of huge sighs. The Hun puts about a hundred holes in the hillside below, with big ones! In all that number I hear only one "dud". His ammunition is good to-night. I have occasion to go out and I am surprised by a wonderful sight. As clear and brilliantly starry a night as ever I saw. From the top of the hill where I stand, I look right into the flash of the 75s in the valley. They light up the horizon with vivid white, each time they are fired, and not for a half minute after is the report heard. A sole beacon of flares behind us is shot up by the Germans to rival the stars. Get back to bed as quickly as I can, for, in spite of the beauty, it is an awe-inspiring sight which I want to run away from. We cover our

feet with the blankets, the clay sticking to them so that when I get up again I must pull hard to loosen them. Doherty and I belch terribly all night long. No sleep. Companies submit names of sergeants to be made acting 2nd Lts. owing to dearth of officers. E names Powers, Coyle, Curley and Baldwin. Go through a farcical physical examination. Permanent appointment, if proficient.

Mon. Sep. 2, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Awakened at 6:00 to go down for rations. It is quiet as far as the enemy's shelling is concerned. The air is sharp and cold and there is a slight frost upon the ground. Walking wakes me up and my stomach feeling ever so much better. I enjoy my trip down the hillside and into the town, which is made without mishap. While waiting for breakfast at H to be made I sit in E Kitchen, where I have bread, butter, bacon, jam and coffee. Bill Kessler has gone to the hospital on account of his leg wound. I must leave sooner than I like to. It is comfortable and hospitable at E. On our way up to the farm, we find evidences of men having been wounded on the road recently. An automatic pistol and belt. The holster has a large hole in it and the pistol is bent and twisted and smashed, showing it was hit by a heavy piece of shrapnel and probably saved the wearer's life. Shows that missile glanced off and probably wounds man in the leg. I take pistol with me to show the men. Everybody interested. Stop to feed medical men and fill canteens. Up the hill safely, Breakfast. Rice, jam, bread, Karo, coffee. I have a bit of rice only. We police up a little. The digging detail from E arrives, Aiello in charge. They do not work long before the Major halts proceedings and sends them back to company. For once

there is nothing for us to do. I get into our dugout, remove my leggings for comfort and start another letter to Leah, dating it the 31st. Under shell fire all the time. Landing on our left on the hillside very close to us. Much shrapnel drops into crater we occupy. It whizzes over us. Doherty, who is also writing, is worried. I do not mind much. Interested more in my writing. We receive a visitor, Goldsoll, who is with Rgtl. Hdqrs, far back. Brings us news from the papers. He sees one every day. We are driving ahead, making great gains. General opinion we have them on the run finally and for keeps. Also tells us that men who go home next are already selected and that E Co. sends a private. Can that be me? I am all aflutter. I try to remain calm but cannot. I tell Doherty, who maintains that I am again the candidate, that I do not believe it possible, but I pray fervently that he is right. Goldsoll will not say he knows the lucky man's name. Only that he goes on the 15th. All arrangements are complete. I stop writing and stare into space. My mind not working, I lie down under the covers and try to sleep. Hun shelling in the woods to the left. I fear for the men of different companies. Goldsoll leaves to pay a visit to E. After a half hour or so I resume writing. Not as calm as before. Rumors come that E or G men are hurt. I am anxious to find out if there is any truth in the story. Doctor doubts. I must either go out with a reconnaissance party or down for the mess. I prefer to do the latter, thinking I can finish my letter in the kitchen. Down the hill without a mishap. A pleasant walk, Barz and McKeon in the kitchen. They are eating peas and fried potatoes. I have some. Soon Goldsoll comes in excited. He says he is the man who brings misfortune to E Co. No sooner does he get there than a shell lands directly in a dugout killing Aiello, Frost and Wiener. They are blown to pieces. Frost hung on a tree, limbless. He must be cut down. Wiener was

alone and went into other dugout for safety when the shelling began. No sooner under cover, when death comes to the three. Much affected by the story. Only this morning joking with Aiello, now he is no more. Back to camp, with the mess, in safety. The men who came with us have disappeared and we must carry dixies uphill without a relief. A most tiring job. My fingers become stiff and sore. Notice with surprise, we have 11 balloons up, which can be seen from the hillside. A pretty sight. Supper. Beef stew, corn, peas and tomatoes, jam, bread and coffee. Do not quite finish. Doherty overhears a conversation of the Major's which gives him an opportunity. Kenney cannot remain as Sgt. Major. A non-com is needed for the position, to comply with regulations. Doherty applies and is accepted. Soon we get a tip that we move to-night. I take the news with resignation. I was not very hopeful of being relieved. My only regret is that we expended useless labor on digging dugouts. I finish my letter to Leah. Write until sunset. Sgt. Kirchner, who has been trying to make a cup of coffee over a couple of candles, burns his face badly when something in the can flares up. He reports accident to the Major and goes to the aid station and from there is sent to the hospital. Then an exciting moment. One of the balloons almost directly in front of us is brought down in flames by a Boche in one of our machines. He was flying low and comes, unobserved, near the balloon, firing his machine gun into the bag. The observer drops to the earth at once in his parachute, a pretty sight as he flutters slowly to the ground. The balloon bursts into flames and the wreckage drops slowly, leaving a trail of smoke behind, which lingers long. Fritz draws fire immediately. Havoc is stirred up. A barrage is sent into the sky by anti-aircraft guns, machine guns pop and machines start in pursuit, but Fritz shows us his tail. Such speed as he makes, flying straight for home, I have never

seen. He goes easily 150 miles an hour. Impossible to catch him. He will reach safety in a few minutes at the rate he goes. Three balloons in the vicinity are lowered until the danger of attack has passed, then go up again. The firing ceases. Fritz vanishes. We watch the descending parachute against the sunset. We are stirred to imprecation against the Hun and the tactics he uses. The meanness of masquerading as he does. It is a beautiful, cool evening. I make up my pack in a few minutes and until we move I loaf and enjoy the evening air. I wash, which makes me feel still better. I have said my prayers and I have faith and courage. My only wish is that we do not make our quarters in Another Boche comes along and is promptly sent back home. See action in our sector similar to last night's but this time we furnish the barrage. The 75s sing overhead in a prolonged time. The guns crack like rifles in the valley below. We must take cover for a few minutes when the Hun shells the hillside and the wood behind us. At dark we move. What worries me most is that our Major wants the field desk and his bedding roll taken along. We are told that the move we make is short. Only 10 or 15 minutes down the hillside to the road. Every step I take nearer to our destination, I breathe easier. I am afraid we will be shelled. Nothing happens to disturb our walk. Gas is sent into Astrove picks out a funk-hole for me. I want to sleep with someone else for warmth. Investigate to find out if two can fit into the hole. I decide we can manage. Use my pack as a pillow for two. A gas guard established. The new Sgt. Major shows me favor by putting me on the first shift. Ostendorff, my bunkmate, on the next. He lies down in the hole, while I mount guard. I have Doherty for company until my time is up. I am tired, my eyes smart, but I enjoy sitting up under the starlit sky immensely. The road a pretty safe place. It has not yet been shelled. Fritz shells the hillside

and for hours. I am relieved and lie down in the hole. Sleep fitfully for an hour and half until Ostendorff comes. He gets in with me. It is a close squeeze. It is hard to breathe. I am seized with a sense of horror. I am frightened by the thought of how closely they resemble the grave, packed tightly into the ground. I spring up instantly with that thought. I get out of the hole as quickly as I can. What a sense of relief to breathe the pure air again. I am reborn. Ostendorff does not know what I have suffered in the last few minutes. Begin a search for another funk-hole, satisfied to sleep alone. In the dark it is hard to find one. I look into each hole only to find a sleeper. Presently I find one and what is better there is room for two. We move into our new house. At the door there is a loaf of bread. There is a German blanket, a heavy one, for us, too. So we make up a fine bunk in spite of the fact that the blanket is wet. We have no roof over us and when the 6 inchers behind us open up fire, the jolt loosens the sand on the side of our hole and showers it upon us. It is warm enough, but I cannot sleep for the guns and the noise that they make. A constant barrage kept up all night. Fritz shells for a long while too. Wagons move up and down on the road. Small bodies of men and trucks. By the roadside and under the ground every sound upon the road is magnified. When I doze I am awakened by the swish of a dropping shell or the noise on the road.

Tue. Sep. 3, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

*A letter to Mama. The Valley of Death
again.*

*Prepared to fight. We have the Boche
on the run. The hill is taken.*

Up at 7:00. Doherty asks me to lead a ration party to get breakfast. I do so gladly. It is a bit shorter from our present position. Seems strange to me that so many trucks and wagons move along the road. Fritz is not working at all. Our guns pepper away incessantly. We have many balloons up. Before we can start, an air battle is seen and heard. We must take cover, but we do not obey. The show is too good to miss. About ten planes are at it. They fly at each other, intent on ramming. They rain machine gun bullets upon each other. They dive and soar. A flock of huge birds fighting each other. Three of them are forced down out of control. We cannot ascertain their colors. The aid station next to us gets a rush of business. About fifty men lying on both sides of the road, gassed badly. Part of a ration party which went into, which as usual was filled by Fritz with gas. They do not think it strong enough to warrant wearing a mask, they seek shelter in a dugout, which is filled with gas and in a few hours they cannot see and they vomit. They lead each other up to the aid station with the break of day and now they are being piled into ambulances. Look for a cup of coffee at a strange kitchen. Meet an old playmate, whom I know from the days of the old gang. Ganggle of St. Mark's Place. We talk of old times. What a change in me since the old days. I thank the Lord for my uplifting. Safe now to go for the mess. Get to town without mishap. E Kitchen being maintained

by two cooks for the men who remain behind. Pimple and Sniderman have gone ahead into the woods to cook for the company which is in support on the hills above where our headquarters were shelled out on our last trip up. We are shown hospitality as usual. Get bread, jam, bacon, good coffee. H has mess ready for us. Going back I take a can of corn with me for my own use. Lucky to meet a limber going up. Put a dixie of coffee in it, relieved of a great burden. We spill a lot of it. For breakfast we have a bit of comedy, with a sad ending for a good, courageous lad, who has done fine work in the mess. We begin dishing out rice and prunes, bread, Karo and coffee in front of Headquarters. Marshall is getting mess for the Doctors. The Major orders us off the road into the woods. Marshall wants to be fully served before the move is made. Doherty wants him to wait for coffee. Marshall calls him out of his name. Doherty strikes Marshall, who returns the compliment by showering rice and prunes on Doherty, knocking him down, tumbling him over the dioxies, which spill into the road. Alas we have no coffee. Then Major takes a hand and puts Marshall under arrest. We all realize that Doherty is at fault. He himself admits it and poor Marshall will be brought up on charges of assaulting a non-com and probably receive a heavy sentence. We laugh almost as much as we grieve over the fate of Marshall. He is made to take the coffee dixie back to the kitchen under guard. Pick up what we can of the rice and serve breakfast in the woods. Plenty. We mourn the loss of our coffee. A company of men east of here digging trenches. Fritz spies them and shells. They take to flight and seek shelter in the woods where we are. Aeroplanes compel us to stay under cover. I look forward to a day to myself, which I can employ in writing. Begin a letter to Mama. Almost finished when word comes that the Major wants the scouts and runners to build

him another 15 ft. dugout. We vote him a maniac on the subject, but orders must be obeyed. Marshall, the prisoner, must work all day. The rest of us work in shifts. Three men go for sandbags. I take charge of the digging and attempt to plan our work properly, figuring out how much lumber we need. After consultation with the Major, whom I find knows nothing about the work to be done, I am given freedom to do as I please. Marshall works while I fake it until dinner is ready. A wonderful mess of spaghetti and meat, bread, jam and coffee. One of the best messes ever served us. Gillece and Farrell rejoin us. School broken up. Major away to answer a call to Regimental Hdqrs. Something is in the wind. McAvoy runs into camp breathless. E Company shelled again. They stand up under a 15 minutes barrage in which Coyle, Wall, Rogers and others injured. Shecky is killed. McAvoy wants to take back an officer to take charge, Baldwin lying helplessly in his dugout cannot direct the men. McAvoy tells the Major of the companies' plight. The Major listens and puts McAvoy under arrest for deserting his post. We all feel as badly over the affair as does McAvoy himself. With Gillece, I build a roof over our dugout. Boxes filled with sand, Gorman shell baskets, cartridge cases and the limb of a tree, Make a shrapnel proof top with the addition of a shelter half and a few twigs over all for camouflage. Astrove has a whistle which is being blown constantly to keep the men off the road out of sight of aeroplanes. Never before have there been so many of them up. Fritz does not shell the longer ranges after 4 o'clock, which has some significance we cannot understand. A beautiful sunset and a lovely evening is before us, unusually quiet. I finish my letter, have it censored by the doctors and continue writing until almost dark, when Doherty wants me to open the can of corn. He has bread and salmon and Sugarman, whom we meet going back to town, asks us to

walk up to his kitchen for coffee and jam. Astrove goes and brings back dates and coffee, rounding out a fine bedtime repast. It is so inviting a night, that I hate to go to sleep. Only good sense urges me to take advantage of an opportunity, so I take off my leggings and shoes and turn in for a good night's rest, say my prayers and hardly do I fall asleep when Levine and Doherty run about telling the men to pack up and get ready for a quick move. An awful blow to me, I remain lying in bed, saying a prayer for the Lord to have mercy upon us to-night, for I suspect we are in for a dangerous trip. My pack is already made except for my toilet bag which also contains Leah's letters. That is out, because I loaned Astrove my shaving articles in the morning. After a wait of about a half hour, I begin to think it is a false alarm. Then the Major comes. Everybody ordered out at once. The air is tense with excitement. I get my pack, carrying the white bag in my hand. Nelson, Farrell, Jorgenson and Devlin do not get out. They must be prodded and called again. All of us arm with grenades and take an extra bandolier of cartridges. The Major tells us we think we have the Boche on the run. We must chase him, follow him, fight him perhaps and we must not go back. If we encounter machine guns, we must encircle them and fight them. The prospect of fighting frightens me, but I quickly regain my courage and promise myself to do my best. We start down the road to meet F and H. Lt Kiefer gives his mess Sgt. his address with instructions to write if anything happens to him. I give him my white bag. A half hour or more waiting for the companies to join us. The wind blows gas to us. Masks on and off every few minutes. I repent having given away my bag. The Major waiting for a six star flare from the lines. Searchlights flash and swing across the sky. Used as signals. Flares of all kinds floating upward. Load and lock our guns. Off we go

along another peculiar road which leads into No Man's Land. Lt Kiefer in charge. He takes us across the field around by We travel in single file in silence, halting when a flare goes up. Fires on the skyline. Into the sunken road and down where the dead men were. The road has since been camouflaged. Live wire areas. Gas is above as we get into the village, makes us adjust our mouth and nose pieces. It is a strong taste of it and stronger as we get further on. The Major halts us. One shell coming over now would kill dozens of us as we stand bunched up in the road. Major meets Lt. McDougall. Together they look for Major Martin to get further orders. Flares from the crest of the opposite hill. We look for a dugout. Find one, a cellar which we are afraid to enter for a time. Someone goes down to investigate finding it an ideal place. Small but safe and not a bit of gas in it. There we stay taking a smoke and keeping warm. Worried about my white bag now, more than anything else.

Wed. Sep. 4, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm, Showers

Health: Good

Out of the valley and in again in broad daylight.

The Hun has fled. We follow.

F and H have gone into the wooded hills for shelter. The medical men, left without instructions, decide to go to their old dugout by the church. All of headquarters manage to crowd into our cellar, where there is wrangling about room for feet and bottoms. Then a discussion about who is to wait on the road for the Major's return. A little authority sometimes gives a man courage. Doherty, to my surprise,

and Levine go out. They get a signal man on the road to promise to call them when the Major comes. So, they return and stir up the hornet's nest again. Literally what the place is. Everybody on edge ready to sting. Word is that we start a barrage at 4:45, then the boys go over the top, and we follow. Worry about my bag. I would rather have left my blanket and other things behind. The grenade still in my pocket. It feels like a powder charge with a match near it. Someone calls. Doherty goes out. Comes back with orders for us to stay, but to be ready for an instant move. I mean to make the best of it by shutting my eyes and trying to sleep. In a half hour the Major sends word that the push will not be made. He is going back to the road hdqrs. in a side car. We are to follow as fast as we can to get back before daybreak. We are a happy lot. We know how to hurry now. Pile out as quickly as possible and stand like a lot of fools on the road, arguing about which way to go out for home. Then someone thinks of the medical men. Someone must let them know we are ordered back. I volunteer to go and take Gillice with me. Pass through the gassed area again. The gas has blown away a bit; it is not so strong. Rout out the medical men. They are asleep on stretchers, can hardly believe the good news, must be told twice and three times, then they pack up and follow us. Lt. Feldman and I lead. I go as fast as I can. Taxes my strength to make the hill. Regain my wind going across the open to the hangars. Both of us grouching about our useless trip. Follow the wrong path, when I reach the woods. Must retrace our steps for 500 yds. outlined against the horizon. Flares and fires all along the German lines on top of the opposite hill. Tramp fast through the woods. Day breaking when we get back home. Meet there a man who inquires for the companies. I tell him they are being taken by a guide to Looking for them, he goes up the road the wrong way. I

let him go. Wake up Kastor to ask for my bag. After a breathless moment looking for it, where it was put, Patrissi comes along and says he knows where it is. I get it and thank him profusely. Unslung my pack, wipe the perspiration off with a towel, ask the doctor for a drink of ammonia to counteract the effects of the gas. Drink it with relish and make ready for bed. Sleep fairly well until 8 o'clock. Gillece wakes me and gives me a cup of coffee and two slices of bread and jam. Go to sleep again. In less than an hour, the frenzied cry again, "Everybody out". This time I get my bag and fasten it to my pack, before I put on my leggings and shoes. Gillece not about. Everybody else out in time. Quiet as possibly could by now. Not a shell from the Hun. He ran away just before daybreak. Gillece comes and grabs an overcoat and slicker. I leave mine behind. The grenade goes into my pocket again. I kiss my loved ones and I am ready. The Major and Kiefer lead us across the farm field in skirmish formation. Hotter than hell in the sun. My pack loosens up. Fix it at the first rest, kneeling and lying down in the field. The air alive with planes like flocks of birds. Overcoats carried on arms ordered to be thrown away. Rest while the Major looks at maps. I open my pack and throw away my blanket and extra OD shirt. Ask Gillece to carry my glasses. More comfortable now traveling over fields. The sweat runs into my eyes. A flock of planes start a scrap. Wonderful to see them dive and soar. One is winged. He turns upside down, loses control and falls nose foremost, turning like a pinwheel, crashing to earth not more than a mile from us. Fritz sends two shells 300 yds. away. Then he brings down one of our balloons. Things moving fast. Stop on a road looking down into the valley. The Major wants 3 scouts. Picks Nelson, Gillece and me. He sends a message to Major Gardiner at the Tannery. Doherty gives me the message,

which puts me in charge of the party. Having given Doherty my diary, I repent, thinking with a pang of heart that it is the first time I have ever parted company with it. He does not understand my signal, so I go off without it, without the least idea where the tannery is, except that it is due north. I am told to inquire of men I meet. Through woods and brush to the valley, on to the railroad tracks, tired and hot before we have gone a mile. To the river, all the time exposed to fire, if there are any Germans sniping. I never think of that danger and it does not enter my mind that no enemy is on the hill. We have not been told. Remember Lt. Griffiths saying the tannery is across the river, which means we must cross. Look for the bridge. The old bridges all blown down. There is a pontoon somewhere. We go back along the barbed wire, find no crossing, retrace our footsteps downstream, tearing and ripping our way through the brush and wire. We find a man across the river, who tells us to continue walking downstream a bit to the bridge. We find it and cross. Again a problem. Which direction is the tannery. We walk downstream. Meet a Captain and two men. They direct us. I tell him I have a message for the Major. He tells us the Major will be along this way in a few minutes. Decide to wait here. Great luck. The Major comes along. I give him the message. He is a nervous major and wants us to follow him. Meet Reilly. The company is in position along the railroad track. We see Lt. McDougall and the boys. We are directed to the tannery. By now I can hardly walk. A little way up the track there are two dead men, woeful sights. One face all black, eyes gone, the other in position by his gun, hunched over. Face undistinguishable. Sickens me. The Major afraid of shrapnel. Sends me in advance. Come to a bridge, blown up so that we cannot cross the river. We go down the bank and up again to the track, down the other side, then back all the way to

the bridge first crossed and up on the other side. I am ready to beg for mercy. I must ask Gillece to carry my rifle. Every step I take is torture. I cannot follow along the railroad tracks as fast as they. On our way to we rest. Cross the river again on a crazy bridge of wreckage to where G Co. is. The Major halts. I throw off my pack, which I would have carried at any cost, the contents are so dear to me. I have thrown away only my bandolier. Sit down by the river bank and pour water over my head. Resist my thirst for two minutes to cool off, before I take a drink. Lie down, utterly fatigued and rest for a half hour. Bathe myself again. Rest for an hour. The Major does not return. By the way men expose themselves, it is easy to see the hill is bare of the enemy. G Co. gets orders to move. I ask if the whereabouts of the company is known. Sgt. tells us to follow men across the marsh and then sends us back to the tannery. There is Major Martin. He wants us to follow another road to help find McNeill. We cross the river again over wreckage. Come back again, going down road to where big bridge is blown up. We cannot cross, so down the bank we go. The brush is too thick. Up to the road again. Here my pack loosens. I let the others go on while I fix my pack. Lose track of them. I stop at the tannery, thinking to wait there until McNeill is found and then going up to join him. This bunch moves on, so after grubbing a piece of bread and drinking more water, I cross the river again over the wreckage and start downstream to look for a crossing, where I can get close to the Chateau Diable, where the Major may be. Follow the river and meet E Co. moving up. By the old blown up bridge, I change my mind about walking all the way down to the roadway and start back to the tannery. Meet a man looking for a crossing. He, too, wants Major McNeill. With a companion I will continue my search for the Major. Make for the pontoon again. Hailed by

Harris, E Co., who is bridging the river with wreckage. It looks safe enough to cross. I am almost to the crossing above, when a small piece on which I stand sinks under my weight. I go down into the water, to my knees. Ask a man on the other side to hold my rifle and I pull myself up by holding on to bushes bordering the river. The bath felt good while I was in the water, but now the bubbles between my toes are not conducive to comfort. The Chateau is a few yards to the right. No one there. I meet also looking for the Major. The three of us clamber up the hill, mindful of the fact that there may be Germans on the crest. We meet a machine gun crew. Marvel at the distance we have driven the Boche. The Major is up the road we are told. Meet the Sgt. who started with me, minus Gillece and Nelson. He has left them at the chateau. See the Major's party. I can just summon up strength enough to walk to them. Report. We stay here for a few hours. Decide to open a can of bully beef, which I have carried with me for that mess. It looks bad. Capt. McMurtry, Thurn and Summers back, from school, with us. The Captain, McDougall and many others share my beef. I look down upon and Fritz's shelling lands a few in the river, sending up a geyser 100 feet into the air. Starts a fire other side of the city, which burns all night. Take off my shoes, wring out my socks, and rest. Sleep on the hillside. It begins to rain. Say my prayers.

Thu. Sep. 5, 1918

Weather: Showers, Chill

Health: Good

We Bury the Dead.

Pontoons pushed up to bridge the

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My feet freeze as I lie on the hillside. Gillice does not keep me warm. I hear Sgt. Powers calling for a gas guard and having a difficult time getting men interested in it. They are all too tired to volunteer and must be drafted. Distinctly hear the artillery and supply outfits coming down the hills and into positions, only yesterday occupied by Germans, on roads until yesterday raked by fire. Death Valley is now the Valley of Peace. Seems all our artillery is moving forward for there are only two or three guns strafing the Hun. He puts holes in the terrace below us to our left. How quickly things move. Now comes news that our men (our own Battalion) have been into and have found no evidences of German occupation. This means the fleeing enemy is far ahead and our boys in advance must be miles ahead of us, far from our town. Northeasterly is plain as far as the eye can see, no place to make a stand. We are making a record advance, distance considered. He has had time to pick up his things before he ran. There is nothing but a bit of barbed wire and a few shells that we have seen. Told we move further ahead to-night. The Major looking over plans and maps with the Colonel at the Chateau. Doherty and Levine, two nervous individuals, make us move an hour before there is any necessity for moving. Break up our bed in order to make up my pack. Wait for further orders and none forthcoming, I lie down on the embankment without anything underneath for protection against a million

thistles which prick my knees and legs till I am frantic. Though I have not slept very much, the rest has refreshed me considerably. I put on my pack, when orders come to move, and it feels light as compared to the weight it seemed to have yesterday. There is much excitement and a feeling among the boys that death lurks near, that they are going to fight, but I do not think that way. It seems to me that we are only taking a pleasant little stroll. I want to get started as quickly as possible to get my feet warm. I am almost ready to give in to the desire to shiver. Commanded to move and commanded to halt every few minutes, while the Major gets his bearings and notifies F company to follow in the rear of A, which follows H behind us. Berkfried shows us the road into, and from there on the Major works by maps. He has no flashlight. Fortunately, I have a candle which is lit by the roadside, shaded by tin hats and a slicker. We make a turn, walk a few minutes and find we are going wrong. The Major is an expert in reading maps. He procures a flashlight this time and in a jiffy has his bearings. He is annoyed at having made a mistake and acts like a man who knows he could have done better. Not a smile or a friendly word from the man. Reserved to the point of taciturnity. A slow pace, which is the characteristic of night marches I am so fond of. Comparatively quiet under a sublime sky, fires on the horizon. Dark forms on the road embankments give us food for thought. What are they? Some look like dead men, then again they look like inanimate objects. At a crossroads the compass is read. The Major renders the verdict and the Captain obeys. Open road from here on across flat country. Little dugouts by the roadside, funk-holes. Seems not far from the enemy. His flares go up regularly. We halt, in some periods every fifty yards, to avoid being seen against the skyline. The Major asks for three scouts. Looks like a dangerous job ahead

of them, for it is dark and no one really knows what is there. Doherty selects Thurn, Jorgenson and Greenwald. It is required of us to go ahead of the Major and the Captain and stop at a place where there are 5 or 6 roads. There we will make our stay for the night. A few hundred feet from where we take the lead, the roads are found. The town of ahead of us. Report to the Major, which halts the procession and brings on a discussion between the Major and Captain in which the Captain wins out, which disposes of E Co. in a field to the left until daybreak. The Captain fears to enter the town itself, because it is being shelled, a wise precaution. A and F remain on the roadside to stay in whatever funk-holes they can find. The Headquarters selects a convenient ditch for its resting place. There is just room enough to lie down, which makes a length of men 700 yds. long. We have no protection from shrapnel or shell fire. Not long after I lie down with my short pack for my pillow, it begins to rain. Seems not long before daybreak, and hardly worth while to open my pack, so I let the rain pour down upon me, turning my back to it for a wetting. The enemy shelling the town again and also a little below it. Surprising that nobody is hurt. E Company skirmishes across field, F Co. moves, A waiting. Some 307th men also about. More than a regiment of men walking across field and digging in at different points in distinct view of the enemy, who already has his planes and observation balloons up. It clears for a few minutes and then rains again. I take a look into the eastern end of town and am greeted with 4 or 5 small calibre shells, which send steel whistling all around me. I do not take cover, merely quicken my pace. We wait for orders. Finally decided that 1st Battalion Headquarters will stay in this place. We look for a permanent place to stay. Find a dandy dugout in which are three 307th men who are eating breakfast. Having heard they must

move, I wait until they get out. Have been begging for water all morning. Food does not appeal to me as much. I can stand the sight of men eating without going frantic. I want sleep more than anything else. As soon as the boys leave, I throw my things in the doorway and lie down. Sleep fitfully for the rest of the morning. Boys getting hungry enough to inquire about rations. The Major has made inquiries and assures us rations will come up soon. There is talk of somebody having been killed on the roadside. Pay no attention to it. Death is a matter of little moment to us now. Ration is the thing. We get a loaf of bread, two cans of beans, 4 of salmon and some peas, sugar and coffee, 2 cans of alcohol for heating same. So we proceed to make a wonderful dinner of pork and beans, hot coffee and bread. Polish up my gun a little. Fritz spends the afternoon shelling road and the fields about. There are several planes up scouting, and one flock of 13 and another of 10, which are fired upon a thousand times. They fly in a zigzag course to avoid being hit. Watch then from the door of our dugout. Water is discovered in the town, flowing from a wonderful spring by the church. Men are not anxious, nevertheless, to go for water, because the town is being shelled a little. Signal men are laying wires, a company of engineers is already upon the scene, dug into the embankment of the main road leading through the town. They are filling in the holes at the crossroad. Lorries and cars on the road which only yesterday was forbidden territory. The Major appoints Lt. McDougall, his adjutant, and with other men goes forward to the lines to take charge of a battalion brigaded from the 2nd and 3rd. A Co. contributes 25 good men. Col. Prescott comes up and takes charge. McMurtry becomes acting Major. Levine all unstrung, calls the medical men to go about burying the dead. They dig graves and examine the bodies for identification marks

and then return to us to tell us we are to put them into the graves, an unusual job for the scouts. I want all of us to go down and then in a few minutes have all the bodies completely buried. Some do not want to go, so it is decided that 2 scouts will lower them into graves and engineers cover them. No volunteers from the other dugout. I do not fancy the job any more than do other boys, but out of decency the men must be given a human burial. Thurn will go and Summers. I, too, want to be human, so I go along. Till now I had not seen the dead. My stomach feels like turning. One lad with a big gaping wound in his chest to his left arm, six inches wide, which killed him instantly. The other lad a much more pitiful sight. He is burnt to a cinder. How that came about no one can satisfactorily explain. His helmet pierced in 4 or 5 places and his face and body to the waist charred and burnt by a fire which ignited some waste by the roadside. The shell, which did the damage, landed in the middle of the road, making only a small hole. It hurts to look upon the dead men, and meditate on how they must have died and touching a dead man is a new sensation. But, again I say it yet be done, and I steel myself to perform what I consider a holy duty. A burlap bag and a glove serves as cover for the heads. We put one man at a time on a stretcher, which it appears a reward to the dead men, carry them into the field and lower them into their graves. Mentally, I feel sick, but physically I am quite unnerved. A crowd of men congregate about the graves and help us place the bodies as comfortably as possible. The engineers not about to cover the graves. Speak to Levine about it. He promises to attend to the matter, after which I permit my tense nerves to relax by lying down. I am minded to write again just for the silly satisfaction of knowing that I can do it, but good sense changes my mind and I try to fall asleep. All night long I see the dead men,

especially the man who was burnt. I ponder about the mystery of life and death. I have just witnessed the wonder of life and the helplessness of death. About an hour after dark, a Hun plane comes around and drops a bomb quite near us, so near that a piece of something from it drops before our door. Brown gets nervous and goes to the door. I beg him to lie down, but he will not listen to reason. Fritz flies around for many hours chased by an Ally. I cannot sleep. Something crawls under my collar all night. It rains. After dark Doherty cautions us to be ready to move, but nothing further is said about it. I am always ready. My pack is made. Nothing but part of runner's shoes to keep me warm. My feet freeze. Our guns have crept up and go to work.

Fri. Sep. 6, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. No one to wake us. Our first thought is of breakfast. Summers begins to make coffee. Open a can of salmon, which will be for 4. Everybody who goes down the road is commandeered to bring water back for us. All movement suspended as much as possible by Headquarters. There is an air of peace and quiet in camp. Nobody breathing a word about not having to dig for the Major, for fear of breaking the spell. The Colonel evidently not aware of our presence or whereabouts. Doherty does not call upon us. Runners are plentiful. New relays come in almost every hour. Corporal Ross and an officer come along looking for a dugout, after having been out all night establishing a liaison and relay system. Ross comes in with some very unlikely stories, one being of special interest to me. He wonders who goes home this month from E and suggests it might be

Kenney. I wonder how he can be sent home as a private, when I was rejected last month for not having a higher rank than 1st class Private. That puts me out again for so much that I must take a nap as usual, when the subject of conversation turns to the men who go home. He finally leaves and I begin to write again. Our guns are lined up along a ridge behind us to the right. Quick work. They are at work before we are awake and keep at it all the time. They pour destruction into the Hun as regularly as when they forced him off the hill. He sends a few 77s into the fields. Three are only 5 feet from the road, 150 yds. from us in the direction of the village opposite dugouts of some of our men. It shakes our place considerably. Wash and Brown run down into the medic's dugout next door. It is deeper than ours. Fritz sends another shell, the shrapnel whining all around us, dirt from the walls showering upon us. I stop writing, go to the door to look where they land only to be pelted by another shell and forced to duck. The entire company quartered in the vicinity comes running down the narrow gauge railroad track, tumbling into the deeper dugouts where we are. Little Cohen crying and moaning as he runs, terribly frightened. O'Keefe a surprise. He is quite cool. I direct the men and have one of them, a 3rd Battalion man, come into our place. Lie down flat on my back to await the coming of the next shell. Runners and I talk to our companion, who tells us that Capt. Harrington's company, who was in the front, pushing the Hun, runs into a machine gun nest. Half of the men shot up, so the Capt. pulls back contrary to the orders to advance at all costs. They retreat into the open and are made the target for artillery fire, which works still greater havoc. M..... of sights, gruesome ones he had seen. Major McNeill notes the situation at hand and regains the lost ground. Another shell and the last disturbs us. Our next thought is for dinner. Our larder contains

bacon, which suggests a good dish. I cut bacon, Summers fries it and also the peas, a tasty dinner with bread and coffee. The shelling over, in answer to our prayers that Fritz does not spoil our dinner. We feed the visitor. He and the other men that were shelled out return to their dugouts. No one, thanks to luck, has been hurt. Artillery officers come up for reconnaissance. General Johnson about, too. I am standing in my dugout door when he comes along and orders me to remain under cover to avoid being observed and shelled. Fritz has many balloons up all around in a wide semi-circle and his aeroplanes are out in numbers. Two of our men, Thomas and Jorgenson, have been slightly wounded and come down to the dressing station to be fixed up. They are sent back after being dressed. Lenehan is brought down by a Sgt. on a stretcher on sick report as having dysentery. He is told to report again sometime in the afternoon and he remains with us. A couple of squads of French cavalymen riding up the road and when they arrive outside of town, they skirmish across the field. This seems to put the seal of truth upon the oft-repeated rumor that French cavalry is aiding us in the drive. Four or five shells at a time are occasionally sent into the town or on both sides of the road in the fields. A horse is killed in the town near the church. I go for water at the town watering trough and take a wash, which is more refreshing than anything I have had in a long time. Look for our kitchen, where there might be some mail for me, or something good to eat. All the kitchens have come up and are stationed in horse sheds in town, but no one knows where H is. We pick up rations for the scouts at the ration dump. Canned corn, beans and salmon, coffee, milk and Karo. Take it back to our dugout and have quite a time dividing them, for parties of S.O.S. men. Wash and Brown have found a lot of canned stuff and bread by the roadside,

which gives us plenty for our larder. There are also, cabbages, artichokes and dried potatoes scattered along the road, brought up last night and not wanted by any of the kitchens. In my dugout, I write. Six planes are up NW of us. A puzzling battle begins. They dive at each other and cut capers, pump machine gun bullets into each other. For a time it seems as if they are 3 friendly and 3 hostile planes, then 5 attack 1, apparently our Ally. Anti-aircraft battering from within our lines, break up the party. Doherty throws a bomb into camp. Tells us Lt. Delahanty, regimental intelligence officer, requires us to make out a daily report of activity behind the lines. Corporal Thurn takes the matter up with Doherty and decides to pay a visit to the Lieutenant in the morning. Our hopes are that we are not moved too near up to the front to work, which would prove disastrous to me, probably, having no one to direct us. While I write, supper is prepared by Wash and Summers. Pork and beans, coffee, bread and Karo. Plenty and enough to share with Gillece, who is visiting. Supper made by ourselves tastes wonderful. Appetites sharpened by the romance of it. I continue writing until it is dark. Prepare to go to bed not knowing whether we will get orders to move or not. The medical men have positive orders that there will be no movement to-night, but as yet we know nothing. To make sure, we ask before darkness falls and are told that a move is improbable, which pleases us immensely. We figure on getting a good night's sleep. Nights are cold these days and a blanket or two would be greatly appreciated. As soon as I put my head to the pillow, the cooties begin crawling up and down and around my neck, causing me misery. I cannot possibly sleep. My hands are constantly under my collar, searching for them. They are wary and will not let themselves be caught. Sorry now, that I permitted the cushion I rest my head on to remain in the dugout. It must be from that the

cooties come, for yesterday I was not aware that I had any. Our artillery on the ridge behind us keeps up an incessant rain of shells on the German position. None of the batteries near enough to prevent sleep, were it not for cooties, but combined it is a pretty hard combination to get the better of. No news from the front of Americans. The report is that we made a slight advance, but later retreated over the same ground. Machine gun nests give our boys a great deal of trouble. Cases come into the advanced dressing posts with three and four bullet wounds. Hear that Jack Curry has been badly wounded. During the night light machine gun fire can be heard. Fritz sending up numerous flares, which light up the sky so, that the reflections can be seen from our dugout. About three in the morning, much activity on the road in front of our door. Orders to drivers, the rattle of wagons and carts, which gives me the impression an artillery outfit has pulled up and I expect to see guns in the field ahead of us in the morning. Not a very cheerful lad to-night. I think of home, where I know Leah and our mothers are crying instead of rejoicing as usual. I would like to see the holiday spirit, peace and tidiness of the house, the happy folks, the gossiping and rivalry among men and women over dress or contribution or other things.

Sat. Sep. 7, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Showers

Health: Good

Stragglers coming in from behind the lines.

We are up at 7:00. Begin the preparations for breakfast immediately. Go to the door and there directly before our eyes are the four 75s

set up ready for action. They are camouflaged carefully, trail pits dug, men of crews already digging in for their own protection. How quickly things move. All that is necessary to punish the Hun from this sector is ammunition. While waiting for that to come up, the artillery men sleep. The Major and officers of the outfit have played a scurvy trick upon some of our boys. After pulling in during the wee hours of the morning, when everything is blind and dark, they rout our boys out of bed and order them to find shelter elsewhere. They go reluctantly. Three of them manage to find a funk-hole in a trench up hill. Lenehan, the sick man, has been too lazy to look for shelter, so he sleeps in the open. He comes in while breakfast is being made, protesting against the cruelty of war and artillery officers, and he is so very sick. He whines and looks sanctimonious. He wants us all to pray. And, never a bit of food has passed his lips and if it did it would come up again immediately, and so on. I was hoping he would not stay, but he has no other home and proceeds to make this a place to sleep. We have bacon, stewed corn, bread, Karo and coffee, giving Lenehan some, which he devours too greedily to be consistent with his pose. I say nothing. Hope he moves quickly. After breakfast, I pick cooties. Make a discovery. On in outer shirt the cooties are OD(?), on my undershirt they are white, an example of protective coloration. I have so many, I would not have thought it possible. Nits by the hundreds in my collar; my finger nails with which I kill them, a bloody sight. Artillery fires its first practice shot. The jar is not so great. We will be able to bear it. The news is spread that General Johnson is gassed, together with his whole staff. An incident similar to what occurred to our battalion outfit. Gas in a dugout, too slight to pay attention to it. Colonel Prescott, acting brigadier, Smith, Colonel, and McMurtry arrive. Corp. Ross

again about, with a more awful story this time. Gold, Dorhan, and Devanney, whom he had posted yesterday as a part of a liaison group, have been captured by the Germans. Nobody will believe him, especially as there is no official sanction to his story. Balloons are up on both sides of the line. Airplane activity not surprising. Our men flying low, asking by signal for a delineation of the line. Much shelling in the air by both sides. A few 77s are sent by Fritz into and near the town, and in the fields on both sides of the road. Thurn has gone to see the Lt. about establishing an OP. I write, after considering whether or not I should, it being a holiday. That makes me long for home and were I idle, I would probably long the more and feel really homesick. Mr. Lenehan, lying comfortably in the straw, with a handkerchief over his head, under which he is telling his beads. Whenever a gun is fired, he is frightened and asks how near to him the shell came. I see now what is the matter with him, which is no cause to lose respect for a man, did he admit it, but to think he is trying to hoodwink us makes my blood boil. I tax him with faking, which makes him whine and protest that he is so very sick. Objects to Brown swearing. He never swore since coming to France, bless his pure white soul. We gossip until time to cook dinner, subject being necessary, "how good we are eating here". A few shells down close to us on the other side of the road. A horseman, seeing the first, rides fast and just escapes the second. Lenehan worries. Dinner. Pork and beans, bread, coffee. Artillery begins sending a salvo to the Huns. Mail comes for some of the men. Summers receives a package of candy and cake from his girl. He makes a generous distribution of it among the boys. A welcome luxury, which reminds me of the package that was sent to me, which reminds me of home and how near I came to being home for the holidays. The medical men and a man from

the artillery come to visit. I have no patience with any of them. I would like very much to be alone. Thurn comes back from Rgtl. Hdqrs. and begins work on a schedule, which will give all the boys a chance to do a shift of duty on an observation post to be established. Thurn's schedule gives every man 8 hours in the day. I suggest that it is made 6 hours, which is the schedule that will be carried out. Get a new supply of ration, canned goods, coffee, bread. The two runners are not very cheerful company. Constantly arguing about whose turn it is to go the next message. Levine and the boys have it out with each other, too, because Levine is so nervous on account of the shelling. I have been wanting to go to the pump to wash myself, but showers and writing and entertaining makes the day pass over us before we are aware it is growing dark. I need a shave badly, so I open my pack and in the twilight, shave and wash. Wonderful to feel even partly clean. Supper. We have bacon and corn, bread, cake and coffee, with a few pieces of candy. All agree that we are well fed. The air becomes a busy battlefield for a few minutes in the early evening. Fritz gets one of our balloons and an attempt is made to bring one down by shell fire. A barrage begins to the left of us and is kept up constantly for an hour. One immediately near battery takes a part in it, firing intermittently. Fritz shells the town a bit. Anti-aircraft guns have been set up in the fields, each side of us, manned by Frenchmen who are dressed in bright green uniforms. No advances have been made by the men at the front. We are content to hold the line, which seems to indicate that we have made a stand, thus being possible for a relief to be made. Even the officers ask liaison men and runners for news of organizations behind us ready to step into our places. We hear that the 28th on our right has been relieved by the 37th, which should be relieving us. Lenehan leaves us to sleep in the medical men's dugout, where he is

given blankets to keep himself warm, being a sick man. At eight o'clock we go to bed. Would like to get in as much sleep as possible, for we go on duty at 12 o'clock to serve until 3. We have the Corporal's consent to watch from our dugout door. Fortunately we are able to see very well. I am tired enough to fall asleep in spite of the cooties. Thoroughly enjoying sleep, when I am awakened. It is damp and chill outside. Summers lets me have his raincoat for warmth. The night is dark. A wind blows over the fields, whistles through the wires and stubble in the fields. Soon it begins to rain, a miserable cold rain, which bids fair to last all night. We work in half hour shifts. Good to get into our little dugout where it is warm. There is little activity. We cannot write down what occurs on account of the dark. We must memorize number of shells fired and coming in, flares, etc., until an opportunity to write it down presents itself. To light a candle would be a foolish thing to do. I go up the track to look for Thurn. No one knows where he sleeps. I come back along the line of dugouts to inquire of Farrell. He is too sleepy to answer. I go searching through some trenches leading from the gun emplacements, when a shell whizzes so close to me that I can almost feel the wind from it. Lands not fifty yards from me, I would have sworn. Goldhorn, who was in the field, comes running across to shelter, faster than the wind. The shell does not explode, lands into the trench, Goldhorn almost pushing me down into it. Stay there waiting for further shelling. None. Give up looking for Thurn. Summers and I both look for him and find him not far away from the gun emplacement. Tell him what we have seen. Too dark to make out a report.

Sun. Sep. 8, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Showers

Health: Good

A letter to Leah.

Up at 7:00. Preparations for breakfast. Lenehan awake with his healthy appetite, early. Pays us a visit. To-day being Sunday, he brings with him his best and most holy manner. What a hypocrite the man is. Breakfast. Bacon, salmon, Karo, coffee. Our coffee is a million times fresher, far better than the stuff turned out by H Co. kitchen. Lenehan is not very hungry and besides he cannot keep anything on his stomach and to prove it he scraped the cans and when offered bread, he takes a most generous portion. Gillece comes to pay us a visit. We entertain him and feed him too. Not long before Gillece and Lenehan play cards. Before Gillece came, Lenehan read his rosary under cover of his handkerchief and had roundly scolded Brown for swearing. Anxious to go to church. In lieu of that they play cards, but whenever Brown swears he is scolded. Nothing of any importance develops during the night, or the morning. There have been no advances made by any of our front organizations. Our artillery pounds away constantly at targets. Fritz locates the battery in the field to the left. He feels for them, by putting over an occasional shot. It rains, beginning with a slight drizzle, soon becoming a dreary downpour, which blows into our dugout and wets packs and things by the door. Lenehan makes an effort to get them out of the wet. A litter owned by the medical men next door is set up to stand against the entrance, keeping out some of the rain. Lenehan shaves and tidies up. He looks as sick as a "beam", and after being constantly prodded, begins to feel ashamed of his conduct. The doctor has not promised to send him to the hospital, nor

does he take any stock in his pains. Donbrava comes in for shelter, while I take a little nap. The rain makes things chill and cheerless. Another man comes in who is looking to join E Company, making eight of us in all, to be fed for dinner. Company is welcome in such weather as this. It also reminds me of home. Perhaps Leah is entertaining to-day too. Dinner is pork and beans, canned corn, bread and coffee. We manage to get enough out of three cans of beans for all of us. Lenehan eats an ungodly portion for a sick man. We all rally him about it which goads him into deciding to go back to the company as soon as Donbrava and the new man go back. Summers gives out candy. While it rains all the boys remain, hoping to start as soon as it lets up a bit. In the meantime, the boys tell us about what the back areas look like and the steps that have been taken to clean up. Death Valley now occupied by Frenchmen. Never did I think that place would be made habitable. A great work of salvage being done there. Del Andrew and others, Hubert and Falkonster have been accounted for. No official evidence to the story about our boys being taken prisoners. Wash takes his men to the company as soon as the rain stops. Brown follows him. Berg comes to the medical men for treatment. He has a big gas blister on his ankle, has had it for three or four days and it pains so much that he can barely walk, yet is sent back for duty, while a faker like Lenehan manages to fool the C.O. Fritz shells a little. Glad Lenehan is not with us to annoy us with his nervousness. Berg remains till it is quiet again. Ask him for some writing paper. He has a sheet and an envelope to give me and as soon as he leaves, I begin to write to Leah. My thoughts are shamefully cheerless. I try my best to write in a manner that will make Leah laugh, but I cannot. I am still thinking of the hard fate that keeps me away from Leah on such days as yesterday and today. To forget my troubles, I lie down

for a nap. Use my sweater to pull over my head to fool the flies. Awake for supper which Summers prepares, bacon and peas, bread and coffee. After dinner these days, I feel as contented as after a seven course dinner at home. With a smoke and a piece of candy for dessert, nothing is to be desired. One of the medical men comes back from a trip to town for water. Reports that a shell struck in shed housing I Co. Kitchen, smashing it, setting the shed on fire, wounding one of the cooks badly and two others slightly. As it grows dark, we begin thinking to get a few hours sleep before going on duty at 9. Doherty comes to tell us we are to pack up and be ready to move instantly, if the order comes. We say our little swear words, for we are pleased with our little house and anxious to stay as long as we can. Make a scramble to get mess kits and belts and things hitched up, each take a can of salmon and a chunk of bread, bacon and other supplies and stretch ourselves for a rest of no one knows how long. Decide that the probable new orders relieve us of doing duty on post. Farrell and Ernst are to be on first. If they wake us, we will go to work, if not, we will sleep. Tell them there is nothing to worry about. Summers lets me have his slicker to cover myself with. At 8 the French artillery on our left begins a barrage, which becomes general, the batteries in our field pepper away, those on our right join in, which makes Fritz mad enough to send a few stray shots into the fields each side of the road. The artillery keeps booming away in good style for an hour. It does our hearts good to listen. This is "strafing" the Hun with a vengeance. If the boys keep it up, we will soon be across the river again. Looks like the infantry is planning to advance, after the barrage has prepared the way. We, in support will follow them up, which means that headquarters will have to follow. Rumble, rumble from the distance and Bang, Bang from our nearby batteries, without

an interval between long enough to permit us to sleep. I can only doze for a few minutes at a time. My mind works over the problems confronting us. I would like to stay here, do my turn of duty to-night and loaf in the morning, tomorrow. I would also like to evade doing duty to-night. We lie in bed waiting for something to happen. Nine o'clock comes and no one calls us to order us to do duty. The barrage comes down. Nearby the guns and distant batteries fire intermittently. It looks as though the new order was a false alarm. That being the case, we should have gone on duty at the observation post, but Farrell and Ernst, not having come to post us, that lets us out. We can put the blame on the other fellows. We like the prospect of an unbroken night's rest. E Company and others in support send 90 men up to the lines to strengthen positions and replace casualties. On the way they are shelled. Reilly very badly wounded. Bancroft and Noe get two nicks each from shrapnel. Larson, the Red Cross man, does heroic work, attending to them. The Captain, we are told, will recommend him for a DSC. Before going into the lines at, Reilly is sent to Redwood, where he broke his ankle, and now, as soon as he is back for service, he gets a wound which it is thought will prove fatal. Poor fellow, he has no luck at all. Under the barrage our boys advance 600 yards, but for tactical reasons retreat to their former positions.

Mon. Sep. 9, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill, Showers

Health: Good

Two prisoners. No information from them.

Up at 7:00. Go at once to E Company kitchen

to look for something to eat and drink. Sticky and chill, road and path full of sticky mud. On the way up, Thurn and Nelson call me. Thurn gives me a call for not having turned in a report. I tell him the circumstances, that we were ordered to pack up and ready to move and that in any event Farrell did not call me. Thurn is angry, of course, and rightly, but why Nelson has come to join in the scolding I get, I do not know. It makes me angry enough to tell him what I think of him and threaten to shut him up. In the midst of the argument, we see Sgt. Kirchner come out of a dugout by the railroad, where H. Co. cooks sleep. He has come back from the hospital looking good. The skin on his face is peeling, but aside from that he is not scarred. We are glad to see him. We will now have someone to direct us. He has had a good time in the hospital, as usual, and a brand new outfit. Gives us some French candy. At the kitchen, I fill two canteens with hot coffee, get a piece of bacon and jam for myself, two packages of tobacco. Summers making coffee, bacon and bread for breakfast. Devlan, our old headquarters cook, has come up with the stragglers and has promised to cook hot meals for us if attached to a company kitchen. I take the news to Doherty at Hdqrs., where the Colonel is having a deep dugout made for himself. Fortunately for us, the colonel does not pick on the scouts for the work. Brown is detailed to a share of the work and Wash is sent back to the company. He goes reluctantly. Would like to continue in the Headquarters where life is easy and shelling light therefore. Get news of happenings yesterday. The sun pays us a visit for a few hours. I resume writing Leah's letter. There is a difference to-day. My pen runs smoothly and the tale I have to tell is fairly well written. I tell her about the cooties and about my trip looking for Major Gardiner. My eyes need sleep, so I take a little rest, with a sweater over my head. From 12 to 3 we are on the

observation post at our door. Sgt. Kirchner complaining about our not going to the dugout in the field from where the other men watch. He is ambitious enough to have the thing done in regular style. We manage to humour him to let our observation go on as it does. Each of us take half hour turns at the door, marking how many holes Fritz puts in the landscape and how many are put in his. It is too cloudy and the mud too sticky for aerial observations, so we do not have to crane our necks to look for them. My ink bottle is at the door with me, thinking I can write while I record. Disappointed in that for we send too many pills into Jerry's lines to think of anything now but counting then. A couple of hundred shells on average per hour from our immediate vicinity. The artillery boys get little rest. The battery close by has a friend of Gillece's in it, who has told us that a divisional relief would be made today. It was a fine story to swallow, since it came over the battery telephone. It proves correct in so far as the battery boys are relieved, having done their regular hours at the guns. We have done 2 1/2 hours of observing and recording and are congratulating ourselves that there is only a half hour to go, when Sgt. Kirchner puts a damper on our fun. He explains to us that in the morning we are on duty from 3 to 6 and that we are not supposed to be working at all now. Jorgenson and Gillece are recording at the post. Two and a half hours are wasted in which I might have written a lot of things to Leah. We are told that a hot meal is being made for us by E Co. kitchen and if we bring our mess kits up the track, where Levine is serving, we will be made happy. I go up expecting to find a fine meal and discover it to be fried bacon, which we have already eaten twice to-day, boiled potatoes, bread, Karo, coffee. We all decide to save the potatoes and bacon until supper time, when we will have French fried potatoes, etc. I grow very much interested in it and wish my

very hardest that no one comes to disturb me. Fournier, the medical man comes out of his dugout, looking for companionship. Luckily Summers goes out to talk to him. They make fun of Winkler, one of the Red Cross boys, who lies in the dugout all hours of the day unless driven out for a bit of air. They are having a great time laughing over it, when a shell whizzes close by over their heads. How fast they duck. Both of them almost fall down the steps of the dugout next to ours. The chat is discontinued, while both seek shelter. Summers sits around with Brown, while I continue to write, regardless of traffic on the road and the dud Fritz just sent. A few more small ones come over feeling for the batteries. The boys go outside again to resume their chat, until it is time for Summers to come in to cook the dinner. It proves a bully one. Even for that, I hate to interrupt my letter writing. I eat as quickly as I can, for I still have a lot to tell. Not long after resuming to write, Fritz begins to shell us. Not a few trial shots but a generous modified barrage which shows that he is sure of his range. He plants them out in the field directly in front of our door and to the right and left, where I can see them burst. Some no more than 50 yds. from us. I still have a half page of paper to write and I must finish my letter. I pay no attention to the shelling except to look up casually to see where they land. The explosions jar my pen from the paper, I notice quickly. I literally race against Fritz. I win before his distributed fire reaches near my dugout. With my letter done, I go to the door to look, while I wash my mess kit. The next few shells drive the artillery men out of their positions and they come running down the track looking for shelter in the dugouts of other men more permanent. We give shelter to an Italian lad who is very voluble about the shelling. I stay by the door watching them burst. Some seem to land perilously near Batt. Hdqrs. Bang, a flash, and

the shrapnel rings through the air, and we laugh at his poor marksmanship, that he hurts no one but merely ploughs the field. I watch a good deal of the performance, endeavoring to quiet the fears of the artillery men. Fritz lets up for a few minutes, a signal for me to prepare for bed. I have pushed a litter over to the door to keep out of the wind and rain, if it should shower again, and am arranging my bunk, when as a good night greeting Fritz sends a darn shell, which lands on the embankment down the road not more than .0 yds. from our dugout. Luckily it strikes in soft wet earth with little report. It sends a shower of dirt and steel against the outer wall and the litter, which keeps falling for seemingly ten seconds, but not a piece penetrates our house. For safety, I move into the far corner, waiting expectantly for another. The Boche has gone to bed, so I lie down with a slicker, borrowed from Summers, to cover me. It is much warmer thus. Wake up two or three times during the night, when my hips and shoulders demand a relief from being on the hard ground. After Fritz shells, the nearby guns stop work for the night. The Frenchmen at the left put over another barrage for more than an hour.

Tue. Sep. 10, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill, Showers

Health: Good, Trouble with a tooth

Summers and I are awakened by Farrell at 3:00. We watch by our door. It is cold and windy. A wet wind, with rain in it. Working a half hour at a time and shifts pass awfully slow. I have no partner to stand outside to count flares and gun reports. The batteries in the field to the left scare me occasionally with a sudden flash and report. On the whole, the night is quiet. On Summers' first shift, it begins to rain, a cold, heavy, steady rain. The

litter comes in handy. It keeps out a good deal of the rain. The drip from a few leaky parts near the door we catch in mess cups and pans. Build a dam of mud to prevent water from running in when a puddle forms by the door. Reminds me of the happy carefree days of childhood when we built such things and floated match sticks in the water. At 2:30 I make out report of the night's activities by a candle light and take it up to the Sgt. A little difficulty in finding his place in the dark. Asks me for Farrell's report. I have none given to me by him. Wake him up and inquire. I get a sharp, very foolish answer. Appears they slept most of the night, as usual, by their dugout door. Anxious to get back to my dugout to warm my chilled body. Almost blown away going back along the railroad track. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home", I remark, as I tumble in for another hour's sleep. We must make a bigger dam to keep the rain out. Summers goes for the breakfast at 8 o'clock. Bacon, bread, Karo, coffee. Plan to look over the letter I wrote to Leah, when Gillece comes with a bundle of letters for me. Thirteen of them, seven from Leah, one from Bertha, one from Joe, four from Lottie. The best of news in all of them, promises of Cecilie's pictures and a New Year's wish for me. Gillece has mail for four men, all receiving less than I, which makes me feel good. The boys annoy me. I have an all morning job to read them. First I add a postscript to the unmailed letter, saying that I have received letters, then I settle myself to the serious task of reading. I open each one with a prayer that it contains good news. I admire Leah's good cheer-up, beginning each letter with the lines, "To-day Leah and Cecilie are well", so that gives me assurance that everything else is well and as it should be. I can read the remainder of each letter with pleasure and not worry about finding a shock in a paragraph somewhere in the middle of her

daily report. It is raining so hard that the men in the cruder dugouts by the cut are being washed out. They come to us for shelter, which we gladly give. The visitors see my mail spread in piles on the straw and wonder at my good fortune at receiving so many letters in one day. Read all of them before I get up. A few minutes rest to look about and shovel dirt to keep the rain out. Begin writing. No one to disturb me. The visitors have left to repair their homes. We have our dinner of bacon, bread, Karo, coffee. Just a snack to take the edge off our appetites which, mine particularly, are sharp. Our artillery during the morning fires very lazily. The Boche shells the support lines a bit. Rumor of the capture of Gold and Bowman by the Germans is confirmed, but Devaney is back with his company. Meet Capt. McMurtry and ask him if he has heard anything of Lt. Griffiths, thinking thereby to put myself in his thoughts, which might remind him that he promised to send me home at the first opportunity. He does not bite, or does not appear to, yet he is courteous. I do not know what to make of it. Before we go on duty at the OP post, I write without incident. It stops raining. Cold wind still continues blowing from a leaden sky. Men come in and go away after warming themselves. We have the good fortune to hear some very good rumors appertaining to our relief. Within 48 hours is the latest and most popular. From exposure to the cold breeze on my face, one of my teeth begins to trouble me. I write until it is time for us to go on post. This afternoon we must comply with Sgt. Kirchner's orders to work at the regular OP. I take my pen and book with me, thinking to write while on duty. Try it for a few minutes. Too many men about talking about different things. I cannot concentrate. H Co. serves a meal. Beef stew, corn and beans, pickles, bread and coffee, hardtack. I go back to the dugout for mess kits and bring back mess for

both of us. I do justice to the meal. As far as observing goes, there is nothing to do except to count outgoing and incoming shells. The sky is too cloudy for aerial work. It showers every now and then. Fritz makes a great many holes in the field to the left of post on the crest of the ridge, also shelling the support lines with large calibre shells. Our artillery sends a fair proportion of a thousand shells in two hours. On our way back, we get a mess kit full of stew to save for supper, to be warmed over. Sticky mud on the road and in the field. We drag it into the house. Clean our boots as well as possible. Resume writing again, hoping to catch up. Slow work. Interrupted often. At seven, Summers warms the stew and makes coffee. Almost too full to move now. Candy from Summers. Fuss around with my aching tooth. At dusk, teams of horses, 6 to a caisson, pull up to draw back the 4 75s in the field to our left. My idea was that that would be a long and tedious job. To my surprise, in ten minutes, one gun is already coming down the road, going back to its new position. In a half hour all are on their way. Drawn back on account of yesterday's shelling. The camouflage screen and the ammunition is left where it is, ready in case guns move forward again. The sunset is a wonderful even orange. Two horsemen ride on the crest in the distance, silhouetted against a wonderful background. A subject for a painter to do justice to. Watch them from my doorway until they disappear. Go to bed early to get up at 12 o'clock, for duty until 3. This thing of broken nights becoming an awful annoying proposition. Sleep, is impossible under the circumstances. The French sector begins their usual barrage, which helps keep me awake. In our sector the guns help along for part of an hour. A machine gun pumps away at regular intervals at the left. In the afternoon, I meet Kenney and by judicious pumping, I get from him that he has been told by good authority

that he is the one selected to go home this month to instruct in liaison work. He assures me he takes no faith in what he hears. His name being mentioned in connection with the prize coming from so many corners, rather causes me to give up hope that I will be the lucky one. My thoughts are mainly on the chance of seeing home, that I missed up on last month and I am not hopeful of its returning to me. About ten, I manage to fall asleep, and am going in great style, more soundly than ever, when Farrell calls me at 12. We go to the post, shivering most of the time we are on duty. Nothing of interest has happened. We do the usual amount of shelling and so does Fritz. I write my report in the dark with a ruler to guide me. First the stars are out, then every few minutes a rain shower comes along. A long time since we ran into so much rain. We wake our relief and then get into bed for another try at sleep. Too cold below to make a success of it.

Wed. Sep. 11, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Showers, Chill

Health: Goods, Trouble with a tooth

Up at 7:30. Ready for breakfast. I begin to think it would be a good idea to wash myself. Nasty weather makes me hate to stay out of our dugout. Bacon comes with bread, Karo and coffee. Brown sleeps on. We eat without him. When he gets up, another trip is made for bacon and bread, which means another meal. Then a little nap. Write a little. My bottom is sore from sitting on my cushion with my legs outstretched. We think of preparing dinner early, for which water is most necessary, in order to boil coffee. The morning is quiet comparatively, only our guns firing. They fire steadily, but not in great volume. The latest moving news is that a billeting officer has been appointed and is ready to be sent out.

Last night trucks and limbers were busy trying to get out of the big shell holes on the road at the crossing, into which almost every one of them fell, so this morning the engineers are fixing them as far as possible, making the road passable. Stone from the battered houses to used for the purpose. A little donkey cart and a half dozen men, who work furtively, are on the job. Down into town for water. The clear crystal stream, which flows so steadily at the wash house, is polluted and colored dark brown. The rain has washed some refuse into it. Must find another flow in order to fill my canteens. Stop in at the kitchen to see what is to be had. Sugarman is making doughnuts for the boys. Offers me some. He will make them for me while I wait. I have two and wait while he makes 4 more. These I take with me and divide them among the men of E. Retain two for our own use. We make coffee and a bacon sandwich, pancake and Karo. We are the envy of the dugout colony. After a trip out in the cold, my toothache becomes worse. It is warm in our dugout and the change of air has a bad effect upon me. I endeavor to fix my tooth by stuffing the cavity with cotton. We are ready to go on post at 12. There is nothing of importance to chronicle, there being no airplane or balloon activity. The Boche shells the hill to the left still thinking that our artillery guns are where they were last night. His aim, of course, is poor and the number of duds he throws equals the number of exploding shells. We go to the door to look. Shrapnel sings near and around us. Summers and I are detailed to get mess from E Co. We discover a mushroom bed. Summers positively identifies the things. We bring back stew, rice and apples, coffee. The stew and coffee does not interest me. I take a bit of rice and prunes and a cup of coffee later. Settle myself to write, intent on catching up. Fritz begins shelling. The very first one seems to be too close for comfort. A runner, a simple lad, has

gone to the town for water. It seems only a moment after that he returns breathless and stained with blood, shouting for the medical men to go down the road, where a lot of men are wounded. Right after him are two other men, who snatch up litters and call for aid, breathlessly telling the same story as the runners. The medical men very reluctantly come out of their dugout and run down the road toward the house. Summers and I stand in the door to watch. Shells dropping both sides of us, in fields behind us. We are in the center of a 500 yd. circle of fire, never in any real danger, except from those at our right. Every time one comes in that direction, we duck and have ample protection from the roof of our dugout, but strange, every one put in to the right field is a dud. Only a puff of smoke as the detonator explodes, the shell itself not bursting. We can see the medical men cautiously wending their way along the track, ducking every time the whizz of a shell is heard, no matter how far. See three or four strike on the road where they might be and I watch anxiously, fearing for the safety of the boys. Luck favors them and always after a shell bursts, I can see their heads bobbing up and down as they work their way along. Marvelous that so many shells get so few victims. Sometimes it looks as if the boys in the OP will ply off, sometimes as far back as Batt. Hdqrs. is in danger. Yet, the boys with the cross soon are on their way back to their dugouts. An ambulance comes along the road to the infirmary, hitting the high spots only. It probably contains the wounded. Summers and I are having a great time cheering watching it as we would a stunt at the circus. Medicos come back, cursing, because only one man was hurt for which the need for attention was not urgent, as he will probably die from the effects of a wound in the neck. The ambulance comes over the road going toward at racecourse speed, man hardly being able to

hold the wheel. On the seat is a man whose arm is bandaged and bleeding. Another one of the victims. Four to six men slightly wounded by the same shell. Medicos burrow back into their hole. A funny sight is Shapiro waiting for the doctor to come. I have been standing in the doorway without a hat or coat, absorbed in the play. Knowing that no one is hurt and especially that all our own boys are safe, I lose interest and notice how cold it is. Withdraw into our dugout to discuss the Boche's work. It seems to us he is getting close to our house. Sure enough, gradually he creeps up to our door. The litter is put up (it has been brought back). Fritz sends us a real close one to scare us, which he really does and then he quits entirely. We are satisfied that we may eat our supper now. Some salmon, bread, Karo and coffee. We must go to sleep at once to be up at three o'clock to go on post. There is comparative quiet. Fritz has quit, and our boys only killing time. The French active, their usual heavy barrage, near enough to resemble a kettledrum which has the effect of rocking me to sleep. I am warmer than usual to-night and the cooties are good to me, so I sleep till 2. Fritz wakes me once by planting one across our door, which sends a shower of dirt and shrapnel against our outer wall and upon our roof. Others not so close do not annoy me. I fall asleep again until on the dot of 3 o'clock, when Farrell should wake me. Another close hit rattles our berth and three or four more in rapid succession. I hate the thought of getting out from under such warm covers into the cold night and for such a silly purpose as ours is. Of my own accord, I never would get up. I will wait for Farrell to call me. I shut my eyes and turn over and fall asleep again. Rain is proving a means of making men wicked. They are constantly working and swearing, because they are wet and muddy and must rebuild. Our dugout is popular. No one will admit knowing the name of the man who goes home.

Thu. Sep. 12, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Raining

Health: Good, Trouble with a tooth

Mushrooms at the front.

At 5:30 Fritz calls me again. Begins to look like we might have to change our residence. I wonder why I am still in bed. Something is wrong, but I cannot imagine what it is. It dawns upon me that a wonderful piece of fortune has struck me. Farrell has not called for me and I can go to the Sgt. with a look of injured innocence, complaining about Farrell's neglect to wake me, I, who was so anxious to go to work. I look for the Sgt. Find him in the open looking for reports to consolidate into his. He is considerably angered by Farrell's neglect, going to his dugout to scold him. A report is trumped up and in an hour the Sgt. is playing poker in Farrell's dugout. A fine piece of scandal for the boys. Summers and I are detailed to get breakfast from H Co. kitchen. It is early when I go up. Stop at E kitchen to look for luxuries finding the Captain there instead, so I ask for mail and vanish. Summers picking mushrooms. Beg a can of heat, take a couple of loaves of bread and a can of bacon and butter under my arms. Two other men carry coffee and others remaining bread. Wade through a sea of mud in the town and at the crossroads. The engineer company along the road is preparing to pull out. They are rolling their packs, giving us hope that we, too, will move. Upon inquiry, we find that no one has heard anything about our relief. One of the kitchens pulls out to-night according to orders. Take our share of the breakfast from Levine. Summers begins the preparations of the mushrooms, peeling them and frying in bacon fat. A bacon sandwich, bread and butter,

coffee made by ourselves, and more tender delicious mushrooms than I can eat, makes my breakfast. I wonder with every bite I take, how this can go on at the front. I feel like a sinner to live in such style, while the other fellows are at the front working hard and eating little. Every few minutes a heavy shower comes. We have a piece of heavy corrugated iron for a door, since early morning, which keeps the rain out like a charm. I work as a dentist for a half hour, filling my tooth with cotton temporarily. All morning I have been conscious of a dull pain over entire right side of face, which makes me feel kind of blue in addition, and think that one can never really be free from pain and worry. A signal man comes to be dressed by the medicos next door. He is one of the men who was hurt yesterday. While waiting for admission to the aid station, he comes into our place and tells us something of interest about our relief. We will surely go to a town near Paris and get a two day furlough and a new outfit. Coming from a signal man, rumors are not rumors. They know from overhearing the big boys talking over the wires. Take cheer, therefore, from what I am told. Begin writing but not for long. My eyes need sleep, so I take a nap, until Summers wakes me for dinner. We have mushrooms, bread, bacon and coffee, after which I rub my stomach and decide I am getting fat. According to Astrove, who comes in for a minute, I am looking fine. The morning is a very quiet one. We fire only a small number of rounds out of 6 inchers, which have been moved up ahead of the 75s. Fritz shelling his favorite spots, the camouflaged road and the hillcrest to our left. From 1 to 3, I write a little. Bothered so much by my toothache that I am nervous and cannot concentrate. At four o'clock we go on post, taking mess kits with us, ready for H Co. mess. While we count shells going in and out, we eat salmon and mashed potatoes, a pickle, bread and coffee

and one cruller, a tribute to H Co.'s generosity and brains, one doughnut per man. That is a joke everybody laughs at. Business is slow. There are no planes up or shells bursting in our vicinity. I want more action and being thirsty, I volunteer to go to town for water. Of course I stop at the kitchen. Believing Sugarman will be interested, I tell him about the mushrooms. He is anxious to get some at once. In the mud, I slip and slide to the mushroom bed, where we gather two big handfuls, and returning to the kitchen, I am rewarded with 3 doughnuts and 2 for Summers, my partner. By now, I have decided I am a glutton. The remaining period of duty taken up by loafing, for there are only a few shells to record being fired. The boys are making rings from French 2 Fr. pieces, beating the sides till they are wide and flat and cutting out the centers. I invite the Sgt. to come and sleep with us tonight. Since Wash went back to the company, we have a spare bunk. I think perhaps he will share his blanket with me. When we are again settled in our cheerful, warm dugout, I write. Summers immediately thinks of mushrooms again. I have promised myself not to eat another thing. I keep my promise until Brown returns from a trip to the kitchen with ten more doughnuts. Sgt. Kirchner who has come to sleep gets a share. Brown takes 3 to Doherty and we finish the remainder. On his return, Brown gets none. Summers has been cooking and eating mushrooms for an hour. Brown has some ration belonging to an E Company man who has been killed by shrapnel during the day. I am ready for bed. Kirchner has refused to share his blanket with me, so I borrow a slicker again for covering. With the iron over the door, it is much warmer indoors. I fall asleep readily. Only the Frenchmen's barrages in the distance comprise the night's fireworks, which now is to me like a rattle to a baby. I enjoy a good sleep. I had a vague fear that

something would disturb me before long. Sure enough, Crazy Farrell comes down the track, passes my dugout, yelling for me. Of course, I awake, look at my watch, see it is only 12 o'clock and swear at him for a fool. I was not to be called until 3. We have the option of taking the 6 to 9 shift but as that meant six hours steady duty, we chose the 3 to 6 shift, which is not so popular with the boys. My night's rest is broken. The pain in my tooth and jaw keeps me awake. I toss and turn but sleep does not visit me again. I watch the clock go around and at 3 Jorgenson comes to turn us out of bed. The night is starry for a change. Our surprise at this scene to change the elements. It clouds up again and soon it rains for a while. This business is becoming most hateful to me. We get no sleep at all at night, and in the daytime the hours are short enough as it is without sleeping.

Fri. Sep. 13, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill

Health: Good, Toothache

Some outfit marches past our door in the night. Summers gets up to look, but does not ask their designation, which leaves us still ignorant of our relief's identity.

On post it is cold. The wind blows across the plain, wet and chill. There is nothing of importance to record, only the usual shelling. I take the count of what happens on the right and most of the time I lose track of how many times the 75s on that side crack. Stamp my feet and slap my ankles in an effort to keep warm, but of no avail. My toes become numb, my tooth aches. It is a miserable time we have, both of us. When the day breaks, there is the promise of fair weather, or rather no rain. The

wind has blown the road a bit drier than it has been for the past few days. At 5:30, as soon as the day dawns, I go to the town for water. On the road, just below the crossings, are two trucks ditched on each side of the road. Each has a wheel off and the road is blocked to further traffic. I look into the kitchen. The boys are all asleep. No chance for a bit of goodies. Coffee is made by Summers as soon as I get back, while I lie down to quiet my toothache. It seems a long time till the coffee is ready. I have slept a bit. A piece of bread and a cup of coffee makes me feel much more comfortable. I go to sleep again, without waking the other fellows. At 8 we get up. The breakfast detail has already gone for mess. We have but to go to Levine's place for it. Bacon, bread again. Still a few mushrooms left. We divide them among us. Make out report of night's activities. The engineers pulled out last night, leaving the town bare of men. In their place, a few MPs are in town. The vicinity has a look of bareness and desolation. A wrecking crew comes up to pull out the wrecked motors. They work quietly, for safety's sake. In less than a half hour, repairs are made and the trucks pull out towards the back area. Since Fritz has begun shelling the place as a part of his regular day's work, there is no movement on the roads except what is absolutely necessary. I write and then suddenly decide to take a shave. I open my pack, remarking that it is a good sign we move soon. Shave and wash in a canteen full of water. Does not feel bad at all. Spend ten minutes looking at my mustache. To tell the truth, I do not know whether it is a distinguishing feature or not. Ask the boys for their opinion. They are not serious about counseling me. Write till 12. Summers makes dinner. Bacon and bread, bread with butter, coffee. Write until 2:45. Our turn to go to work. It is clear enough now for a few aviators to be up. It is long since I heard the sounds of shells bursting in the air. Quite a

novelty, so I look on with interest. H Co. sends up an unusual dinner. Bully beef, meat balls, mashed potatoes, stewed corn, stewed tomatoes, pickles, bread and coffee. The boys do not know what to make of it. Artillery action, as on previous days, as usual. One of our planes flying over the lines, looking and asking for our positions, by signals. Two of our boys attempt to go over and are met by 2 Boche coming down upon them from high up in the clouds. Our boys retreat after a great defense. They continue flying, two more come to their assistance, attempt to go over again, and are shelled. One disappears in the clouds, probably gaining his objective on the other side. The remainder circle around over us, occasionally shelled and fired upon by machine guns, while flying low. Getting tired of hanging around the post. I go to town for water and visit the kitchen again. Sugarman making mushrooms on toast for the Captain. I am too full of good food to be tempted by more. Kenney is there and I am interested in watching his actions and I find that if he is sure about going home, he does not show it. Wander around for almost an hour, a welcome relief from silly duty. Our time up, we are told the next shift is from 12 to 3. We go back to our dugout, where I write for an hour and accomplish nothing. We have visitors and there is a long discussion about relief. Nothing definite yet known. It behooves us to go to bed early. While talking that over, Wash comes back to us, which puts the Sgt. out of the house. He submits to fate, gracefully. Wash is hungry, not having had supper. He has brought a supply of stuff with him for our larder. We have meat balls and pickles left, which in a sandwich makes up my supper with a cup of coffee. Immediately after, I go for a last look at the sky and a breath of fresh air. Instead, get a whiff of gas. Fritz has been sending a few shells into the field and presumably has gas mixed with H.E. in them. Stand outside,

sniffing it, instead of going indoors. The others do the same, while we all argue about the kind of gas it is. There is a strange odor to it, which rather frightens me, for the story of the blinding gas, which nobody knows the characteristic odor of, comes to my mind. It blows away, soon. We go to bed. I have at last decided to take my shoes and stockings off and wrap up in my shelter half for warmth, since my pack is open. We talk, instead of trying to sleep, in the course of which Brown offends me, for which I promise him a licking if repeated. At about 10:30, I fall asleep. Up promptly at 12. At last we are favored by a fine night, warm and starry. It is a pleasure to stand at our post and look at what is going on. The Frenchmen's barrage is on. Our artillery, right and left of post, bang away in stead. They give it to Fritz properly. He is nervous. Something strange is going on. Looks to me like a retreat is contemplated, for he is displaying the same pyrotechnics as on the night we went into the valley to chase him off the opposite hill. His searchlights sweep the sky, sometimes as many as a dozen at once. He throws up flares profusely, and, hundreds of tiny stars flashing for only a brief part of a second. This is something new. For an hour he works his searchlights. My opinion he is signaling, for there are no planes up. The night is still and we would have heard them if they were abroad. His artillery fires from our left flank, another significant feature, which augurs he has withdrawn his artillery directly ahead of us. Much absorbed in the work to-night. My tooth does not bother me, nor are my feet cold. We awake the men, telling them of the peculiar doings. Back to our humble home. It seems the boys were worried about gas and did not sleep well. After our return, my tooth plays havoc with me. Not until 5 o'clock do I fall asleep. A bit worried about getting out of this place. I need a bath and clean clothes badly. In the morning I plan to

pick cooties from my shirt. They treat me wickedly, while I try to fall asleep, so I must have

Sat. Sep. 14, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good, Toothache

Pick cooties most successfully.

Eat Ravioli, which almost costs me my life.

At 5:30 the door to hell is opened. The French on our right and all our batteries put over a general barrage. No half-hearted affair is this. Every gun pumps away for all it is worth. The artillery boys are working War Trojans. We have to turn out. Sleep is an impossibility. Looks like the men higher up have the same opinion, as I, about the Hun's movement and are taking advantage of his troubles. The Boche is by no means quiet. He sends all he has from our left flank. Boche getting a goodly share of it. The camouflaged road is a convenient line of smoke puffs. Our immediate area being ploughed full of holes. We have eleven balloons up. Fritz has a few more, all along the lines. Aeroplanes are up in flocks, with an occasional sneaking individual trying to come over to raise our balloons, which means shelling and machine gun fire. Everything points to a German retreat. On the edge of their lines, there is a fire burning. Something he cannot take with him. In spite of it all, we must have our breakfast. Summers makes coffee and we have salmon, bread and toast. No let up in our barrage. Our anti-aircraft doing good work; they are vigilant. Breakfast comes from H. Stewed apricots, bacon, coffee. We make toast. Save some bacon. Then I am pleased by something which ordinarily would

disturb me. We are told to pack up to be ready for a move forward at 9:45. We must follow retreating Germans. I was right in my surmise. It is almost 9:45 when the order is given. I must make up my pack. While employed thus, the Sgt. comes looking for our report. I follow with that job as soon as I have finished with the first, finding it is almost 11 o'clock by the time it is ready to send to the Sgt. I tell the men we will have breakfast here to-morrow morning, by way of showing boys how smart I am. Fritz comes over intent on downing one of our balloons. He is almost successful. Drives the observer out of the balloon, forcing him to drop in his parachute. The balloon is lowered for safety. Fritz runs away, shelled from all sides and the target for machine guns. Gets back into his lines. Look for cooties in my shirt. Find a million. Write. Summers prepares dinner. Bacon, toast, coffee. We go on post, expecting to have a busy time. We have only to note down that the barrage still continues and that Fritz is shelling the whole area heavily. Most surprising to me that no one has been hurt in spite of number of shells bursting in town and vicinity. Airplanes, flocks of them, up over balloons and lines. A fight starts in which Allies are driven back to lines. Shelling and MG fire in air is constant. I want water, so I offer to go to town for it. Look into E kitchen and find Sugarman making Kreplach or Ravioli. I must have some. I promise to go back at 2, when they are finished. I return on time with Gillece trailing after me. Wait there a half hour and the dish not ready yet, I return to post. A shell falls 100 yds. behind Gillece and me. We hurry out of town. Our time up when I return to post and just in time to witness a very cowardly attack by the Boche planes upon a big machine of ours. The Boche were coming over to attack balloons. Our man catches them at it. The Boche get revenge by diving for our plane and shooting him up. Being a big plane and slow,

our man has a hard time getting away. Everyone of the Boche planes makes an unsuccessful dive at the Ally. They could be admired for daring, making most sensational dives and dips, but five against one is unfair advantage. Our antiaircraft thinks so by the way they pepper the Boche. They have a hard time getting away. The Ally has a hole torn in his plane, and perhaps is hurt. He is forced down. Summers goes back to the dugout, and I keep my promise, go back to E kitchen. I go a few steps towards town, when a six inch shell lands in the road ahead of me. I am sure it is outside of the kitchen. A big cloud of stone from the road and walls scatters upon roofs and road. I stop to look and await developments. Decide not to go any further. I just finished a big mess of stewed corn, mashed potatoes, bacon and bread. There is no need to go into that town for a bit of food and I am not really hungry. But again I think of how close that shell struck to our kitchen and I would like to see if any of the boys were hurt. With that in mind, I walk into the town. The further I go, the less I think of shells. Such things are forgotten a minute after they burst. Look for a hole as I near the kitchen. Surprised how close to extermination the boys actually were. The shell I saw explode from the road, hit just outside the building where the kitchen is housed. Lucky the boys cook in a fairly safe basement room. Walk into the kitchen, questioned by the men. In the same moment I begin to tell where the shell struck and not a half minute after I enter, another shell whizzes and lands in almost the same spot as the first. I would surely have been killed had I lingered on the road that little while more. I am congratulated on my narrow escape. I think of Cecilie. Seems to me, I have earned what I came for. The dish is ready. Sugarman being a cool person, fills me a dish of kreplach, tomato sauce, fried potatoes and with coffee and bread, I fill up to capacity,

while shells burst around the house, all of them very close. This is the first meal from the army kitchen that tastes like home. I stay for a half hour. Not sure whether or not the shelling has stopped, but I have a great deal of writing to do and must get back to my dugout instead of talking of dead men and narrow escapes from death with the cooks. Am watchful going out. Nothing happens. I return home safely. The boys have some news, which deserves a cheer and enough to lift the roof. Instead of moving forward to-night, we remain and tomorrow night, please God, we will be armored by a division of Italians. I can hardly believe my ears, and when I tell my story, they can hardly believe theirs. That means we will have to do duty all night. I spend about a half hour recovering my wits and then begin to write, while Summers prepares supper. Wash has 15 cans of salmon. I take a bite to eat. Lie down to sleep. Fritz has stopped shelling. Our batteries have quieted down considerably. I fall asleep, not bothered by the cooties or the noise of cannons. Then there is a stir outside. A prisoner has been brought in. Runners are wanted to take him to the next relay post on the way to Headquarters. He is just outside our dugout. My companions are anxious to have a look at him. They rush out and wake me. Look at a big burly fellow in the dark, and come back to discuss him. Thereafter I cannot sleep. Cooties play tag and my tooth bothers me and I toss. Think of home and Leah. Know they will miss me for Yom Kippur. If Leah only knew how nearly I was destined to be home for the holidays. If she only knew how foolishly I risked my life to-day and all the other things, that if she knew it would make her cry, and I think how unfair it is, this business of war, to the women at home. I do not fall asleep until 12, troubled. There is but one more day to stay here, which is full of possibilities of injury and death. No doubt some of the Jewish boys in the war will be

killed on the 15th, our most Holy day. I wish that through kind providence an order will be issued that Jewish boys will not expose themselves to danger on the 15th.

Sun. Sep. 15, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good, Toothache

At 3 o'clock Jorgenson wakes Summers and me. It is a wonderful evening, Millions of stars, hundreds of flares and very little action. Our job is laughable tonight. No more than a dozen shells from either side in any half hour, until 4 o'clock, except for gas. Fritz is sending hundreds of gas shells into the town and surrounding hollows. They are heard to whizz as they leave the distant gun, but on reaching their destination there is no report loud enough for us to hear. At 4, he stops shelling entirely. It is as quiet as can be behind the lines. Pleasant to stand watch. It is warm, no wind blowing. The sun comes up. We see a light on the horizon in the direction of the German lines. Watch it as it slowly rises higher and becomes brighter, thinking it a German flare. It suggests itself to both of us at the same time to take a stroll in the road. Watching the light, we decide the light burning so steadily is on a balloon. Talk of the pleasure of an early Sunday morning walk on the streets at home, the quiet and the peace, and after a day of rest. Transported for the time being, entirely away from war. Walk up and down. The sun rises higher and with it the light. Laughingly, I joke with Summers over the mistake we have made regarding the light. It is the morning star. We go as far as we can towards the village, to where the smell of gas, which Fritz has sent over, is noticeable. Five o'clock. Two German balloons up, looking directly into the streets of the town. The sound of a shell leaving the gun, a whizz 1/10 of a second later. We fall flat on

the embankment at the roadside, seeing death before us. Just a thud as the shell buries itself in the soft earth, somewhere in the opposite field, without exploding. A sigh of relief. Continue walking, thinking it only a stray shot. He sends the next one into the town, a direct hit almost. Then some shrapnel in the air not far from us. A flash, a puff of black smoke and a little buzz, as it scatters over the field. Another one over our heads. Dud. We decide to get under shelter, going to our post. He has started something wicked. Sends up his queer flares, orange, green and white ones. He hits the roofs of squarely. They fly high into the air, shingles and beams. The explosions jar us, coming from large caliber shells. Till six, he keeps it up and a little after we are relieved. Every shell that goes over our heads into the field to our right is a dud, same as last Wednesday. Cannot understand it. From the others, we are showered with shrapnel by our post, but never in any real danger. Hottest, when we leave to wake Farrell and Ernst. A great big piece of steel flies past my head. From our dugout door we watch the fireworks for a time. Roofs flying and the fields being ploughed. He stops shelling. Summers prepares breakfast. I get coffee, sugar and a can of hash at the Colonel's dugout, where they are hiding. Our boast is that Fritz cannot disturb us at our meals. This morning we eat a dish that I planned last night. Salmon and pickles, a can of corn, bread, butter and coffee. Write my report. Ascertain that Fritz has done no damage in spite of all the noise he makes. Balloons are up on both sides as far as we can see. Planes hovering and patrolling the air. Fritz starts across the sky. He is caught and shelled. Returns again later and gets two of our balloons. I take a nap until breakfast is ready at H Co. Bacon, bread, butter and coffee. Save it till dinner time. Write. A Sunday calm reigns over the land. Neither side

active except in the air. Observation the big thing all day. Dinner time comes. We make bacon, toast with butter, coffee. To our post. Nothing to record. only a few shots fired. Planes are down. Hear tell that Fritz lost 15 balloons during the morning. I am thirsty. Go to town for water. Visit the kitchen. Nothing to tempt me there. Company H dinner ready. Excellent roast beef, potatoes, cabbage, bread, coffee. Then an extra sandwich of meat, a big one to prepare for to-morrow's breakfast. Roll my pack. Orders come to leave our dugout and assemble with the rest of the scouts. An order to move forward to join the Battalion which is later rescinded. Darkness and no sign of the Italians, who are to relieve us. A machine gun company moves out. We move to the dugouts on the road to be ready to hitch on the column when the Battalion comes out. No one coming along, we lie down, posting guard, shifts of one hour each. Fritz starts something during my shift. He attacks at the front, watching our gunners to send a barrage. His display of lights, most brilliant. Orange and white flares which hang in the air for minutes at a time, dozens at once, all along the line. To our left, the most peculiar affair. A long string of hundreds of small white stars, which writhes in the air like a luminous snake, every few minutes. Looks for a time like no relief. Get a bit of sleep, after an argument with the boys to get bunk space. Then at 3, after every one has despaired of seeing the relief, the Italian Army comes along. Every man has something about him which rattles, many of them smoking, their baggage on pack mules, which look like camels. Soldiers are starchy little fellows, who carry full equipment. The headquarters detachment halts and waits for us to locate our Sergeants. Some of them impatient. We remain, in spite of their curses and protests not to sleep, of course, for there are cooties to chase and play tag with. It grows colder, till I am forced to put on a sweater and a raincoat in

lieu of carrying. Ordered to get out and form with the medical men. The doctor has orders of some kind. We march to his quarters. The Italians push into our holes, leaving us in the cold, for no one seems to know a thing about marching. The air is made blue. The sense of leaving men to stand on the road as Fritz begins to shell and in either of which directions we must go is not apparent. We make an attempt to get back to our dugouts. Nothing doing. The Italians have possession and don't care a fig for us. After a half hour in the cold, we are ordered to march to the crossroads, one of Fritz's most favored spots for shelling. We wait there for the Batt. Hdqrs. to come along. About as comfortable here as in No Man's Land or under his guns. luckily nothing happens. I am hungry. During the day Major Budd returns. He looks thin and worn. Lets Capt. McM. take active charge. Before dark, see one of our boys in the air pull off a most brilliant stunt. He sneaks over to Fritz's lines and brings down in flames one of the two balloons that have spied upon us all day long. He braves a heavy battery of anti-aircraft. Nothing daunted, he makes for the other one and, with sure aim, brings him down too. We cheer. Yank has a hard time getting through the barrage back into our own lines. For a few minutes we lose sight of him and think he is hurt, but he comes across the field, flying low, as safe as any of us.

Mon. Sep. 16, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good, I fast

Hike 19 Kilometres to

*Wade and Streeter return from
hospital.*

At 4:30, the Major appears leading his small party. Capt. McMurtry is with him. Ordered to fall in behind. Never an order obeyed with greater celerity. We are up and walking in a hurry, heading toward The pace is terrific. We must step fast. I often say in jest, that if the boys were told to hike to a resort on their way home, they would complain. This morning, I believe, there is truth in that, for the boys are kicking because they must walk a little faster than usual, going away from hell. The morning is approaching. We see the morning star again. Walking in the hollow, where Fritz gassed during the night. The odor of mustard is strong. One place it almost forces us to adjust our masks. A system of dugouts and machine gun emplacements on the right of the road, an old German strong point, which is a subject for study. The first village we pass is blown to pieces, so is the next and the next. It is pretty country in the morning light. I grow angry with war and the men who prolong it at the sight of so much destruction. The country is new to me and all of us. No one knows where we are going. Cross the river, following a long footsore road. Wreckage and shell holes on all sides. I begin to grow tired. Men shout for a rest. The Major wants to get out of the range of the guns. Up hill for a long time. After an hour and a half, the race is over. We rest in a clump of trees, where one of our observation balloons and a gas wagon and machine shop is hidden. The boys take a bite to eat, which they have saved

from last night's supper. They offer me some food but I refuse. A rumor that breakfast will be served. After fifteen minutes, we move forward again, up hill all the way to where the destruction is great. A regiment of French engineers quartered here, to rebuild the town. The Major looks for horse for himself and the Captain, while the boys run about looking for coffee, a piece of bacon. Get bread, gratis from the Frenchmen, which the Captain shares with them. A long wait. Our balloons are up and a few planes, aside from which no other evidences of war. We are out of earshot of the guns. Our next march still up hill, going through lovely hills and looking down upon beautiful valleys. One place a hit made upon dugouts in the hillside which buries the occupants. Their comrades finished the job, leaving a rifle and helmet as a monument. Much guessing as to where we are. Think they are in I say no, which proves correct. Therefore all guesses as to our destination are incorrect. A rest now, every half hour, for the boys are tired. We meet up with three companies. They are in worse condition by far than we. Their stragglers are all over the road and in the field. Some of them are asleep and the Major stops his horse to look, thinking they are dead men. Not far from one of our balloons, when a Boche plane is discovered hovering over it, ready to destroy. A barrage is thrown into the air immediately and the observer leaps to safety in his parachute. A pretty sight. He drops like a plummet for a hundred feet, then the bag opens and he floats gracefully to earth. The balloon is pulled down. We wonder that it is not destroyed by our own shrapnel, some of them bursting very close to the big bag. Ordered to spread out till the fuss is over. The next halt, I lie down upon the grass, at the next rest and promptly fall asleep. I am so tired. Rest every half hour. In a former German headquarters. Outside of town, men from the

companies begin to drop out. These men have been in the lines and are too tired to maintain the pace set by the Major and the fresher headquarters men. At first the Major does not mind having a man fall out, but when the number of weary men increases, he pleasantly prods them, and threatens. They obey his command to walk and lag behind the column. Fine hills and hollows with prospects for fruits and berries. I am growing tired, warm and uncomfortable. The cooties begin to bite and old bites begin to itch. See the medical unit coming towards us from the opposite direction, which means that the town we see in the distance is to be our stopping place for the day. Many a heart is glad. Boys wonder that I am able to hike, without having eaten anything. Anything is easy when it is done to please Leah. Our stopping place a pleasant little town of one story houses, most of plaster and wood, with a few of brick. We go out of the other end, turn around and march into a field. No one seems to know how to dispose of the few remaining scouts. Finally decided to send us back to our companies for outfitting. I go to E Co.'s positions in the field and the welcome sight of Sgt. MacWhinney issuing clean underwear almost overcomes me. I lie down beside his piles of clothing and try to fall asleep. The sun is too hot. All the boys are partially undressed, fixing up their feet, picking cooties, shaving. They are awful sights with long beards and unkempt hair, dirty brown underwear, everything full of mud. They are preparing for an assault upon the French canteens for wine and canned goods. Some already have their wine, despite restrictions. I manage to get a pair of breeches and when the line forms, I get 2 clean suits of underwear and socks. It feels good only to hold them in ones hand. Prepare for a bath in the field. There are no women in the town, making that a safe proceeding. Take off all my clothes and borrow a canvas bucket and some

soap. How soap and water feels! It feels wonderful. Fill the bucket three or four times and pour it over my head like a shower. Worth a million to me. It is cold and refreshing and the sun drying head and body. Then dress in clean white and for some unaccountable reason, I think of my wedding night. I revel in my new white clothes, sitting on the grass, talking to Kandel. Never knew such happiness in cleanliness in all my life. Think of home and wonder if I will appreciate a change of clothes when, please God, I am with Leah. Then my thoughts turn from home to Camp Upton. Seems too much to wish for home. Camp is a much more logical wish. Dress fully except for my new OD, sit by my pack, thus finishing my search for cooties. Read a newspaper, telling of Austrian peace proposals. Seems like there is no such thing as war. I have not heard a shot in hours. Planes flying low are plentiful. An aviation field nearby. Practice flights. Supper is ready. It is a bit early to break my fast but, if I do not eat now, I will get nothing later. Bacon, Potatoes, cabbage, bread, butter, coffee. A slight headache from fasting and a severe toothache. Lie in Wash's bunk on the grass and later bring my things over to team up with him. It grows dark. A lovely moon. Not far away, boys sing popular songs in quartette. My idea of paradise. A gas guard is posted. Makes me mad to think that men should be denied sleep for such a foolish thing, for gas is an impossibility at this distance from the front. Sleep well, being clean and free from care. But one thing when I do think of my chances of getting home, I find I am more pessimistic than if I were in the lines. It becomes an impossibility to imagine a safe return home. There are still many periods of fighting before us and it is too much to hope that I go through from one to a possible hundred campaigns safely. Immensely pleased, though, at the prospect of a rest. The company composed of

new men. All of them are re-serviced. A small number are missing, yet it seems that a hundred familiar faces are no more. Still the men attached to the 3rd Battalion to be heard from.

Tue. Sep. 17, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good, Toothache

Begin a ride of 200 kilometres in motor lorries to

An excellent night's rest is interrupted at 5 by a shower of rain. I cannot believe that such a beautiful night, as it was when I closed my eyes, should turn out thus. It rains heavily and we have no shelter but a tent half. This we pull up and attach to a bush. Put gas mask, shoes and stockings under my blankets to keep them dry. Soon it clears and at 5:45 we are awakened for reveille. I avoid curses. This outfit sure does queer things. Furthermore, breakfast will not be ready till 7:30 or 8:00. Another shower. Wash looks about for shelter. He finds an empty covered French Army wagon, admirably suited for the purpose. We gather up our belongings and move in. My tooth bothers me more than ever this morning. I prepare to do new things, among them write a letter to Leah and Mama. Breakfast is ready, rice, prunes, bread, coffee, after which I look for cooties. Strange to relate, I find more than a dozen on my OD shirt, 5 or 6 on the clean white undershirt I put on yesterday. A baffling matter. Shave and admire my mustache in which I observe very little growth. Mess kit gets a thorough cleaning. Bathe my body again at the town lavoir. The K of C wagon in town, giving away chocolate, nuts, writing paper and cigarettes. I am still too busy to go for any of these things, as much as I would

like to. The Colonel orders the men to go about the streets armed and not to stray far away from town. It is expected we move in the early afternoon. A surprising number of airplanes up. No cannonading to be heard. Fast returning to proper appreciation of peace and freedom. I wash some clothes, which gives me an opportunity to speak French again. Surprising that after a month's layoff, I manage better than before. Give away my supply of Bull to bribe a Frenchman to talk. Clean my gun as it never was cleaned before. Better even than at camp, where facilities were good, and to-day it was rustier than ever before when I began work. All these things attended to, my house is in order. The sun is out strong. It calls me to take a walk. First I look for some fruit. All the apples are sour. The Germans have denuded the trees. I get a few blackberries and a handful of grapes. Look for my share of the good things given away by the K of C men. Everything is gone but a few cigarettes and some writing paper. Meet Wade and Streeter who are well. They have seen nothing of the other men who went to the hospital, except Simpson, who is convalescing from his wound. The boys trying to buy wine and wile from the Frenchmen. Canteen is closed to our men. I am on my way to the dentist who is in town. Return before I find him, so as not to miss dinner, which I have heard will be served early. When I come back, I find the remainder of E Company returned from the front. Yesterday in the early morning they had to go over the top to take a trench in order to get their relief. Al Thompson loses his life in the affair, being shot in the head by a machine gun bullet. Feel very sad on hearing the news. One of our best boys, the father of two children. A man who should not have been in the army. Rest of the men tired to death. They have had a rough time of it during the campaign, under Major McNeill, a ruthless man, most of the

time without food or water and little sleep, under constant shellfire. Dinner delayed. Kitchens ordered to move. Rumor is that we go to town near Paris for replacement and rest. I try to fix my tooth. Begin to write but now sleepy. Take a nap. When I awake I get hold of a newspaper, telling of German proposals to Belgium and of American and Allied victories. Dinner ready. Salmon, potatoes, bread, doughnuts, coffee. Looks like an early move, so I decide not to write a letter to Leah, since I will be interrupted and cannot mail it. Instead, I will look for a bit of fruit for dessert. A careful search nets only a few blackberries which taste of gas. Returning, I see a patch of strawberries, big luscious ones, sweet as sugar. I must surprise Del Duca with some. I find him playing crap. The devil tempts me to join the game. Start with a 50 Fr. note. Play for high stakes and lose rapidly. Not long before my pile is threatened. Recover and win a goodly sum. Finally lose. Borrow 50 Frs. from Del Duca. Lose that too. Time slips by unnoticed till the whole afternoon is wasted. Supper is served by the cooks. Salmon, hard tack and coffee, but I am too deep in the game to leave it, so I go hungry. Ordered to move at 7. Pack ready. When all my money is gone, scrape up a few Frs. in change and fling it away, too. Lt. Murphy joins the company. My first experience with him. He is a particular gentleman. He has manners that I am unaccustomed to. Makes a speech concerning discipline and wishes us to have an excellent time on the lorries, but not to overdo it. We must maintain the good name of the company, as under Capt. McM., who he tells us has been temporarily transferred to H Company, leaving him in command. We go off singing, with light hearts, which are in tune with a lovely moonlight night. The lorries are in the main town road waiting to embark us. This time the chauffeurs are Frenchmen. They drive bigger trucks. Each hold 20 men. We march to

the end of the line, which is a short one and form in twos, marching back along the line to the first one (lorry) and so on. Remembering the dust of the last trip, I engineer so that I get a seat in the rear. We are all ready to go, laughing, chatting, smoking. No orders as to our conduct. It is crowded and hot. No room for my legs. I am hungry and my tooth aches more than ever. The seat is hard. My feet burn for lack of ventilation. It is not long before I must take my shoes off. I beg for a cracker to appease my appetite. An hour of tiresome waiting before the caravan starts, slowly creeping along the roads, stopping frequently. These fellows do not begin to compare with the coolies, who drove last time. We go so slowly that not the slightest breeze is stirred up and I swelter. Going through flat country, without interest. The towns we pass are more or less wrecked. Halt alongside an artillery outfit, strung along the road, huge 8 m howitzers, and many wagons and horses. We chat and joke with the Frenchmen. They give bread and cheese to some of the boys. When the long stop is over, it begins to rain. Soon the water drips down my neck and wets my knees. It thunders and lightens. I don't mind the rain much, because it has become cooler. There is a breeze blowing. A surprise in store for us now. The welcome sight of lights on account of impossibility for air observation. A long time since I have seen the headlights of an automobile. The boys sing as an antidote against discomfort. Donbrava hums from Pagliacci. I follow him, then begin a tune on my own initiative. It will not run properly. I cannot remember more than the beginning of my tune, and few tunes can I begin. Start thinking of Boris. Reminds me of something unpleasant. Stop trying. Pass a few pretty wooded spots used as cover for transports. In all towns there are many transport units, mostly French. Big places and little, all wrecked beyond repair. Dismal sights in the

gray light.

Wed. Sep. 18, 1918

Weather: Raining, Warm

Health: Good

Riding in lorries to

Letter to Leah.

We pass through miles of plain without an interesting inch of ground. Now is the time to try to sleep. A miracle if we do. The jolting is cruel. Every time a rut is encountered, the small of my back is bruised by contact with a 4 inch backrest, worse than none. Instead of being flush with the sides of the truck, it is 2 inches nearer to my back. It works havoc. Probst, sitting next to me, irritates me. In order to look out, he must turn his head towards me. If I wish to look out, I must turn in his direction. We are too close and I turn away without looking. I hate his German accent and he insists on telling his experiences at the front and how the guns "bopped" at him. Then there is Johnson, the Swede, with his ridiculously quick silly chatter. There is hunger and toothache to help irritate me. Wet and growing wetter at the knees, a most uncomfortable feeling, which gives birth to chill. Donbrava mends matters somewhat, by spreading a slicker, which covers 4 prs. of knees. Utter ignorance of direction of travel. We may be going in the direction of Paris, we may not. Nothing familiar about the landscape. Nothing yet to confirm the many rumours as to our destination. A most lively night upon the road. Immense amount of travel in both directions. Sleep is utter impossibility. Everybody clamors for something to eat. We come to a river, the and a railroad, our hoped for destination. After passing that and no stop being made and no food forthcoming, the

complaints become general. We have been crossed again. The only thing to do is to make inroads on our rations. Boxes of crackers are opened and shared up among us, whichever pack is handy is broken open. My back so sore, I am ready to cry out with pain. For a brief bit, the rain stops and after that there are only occasional showers. We ride out of the zone of destruction. A welcome relief to look upon a town that is untouched by shell. Pretty towns along the road, which is through main street. Houses of red and white brick, concrete covered, of two or three stories in height, with modified peaked roofs. Stores and factories in most of them, but not a sign of human occupation, other than men in uniform. An artillery outfit of our men strung along the road. Part of our division moving out. The usual greetings pass between us, the usual questions and the usual jests about the army. We hit a fast pace for a while downhill, riding almost wild. Some of our men sleeping from sheer fatigue. I catch a few winks, myself. It has grown so cold and the showers, when we run into them, so heavy, that we have let down the sides and the rear awnings, shutting everything from view. Thus, we ride till day breaks, silently, each one quietly bearing with discomfort, trying to sleep and when not, smoking or chewing. Still raining when it is light enough to put up the side canvas to see the sights. We pass through a city of considerable size. The sight of the first woman doing her early morning shopping evokes cheers from the boys. Umbrellas and other familiar things, long unseen, are cheered as well. A few men going to their work on bicycles. Houses of many stories, fine interiors, which we can catch glimpses of through partly opened windows, car tracks. A university with fine grounds and classic architecture. No one knows the name of the city. Later, we find it is It takes us almost an hour to run through the place along

beautiful tree lined avenues. Guesses again where we go. Another railroad is passed and still no halt. A vague feeling of disappointment. A camp for soldiers, as all places large or small are, but only dandy French officers. Outside of the city, a park, we make a long stop, for the chauffeurs to breakfast and to refill water and gasoline tanks. Some of the men get out of the trucks to steal fruit by the roadside, but little is to be had. A woman comes along in a market cart. She sells a melon, 3¢ in the States, for 50 centimes 2 Frs., grapes, a little handful for a Fr., 5 Frs. buys what 10¢ will buy at home. Tomatoes and nuts are part of her wares. She reaps a harvest from the hungry men who will pay any price for food. When a man buys, he shares with others in his truck. In that way, I get some melon and grapes and with a biscuit of hardtack, that makes my breakfast. When we set out again, some of our own men are driving the trucks. De Andrea taking a hand, helping the chauffeur behind our car. Lt. Murphy riding on the front seat. He and the chauffeur fall asleep resting on each other's shoulders. Word passed around that we have only 17 kilometres to go, about 3 hours travel. Vineyards and orchards plentiful. A few streams. Villages where French are billeted. By the signposts, we begin to recognize that we are not going to Paris, or anywhere near it. Instead it is back in the direction we came from, going by rail. and not very far from us, which presents a new riddle. Fine travelling along good roads, picturesque country. At 11 o'clock, a village of some size, in which are American troops, part of our division. This indicates we have not very far to go. Hunger among the men becomes more acute at the sight of the fellows already landed, eating by the roadside. In view of the Lt. in the car behind us, they open bully beef, part of their iron ration, dividing it up among all the men in the car. Soon after we halt,

passing a pond, which suggests fishing to me. If we stay in these parts for our rest, perhaps I can spend a day at my favorite sport. Disembark and lie about by the roadside, a few yards from the town. Billeting detail comes out to meet us. We are told that our billets are the best ever. Into a barn, part of the house. Upstairs are bunks, which remind me of the bunks on the SS A scramble for uppers. I pick one, unburden myself of pack and equipment and go scouting for apples. In the backyard, a small garden with a few fruit trees. Get a few apples, small yellow, sweet ones. Wander into the next plot and am threatened with punishment for stealing, by a Lt., who is looking my way. Upstairs to unroll and change my bunk. A good clean bed tick. The room itself is clean and bunks are new. Kitchen has mess ready for us. Corned beef hash, bread, coffee, jam. I have a sharp appetite, which consumes an extra portion of hash and bread. Look about town. Houses low, one story affairs, half brick, half mud, modified almost flat peaked roofs. Square in shape. Barns one side of hallway, living rooms other. Clean neat interiors. Large barnyards. Plenty of fruit but most of it has been picked. A town hall. Some young men in civilian clothes, old enough to be in the service and some middle aged men. A prosperous looking place which on the whole is the cleanest place we have lived in, in France. A store, which is doing business, selling things through a window. The proprietress robs the boys who stand in the road and pay fabulous prices for canned goods. She will permit no one to enter the place. A French canteen, which has paper for the boys, and later in the evening cocoa and lemonade. We try to find out where we are, which begins a rumour that we stay here from one to 10 days and then we go to the sector. Nobody will believe any such thing. The general impression is that we are here temporarily and will then entrain for a

larger place to replace losses in the ranks. As near as we can ascertain, we are about 50 kilometres from a very quiet place along the front. I am very tired when I return to my billet. Take off leggings and shoes and climb into my bank for a nap of an hour. The rattle of mess kits wakes me. Coffee and crackers or bread is being served at the kitchen. Nobody is really hungry, but coffee is most welcome to satisfy our stored up thirsts. Back to billets. It is almost dark. I sit in the yard on a stone against the door trying to write. I cannot pick up the thread of the days' events from when I last wrote. Give that up to begin a letter to Leah. Write so long that I can hardly see. Scolded by the men for straining my eyes. Ready for bed. For the first time, since leaving the states, I take off all my clothes. Sit in bed and look at myself in amazement. Clean white clothes, an undeniable feeling of comfort. Cool and feeling as contented as ever I did at camp. There is no objection to having candles. A few are lit, furnishing enough light for everybody to see to make his bed. Lie for a time thinking of this long sought for rest and opportunity to talk to Leah and write to her again. When I grow sleepy, I wrap myself in my shelter tent half which is sufficient covering to keep me warm. Good to see lights burning in houses and see men walking about the streets, laughing and talking.

Thu. Sep. 19, 1918

Weather: Warm

Health: Good

A Letter to Mama

Up at 7. How good it feels to have had a good night's rest. Refreshed beyond my wildest dreams. Not only in body but my mind feels free and easy. Take my time about dressing. It is a queer outlet this morning with me to make

as neat an appearance as possible. I shave and wash. Have visions of washing every day, as of yore. Breakfast next. There is plenty of beans, bread and coffee. I satisfy a hearty appetite. Take a little walk in search of apples and then return to continue writing to Leah, sitting in the passageway on a box until I grow tired. Then upstairs to finish in my bunk. I hurry it and shorten my letter to be able to mail it while on mess line. The clerk collects mail. I am last on a long line. Instead of following it, I write a short letter to Mama, only one page, the shortest letter I ever wrote. Finish it in time to get on the end of the line. Dinner is hash, carrots and peas, bread, crackers and coffee. I eat hash enough for three. I am fond of the stuff. After dinner, the company is to bathe. I plan to go because it will not take up much of my time. The bath house is in town only a few yards from our billet and according to reports it is hot water that showers upon us. A detail has gone to prepare for us. Back to billet for a towel and soap and then join the company in the barnyard, where the kitchen is. I latch on in the first squad to the right. The Lt. commands attention and gives a right by squads. Nobody knows what to do. I instead of marching forward, begin to turn on the pivot. Everybody else does a funny strut of some kind, with the result that the column is backed up. I am scolded for smoking. I am more than surprised. Never to my knowledge have we marched at attention, going to a bath. I expect to hear the command route step, for I am out of step, instead I am commanded to get in step. These are the things, about being with the company, I do not like. Too much formality, especially since of late, I have had to worry about none at all. We arrive at the bathhouse before the men who have gone ahead are ready to receive us. Some Headquarters Co. men are still inside. They are made to hurry to permit us to enter. I go in

with the first 12 men. Begin to undress outside, after listening to a speech about my deportment by the Lt. It is a race to get one's things off quickly in order to get into the washroom and under the shower. These things are done against time. I am last, but manage to get under a stream fairly hot. Get under, out quickly, happy to be clean and feeling good for the water. Dress hurriedly to give the other fellows a chance. Outside Corp. Deal, who bathed with us, gets orders to pack up and go ahead on a billeting detail. Rotten luck. This indicates there is truth in the rumour. Yet optimism cannot be crushed. The belief is still strong that we go to a large city for replacement and rest. Discuss the problem with the boys for a time, and begin writing. Thus employed until supper time. A dandy mess. Beans, sausage, pancakes, jelly, bread, coffee. I watch a crap game, tempted to borrow money and join to recoup my losses. I remember how wicked I felt after the last gamble I indulged in and think better of it. We are ordered to roll packs. Gloom reigns among the men. They look forward with sadness to the moving up to the front. Those who speak to me on the subject are quietly dismissed. I form no opinions whatever. I will wait and see what happens. I roll my pack and go downstairs to write. It grows dark. As we have no definite orders yet, about moving, I go upstairs for a nap, or rather a rest, with my pack as a pillow, to be fresh for the march. "Everybody out". "Quick, roll packs. Fall in by the kitchen". That gives a knock to my prophecy that we will not move. Arrive at the kitchen. The men are not in formation. It is merely to be ready in case the order to move comes. In the meantime, I watch a poker game going on among the money barons in the company. Astrove comes in smiling, breathless from having hurried. "Back to your billets men. We won't move to-night." A cheer. We move back quicker than we moved

out. Called back to wait for official orders. The Lt. is officially notified, so back we go. I am a vindicated prophet. I deserve another good night's rest, having wished for it devoutly. Candles are lit. I unroll my pack, prepare for sleep, taking off all my clothes again, reveling in bed, as I look at my still white clothes. I feel at peace. Smoke, lying on my back. Think of Camp Upton again. There I never went to bed before 11. I always wrote at night. I must do the same thing to-night by the light of a candle, next to me. Write a letter to Mama. My pen works well as it always does at night. Lights about me go out unnoticed, the men go to sleep, but I continue to write. At eleven, I have finished an eight page letter to Mama. The candle is almost out. I fill another pipe and when I light up I notice that all the men are asleep. To the man next to me, I look for praise for foretelling that we will not move to-night. He is asleep. In the street below, there is commotion. An automobile and the sound of marching troops. A heartbreaking sound. It awakens many men who inquire what is wrong. We wait impatiently to see what follows. We are expecting to be moved out. After a few minutes, nothing happening, they fall asleep again. I finish my pipe and say my prayers. I do not fall asleep immediately. Leah and Cecilie are in my thoughts. I would very much like to hear about them. Those are selfish thoughts. I had better try to get news to her. I imagine she must be dreadfully worried about me, for I am aware that I have been woefully negligent in my duties to her. It behooves me to write another letter in the morning to her, with which I fall asleep. I sleep peacefully. Seems only a minute when I hear Doherty calling to the Sergeants, who sleep in a little room below us. He is saying, "Get the company out as soon as you can." Seems like a dream I am in, but men say they heard it too, so it must be reality. I listen and can hear the Sergeant complaining. He

dresses. I take advantage of the time it takes him to put on his clothes by shutting my eyes for another wink. The men question one another and growl, but on the whole they are cheerful, surprisingly so. It is 2:15. Nobody stirs out of bed. They wait for the Sgt. to call them.

Fri. Sep. 20, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill

Health: Good

Hike 14 kilos to

"Come on. Let's go. Everybody out. Roll packs and fall in quick," accompanied by a blast of his whistle, from Sergeant Powers. "All right", I think, "no need to make so much noise about it." I am thinking of the women in the house. They must be frightened out of their wits by the noise. Candles are lit. The boys joke with the exception of the few who always swear. My pack is quickly rolled. I remark that by now I ought to be adept at it. Men are cramped for room. Must all work on our bunks, barely three feet wide. is a result, the men are slow. I am all dressed and ready to go. This time I am wise enough to leave a few hard tack out to be handy in case I get hungry on the road. Somebody says we go to a railroad to entrain. That sounds good but, being without authority, I take no stock in it. It begins to drizzle, just enough to make things uncomfortable. We manage to join the company quite well in the dark and are marched out into the square. We wait till orders come. The Colonel himself comes with them. Hear him remark that we must get there before daylight. We usually entrain at night, so his suggestion looks good to me. The Colonel livens things up. He scolds the Major, which brings on an order to march almost instantly.

We are quiet going through the town. No whistling or singing, till we get well on the road. In the hollow is a field hospital in large canvas tents. Passing here, it seems to me I hear sound of cannons. Make no comment about it but think it rather strange that we go for a rest or entrain at a point so near where there is fighting. We are kept standing still in the drizzle and then marched in the mud at the side of the road to let trucks pass. Most uncomfortable and in some spots in danger of falling. We enter a town, which reveals to me we might have cut across field and saved a few kilometers. Tim Reardon picks up the sound of the cannon and sees the flash of the guns. He loses his religion and begins to swear. Then he becomes pious and worries and prays. I try to get him to believe it is thunder and lightning in the distance, in order to quiet him. But, he will insist on thinking gloomy thoughts and quickly makes a nuisance of himself. We rest for 15 minutes, a relief to all of us, for we are again carrying large packs. The grass is quite wet, so I sit on my helmet and put on my cap. Close my eyes and take advantage of the time to take a short nap. We meet some straggling squads of Frenchmen coming in, a happy carefree lot, smoking cigarettes. We are met on the road by Sgt. Kaplan, just back from the hospital. He gets a hearty handshake from the boys up front. Powers introduces him to Lt. Murphy in charge of the company. Most of us are glad that Powers will have to keep in the background again. Kaplan gracefully lets Powers continue in authority for the balance of the night. He marches in the rear and talks to the boys. Our next stop is in a fair-sized town of low square houses. Everything neat and tidy. Here the Major promulgates an order that causes grumbling. No smoking. Miles away from the front, not the least danger of being observed, as is evidenced the Frenchmen we meet, who come along smoking cigarettes, all

of them. The boys are slow to obey the orders. They puff at cigarettes hidden in their hands. Angers Lt. and Major, who repeat the command to throw away cigarettes. Even that has no effect and Murphy must go among the men and look for those who smoke and threaten them with punishment, unless they get rid of butts. We make a turn and ahead of us is a light, which flashes signals of some kind, continually. We wonder what it is. Most of us are of the opinion it is a railroad yard. Somewhere ahead of us is a railroad for occasionally we hear a shrill whistle. In the direction of the flashlight, I am sure I see a flare. I look again. See nothing, then another. This time I am sure of it. That looks bad. I doubt very much if we will take a train going away from the lines. We are in for another campaign, as sure as fate. In a minute I am resigned to it and am trying to cheer up Lenehan, who is dampening the spirits of the whole company. The Lt. Col. comes up in a side car with orders for the Major. The Major gets on the rear seat of the car and rides ahead with the Lt. Col. We make a turn and come in sight of a pretty, red-roofed town, nestling in a hollow. How peaceful a sight in the early morning light, the smoke curling slowly upward from many chimneys, the swallows just beginning their erratic flights overhead, in search of food. Going downgrade, we can see our whole company, and the 307th, marching ahead of us like a huge khaki snake. The belief is, of course, that we will quarter in the town. We reach it, an inviting place, with roomy barns, untouched by war. It is full of our soldiers, non combatant units, such as engineers, and ammunition trains. There seems to be no room for us. In the square we find our Col. and Major. They direct us to road which leads out of town. We are not pleased. A company, standing reveille and doing the manual of arms, puts us back in good humor again. Their work is ragged but probably we

could do no better ourselves these days. We shout to them the things our Sgts. used to say to us while in camp. The boys in formation cannot help but laugh, much to the chagrin of the Sergeant who is drilling them. Pick up part of our billeting detail minus Sgt. Deal. Told that no quarters could be found for us in town. Engineers have possession. A little piece out of town we turn off the road, go up a slight incline to an orchard of bare trees, behind which is the wood. The Major manoeuvres a bit, strings us out, and we filter into the woods, which is on a steep slope leading down to the railroad tracks. Told to make ourselves comfortable and perhaps later we will be able to get into town. Pimpl sets up his kitchen at once. We gather around his fire, as many as can find room. There will be quite a long wait till breakfast is ready. Wash has a can of beans, Swanson a bag of crackers, I some hard tack and a can of heat. We make a stew, which takes away hunger from four of us. We open our packs to get our blankets, for it is very chill. We are tired and want a bit of sleep. Wash and I double up, taking off our shoes. Thus we keep warm. We have a well sheltered spot for our bed, but a gusty wind blowing down the hillside cannot be kept away. We manage to sleep well. Soon after our arrival, we are aware of aeroplanes overhead. Their mission evidently is not peaceful, for accompanying the buzz of their motors is the rattle of machine guns. Looks like business, and discussion about it is rife. It angers me that we cannot get away from such things for more than a day or two. Ordered not to leave the wood. We must stay in hiding, while a few yards away, companies are in the open.

Sat. Sep. 21, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill

Health: Good

Hike 12 Kilometres to

At 11, there is a heaping platter of hot hash for everybody and plenty of coffee and French bread and butter. We awaken instinctively when it is ready, and are well ahead on the line, giving us a good chance to get seconds. The meal warms us wonderfully and it tastes so delicious that we get more, almost as much as at first, after which we get under the blankets again. There is nothing better to do, no sights to see but one, a little red-roofed cottage on a terrace below. Most romantic for a short honeymoon. Somewhere below is water. The boys have a most difficult time getting up and down. We hear the familiar sound of boxcars rolling by on the railroad tracks at the bottom of the defile. Wash and I talk for a time. He tells me that just before going into the lines, if we do go, he will insist on being sent to a hospital to be operated on for piles. I wish ardently that I had some minor ailment that would excuse me from duty for a while. Some boys return from next town, having stolen away in spite of orders, bringing back with them a grudge against French storekeepers for having overcharged them for the things they bought. Yet, they foolishly buy, instead of refusing to purchase, the only way to bring prices down to normal. Their description of the town itself incites me with a desire to pay it a visit myself, but I decide I am too tired and would prefer to rest. Even set aside my writing for the day. Read a few of Leah's old letters and then sleep until about four in the afternoon, when our next meal is ready. Dress in shoes and leggings again and get on line for mess, which is a treat. Macaroni with tomato sauce

and plenty of bread, Karo and coffee. Eat quickly in order to get a second helping, but I am disappointed. Then I set about rolling my pack. Others do likewise without orders, making possible a very quick move. I do not know exactly how much time there is before leaving, yet I would like to take a look around. I might find a few berries or apples or nuts immediately outside the wood. I wander out, eyes glued to the bushes and almost run into Sgt. Kirchner, whom I have not seen since leaving He tells me that the scouts are to assemble at 6 o'clock at the E Company kitchen, for the purpose of conferring on the question of recruits for the scouts detachment, which the Major intends to fill up to battle strength again. I do not welcome the news by any means. This, linked with the look of business about the Sgt., looks bad. He wants me to tell Gillece about the meeting, so I get back into the brush in search of him. Break the news to him while he is chatting with his friends. He takes it hard as usual, and again threatens to ask to go with the company instead. I urge him to stay with us and report when wanted. Perhaps we will have as easy a time as we had in That makes him promise to report. I go out again to conclude my original mission, but have no success. There is not a bit of fruit about. All the trees in the orchard are bare. Return and when the time comes to attend the conference, I go to the assigned place with Gillece. There are only four men, minus the Sgt. We wait for him, patiently, but he does not put in an appearance. Near the kitchen I am angered to see four, good large slices of bread in the brush, which someone has thrown away. To think that someone, who has probably been to town and surfeited himself on sweets, has taken this bread and thrown it away, while someone else goes hungry. I call the cook's attention to it. We have a long wait. I talk to some French peasants who are hoeing

potatoes. We wait until 7 o'clock and disband to be with our companies which have orders to move at 7:15. Companies form outside of wood in the gathering dusk. A surprise in the shape of a gruesome air battle overhead. We get our last smoke. There is a great deal of fuss getting started. Kaplan acting as top Sgt. A most wonderful red sunset as we march off. The evening a balmy, wonderful starry, moonlit one. A night for lovers. Only a few minutes hike to where we come upon Frenchmen. We all sing as we go through the town, which is built on opposite hillsides with a big central square in two places. The houses show evidences of wealth from interior furnishings which peep out from partially closed blinds, from which the townsfolk look at us as we pass. A soldier in a doorway, with his arm about the neck of a young girl, a merry sight to see. The effect of the night and the beauty of the houses reminds one of a scene from those plays about small kingdoms and large princes. Red and white, red-tiled roofs, every so often a lantern attached to the walls of the house. It requires only that the lanterns be lit, a few cavaliers to wander about the streets, clad in velvet, to make the illusion complete. The hillsides are pretty in the night. They are loaded with low, spreading fruit trees, We make no stops in town. All the French soldiers turn out to see us. Everybody sings. We meet some boys of the 28th, who are billeted in a nearby town. They have information that the 307th is already in the lines. Sounds very encouraging. Yet, why worry? The night is too beautiful, too entrancing to think of war. We make a halt outside of town. I rest on my pack, looking up into the sky with its million stars, and I feel as if I could stay here forever. Frenchmen, evidently a whole regiment of them, coming in. They are smoking, of course, and there is absolutely no restraint among them. When we move, our boys try again to steal a smoke,

some managing without being caught. One of the best roads in France, underfoot, being very wide and dustless, down hill and in one place a beautiful moonlit lake, which with a boat and a girl would have tempted any man in the ranks to desert at the cost of his life even. The men all remark upon the beauty of the scene. Uphill, after which a rest. Many trucks passed. Boys ask how far. Answers of each differ. Some say a mile, others, four, whereof it is our last lap. Still more Frenchmen coming. Looks like a Brigade rather than a Regiment. On level road. See a few barns for artillery horses and barracks. Then we see welcome house tops and Sgt. Deal comes to meet us. Nothing encouraging from him about our billets. A big barn to house entire company, kitchen and all, without bunks. We are not delayed reaching our billets, due to that arrangement. Wash and I, being in the leading squad, get corner accommodations with a bit of straw. Walls look as if they may fall apart and I fear rats will disturb us. Partake of some corned beef and bread, which I have saved from my supper, then undress and get to bed. Chance of sleeping considered fair only.

Sun.(?) Sat. Sep. 21, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

Letter to Leah and Mama.

Thomas and Furlong pick plums. They go to Paris or environs as MPs. Lucky lads.

During the night, the floor becomes awfully hard and it grows cold. My night's rest is broken. I cannot get up to put on my sweater. I disturb Wash. In the morning we all labor under the impression that the day is Saturday.

I refrain from smoking. Wake up with the light and go downstairs looking for water. There is none to be had, except from a well in the rear of the barn but there is no way of getting at it. I must go unwashed for the present. Take a little nap till breakfast is ready. The line forms on the stairs, running well up into the different rooms upstairs and doubling up. There is plenty of hash, hardtack and coffee. While most of the men are still eating, Lt. Murphy announces that no one is to walk in the streets during the daytime, unless he stays close to the walls of the houses, to avoid observation from aeroplanes, nor are they to be found in groups of three or more anywhere in town. In effect, the command would greatly prefer to have us remain indoors, their purpose being to hide the fact that American soldiers are in the sector. The barn is no place to stay, of course, and since I do not feel like writing, I decide to steal out with Wash for a few minutes to look around town. Across the street from us is a most peculiar store. It displays a pair of socks and a tablet of notepaper in the window, besides a pair of scales. That is all she has to sell, evidently. There is a fine looking church. I would like to see the interior. It is open to all, so I enter. Impressed with the quiet amid scenes of war. A few boys within, are telling their beads. The altar a most elaborate affair, costly silks and cloth of gold. Pews of wood, with backs, un-upholstered. The silence grows too much for me. Outside again, we notice the foundation is used as a protection against shelling or bombing. Many entrances, well protected by stone piles, lead down underneath the church. We cross the square, which is against regulations, unnoticed. Enter a store, looking for candy and cookies. They have only a few odd things, in small notions, for sale at ridiculous prices. We leave to find another place and on the way, meet up with Walker and Fournier, medical men. Merely stop to pass the time of day with them, when

an officer, very much angered at what we have done, runs over to us and commands us to return to our billets at once. Of course, we do not obey. We merely turn at the next corner and hugging the houses, square, low affairs, we get out into the orchards that skirt the town. We are in search of apples. Trees are strangely bare. There are four apples at the most on a tree, high up, beyond reach. I roam about looking for a better laden one and find one with about a dozen apples on it. Throw my helmet into the tree in an effort to get them. Frequently, my helmet remains caught in a crotch, where we have to pelt it with stones for from 10 to 15 minutes in order to dislodge it. My arm grows sore from throwing things. Stay there, eating apples that taste better than usual, due to the energy expended getting them. Return, so as not to miss mess. While waiting downstairs, Sgt. comes in and tells me that Gillece has been made Corporal of E Co. scouts and that Wash, O'Keefe and Levine are appointed scouts from E Company. Company itself has reformed and many new non-coms are made, among them Lenehan and Thomas. I laugh at the thought of Lenehan leading his men into battle, and as far as Gillece's promotion is concerned, at first I am angry, but later realize that there is less risk attached to being a private. So, he may have the honor of being Corporal, with my hearty approval. Dinner. Boiled veal, potatoes, bread, soup, a welcome change from coffee. There is a bag of potatoes from which I take a few for an extra meal in the afternoon, and a can of hash I steal, so that Wash can use a can of salmon that he keeps for iron rations. About three, we prepare salmon and pickles, fried potatoes, coffee and hardtack. Everybody is cooking with their little heaters and the place smells like a kitchen. I do not know where the necessary room to stow away my meal comes from, but somehow I manage to eat my share. Then I go downstairs to write. There is a crap

game in progress which attracts me. I am tempted to borrow money to join but I remember my promise to Leah. Instead of writing, I listen to a discourse on g.... ..ting by D C D..... Supper is ready. Stew, bread, coffee. I write for a time. Then watch the crap game again. As it grows dark, men bring down their canteens to be filled from the pump in the square. That is to comply with orders which forbid anyone to go for water in the daytime. Havern fills a big bucket which is emptied into the canteens. The K of C wagon in the square opens up for business. By fighting my way through an immense crowd, I manage to get some sweets, after which I go to bed, taking precautions against being cold during the night by wearing a sweater. The floor is softer to-night.

Sun. Sep. 22, 1918

Weather: Cloudy

Health: Good

Up at 6:00 and downstairs to the kitchen to stand by the fire for a few minutes. It is nasty, chill and raining. Chat with the cook. Get water and prepare to shave. Breakfast. Hash, hardtack, coffee. Upstairs to write. As a preliminary, I have a long conversation with Wash, lying on my back on the floor. War and the reasons for it and a modified socialism are the topics. After an hour or so, I begin a letter to Leah in the darkness of my corner. Have trouble to see what I write. Dinner ready. Steak, bread, potato, coffee. Continue writing for a time upstairs, and wait till sky clears a bit. I go downstairs to sit on a box against the wall, writing continuously until supper time. We have doughnuts, bread, Karo, coffee. A few cigarettes are issued. Remain below, still writing, until suddenly the order comes to roll packs. Quite a surprise to us all. I feel as though I am leaving a home of long years, so

attached have I become in two days. Carry out the order, but no command to move is forthcoming, so I write by candlelight, upstairs. At 9, we form outside at the rear of the company. It begins to rain. We stand for ten minutes, undecided what to do. Then ordered back to billets until 10. Much movement of troops in the streets. Some units coming in as we go out. Return to billets, where we hang around. It rains harder when we form again. We are evidently still ahead of schedule for we stand on the street an interminably long time without movement. March out of town about 11, by a road which appears identical to the one we came in on. Led to believe we are going back. Argue the point. We have a new Lieutenant who marches in the rear. We do not go far before we come to a halt. The road is all cluttered up with auto truck traffic and kitchens. They help retard progress.

Mon. Sep. 23, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Good

In the Wood.

I sit on a little hillock on my helmet, all hunched up to keep the rain out of my neck. Ten, fifteen minutes pass and no word to march forward from the Major. His generosity is unheard of, yet I cannot help thinking the night ill-chosen for such a long rest period. When next I look at my watch, it shows we have been waiting a half hour. That puts a different light on the affair. The men fall out. Some congregate under a big tree in a circle and smoke cigarettes. One fellow, who lay down in the grass to rest, is fast asleep in spite of the rain. As for myself, I am so wet that I no longer worry about it. I keep my pack on to

keep my back dry, though the water running from my cap drips down my neck. Wash spreads his slicker so that it covers my knees and my arms. We are mystified at the proceedings. Not a bit of information forthcoming from anyone. We sit on, swearing and cursing at the stupidity that manifests itself so often in this aggregation. A strange sound greets our ears. Shells. I listen intently. They are not very far from us. They have a peculiar whistle, with little report. Seems like gas shells. The order comes from up front to adjust masks. It is discovered that Gillece and another lad have no gas masks. They are sent back to town to procure them with an injunction to return positively before 4 in the afternoon. Lucky lads. We envy them. While we sit on and wonder where we are. Surely a quiet front, if this is all the activity of a night. I cannot sit any longer, so I get up, resting my pack on my gun and stand in the ranks. Amused very much talking to Murphy, the medical man attached to our company. He proves not to be a fool, although at first impression, one would think so. There is an attempt at movement. An order to take interval, which is quickly changed to "as you were", and we wait another hour in the rain. My back is wet now. Stamp my feet and swing my arms to keep warm. Forward we go at an interval, then we run to catch up, for the order now is "close up". Only a few hundred yards and turn to our left along a road ankle deep in mud, running through the forest. An indication that we stay here for the night. Pleased as I am at the prospects of not hiking any longer, I am mighty sore for being kept in the rain for so long and then marched such a short distance. We are asked to find shelter where we can. I see a big lorry. Peep in and make inquiry if I can get in with Wash. It is denied by the crew. So Wash and I select a mossy spot under a big tree. Providentially the rain lets up a bit as we begin to build our house. Stretch a tent half

from the low branches and peg down the flap end. slicker, overcoat and tent half on the ground to keep the wet out; two blankets for covering. My clothes are drier than I thought they were and I am quite comfortable after spending five hours in the rain. Five hours it took for us to go two miles. Light a pipe under the blankets and go to sleep. Slumber soundly, warm and dry until 8. Up and by the kitchen fire, where I dry my coat, almost choking from smoke. The new Lieut. proves himself good fellow. Gives us gum to chew. Breakfast. Hash, bread, butter, coffee and hardtack. Looks like blackberries are about. Investigate and find millions of berries, overripe. Painful disappointment. The cooks have found a little garden near the main road where they have found young onions, carrots and other things, salad included. I sample some of it. A strange Lieut., by the fire, looking for grub. Tells us the front is a comfortable place with concrete dugouts and bunks to sleep in. Sgt. Kirchner orders scouts to assemble at headquarters. Pick up my stuff and move. In Sgt.'s tent are maps, which show us we are in sector. Sgt. tells me we are here to make a drive. It does not sound plausible with our reduced organization, so I pay no attention to the news. I write instead of pitching tent. A good thing, for soon comes another order to move. Dinner is almost ready. I am worried that we will miss it. Lt. Stevens returns to us. Welcomed by Murphy. We roll packs and move at 4. Gillece goes ahead to select a spot 300 yds. further up, while we remain behind, when we reach the kitchen, to wait for dinner. An excellent stew, bread, coffee. Rumoured that new men are coming to the company. Joe Kiernan appears, back from a long stay in the hospital. Go to the new camp site. A wealth of berries, good ones. Delay pitching tent to pick a cupful. A slow, tedious process, but I have made up my mind to get a cupful. Del Duca takes a generous handful out of a partially filled cup, which is

most exasperating, but since the cup must be filled, I persevere. At last the task is accomplished. I put up my tent all alone. Wash has wandered off some place and has not returned. He shows up when it is almost dark, as I sit against a tree, writing. Around us are most of the scouts, new men, whom I have never before seen. I do not like the looks of some of them. Judging by their talk, there is not much intelligence among them. Wash prepares the berries for eating. Lots of sugar put on them makes a delicious dessert. Worth the trouble I took to pick them. We make our bed. Slickers and overcoat and a layer of dry leaves underneath. Two blankets for cover. The night promises to be a cold one. I am tired but sleep will not come to me. I toss a great deal and remain awake, wide-eyed. The sounds from the nearby main road are a subject for study. Ceaseless movement. Thousands of limbers and lorries going up. Some great action in prospect or why such great quantities of supplies. The Major busily engaged in conference and going over maps by candlelight in his tent. The night birds are calling. Strangers, some of whose noises are unfamiliar. Then the owl asks "who?", in the distance, as if wanting to know who has dared to trespass on property that is indisputably his. He makes me laugh. I hear some of the boys ask what the call signifies. Some of them accuse the Germans of spying. I doubt if they are within ten miles of us. After 12, I fall asleep, though restless. From the company many details are taken during the day for juggling ammunition and stores. Compelling to ... use ... as detail is not men's conception of rest. There is across the road a most elaborate system of dugouts, which is taken over by brigade headquarters. Former artillery position. The tall trees in the vicinity are provided with ladders and platforms high up among the branches, for observation purpose. Rumored that the woods are full of artillery

from 14 in. to 75s, but not a sound from them. Only a few shots fired by Fritz, on our right. Nobody worried.

Tue. Sep. 24, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill

Health: Good

A letter to Leah

Up at 8. Looks like a three meal day, a pleasant outlook, for I am hungry. My appetite three days larger than it ever was. Go to breakfast, prepared to rush the line and get plenty. But, rations are not plentiful. There is bacon, bread, Karo and coffee. Headquarters men are shown consideration. Permitted to take the head of the line without complaint from anyone. Hard tack is given out to the hungry ones, who clamor for seconds. Return to my tent intending to spend the day writing. Begin a letter to Leah, which does not get to very large proportions before the Sgt., who I presume is idle, has a job for us. There will be a formation in the bushes across the cable ditch at which passages of interest from Lt. Griffiths' notebook will be read to us. Gillece is chosen to preside. The Sgt.'s choice of readers is rather poor, I think. It angers me. When we are all assembled Gillece begins to read what is practically the same things the Lt. told us at different times. I must admit that Gillece acquits himself fairly well. An abundance of blackberries immediately at hand tempts me to stray from the circle. There are so many that I am tempted to get a cupful. There are no objections from anyone, so I get my cup and proceed to fill it, staying within earshot of the reader at first, but gradually wandering away. In the wood there is quite a stir, which sounds as if men are being drilled. Hear Curley issuing commands to right dress, etc., as though he were on parade, and I

wonder what new misery E Co. boys are undergoing. Picking berries all the time, I draw near to the sound and find that they are new men just come up to fill up our ranks. A fine looking set of fellows, all of them tall and broad-shouldered, mostly Westerners. An interesting thing about them is that they are only a few months in the service and have had no training whatever. They have never heard the report of a gun. I argue that with such raw men, we cannot be expected to start a drive. It does not seem possible that they will be sent in without a preliminary period of training. They are not pleased with the prospects ahead of them, when, from the hints of old men, they learn what is expected of them. They are questioned for the purpose of finding their various qualifications, their previous experience and when dismissed are promised an early mess. Good news for them, as they have eaten little in two days, while travelling. My cup of berries is finished before the lecture is over, nevertheless, I return to my tent, thinking to resume writing. Before I get started, five bags of mail come along. That changes plans instantly. We all flock around the mail orderly. He protests we had better wait, the contents of the bag are not yet sorted. This will be done at once and, after dinner, given out by the company clerks. We clamour for letters from home. Willing hands set to task of sorting the mail and by separately piling company mail, I am able to get at mine as they appear, under the pretense of guarding the treasure. There are many letters for Greenstein and Rossman and the boys who have been killed. It affects me strongly to see them. Packages come for some of the boys, among them one for Sergeant who returns from hospital just in time to receive it. We are glad to see him. He looks well. Shares his package generously among us. Sorting mail finishes just in time to permit us to go to dinner. I have about 28 letters, 12 from Leah.

My happiness knows no bounds. Go to mess. Stew, coffee, bread. Read my letters while I eat. Appetite not so ravenous as I thought it was. While reading, startled by a battery in the woods, opening up a little strafe. Silence soon and I can sit on my box and read my letters. Coffee has grown cold. Seek the privacy of my tent to finish my pleasant task. In one letter I find a picture of Cecilie, in another some pansies, and all of them the most delightful reading in the world. Letters from Lottie, Lucy Swerling, Nuck, Rachel, Becks, Mordy. All together it has been a most pleasant diversion, sometimes moved to tears, and at others to laughter. During the reading, a Hun plane comes nosing about over our territory. He is flying remarkably low and stirs up such a hubbub that I believe the story of the woods bristling with guns. How the fellow managed to get back to his lines in safety, I cannot understand, for one of our shells breaks within only a few feet of him. He must have seen what he came to look for, unfortunately. Finish my letter to Leah, and begin one in answer to Mordy. Go towards the kitchen to see about supper. Not ready for an hour, and I am hungry. When I get back to my tent, Wash waves, prancing about joyously, announcing that the doctor is sending him to the hospital to be operated upon for piles. He is to be envied, for I expect the scouts will be worked hard if we make a drive. His threat, made to me, he has been able to carry out. Leaves me his overcoat and part of his iron ration. Bid him goodbye and good luck. A little while later, supper is ready but oh, what a line! The cooks are worried. 40 odd new men means no chance for seconds to us. Steak, potatoes, coffee, bread. My worry for the night is will I be able to keep warm, sleeping alone. Ask Gillice to bunk with me, but he is too comfortable where he is. It is dark soon. Do not go to bed yet as there is a possibility we will get orders to move. I Join Tallon and ... for a chat about the

outlook for an easy time of it, this campaign. Nobody hopeful. Assured we will not move, I go to bed, wrapping myself up well in overcoat and blanket to guard against the morning chill. Some sound of busy men from the road and the night birds call again before I fall into a restless sleep. To-day the Major has been to the front with his staff to reconnoiter, all of them dressed in French uniforms. When he returns, he demands a report on wire cutters, which makes things look cheerless.

Wed. Sep. 25, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up at 7:00. Almost frozen. Ground white with frost. Breakfast. Hash, bread, coffee, hardtack. My appetite barely satisfied. The many men in line prevent me from getting seconds. Propose to fill in on blackberries. Take my cup with me and cross the road, for the purpose, so that I cannot be found in the event there is a formation. Berries are plentiful along the roadside. It is so cold underfoot, the grass and brush still wet with dew, that my toes become numb. My fingers, of course, suffer. They are quite stiff by now, pretty well scratched and torn from the berry thorns. My knees, too, are full of holes from having to push through the matted bushes. It is 10 o'clock by the time my cup is full and I realize that I have wasted valuable time looking for a few berries, when I should have been writing, for I am much in arrears. On my way back to my tent, while on the open road, I am aware of the presence of a Boche plane overhead. Our anti-aircraft guns are quite busy trying to drive him back. He proves a stubborn customer, this battle a long one. I take cover in the brush for a few minutes. Back to my tent, I call for Summers to share the berries with me. It is quite a feast. He remains to talk until the Sgt. tells us that

the regimental color Sgt. is here to give us a lecture on map reading. I must attend against my wishes. I learn some new things about contours and elevations and marching by compass at night. The Sgt.'s assistants are not very clear on certain points. They must ask him to come to their aid. The Sgt. is well up on all points. The lecture is scheduled to last until noon but a sprinkling of rain breaks up school. Shelter in my tent and write for a while. Dinner is ready. I go to the kitchen with my gas mask adjusted alert, to comply with the Major's orders. Fritz for the last hour has been gassing territory near us. The new men are a bit excited over the occurrence. I tell many of them how to distinguish gas by the odor. For dinner, we have stew, bread and coffee, hardtack. The best part of the afternoon is spent in writing in my tent. A GS wagon comes up loaded with overcoats and shirts, underwear, shoes etc. for the men. Men of the companies also issued a bomb each. They are pleased with their new things, especially the overcoats, which have become so necessary at night. Supper to-night is a winner. Simple but delicious. Mashed potatoes, which I spread on my bread, and doughnuts, coffee. A determined but ineffectual effort to get seconds. There is a surprise in store for me when I get back home. Tents are down and the men are rolling packs. Our orders are to take full packs. The company men take only rations and toilet articles, leaving their things in blanket rolls. Their new overcoats, too, must be left behind in spite of protest. Our own orders are first to wear them, then to leave them. Sgt. calls his Corporals together to impart some confidential news to them. They return to tell me, confidentially that at 12 a barrage will be sent into the German lines from Ypres to Metz and that we go over the top to mop up afterwards. I cannot believe that such an ominous task must be accomplished, nor can anyone else. We are to wait for orders

to march, which gives us time to shudder and wonder at what the night has in store for us. Two companies serve a meal. In the dark, lying on my pack for a pillow, I say my prayers and try to get a little sleep before we start. Nine o'clock is marching time. Out on the mud road where one cannot lift one's feet. The mire is ankle deep and holds the feet as in a vise. When a halt is made, it requires great effort to free oneself from its grip. Fortunately, only a few hundred yards to the good road, which is so choked with traffic that a single file of men cannot wend its way through. Orders cannot be heard in the din. I am placed at the crossing to direct men. Fall in behind meeting up with Streeter. The column moves so slowly that we quickly catch up. Along the road, every man gets two bandoliers of ammunition, thus loading us up pretty well. Ammunitions for 75s and other supplies by the road, a revelation. Looks like a grim business. Fritz shelling a little, right and left of us, forward. One man brought down the road on a stretcher. The good road ends and becomes a quagmire. Walk on the embankment, a treacherous path with holes and loose stones underfoot, that cannot be seen. Slip often. A tiff with one of the new men. Out of the woods into the open. It is time for the barrage to start, which in spite of being kept a secret everybody seems to know about. On our left there is a most magnificent spectacle, an awe-inspiring sight. The sky is lit up by red and white and green flares over the German lines. There the barrage has started. It is shrapnel, which bursts continually with an instant flash, over the entire sector. A million twinkling stars, that show for a second and appear in another spot a second later, like dancing lights. We have a fifteen minute rest, during which my eyes never leave the skyline. It is wonderful, a new sight, never to be forgotten. The moving batteries open up, slowly at first. We proceed, in single file, along a good road

after a turn to the left. The beautiful starry night is changing. It is becoming cold and misty. It chills to the bone. The column halts by a trail leading across the fields and orchards. Here is a house, on the roof of which is a major observing the progress of the battle. Looks like a statue perched up there. In a group by the door are the French liaison men, who are to lead us into the lines. A hint that we will rest here until the Major finds a job for us. We are to go ahead to pick up 1st Battalion Hdqrs. E men are to look for D Co. A long line ahead of us. We follow the path, leaving men behind as we go. Always it is just a little way ahead, but never do we catch up. Gillece and Wade become separated. Gillece has trouble. Does not know just what to do. I am not interested in helping. I mean to follow and obey orders only. I want to assume no responsibility. A narrow, slippery path along a belt of wire, there is barely room for two men to pass. We are objects of wonder with our big packs and we swear at it for getting in our way. Going to a strip of wood. Here a problem for Gillece, while I sit down to rest. Wade and all the other lost sheep return, and a conference is held. Finally it is agreed upon what the mission is, which all the Corporals interpreted differently, after being called upon to go forward.

Thu. Sep. 26, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

When we move again, it is into a cut with a camouflaged entrance that we go. Gradually it becomes deeper until it is apparent we are in a trench and going downhill, a steep slope, wooded and grown with brush. The trench is narrow, only one man wide, revetted sides, with steps out into the earth and rock, worn so that one slips and slides and has to depend on

the sides for support. My big pack a serious inconvenience now. We wind and pick our way slowly, following the many clues, guided by men left behind by the 1st Battalion as they went down. It is an endless journey, made in silence. We can see nothing in the valley below but the white mist. What is below, no one knows. No sound of action but the roar of the artillery barrage from behind, and an occasional German shell falling quite a distance ahead. Orders come from time to time from the head of the column, passed back by each man in a whisper and never in the words of the man that issued them. We pass other men only at turns or CTs where width permits. The journey ends very suddenly, with a jump of a few feet to the road, which from the heights looked like the same white mist which hangs over everything. Fifty feet to the right is a crossroad, where a guard is posted. They have some information as to the direction taken by the companies. Gillece goes ahead with two men. I sit down on the parapet of a bridge over a little creek. The stones are cold and assist in keeping me cold. My big pack is a blessing. My back at least does not suffer from the chill. Happy to be left behind, yet disgruntled with conditions. No shelter. No place to lie down. A group of men, whose faces appear blackened, come upon the scene. I look at them long and listen to their dialect attentively, and then ask if they are negroes. They answer "yes" and ask for Major "Bubb". They have a message for him. One of the negroes is an officer. I can barely discern his sleeve band. Wenzel, the new man, answers the officer disrespectfully, and on that account later we have another tiff. Four of the negroes, privates, go in the direction Gillece took, with the message. The officer mentions that he goes back to his P.C. I question and learn that there are two regiments of negroes in the vicinity. Try to sleep while waiting for Gillece to return. It is too cold and I remain awake.

Presently another column of men comes to the crossing. They look familiar to me. It is the men who stood behind on the road above, with the Major. I expect to see him, too. Hdqrs. is coming and with them all the men we dropped off on our way down. I make inquiries and learn that we had later orders to proceed to a PC somewhere in this vicinity. Believing it expedient to acquaint Gillece with the new orders, so that he will not go back up hill again, when his mission is accomplished, I set out in search of him. A hundred yards down the road, no one is to be seen, and here is a crossroad. I do not know what direction the men took. Instinctively I take to the trail. It leads to a big barn in ruins. Machine gun company moving this way. No one to be seen ahead. Fritz begins shelling in the immediate vicinity and I decide to turn back. Lose my way returning. But, by a different road, return to the spot where the guard is. Ask him to watch for Gillece. Then join Hdqrs., which is waiting for the Major's orders. Medical men coming up. The Major tells Lt. to proceed to PC and take with him all but the scouts. I go to crossroads again, but no sign of Gillece. Returning, the Major not being aware of my presence, I go forward in the direction taken by medical men, to look for shelter, for Fritz is shelling. They have vanished. Come again upon the barn in which the medical men are under cover. Back with the Major with whom are, now two Frenchmen meeting up with Wade and Rayson on the way, following G Company into the line. A few minutes after my return, the Boche sends shrapnel directly over us. Excitedly, the Frenchmen run for shelter of nearby dugout, in which are negroes. The best shelter, I ever saw, built of brick, with an arched roof on top of which is three feet of sand in baskets. The place is so crowded that we cannot enter with our packs. Inside we can smoke and the negroes furnish entertainment. A most comical set, waiting for

orders to go over the top. Barrage in this particular sector starts and the negroes prepare to move. Then come orders for us to go out and follow the negroes, who lead us to Batt. PC, which is on the same road which I searched. In both attempts, I had not progressed far enough. Over a slight rise in the road, on the southern slope of a hillock, is a long row of concrete wood and iron huts, with doors for entrances. Inside are tables, bunks, chairs, an infirmary, a kitchen. Altogether quite an establishment, absolutely safe from shell fire as from bullets, as shells drop into a hollow 50 ft. from the road to the south. A direct hit almost an impossibility. I am immensely pleased with the place, believing it is to be our resting place during our battalion's stay in the lines. My comment is that things are never as bad as they look in the beginning. I have visions of an easy time of it again, as at Nancy. The Sgt. finds an unoccupied dugout in which all the scouts can find accommodations. There are electric lights but out of order. I have a candle, which when lit reveals a table, a few long benches, a cellar and, in a separate compartment, a dozen or more bunks in double tiers. Off with my pack and sit down on a bunk. I make preparations to go to sleep, having an idea that we may be wanted in a few minutes. A battery of 75s is in the hollow apparently, the depth or extent of which cannot be ascertained for the mist. Boche shells dropping into (it) sound like huge bombs when they explode. The echo rolls until the next shell comes. Our 75s have a most wicked snap and crack to them, all of which creates a din, which almost makes it necessary to shout when talking. It is cold. I lie down on the bench. Being very tired, I fall asleep. In an hour I awake, sore in limbs from the hard boards. Crawl into a bunk in which I am not well settled, when the dreaded order comes. Sgt. wants us to locate 1st Battalion Hdqrs. by directions from the map. Nelson in charge. We

follow behind column of E men led by Lt. Murphy. They will take us part of the way. Our packs are left behind. Nelson drops men at junction site to guide the Major, expected soon. I am given post at Lt. Keifer's hdqrs., which is a row of dugouts similar to those we left. The rest of them go with Nelson, turn to the right and follow the company which goes into the trenches a short distance up the road. Where I wait it is so misty that I fear I will miss the Major when he comes. Mighty uncomfortable without an overcoat. My hands and feet freeze. I must keep in motion to keep warm. Seek shelter by standing in a frame, but being unable to see and lonesome, I go back to the roadside and talk to a negro who is on guard. Soon a non-com, who hears us, comes from inside to reprimand the negro for talking while on guard. So I go away laughing. Lt. Keifer brings out his company and for some reason holds them. He questions me about who has gone on ahead. With my hands in my pocket, I talk to him, my answers a bit confused. He, ..ses.

Fri. Sep. 27, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good

At this point there is a deep, well constructed trench, the duck boards whitened by the moonlight. There are posts in the side, for shoring, and telephone wires. Six inches between flooring and bottom of trench, thus securing perfect drainage. Dugouts of all kinds, for telephone operators, repair men, officers; bombers and machine gunners having comfortable emplacements. Signs marking all positions, and notices and directions to cover all contingencies, with true German thoroughness. We move along, slowly passing back orders every other minute, for a few hundred yards. Then halt, and after a wait

of ten minutes the order comes from the rear of the column "About face". The men do not obey. They send back the query "By whose order?" The answer returned is that it was issued by the adjutant who went to the rear by way of parapet a few minutes earlier. We turn and go back to where we entered the trench and crawl up the side to the parapet and out into No Man's Land. There are holes and works that impede progress. The column has wide gaps between men. Advance to another large hole by jumping across a wide trench, there to wait till the entire column catches up. An opportunity for me to take a nap, lying in the wet grass. Forward again, slowly following the parapet of a trench, which is a marvel of cleanliness and construction. I cannot understand why we do not get into it. There would be protection in event of attack, and travelling would be much easier. There is wire, stumps, latrines and shell holes to beware of and every so often a trench to leap. Keep a course due north by compass. Occasionally machine gun bullets whizz close by. The Boche is searching, firing at random. The adjutant turns about again. Leads the way into a big hole full of offal, which we pick up with our shoes. Here is a trench as clean and inviting as the others we have passed. Orders are to get into it and as far enough ahead to allow everyone to find a place to sit down. That done, the adjutant leaves us. Not a word of instruction, whether we stay or move on. A half hour passes during which I keep awake and no sign of the officers. I sit down, then lie down, so that my pack keeps my back warm and acts as a pillow, and try to sleep. The other boys doing likewise, fill up the trench so that no one can pass. Runners come from somewhere and in order to pass, step all over us. Many times I am tempted to open my can of hash and drink what little water I have left. Sleep is most important, though, and by trying hard to forget about the hard boards and the

cold, I doze for short periods. Doherty and Tallon crowd near us. I do not mind. The tighter the better for it means greater warmth. Still not a word as to whether we stay or move. No one dares open a pack to get at blankets. After a few moment's comparative comfort, the Colonel surprises us with a visit. He is loaded down with maps and is followed by a retinue. This time we must get up, disturbing the arrangement and disposition of the entire outfit. Doherty and Tallon follow in the wake of the Colonel, looking for a dugout. Return with the report that there are fine, deep dugouts, but they are full of water. So, we settle back to rest again, as we were. I am forced to look for a latrine, so I get up and climb to the parapet. I come back as soon as possible, for a burst of machine gun fire has just broken the stillness. Make preparations to settle back on the duck boards again, but here misfortune runs into me. Lt. Thompson, the adjutant, comes tearing along the trench, stepping over men indiscriminately and pitilessly, hurting heads and ankles, without even an apology. He shouts that he wants six runners, one from each company, at once. No volunteers. Without again asking, he picks his victims. As I am standing, he gets me, also Reilly, Solomon, Patti, Magnussen. His mission is to find 1st Battalion Hdqrs. He is anxious to make haste. Directions for finding Hdqrs. are to travel slightly east and north. Desperately important to establish liaison after so many failures. I leave my helmet behind. Over the top we go, into the broom brush. The Lt. rushes. He takes my breath away. He is lost in another minute. We shout to him. Somebody hears us, whether friend or foe, I do not know. A machine gun opens up, which sends bullets whizzing in our direction. We are scolded for not keeping up. I believe I can hang onto the Lt. better than Kelly, so I work my way ahead and stumble after Thompson into holes, almost breaking my bones against

wire belts hidden in the brush to which I hang fast and which tear my clothing and knees, through tangled blackberry vines that prick my face and hands like needles. A breathless, senseless, hurried flight in circles, getting nowhere. The brush is wet with dew, freezing my hands. I am panting, the pace is so fast, but no rest does he allow us. He stops only when he has gained on us, to look at his compass, but only for a second which is his biggest mistake. He is lost, I can see, and is depending on blind chance to help him find headquarters, instead of stopping long enough to get his bearings. Aimlessly, we race on, leaping trenches, narrow and wide, literally crashing ahead where there is brush. Daylight threatens. We slow up, therefore, and presently we have the fortune to pass out upon a corduroy road, which we follow, stealthily, stepping lightly upon the boards, watchful for the enemy. To me, it appears that the road is used for convenience rather than because we should be going in that direction. Evidences of time spent by the Germans, here, to make their stay pleasant and comfortable. They have little arbors with couches, tables and chairs outside of clean, roomy, safe dugouts. Arches of twigs and broom over entrances, signs directing the soldiers to a hundred places. I read them but they have no bearing upon our mission. We see not a Boche. Broad daylight now, with a slight drizzle falling. Thirsty, hungry and, because we go so fast, cannot stop to fill a pipe even. We come to a wide road with a railroad track and go east for a considerable distance, exploring footpaths that lead from the road as we go. Evidences of Americans having been here. On right and left of the road, there are discarded packs, helmets, guns, etc., some bloodstained, though as a rule not. On examination, the packs prove to be of the 368th Colored Infantry. Henceforth, I lose fear and follow more willingly, but not convinced that the Lt. knows what he is doing.

Proceeding steady. Then stop. The Lt. looks at us searchingly, questioningly, in dismay, and just as suddenly turns on his heels and returns the way he came. Almost running, he makes a sudden resolve to go forward again. About face again, until we reach the point beyond which he would not venture before. Drawn revolver and pale face, a sight for an artist to see. We follow until again he turns on his heels and we go back to where we first came upon the railroad and a little beyond. Go North, turn along a trail, but not for long. Back to the railroad and to my intense surprise, west for quite a distance, until the tracks disappear and only the road remains to guide us. Suddenly there is a deep ravine confronting us, which we will no doubt avoid. I do not reckon aright. Without a moment's hesitation, we clamber down steps that are slippery from the wet. A "summer resort", as nearly as any other words describe the place. There are those unsurpassable dugouts, built of logs, rustic style, against the hillside. We do not stop to look. Our object is to hurry over to the other side and up. Lt. goes so fast, my tired legs can hardly follow. We go unmolested and I begin to worry how it comes we go over so much of the country without being shot at or halted. We travel a short distance and without warning take a trail which leads to a clearing built up with dugouts, one a perfect marvel, two story, concrete, tile roof, chimney, glass windows, furnished, sunk low enough into the ground so that the whole does not show up over the tree tops of the forest. We describe a complete circle around the place and return to the trench, getting down and staying in it. Patti finds water, but it is too far ahead to reach, so we do not stop. Evidence that a recent barrage has worked havoc here. Pools of blood, shell holes, fallen trees parts of Boche uniforms and railroad tracks ripped up.

Sat. Sep. 28, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

At 3:30, the Sgt. wakes everybody with orders to stand to. I do not belong to the party and I have a notion to protest, but seeing Murphy prepare to obey, I do likewise. My big pack still on my back, I almost hurt the wounded man at my side, who sleeps well since the addition of a shelter half to cover him. Stand about with my hands in my pockets, leaning on my pack against the parados of the trench. Ginsburg and Murphy throw a blanket over their shoulders presumably to keep them warm, but really for the purpose of hiding the fact that they are eating. Ginsburg asks anxiously that I do not expressly ask for his squad, when I am ready to go. Day dawns faintly. Mess kits rattle. I am not deceived. Lt. Murphy comes with the news that G Co. is being fed and in a few minutes we may expect mess. But he wants, also, that I start at once, for which Powers promises me Ostlieb's squad, forgetting about Ginsburg. Murphy says that at 6 sharp, we go over the top, after a barrage that begins at 5:45. For this reason, connection must be made. It is 5 o'clock, giving me 45 minutes in which to do the job. I get Ostlieb, less anxious to go than I, and seven of the men, two new men and the remainder Italians. Start upon my journey, loathe to leave before food comes. I follow the same path taken the night before, paralleling the trench, going further and without being challenged by our own men. At turns, we leave a man behind. It baffles me why I cannot locate the corduroy road I seek. I am sure I have travelled far enough and perhaps even further, which means that I am not traveling in the right direction. Ostlieb considerably annoyed at me. Think it best to return and wait for complete daylight before I start again. As we near the trench, my nose detects the

presence of mess. Coffee is being served in the semi-darkness at the point where we came out of the path. My cup will not come out of the cover, wasting so much time that the coffee is all given out, to my chagrin. I get a bit of cold water to make up for what I missed in coffee. At the entrance to the trench is a mob moving toward three big dixies, from which come odors that of themselves would satisfy my appetite. I push my way in, cautioning Ostlieb not to call Murphy's attention to his presence. Get some cabbage, beans, boiled beef, and when served, tell Murphy who gives out the meat that I will try again. He is displeased, but at present too busy to remain so. Never before did cabbage and beans taste so good. There is little time to eat, so I save my meat for later. I find I can get bread and butter, too, from Kaplan. Not only one piece but as much as I want and Bull Durham and matches aplenty. I eat as much bread as I want and fill my mess kit and put a piece in my pocket, which concludes preparations for the day's rationing. I do not expect more. Del Duca comes to surprise Lt. with the information that he has an entire platoon to feed and there being few beans and no cabbage left, Del throws down his mess kit and says "God damn it" at the Lt., as though he were a private, and to my amazement Murphy conciliates Del. He is not quite as nervous as last night and there is no fight in him. I gather my flock, feeling absolutely sure that this time I will connect. I can think clearly now and it occurs to me that by following the trench, I can locate myself readily. Ostlieb objects. I reason with him. He follows past the dugout, where that awfully mangled dead man is. Becoming hardened to such sights, I thought, but it is a little too much. The mud grips like a vise, my leggings a mess, and unraveling, and tripping me, Find a familiar bridge at last and go over the top just as E prepares to go out from the other side. The path we just trod confronts me again.

I wince under Ostlieb's jeering remarks.

IV. OVER THE TOP - THE LOST BATTALION PERIOD

Sep. 29 - Oct. 21: No Diary Entries

Form 1204

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

WESTERN UNION

 TELEGRAM

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

RECEIVED AT
ST. GEORGE, S. I., N. Y.
 101NY QK 42 GOVT
 WA WASHINGTON DC 905PM DEC 10
 MRS LEAH GREENWALD
 144 CEBRA AVE TOMPKINSVILLE NY

DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT IT IS OFFICIALLY REPORTED
 THAT PRIVATE IRVING W GREENWALD INFANTRY WAS WOUNDED IN ACTION
 OCTOBER EIGHTH DEGREE UNDETERMINED FURTHER INFORMATION WHEN
 RECEIVED

HARRIS THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
 942PM

W. P. King
 1139 R 20 945
 L. No. 1115 P 1015
 d. By *W. P. King*
 Position _____

Telegram sent to Leah Greenwald in Dec. 1918 informing her of the wounding of her husband Irving on Oct. 8.

V. RECOVERY

Tue. Oct. 22, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Chill

Health: Good

*Leave BH 15. In a Red Cross Hospital
train*

Up at 5:30, awakened by the "Wild one" to wash in a very little bit of warm water. I make my toilet and lie down to sleep again. Breakfast is late by 15 minutes. Rice and apple sauce, bread and coffee. I cannot get enough rice. My apple sauce I put to a new use so that it is easier to digest. By spreading it on my bread, it makes it more palatable, besides. Read the newspapers, paying particular attention to items concerning peace negotiations. Miss Reynolds comes to bid us good morning. The boys get busy sweeping and starting a fire. I set about writing when I have finished the paper. Nurse comes in to dress. Takes up my case first. I am pleased to tell her that the doctors, on dressing me yesterday, found my thigh wound free from pus. She massages around the opening and pours out a stream of pus, as much as ever before. No pain. My foot is taken next and scraped of dead skin and washed. Free again to write. Dehoff comes to his senses and offers me a cracker. I accept it unthinkingly. Continue writing till 11 o'clock, when dinner is brought in. Roast beef, potatoes, bread and bread pudding. Rest for half hour. Miss Reynolds brings in a wheel chair for me and insists that I get out of bed for a while. Tallman, 18, gets a pair of crutches and gets out of bed on his own initiative. He is ambitious, though, to walk to the table at the other end of the room. He eats his dinner at the table. Magnussen becomes ambitious, asks for

crutches and he, too, gets out of bed. His attempt to walk a failure. He almost falls. Inspired by the other lads, I am prompted to ask for a chair. The nurse promises to change my bed linen if I get out of my bunk, which is sufficient reward for me. A rolling chair is brought by "Red" and with no other assistance than Red holding the chair to prevent it from rolling away, I get out of bed into the chair and wheel myself to the stove. A brick laid on its side is my footrest, otherwise my feet would hang, and the tingling in the soles, as the blood circulates, would be unbearable. A blanket must be brought to throw over my back. My feet are too warm, while my back is cold. I read "Life" and talk to Tallman, who is walking up and down the room on his crutches to get practice. He gets on famously. Magnussen is induced to try again, failure being the result from lack of confidence. He swears off entirely. I grew tired and tremble very quickly, but I will not admit that I am in trouble. Dehoff also gets out of bed, but he goes back very quickly, being dizzy and faint. I put on a bold front and laugh at him, though I look with longing eyes at my own bed. I am about to give up and turn in for a nap, when the doctor and Red come in asking for Greenwald, Tallman and two other lads. On answering present, he looks us over and makes a notation on a slip of paper. I have a suspicion that we are to be moved tonight, a procedure which I am not looking forward to with pleasure. I am troubled. I do not wish to leave, because I have grown to like the place. When the doctor leaves, I call for Red to help me into my bed. He comes, arranges my bed clothes, and wheels my chair into the space between the beds, but I do not let him help me into bed. I manage to get in without assistance, and I am proud of it. Tallman also gets into bed and we discuss what has happened, consoling each other. We perfect plans to keep together on our journey, wherever we are sent.

I try to write in my anxiety to keep my mind from picturing the unknown horrors of my prospective journey. Reid comes in to tell us to get ready to move after five o'clock. We take the news cheerfully and make no comment. Miss Reynolds appears. We have a little chat during which I mention my fondness for tea. She is in good humor and promises to make me a cup of tea according to my recipe, some day. I talk. To my surprise, Miss Reynolds returns in a few minutes with a cup of tea, much to my liking. I do not give her the two pennies, my entire fortune, I promised to pay. Instead, I tell her I am under orders to leave to-night and I say goodbye to her as she is going away for the afternoon. We are given labels to fill out and send home to be put on Christmas packages.

Wed. Oct. 23, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

In a Red Cross Hospital Train.

Doctor makes rounds and attends to necessary dressings in the morning.

Daken's administered all day.

At 6, I awake, aroused by the noise of preparations for breakfast. The sleepers on the floor are routed up to clear the aisles. I find that I am uncomfortably warm. The heat is evidently turned on, for the windows are dimmed with perspiration. I can barely peep out of them when the shades are drawn up. I nod into sleep again, until disturbed by the orderly placing a bowl on my bunk and telling me that breakfast is ready. I wonder what it will be, as a matter of curiosity, what the train kitchen can produce. One of the big negroes is impressed into service to help serve breakfast.

He follows the orderly. Both return in good season. The negro serves coffee, entertaining us at the same time. There is also bacon and beans, of which there are seconds, making a very satisfactory meal. Not a drop of coffee is spilled. The train rides as though it were stationary. Smoke three cigarettes. Clear the window panes so that I may look out and the first thing that strikes me is the change in the colors of nature. Where everything was green when I rode down to Chaumont, now everything is gold, and red and yellow. The vineyards we pass are a splendid sight, the country lightly wooded, and for the most part farm land and orchards, which call to me. The towns we pass are fair-sized, and noticeably clean, built of substantial brick, some in chateau style, from colored stones and cement. A pleasant day for travel. I think of writing letters. I have some sheets of paper with which I can make up my arrears to Leah and Mama. The sitting patients are making quite a bit of noise with their horseplay, and twice one of the boys jogs the splint of the lad in the middle bunk, causing him to cry out with pain. Thereafter the orderly forbids them to use the left side of the car. The man in the upper corner berth continues the endless conversation started last night. Yet, with so little quiet, I write well, sitting up partly. Slowly but surely and in good style, I finish one letter, then another. The only discomfort I suffer is that my eyes hurt from looking downward, at an unnatural angle, at the paper. We stop at a station to take on water. On one side of us is a trainload of civilians, French soldiers, either going on or returning from leave. A few American lads are in the train, too. On the right, a trainload of English men. They have become curiosities to me. The next stop of importance is Orleans, a city of white, instead of the usual red tile. Church spires, factory chimneys, a wide river, bridges and a dredging machine at work on a sandbar, to

remind me of the civilized world. Suburbs. Vineyards. Greeted by old women watching from the viaduct. Big towns. Take a little rest before dinner, to rest my eyes. Doze off. Awakened by the negro poking a plate at me. Bread is passed around, then a soup of vegetables and bully beef, and coffee. More can be had of each course. The negro like a musical comedy waiter. Consume more cigarettes. Notice my finger tips have become stained by nicotine in the short space of a day. Write again. Look out of the window until my eyes hurt. The temptation to look out is great, for the country is very pretty. Man in the upper corner berth continues his conversation, the scope of which is from cows to horses. Nearly three o'clock when I finish another letter. But, I am tired and must sleep for a bit. Startled by the plate being thrust under my nose again at 4 o'clock. I think my watch has stopped or slowed down. On inquiry I find it is right. Supper. Corned beef hash, tinned. Bread, coffee. Extra helpings again. I read "Judge", advertisements and all. Write another letter. Red Cross distributed chocolate at a water stop, the French stuff that I usually pass up, but to-day it tastes good to me. The negro sits down in the corner and tells the boys what he likes. Baseball, boxing, racing and dice, in which he is particularly interested. I must laugh at his mannerisms. His story of a battle royal, a gem. Another about a loaded dice game, ludicrous. He is a genius for telling stories. Shortly after dark, we near our destination. About 6:00, we are in the station, so I look forward to a good night's rest. We stop for an hour waiting for an opportunity to pull into the station, according to the orderly's story. Another hour to get onto a siding, where we have jockeyed up and down the track for another half hour and found our place at last. The doors are opened to take on blankets. Until now, I have been perspiring profusely, so hot is it in the car. When the doors are

opened, I am afraid the draft will harm me. It grows cold rapidly. A retinue of doctors and nurses come through the cars and a Red Cross man distributes cigarettes, one to a man. Ambulances are at work on other cars, but ours is not unloaded, nor are there prospects of its being unloaded for lack of men to carry the litters. The two orderlies complain to everybody in authority, but can get no satisfaction, and we must wait. It is eleven o'clock when I am put into an open truck, used for hauling coal, together with 67 other men. I ask how far we have to go and am told that there are three base hospitals in the town, but to which we go is a matter of doubt, yet. The nearest one only 5 minutes' ride, so I hope it is there we go. It is a fine starry night, and not nearly so cold as I at first thought it was. My fears about the easy riding qualities of the truck are also groundless. I find that it is more comfortable riding than in an ambulance. It appears to me, by the way, that I have learned how to find comfort in a litter. By lying on the fleshy part of my bottom, my legs do not suffer at all from the shaking. I see a little of the town. Windows are showing lights. Overhead wires suggest trolley cars. Buildings are three and four stories high and the streets are well-paved. Soon apparent that we go to #13, the nearest of the three hospitals. A frame receiving ward is my first stop, after being lifted from the truck. Next I am put on a table, my pedigree taken, and sent to ward 7, carried there on a sort of truck, which relieves the litter bearers of the labor of carrying me. The hospital buildings, of which there are many, are of the portable, redi-cut type, put up in a few hours. Inside, everything is clean and white and neat, I can see, or rather sense in the dark. The bed I am put into is the most comfortable ever, #92. Asked the usual questions by men in the nearby beds, who have just come in. I tell them my story, then what I have read about, but not yet

experienced, happened. The orderly brings me a cup of delicious cocoa and a slice of bread with peach jelly. I lie down to sleep, satisfied. More men are brought in. They are refreshed as I was. I am asked if I had bread and jam and cocoa to which I reply "wish I could lie". The orderly says there is plenty and I get another slice of bread with cranberry jelly. 93 keeps looking at me as though I were a curiosity. A patient comes to talk to the man beside me, to whom I have taken an instinctive dislike. They are fakers. Not even ill, their tummies are never satisfied. They wait till they get three pieces of bread and jam and would like more.

Thu. Oct. 24, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

In Base Hospital #13

I am up early. I have had a good night's rest. The noise of preparations for beginning the day awakens me. Orderlies running up and down aisle, walking patients going to wash, making quite a noise among themselves, delivering their morning abuse. I look sleepily at my surroundings, and merely note that I am in a very long building, not built for permanence, judging by the chinks where the beams of the ceiling pass through the walls. I wonder how the place is heated in the winter time, especially with all the windows open. Go back to sleep again till breakfast will be brought to me. It comes and does not please me. There is not enough to satisfy a very healthy appetite, though it is excellent in quality. Corn meal mush with plenty of sugar and what seems to be real milk. A delicious brand of white bread and coffee. More bread is issued later. I greedily take two more pieces. #90 makes a pig of himself. Everybody who

passes is asked to bring him bread. The wardmaster comes now to inquire if the new patients can eat regular diet or would they prefer light. I want regular diet and repent ever after. It seems to me I hear a trolley car bell clanging outside. I listen for it all morning and find I am not mistaken. What a pleasant reminder of home it is. I find on inquiry, that we are on the outskirts of the city in a park. Another question is about tobacco. The answer is disappointing. None is issued and it is difficult to purchase, and, besides I am penniless. My fortune consists of a half franc. For consolation I take to reading the "Literary Digest" till the nurse comes around. I ask her for hot water to shave. I get it shortly and with it a clean suit of pajamas. The doctor and his dressing cart puts in an appearance. It seems to me, as he works upon his first patient, that his methods are entirely different. There is no sign of red Dakin's solution. Some kind of yellow strips are used, instead, to place near wounds. When my turn to be dressed comes, I am still shaving. They pass me by and work on the man in the next bed. The doctor, a very young man, a 1st lieutenant. Nurse, plump, redfaced, blond haired girl, pleasant and knows her work. Dinner arrives. A novelty. Fish, broiled, kind unknown, boiled potato, bread of which there is seconds. A most satisfying meal, which changes my opinion of the mess. "Big Gut" in #90, lets his eyes feast on my plate, plainly asking me to give him some, though he has had a good meal of three or four courses. The other fellow receives a visit from the doctor, who upon hearing that his patient has diarrhea, orders him on a liquid diet. There are lamentations when the doctor leaves and planning how to beat the doctor's edict. They also talk of dysentery and gas, yet they are less sick than nine tenths of the men in the lines. A disgusting pair of fakers. 90 still looks at me as though I were on exhibition. The doctor dresses me. No Dakin's or wet dressing used.

Only a few dry pads applied. I tell him the history of my case. He pays little attention and promises to see if Dakin's is necessary tomorrow. Read again until nurse orders baths for the new patients. Just what I wanted. The orderly brings hot water. I wash my legs as far as I can go and my chest. Orderly completes the job and changes my pajama trousers for me too. A great feeling of comfort. startled by the sound of a piano. It sounds like outside, but by craning my neck, I find we have a piano in the room and an artist is playing it. Someone sings in a fair baritone voice. Some of the boys dance to the music. I distinctly like the place now, if only there were tobacco to be had. I write for a while. The nurse is greatly amazed at the smallness of my writing. She comes upon me unawares. She takes my book from me, just as suddenly, and shows it to those about, the orderly and the two worthies next to me. I grow tired from leaning on my left arm and give up for the day, to read. Then a nap. In #3 bed, a man who has just undergone a very delicate operation on his spine to remove a foreign body. He is still under ether, having a hard time of it, raving considerably, calling upon his "Momma" constantly. It is most touching, yet the boys laugh as if it were a joke. This being the second man I have seen coming out of ether, I realize I was not an abnormal patient after all. Orderlies and patients sit by his bedside and watch him constantly. Doctors and nurses take his pulse and his temperature frequently, appear to be anxious about him. The Major visits him and I hear something about the lad being paralyzed and having lost vital spinal fluid. It grows dark and no attempt made to turn on the lights. Supper is served in the dark. Lima beans and bread. A very slim repast. The lights are out of order. Because I meant to write, I am disappointed. Nothing to do but go to sleep. At 7, the lights are in working order. They are turned on. Glad to find that there is

light enough to see work. I write to Leah and to Mama and to MacWhinney for my mail, and still there is time to read the newspaper. At 10, some new patients are brought in completely filling the ward. Most of them are influenza patients, directly from the lines. Indescribably dirty, with long beards and drawn faces. They are given refreshments while some boys make remarks, about cooties, in their hearing. Some of the new arrivals take a bath and are given pajamas and bathrobes, while others go to bed as they are. Many influenza cases in hospital, and quite a few in the ward. All nurses and attendants wear masks of gauze over mouth and nose and beds of patients are screened.

Fri. Oct 25, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

In Hospital.

3 stoves come into the ward but are not set up. I wonder what they can do when the cold sets in.

Up at 6:00. Pleased with the discovery that I have slept like a child since 11 o'clock. Take another nap until 8 to make a still better job of it. Breakfast wakes me. Corn meal mush, bread, coffee. Extra bread. It is still the best white bread I ever tasted. Look at the newspapers, the sun streaming in through the windows upon my back. I smoke the ashes of last night's pipe and wonder what I will do about the tobacco situation. Still none to be bought and I hate to be borrowing like 93 and 94. Those worthies are getting on my nerves. 94 not in the best of humor at the sight of a bowl of cocoa for breakfast. 93 asks each passerby for bread and "what's the chance" of

more of this or that. I hear them both grub a cigarette. I pretend I am asleep and hear them decide to take my matches. I let them. Then I wake up to look at #3 being examined by the Captain. I write till I grow tired and my left arm is numb. Rest and try again. At 11, delicious hot chocolate is passed around. I close my book and fall asleep, awakened by the doctor's assistant, who removes my bandages. After she dresses #1, the nurse attends to me. The job is done as lunch is being served, consisting of stew with a fine gravy and bread. Extra bread. I write again. Fall asleep not long after, being awakened by the orderly, who is moving beds about. All the influenza cases are being transferred to the corner I am in. Lifted with difficulty, across the room to where #7 was. His dirty clothing not taken away, through an oversight, are in the stand beside my bed. I have trouble in having them removed. My things brought over from my old stand. My new position directly by a window. "Big Gut" is on my left. The other faker shifted towards the center of the ward. I am cold when I come from under the covers. But I am glad of the change, for I can see the trolley car in the park outside, and the piano in the center of the ward. I read and write, resting by lying down when I become too tired. Slips issued to the men to send to the folks at home or the Red Cross for a Christmas package. "Big Gut" says "I figure they have to work for a living at home" so he sends his coupon to the Red Cross. He still looks to me for approval for what he says and does, and at other times looks at me as if I were an object of curiosity. Supper time soon causes him worry. He complains of gas on his stomach and wants medicine, and in the same breath tells #5 that he always eats until he is full up to the neck. His light diet comes, consisting of 4 or 5 courses, but before he is half finished with his meal, he is begging for bread. I remark to #8, that the tobacco situation is so

serious that it looks as though I will have to discontinue smoking. I have no thought of begging for tobacco. My opinion is that I am talking to a man who does not smoke. To my surprise, he offers me a cigarette and what is more pleasing, a gift, a package of Bull Durham to smoke in my pipe. Regular diet for supper consists of bully beef hash. The "chow" wagon goes to the other end of the ward first and by the time it comes to us there is nothing left to serve. The KP goes to the main kitchen to see what can be procured for us. After a long wait, so that I am aware of hunger, they serve us a heaping platter of salmon, potato and bread, coffee. "Big Gut" talks about his great liking for salmon from the time he was a boy. Without a trace of shame, he asks 5 to give him part of his mess. 5 obliges him as it happens he does not care for salmon. "Big Gut" gets more than half the contents of the platter and then yells for bread. What would I not give to see him put on a liquid diet. After supper I read the papers and write letters till the lights are put out. Lie down but kept awake by the boys, who tell jokes and twit each other. A southern lad from Alabama gains my admiration, for his dialect and wit. Many times it looks like the affair is over for the night, but somebody who had been thinking of a joke for the period of silence, finds one, and starts the thing going again. It is 11:30 before I can fall asleep, for laughing. Here, I find, we have our beds made for us every day, and the doctor or nurse dresses all cases that are wounded. Temperature and pulse record taken. Diets consist of regular, light, liquid, special, egg and milk. Milk is veal cows milk. This is first and only place since our stay in Northern France that milk seems to be plentiful. The general opinion of the men who come from BH 15 is that they are disappointed with this place, where there is no YMCA to furnish crackers and smokes, and the Red cross or the hospital issues none.

There are nightly movies at the Red Cross hut. Some of the boys, who went to-night, took folding chairs with them to be assured of a seat.

Sat. Oct. 26, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00. Sleep again till 8:00. Breakfast. Cream of wheat with milk, bread, coffee. It is cold. A draft blows through the chinks in the window sash, making it uncomfortable to sit up. Read yesterday's newspapers, trying to ignore #6's chatter about the war and the prospects of an early peace. Wash and primp up a bit and then my bed is made for me. The nurse and doctor arrive to do the dressings, just as I begin to write. I put up my pen, therefore, until after I am bandaged. Up on my elbows to look at #5's wounds. He has cause to cry for pain when he is dressed. Great big, gaping wounds all over his body. #3, the paralyzed man, is dressed. A remarkable operation performed upon him from what I can see. Ten inches of his spine shows from the base of the skull downwards. I am dressed. No pain. The incision on top of thigh closed at bottom, near bone, shows only half as large as when I first look at it. Growth of new skin further apparent. Bandages growing smaller. Boy binds my wounds. That done, I write, while the ward prepares for inspection by the Colonel. At 11:30, he comes. For the first time since I left the transport that brought us to France, I hear the cry "Attention" to announce the presence of an officer. The personnel and walkers in the ward stand at attention. I interrupt my writing. The Colonel, a little unassuming man, passes through quickly, merely glancing from bed to bed as he goes.

No complaint from him, to my knowledge. Write again till 12. Lunch about due. I rest till it comes. A long wished for event occurs, without any effort on my part to encompass it. The "chow train" has a list, on which I, #7, am marked for light diet, so lunch comes sooner and daintier, equivalent in bulk to the regular diet. I protest that I am on a regular diet, but the boys insist that the list is correct. The dishes offered being tempting, I decide to take them. Also advised by my large "gut" friend that I will fare better. There is cabbage soup, stewed tomatoes, a boiled potato, three slices of bread and a pudding of tapioca, egg and potato. I get two more pieces of bread for seconds, so I conclude that light diet is much preferred to hearty. I rest a bit, sitting up till my back hurts, Slide down gradually till I lie prone and so I fall asleep, resolved to resume writing in a half hour. But it is 2:30 before I awake to the sound of an egg beater within the kitchen. A few minutes later, a sweet delicious egg-nog is passed around to the light dieters. I consider myself in luck. It gives me the stimulation I need to resume writing. #6 has found a copy of the Ladies Home Journal, which has colored advertisements that picture tempting dishes. "He would like, etc." till I feel like throwing something at him. I wish hard and long that he would go away. He does till supper time. Write for as long as my arm will support me. Rest on my back when tired. At 5 I doze, A little snooze to prevent me from hearing 6 tell 5 that he eats till he chokes. The nurse is held up by him again till she promises to get him some soda for "gas" on his stomach. The doctor coming to look at 3, interviews 6 also. Thereafter he worries himself pale over the possibility of being put on liquid diet. He lies abed with his eyes glued upon the kitchen door and when the cart comes, he is overjoyed to find that he gets a helping of light diet. I get one too. A large baked potato, toast, stewed fresh pears, cocoa. No extra bread to be had.

The kitchen is cleaned out. 6 pesters everybody, who passes down the aisle, for bread and manages to get a slice. After this his eyes follow the boys who carry the food wherever they go. He literally begs for more, and none forthcoming, complains that he is being ill-treated, so he grubs his cigarette, as usual. The other faker comes to tell him of a man who is going to town and may buy tobacco. Looks like grubbing is too easy for 6. Not anxious to buy, or elated at the news. Faker #9, incidentally, complains that he would rather be with his company in the lines, than starve to death here. He is still on liquid diet. I procure some paper. But, I am still sleepy, slide down to take a nap and puff, till 8 o'clock, a pipe and I begin a letter to Leah. It grows longer than I expected it would. French newspapers come. I do not find an opportunity to read them. It is a cold current of air that blows around my shoulder and I am uncomfortable, till I find 8 has a blanket, which he does not need. I use it as a shawl. My back hurts but I stick it out. Wriggle and squirm till the lights are put out, writing against time, but I do not finish. Prepare to sleep, or rather I lie down expecting to hear a repetition of yesterday's joking, but the boys are not coltish to-night. The Alabama boy, in the aisle, takes a French lesson from an Italian sitting on his bedside. I take advantage of it, too, and grow drowsy listening to him. Say my prayers but fall asleep in the saying. Sleep peacefully till 4, when I try again.

Sun. Oct. 27, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00, when orderly makes his rounds

with wash basins for patients who cannot get out of bed. I hate to get up to wash, two hours before breakfast, too, so I plan to ask the day orderly for a basin later. Back into the Land of Nod again until eight o'clock, when breakfast comes. Swell feed. Mush and milk, a soft boiled egg, a slice of toast and a cup of cocoa. #6 receives a terrible blow to his belly. A new list of dieters classifies him as being regular. He bemoans his lot and watches greedily every mouthful I take. Sit up to help digest my meal. On the bed next to me, #9, I see a blanket which is not being used. I ask for it and use it as a shawl, which keeps my back warm. A book on the next bed too. I look at it twice to make sure that I see straight, for it appears only a vision that Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills" should be kicking about the hospital. I read quite a few stories, some new, others that I have read before. Just as charmed as ever with Kipling's style and it is reluctantly that I close my book, when the attendant changes my bed linen. I move into the next bed, while he works, and return to very cold sheets. Knowing that if I begin to read again, I will be too absorbed in the story of the Hills to want to stop, so I wish to do my duty first and write. Tire at 11:30 and read again until 12. Rest while I wait for lunch to be served. It is a little late, so I get in a little nap. The boys expect a special Sunday mess. Light diet is excellent. Creamed tomato soup, bread, potatoes and corn, bread, tapioca pudding flavored to perfection. The regular diet is lowly stew. 6 is heartbroken. I take a nap, lulled to sleep by a lively piano concert. Walter, the wardmaster, sings as well as he plays. I awake at 3, with a sense of having procrastinated. Cocoa being served to light dieters, but I am passed by. All gone until the Kitchen comes back. Write intermittently until time for supper. Read Kipling while I rest. I give away my last coin to the lad who rules the kitchen, to purchase tobacco for me. He is

going to town. He promises a bit too readily. Supper. Minced spaghetti with tomato sauce, blackberry jam and bread, a slice of toast and a cup of coffee. Newspapers come. A rumor about Metz having been captured, not confirmed. Write letters to Leah, Mama and Lucy Swerling. Read newspapers. Lights out at 9:30. A half hour later, some one walks down the aisle making a horrible clatter with his hobnailed kickers. From out of the darkness comes a voice. "Lift your feet", which provokes a nasty reply from the culprit and some men in nightclothes, who parade after him. They want to know who said "Lift your feet" and want to begin a row. At first I think it is the usual nightly horseplay, but I quickly perceive there is danger of a drunken brawl taking place in the ward. The language used is filthy, without regard for the fact that the nurse is in the office and may overhear what is being said. Somebody is drunk, surely. Men in bed, though cripples, are being invited outside to settle differences, and, I expect, every moment, that the fellows will come to blows. There are a few cooler heads among the men who implore the noisy ones to be silent and their counsel finally prevails. One of the noisy ones, I believe, is the lad who took my money to buy tobacco with. I should have known better than to trust him. He has peculiar characteristics. At mess time he goes to the kitchen before time to serve the regular diets and gets a plate of mess, usually more than the average portion. Back to his bed, he goes, with a brisk businesslike air, talking to nobody. He eats in silence and goes back to the kitchen again, reappearing with two or three extra slices of bread. Next he makes another trip for more stew or whatever the dinner dish happens to be. Then two more slices of bread are given him from the mess cart. Not a friendly word is said to him by anyone, yet he seems to dominate the kitchen. An example of silent power. Charlie Murphy.

Mon. Oct 28, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00, having slept through the night as sound as a baby, falling asleep at my prayers. It is as cold as a winter's morning. There is a white mist over everything and it looks like a cheerless day is in prospect. The night orderly fussing with wash basins and makes enough noise to wake me. I propose to sleep again until time to sit up for breakfast and later get hot water under pretext of wanting it for shaving. Doze off until 8:30 and till breakfast comes I wish vainly that something would be given me to fill the void that almost aches. The light dieters finally made happy by the squeaking of the cart and shortly after, the cart itself makes its appearance, but to my disappointment it goes to the far end of the room first. Not a move from under the covers till the boys hand me a bowl of cornmeal mush, swimming in milk, a dish of prunes, a cup of coffee and an extra piece of bread. A bulkier breakfast than the regular dieters get. I read, but not for long. The boy who makes the beds gets to work early, beginning near the lower end of the room. He routs me out of bed, much against my wishes. It occurs to me to try to stand up when I get out of bed. I am sure it can be done, for my limbs are not stiff. My judgment proves correct. I can stand without pain but my left leg feels very weak, as though it cannot sustain the weight of my body. What worries me is whether, when I am able to walk, will I walk with a limp. It does not appear that I will, judging from the manner in which I stand. Being only a test of my powers, I do not remain standing. Get into bed 6 until

the attendant is finished. Get back under the icy sheets. I read the newspapers, which the boys have bought from a Frenchman who comes into the ward. He announces his presence by blowing his horn, a custom which I presume prevails all over France. For the rest of the morning I read Kipling. My wounds are dressed at 11 and are bandaged by the wardmaster in a very slipshod manner. The wound outside my left thigh is showing remarkably quick healing. It is visibly a sixteenth of an inch shallower and much narrower than yesterday. The lad whom I sent for tobacco last night has not returned. In all probability he became beastly drunk and has been picked up by the military police. Surprise, that such men as he can get passes, is as great as my disgust at the hold drink has on the soldier as a class. I will never understand why a man will wait for months to be paid, or in this case, an opportunity to get out on a pass, all the time talking of and looking forward to getting drunk. My supply of tobacco is completely exhausted. It is necessary that I smoke very little and most of the time, ashes. There is some talk of one of the boys going to the canteen in the afternoon for tobacco. I ask #5 if he will lend me a half franc till the man who has my money returns, so that I can take advantage of the opportunity to get tobacco at the canteen. He promises to accommodate me. Dinner is served. For me it is creamed potatoes, bread, a bowl of stewed tomatoes, chocolate pudding. Besides this, a cup of cocoa was served at 11 o'clock, while I was shaving. #6 makes me so angry that I want to tell him what I think of him. His meal consists of broiled fish, rice, bread and chocolate pudding, enough to satisfy any man, but not "Big Gut". He takes the fish from #5, then calls out "bread" for anyone not wanting his to give it to him. Glad no one accepts his kind offer. Later the cart comes back with more rice, stew and bread. "Big Gut" gets a

heaping plateful and would like more. His usually beady, blank eyes shine so when he sees food. All afternoon I write undisturbed. At four o'clock, a man volunteers to go to the YMCA in town. He accepts commissions to bring back tobacco and cigarettes only. I again ask 5 for the half franc but he now tells me he has no change. I ask "Big Gut", calling him by name and number two or three times. I remember my hatred for him and I am glad he has not heard me. I will do without smokes rather than borrow from him. The men come back while supper is being served. Light diet is a hard boiled egg, two slices of toast, stewed pears, coffee and a pudding of tapioca and raspberry jam. My egg is rotten and in exchange for it I get a plateful of hash and two slices of bread, the regular diet for supper. "Big Gut " is morbid, sore with jealousy. He looks a long time, which has the effect of causing each mouthful I get to choke, until I am sorely tempted to throw my hash in his face to show him what I think of him. He manages to fill up by grubbing from others. I write letters till lights go out. Those who are able to walk go to the movies at the Red Cross. Walter, the wardmaster, has time to play and sing for an hour. An enjoyable concert in which many of the boys take part. The lad in 8, the only one of my neighbors who has the decency to offer me anything, goes to town on pass. He takes with him another fellow and when they return the other fellow is as drunk as a Lord and insists on letting everybody know about it. I am angry enough to bite, at the thought that such witches as he and the one who is still absent should jeopardize the issuing of passes to those who deserve them. The sober ones gather around the troublesome lad and do what they can to get him to go to bed. Instead, he goes to the kitchen and gets himself something to eat, which absorbs the alcohol in his system and sobers him up. The rest of the boys who

have come back from the movies indulge in their usual horseplay and joke contests. I have an opportunity to read the newspapers and feel elated at the good news therein. Peace is around the corner. Very cold after Monday.

Tue. Oct. 29, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00. Very cold when I stick my head out from under the covers. Too cold to ask for a basin of water to wash in. I will wait for the sun to come up and after breakfast ask the orderly for warm water to wash in. Sleep until breakfast is served. It proves a most meager one and does not satisfy a fair appetite. Cornmeal mush and a slice of toast, coffee. No fruit or dessert of any kind. Get another slice of bread to help out. After the dishes have been cleared away, the stove is connected up with pipe and everything is in readiness to start a fire. I wonder how two small stoves will heat a building 300 by 25 feet, with a thousand chinks for the cold air to pass through. A fire is started, making things uncomfortable for a time. The paint burns off the sides and creates a smoke that makes the patients cough. I read Kipling, too much absorbed in his stories to write. I mean to finish the book, this morning. Read the late newspapers, too. The nurse comes with the dressing cart earlier than usual. When the boy comes to make up my bed, I get out, stand on the floor as yesterday, but I am a trifle more ambitious. Safe between the two beds in case I should fall, assay to walk. I have barely the strength to push my legs forward. They are stiff from disuse, but they are not muscle-bound, stiff or of uneven lengths. Overjoyed to

learn that. I feared I might limp. Remain on the floor for only a few minutes. Get into the next bed until the operation on mine is finished. The sheets are awfully cold when I get back under them again. The newsman's horn blows. He sells French papers only. They print a headline to the effect that Austria seeks a separate peace. The ward buzzes with excitement at the news. Around the stove there is a conference on the subject. The men who are so very sick are coaxed out of bed to sit around the fire. It does them a lot of good, but discloses to everyone what shams they are. Nurse dresses my wounds. The one I can see shows wonderful improvement again, being ever so much smaller and shallower. Others progressing normally. Today my wounds are bound tighter, for during the night my bandages slipped. Till dinner time, I write, excepting for a rest of a half hour. Light diet is very light indeed. A little creamed tomato soup, a dish of corn and boiled unsweetened rice. No dessert or drink. Bread more plentiful than anything else. "Big Gut" by asking who does not want his dinner, gathers besides his own dinner of stew, a dish of rice and corn and three slices of bread and jam. He lays it all out on his pillow and has a hard time deciding which to eat first. Nervously he gobbles mouthfuls of food down without chewing and he seems to guard the whole mess by surrounding it with his arms till he finishes. Besides, we all had a cup of cocoa at 11. After dinner, I read until I finish my book. Then invite the checkers champion of the ward to a game of checkers. It is not long before I concede he is my master. I am not myself at the game. I make the most ridiculous errors imaginable. It seems that I cannot concentrate as I used to at home. I am beaten by a close margin three games and one results in a tie. Quit while I can still stand the humiliation of being beaten. Someday when I feel in better form I will issue another challenge to the

Sergeant. I take a nap for a half hour. Write for an hour or so, too tired to continue. I lie down again to rest. It is cold again. The boys have allowed the fire in the stove to go out. John, the orderly, is asked to start it anew. He gets a bottle of kerosene and pours it into the embers. I warn him not to do such a foolhardy thing. He persists, the benzene causing a thick black smoke but not livening up the fire. He asks for a match. I beg him not to light it, fearing that he will be hurt and that the explosion, which I am sure will ensue, will endanger the lives of the patients, there being the possibility that the wooden structure will be set on fire. But, he will listen to no one. The men around the fire run away like cowards, instead of dissuading John from his crazy purpose. The match is lit and thrown into the fire. Pouf, a flash of flame that nearly blows the stove into the air. The heat is felt all over the building. John is scared white and nearly knocked down. I can see the dust fly outside the building, directly in front of the stove. John makes silly explanations and excuses. For my part, I am glad that nothing happened in the nature of a casualty. Fortunate for all that it was not gasoline that was thrown into the stove. Supper is served. Again a light meal. A piece of toast, a potato, a dab of butter and some jam with stewed pears and coffee. The success of the meal depends on getting bread for jam. I get it and a small dish of beans besides. At four, cocoa is served. I have been out of tobacco all day, smoking ashes in my pipe and grubbing cigarettes until 8 comes back for mess. He gives me a sack of Bull Durham, which has a few pipefuls left in it. The exodus to the movies again. The lights go out. I am peeved. Give up hope of writing my daily letter to Leah. For fifteen minutes it is dark. Nothing to do under the circumstances but sleep. The trouble is remedied and I begin my letters, writing until lights go out. Not much of a concert from the boys. They are

busy discussing the new peace rumor. At nine o'clock, movies are over, the boys returning to make the place too noisy to write comfortably. At 9:30, those who want to sleep shout to have the lights out, so I put up my pen and go to sleep. Restless. It is warm. At 12:30 an order is issued by the Colonel, that all soldiers who are able to walk will assemble outside at 1. No reason given. All sorts of fantastic thoughts enter my mind. I think seriously, that an announcement will be made that an armistice has been concluded with Germany. It proves to be the presentation by the Colonel of a Distinguished Service Cross to a lad in the hospital. The soldier, a Corporal, captured singlehanded, a Boche machine gun, being constantly under fire, while he brings the gun back to our lines, where it is used against the Boche.

Wed. Oct. 30, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:30, having slept poorly, not more than an hour at any one time. Cold as usual in the morning, the roofs covered with frost, which melts and starts a dripping as the sun comes up. A few more short naps before breakfast is brought to me. Takes so long to prepare it, that I imagine we have a big meal, but I make a grave mistake. The official breakfast is only a bowl of mush with milk, a piece of toast and a cup of coffee, much too little for my appetite. The worst of it is that I cannot get even a piece of bread to supplement it, so I go hungry. Read the newspaper, every line of it. Highly elated with what it has to say about negotiations. Begin a letter to Lou Steinberg, meaning to scold him for two things, but forget about it till too late. My foot

dressed, I have for a long time wished to look at it, to see the nature of the wound inflicted by the Boche. When the nurse turns away for a moment, I pick up my foot, like a baby does, who is anxious to bite its toes. When the nurse turns around again, my foot is not there. She is very much surprised at not finding it, when she feels for it absent-mindedly. My big toe has a considerable gash in it, much bigger than I thought it was, and it strikes me that it will not be able to stand up under long hikes again. The Colonel comes along as it is being dressed, and struck with the peculiarity of the wound, remarks that it looks like I stepped on a hot wire or something. I take it as a joke and do not go into detail as to how I acquired the wound. The left thigh again shows remarkably quick healing. Nurse says she will dress me every other day from to-day on. Next disturbed when my bed is made. I get out and upon the floor, but do not attempt to walk or stand. Rest in the next bed, until my own is made up. Big Gut is still getting away from having to make his own bed. In spite of what 5 says to the attendant, he makes it up for him. At 11 o'clock, we get a cup of milk, fresh cows milk, as rare a luxury as ice cream soda. A concert by the boys. The sun has warmed up the world and it is quite comfortable sitting up without a blanket over my shoulders. I wash in a basin of water brought by the orderly. Finish writing at 10 and rest while I wait for lunch to be brought in. Cream of tomato soup, bread, peas and potato, bread, tapioca pudding with a lemon flavor. Rest for an hour after eating. The canteen has opened up for the afternoon, which creates considerable excitement. The boys anxious to get candy and tobacco. #5 and 6 plan to buy up all they can. 5 gets two boxes of chocolate, tells me all about it, and chews on chocolate for as long as he is able, but never offers me one. The wardmaster sends a man with an order, who buys stuff for all the boys. Nobody offers to lend me a cent, when I

say I have no money, though 5 has more than 400 Frs. about him, and I haven't a bit of tobacco left, smoking ashes and cigarettes that I beg. The candy comes. It is hard stick candy, that the boys bring back. That is not deemed as good as chocolate, so both 5 and 6 give me a stick. 5 generous to orderlies and boys who handle the mess. Gives them cigars and candies. Read newspapers again, and write until the sun sets. Rest an hour before supper. we are given a treat by the Sergeant, at the other end of the room, who goes back to the States soon. He has had a pass, going to town, getting mellow with wine and bringing back a big bag of cookies, candies, sardines and other things. Just before supper, he gives each one a piece of French nougat and a handful of good cookies, distributing them with the greatest impartiality. He tells us gravely, that it is his own generosity we have to thank for the treat. Supper a disappointment. A slice of toast, with unsweetened rice, which is not properly cooked, jam, bread, coffee. I must ask for the regular diet of beans and bread to help out my appetite. Divide my portion with another man. After supper the newsman comes with French-English papers. The Sergeant buys up all the papers in the newsman's sling, giving him a 20 Fr. note. The newsman runs down the aisle and out in a hurry, for fear of being recalled. We all get a newspaper and there are many left over to start fires with. After supper I write a letter to Leah. I have a fright. The window, behind me, which will not fit in the sill and has been jammed in by John, the orderly, comes down suddenly without warning. No harm done, the glass not broken. At 9:30 the lights are put out. I go to sleep, listening to the Southern boys tell stories, seated around the fire. #9, a little girl-faced boy of seventeen, who enlisted at 15, gives me some candy. A charming little youngster of good bringing up evidently. He knows I have no money and he has the good sense to know that I would like

some candy, too. There is a feeling of lonesomeness with me, a longing for letters from Leah and Mama, that I cannot suppress. No hopes of letters coming soon, from what the boys tell me. Some of them have had no mail in months. A peculiar character is 67. He never says a word. He never asks for anything if he can sneak up to it and take it. He does not mean to steal. It is perhaps his former mode of living and habits he has not broken himself of. He looks like a former tramp. Too lazy to work, walks about silently, too lazy to talk. Always barefooted, for which he gets a scolding from the nurse. I think he has at some time lived by taking food from swill barrels. Slim, coming down the aisle with the cart to collect the dishes, stops in front of 67 bed. He leans over the foot and looks into the swill pail and picks pieces out of it from amidst coffee slops and eggshells. While Slim gathers up the dishes, 67 looks out of the corners of his eyes.

Thu. Oct. 31, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

In Hospital

Another restless night. Up at 6:00, but hide under the cover again until 9. Frost again during the night, but as soon as the sun warms things up and dispels the morning mist, it is comfortable and cheerful. Breakfast a meager one but good. Oatmeal with rich cream, sugar, toast, one slice, and a cup of cocoa. No bread forthcoming. Read the newspaper. Get a new book from the wardmaster, a cheap story of the West. It does not strike me as worth reading. Having nothing else in mind to do, I begin reading. After going over a few pages of the wild and woolly stuff, I give it up. Write a letter to Joe, which occupies me all morning. My bed is made but I do not attempt to get on

the floor and stand up, being content with the success of my former performance. Later I am dressed. The cut in my thigh almost completely closed. Nurse says that it will no longer be necessary to dress my wounds every day. Both #5 and #6 wake up to a semblance of decency and offer me a bit of candy. 6 even offers me a cigarette. Men from the ward, mostly those in the hospital a long time with bad wounds, which have left them permanent cripples, are called before the classification board to be examined as to their futures for further duty. It spoils their long vacation. They are not anxious to leave and I do not blame them. No drink served at 11. Joe's letter finished, I rest a little before dinner is served, taking a little nap. Walter plays the piano. The boys sing "Homeward Bound", a song I do not like to hear. It arouses longing, and, as I still have no mail, it is more acute than under ordinary circumstances. Dinner. A peculiar, tasteless soup, which is the nearest in looks and taste to dish water that was ever served to me. Tomatoes, stewed, a browned potato, bread, vanilla cornstarch pudding. Extra bread. I am tired, uninterested, sleepy. Lie down and doze off. Awake, surprised. It is 3 o'clock. A little angry at myself for having missed an opportunity to write. Gather my wits about me and write until 4:00, when the nurse comes, asking for Greenwald. She has a letter. Can it be possible it is from Leah? In a moment, I have hope. She hands it to me, one that I have written to Leah, returned, because I put co.... card on it. Think of the others I wrote, addressed similarly, which will be returned or destroyed, and Leah without news from me. It knocks the ambition out of me completely. I slide under the covers. 5 gives me a magazine, which I read until suppertime. The boys, who have been before the Board, are back. At least five of them have hopes of going back to the States. They discuss the matter among themselves. I am interested. The Sgt. is back

with a super cargo and another bundle. It looks like another treat for the boys. He goes to his corner, watched by all of us, but he distributes nothing. Supper a soft boiled egg, a slice of toast, jam and bread, coffee, extra bread beans. Read the newspaper, write my daily letter to Leah. I am interrupted from my writing by the sound of many footsteps. Looking up, six men are seen coming for our piano. They take it away. Soon apparent that it is installed in Ward 6, and upon inquiry I learn they are having a Halloween Party in 6. Never knew that Halloween was the last day of October. Looking into 6, I can see an apple tied to a string, hung from the ceiling. One of the boys trying to bite into the apple, as it hangs. He is successful and is cheered. Similar striving, The nurses dance. There is music and singing until time to put out the lights. Stars and Stripes brought to us. Another article about Maj. Whittlesey's battalion. A story about an escaping prisoner. The lights remain out longer than usual. I might have written a much longer letter. After finishing with the paper, there is just time to lie awake to look at the lights and wonder when the boys go home and to worry about Morris. During the morning, the church bells of the city rang, an unaccountable procedure which I paid little attention to, thinking the day a French holiday. At night the newsman has unofficial news that Turkey has capitulated completely, surrendering and laying down its arms. The Boche news is spread to British warships, etc. That is why the church bells rang in the morning. The French people are wildly joyous over the news. Peace prospects are in every line the newspapers publish. It seems that the spirit of the men is Peace. They all think it and talk it. If only I had word from Leah, I would be truly happy. I feel lonesome among many men. No. 5 is getting along nicely. He is getting sleep, and is now being fed on a light diet. Some boy is always willing to feed him. I

am most pleased at the progress he makes, a good quiet lad, whom I want to see get well, in spite of No. 5s constant mention that he will cash in some day. The doctor is especially watchful of him and personally dresses his wound. Every morning, the boys clean up the bed, which is hopelessly pasted. All the clothes are changed and before the morning is over, it is a wet and dirty bed again, so the doctor proposes to put him into some sort of frame. The doctor does not bother stopping at my bunk, when he makes his nightly rounds. He is not as interested in his men or not so as Dr. Healy at 6, 11, 15. The piano is returned, some time after I fall sleep, but I do not hear a sound, which augurs I sleep well. On awaking from my afternoon nap, I found a book on my blankets, has exchanged Kipling for "The Double Squeeze" by Henry Brash Wertham. I read the introduction by Connor and I decide it is one of the best books ever written. Another drunken brawl late at night around the fire. The Sgt.'s companion wants to fight anybody. It makes no difference to him. A convoy coming in from the front, brings us patients, who are, dirty and lousy.

Fri. Nov. 1, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

In Hospital

I have slept like a top. Not conceiving of anything until 6, when the bugles blow and the orderly rattles wash basins. I do not get any. The noise, subsiding a little, I fall asleep again until 7 o'clock, when breakfast is served. Cracked rice with milk, a slice of toast, coffee, which is sour and cold. I cannot drink it. There is no extra bread, so I am a hungry man. The sun shines. It is balmy and clear. One can sit outside today, without danger of catching

cold. I am tempted to get out of bed. The town is so alive this morning, that I can hear the murmurs of activity from my bed. Church bells ring again and whistles shriek continuously at the railroad yard. Something to please the populous has occurred. That is further substantiated by the appearance of the French newsman with yesterday's American papers. The man is as happy as a school child. Positively, Turkey has capitulated, and has asked for an armistice, which has been granted by the Allies. I write a letter to Sam Friedman and Summers, and Mama. There is much stir in the ward this morning. Evacuation has been decided upon. The oldest inhabitants are going, some back to the lines for duty, others in the S.O.S. All men, who are able to walk, are sent to the quartermaster to draw clothes. They are issued salvaged stuff in all cases. Some get new shoes and blouses, no leggings, except the canvas kind we discarded before going into the lines. The garments issued, appear to have been taken, as a whole, from Barrack Bags. Disgusted with the men who come back with clothes, nothing suits them. They want quality, fit, color to match, etc., as though they were going on parade, instead of going into the lines again, where in a day or two, their clothes will be all mud and dirt. They do not realize, that under those circumstances the clothes they get are good enough and the Government is enabled to save money. Lots of them get dysentery again in a week or so and come back to lie around in a bathrobe for a week and get really sick. They scheme and swap, until I grow tired. My bed is made up, but I do not get out on the floor. No dressing of my wounds today. They feel comfortable. Read for a half hour before mess. The men, who have received their clothing, go to the mess hall to eat in most instances, coming back in time to be served by the boy. In this manner the inmates of the ward get double helpings. We have a cold greasy

tomato soup, bread, salmon and potato, stewed fish, stewed fresh apples. Still, I am hungry and no bread is obtainable. There was a cup of hot cocoa at 11. After dinner, I sit up to read, take a rest before I begin to write, but gradually I fall asleep. I am aware that I had planned to do something, but it feels so good, this drowsiness, that I put away my pipe and abandon myself to it. I wake up, it is 3:30. Not very much time left to write, for it will soon be dark. I must stop writing before 5, reading till mess time. The ball field , a place of interest for me. I would like to read until I finish the book. Mess is delayed. There is not enough to eat, but by chance it becomes one of the biggest I ever ate in the hospital. To begin with, I had three pieces of chocolate, given to me by 9, the generous little youngster, and a stick of peppermint from 6. Then, supper is spaghetti with tomato sauce, jam and bread, one toast, an extra piece of bread, and a cup of tea, after which 8 comes back from the Mess Hall, where he works, with a jam sandwich for me, two generously covered slices of bread with blackberry jam. Next, seconds are given out on macaroni, which calls for more slices of bread, too. The spaghetti is eaten and the bread is put aside for later. The Sgt. has gone out, so when the Frenchman comes, there is no one to buy up his stock. Men buy their own tonight. There is joy unconfined and such a buzz of excited chatter on what the newspaper says. Turkey has really capitulated. She has begged for and been given it. Every other line in the newspaper suggests peace. It is most pleasant reading. Germany and Austria on their knees again. What a pity that with peace so near, more should be giving up their lives. My letter to Leah is written. It takes all evening. There is a fine concert given by the boys. We have discovered a few men players and singers. A battle of some kind between Slim, the mess boy, and some unknown individual, who wants to break his neck for nothing. Most of

the men are in a quiet mood to-night, because they are either going away or are coming for mess. In the afternoon, just before I fall asleep, there is an issue of Bull Durham, which saves the situation as far as tobacco is concerned. Every man gets three bags, some four. Not permitting to keep them on the stand before my bed, I put them in the kid L....s bag. They should last me until we are posted. A contingency is brought up, upon which to place #5, so he will not soil the bed, but nobody knows how to set it up. Before going to bed, I eat the bread I had left from supper. Quite openly contrary to 67, who eats an apple and 6, who chews candy all day long, and complains about his having gas, he eats all alone hiding as much as possible and looking at us never taking..... ..

Sat. Nov. 2, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

In Hospital

It has been like a summer's night. I have slept well. At 6 I awake, when the noise begins. The orderly does not pass me by this morning. I get a basin of warm water to wash in. The job is done sitting up, without the usual blanket over my shoulders. A beautiful opal tinted sky can be seen from my window. It is as warm as the South, I have often heard about. Cover up again and sleep till 20 minutes of eight. This is the fourth or fifth morning that I have awakened, looked at my watch and found it to be that time, without any particular noise or reason that I can see to account for it. Breakfast comes, oatmeal with sugar and cream, two pieces of bacon, toast, black coffee, which I cannot drink. Extra bread not to be had. Read my book of baseball

stories, till I finish. My wounds are dressed; upper thigh cut almost closed. My foot and toes get a proper washing. Nurse threatens to manicure it in the afternoon. My bed is not made up, by an oversight. I wish it were, for the attendant made it up improperly the day before, having the white sheet too short, and the heavy coarse blankets scratch and tickle my neck. Former men leave us. They draw ordinance, etc. Spread the rumor that they go back to the States, which arouses longing. For some unknown reason, no servicemen makes his appearance. We are very anxious to read about developments in the matter of Turkey and Austria. The church bells ring again. We interpret that to mean more good news, but no one can guess what it is. No rumors can be picked up outside by the boys. I write as long as I can and, when I tire, lie down to rest. I have an idea that I can sit up in a chair, when I wish to read or write and I am half-minded to ask the nurse if I may. An odor wafted on the breeze comes to me through the window. Seems to me I smell a cargo of lemons, reminding me of a New York dock. Dinner is served to the regular diet first. Then, the mess boy says mess will not be ready for an hour, which reminds me I am very hungry, and I swear. It is only a little joke on Slim's part, though. Soon comes a fine dinner. Cream of consomme, bread, tomatoes stewed, unsweetened rice, rice custard pudding, which tastes like more, cocoa was served at 11. After dinner, I rest and smoke. Lie down and sleep for a short period. I intend writing. I spy ladies hats, gay ones, in the doorway. There are three ladies and five YMCA men. They ask would we like a little music. We surely would. The Y man sings "My Little Grey Home in the West" and "Somewhere a Voice is Calling". He has a very pleasing tenor. Next, the lady with the Alice blue chapeau and blue knitted coat gets up to sing. She divests herself of coat and collarette and discloses a gaudy yellow dress,

gold shoes, and lots of spangles. The boys see themselves to admire. She does not appeal to me. Strikes me as a senseless dressed up thing. She is Finnish and sings "American Rag Time" "Yankee Doodle", etc. and "Down Harmony-way", with a thick accent. No artistry or grace and a horribly thin voice. Now an American lady plays a piano composition of the greatest brilliancy. I am charmed with it, for there is melody mixed with the usual complicated technique of concert composition. I interpret it as a forest description in music, ripples and trills. I await an encore, but none forthcoming. The Y man sings "Dixie", as if he were in a great hurry, and the concert is over. Very good of them, I think, to take the trouble to entertain us. After a little thought on how far the people at home contribute to our comfort, I write. Cannot accomplish much by the time the light fails. I call for books. The lad, whom I ask for one, tells me of a wonderful story, but I do not like the title. He brings two books. One of them is "Westward Ho", Kingsley. That is good enough for me. The print is rather fine for reading at night. It begins drily. Drowsy while reading. Supper comes up in time. A very light meal. A baked potato, jam and bread, cocoa. Fill up on extra bread and a plate full of beans. No newspapers come. No rumors can be found outside. Rest for a few minutes. Hear that we get new patients to-night. A convoy is expected. I get into my head the grim suspicious thought that Morris has been sent to France and been herded into the lines as replacement, been killed, God forbid, or wounded. My imagination works havoc with me. I cannot think of cheerful things. I feel very, very sorry for the poor men who are fated to die, when peace is so near. God protect our Morris. I am in no mood to write my letter to Leah, but I try. I do not wish to neglect her. Write for an hour with all assumed cheerfulness. I feel guilty of an

imposture upon her, so I stop writing to read. My gloomy thoughts tire me. I fall asleep. Awake to hear the boys, who have come back from the concert. Sleep after all the new men are brought in. Badly gassed men from the Verdun front. A foolish idea in my head that I might see Morris. I would be almost happy if I could see him only slightly wounded, for the fierce fighting our boys have to do, takes away hope. See a clipping from today's American, about Major Whittlesey's battalion. When the lights are out at last, all the men being put into their beds. C.R.P., who works late, arrives with the glad tidings that a rumor has come in that Austria has been granted an Armistice. The papers have it, but no paper comes into the ward.

Sun. Nov. 3, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6. A good night's rest. The orderly has a basin of water for me to wash in. I resent being awakened by him, but I obey, sit up and wash myself. It is cold. There is a mist over everything, which floats by the windows as though it were smoke. Back under the covers again and awaken, as always, at 20 minutes of 8. Wait for breakfast, oatmeal and milk, a hard boiled egg, a slice of toast, a cup of cold coffee, and extra bread. Ask for the newspapers. None on hand. The newsman does not get beyond the Mess Hall with his papers. He does not come into the wards. The men who eat in the Mess Hall tell us that the news we had last night about Austria is authentic. They have seen it in the newspapers held by the boys, who have gobbled them up first. There being no newspaper, I read my book. It is growing more interesting. The Stars

and Stripes comes. I read it from beginning to end. K of C man and a soldier come in, followed by Walter, the wardmaster. The boys join in the chorus, mumbling it. Then, the K of C man reads a short prayer. The service is over. I continue reading and smoking, not knowing exactly what to do. I am ill at ease. Sometimes I pay attention to the service, but not being able to hear, I continue reading and smoking. My bed is made up according to the rules laid down by myself. I get out of bed and stand on the floor, and stretch my limbs. It feels mighty good, so I take a little walk in the space between the two beds. Take only a few short mincing steps, turning about once. Up into the other bed until I can get into my own. Burroughs, the lad who makes my bed, springs a surprise on me. I was talking to #5 and turning to look at my bed and how it is being made up. I see Burroughs looking at baby's picture. He has at last found curiosity too much for him and has spread the folder, which he has seen under my pillow every morning. I do wish he had asked to look at the pictures. Write a very short letter to Mama and another, a longer one, to Dolly. Finish it in time for dinner. Thin tomato bouillon, boiled onions and a potato, with a sauce, bread, tapioca pudding, of which there is a second helping, cocoa was served at 11, greasy, but hot, so it is acceptable. After dinner, I read again. From the next ward comes the sound of cheering. We wonder what it is all about. One of the boys inquires. He finds that an announcement has been read to let the men know that Austria has thrown up her hands. She will agree to any terms. We have a prolonged concert by Walter, who plays classic selections from the operas, all of them dreadfully flat. I am drowsy and take a little nap. A soldier comes in with a paper. He asks for silence. We wonder. All the boys who are able, crowd around, silence procured, the man begins to read what purports to be a summary of Paris's

Newspapers headings. Allies conferring upon terms of an armistice with Austria. Reports of further Allied successes and a hint that the Kaiser has abdicated; not officially announced for reason of state. The finest of news, for today cheerless, continually raining. I write a bit. My back hurts and ambition is not very pronounced. I had rather lie down to dream. I fall asleep and really have a dream about home, which escapes my memory. Awake again shortly before supper time, read "Westward Ho." Supper, unsweetened rice with tomatoes, toast, bread, jam, extra bread, and a second helping of rice with bread. I fill myself up a little too much for comfort. Sitting in bed as I do is uncomfortable, and lying down produces a heart burn. I pay the penalty for greediness. My head won't think well enough to write Leah's letter. By reading awhile, perhaps I can work up inspiration. After a trial, I find it useless. I am under the weather and Leah's letter must be written. It is rather late when I begin, and to make matters worse, the boys are making a great deal of noise. The piano is being punished. The boys sing in quartette. They dance. They jibe each other resounding through to the back, and around the stove there is loud discussion, all in celebration of the good news we had in the afternoon. I write a lot of bosh, it seems. I try reading again. Looking up from my book, I am startled to see Sturtevant, the fellow to whom I gave a half franc to buy tobacco for me many days ago. He is as drunk as a lord. Thin, even so much thinner than he was when he left that night. He is surely 15 pounds lighter. Full of fight one minute; brotherly love the next. Not a word about the money given to him by either 5 or me. I do not ask him for it, nor does 5. It appears he has sold or lost an overcoat. He borrowed in the ward, too. There is an attempt to get him out of the ward before the Lieut. sees him. He has been transferred, in his absence, to another ward,

where he has found a pal who is with him and just as drunk as himself. I put by my writing for tomorrow. I am disgusted with my lack of spirit and dullness. The next scene is the entrance of "Fat" and another ward patient in excellent spirit, wishing to play and to fight alternately. They call out that they have had a wonderful time and recommend the place they have been to, to all and sundry. It is so disgusting that I get under the covers to hide from the mad sight of them. When they leave, I read again until the lights go out. To end the day properly, we are told, when all is quiet and the lights are out, that a Negro from our ward has been slashed in a razor fight in a cafe in town. There was a battle over a girl. Think of it, Negroes battling for a white girl!

Mon. Nov 4, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00. Awakened by a touch on the nose by the orderly. Get up instantly. Aware of a change in me from the days at home, when if my face or head was touched, while I was asleep, I would rage. I wash and lie down again for a nap. Like clockwork, I am awake at 20 minutes of eight. New men come in shortly before breakfast, four or five gas cases, slight. One in bed next to me, who looks perfectly normal. A Sergeant of course. Breakfast, oatmeal with sugar and milk, grape jelly, a slice of toast, coffee. No bread to be had, though lots of it in the kitchen, there is no one to get it. Hungry. Begin to write at once, finishing Leah's letter. I can write one better than last night. No newspapers to be had. Nothing but good rumors. My bed is made up. I do not walk. It is warm and bright, so I sit on the next bed for a few minutes. The dressers at

last come. My foot and leg are dressed. Nurse springs a surprise I on me, by telling me that my foot is healed and no longer needs a bandage. I cannot believe her, so I look for myself. She is right, so I propose to get a pair of socks and a bathrobe, and try to walk, that I may be less of a bother to the orderlies, and that my legs will get the exercise they need. The toes of my right foot feel very strange without a bandage. They are very stiff and crowded together. They burn from exposure to the air, and in an hour I begin to think that Miss Johnson has made a mistake in not bandaging the foot. I am afraid of contagion from contact with the bed sheets and blankets. Till 12 o'clock I write, then rest, while I wait for dinner to be served. There is beef broth, stewed tomatoes, potato and chocolate pudding, with plenty of bread. Then, beef stew is paddled about for seconds to the regular dieters. I get some of that and bread, which with a cup of cocoa at 11, convinces me that I have had a very big dinner. So big, that I must rest for a time, reading while I lie down. Westward is beginning to charm me. I would rather read than write. Nevertheless, I get at my writing again. I am doing well until #4, a big overgrown, pampered youngster, whom nothing ever seems to suit, comes to talk to 5. He lies on 6 bed and has the audience he attracts enchanted with stories of how to avoid being sent back to the front as a doughboy. Benz is very much interested. Grow tired of sitting up while I write. I lie down to rest and 94 talks me to sleep. A little before supper time, I awake. It is too dark to write, so I read. Supper comes. A small portion of spaghetti, jam and plenty of bread, cocoa. Much less than I have had for supper in the last few days, but I feel none the worse for it. Read and think what I shall write to Leah. The boys are mostly indoors discussing the latest news heard at the mess hall. Walter sits down at the piano and plays some new pieces for us, and

he sings well. I begin writing with much better success than last night, in spite of the noise. The back-slapping and horseplay make enough din to wake the dead. The man who read yesterday's bulletin comes into the ward. There is an expectant lull. He has no paper in his hand, but only our attention, while he tells us some more bull, as he calls it. "Germany has signed an Armistice with the Allies, the terms of which will be announced Wednesday". Three cheers with a yell that can be heard in Paris. Thereafter, cripples are no longer. Shorty gets onto the piano and swings himself up among the rafters where he leads the cheering. I cheer sitting up in bed. Hot all over from excitement. Walter plays "The Star Spangled Banner". The boys stand at attention around the piano. I am tempted to stand by my bed. There is shouting, cheering, singing, dancing. Boys line up to make noise. The building shakes. Only must shout to make ourselves heard. I shout to 5 that to-morrow everybody will be out of bed. Surely I will make an attempt to get out. I drop my writing, to finish to-morrow morning. What if Leah hears tomorrow that an Armistice has been signed with Germany. It will be a wonderful evidence of God's goodness, if peace comes as a birthday present to Leah. It is a little too much happiness to be true. I sit and stare. The nurses join in the noise making, which is so great, that a lieutenant from a neighboring ward comes in to beg the boys for silence. He has some very sick patients. He must ask twice before he is obeyed. The singing and playing tones down to normal. The stove league meets again and discusses home and the future. No. 5, who has been outside, comes back to his bed with bad news. The report spread by the man who read the bulletin is not official. There was a false translation of a French newspaper item. Disappointed again with that, as badly as the time I was to be sent home. That is my consolation. I sink down under the

covers and forget. The boys take the news just as philosophically as I. Instead of realities, they discuss probabilities, but go to bed much earlier than usual. I read for a few minutes in the half light, which hurts my eyes. Besides my brain is too tired to read and putting up the book, I fall asleep.

Tue. Nov. 5, 1918

Weather: Fine, Warm

Health: Good, a slight headache

Leah's Birthday.

In Hospital.

Pete wakes me to wash in a basin of hot water. I tell him I will shave later and back to sleep I go. Regular as clock work, I awake at 20 minutes to 8. Awake till breakfast comes. Cornmeal mush, toast and grapes, as if they knew that to-day was a holiday with me. Coffee and extra bread. I say a prayer for Leah, that her birthday may be a happy one and her next still happier. Look forward to getting out of bed for a walk to celebrate as far as I am able. Then it occurs to me to mail my letter to her, with my own hands. It will give me great pleasure to drop a letter into the box for her, all by myself. I tell the orderly of my intention and that I would be obliged to him for a pair of socks, moccasins and a bathrobe. He promises to get all I want. I set about my letter to Leah and I write one to Mama, too. It takes me the best part of the morning. Bed is made up, but I do not get on the floor. My intent to wiggle out of bed. There is a French newspaper, which tells of the Austrian situation, but no mention of Germany. A Red Cross lady asks what I need. I say a strainer jacket and some tobacco. She will try to get

me the latter, making note of it on paper, which looks hopeful. No. 8 thaws out and becomes friendly. He offers to buy me tobacco and also gives me a piece of chocolate. That is the proper spirit. This is a most beautiful day, fitting for my sweetheart's birthday, warm, a blue sky, cloudless, a balmy breeze, sunshine and the song of birds. I wonder if Leah has received the flowers I ordered for her through Hugo. I sincerely hope so. Her happiness is All letters are written. No one but me will mail them. Walter plays the piano for a half hour. Dinner comes after a short rest. Tomato bouillon, cold, carrots, peas, and pears, with a mixture of something on it, tapioca pudding. Cocoa at 11. Read for a half hour. Prepare to get up and out of bed for a walk. Shorty helps me put on a pair of short socks and a pair of slippers. I sit on the edge of the bed and put on a bathrobe myself. Place my feet on the floor, stand upright and stretch. It seems to me as if the floor were seven or eight feet below my eyes. I am as tall as Gog. The inside of my calf feels tight and for a minute, I fear I will have a severe cramp. I am hot and perspiring. Get back into bed and wait for Shorty to massage my leg to get the blood into circulation. That done, I ask his aid, while I walk to the office. I take my letters and start on a journey that I should and can complete. But the distance is so short that I am there before I know it. Drop my letters in the slot and return at once, proud of my success. My steps are slow and very short, and two or three times, I lose my balance a bit. Not sorry. I sit on the edge of my bed. The Sgt. next to me is bathing in a pan and fearing he will accidentally run into me. I lie down out of his way. Ten minutes later, I go to the toilet and see the hospital buildings our doors. It is so inviting. I am tempted to go as far as the door. Returning, I feel a little shaky. My left leg trembles, my toes are a bit sore and the bandage slips down from my knee. Miss

Johnson sees me. I talk to her. She advises me to use crutches. I would rather not. Back to bed, after fixing my bandage I lie on the covers. The room is almost empty of patients, full of sunshine and cheer. From outside comes the murmurs of activity, which I love to take part in. Want to write, but my eyes are tired, so I get under the covers for a nap, asking 63 to wake me in a half hour. The Red Cross lady comes with tobacco. 63 does not wake me. It is almost 4 o'clock when I get up, hot and thirsty. I try my new tobacco. It is rotten stuff. Get up and write, calling for water, but Johnson does not bring it to me, which makes me angry. Write until it is too dark to see. Shorty brings me water. Talk to #8 until supper is served. He gives me a cigar. Supper, slim, a potato, toast, stewed apples, tea, which if hot would have been very good. I get rice and bread as extra. A headache comes on, dull and annoying. I begin writing and have trouble with my pen. Lose all patience with myself. I cannot think, I cannot write. Have my pen refilled, but it is no better than before, so I give up. Read the newspaper, which have favorable news, but no mention of the Armistice to be agreed with Germany. After that I try to read my book, but have no patience. I try to sleep and cannot. I am wide-eyed, hot, and my head aches more than before. A concert again at which we have a lady visitor. Slim and Shorty make fools of themselves. The lights go out and still no sleep for me. Think, think, think. Get an idea of a machine to help lame men learn how to walk, and all manner of things pass through my mind. Twelve o'clock, still awake. Pete, the orderly and Jack are drinking in the kitchen. They are both half drunk when I call for them. Drag their feet and stumble into the fire and wake everybody.

Wed. Nov. 6, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Good, A slight headache

Up at 6, to wash. Back to bed at once. Sleep as usual till 7:40. Breakfast oatmeal, coffee, toast, lots of jam. I have more than I can spread on the bread I get, which gives rise to a swap with 6. He brings more bread and an apple for me, in return for which I give half of my jam. My appetite is not very keen this morning, which annoys me considerably, as that is a condition unknown to me. I am aware of a mild, dull headache over the eyes and my left leg is a great deal stiffer than yesterday. It hurts from the wound down to the heel. My bowels do not function. I have no desire to get out of bed today. Only my promise made to Leah and myself will get me out of bed. The day is not inviting. It rains hard and steadily. Read for a while, then write Leah's letter. Burrows makes my bed. I look at my foot and am pleased with the appearance of it. Back to bed with difficulty. Continue writing. Boys are particularly noisy this morning. I am so tired of listening to their silly chatter and the back-slapping, that I would like nothing better than my transfer out of the ward. It seems the backslapping and horseplay will go on forever. Every time a back is hit, it hits in my brain, too, and hurts. Read when my letter is written. Dinner. Tomato soup, corn and potato, bread, canned apricots. Cocoa at 11. My eyes and back are tired. Lie on my side and smoke while resting them. Fall asleep and am oblivious to noise and all else till 4 o'clock. I have slept as soundly as a baby and feel very much refreshed. Write till 5:30. Too dark to continue. Have a good supper, Hash, baked potato, toast, bread and jam, cocoa. Ready to get out of bed to mail Leah's letter. Have the aid of one of the boys to put on my left sock, after trying my very best to do it myself. Walk to the office and deposit my letter, coming

right back to write another, sitting outside the bed, with a blanket for covering. The headache and the dizziness are gone and I can think clearly. Though there is a piano concert and a lot of noise, I manage to write a long letter, finishing by the time lights should be put out. Shorty, the orderly, comes in, wanting to know what the name of the ship is. He insists he is at sea. With him are a lot of others in the same condition. Fat and Sc... and the Sgt. among them. These two worthies sit down on the bed of Hank, who is in a low cot at the foot of my bed and listen for hours to stories of drink and girls as viewed by Hank. They talk in a low tone of voice, but I am kept awake until long after 12 o'clock. Shorty begs somebody to come to his aid and stop the rocking of the boat he sleeps in. The nurse has difficulty in getting the boys to bed.

Thu. Nov. 7, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Have a cold, Headache,
Pus in wound.

In Hospital

Up at 6 to wash. It is very cold and I must be coaxed to get up. Back to Sleep until 7:40. Breakfast, mush, toast, coffee, jam and bread. Read the newspapers. Write a letter to Mama. Read again. Catch up a bit in my writing. Burrows makes my bed, but I do not get out upon the floor. My wound is dressed by Miss Johnson. I tell her the leg and wound are very sore this morning, and I suspect it is infected with pus inside. She massages my leg a bit but no pus flows from the hole. I try to look at my wound with the aid of a small scratched mirror, which reflects nothing. The leg is bound tightly and a strap of tape arranged to prevent the bandages from slipping down

when I walk. I am not anxious to get out of bed, for the weather is not very inviting. It rains and a chill wind blows through my open window. Only if necessary will I get out of bed and then not till the afternoon when I will mail Leah's letter written last night. Take a short nap before dinnertime. Dinner. Cream of corn soup, stewed tomato, potato, bread. Dress with the aid of John, who very unwillingly puts on my sock, much to my surprise, for I mean to save him the labor of bringing things to me. I mail my letters. Come back to bed writing, until it is necessary for me to get out of bed again. In a short while, I must go to the lavatory once more, which makes the third walk in less than two hours. I negotiate the distance with difficulty. The muscles of my left thigh and calf and the tendons under the knee are sore and stiff. I walk slowly and lose my balance often. When back to bed, I am tired, lie outside the covers to relax a little. It is cold and uncomfortable. Chills run up and down my spine and in my big toe they play up and down too, but longer in the wound. Half the time, I am minded to get under the covers, but change. I say this will be the last one. And, so I fall asleep. When I am awake, a Major is examining No. 3 and while I am now hot as coals below my waist, I am so interested in the work of the Major, that I do not get under cover as I should. The Major sticks pins in the legs and stomach of the patient and taps him with a rubber hammer to test if the lad has any feeling. He has absolutely none below a point about half way between his neck and hips. Doctor marks sensitive area with pencil, which seems to hint that another operation will soon be performed on number 3, when the doctor leaves. I get under the covers, leaving my socks on. The sheets are cold and I start shivering all over again, this time being unable to get warm. I call the nurse, who asks what I want. I tell her to get me some quinine pills and she suggests a hot water bottle be brought.

The bottle is so hot that it almost burns at first, giving no relief, then when placed near the base of my spine, I feel comfortable until supper time. Supper, an egg, toast and jam, bread, coffee. There is no egg in my plate, and I cannot get one either, so I do without that part of my supper. No writing will be done tonight. After eating, I feel much worse. Hear that the German plenipotentiaries have arrived to discuss conditions of Armistice with Foch. Try to read, but cannot. I am too cold and my eyes actually hurt at the back and headache is worse than before, over my eyes. I have the hot water bottle refilled, and in about an hour I am comfortable again. Much noisy discussion of peace possibilities and a piano concert. Horseplay, which makes me irritable. At nine o'clock, I am in bed again. Get the nurse for a hot drink. She promises me lemonade in a few minutes, telling a Sgt. to get it for me. He forgets. Chocolate is served to some of the boys, still I am overlooked. Ask Pete, the night orderly if anything is being prepared for me. He does not know. See the Sgt., who was first asked to get me a hot drink. He admits having forgotten and goes about bringing me something at once. Comes back with a cup of sweet rich cocoa, but cold. I lose patience and complain to Pete, who warms the cocoa on the stove, till it is very hot. I drink it, but it has no warming qualities at all. Get another hot water bag, so hot that it burns my legs, yet I shiver for an hour or more. Finally, I put it down by my feet on the theory that it will act similar to a hot foot bath. It has the desired effect and I sleep until 12, awaking very thirsty. Ask for a drink. Pete himself promises to make me a hot lemonade and keeps his promise. I fall asleep again and sweat profusely in the night. Every time I uncover myself, if only for a minute to air, I am very cold. More drunks are in the ward tonight than last, but not as much noise.

Fri. Nov. 8, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Have a cold, Headache, Pus in wound

In Hospital

Up at 6, awakened by the orderly. I do not care to wash. I am perspiring, and I do not wish to take the risk of catching cold. Back to sleep. Breakfast, oatmeal, toast, an egg, coffee, after which I look at the newspapers for a few minutes. Lie down under the covers again and promptly fall asleep. Disturbed by two men at the same time. One takes the window out of the sash to clean it, at which I complain but of no avail, for to-morrow is inspection and the windows must be clean. Burrows wants to make up my bed, in which I lie so comfortably that I have to be disturbed, so my bed is merely made up while I lie in it. The nurse comes to dress my wound. I tell her my leg is very sore. She either does not hear or pays no attention to me. She insists my wound looks good to her, and there is no evidence of pus. Ask her to get me some hot water to soak my right foot and which she does. Tells John to get water and put green soap in it. John brings the water and a chair. I sit up, put on a bathrobe, and let my foot soak until the hard skin is softening. My left leg is not comfortable unless I stand on the floor with it. Scrape the skin from my foot, and with the aid of a scissor, which I get from Miss Johnson, I cut my toenail, and manicure my toes. My foot is much softened by the time I finish and feels limber. John cleans up and I go back to bed. Not long before the chills come on again. I must ask for another hot water bottle. Dinner comes. Cream of corn soup, tomatoes, potato, bread and bread pudding. My appetite not very sharp today. I do not bother to ask for seconds. I had intended to write a letter to Leah this

afternoon, but I am sleepy and would like a little nap. I cannot fall asleep, though. Chills run up and down my back and legs, thick and fast. Miss McDermott takes my temperature and brings me some quinine, 2 capsules, and a glass of hot lemonade. The lemonade is so good, that one would be tempted to wish to be sick all the time. I am warmed immediately and soon begin to sweat profusely. My bed sheets and pillow become wet, and I must use a towel to dry my face from time to time. Then the doctor comes and uncovers me, which I fear is not a very sensible procedure. He asks me many questions and listens to no answers, often the habit of doctors, then thumps my chest and back and probes for such things as rupture, hernia, and appendicitis. I suggest that my wound be looked at. He undoes the bandage and looks at the wound, which to him looks normal, and goes away without making any comment. Daniels rebinds my leg, while I freeze in the meantime. Now I am very cold again, so cold that I have a hot water bottle brought to me, which I put down by my feet. No relief from chill is to be had. When supper is brought, I feel just a little bit better. Supper, a baked potato, toast and canned peaches, cocoa. I do not care for seconds. Back to sleep again. Not in the mood to write to Leah, nor will my tired eyes let me rest. All I can do is lie idly in bed like some of the clods, who are my neighbors. By nine o'clock, I have a little comfort from the hot water bottle at my feet. The boys are very noisy discussing the peace situation and good news that the German emissaries have arrived within our lines. Wagers are that the armistice will be signed at once, from which very few men dissent. Then the drunkards come in and begin disgusting horseplay, which racks my nerves and makes my headache worse. The Sgt. brings me a cup of cocoa, which for once is both good and hot, but it has no warming effect whatever. The lights go out and still I lie awake tossing from

side to side, my wounded leg giving me a good deal of pain, and asking the Lord to have mercy on my loved ones by protecting me from serious illness. At 12 o'clock, my stomach feels empty and my throat and mouth are extremely parched. I ask for a drink and Pete, the orderly, promises to make me some hot lemonade, which comes in due time. A delicious drink for a doughboy. It warms me and I begin to sweat again, after which I fall asleep soundly until the morning. The water bottle has been a great help.

Sat. Nov. 9, 1918

Weather: Clear, Warm

Health: Fair

In Hospital

Up at 6:00, but I will not get up to wash for fear of catching cold. Do not fall asleep again. See Miss Johnson, call her, tell her that this morning I am feeling fine, although my leg is extremely sore, and that I am sure the wound is full of pus. She promises to open the wound and see if she can find any foreign matter in my leg, when it comes my time to be dressed. Breakfast, mush, toast, bread and jam, coffee. Sit up to read. The doctor comes to question me again. I tell him I feel very good this morning, that the headache and fever are gone, but that the leg is more tender than ever. He promises to return later, when he is less busy, to investigate. Burrows wants to make up my bed, but I am too comfortable to permit him to coax me out of bed. He makes up my bed as best he can, while I lie on it, being covered with blanket over my face until I choke almost and repent that I did not get out. Fall asleep until Miss Johnson comes to dress me. As soon as the dressings are taken off, a stream of pus flows from the wound, without having to be squeezed out. It is just as if a big

abscess has burst from being overripe. Pus flows so fast that my sheets, pajamas are wet and stained with it. Many pads put under the leg, which is massaged until it yields altogether about a pint of yellowish red pus. The operation has been quite painful, as the wound, and its surroundings are very tender. A drain is put into the deep hole of the wound, which is then bandaged up. Surprising how much more comfort I have immediately after the pus is removed. Half the soreness is gone and all of the stiffness under the knee disappears. Now my bed sheets must be changed after all, according to the nurses orders, because of the pus stains, and I must get into the next bed, while John makes up a clean bed for me. It is cold out of bed, but I am not chilled and do not shiver. Get back and go to sleep again until dinner is ready. Soup, peas and potato, stewed apples, bread. Eat sparingly. The bread seems to have a queer sour taste. I ask "five" about it, not trusting my own palate, but he is interested in thinking how to get something for nothing, by bribing somebody. Still sleepy and tired. I sleep again until the nurse comes to take my temperature and feel my pulse. I try reading again, but my eyes cannot stand the strain. They hurt very much in back where the optic nerve is and feel as if they were turned inside out. Mail comes in but none for me. Men are being evacuated to make room for a convoy which is coming in to-morrow night. Boys say Frenchmen are sure the armistice will be signed. So am I. The emissaries would not come for nothing, and I am sure they know what terms we demand before their arrival at Foch's headquarters. It is only a matter of a few hours before public announcement of the signing will be made. Supper comes. Spaghetti and tomato sauce, bread, jam, cocoa. I take only a few spoonfuls of spaghetti and eat the rest of the meal, though, with little relish. Heretofore, I ate lots of bread. Today, it is hateful to me, heavy and

sour, so that it sickens me. Still, I hear no one else complain about the bread and I put it down to my own doubtful taste, which is as near dark brown as anything can be. Newspapers come in, which tell of great Allied successes on the entire front. Look at the casualty list and whatever items have to do with the Brumistier Conference. Read with considerable effort, lying well covered up with an extra blanket thrown over me. We are having a very noisy night. The drunks come in to make it worse. A new lieutenant appears on the scene again under a guard. He has come for something left behind by him, when he left for his last drunk. There is wrestling and loud stories. I wish I were out of the ward. No sleep for me to-night. I get no cocoa at nine, nor at 10 do I get hot lemonade. I could have it for the asking, yet because it makes me sweat so, I do not want it given. I am resting comfortably and do not need it. Drink cold water instead and have no chills after, which proves conclusively that chills were caused by pus being in the wound, for since it has been taken out, I have been comfortable all day. Now my dressings, and even my pajama drawers aren't stained and crusted from pus running out the wound freely, because of the drainage tube in the wound. Our Lieutenant is absent. He is suspected of having diphtheria.

Sun. Nov. 10, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00. Do not wash because I will shave later in the day. Back to sleep until 20 minutes to 8, when, as usual, I awake. Breakfast. Mush, toast, jam and bread. Coffee, which is black, muddy, bitter water, cold. It is more than I can stand. Remain sitting, reading, to try

out my strength and whether any headache will make its appearance. I feel comfortable enough after a half hour, so I begin writing a letter to Leah, with a villainous pen. The ink in the pen is too heavy to flow out of the pen freely. Do everything I know to make it work, but all to no purpose. It occurs to me to ask 68 for his pen. He gives it to me with little grace and watches me all morning, waiting for an opportunity to ask me to return it. I must stop writing to let Burrows make up my bed, for which purpose I wiggle over to 6. Resume writing with difficulty, for I cannot concentrate on account of the great activity and bustle in the ward, to prepare for inspection. Miss Johnson comes to dress my wound. Today is her last day in the ward. She is transferred to Ward 5. I am sorry she leaves. I have grown to like her. She has working with her another lady, who is to take her place, a most interesting ugly young lady. By working and massaging my leg, more pus is drawn from the wound. The dressing very painful, especially when the wound surface is touched. A drain is again inserted and a big pad added to the dressing to prevent any great flow of pus from staining my garments and bed clothes. The leg once more feels normal and I can move around in bed as comfortably as ever. Resume writing. Every time I look up to think, I find 68 eyeing me, to see if I have finished with his pen. Finally, he asks me when I will finish. I tell him I mean to write all day. He would like to write some letters, for which purpose I return his pen. I try to use my own again, but it absolutely refuses to work. The result is I must give up writing. Having no patience to read, I go to sleep until dinner time. Cream of corn soup, boiled onion, potato, bread, rice custard pudding, which is spoiled by insufficient cooking. Read for as long as I can in the afternoon and then fall asleep until 4:30. What shall I do now? I do not know. It is too dark to read or write. My

sleep has made me lazy. Lie on my back like the rest do until supper time. Supper, a baked potato, canned apricots, toast, cold cocoa. I get some hash and bread extra to help fill up the void left by eating little the last few days. After supper I read the newspapers, casualty list and news about negotiations. The boys have many rumors that the Armistice is signed, none of which is given credence by the newspapers. We all seem resigned to wait until to-morrow and it is much quieter than usual to-night. My mind is not made up whether to write to Leah or not. I hate to write with a pencil, so I try my pen again, without success. I sit up in bed and gradually slip down, finding nothing to interest me. There is a concert by Walter for a half hour or so, after which I have nothing better to do than sleep, or try to. At 10 o'clock a convoy comes into the station, which in due time disturbs the peace of the ward. Five patients are brought in, all medical patients. One of them is a Negro and is placed next to 5. I want to have the pleasure of waking in the morning to see 5 turn up his nose. I forget that 5 may be awake and watching the proceedings. Quiet settles down when the men are bathed and their lousy clothes taken to the sterilizer, and it is possible for me to get a good night's rest.

Mon. Nov. 11, 1918

Weather: Fair, Warm

Health: Good

The Armistice with Germany is Signed.

In Hospital.

Up at 6. Wash when awakened by Pete. Go to sleep again until breakfast time. Breakfast, corn meal mush, an egg, toast, bread, nasty

coffee, which nothing can improve. Pick up what I wrote of Leah's letter yesterday and am not pleased with it. Tear it up and mean to begin another. Burrows interrupts by coming to make my bed. Get into the next bed during the operation. Returned, I still cannot write, because the doctor has come to dress patients. The Captain himself is with us. He takes a personal interest in every case. Examines and questions the Negro just brusquely, but later when he finds the Negro a fairly bright chap, changes his manner. He reaches me with a smile. Takes hold of the fact in my case immediately. He will examine me thoroughly. He is of the opinion that a foreign body is still lodged in my wound, and orders Daniels to make a note in his book that I am to have an X-Ray picture taken of my left thigh. While he is at me, he will do a little fishing on the spot. Turns me over on my stomach for the purpose and warns me he is going to hurt me. He begins probing deeply and slowly. His probe hits nothing harder than the ligament or nerve, which always twitches so when touched. He gives me a rest and begins over again, still finding nothing. Satisfied he dresses the wound. The nurse bandages it. Miss Johnson has not put in an appearance to-day. She is missed by everybody. The boys have been bubbling with excitement all morning. The rumors in the mess hall are that the Armistice has been signed. No newspapers or other official confirmation comes until 11 o'clock. Then a notice is posted on the mess hall doors, saying that all terms laid down have been accepted. Firing ceases on all fronts at 11 o'clock. My first thoughts are for the lads, no doubt many, who gave up their lives before 11. It is a pity. Celebrations immediately begin, so interesting, that I again postpone my writing. The boys in the ward do not inspire me of course, for they immediately promise to get drunk to-night. It is outside, in the city, that interesting things happen. All the factory

and railroad sirens blow for a long time. Bunting and flags show from all buildings. American soldiers and French Poilus in the streets are kissed and hugged. Shops and factories close and the native population is free to make a holiday. Bands play "The Marseilles" and "Madelon". Parades form, impromptu speeches are made. Everybody, who is able, men, women and children, is on the streets trailing after the bands. Wine flows, cheers rend the air. Supreme frenzied happiness reigns. Our boys, sitting on the wood pile in back, get an ovation. They cheer passing civilians and the trolley car. The boys begin to ask for passes, others taking old ones to get out. Dinner comes but few boys to eat it, so I have soup, peas, potato, tapioca pudding and beef stew, and bread extra. The celebration grows in proportions. The crowd of townspeople surges through the hospital gates and enters some of the wards. They go wherever they please, no one assisting the authority to stop them. At least 3000 men, women and children wander around the hospital grounds, carrying flags and dressed gaily. The band leads the procession, which for a time threatens to break into our ward. I begin writing to Leah and continue at it until 3:00. Growing tired, I take a nap until supper time. Supper, rice and tomato, which I do not eat, bread, toast, jam, cocoa. The wardmaster gets orders from the Colonel to give every man, who can walk, a pass. Those who have just come back from afternoon passes are included. Everybody dresses up and goes out on pass, money, or no money. The town is still noisy, judging from what I can hear from my bed. I continue writing, and finish my letter. Newspapers come with the official announcement that the historic document has been signed. I read what the papers have to say and scan the casualty list. It is quiet in the ward until 9:30, when the boys begin to come in, in various stages of drunkenness. They

bring back flags and Daniels starts a fight with nobody, because in the dark somebody tore his flag from its pole. It was a highly unpatriotic thing to do, he maintains, and wants the man who committed the crime to come forward and be licked. Daniels also brings back with him a little black poodle, which is named "Finis la guerre" in honor of the day. Drunken noise until the lights go out. The later the men come in, the drunker and noisier they are. After lights out, we can hear revelers in the street. Some of our boys are still out. One coming says, that orders are that nobody is AWOL until after 12 o'clock and if anybody is picked up for being the worse for liquor, the wonder is where did they get it without money.

Tue. Nov. 12, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital.

*A band plays songs familiar at home
while I read my mail.*

*Our names and ward numbers taken
for the purpose of making up the
payroll.*

Up at 6. Wash when called by the orderly. Back to sleep until breakfast is ready. The morning is cold and the roofs of the buildings are covered with frost. I have no desire to get out of bed, where it is so comfortable and warm. Breakfast, corn meal, toast, prunes, bread, coffee. Sit up in bed writing a letter to Mama. Look over the one I wrote to Leah last night. Read a newspaper, which gives the terms of the Armistice Germany signed. My opinion is that she gives up so much, it is impossible for her to renew hostilities.

Burrows comes to make up my bed. I am minded to get on the floor, but I have no slippers or socks. Get back into my bed and soon the dressing cart stops by my bed. The new nurse sets to work upon me. She handles sponges and leg very lightly. Massaging does not produce any pus, though there is quite a good deal of it on my dressing and the tube. The wound surface is very sore as though the new flesh had been rubbed with sand paper. Most of the boys have gone out into the grounds and stolen into the city to take part in the celebration, which still continues. The population makes holiday again. No one who can celebrate goes to work. The parades continue. The bands play. I finish writing before 12 and till the dinner is brought, I take a nap. Dinner, a baked potato, a big boiled onion, sauce, rice custard pudding. Sunlight floods the room. Most of the boys are outside, looking over the fence at the merry-making townspeople, or lounging about the grounds. It is ideally quiet for writing. I sit in bed, lost in contemplation for a long time, wondering about when we will go home, and then I become drowsy. Mean to lie down for a short rest only, but fall asleep and slumber soundly, until 4 o'clock. Awakened by a tug at my toes and my name is called. Get up with a start and instantly. In the hands of the lad, a package of letters. Sleep completely shocked out of me. I say "Oh Boy" and make a lunge for that package of letters as though it contained my discharge papers. I am envied by all the boys. No wonder, 15 letters. Had I seen anybody else get 15 letters and I had none, I would have cried. What delight reading the letters, eight of them from Leah. Everything else forgotten, peace and home, everything subordinate to the happiness of reading these letters, which I have waited for so long. Leah and Cecilie well at time of writing. Baby beginning to cut her tooth. Pictures promised. From Lottie the best of news in fine chatty

letters. A letter from Mark and Mr. Reilly, and last, but not least one from Norris, written from Camp Johnston, Florida, where he is in the QMC. It pleased me to hear that, for if he has come over with the same unit, he is not to be worried about. His job is probably a shell-proof one. I will no longer look for him, when a convoy comes in. One is expected to-night and to make room 17 men are evacuated, sent to the Red Cross hut for the night. 6 and 8 are sent out together with some old men. My letter reading lasts until almost time to serve supper. Supper is an egg, toast, jam, bread, coffee. Put my letters aside and having a fine subject to write about, I pencil a long letter to Leah. Many of the boys are out on passes and it is comparatively quiet to-night. Walter plays the piano and sings, so does another copying artist in the ward, whose voice always pierces my brains and makes it hurt. But, at least there is no horseplay to sicken me, until the boys come back home, which is beginning nine o'clock. Then for an hour until the lights are put out, there is the usual utter disregard for the many who are asleep. Only one out of all those who have had passes come back not the worse for wear. That is 68, the "wise guy". Lights out, it becomes quiet and apparently everybody is asleep. I have been dozing. It must be nearly 11 o'clock. Lights go up. I cannot sleep for the glare and the noise, which is of incoming patients. There are three or four stretcher cases brought in, the rest enough to fill up every bed are walkers who thought they needed a rest. The entire ward wakes up and quite a few want the jam and bread and cocoa that is served to the incoming men. I ask for some, but meet with a refusal from the big sore head Sergeant, whom I do not like. It takes more than an hour to bathe and feed the men, then out lights and sleep.

Wed. Nov. 13, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6 to wash, getting up cheerfully in spite of the cold, for I have had a good night's rest. Back to sleep for want of something to do. Sleep till the usual 20 minutes of eight. Breakfast, mush, egg, toast, bread, cocoa. After breakfast sit up to read "Westward Ho". Ask the orderly to get me a pair of socks and slippers, which he brings gingerly. Socks are short and slippers dilapidated, carpet, without backs, but they will be easy for me to slip into, without aid from another. Shorty puts on my left sock for it is impossible to bend the knee enough to put any sock or shoe on. Burrows comes to make up my bed, while I move into bed 6. Back in bed and presently disturbed by the nurse, who comes to dress my leg. She is not very gentle, or is it that the wound surface hurts so when rubbed with the sponges. Nurse runs probes and scissors deep into the hole and puts in a drain, too, necessitating more digging into the wound. Soon after being dressed, I slip into my slippers, put on my bath robe and go to mail the letters I wrote last night, but I forget to take the letters. I run to the lavatory while I am out. My bandage slips down below my knee, so that I can not readjust it. The nurse happens to be in the dressing room, as I pass the door, so I have her redress the leg, and strap up the bandage with tape, to get it to stay. Back to bed and under the covers this time, because it is so easy to remove the slippers, and then I remain writing until shortly before dinner time, when I get out again to mail my letters. Coming back, I go as far as the stove and stand there for 5 minutes to study the surroundings. I seem at least 7

feet tall. It is warm and comfortable near the stove where I would like to stay for a few hours, if I could but write there. Bed is the only place for that, so back I go and finish my pen until dinner is announced by the rattle of dishes and the odors. Dinner, soup, peas and potato, tapioca pudding, bread, and as an extra, a plate of stew. On the whole, I am satisfied with my dinner. My dinner fills my belly. I am too heavy to do anything but rest after it. Comes another call for me to leave my bed. Go to the outer doors before I come back and look about the hospital grounds. It is pleasant standing in the sunshine that floods the doorway. I remain until quivers from the effort and return to my cot quite tired and anxious for a nap. I fall asleep peacefully. Again at 4, I am awakened by a voice insistently calling me by name. Up with a start, look at a fistful of mail once more. Quickly convinced it is no dream. Ye Gods, is it possible? She now hands me 18 letters, many from Leah and Lottie, a cablegram from Dolly, telling me they are worried at home, urging me to write. From these letters, I gather that there has been no word from me for seven weeks and that letters I wrote, while resting in Belleau Wood have been lost and also the manuscript that I spent so much time with and should have sent to Leah a month before. I am sorry and a bit worried, but what can be done? No use answering the cablegram at such a late date. By now they have had news of me. I have an offer from a lad, who wants to be my secretary to help me read. It takes me two solid hours to read my mail. In the first envelope I open, there are pictures of Leah and Cecilie, which are wonderful. My baby, bless her, is a beautiful child, sweetfaced, bright looking, good, clean, held in the arms of a fond loving mother. Leah's smiles are bewitching. I am sorely tempted to kiss the pictures, then and there, but refrain, because every eye in the room is watching me. Will

save the pleasure of the kiss until night. There is Rebekah, Willie, Friggie, Mama and Leah in the picture, too. Supper, corned beef hash, potato, bread, toast, jam, cocoa. Read my last letter, put aside the bulky bundle and begin writing to Leah. There is much to write about tonight, and I am so far from the men tonight, that I do not mind their noise. Sit up steadily, though my back hurts like fury. Enough time left to read the casualty list before the lights go out. I am satisfied with the day's work. Happy to the point of taking mess after receiving the letters. Am taken out upon a stretcher to the X Ray room to have a picture taken of my left thigh. The trip a pleasant one, while the sun shines upon me. I see the roofs of the town and find we are located in what seems to be a park. The picture taken without much ado and back I go to my bed, feeling as if I had been on a trip to the city on business.

Thu. Nov 14, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00 to wash, which I am too lazy to get out of bed for, so I tell the orderly I will shave later in the day, making it unnecessary for me to use the water now. Back to sleep until breakfast is served. I have to be awakened again by the KP. Breakfast, oatmeal, prunes, toast, bread, coffee. I would like more prunes, so I ask Slim for some. He brings me a triple helping in a bowl. I have so much, that I divide with number 5. I expect, as a consequence, that I will be thoroughly physicked, but it acts contrary. It is an overdose of medicine. I sit up in bed to write a letter to Mama, being interrupted by Burrows, who comes to make my bed. I get into #6's

bed, while my bed is being freshened. 6 refuses to get out to have his linen changed. He is just like the former occupant of the bed, lazy, dirty, and unkempt. A soiled pillow case suits him well enough and he never washes himself, as far as I know. The nurse dresses my wound, finds little pus in it, does nothing but jab the scissors into the hole, put in a drain and apply fresh dressings. The doctor comes in to examine a few special cases. He questions No. 67 again about his college education and goes over 93 for a half hour. From that I gather from the boys' talk, most of the men in the ward have been classified. Many cases marked D-2 months, which no one knows the meaning of. Some say back to the States within 2 months, others after 2 months they go to service in the SOS. A rumor that the hospital is to be evacuated in 20 days, that the inspector general, who visited us this morning, has condemned the site on which the hospital stands, as being unfit for the purpose. There has been much cleaning, sweeping and washing of tables to prepare for the inspection. The officer does not go further into the ward than the first stove. I go to the office to mail letters and come right back to bed. I read "Westward Ho" and write a little until dinner time. Dinner, soup, corn, potato. No dessert for some unknown reason. I take some stew and bread for seconds. After dinner, I sit up to read for a while, then I leave my bed to go to the lavatory. On the way, I stop at the outer doors and look up and down the hospital street, thinking perhaps I might see somebody I know. None but strangers in sight. My legs grow cold quickly, so I return to bed. I lie down for a nap. I am almost sure that I will be awakened at 4 by a boy with a bundle of mail for me. I get up at 3, collect my wits, and begin to write. At 3:30 hot chocolate is served. 4 o'clock comes and no mail for me. Rather disappointed, but I realize that I expect too much. Continue writing as long as I can see,

put up my pen and read and talk to 8, until supper comes. 8 confides in me, that he has a wife and a little boy waiting for him at home and shows me their pictures. Wife and baby positively ugly. I cannot seem to find a single word of compliment for them. To reply I show him the pictures I received yesterday. I am proud of the pictures. I look at them and kiss them. Supper comes. A baked potato and stewed apples, cocoa, bread and toast. I sit idly, smoking, fill my pipe which goes out and begin a letter to Leah, which I finish in good style. There is not much noise. Walter plays the piano for us. Boys go out on passes, genuine and forged. I write a letter to Leah, to Aunt Mollie and another to Aunt Regina, which I seal with a feeling of at last having paid a debt I owed for a long time. Before the lights go out, there is still time to read the casualty list and items of interest about peace and Armistice. The boys come back fairly sober to-night. Go to bed quietly telling only a few nasty stories about the great fun they have had and how little it cost them.

Fri. Nov. 15, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6. Wash when water is brought. It is cold outside, there being considerable frost on the roofs of the adjoining buildings. Sleep again until breakfast is brought. Oatmeal, toast, jam, bread, coffee. Sit up, read over the letters I wrote last night, address envelopes and read my book, until a major comes to go over 93 from every conceivable angle. It is so interesting to watch him tap and twist arms and legs, chest, back, neck and head; examines throat, nose and eyes, with an appliance that has a light on the end of it. Later 93 is taken

out on a stretcher to be X-rayed, and still later two majors come to look him over and consult about him. It is a difficult matter to maintain silence among the boys, while all this is going on. I drop my work and watch every move of the doctors. Burrows comes to change my bed linen. Still 6 does not get out of bed. In getting over to his bed to wait for mine to be made up, I lose my balance and narrowly avoid hurting my left leg. Hit my shoulder a blow and my right leg becomes cramped. A little rubbing both cures and keeps me warm, till I can get back into my own bed. Next my leg is dressed, considerable pus in the wound, which is very painful. The scissors is again used to probe, out of curiosity, for nothing is found. A drain put in and the wound is dressed. The bandage is taped up to hold, but the tape won't stick. I spend more than a half hour trying to heat it supplementing to adhere to my skin. I have an opportunity to ask the doctor whether the X-Ray picture of my leg has revealed anything. He has the boy make a note of it, that he will not forget to look for it. The doctor is questioning every man in the ward about his condition, and the length of time he has been in the hospital. He makes notes, which evidently are to be used, to make up a list for evacuation. The morning is taken up thus, without anything being done on my part. Dinner comes early. Cream of corn soup, peas and a potato, tapioca pudding. I read my book until two o'clock, then I begin writing. I am tempted to lie down more than ever to take a nap, but I have made up my mind to catch up with my writing. The few days missed have put me still further behind. Because of that, I write without a stop until it is too dark to see. Nap for a half hour and till supper is brought, I talk to 8. I have a whopping appetite, because of a good cup of cocoa at 3:30. Supper is spaghetti with tomato sauce, stewed apples, toast, bread, tea. For extras to satisfy my appetite, I get a big dish of beans and some

jam with bread. I am quite full. Begin writing as soon as I have finished. An effort to see Leonard from my cot bed. Write without interruption until I have finished a letter to Leah and another to Mama. There is not much noise, except for the man with the wounded arm, who plays and sings "Homeward Bound". Near ten o'clock, the nurse comes with hot lemonade for No. 8. I hold out my hand without saying a word, never expecting to get a cupful. She looks at me for a few seconds and hands me a cup. I really did not want it, because I might burst during the night. Five minutes later, the boys bring around a pitcher of hot cocoa, of which I take a cup when asked if I want one, thinking it will counteract the effects of the lemonade. After the refreshment is served, the lights are put out. There are no drunks to-night. The boys are quiet and go to bed peacefully. I sleep well. Runners are told they will be paid to-night. We cheer, because that gives us hope that we will be paid soon. Runners go to bed without pay.

Sat. Nov. 16, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: Good, Chills in the evening.

A death in the Ward No.3 bed.

In Hospital.

Up at 6:00 to wash. It is cold, as usual, this morning, but brisk rubbing with a towel, warms me up. Back to sleep until breakfast is brought. Oatmeal, good blackberry jam, toast, coffee. Bread is scarce and I must eat jam with a spoon. I happen to look at No. 3's bed and see that it is empty. Look again and find he is in neither of the adjoining beds. I am surprised, not knowing what to think about it, till it occurs to me that he may have been taken to the operating room for another

operation. I ask my neighbors where No. 3 was taken. They tell me he is dead. Of course I do not believe them. He was apparently well last night. I am disgusted with the men who joke so grossly and I say nothing more. Address envelopes for my letters. Read my book while my bed is made up by Burrows. No time to do anything but read between then and the coming of the nurse to dress me. There is a lot of pus in my wound. I ask Jack, the boy who assists the nurse what has become of No. 3. "They're going to bury him", he says, at which I get mad. Another sinner, I say to myself, and ask why they are going to bury him. "Because he's dead". I ask the nurse, "Is that true?" She shakes her head sadly and says "Yes". So at last I believe and wonder how it happened so suddenly. I learn from the boys that he had been moaning and groaning all night and towards the morning, seven o'clock, a priest and a doctor had been sent for, and a little after seven he died. What is queer, is that I never heard a sound all during the night and I was awake three or four times. I am affected for a few minutes, thinking of the poor lad's mother, whom he called upon so lovingly when he was under ether three weeks ago. I read until dinner time. Dinner, soup, potatoes and peas, tapioca pudding. A chat with No. 8 and at 2 o'clock I begin writing and continue until dark. Wallace and Mike are both taken out to the operating room to have a skin grafting operation performed upon them. There is much pain as they go out. They must be called upon twice, as they do not realize that they are wanted so soon after the doctor had decided to operate upon them. I take a nap until supper time. As soon as I get under the covers, I begin to have chills. They are the same as last week's. Down my spine and my legs. I cannot keep warm, no matter what I do, so I ask John for a hot water bottle. Putting it on my back helps me a little but not entirely warming up any part of me. The two boys are

brought back on stretchers just before supper is served. They are both wide awake and like brave lads have undergone the operation without being put under ether. They will have to stay in bed until further orders. I get up for my supper of boiled potatoes, stewed apples, toast, bread and tea. I ask for no seconds. I am too sick to write a letter to Leah or read. Under the blankets again it is still very cold. Putting the water bottle at my feet helps a little and I manage to sleep for about an hour. Then I call the night nurse and ask her for a hot drink. She promises me lemonade, which I wait a long time for and then proves to be cocoa, and she brings me another hot water bottle, which I put on my back. Getting warmer every minute but more angry with the boys and their senseless silly noises. I fall asleep again and at 12 o'clock the pig-faced Sgt. comes with a big bowl of steaming hot lemonade. I do not wish being disturbed from my sleep. As a result the Sgt. and I have a tiff. There is so much in the bowl, that I have difficulty drinking it all. Back to sleep again, warm and comfortable. I am afraid I will perspire a good deal and then catch cold afresh, but I have been so thoroughly chilled, that twice the drinking of lemonade could not have opened my pores. I fall asleep worried that I will be sick again for a few days and my letters to Leah will be stopped and she worried if I were to tell her I am sick. No. 67 is taken out again and is examined twice during the day. I am beginning to think he is seriously ill. He grows worse every day. 63 lies in bed. I get out of bed in the morning to mail letters. Cocoa at 4. I think of the boys in the lines. Music in the streets late at night.

Sun. Nov. 17, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6, when Pete calls me, but I am too much afraid of catching cold by getting out into the chill air, so I refuse. It is winter's cold that has come to visit us. Breaths are jets of steam. The roofs are covered with frost and all the windows must be kept shut to keep the ward fairly warm. The new broken window panes are beginning to prove a serious inconvenience, for when they are out a lot of draft blows in. Even the blanket I use as a shawl is not enough to keep me warm. I sleep until breakfast is brought, thinking I do not care for anything to eat. But, when I sit up, after rubbing my head, I taste of the mush oatmeal and find it so good, an egg and toast is brought, coffee and an extra slice of bread. I feel well enough to remain sitting in bed. I have enjoyed my breakfast. The sun warms up the cloth a bit. I read a bit, then begin a letter to Leah, glad that there will be no interruption in my correspondence with her. My bed is freshened up by Burrows, while I occupy half of 6's. He is still too lazy to get out of bed, unless absolutely necessary, and his pillow in a few days looks greasy and yellow, like it looked when Bentz had the bed. I do not fancy sitting in the bed, but I have no alternative. The nurse comes to dress my wound, which is still sore and full of pus. An audience watches her operate. One of the onlookers is Shorty, the orderly, who wants to see whether in his judgment, I am a fit bed patient. He is satisfied that I am when he sees the nurse run a scissors 4 inches deep into the wound. No services are held this morning. I would welcome a few minutes silence by way of change. There is a lot of cleaning to be done in which many take

part, and about 80% of the number loaf or disappear after working a few minutes. I begin Leah's letter, which is not long, for lack of material and inability to concentrate. I while away the time by talking to number 8, who it develops is a real conscientious objector, with a certificate of membership in the Church of the Brethren and a card from the Local Board, exempting him from combatant service by reason thereby. He is quite an ordinary young man in the sense that he swears a little, smokes and drinks, thinks of worldly things and would have killed a German, had he seen one, yet glad, so am I, that he had no opportunity. In other respects, education and real character, he is much above the ordinary. He likes good books, music, etc. and is a gentleman and a temperate man at home. Dinner is brought, tomato stew, boiled potato, tapioca pudding, bread. Sit up to write, then lie down for a half hour, asking 8 to call me at two. He does so, and I begin writing. No interruptions until 3:30, when cocoa is brought. It becomes evident that a celebration of some kind is being held in town. The noise of many feet and the music of a band come to my ears from the street in the rear, and soon the procession of townspeople, men, women and children are outside the doors in the central hospital street, where they stay to sing, dance and play games. The gaiety is all because of the Allies entry into Metz. The people stay a long time, the soldiers joining in the fun. Our boys are all back by supper time, decorated with the tri-color and specked with confetti. There is to be a continuation of festivities in the evening, which means a lot of forged passes and AWOL over the fence. I write until it is dark, in spite of the celebrants. Then I talk again and read and nap until supper is brought. Rice and tomato, blackberry jam, toast and bread, coffee. Another chat till the boys go out to celebrate, when it becomes fairly quiet. Then I write Leah's letter. I forget

to make any mention of the celebration, and have the utmost difficulty in finding anything at all of interest to tell her. It takes long to write the letter, because of cold and discomfort and time spent biting my pencil. When finished, I decide not to write to Mama until the morning. A newspaper is found for my pleasure. Look anxiously for news about demobilization, but find none, and there being no casualty list, there is nothing to interest me. Cocoa comes, good stuff. I wake No. 8 to get his. To sleep soon thereafter. Tonight the boys are all sober, not very noisy and come back early. We have the wardmaster and a friend sleeping opposite me, on beds evacuated during the day. Five other beds are empty likewise. I wonder if they will ever again be filled. No mention is made of convoys coming in. On the contrary, further preparations are made for evacuation. It is so cold that I wish this whole hospital will be evacuated and set up again in Bordeaux. Further spat in the morning. I have a little difficulty with John, the orderly, owing to a misunderstanding on his part.

Mon. Nov. 18, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6:00. Freezing cold. Wash and rub myself briskly with wash rag and towel to counteract the effects of it. I slide back under the covers for another nap. I must be awakened for breakfast. Oatmeal mush, jam and bread, plenty of it. I give my coffee to my neighbor, doing without it because there is enough milk in the oatmeal to serve as a morning drink. Talk and read and smoke from a very scanty store of tobacco, about which I am worried, for there are no prospects of pay,

or an issue of tobacco. Write a letter to Mama, short, but containing what I failed to tell Leah last night. My bed is made up, while I almost freeze sitting on 6 bed. Next comes the nurse to dress my wound. She is still insistent that some day my leg will heal, but when, she does not know. Perhaps sticking the scissors into the hole will work the miracle. They have No. 5 working this morning, which breaks his record for drinking. He washes the bed tables. I have quite a time keeping warm. My shawl not a very great help. There is little sun. Once it comes out for about ten minutes and its rays fall directly upon my hands, as I write, at a very opportune moment, for I was ready to put my hands under the covers for warmth. I sit low and talk to 8, until it occurs to me to write a letter to Rachel. I do not finish it, on account of noise and cold and talking to my neighbor. Dinner time is at hand. There is a surprise for us. The soup is such an awful composition, that the first mouthful almost makes me vomit. It is a disgrace and a sin to hand out such a dish to hospital patients. Nobody can eat the stuff. It is worse than dirty dishwater. Tomato stew, potato, bread, tapioca pudding. A short rest and then I write. It is so cold that my fingers are numbed and I must stop to rub them occasionally. The ink freezes apparently, for it will not write. Everybody's breath is steam. Walking patients go about in overcoats, as the only possible means of keeping warm. My leg begins to feel mighty uncomfortable and there are shooting pains through its entire length. My toes seem numb, but I cannot very well tell if they are cold, since they were hurt. Cocoa at 3:30 warms me up somewhat. The afternoon is cheerless and dull. Boys who were sent to the CC Camp take leave and visit us, bringing complaints about conditions, lack of freedom particularly. A welcome issue of Bull Durham comes. I am glad that the old boast that somebody will always provide, still holds good. The tobacco not given out,

because Walter is absent. I take a nap as the best method of keeping warm. During my sleep, three packages of Bull are put on my bed, one of which is stolen, a mean trick played by somebody from the camp, who is out of smokes. Supper, macaroni, tomato sauce, stewed apples, tea, bread, toast. After supper, I talk my neighbor to sleep, and I sit up to read. Too cold and listless to write a letter to Leah, for which I will have time in the morning. The lads around the stove talk of prizefighters till my ears ring. I would not mind it so much were it not for the fact that Walter's friend has come to play his flute, in duet with the piano. It is good music, which I am anxious to hear, but cannot on account of the talking about Harry and Sam and others. It is so maddening that I shout to them to shut up. I am glad that they do not hear me, for after all they are not meant to please me but themselves. I read the newspaper. There is excellent evening news about sending boys home on returning food ships and transports, men-of-war and merchantmen. Read the casualty list, seeing a few familiar names. Cocoa at 9:30. I wake my neighbors, who are too lazy to get up. To sleep with extra blankets. So warm that I sweat. Singing in the streets, park until the morning. Frenchmen are carousing. Wine adds mellowness and beauty to their voices. During the day I have John change a window with two panes out, which is near me, for a full pane, which makes a great improvement in the temperature about my cot. I was beginning to feel pain on my right cheek from the draft.

Tue. Nov. 19, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: Fair, Headache, Cold

In Hospital

Up at 6 to wash, though very cold. When water touches my skin, I give off steam, like a hot stove upon which water has been poured. I hurry the job as much as I can and rub myself briskly with towel to keep warm. Back under cover and sleep until breakfast is brought. There is white meal, with plenty of milk, toast and coffee. I give my coffee to my neighbor, while the other, going to the kitchen for more mush, takes my bowl, too. He comes back with a full bowl, bigger portion than my first was, more milk, more sugar. I have difficulty in getting away with so much. Feel as full as a barrel. I can hardly sit up. Talk and smoke, shiver and debate with myself, whether I should sit up or sleep. Finally decide to write Leah's letter. Burrows interrupts to make up my bed. I freeze in 6's bunk for a while, sitting with my feet near his nose, which is no reason for him to stir. Between the cold sheets, I have difficulty in getting even fairly warm and then I must open up again to unroll my bandages and prepare to be dressed. My wound yields a lot of pus and is very sore. I ask the nurse many questions in connection with it, but the best answer I can get is that it takes time for a wound of that type to heal. She knows nothing about what the X-ray picture shows. I am very much worried about my leg. It does not feel at all healthy and I think, with dread, of poisoning. Resume writing and finish a short letter. There is much cleaning, and most of all a squad is at work upon the windows. The place quickly becomes a refrigerator. I ask the boys to hurry as much as possible when they come to mine. Talk again till dinner time. Dinner, soup like yesterday, but more fit to

eat, tomatoes, potato and the best of puddings, a chocolate streaked custard. Everybody clamors for more, but the KPs must fill upon what is left, after we are served. After dinner, I read and take a few minutes nap, then begin writing. Window cleaning is continued, taking the other side of the house. Directly opposite see a window is taken out and left out, blowing a draft of cold air upon my sheet and hands. I suffer for a half hour and then complain till one of the boys puts it in. Must put my hands under the covers to get warmth back into them. We have a good concert of flute and piano music by Walter and his friend. The boys around the stove are a little better mannered to-day, keeping fairly quiet, and I can better enjoy the music, which is good. Write until it is dark, then nap until supper time. A baked potato, stewed apples, toast, bread, tea, which is made of "varnish". I give mine to 8, who besides has his bowl full. Later he feels sick and I attribute it to the tea. We get those new patients who come back to us from the convalescent camp. I intend to read until I finish my book to-night, instead of writing letters. The boys about the stove have a most noisy discussion about the war and the fronts they were on, which I thought had been forgotten about. I get to talking to my neighbor and touch upon a thousand topics. He grows extremely confidential. I listen, but vouchsafe nothing in return. Talk until 8, then read until cocoa is brought. The boys are minded to pass me by again, as they did in the afternoon, but I yell until I get a cupful, after which I go to sleep. The boys who have come back from town have heard that the CC camp is to be sent back to the States within ten days and that the wounded go back first. Then, I dream of being in NYC hospital and see Leah and Mama until I awake at 12:20. From then on I shiver and freeze and cannot fall asleep again, until I have the orderly put extra blankets on me. Sleep and perspire after that.

Very uncomfortable and worried about my leg, which is sore. Boys who have been to town see returning French prisoners of war. "Cuckoo", in his characteristic way, tells us what they look like. Some have beards which seem to weigh more than the men themselves. They are too dazed to be happy at returning to their own country.

Wed. Nov. 20, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: Good

The doctor probes for iron.

Up at 6:00 to wash, wet and clammy from sweat. I move quickly and rub hard to guard against catching cold. Back to sleep until breakfast. I must be awakened by my neighbor. I linger long under the covers. My oatmeal grows cold. No bread this morning. Corn pone is the substitute. It is fine, but being only big enough piece to get 4 pieces out of it had better not been passed out. The coffee is fair this morning. It is very cold sitting up, in spite of the shawl, which I wear. I talk a few minutes to No. 8, then begin writing to Leah. Burrows interrupts, as usual, by coming to make my bed. I sit in 6 bed, and return to cold sheets. The Captain is dressing patients this morning. All those who can go into the dressing room for treatment, Red is one of them. The Captain is going to perform another delicate operation, Red being the victim. A splint is put on his leg, bent at the knee, preparatory to gradually straightening the limb. He comes out of the room with a strange bent splint on his leg and tears in his eyes for pain. I see the Captain dresses bed patients, which means that I am to prepare, as I am No. 2 to be dressed. He looks me over and then turns me over on my stomach, calls for my

records, which show that the X-ray man has seen two small foreign bodies in my wound. He begins to probe for them, telling me to be a good soldier and to rest easy if he hurts. He probes for ten minutes. The assistants hold my leg, which I cannot keep very still, for every time he touches the nerve, I twitch all over. The pain is not so very great, and by clenching my fists and gritting my teeth, I can stand it without crying out. I breathe heavily, which is my way of showing it hurts. Once the doctor touches something metallic. He thinks so, and so do I from the feel of it. Finally the doctor gives up and promises to work on me again in the afternoon, under the fluoroscope. I am re-bandaged and I try to continue writing. My leg hurts too much for me to sit up, so I go to sleep. I am cold and call for a hot water bottle. I do not wish to run the risk of my leg catching cold. Get up for dinner, vegetable soup, which is good, peas and potatoes, tapioca pudding. Nap till 3 o'clock, being tired and sleepy and cold. Then I begin writing. John, the orderly, monkeys with the electric light over my bed, with the result that it blows out, leaving me without light, because from the other side it is obscured by the curtains all around his bed. I write until it is almost dark, my eyes hurting from the effort. There is a lieutenant in the office taking the records of all men who are able to walk. This is move towards evacuation. Till supper time, I lie down again to rest my leg ankle. It feels wooden. Supper a bowl of stewed corn, some roast beef, hash, potato, stewed apples and tea, bread. After supper, impossible to do anything, because there is no light. It is dark by my bunk, only a little light coming through the curtains of No. 8's bed. He arranges them to give me as much light as possible, but the damn things are so placed as to obscure most of the light from that direction. When the newspapers come, I make an effort to read. Look for headlines about home-going preparations. Nothing of such a

nature in the newspaper. I glance over it quickly and get under the covers for the night and listen to the boys around the stove, who are spinning yarns about the front again. I am angry at the orderly for this enforcing idleness upon me. Cocoa comes at 9 o'clock. I get a cup to warm me up and try to sleep. I am restless and in pain all night, comfortable as long as my water bottle remains warm. Sweat profusely for a time. This worries me as usual. Shorty is our night orderly. A new nurse, too. After the doctor's little game is over, I wash my feet in green soap and water with John's aid. My feet are sore and calloused, so that I could spend a whole day peeling skin from them. My big toe cracked in one place from the cold, I believe.

Thu. Nov. 21, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: My wound sore, have high temperature

In hospital

Up at 6:00 to wash. My leg painful. Afraid there is something seriously wrong with it. Anxious to see the nurse about it. To sleep again until breakfast is brought. Oatmeal, toast, coffee. I get an extra bowl of grits, with plenty of sugar and milk. I read "Westward Ho" till I finish it. A feeling of a job done after much labor. Burrows makes my bed. I have a hard time getting out and a harder time getting back into my bed. It is accomplished by contortions never before used. The boys busily engaged cleaning up, after a long argument with Walter. Suddenly, and for no reason at all that I can see, they have gotten down on him and all vote not to work and to hamper his plans as much as possible. Mike, one of the ringleaders, and Tim, carried to the bed he is

in, only a few days before on the back of Walter. He has forgotten that kindness. The nurse comes to dress my leg. I have made up my mind that I will permit no poking with the wound this morning. When the bandage is off, I find my leg swollen an inch and the flesh hard and sensitive to the touch, especially to the right of the upper incision, almost close to it, which shows me the hole in my leg is almost clear through, for the doctor probes where the soreness is. There is a mixture of blood and pus in the discharge, this morning. I warn the nurse about poking. She obeys me and puts nothing into the hole but the drain. She bandages my leg tightly, and not long after takes my temperature, which proves to be high. I sleep until dinner is brought, for which I have little appetite. There is vegetable soup, potatoes and peas. No dessert. Cocoa was served at 11 instead. Lt. Conyers, who it was thought had diphtheria, is with us again. Issues orders that no one is to leave the ward this afternoon. The Colonel and Majors are coming to classify all patients at 2. He comes to ask me how my leg is and promises to dress it in the morning. I go to sleep, having no desire to sit up. At two, Walter calls attention. Our distinguished visitors have come. They reach me quickly. Cadaverous looking Major Bowen asks me all about it. I am doing my best in that respect when Lt. Conyers comes to help me. The Major listens to him. The Lt. has just spoken to Capt. Sites about me, so knows all about my condition. Major and the Disability Board marks me "D", which means nothing more cheerless than that I go back to the States, possibly near Leah as soon as practical in ship available for men in my class. Miss McDermott, changing the diet list, puts me on heavy diet. I haven't spunk enough to kick the nurse, but if she thinks I will eat every stew, she is mistaken. To-morrow I be a light dieter again. I go to sleep again. My supper is stew, potato and cold slaw, bread. I eat all but the

meat. No. 6 gives me some jam, part of the light diet, in exchange for the meat I have, after which I lie down again. I am at a paper for a minute, and the rest of the night, I lie with my hot water bottle half asleep, lean enough to bite, disturbed, and irritated by the slightest sound. When it is quiet, I dream of home and Leah coming to visit me with Mama. They are delicious moments. I have great faith that I will soon be home and that not many days will pass before I give Leah a virgin kiss. My leg extremely sore and swelling more. Captain Sites, I hear has been made a Major. I say he deserves promotion. There is fun with Miller since he was Nelson threatens after supper to go to the movies, and true to his word, dresses himself and gets out of bed, hobbling out on crutches. He tried to induce Mike to go, but Mike loses his nerve at the last minute.

Fri. Nov. 22, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: Wound very sore, high temperature.

In Hospital

Up at 6:00, after a night of alternate sweating and chills. I wash when water is brought. Back to sleep. Must be awakened for breakfast. Oatmeal, toast, corn bread, coffee. Sit up for a few minutes. I would like to write a letter to Leah. Debate with myself for a long time whether I shall. I sit and stare. My attention easily distracted by No. 8, with his uninteresting stories. Somehow I can't think of what to write and my pencil writes strange things, such as words ahead of their sequences and part of one and part of the next. My eraser works as often as the point of the pencil, so I give up in disgust. I think that if I will be here

much longer and have to listen to that constant chatter among the men around the stove and look on their horseplay, I will go insane. Not a soul respects the other fellow. It is constant battling, teasing, and wrangling, from early morning until long after the men are asleep. My bed is made up. The nurse dresses my wound. The swelling greater and moving towards the upper cut. All around the wound it is sore and hard. The wound, itself, not very painful. I suggest that the Lieutenant look at my leg. The nurse promises to tell him about it. My temperature is pretty high. I get under the covers and fall asleep until I am awakened by the K.P., who hands me a plate of stew, which I refuse to accept. Wait for Miss McDermott to come into the ward, so that I may complain. Fortunately, she comes before the light diets are served. I tell her a woeful tale about how stew affects me and she orders light diet for me. I give most of my dinner away. Soup, peas, potatoes, tapioca pudding. Force myself to eat. It worries me that I have no appetite. Sit up only a few minutes and slide under the covers. I sleep until awakened by the nurse, who takes my temperature. Sleep again, until the Lt. comes to look at my wound and ask questions. What the result of his deliberations is, I do not know. Sleep again until 4, when cocoa, especially prepared, is brought me. Sleep again until supper time. Feel as if I could sleep for a week. Not anxious for supper. Macaroni, tomatoes, baked potato, toast, bread, coffee. I give half of it away. Wakeful for a few hours, then sleep again. It begins to grow cold. Have my hot water bottle filled and wait patiently for the lights to go out. It almost drives me mad to have to listen to the chatter around the stove. New rumors about going home. My temperature taken still high. Cocoa comes. Lights out. I sleep till 12. Awake for 2 1/2 hours. Sleep the rest of the night. Sweat profusely, which worries me. I see myself in

New York with Leah and Mama near me.

Sat. Nov, 23, 1918

Weather: Fair, Cold

Health: Wound very sore, High temperature.

In Hospital

Up at 6:00 awakened by the orderly to wash, but I refuse, having no desire to get up. Breakfast is served early. Oatmeal, toast, prunes, coffee, just enough to satisfy me. Feeling miserable. My head is hot, and it hurts, and it might as well have been wood, for there is not a thought in it. My brain seems to be paralyzed. I lie down to sleep more, because my eyes are shutting, and they feel like hot cinders in my head. My leg is so sore, I have the greatest difficulty in turning. I wince with pain every time I move. Talk with my neighbors until I fall asleep. Burrows comes to make my bed, but he does not disturb me. I do not feel equal to the task of wiggling my way into No. 6 bed this morning. Next comes the nurse to dress me. She does nothing for me, but change dressings and drain. Not very great pus discharge. The swelling seems to grow larger and is affecting the cut. Whole affected surface harder and more tender to the touch. I have difficulty in restraining a howl, whenever it is touched. I am bandaged up and left to sleep again until dinner is brought. Cream of corn soup, a boiled onion, baked potato, bread. I give away biggest part of the onion, and all my bread. I can not bear the taste of dry bread. Feel listless and miserable, without the least desire to do anything, though my conscience pricks me for not writing to Leah. I know she will be worried about me, but I cannot help her. I can neither sit up nor think, so sleep again until the

nurse takes my temperature. Sleep again until supper time. An egg, and toast, bread and jam, coffee. Sufficient for my small appetite. A very wakeful night, murderously inclined towards every man in the ward who talks or makes a noise. I would give a good deal to be taken out of the ward into a place where there is quiet and peace and where men talk sense. There are orders that "A" class men are to appear at an inspection to-morrow, and the rumor is that immediately after inspection the men leave for Bordeaux. This inspires Jack Lowell, one of the A men, with the desire to get the necessary last drunk on to-night. He has laid his plans deeply. He is perfectly sober when everybody goes to bed after lights out, then he goes to the kitchen and drinks either lemon extract or grain alcohol. Whatever it is, it has an instant and powerful effect. First thing I know, while I am dozing, someone brushes heavily against my bed, hurting my leg. Thinking it is Jack and someone else wrestling, I protest, and ask that they go away, for I have a bad leg. Jack staggers into the aisle and bends over me to tell me that I should not "holler before I was hurt". I see he is drunk and humor him till he goes shouting and staggering down the aisle, defying all officers of the day and nurses. Unfortunately the officer of the day happens in at that moment, hearing Jack's tirade against him. Jack hides and it becomes as silent as the tomb, the officer asking Shorty, who is in the office, what the disturbance is about. Shorty satisfies him and he leaves. Walter, the wardmaster, gets up to argue with Jack, who goes into the kitchen for another swig and comes out reeling. Walter after him, threatening to put him to bed. Jack shouts and curses and dares him to. The ward is awakened. Mike sides with Jack senselessly. Everybody else tries to quiet Jack and Mike. Walter has no success getting Jack to bed. A fight starts at the far end of the ward. The

nurse comes in and helps restore quiet. Jack promises to go to bed for her sake but never for the blankety-blank Walter. But he spends too much time arguing about it, making Walter so mad that he threatens to call the OD in 5 minutes. He tells Shorty to call the OD, but Shorty will not obey. Walter, white with rage. The nurse soothes Jack again and gets him started towards undressing. It takes a long time and much patience to put Jack to bed, we having much to laugh at in the meantime. When in bed, Jack's tummy begins to hurt. He is up again and must go out to vomit and take pills, all the time talking about killing Walter. He almost breaks his neck getting out of bed and risks a bad cold walking about barefooted. I am sure I smell liquor when the nurse takes my temperature.

Sun. Nov. 24, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Leg very sore, High temperature.

In Hospital

Up at 6:00, after a night of broken rest, and a bath in perspiration. Painfully, I work myself up to a sitting position and give myself a perfunctory rub with a wash cloth. Slide down with the aid of my elbows and sleep till breakfast is brought. I am in hopes of not being awakened, but the K.P. insists on calling me. Breakfast, oatmeal, toast, coffee. I sit up for a time, because it is warm. The rain is pattering upon the roof above with a pleasant cadence and I would like to finish the letter I started Friday, but I am quickly compelled to slide down again, my only accomplishment being the reading of the newspaper. I promise, though, that after I am dressed and my bed is made, I will finish the letter. When Burrows

comes to make my bed, I am asleep, so he does not disturb me. The nurse wakes me. When I see my leg and the growing swelling, I suggest to the nurse that Iodine would both take the swelling down and relieve the pain. She does not know but she will ask the Lt. about it. Dressed and left to my own devices. Feeling a little better, after being dressed, I remain sitting up, and continue Leah's letter. It is a stupendous task. I sweat and bite my pencil and stare and have nothing of interest to write after all. I am as dull as a teamster. Oh, how I hate myself for being unworthy of Leah. I am heartily ashamed, because Leah may worry that what is purely a mental condition as caused by the severity of my wound. I address the letter not daring to read it over. Have it mailed by the first passerby. I sleep till 12, sliding under the covers to hide from myself like a whipped child. Have no appetite for dinner. Soup, baked salmon, potato, bread, rice custard pudding. Sit up for a smoke, then take a nap until 2 o'clock to rest my back. Have a struggle with duty for fifteen minutes, then get up. It takes me a half hour to collect myself, aided by a smoke. Begin writing. Get a special cup of cocoa from the nurse. At four o'clock, the doctor comes to look at my leg. He suggests that hot dressings be put on every four hours, as a temporary bandage is put on, till the dressings can be got ready. Miss Cruthers goes off for the day and I am forgotten about. Write until it is too dark to see. Call Miss McDermott's attention to the matter of dressing my leg. She prepares to do so at once. It feels good to have heat applied to my leg. I imagine that I can move about easier. Supper is baked potato, bread and jam, coffee. Smoke and sit up until I am tired, then down again. Read the newspaper, looking for some information that might tell me when we are going home. Same old stuff about doing the job of demobilization, quietly, which seems within a year. Walter and his friend give us a

flute and piano concert for two hours, which I enjoy. When that is over and I am left to my thoughts again, I grow angry that I still have to lie in my bed. When the lights go out, I sleep till twelve with a hot water bottle. Lie awake for a time being lulled to sleep by the patter of the raindrops on the roof. At two, I am surprised by the nurse waking me and the light of Shorty's lantern shining in my face. I cannot imagine what is the matter, so I will not get up. They tell me I am to be dressed, so I think it is morning, but wonder why it is dark. I finally understand and help them. The new dressings feel good and I fall asleep again quickly.

Mon. Nov. 25, 1918

Weather: Raining Mild

Health: Leg very sore, swollen

In hospital

Up at 6. Do not wash, as I intend to sleep late in the day. My leg is again wrapped in hot dressings by Shorty. It feels easy afterwards and I can fall asleep till breakfast comes. I eat it resting on my shoulder and elbow. Back to sleep again so that I am not disturbed by Burrows, who makes the beds. At 9:30, the nurse comes with hot dressings. The swelling has risen a little, spread somewhat and the whole surface is softer. Underneath, at the tendons, the pain seems to disappear. The old wound is draining well. I ask for a basin of hot water, towels, and change of pajamas. It is brought to me at once. I begin washing from the waist up. I am cleaner than I expected to be. In the midst of it, Miss McDermott comes with a tray full of cocoa cups. She gives one to me. I interrupt my bath to drink the richest, best cocoa we have ever had. Wash my legs not fussing much with my left. I notice the calves of my legs, once the firmest muscles of

my body, are as soft and shaky as mush. I am greatly saddened, and wonder how long it will take me to get back to their former condition. I get help to put on my pajamas and then make preparations for shaving. That is accomplished quickly, and I have feeling of newness and physical energy about me that is satisfying. Soon after my toilet, cocoa is served to the light dieters. I get a cup much inferior to the one I already had. I get pencil and paper, intending to write a letter to Leah, but I don't know where to begin or what to say. I am ashamed of myself, because I sit and stare. There is so much noise that I cannot think, much less concentrate. I give up in despair and slide under the covers later until dinner is brought. Dinner, soup, tomato sauce, potato, tapioca pudding. I propose to sleep until 2 o'clock and then try to write. Ask Frederick to wake me. At 2, I awake of my own accord, but I haven't the ambition or drive to sit up. I put it off for another half hour, another and another, until it is not worth while getting up at all, for it is growing dark. Not at all pleased with the prospect of the tremendous amount of work before me, nor have I any idea how I am to make it up. Cocoa is served again at 4 o'clock. After that, more hot dressings applied to my leg. Not bothered by anyone, so I sleep until supper is served. Stewed apples, rice that is unfit to eat, toast, tea. I ask for and get more apples, but not having eaten the rice, I am still hungry. After supper there is nothing for me to do but sleep again. The newspapers come but I see nothing of interest in them. There is not so very much noise, which allows me to sleep until Shorty comes with hot dressings, and the nurse takes my temperature. Cocoa comes. The lights go out, and I lie awake, listening to the rain patter upon the roof and wondering what Leah thinks that I have not yet been able to tell her I am cured. After two months, almost, in the hospital. I told her it was but a slight wound and to-day it is in worse

condition than when I was operated on. The wardmaster takes account and check of all material, and equipment in the ward, which is another definite move towards evacuation.

Tue. Nov. 26, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Leg very sore, swollen

In Hospital

Up at 6:00. Wash as quickly as possible so that I can get back under the covers. My leg is very sore and I cannot sit up long. Sleep again until breakfast is brought. Corn meal mush, toast, coffee. Under the covers again until disturbed by Burrows, who makes my bed. I have the greatest difficulty getting into No. 6 bed and my leg must be lifted over. Back in bed, I sit up till the nurse dresses my leg. It is draining satisfactorily from the bottom, but above the swelling, and the pain increases. Skin bad and shiny. I ask the nurse to have the doctor look at my leg to-day. After dressing, my leg feels so comfortable, that I am able to sit up and I feel at last able to write letters to Leah and Mama. I write a short letter to each. While I write, Postrel comes to chat with me. I practice Yiddish. It develops that Postrel knows the Apters of Staten Island. He wishes me to send his regards in my next letter. By now I have finished writing. Dinner is brought. Soup, potato and corn, tapioca pudding, bread. After dinner, a nap until 2 o'clock, then write until it is dark. Lights are procured for the places where there are none. That makes it possible for me to write a letter or read again at night. Preparations are being made for Thanksgiving Dinner. Two of our men volunteer to go to the Mess Hall to peel potatoes, turnips, etc. We are told we will have a printed menu and a full course Turkey Dinner, which will be served to light and

heavy dieters alike. Great anticipations. Supper, an egg, bread and jam, cocoa. Just enough to suit my appetite. I have been eating very little since my leg has been hurting. After supper I have nothing to do but read the newspaper and doze in bed. There is no noise and no concert to-night, so I doze off till Shorty puts more hot dressings on my leg. I get my hot water bottle filled and I am ready for a good night's sleep, but it has passed me by. I am wakeful. Besides my leg is so sore that I cannot find comfort, no matter how I lie. I moan and grunt all night long, and get only a few short naps of sound sleep.

Wed. Nov 27, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Leg very sore, swollen. My leg is dressed.

In Hospital

Up at 6:00 for wash, very unwillingly, because my night's rest has been so broken. Back to bed until breakfast is brought. It is still raining, and I am rather surprised to find that roof does not leak or that the building is not in danger of being washed away. Breakfast, oatmeal with milk, toast, coffee. Heavy diets get an extra dish and we got none, which makes me jealous. The tendons in my leg do not hurt this morning, so I can move about fairly comfortably. I sit up and write, after Burrows has made up my bed, and the nurse has again dressed my leg. I write till shortly before dinner is brought. Dinner, soup, boiled onion, baked potato, rice custard pudding, bread. Take a nap till two o'clock. Get up and write. My leg dressed again at 4. Cocoa brought and passed around. Write until it is dark, then rest again until supper is served. I have borrowed money from Postrel,

so that I might buy a can of smoking tobacco to be prepared for Thanksgiving Day. Supper, baked potato, stewed apples, cocoa. Rest for a half hour and finish a smoke and begin writing a letter to Leah. I can write fairly well to-night and do not mind the noise or the arguments among the men around the stove. Write a long letter and when finished there being an hour before the lights are put out, I decide to play a few games of solitaire. Reminded of Mama Block, as I play. Before long I see that I am winning the game and soon there is no doubt of it. Shorty interrupts to put hot dressings on my leg. Resume play and have rotten luck. Cannot turn up my cards at all. My luck grows worse, and twice I merely lay out the cards and cannot make a single shift. My back gets very sore, but I continue playing until the lights go out. Then I ask for my hot water bottle to be filled and I am ready for sleep. I am fairly comfortable and sleep well. Wondering at the rain. It puts me to sleep while thinking of Leah and home.

Thu. Nov. 28, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Leg sore and swollen.

In Hospital

Up at 6:00. Wash quickly and get under the covers again. It is still raining and yet no casualties have been reported, which mystifies me. I expect to hear the waves washing against the sides of the building. Breakfast, oatmeal, toast, coffee, which is below my estimate of what our Thanksgiving Day breakfast would be like. I lie down for a nap, intending to get up at 9 and wash. Burrows does not disturb me, but the nurse does. She comes at 9:30 to put on hot dressings, waking me out of a sound slumber. I stay awake for a while,

promising to get up at ten o'clock. Ten o'clock comes and I would rather stay in bed. I want another half hour's rest. When that is ended, I want more and again the same thing, till it is not worth while getting out of bed. Dinner will be served at two o'clock. It is doubtful, up to the last moment, whether walking patients will be fed in the Mess Hall or in the wards. Finally, word comes that the men will go to the Mess Hall. At 11 o'clock cocoa is served. As early as 12:30, the men go out to stand on the mess line, in spite of the steady downpour of rain. At one o'clock, the menus are given out in the ward. It is a surprise to me that the menu actually promises as much as rumors of yesterday said it would. There will be Turkey, Oysters, Dressing, Apple sauce, Celery, Potatoes, Turnips, Pie, Nuts, Bananas, Grapes, Coffee, Cigars, Cigarettes. I tell my neighbor that I can see where he gets a lot of extra food, for though I am very hungry, I never entertain a hope that I will eat all of it. The big dinner is brought into the kitchen gradually and before we know it, the nurses go into the kitchen and help portion out the dinner. Then the cart appears in the aisle, and the patients are served from the lower end of the ward, which brings my dinner to me in the first mess. Everything which is on the menu is served and more, D..... not being mentioned. The dinner is excellent. Well cooked and large portions of everything are given. It is so good that I eat all of it. Except for a piece of bread, my plate is clean. The turkey, the dressing, the apricot pie are prize dishes. The nurses give out about ten cigarettes to a man and the Lieutenant passes around a box of cigars. I swap my cigarettes for Frederick's cigar. Sit up for about an hour amid great excitement, contentedly smoking my cigar, waiting for inspiration to write, but it does not come. I grow tired sitting up, as I slide down under the cover, finish my cigar and fall asleep. I do not sleep long before I am awakened for hot dressing. Then shortly after,

the boys are told to go over to the kitchen for supper, which will be served at the regular hour. I chat with Frederick till the light diet is served. We get a great big portion of stewed apples, and twice as big a piece of apricot pie as we had for dinner, cocoa. I really should not eat it, because I am still full of dinner, but it is too good to give away, so I stuff myself properly. I am so heavy, that I have no ambition to write to Leah. Fortunately my stomach is digesting its enormous load, and I have not the discomfort of indigestion. I sit up for a half hour or so, sucking a cigar and reading the papers. There are celebrations next ward on either side of us, but our ward is comparatively quiet, as most of our boys have gone out for the evening. There is no one to play the piano. At the far end of the ward a group of boys is singing popular songs of all years and seasons, as far back as Rosie O'Grady. There are not enough others left in the ward to call for a barrage. I lie down again. Get a nap before Shorty comes to put hot dressings on my leg. I ask him not to bandage over the part where the swelling is and which hurts so much. It is almost an instant relief and I am able to lie comfortably on either my back or sides. Shorty tucks in my blankets and fills my hot water bottle, and puts out the lights, making me comfortable in every way, so that I might sleep, but I have had too much Thanksgiving Dinner and call many times for bed pans.

Fri. Nov 29, 1918

Weather: Raining, Mild

Health: Leg sore, very much swollen

In Hospital

Up at 6 for Shorty to put hot dressings on my leg and shortly after to wash. We are

given a surprise, when the bandage is pulled, to see the spot which has been trying to swell up for so long has become puffed up to the size of an egg, and the skin is considerably softened. This is the result of leaving the bandage loose at this point, giving it an opportunity to expand. We can now see what is wrong too. It shows plainly there is a pocket full of pus under the wound, which has healed a month ago. There is no pain today, in spite of the increased swelling. The pain was caused by the pressure of the part trying to expand against the bandage, which would not permit it to. Sleep again until breakfast is served. Oatmeal, toast, coffee. I can sit up this morning, without discomfort. Get out of my bed and crawl into No. 6, so that Burrows can make my bed. Then my leg gets more hot dressings put on by the nurse, who when she sees my leg and the swelling, which has risen still higher, calls the Lieutenant who is present. He promises to take care of me in the afternoon, which means an operation and that I dread. That being the case, I must get busy at once writing letters to Leah and Mama, for later I may not be able to. I write up till dinner time, without interruption. Cocoa is served at 11, and shortly before dinner, the nurse tells me I am not to eat anything today. This means ether, which I dread. Mail my letters. The next best thing to do is to go to sleep, so that I will not see too many morbid pictures of myself under ether. I expect the stretcher bearers to come for me any moment and when I hear a footstep, I open my eyes and fear the incoming surgery, but it is only patients that come in. The Lt. is in the office fussing with hospital records. There will be another classification this afternoon, which brings the Lt. in the ward and delays my operation. I manage to fall asleep and what seems but a minute later, my name is called, which startles me, thinking I am to be taken away. It is only the nurse come to take my temperature. I ask her if I am

to be operated on. She will ask the Lt. I am so hungry that I can eat wood, so the nurse lets me have a cup of cocoa. The Colonel and a couple of Majors go through the ward, and when their inspection is over, the Lt. comes to ask me how my leg feels and what it looks like. I am pleased to tell him it feels good and I think it will soon burst of itself if left alone. He goes away and the nurse comes to put hot dressings on and tell me I will not be operated on to-day. I mention that I would like six eggs and 12 slices of bread with jam. She pays no attention and I must wait until supper is brought. The best method of waiting is to sleep. Supper finally comes. An egg, jam and toast, bread and coffee. No. 6 has brought a lot of bread and apples from the kitchen. The apples he gives me helps make supper a success. After a rest, and a glance at the newspapers, I write a letter to Leah. That done I am ready for sleep. Shorty comes to put hot dressings on my leg. He gets me a hot water bottle and tucks in my blankets. The lights are put out. I listen to the rain and think of home until I fall asleep.

Sat. Nov. 30, 1918

Weather: Cloudy, Mild

Health: Leg very sore. The swelling bursts open.

In Hospital

Up at 5:30 for Shorty to put hot dressings on my leg. I notice that the infected part is so soft that it is likely to burst at any moment. I touch it at the place where the cut has healed and I almost stick my finger through. There is no pain whatever and, after bandaging, I can move around comfortably. I am sure that the pus will come out this morning of its own accord. I go back to bed and am too lazy to get

up to wash, when Shorty brings me a basin of water. Breakfast is brought and I am awakened to gaze upon a wonder. There is a bowl of oatmeal before me and, what is more, a dish containing an egg, some jam and bread and toast. The Mess Sergeant must have had a pang of conscience stick him very hard to set such a breakfast before us. Even the coffee is good this morning. I have more than I can eat and give part of my jam to No. 6. Then I go back to sleep until the nurse is ready for more hot dressings. Being asleep, I am not disturbed by the boys who make the beds. As soon as the nurse lifts off the dressings from my leg, we see the whole surface covered with a thick yellow pus, which has apparently oozed through the pores, for there is no hole visible. The nurse immediately calls the doctor, who is in the ward. He cleans up the leg and then without warning digs an instrument into the center of the newly healed cut, which does not give me much pain, but when he twists it in different directions to see if he can connect with the big hole from underneath, it makes me wince. I tell him that there never was a connection between the cut and the hole, so he stops poking. Everybody seems to get that false idea, that my wound is a through and through wound. The leg is squeezed from the sides and a considerable amount of pus is discharged from the hole made by the Lt. It gives me a little pain and afterwards great comfort. The hole at the bottom is draining satisfactorily. Hot dressings are again applied. There is a great deal of difference when I sit up. I can move my leg into any position without pain. I write, but I have no patience and I cannot think. Realizing it is futile to work thus, I go to sleep. Dinner is brought. Soup, peas and potatoes, tapioca pudding, bread. After dinner I lie down, intending to get up at two to resume writing, but when two o'clock comes, I am lazy, and I take another nap. Hot dressings, and having my

temperature taken, disturbs my slumbers. When it is dark, I am ready enough to get up, but it is too dark to do anything. I chat a while with Frederick and fall asleep again until supper is brought. Rice, stewed apples, toast, cocoa. I cannot eat the rice, so I ask for a second helping of apples and get it. I am satisfied with that and am able to sit up and write a letter to Leah. I begin but cannot finish it, having another spurt of blankness of mind. Hot dressings, hot cocoa, hot water bottle, blankets tucked inside, lights out and ready for sleep. I rather miss the patter of the rain drops. I am thinking of the operation, which I avoided to-day, and the joy of knowing that I will not be telling everybody in the ward about Leah and Cecilie, while under ether. I get letters from Leah and Lottie. Read them before dinner and am made happy. All good news, thank God.

Sun. Dec. 1, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 5:30 to have hot dressings put on my leg. Not much pus discharge. Up again at 6:00 to wash, lick and promise fashion. To sleep and up once more when breakfast is brought. This breakfast almost like home. The mess Sgt. still very gracious. A bowl of corn meal mush, two hard boiled eggs and toast, and coffee. It is enough to satisfy. Take a nap again until 9:30. The doctor looks at the leg and wants hot dressings continued for a few days. I write until I grow tired. There are a great many things being done to further evacuation. A list of men, who are in A Class, comes in. These men are to remain behind and evidently help tear down the hospital buildings and do other policing work. They are asked

their occupations with a view to disposing of them where they are most needed. Pay books are also among the things that come. They are to be filled out and handed in by to-morrow to the quartermaster. Fred is set to work, filling them out. He is lazy and not anxious to work and gets few done. Dinner, vegetable soup, stewed tomatoes, rice, tapioca pudding. After dinner a nap till 2:30. Then write as long as it is light enough to see. The Lieut. has given about a dozen men, led by a Sgt. permission to go out for a hike. They come back rosy-cheeked and full of vigor. I envy these boys as they breeze through the wards. I get a letter from Sam Friedman. Till supper time I rest, chatting with my neighbor and watching him play cards. Supper, baked potato, jam and bread, coffee. After supper, I rest for an hour, enjoying a good smoke and then write my letter to Leah, amidst a lot of noise. The boys are busy talking about going home. They have some new rumors. The wardmaster and Corporal finish the job of making out pay books and the Lt. stays with us all night to affix his signature to each book. Every holder from private to Sgt. is paid at the rate of \$33, a proceeding which no one can explain. I read the newspaper before I go to sleep. Shorty brings hot dressings and a hot water bottle, a cup of hot cocoa. I am tucked in, the lights go out, and for an hour after, I lie awake to dodge missiles, if they should come my way. There is a considerable "barrage" in which No. 5 joins. He again proves himself the most ignorant wretch I ever met by throwing the cans about in the dark.

Mon. Dec. 2, 1918
Weather: Fair, Mild
Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 5:30, for hot dressings. Awakened again at 6 to wash, but I do not get up. I sleep till breakfast is brought. The Mess Sgt. has tightened up again. We get only oatmeal and toast and coffee. Then I wash myself. My bed is made up by Slim, who does it Charlie Chaplin fashion, aided by Louis. The nurse applies hot dressings at 10. Cocoa is brought at 11, which is all there is to interrupt my morning writing. There is also considerable cleaning done, the preparation for some sort of inspection. Dinner, soup, baked potato and peas, bread and pudding. Take a nap and ask to be awakened at 2 o'clock, but do not get up until 3:00, when I begin writing and stay on the job till the light fails. Nothing to do but lie down again till supper time. Supper, an egg, toast and jam, with the addition of a little hash, as extra, tea, which tastes like varnish, and which I cannot drink. We have a new nurse to relieve Miss McDermott for four hours. She is a very funny creature, but distinguishes herself by paying more attention to the patients than to the dog. After supper, I smoke my pipe and watch Frederick play solitaire for an hour. Then the lights go out due to trouble with the wires used over at the Red Cross. All the boys who have been to the movies come back and make a great noise. I lie down and fall asleep, waking just in time to get a cup of cocoa and to see the lights go up. It is not worth while beginning a letter to Leah now, so I propose to write it in the morning. Hot dressings and a hot water bottle come. I am tucked in and I try to go to sleep again, but I am wakeful.

Tue. Dec. 3, 1918
Weather: Cloudy, Mild
Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 5:30 to have hot dressings put on my leg. There is much pus flowing from both upper and lower openings. Awakened again at 6 to wash, but I do not get up. Sleep until called for breakfast. Only a bowl of cornmeal mush and a slice of toast with coffee. I take a nap until disturbed by the nurse with new hot dressings. Then I sit up and get to work on my letter to Leah and one for Mama. Interrupted only by the boys who bring cocoa at 11. A squad of strange men come into the ward and make for our piano. They take it out by the side door and we hear it is not to be returned. It is Miss Johnson's property and she takes it for the ward she has been transferred to. It is quiet enough to write well. Most of the boys go out, after doing the morning chores about the ward. Finish writing a few minutes before dinner is brought. Soup, peas and potatoes, bread, tapioca. Rest till 2:30. Write as long as the light permits. I lie down to rest until supper time. Hardly am I settled in bed when I am tapped on the shoulder from behind and handed a bundle of letters from Leah and Lottie. Nine cheerful letters from Leah and four from Lottie. I have reports up to October 16th, when they are still ignorant, at home, of my having been wounded. I was in hopes that the last letter received would tell me that Leah knew and that she was not worried, but now I must wait four or five more days for a new batch of mail to come and perhaps I will be on my way home by that time. I finish Leah's letter by supper time. Baked potato, stewed apples, cocoa. Last, after supper four letters from Lottie to read, with clippings from the newspapers, also a book given to me by

Wilson, "The Brute" by F. A. Rousseau. Light, trashy reading, which whiles away the time till seven o'clock. I am about to begin writing Leah's letter when the lights go out. They remain out till almost nine o'clock, then Shorty gets busy with hot dressings. Cocoa is served. I do not need a hot water bottle to-night. It is warm. Lights out, and I fall asleep shortly.

Wed. Dec. 4, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 5:30 to have hot dressings put on, then later awakened to wash, but I do not get up till breakfast. A simple one, cornmeal mush, toast, coffee. After breakfast, continue reading "The Brute". My bed is made up by Louis, who is working without his partner. All men with leg and arm wounds have been ordered over to the adjutants office for another classification and examination. The doctor himself dresses my wound. He advises that no more hot dressings be put on my leg. With his instruments, he pries into both holes, explaining that the wounds must be kept open to allow proper drainage. He puts a drain in each hole. In the upper one, he uses one so large, that it is literally stuffed full and gives me pain. Comfortable enough after being dressed, but anxious to know when the doctor will let the wounds close up. I can now write Leah's letter without being interrupted. Cocoa is served at 11. When I finish writing, I continue reading "The Brute". Dinner, soup, peas, potato, tapioca, bread. I read my book again, for I would like to finish it. At 1:30 it is all over. I wonder how a good man can love a good for nothing woman, by a look. I am sleepy, so I take a nap until 3 o'clock. Write until it gets dark. Handed a single letter, which

I imagine is from someone in France. To my surprise, I find it is from Leah directly from home. Open it avidly. First thing I see is that Leah made soup, roast, etc., which tells me all I want to know. They are not worried at home. A great weight lifted from my mind. I feel as light as a feather. I read the letter twice over as I lie in bed, resting until supper time. A doctor, one who has examined 8 and 90, before he comes to examine me, wants to know if I can move my foot up, down, in and out. After a misunderstanding, I find out what he wants and do it satisfactorily. He marks me negatory. The Major recaps patient wounded in the leg as the same thing. Supper, spaghetti with tomato sauce, which I cannot eat, I ask for some jam for the bread I have. I get it, plentifully, besides a dish of prunes and a cup of tea, which follows. I sit up and chat with my neighbor and watch him play solitaire until seven o'clock, when it is time for me to begin writing my letter to Leah. I finish at 8:30, and read the newspapers. A list has come in which has on it the names of all D men who leave Saturday. Greatly disappointed to find that my name is not on it. I suppose it is all on account of those infernal drains in my leg. There is a lot of excitement when the men know that they are going home. Console myself that it will not be long before we follow. Cocoa is served. The lights are put out, and I go to bed without any fuss.

Thu. Dec. 5, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 6. Called by Shorty to wash. I know a trick that makes it unnecessary to get up before breakfast. Breakfast is brought, and I am again awakened. Cornmeal mush, toast,

coffee, after which I wash myself and clean my teeth. It seems the administration of the ward is going to pieces. No one makes beds this morning. I write a letter to Milton Stauer, one to Etta and one to Mama. The Lieut. dresses my wounds. I suggest that there is too much drain in the holes. He decides to leave them out entirely, which pleases me immensely, but he still insists on digging with his instruments. I can sit up very comfortably. Boys are making preparations to leave. They go to the Red Cross and get sweaters and tobacco and toilet articles; to the quartermasters for complete equipment. Pay books are handed to the men who leave on Saturday. All of which makes it look as though there is quibbling about the order this time. Read until dinner is brought. Cold, tasteless soup, string beans, browned potatoes, custard pudding. Sleep, asking to be awakened at two. Frederick does as I ask of him, but I do not get up till 3. I write for an hour. Nurse brings me two letters from Lottie, telling me that everybody at home is cheerful. They have had no official notification from the Government that I was wounded. Lottie tells me of the celebration in New York when news of the Armistice having been signed came. Everybody got drunk, which shows men are much the same the world over. Happy as I am over the receipt of Lottie's letter, I am disappointed that there was none from Leah. Supper, spaghetti with tomatoes. I have grown tired of the stuff, so I refuse it. Ask the boy to get me some jam, and if possible some eggs. I do not expect he will bring the latter, but he surprises me with 3 raw eggs and half a bowl full of jam, with which four of us cover our bread and still have enough left for breakfast. I suck two of the eggs, eat a dish of prunes, besides bread and jam and coffee, which fills me to the brim. I read Craig Kennedy till 7 o'clock, then begin my letter to Leah. Ever since awaking, I have been conscious of the

odor of onions. It seems to be on my blankets and sheets and all over. Yesterday, one of the boys near the other end of the ward had the same complaint to make, and someone spoke of having rubbed onion over the lads bedclothes. I did not pay much attention to it, so I do not know who played the trick. Today, I have the trick played upon me and on account of yesterday's inattention, I do not know who the culprit is. It is very annoying to sniff onion all day long. Sometimes the breeze of a passing men wafts the odor to me so strong, that it brings tears to my eyes. I finish Leah's letter and have time left to read some of the fascinating Kennedy stories. It grows noisy when the boys come back from the movies, and presently I close my book. Cocoa is brought as I am about ready for bed. My leg is fairly comfortable and I have no difficulty falling asleep.

Fri. Dec. 6, 1918

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good, Leg a trifle swollen.

In Hospital.

Called at 6:00 to wash. I have no intention of getting up till breakfast is brought, because I am all wet with sweat and fear I will catch cold. Breakfast, oatmeal, toast, coffee. I sit up, wash and clean my teeth and feel very comfortable. I read Craig Kennedy till the finish, when my bed is usually made up, but this morning nobody comes, and nobody seems to care about any bed. Continue reading without calling attention to the fact that my bed has not been made. The Lt. himself dresses my leg. To our surprise, we find the leg is swollen in the same place the trouble was before. He gives instructions to the nurse to watch my temperature, and if necessary, hot dressings will again be applied to the leg.

Though swollen, my leg does not prevent me from sitting up. I have a notion to write a few letters to those whom I owe an answer. I write to Rita Lemlime, which is a task that takes up the remainder of the morning. To the boys who leave to-morrow, pay books are issued, with instructions to appear at the quartermasters at 8:30 to draw their money. The boys went gladly and with great expectation of buying souvenirs immediately after, but the P. M. puts them off until 1:30. Dinner is brought. Soup, browned potato and boiled corn, tapioca pudding. Contrary to custom, I do not go to sleep. I mean to finish the book I am reading. That takes me till 1:30. I am duly sleepy after that. I propose to sleep for an hour. I ask Frederick to call me. He does so, but I do not get up. Set three o'clock as the time for getting up. With an effort, I keep my promise. Get up and write till it is dark. Nap till supper time, expecting to be called to read a letter from Leah, but none comes, at which I feel aggrieved. Supper, a baked potato, canned apricots, toast, coffee, and a little hash for extra. Having no book to read, till it is quiet enough to write a letter to Leah, I take to playing solitaire. The nurse comes with hot lemonade. I tell her I do not care for any. But, I would be delighted with an egg-nog. She returns with a concoction, which fills three quarters of a glass with chocolate and the rest cool refreshing egg. It is delicious but a trifle too rich, making me very thirsty. When the boys go out, I begin my letter to Leah. The men have been to the paymaster at 1:30 and were put off till 4:30 and then again till 7:30, so they are all on line, waiting for pay, and as a result, it is quiet for a long time. When they do come back, I see that Daniels, the noisy little wretch, whom I would like to spank, has a bottle of cognac, which looks like somebody will get drunk to-night. He gives ...tling and Kashwell a drink, and puts the bottle away. When the lights are put out, about

a dozen of his gang congregate about Daniels at the stove and then drinking begins. Somebody is sensible and refuses to let men drink and to my surprise, the gathering breaks up with everybody sober. Daniels goes to bed with part of the bottle, unfinished, under his pillow. They are all sure that they will not sleep on account of the joy the thought of going home engenders, but soon most of them snore.

Sat. Dec. 7, 1918

Health: Good

In Hospital.

Today one year in the Army. Celebrate the Anniversary by sleeping all day.

Up at 6:00, when called by Shorty, after a poor night's rest. Again I am wet from perspiration. I do not get up till breakfast is brought. Cornmeal mush, bacon and bread, also jam, coffee. One of those days when there is too much to eat. The new men who go away today are all ready to go and are waiting impatiently to be called. I have nothing to read, but I should write a letter to Mama. I am not very anxious to begin, for the reason that I am interested in seeing what goes on in conversation with the boys' departure. Again nobody makes my bed. There is no organization at all, but in the ward important things are left undone. About 9:30, the boys are called to assemble outside. They bid those remaining, good-bye, gleefully happy to be moving from 13. They spend a half hour outside and are sent back. The train is not yet in the station. They are examined for throat infections, in the ward. I slide under the covers for a nap. Awake just as the doctor comes to dress me. Gratifying improvement in condition of my wound. There is no swelling.

It has gone down and the pus under it has drained out of both holes, in considerable quantity. The leg feels very comfortable. I am still sleepy, so I pound my ear till noon. Dinner is brought. Soup, potato, peas, rice pudding. Nothing to do, I am still sleepy and lazy. I am not inclined to write or read, still, I have to go to sleep. I know I am wasting valuable time, which I cannot make up, but my eyes smart so, they insist on going to sleep. My temperature is taken, while I am half conscious, and the thermometer drops upon the mattress. Scolded by the nurse for my lack of interest. Sleep again without waking until supper time. Again disappointed that I have no mail from Leah. The boys were ordered out again, this time going as far as the station, waiting there for an hour or more, and being sent back till after supper, because loading is very slow. Supper, an egg, toast, with jam, coffee, bread. A desire to play solitaire, so I satisfy it. Later I have the big job of writing a letter to both Leah and Mama. The boys are called again. They say good-bye again, this time not coming back. They go immediately after the litter cases are taken out. There is a grateful quiet in the ward after the men leave. "The heavy artillery is gone" one lad says. Anyhow, not a single thing is thrown all night. The difference is noticeable. I do not write my letters after all, because the lights go out and remain out for an hour and a half. Of course, I nap again. The lights switched on, I awaken. There is another list in the office, containing names of men to go out 7:30 in the morning. Frederick is writing on the shelf of the office window. He sees my name on the list and hears my name mentioned. He sends me a note telling me the good news. I can hardly believe it. Those men who go out must be equipped with clothing and ordnance tonight. Only slips are given to me in bed to sign. Our paybooks are handed to us. It is long past time for putting out the lights. The orderly

and Miller and the Sgt. busy making arrangements till twelve o'clock, when he and all who are able to walk go to the P.M. for equipment. I try to while away time reading my trashy book. Walter, the wardmaster, whom I question to make sure that I go out tomorrow, tells me that two men out of four who are named will be all that go among the litter cases. This is more like it. It is more natural that there should be uncertainty about me and I expect I will be left behind in the end. My equipment is brought in, a dirty musty barracks bag. In a half hour things settle down. The lights are put out and I go to sleep. I pray that I am shipped out tomorrow. We are informed that breakfast will be served at 6. I ask Shorty for an egg. I get it, but Shorty feels it is necessary to deliver a letter to me. He says he dislikes me, because I command, but he shows his good nature nevertheless and is pleased to give me an egg-nog and, what is more, he will give me one every night, but I must please not be so commanding, so in other words a little more humble.

Sun. Dec. 8, 1918

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up at 5:30 to make preparations for leaving, if I am to be one of the lucky ones. I shave and wash and then breakfast is brought. Cornmeal mush, Karo, bread, coffee. A short rest and a smoke, look at the pile of letters I received while in the hospital and wonder what I am to do with them. I decide to burn Lottie's letters and the envelopes of all Leah's, which reduces the bulk of the pile considerably. This and the packing of other small articles into my barracks bag takes considerable time. I learned that I am to be evacuated, one of two when the Lt. selects at

the last moment. The doctor comes to look at my leg and dress my wound, but I have such a litter of things on my bed, that I must ask him to wait a moment. He goes away, a little angry with me and gives his attention to the many walking patients, who are at the office door, waiting to have their records completed. There is much activity and excitement in the ward, but outside all is quiet and no word comes as to when we move. The doctor, having completed work in the office, begins dressing patients, who go out. Miss McDermott comes to me to remove old bandages. I tell her I am going home. She hints that I am not to put too much stock in what the Lt. said, and intimates that he may have changed his mind. The Lt. comes and dressings are taken off. A most surprising sight with our eyes. The upper cut, contains not a bit of pus, is dry and the drainage hole half closed up. Below there is only a slight discharge and the leg as a whole is normal in size and feels natural. The doctor and I both marvel at the sudden change in condition. Then he tells me he had justly decided to keep me here, but in view of the condition of my leg, he will surely send me. Gives me instructions that drainage holes must be kept open. Miss McDermott a trifle confounded that the dark hints did not materialize. I resume packing joyfully and finish shortly. The ward comparatively empty and quiet, as it never was before. The beds, which were vacated yesterday are stripped of linen and cots are taken out of aisle. Still no sign of movement. I have no letters to write and my writing cannot be done, because pen and ink are packed up. So, the best thing to do is to take a nap and be awakened by sonorous cheerful voice telling me to get ready to wiggle on to a stretcher. But, I sleep on fitfully till dinner is brought. Soup, string beans and potatoes, bread. After dinner, the rumor is that we will not move this day. Train not heard from. I go to sleep at one o'clock and know

absolutely nothing of what happens until Frederick wakes me to take my supper. I do not realize where I am. Never before have I slept so soundly. Our pay books are taken away and returned, being told we will be paid at port of debarkation. Supper, rice and tomatoes, jam, bread. I do not want the rice and ask for a substitute. Get baked salmon and a half can of jam, more than I can eat. I am no longer sleepy. I have nothing to read. There are no letters to write and it is too dark to write in my diary. The only thing left to do is to play cards with Frederick. We play casino. I am beaten badly, in spite of fact Frederick is an amateur at the game. We play until the lights fail. They go on, then off again. The trouble is fixed, and we play till the lights are turned off for the night. Frederick kindly makes my bed and tucks me in, while Shorty looks on and tells nurse that I have a dozen orderlies. Breakfast ordered for 6 o'clock and we are to be ready at 7:30. A day more or less makes no difference to me, but I am by no means proud of having wasted a whole day, which was quiet enough to have permitted me to do a whole lot of work. Of course I am sleepless and lie on my back scolding myself for being lazy, and I see pictures of home. Ask Shorty for an egg-nog and meet with a refusal.

Mon. Dec. 9, 1918

Weather: Raining at Night

Health: Good

Leave B.H. 13 for Beau Desert

Called out at 6 for breakfast. Oatmeal, bacon, jam, bread, toast, coffee, as much as I can eat. Say good-bye to Frederick and others. Give Frederick my Gillette Safety Razor, which he promises to return just as soon as he gets back home. He gives me his address and I

let him have mine. I dress again in socks, bath robe, etc. and am all ready to be taken away. The Lt. is in the ward early and busy at his dressings. My leg wound still remarkably dry and clean. Doctor assures me I will travel in good shape. I rest till orders come. Empty beds are entirely dismantled and taken down. A clerk comes to write me up, which looks like business. At 9:00, Sgt. tells us to get ready. Litter patients will be taken out at once, and walkers are to assemble outside. I am carried out, say goodbye as I travel down the aisle. I feel fine physically, and happy at the thought of going back home. Put down on the ground outside, where the trolley car runs, to wait for an ambulance. An object of curiosity to the native Frenchmen. At last I see the trolley car that I have been so anxious to see. It is a dirty, dinky little affair, with a few passengers. The town, or part of it that I see, has 4 or 5 story grey stone tenements, very old, with a look of poverty. Some women at windows to look at us. The ambulance comes, and seems within an inch of my stretcher, scaring me. I am with Tirdemann of my ward, but whom I have never seen. He was No. 52. We strike up an acquaintance. Put in the ambulance and whisked off to the station. By sitting up as much as I can, I see some of the town in the minute it takes us to get out to the station. Our train is not yet in. With Tirdemann, I am taken into a back room of the station, one of many given over to the Red Cross for use as a sort of infirmary. The personnel is French. A high ceilinged room with beds and easy chair in it. Placed next to Tirdemann, who tells me he read a magazine article, last night, which claimed that it was vitally necessary for the U.S. to come to Europe to brew certain things. This he says angers him. I think he is a fool and tell him we need Europe as much as Europe needs us. The discussion is interrupted by the arrival of dinner, as good a dinner as ever greeted my

eyes, and tasty. Roast beef, potatoes, salad, clear tapioca pudding with stewed apples, a square of very good bread and a bowl of real coffee, too much for me to think. I was not particularly hungry, but the quality of the meal creates my appetite. We have an hour for a chat and a smoke. The train has come in the meantime and I am carried out, being separated from Tirdemann. Put in an upper berth of a wooden car, American of course, but not quite as up-to-date as those I have become accustomed to traveling in. Center bunks are taken out and lower berths are used for walking and sitting patients. We take on 14 bed patients and 36, who sit on the lower berths, an uncomfortable seat, being too wide to permit of resting the back against the sides of the car. Another hour of red tape and fuss, during which the Red Cross lady gives each man 2 packages of 20 Mamola cigarettes. A welcome gift to me, though the Turkish cigarette smokers are displeased. I can see very little through the windows opposite. We run along the bank of a pretty river, where there are fishermen trying their luck. The houses we pass have little truck gardens around them, which are under cultivation. It is queer to see growing crops in December. I grow tired of straining my eyes and turn in for a nap. It is hot up on top. There are no windows open and though I have but one blanket over me, I sweat. Supper is brought a little after 4. I am not hungry and there is little to eat. A slice of bully beef, two pieces of bread, a potato, which I refuse, and coffee. It grows dark and the lights are switched on, which makes it hotter up above. I borrow a copy of Life to read and a newspaper, which whiles away the time. The rest of the time I smoke, or try to sleep. The traveling very slow, making many stops and long ones. There is a bit of amusement listening to one of the orderlies, constantly trying to convince the other from Kentucky that he knows nothing.

Kentucky is a very meek, sober lad, just as "tough". My leg feels comfortable. One reason for that, perhaps is that my classification card reads "for duty in U.S.A." We are in the Bordeaux station about 12. From the sound, I judge it is a very large place, but I cannot see a thing. I awake from a nap to look about. Go to sleep again in the still darkened car.

Tue. Dec. 10, 1918

Weather: Raining, Chill

Health: Good

*In B.H. 22, Beau Desert on the coast
near Bordeaux*

Awakened by the turning on of the lights and the command of an officer to wake everybody. We are about a mile and a half from our destination. The officer asks a lot of sleepy, surly men, the nature of their injuries and with that to guide his, assigns them to either Base 22 or 114. They are on opposite sides of the railroad track and are both being used to house men awaiting shipment to the States. It takes little time for the officer to finish his task, but we remain stalled for a long time. The lights having been turned off again, everybody goes to sleep again. I am as hungry as a bear actually. Keeps me from falling asleep at once. Wishing for food does no good, for there is nothing to be had. I fall asleep, wishing, and the next thing I know, we are again awakened, and I am hustled out of my bunk on to a litter. I am wet with perspiration. The doors being opened it is cold in the car now, and in a minute I freeze stiff. Only one blanket is put over me, though I beg for more. Taken outside, I find it is raining, each drop being as cold as ice, and shiver so that I fear my leg will be affected by the cold. A barren, flat, extremely muddy spot, in which

there is not a house to be seen, but low brick, one story hospital buildings. The air is damp and there is a smell of salt, which instantly reminds me of Edgemere. On inquiry, I learn we are very near seashore. I am picked up and carried a considerable distance to the receiving ward, which looks like the floor of an exchange, there being boards which show empty beds and wards and which are checked off as patients are assigned to places. A great noise, booths where records are written up and officers check incoming business, many typewriters on a long bench and tables for writing. Hospital Briefs. Everybody working in overcoats at top speed to get the men in beds as soon as possible. I am put down on the comers floor to shiver for ten minutes or so. My back feels like a sheet of ice. My litter bearers, being in a hurry to finish their work, have us put through sooner than some who have come in ahead of them, for which I am grateful. Taken outside again, assigned to ward 87, another long journey. I wonder how the boys can carry me without resting. In the ward it is almost as cold as outdoors. There are not many patients, but I am carried to the extreme end in the corner. On the way down the aisle, I see Mike. The sheets are cold, the mattress is hard, and there are only two blankets for covering, so I am just as cold as ever. I look at my watch, and am surprised to find it is four o'clock. Were it not for that, I would have asked for something to eat. I manage to sleep a little. Breakfast is brought about 8. Oatmeal, unsweetened, bacon, toast, coffee. Not enough to satisfy me. It is a bit warmer now. The nurse comes to make my bed and from her I get two extra blankets, one to cover me and another to use as a shawl. Doctor makes the rounds, making inquiry as to nature of cases. Nurse comes to dress my leg. She thinks it is only a slight injury until I tell her the history of it. Doctor around again to classify men. Object is to join companies of

men who use crutches, litter patients and walkers. I have quite a discussion with the doctor about my case. I put the responsibility of classifying me up to him and he decides to put me in a litter company. Receive a visit from Daniels and Pestrel, whom I thought had already left for home. My mattress is so hard that it hurts my spine. I must lie down to rest until dinner time. Dinner, boiled onion, potato, parsnip, toast, jam. Take another nap. I don't quite feel like writing, but I would like to read. Ask the orderly for a book. He brings me "Mr. Todd" by O.J. Cutcliffe Hyne. First I read a magazine, Macaulays. Interesting articles hold my attention. It is so dark in my corner, it is difficult to read, but by facing towards the light, I manage. Supper, pickled beets, rice pudding, salmon, toast, coffee. Nobody is satisfied with the food and another complaint is that the dishes are rusty and dirty. After supper I read my book. Most absorbing are stories that keep me wide awake. Excellent, because interesting situation and facts. The lights improve as the night slips away. Here the lights are kept lit until 10. I read till I can sit up no longer and put away my book unwillingly, until tomorrow. Go to sleep, warm enough for comfort. It has been raining all day and has been rather cheerless, but the quiet is most eerie, talk and enjoyables. Everybody happens to mind his own business. At night there are a few minutes deviltry, but no barrages.

Wed. Dec. 11, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Awakened at 7 to wash in a glassful of water, which is cold. Lie down again to wait the coming of breakfast. Oatmeal, no milk or

sugar, apple sauce, bread, coffee. My leg feels fine this morning. There is no pain and I can almost feel that there is no pus or discharge from the wound. Therefore, I decide to change my diet from light to heavy. I believe a little meat will help build up the sinews. Bed made up, for which purpose I get out upon the floor and receiving a match for my pipe, I walk across the room to Johnson, the negro, coming back immediately. Calf, ankle and sole ache from the effort. Back into bed again. Read Mr. Todd, pending the arrival of the dressing cart. As I thought, there is no pus discharge from my wound, just a little blood stain on the dressing. Only a thin bandage wrapped around the leg. I begin to think of walking again some time during the day. Resume the reading of Mr. Todd. Keep at it until time for dinner. Dishes are handed out. I get a disgustingly rusty knife. I wonder how such things get by in a hospital, where cleanliness is predominant. It cannot be used and must be laid aside. Dinner consists of boiled beef, potato, bread and jam, coffee. Time off for a smoke. Begin writing and go on undisturbed until a little after four, when the light fails. Accomplish more than I expect to, because of the quiet. There are only about twenty five patients in the room, most of when require no attention. There are no nurses or doctors running about. Occasionally, an orderly is needed. Lie down for a rest until supper time. At 5, a Lt. comes to examine men for nerve injuries. I know the test and when he approaches me, I merely tell him I am O.K. Have a little sleep. Supper, cold slaw, rice, bread pudding, bread, coffee. Shortly after supper, I finish my book, giving it to Owen. Chat with my neighbors for want of something better to do, tell them the story of the lost battalion and how I was hurt. A hum of excitement from far corner end of ward. Record cards are being given to each patient. Walkers trying to dress and make read to

move. Every man in the ward to be transferred to the next one. No reason given for the queer order. I get ready in ten minutes. Also, get out of bed for a walk towards Johnson. Get some candy, which I have been longing for. The ward empties rapidly. Looks queer with only five or six litter patients remaining. A wait of a half hour, which is spent in bed. Litters come and I am taken into ward 28. There placed on the floor to wait till a bed can be found for me. The ward is full to overflowing. Men taken out of beds and sent to sleep in the tent outside. A bed is brought for me and put in the aisle. In it is a mattress, which must have been manufactured like cement sidewalks. It is just as hard, full of ridges and irregularities. There are no sheets and I have no pillow. No use to complain, for I realize it is only a makeshift, due to overcrowding. Look about me to see where the other boys were placed. Find them all near me. Try to go to sleep. It is long past 10, but the lights still burn. They are not put out till everybody is settled. Of course, I get a very good night's rest. An aviation instruction field nearby. Fliers take advantage of slightest lull in the rain by going up for practice spins, flying low.

Thu. Dec. 12, 1918
Weather: Rainy, Cold
Health: Good

In Hospital

Up early, useless to sleep late. A towel is lying over my bed, but no water is brought to wash in. Breakfast, oatmeal, bread, coffee. Then prunes are given out and a cup of milk, I manage to wheedle out of Shorty. It is awfully cold and drafty in the aisle. We, Owen and I, are directly in front of the door, which is being constantly opened and shut by the boys who must go to and from the tent outside. Officer

rules there is to be no smoking in the ward. We listen but do not intend to obey. At every opportunity, we smoke, and even have the audacity to throw the ashes on the floor. One of the boys is watching for officer. Read Popular Mechanics magazine. A nurse comes in to make beds. In five minutes she has one end of the ward in an uproar. A vulgar, foolish thing, who cannot see the boys are making fun of her instead of laughing at the crude jokes. She comes to my bed when she is called to help with the dressing. The Lt. by routing two men out of bed, makes arrangements to put our beds in their places. He helps shift beds, as though he were an orderly, after which the entire outfit, two Lts. and two nurses, begin dressing wounds. They make rapid progress and reach me early. Little pus discharge today. Doctor's opinion is that I need dressing only every other day. Resume reading. My attention wanders. It is not quite so still in this ward, on account of the many men. We have an orderly, who forgets what is wanted of him, before he gets to the end of the room. I call for a basin of water for a shave and he brings me a cupful of drinking water. I do not scold him, for he is most good-natured and willingly returns to get the right things. Dinner is served, early. A piece of meat, which can be eaten only in a sandwich, a rotten potato, rusty utensils, as usual, bread, coffee. The afternoon is spent writing for about an hour and napping the rest of the time. Only right foot bothers me somewhat. It is very hard and dirty. Promise myself it will be attended to to-morrow. It is torture to sit up in my bed and almost as bad to lie in it, I ask a nurse to finish the job of making my bed. Good to get between sheets again. Supper, a queer tasting rice, which I judge has cheese in it, bread pudding, bread, coffee. I look for something to do. The lights are bright enough to write by, but I would rather read. Find a book on the next bed. "To Have and to Hold". Johnston. It interests

me sufficiently to keep me occupied all night. Towards ten o'clock, I get out of bed and fix up my blanket somewhat. My legs are stiff and sore from the unwanted exercise of yesterday. Go to sleep. The lights go out. Everybody acts his little specialty, until it grows hateful. The orderly asks for quiet. The men respect him. Sleep broken. Restless all night.

Fri. Dec. 13, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Another unsatisfactory wash at 7:00 AM, afterwards napping until breakfast is served. Cornmeal mush, without milk or sugar, stewed apricots, bread, coffee. Continue reading my book. In spite of doctor's suggestion that I do not need dressing, I remove my bandages, so the cart man sees, and wait for attention. The dressing taken from the bottom discloses only the slightest stain of blood. I look at my wound with the aid of a mirror. It is dry and the hole is closed. The doctor scolds me for removing bandages and takes his time about dressing me. Resume reading until tired of sitting, then read lying on my side, which is almost as painful for shoulders, hips, knees and ankles and whenever my body strikes the mattress it hurts like fury. I ask the orderly for hot water and green soap in which to bathe my feet. He tells the nurse about it. No green soap in the house, but after dinner I may have hot water and soap. Dinner, meat, potato, bread and jam. One look at what is put into my plate and I find I have no appetite. Refuse meat, potato and coffee, making my dinner of bread and jam. Take a little nap, awaking at 3, when aeroplanes, riding low over the hospital buildings, disturb my sleep. Write a little. The

nurse comes in sight. I ask again for hot water. She brings it to me and I sit on the edge of the bed and put my right foot in shape. It is very uncomfortable to sit as I do. The pressure of the bandage against my leg annoys me. Once I fancy I feel something, either in or outside of my wound. Fear, but I pay no attention to it. At the conclusion of the bath, I am mightily tired. Sleep until supper time. All I have for supper is rice pudding, bread and coffee. Hardly enough, but that is all that is fit to eat. Finish my book. What next? A suggestion from across the aisle. I see a board and a deck of cards, so I decide to play solitaire. I sit up and play until my back feels like a hot brick. Not winning a game. When I have had enough of the game, I dress and get out of bed and bring back the cards to the owner. It hurts to walk, but I do not mind, so long as I learn. See a pair of crutches and try them out. I walk with them as far as the stove and return. They are a great help and ease the pain in my ankle and calves. Put away the crutches and return to my bed, which ends my exercise. Fix my blankets and I am read to go to sleep. The lights go out and are a signal for the fun to begin. It is the same stuff as was played yesterday, so I am not interested. Sleep broken and restless due to stiff muscles and the hard mattress.

Sat. Dec. 14, 1918

Weather: Rain, Cloudy, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Called early for a wash. Water is so scarce, that each man is given not more than a thimbleful for his ablutions. The orderly waits by my bed until I have finished. Still time for a nap, before breakfast is served. Breakfast, oatmeal, apple sauce, bread, coffee. I have decided to write a letter to Leah. I ask for

paper, which seems to be a scarce commodity, and to make matters worse, the orderlies are not anxious to get what I ask for. My leg is sore and swollen under the knee this morning. I happen to look at the dressing and find my wound has been bleeding and has discharged pus, which soaks through the bandages, which makes it necessary to have new dressings applied. The dressing train works fast this morning and reaches me before 10 o'clock. The Lt. looks at my wound and for the first time realizes that it is serious. He pokes his instrument into the hole, which opened yesterday when I was washing my feet, starting the bleeding. He makes the wound bleed profusely. I tell him the history of my leg since wounded. He listens attentively and tells me he will try to keep the wound clean, but beyond that, he can do nothing. It is his opinion that I will never be completely healed until the remaining foreign body is taken out, which will probably have to be done in the States. That is information of value. It shows I will go home soon. Having nothing to do after the doctor leaves me, I go to sleep after the nurse changes the sheets on my bed, which were soiled by blood dripping from the wound. I sleep until dinner comes. Roast beef, tough, and stringy, a potato, partly boiled, cabbage, which by chance was not spoiled, bread. Smoke, lying on my side to ease the pain of sitting up, thus offsetting pain in spine. Grow sleepy, put away my pipe and snooze till 3 o'clock. Sit up and do a little writing. When it grows dark, I am tired enough to go to sleep again. I wonder at myself how I can sleep so much. Supper comes. Cole slaw, parsnip, rice pudding, bread, coffee. I decide not to sleep anymore till the lights are put out. I intend to write, but change my mind when I see a book "The Blazing Trail", White. It is not to my fancy, but by reason of containing some interesting facts about the lumber business, I spend the entire evening reading. The rest of

the night I sit up and talk with Leah. I tell her of my experiences, hardly ever allowing her to tell me a word of her own troubles. It is early morning when I fall asleep.

Sun. Dec. 15, 1918

Weather: Showers, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

This morning I refuse to get up to wash. I mumble sleepily that I intend to shave later in the day and go to sleep again with that. Breakfast, oatmeal, peaches, coffee. No bread in camp this morning, which gives occasion for the boys to indulge in a few remarks about the hospital and the mess Sergeant. The swelling in my leg has not gone down to any noticeable extent. There is considerable pus discharge. The doctor causes me much pain trying to squeeze pus out of the swollen part underneath knee. Bandages with a pad of cotton, underneath, which is to my liking, because it will help keep my leg warm. Continue reading my book, as long as I can bear sitting upon my hard mattress. Take a nap till dinner time. Sunday dinner is not much of a treat. Meat, which is hard to cut and tough to chew, a boiled potato, which is but half boiled, pickled beets, bread, jam, coffee. A nap after dinner, which develops into an all afternoon affair. Supper, a queer pudding of bread and onions, a bit of cauliflower and some beans, toast, bread, coffee. Read for an hour, and tiring of the author's childish attempts at big words and didactic character analyses, which mean nothing, I give up reading. Talk for a half hour with my neighbors, listen a while to Dave and others talking automobiles and then prepare for sleep. In a few hours, I awake and stay awake far into the night.

Mon. Dec. 16, 1918

Weather: Showers, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

No one disturbs me until breakfast is being served. I wonder what happened to the orderly who has charge of the ward basins. Breakfast, oatmeal, bacon, bread, coffee. Sleep felt so good, that I determine to have more of it. I awaken about the time the doctor is ready to dress my leg. He kneads the muscles pretty roughly, as yesterday, but brings out very little foreign matter. The leg is much better this morning. I can sit up comfortably, but I have no reason to. There is nothing to read, and I am not the possessor of the necessary ambition to write. I manage to get hold of a few sheets of writing paper. I am turned out of bed, so that the sheets may be refreshed, which constitutes quite a bit of exercise for me. It makes me tired enough to go to sleep again. Read the newspapers. Dinner is served, Salmon, potato, bread, coffee. Decide to write, but I take so long to make up my mind to begin, that I am off to sleep again. I wake up to have some one making an announcement by the Moran trio. The trio consists of three ladies, one of whom entertains. She plays popular songs. It is quite infernal. Any one who wishes can have his favorite song, provided the lady knows the song. I ask her to sing what she knows of Harry Lauder's songs. She comes to my bed and sings to me, afterwards chatting for a few minutes. She is called out shortly afterwards, whereupon another lady of the trio rises to say that they are not in reality entertainers, but missionaries on their way to the Congo, who are detained for a few days in Bordeaux by adverse

traveling conditions. She goes on to tell of some of their life's business with the natives on a previous sojourn in the Congo region. She tells some very interesting facts and fancies of the natives and recalls some of her husband's hunting expeditions. Then pictures are shown of Negro entertainments and Congo scenery. They do not travel any farther than the boys who are around the stove, who ask questions, which must be answered, using up all of the ladies' time. The other lady exhibits considerable interest in aeroplanes, which fly over the hospital buildings. She has evidently seen very few aeroplane flights. When the trio leaves, a chaplain makes the rounds of the ward, asking if we wish any letters written. Manage to sleep easier now till supper time. Macaroni and cheese, which is excellent, stewed corn, bread, coffee, apple sauce. Smoke a pipe and begin a letter to Leah. Do not progress very far when it occurs to me not to let her know I am coming home. I stop writing. Read Irwin Cobb's "Speaking of Operations." Find it a very funny story, but by no means his best, as the advertisement says. Thought it is still early. I must be down and go to sleep. Lie awake a long time. At night, I have no inclination to sleep.

Tue. Dec. 17, 1918

Weather: Showers, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up It 7 to wash. Back to sleep again till breakfast is served. Oatmeal, stewed peaches, coffee. I look at my book and throw it aside. Read the newspapers. My leg is dressed, the wound showing improvement. The doctor mauls it considerably trying to get pus to flow. It hurts for the remainder of the day, but not

enough to prevent me from sitting up. Take the matter of letters into consideration and decide to write to Leah and Mama. There is a story, to which I give credence, that we will be here several days, yet in which case a letter will reach home before me. The letter writing takes an hour or so, which is much too long to ask any men to sit up on that hard mattress of mine. Turn over on my side to rest. Ask for water for shaving. Do not expect to get any, so I settle down into the bed-clothes. The orderly surprises himself by remembering what I wanted and as he comes into view, I sit up again. I borrow a pen to address letters and send them off, feeling relieved of a responsibility. Shave in time to take my dinner without waiting. Dinner, roast beef, potato, pickled beets, bread, coffee. The beets and the bread are excellent. In the afternoon, I have plans to do a good deal of writing. I lie on my side, thinking of events of the past few days and thus I fall asleep. Awakened by a great hubbub in the ward. Boys are dressing and preparing to leave. Crutcher men are testing their sticks by walking up and down. Lying patients get ready to move. Medical records handed to the men once again. The entire ward goes to the other side of the track, from where men are sent to the States in a few days. It is an hour and a half before a final move is made. Litter bearers come for us. Put on a damp litter and covered with a coarse dry blanket. Taken to the door and put down on the ground footpath to wait for a non-com to direct the procession. Aeroplanes fly over our heads in a sky full of rain clouds. We get started on a very long hike-for the men who carry the litters. It is easily a quarter mile and is tiring in the extreme. Carried into Ward No. 2, a home-like place, and roomy, of 50 beds. A little paint and uniform coloring of blankets makes all the difference in the world. A clean bed with only two blankets, but I quickly get a third. Being tired, I take a nap. Supper being

thought about. It is late in coming, but is plentiful. Served in enamel plate instead of tin. Salmon, parsnips, rice pudding, bread, coffee. Generous second helping. Red Cross lady gives us chocolates. After supper a concert by two violins and guitars, a mandolin, and a soloist. A quartet, also entertaining. The music is good. Lasts for 3/4 of an hour. Lights out and to sleep. The boys are quiet. The savage refined by music.

Wed. Dec. 18, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Not awakened until breakfast is served. It is nine o'clock. I have had a good night's rest. Nothing to do, so lie down again after a while. The nurse makes my bed without my getting out. We talk about New York. Rest and take a nap, while waiting for the doctor to reach me. He makes no inquiries about my wound, and takes it for granted it is only a slight flesh wound, which is almost healed. He does not notice the hole and I do not tell him anything. There is a little pus discharge on the dressing. My leg feels almost normal. I can turn most readily in bed and I am tempted to get out and walk. The general opinion is that we will be on our way to the States in a few days. The orderlies tell us so. Talk to Lawrence, my new neighbor, and read the newspapers till dinner is served. Good roast beef, potato, parsnips, coffee, bread. Generous helping of seconds. We have our appetites satisfied at last. Begin writing and stay at it industriously until four o'clock, by which time I am so tired that I slide down under the covers for a nap. Sleep until supper time. Beans, buttered beets, rice, bread, coffee. A full plate. The K.P. asks for help

with the dishes, so that arrangements can be made for an early presentation of movies in the ward to-night. At this we prick up our ears. Seems like paradise in this ward. Plenty to eat, quiet, Red Cross gifts, concerts and movies. Almost too good to be true. Sheets are hung up for a screen, stretching clear across ward. Tent outside being evacuated, because the climate is too raw for the occupants, and one man from the ward is to be shifted to allow a bad case in the tent to take his place. I fear it will be me and that I will miss the movies. The machine is set up and the operator has trouble getting a connection. In the meantime, the man opposite me, who is the unlucky one to be transferred, is taken out, and the tent man takes his place. The movie machine finally works, though the current is poor on account of a stiff wind outside, which plays havoc with the wires. The pictures are real, full size, a thing I did not expect. A Universal News reel, which gladdens my heart, for I see New York again and the Red Cross Parade and Teddy, etc. A one reel drama, scene in Maxims, New York. A cartoon comedy about a cat's ball. A five reel railroad drama. All highly entertaining and interesting. Only complaint is with electric current, which fails at times and stops the show. Of course there is a man who reads the titles aloud. He will be found all over the world. He must be. An appreciative audience and interested not the least among them being me. Well contented and satisfied with treatment here. Quite ready for sleep when the show is over. I almost forgot we had music all day from a victrola and music for the show. Sleep well. Windows are opened. The wind is strong outside. It slams then about.

Thu. Dec. 19 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

The rains pour down upon the walls and roof all night and I notice the damp shows on the inside near the windows, where it stains the paint. This makes the room damp and cold. I wash in a shallow basin of water, as though water were precious. Back to sleep again to await breakfast, consisting of oatmeal, apricots, bread, coffee. Sit up expecting a second helping to come. There is not enough to reach me, so I do without more. Chat with Lawrence till the nurse refreshes my bed. Still I do not get out of bed. Stay awake, for the doctor will soon be here. My dressing shows light pus discharge. Doctor gives wound only a perfunctory rub with a wet sponge. A dry dressing, which I bandage myself. Leg very near normal. Read the newspapers and while away the morning. A few remarks made, which indicate an early movement. It is predicted for Tuesday. Somebody begins a bit of roughhouse play, at which the information is given out by the orderly that this is to be a quiet ward and it remains so. Dinner, roast beef, creamed carrots, potato, bread and jam, coffee. A smoke and a rest. Nurses visit us. Cheery words for us. Write until 4:00. Red Cross lady distributes tiny bouquets of violets. It occurs to both Lawrence and me to press them and take them home. Supper, creamed potatoes, stewed corn, tapioca pudding, bread, coffee, second helping of tapioca, corn, rice. More supper than is good for me. Slight indigestion. Disappointment because there is no entertainment. Nothing to read, too dark to write. Visitors looking for news, whom we ask for news. Go to sleep early. No let up in the

rain. We are all somewhat under the weather.

Fri. Dec. 20, 1918

Weather: Raining, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Still raining. Short heavy showers. A raincoat and rubber boots the only necessary articles of clothing here. Awakened to wash. Sleep again till breakfast comes. Cornmeal and apricots, bread, coffee. Read the newspapers. Bed made up, with me in it. I feel like getting up, but I fear making noises. The doctor discovers the hole in my leg, but hastens to assure me it is almost healed inside, as if he knew, as if he had investigated. I tell him something about the different holes inside the leg, but he pays little attention. A trio of majors examines Lawrence's eyes. They have a bully time, and while away a half hour, but Lawrence derives no benefit from their visit. One of the majors says he thinks Funny France more appropriate than Sunny France, when the weather is discussed, while examining Lawrence. Take a nap and while away the time till dinner comes. Roast beef, potato, parsnips, jam, bread, coffee. Tired from sitting, lie down to rest. Fall asleep and waste the afternoon. Awake too late to write. Chat with Lawrence. I grow to like him. Sit on the edge of my bed to let the blood circulate in my legs. It causes a stinging, as of a million needles in my right foot. Soon I must get back into bed. The sting is more than I can stand. Supper, bread pudding, too sweet to eat. I give it away. Seasoned with cheese, of which there is a second helping, coffee, bread. Anxious to be entertained but again disappointed. We talk, smoke and nap till the lights go out. Sleep well.

Sat. Dec. 21, 1918

Weather: Rainy, Cold

Health: Good

In Hospital

Too lazy to wash. I expect to shave later in the day. Go to sleep until breakfast is brought. Corn meal, apricots, bread, coffee. Read the newspapers. My bed made while I am in it. A major asks how many cases are moveable. He looks at each individual, notices my pallor and asks doctor if I am well. Of course I am. I never felt better. Orders to transfer all patients to other wards, leaving this for tubercular cases. Wound dressed. Looks as well as it feels. Have hopes that it will heal from now on. I get a book "The Little Minister" by Benny appropriate for Christmas. Reminds me that Leah always wanted me to go to see Maud Adams during Christmas week. Read the rest of the morning. Dinner, roast beef, potato, creamed carrots, bread, jam, coffee. Tired, lie down for a nap, while I wait for a basin of water to take a sponge bath. I sleep peacefully until three o'clock. No water comes. No medication for patients. I begin to write when water is brought. I bathe and change pajamas. Red Cross sends oranges. A treat. Excitement begins. List of names read off. Forty men of the ward to be ready to leave, as soon as notice is given, for the United States. My name included in the list of men called. Men who can be readily moved are selected for the trip. My neighbor, Lawrence, very much disappointed, because he cannot go. I can hardly realize my good fortune. Take the news calmly. Do not let my feelings get the better of me, so that in the event plans are changed, I will not be disappointed. I have in mind the last time I was recommended for a trip home. I take nothing for granted. The good news does not lessen the interest of the ward in supper. It

is served on enameled dishes and appreciated. Creamed potatoes, stewed corn, rice pudding, cake and coffee. Pay books taken away from all men who are going home. Not long after, payroll is made up and brought to us to sign. Third step taken towards home. Men's release of cheers show pent up happiness. I stare into space instead of reading. Talk to Lawrence. I must console him. Promise to write a letter to his mother. The wardmaster makes out supplementary service records and fusses with a lot of other papers. He is exceptionally busy. The lights go out and work must be stopped. An opportunity for me to take a nap. Lights do not burn again and it is almost 11 o'clock. Todd does not resume work. I awake when the lights flash on and read until bed time. Chat with Lawrence for almost an hour. I cannot sleep and I am hungry. I ask for a slice of bread. Promised for later. In the meantime I almost fall asleep. Awakened by the moaning of a patient. I ask again for a bite to eat and get a slice of bread and a glass of fresh milk. Thereafter I fall asleep, talking to Leah as if she were present.

VI. RETURNING TO STATES

Dec. 22 - Jan. 3: Diary entries from this period, written in pencil, were unreadable.

Sat. Jan. 4, 1919

Weather: Cloudy, cold

Health: Good

At Sea

Up at 7:00. Take a bath. Trouble expecting to see land. None in sight. Nothing but white caps and gulls. The wind icy and strong. Breakfast, grapefruit, meat balls, potato, bread, butter, tea. Out of bunk easily. Go to head. Wander around in sick bay. Back in bunk to write until doctor comes to dress wound. No pus at all. Drain put in again. Leg not in the least sore. I have hopes that it is healing. Read "Black Beauty". Put on trousers and socks and slippers without aid. Get out of bunk and stick my nose out of doors. One minute enough for me. Much too cold to be on deck with only a thin pair of slippers on my feet. The crew busy with ropes and tackle. Artillery boys and officers busy packing. Few on deck. Patients bathe in a basin in their bunks, a job I am glad I avoided by bathing in the tub. Continue reading. Take a nap until dinner time. Roast beef, stewed corn, potato, bread, butter, coffee. Neither ship nor land yet sighted. Told we will not dock until the morning, which is a disappointment. Tired of lying in bunk. I get out and sit in chair by the deck, reading until I get tired. Take another nap. From noon on, everybody in the sick bay worried about wearing a life belt, because we are in a mine zone. There is danger from our own mines. Now we sight fishing smacks and

trawlers. They, cockleshells in the distance. A welcome sight. Reports that land is seen. Soon after a cheer from the men on deck. Land can be seen with glasses. Supper, stew, bread, jam, pears, tea. I get enough seconds to satisfy my appetite at last. Darkness falls. Lightships and lights can be seen, then ferry boats, outgoing liners, tugs, etc. Out of bunk to sit in chair. Reading "Forty Fables" by Ade. We steam into the harbor of Newport News. Land lights twinkle like myriad stars in the distance, flashes from trolley wires, all the evidence that we are in good old America at last. I don't think of America as much as I do of Leah and baby. We ride anchor, too late to dock. Read in bunk, getting out early when necessary. Now that the ship neither rocks nor pitches, I find it easy to walk. I take almost a natural step. Tugs come up to us. Funny boats ply the waters around us. All are cheered by the men on deck. To sleep at regular time. Chaplain and officers board ship. They will send telegrams and mail letters for me. I send a telegram to Leah and one to Mama. Lights out. Sleep a few hours. Awakened, bothered by bed bugs. Out of bunk for a smoke. Sit with the night watch for a half hour. Back to bed again. Fall asleep, thinking of home.

Sun. Jan. 5, 1919

Weather: Cold, Snow

Health: Good

On American Soil

*Embarkation Hospital, Camp Stuart
Newport News.*

Called very early. It is still dark. There are no land lights. Breakfast, grapefruit, rice, eggs, bread, butter, coffee. Out of bunk, wash, shave. Take a walk around sick bay. Day

dawns. Land seen, a dim outline, not so very far away, from both sides of ship. Get my things together, ready to leave at a moment's notice. Doctor comes early to dress my wound. Same condition, no pus, no pain. A very hopeful outlook. Read and finish my book. Nothing to do now. I dress and go on a promenade around the deck. It is very cold. I must move to keep warm. My feet cold, I am driven inside. We are taken into dock by tugs. Old dilapidated docks, badly in need of repairs. A wonderful coal pier, a busy harbor. The city looks uninviting. We can see little of it. Our view mostly warehouses and freight yards. The troops disembark. Cheer loudly as they set foot on pier. Walk around deck again. Fuss around inside to while away the time. Most impatient to be going. In bunk for a short nap. Awakened to be tagged. Outside again. Watch a steamer being warped to opposite dock. She nearly collides with us. In bunk again to chat until orders come to get ready to leave. Out and ready in a jiffy. My barracks bag and blankets carried by a hospital corpsman, who goes ahead of me to lead the way. I go down companion way to lower deck and gang plank without assistance. On the dock, where the ambulance is waiting and the ever present Red Cross ladies with cigarettes and chocolate. Into ambulance. I sit up with seven others. Feel proud of myself, this being first ride I take sitting up. It is a thousand times more comfortable. I don't mind the jolting at all. The sight of civilians, wooden houses and advertising signs, which are familiar, gladdens my heart. I whistle and sing. I am full of friendly feeling towards my companions. A typical American residence section passed through. Soon, we see the wooden barracks of Camp Stuart. I am reminded of what I said when I left Camp Upton, that I would never see barracks again. I am at home here. I know it. I feel it in every thought. I need but spur my imagination the

least bit to see Leah and Mama. It is a three mile ride, which is covered quickly. We see a fire. The fire engine company's barracks is burning. A huge camp. Familiar scenes. Drive up to the hospital receiving ward. Out of the ambulance, without assistance, and into the building. Sit down on benches until ordered to go to Ward 11. Carrying blankets and two Red Cross bags, I follow the procession. It is a walk of almost a half mile down a covered corridor from which the wards branch out. I fall behind, being tired long before we reach our destination. Into the ward, assigned to a bed, lie down to rest. An ideal place. Steam heat, good light, a library, baths, clean kitchen, every inch of the place clean. Can reach any part of the hospital without going outside. Sun porches. Dinner after we are written up and settled. Chicken, mashed potatoes, dressing, bread, butter, ice cream, coffee. I have two dinners and at last my stomach is satisfied. Find a book of Mark Twain stories to read. Get a pass to go to the Red Cross. Read, nap and smoke. Whenever I fall asleep, I am awakened to answer questions for purposes of record. A lazy afternoon on the whole. Wondering how I can reach Leah on the telephone. I would like to surprise her and I want very much to hear her voice. Pleased with my new home. Walk up and down ward room. Not very hard, but my ankles hurt. Supper, bologna, mashed potato, jam, bread, coffee. Satisfied again. Sit at the table, write letters to Leah and Mama. Feel cocky because I can do that. Comfortable. When finished, I go to the Red Cross hut to look about. It is snowing, has been since four o'clock, to my great surprise. Under cover, all the way out, about eight feet in the open. Very cold. A fine hut like the YMCA of Camp Upton, but instead of strong, straight men, there are cripples of every description. I am saddened at the sight and I pity all the mothers and wives who have soldiers to the cause. Get a piece of

candy and look at book. Sit in an easy chair by the far, but I cannot stay long. I want to go back to the ward to think. Tired now. In my bed again, I read and chat. Remove my clothes and go to sleep. Lights out. At ten o'clock we are awakened by officers who come to pay off the men, who came earlier. A lot of money paid out. Some of the men get as high as \$200. This means big crap games in the morning. Boys have been gambling all day. Officers permit it. Red Cross man in the morning offers to lend five dollars to any man who needs money. After the officers leave, I am grateful they woke me, because I have forgotten to say my prayers. Sleep well.

Mon. Jan. 6, 1919

Weather: Clear, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up early. Dress and wash. The first comfortable wash I have had since I left the ship that brought us to France. Glad that I am able to stand up again and it will be good news for Leah. Breakfast is served, but it is a long time reaching me. I am hungry, so I lose my temper and sneer at the orderly for his slowness. Oatmeal, bologna, mashed potatoes, applesauce, bread, butter, coffee. Take a walk to help digest my meal and to limber up my legs. They are a little stiff. All men, who require dressing, go to the dressing room. I am among the first. Must stand up to be examined. No pus. The wound looks clean and according to the doctor, shows improvement. He puts in a drain and, instead of bandaging my legs, puts on a pad strapped with tape. It gives greater freedom to my muscles. I try walking again. It is easy. I sit on the edge of the bed and lie down, being comfortable in

both positions with the new style of dressing on. Read and nap, but not for long. Just as soon as I shut my eyes, the orderly wakes me to find out what I need in the line of clothes, or for some other reason. At 11, ladies invade the ward and men of M6, carrying typewriters. They make out new service records and affidavits as to amount of pay due to men who came in on the Pocahontas. A bit of fun with lady when mine is made out. Dinner time. Beans, red ones, with catsup, rice pudding, bread, coffee. Have a second helping of beans, which fills me up beyond capacity. Feel heavy all afternoon. Recording and making out of affidavits continues. When finished, a little chatter with the ladies. Read Mark Twain's stories. Meet a Hungarian. Fall asleep reading. Wake up and take a practice stroll in the ward. Payroll being made out. I take a look at the work to see if mine is made out properly. Continue walking until the stenogs leave, then sit down to write a letter to Leah and Mama. Sit at the table. A little discomfort when I sit on the edge of chair, so that I clear the pad which is strapped to my leg. Supper is served to me at the table. Cold meat, potatoes, apple sauce, tea, bread, butter. A new sensation, this, eating at a table. Continue writing. Finish, then take a walk to the Red Cross to buy a piece of candy. See a man crippled beyond cure, a sight which I can never become accustomed to. Go right back to the ward room. Debate with myself whether or not to write further, but decide to take a rest. I am as lazy as can be. I want to take a bath but I am even too lazy to do that, so I lie on my bed reading. Big crap games among the men who were paid last night. At nine o'clock, cocoa and crackers are served. The cocoa is the best I ever tasted, being rich and creamy. It is quite cold by the time I go to bed, but I do not think it necessary to put on an extra blanket. As a result, I am cold all night and get little sleep. I have difficulty in getting my clothes off. My

legs are stiff and I am unbendable in the middle. In the afternoon, I want to go out to have my hair cut. I ask for permission to go, but because I have no shoes, I am not allowed out. My shoes are in my barracks bag, which cannot be found, in keeping with my usual fortune when I leave property behind to be brought up to me. Wondering how to call up Leah and surprise her.

Tue. Jan 7, 1919

Weather: Clear, Cold

Health: Good

In hospital

Up at 7:00 for breakfast. Oatmeal with milk, pork sausages, bread, butter, tea. Out of bed, dress, wash. Make my bed. Now there is nothing to do but read or write. I am too lazy to write. Read, because it necessitates no action on my part. Fall asleep. Awakened by the wardmaster who has found my barracks bag. Then there is another list made up of what the men need to complete equipment or to replace soiled things. When the list is made up, all men who want things must go with the wardmaster to the Q M stores, which means that I must walk in the snow and the slush with only a pair of slippers on. It is treacherous underfoot, going down an incline out into the open, I almost slip and fall. A little way from the door Payne loses his footing and falls heavily, bumping his knee badly. I am very careful after that and walk slowly. It takes me long to get to the hut. I am nervous when auto trucks come along near me. In the Q M, I have difficulty in getting what I want. Most of my things have been stolen from my barracks bag. Shoes, leggings, belt, blouse, gone. I am very angry and curse the man who took my things, for which I feel sorry later. I must take poor substitutes for what I had in

my bag. I go away immediately. Back in the ward, I put on my shoes. I cannot lace the shoe on my left foot. Albans does it for me. To the barbers for a hair cut. Then I see an awful sight. A lad without a mouth. Has an awful square in a hole in his twisted face, through which he is fed. Once, a fine looking fellow. I cannot look at him for pity and above all, I pity his mother or wife. There are too many in the shop and my turn will not come till about one and I do not care to miss my dinner. Will return in the afternoon. Dinner. Roast beef, potato, tapioca pudding, bread, butter, tea. Rest until 1:30. Go to barber shop. Get a ticket and wait there hours to get a poor hair cut at a high price. Meet an officer who sailed on the Pocahontas with us. He has an injured arm, which is giving him great pain. He suffers in silence, but wiggles and squirms until I get nervous looking at him. On my way back, I lose a dollar but find it when I retrace my footsteps. A man on crutches falls going down the incline. Luckily he breaks his fall without hurting his injured leg. Back in the ward, I sit at the table to write a letter. Told that someone with a telegram is looking for me. Know it is from Leah and am not worried. Supper, potatoes, apple sauce, coffee, bread and butter. Nurse gives me a telegram from Leah. She wants permission to come to me. Sorry I cannot grant it, because I may leave at anytime, perhaps before she can get here. I look for some means of sending an answer at once. Go to the Red Cross to ask if they will send a message for me. No one there can do so, but the Red Cross man, who calls in the morning can oblige me. I must wait but chafe at the delay and am afraid that Leah will take matters into her own hands and come before I can warn her not to. Continue my letter and tell Leah why she cannot come. Grape juice served. Get a cup and a half of it, with crackers, too. Again too lazy to take a bath. Go to sleep. A few minutes later the paymaster

comes in, also a Red Cross man. I risk offending him by asking him to send a telegram to Leah, but he obliges me without a show of unwillingness. I get paid \$62.80, correct amount due me and after telling everybody how good it feels to be rich, I go to sleep. I plan that Leah will get \$50 of money for clothes. Sleep well.

Wed. Jan. 8, 1919

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Awakened for breakfast. Oatmeal with milk, two hard boiled eggs, bread, butter and coffee. Have a smoke and lie down to rest up after the strenuous labor of eating. Crap games and card games begin almost immediately after breakfast. Leading spirit in the game a negro. It is funny to listen to him coax the dice. After a short nap, I get up to dress and wash myself. Then the doctor calls for his patients to come to him for dressings. I dread to go in for the reason that I think it will hurt to pull off the strap of tape from my leg, but since it must be done, I go in with the same spirit that gave me courage to go into the lines. My fears are greatly exaggerated. The dressing comes off with one deft pull and does not hurt at all. No pus. A drain put in again, and a smaller pad used for strapping to my leg. It proves much more comfortable. I can sit further back in a chair and can almost sit up straight. Try hard to lace the shoe on my left foot but do not succeed. Albans does it for me. Lie down to read, interrupted by my neighbors, who are talking loudly. A short nap. My eyes are always tired. When I get up, I bestir myself sufficiently to write. I am uncomfortable. My big toe, right foot, hurts. I try lying on my stomach, a thing I used to do with ease, but

now it is different. I am more uncomfortable than before. Write till near dinner time. Dinner, roast, mashed potatoes, chocolate pudding, bread, coffee. I sit by the table to eat. Rest and smoke. The Lieut. takes a picture of the ward and patients. He is a camera fiend. Takes pictures of boys outside and of nurse with a helmet on. Read when I grow tired of writing. I go to the Red Cross for a piece of candy. Going down corridor, I see the faceless man with the mask over his face. I pity him. Write a letter to Leah and Mama. Tempted to join the gambling for the sake of occupation, which will keep me awake. But, the fact that I have promised Leah \$50 restrains me. We hear aeroplanes or hydroplanes flying overhead. The boys have the "under cover, lights out" joke. Busy until supper time. Supper, fried bologna, potato, applesauce, coffee, bread. My appetite satisfied. Lie down to rest. Fall asleep as usual when I do nothing. Up again at 7. Read and chat about New York until bed time. Cocoa is served hot with biscuits. Get a pair of pajamas and prepare to take a bath. I use the tub. I cannot sit in it. As usual I must stand and take a sponge bath, but I can get plenty of water here and I can rub all parts of my body with soap. Refreshing. My dressings slightly wet. I am afraid water will get into hole in my leg and use great care. To bed, when it is cold. I must get an extra blanket. Sleep well. Ankle sore by end of day. Leg feels easy. Remove clothes easily.

Thu. Jan. 9, 1919

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Up for breakfast. The day starts off very cold and I must pull the blankets around me while I eat. Breakfast, a kind of stew, mostly potato, oatmeal, bread, coffee. Dive between the covers again to get warm. Stay there till after

7. The windows are closed and the steam comes in with greater pressure behind it and soon it is warm enough to venture out. Dress. Have the same difficulty with my left shoe. I still cannot reach it. My leg is a bit sore, irritated by the dressing. I have nothing to do and being too lazy to write, I walk up and down ward room. Look in at the gambling. Tempted to join, but I can easily overcome my temptation. Try reading. Mark Twain tells some funny stories. I am very much interested in them, but my eyes won't keep open. They insist on shutting and they stay shut until near 10 o'clock. Dinner boiled beef, potato, tapioca pudding, bread, coffee. Then another nap. Walk for exercise in the ward. Pass the poker game. Stop just to look. I am tempted. I succumb. I will play for a few minutes, because I need excitement. The monotony of the ward is more than I can bear. I am always thinking of home and I cannot get there, so I want a little relief from my mind. Begin to play. No idea how big a game it is until I begin to lose as usual. I lose heavily and steadily. The cards I get are the worst cards in the deck and as the play is honest, with no bluffing, I keep on losing. I don't mind it so long as I do not endanger the \$50 I have promised to give Leah, but when I break into that, I feel sorry. I have joined in the game. Yet, I must continue in the hopes of rescuing what I have thus far lost. Interrupt the play only for supper, after which the game will start again. Supper, bologna, potato, chocolate pudding, tea. Have a smoke and a little rest lying on my cot. Called for play. The same bad luck holds. I lose more money and now there seems little hope that I will recoup my losses. I have made up my mind to call up Leah on the telephone if I can, so at 8 o'clock I will quit the game and go outside to look for a telephone. Lose interest in the play and keep looking at my watch. A sudden activity in the ward. Rear doors are thrown open, letting in

an icy blast. The place fills up with stretcher bearers, officers and nurses and new men are being brought in. All litter cases, mostly broken legs, real bad cases, which will mean work for the orderly, Till now, the orderlies have had no work to do. We must move, in order to make room for the men. It is so cold, that I must put my coat on and even then I am not warm. Play next to my bunk and shiver until 8 o'clock, when I take the long walk down the corridor to the receiving ward, where there is a telephone. My ankles give me considerable pain, but I consider it worth while, extremely so, for the pleasure of hearing Leah's voice. I call long distance and am told there is an indefinite delay on calls to New York. This means I will have to wait where it is cold and draughty and that, perhaps, Leah will be called out of bed at 2 or 3 in the morning. I give up my plan to talk to Leah tonight, disappointed but hopeful that tomorrow I will be able to talk to her. Back to the ward. The boys are still playing cards, so I join them again and lose more of Leah's money. We play until the lights go out and then adjourn to the library table to play until 10 o'clock. The nurse is angry with us and warns us not to play longer than 12. She is an interesting girl. I would like to talk to her, but she does not stay in the ward for any length of time. Her headquarters are in Ward 12. We stop playing at 10. It is uncomfortably cold even with my coat on. Get an extra blanket before I go to bed and, as an extra precaution, leave my shirt on. Sorry I told Leah not to write to me. I want a letter. I am lonesome. Hear that a convoy leaves on Monday and I pray and hope that I am sent with it. It is so cold that I sleep poorly. The new boys do not rest well and call for the orderlies frequently.

Fri, Jan. 10, 1919

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

In Hospital

Up early. Awakened twice before breakfast is brought, but I have no intention of getting out of bed. Breakfast, hard boiled eggs, oatmeal, with milk, applesauce, Back to sleep for I am tired and sleepy. It is nearly nine o'clock when I finally awaken. There is a crap game going on which I am anxious to join, in the hope that I will get some of my money back. I wash, dress and make my bed. Still unable to lace my left shoe. Just as soon as I am able, I join the game. At first I hold my own and sometimes I am winner to the extent of a small sum. I have hopes that Leah will still get what I promised her. The game is temporarily disturbed by the doctor calling for men to come to be dressed. I get in early. I display more ginger than I have had in a long time. The doctor rips off my dressing, looks at it and, finding no pus, decides to leave the drain out of my leg, which means comfort for me. Applies balsam of Peru on a little pad, which I can sit on if I wish, without it giving me any pain from the pressure. My ankles and right big toe still painful, but nothing can be done for them. Back to the game, where I soon change another big bill and have seesaw luck until dinner is served. Officials busy writing up records for men who came in yesterday. I have looked them all over carefully, but find nobody I know. Dinner, sauerkraut and frankfurters, potatoes, bread pudding, tea, eaten where I sat playing all morning. Take a little rest and a smoke and play is resumed. The luck turns, but not in my favor. I lose rapidly and my last big bill is changed and vanishes. I am getting tired, too, my fingers hurt from snapping them and my back aches.

Soon we must stop. I have only a few dollars left. The other boys, though, just as tired as I, want to give me a chance to make good my losses and play on, but I decide to quit. Lie down in my bunk and rest. I am about to fall asleep, when a letter comes to me from Leah, special delivery. Tells me all about her efforts to reach me and how, through the lack of sense of some hospital official, she received a telegram stating I was sick. She was very much worried but fortunately received my last telegram and was assured I am in good health. In other respects, the letter is one of Leah's best. A welcome home letter which stirs me to want her and baby all the more. Think of home and fall asleep. Supper is brought, macaroni with cheese, applesauce, bread, butter and coffee. I eat enough to make me sleepy until 7 o'clock. Go to the washroom and on my return see a girl and a sailor boy walking up aisle. They inquire for me and I am surprised, thinking the sailor one of the boys from the Pocahontas. They in turn are surprised at seeing an empty bed, instead of a wreck in it and when told I am somewhere about, they walk toward me. I ask if they want me. They do. The sailor is Mr. Schumick, the lady Miss Rosenbluth, a sister of my cousin's husband. She lives in town and is appealed to by Papa to come to see me in the hospital and report upon my condition. They have a letter from Papa, who is much worried, stating that I am sick besides being wounded, the result of that fool telegram being literally interpreted. I offer seats on beds and a chair for the girl and we have a chat for an hour. They are pleased to see me in good health and listen to my story with interest. I write a copy of telegram to be sent to both Mama and Leah, assuring them I never was sick. The visitors promise to send it at once. Invite myself to their house tomorrow, so that I can wait there while I try to get proper connections with New York. I may come and they will gladly have me. I thank

them for the trouble they have gone to for my sake, and, when they leave, give me a package of oranges and apples. I am happy now. A little easier in mind about home. Share my fruit with the boys and prepare for a bath in the tub. Water is good and I am refreshed. Think how queer it is that I should find friends here. Happy that I have something to do tomorrow.

Sat. Jan. 11, 1919

Weather: Fair, Mild

Health: Good

Frozen. No way of getting warm except by going to the bathroom, where I thaw out a bit. Then come back to bed to get my breakfast. Oatmeal, eggs, potato, bread, coffee. Get busy at once with a new spirit and shave, wash, make my bed. Sit down to write a letter to Leah and Mama. This occupies the morning. I take a little nap before dinner. It has grown warm and I will be able to go out without an overcoat. I have not much to look forward to with pleasure on my forthcoming outing, for my ankles are sore and I have difficulty in getting about this morning. My leg is a trifle sore, but I have an achievement to my credit, for today I was able to lace my left shoe. I could shout with glee. Have dinner, boiled beef, corn, potatoes, strawberry jello, coffee, bread. Immediately after I finish my pipe, I ask for a pass. Afraid that on account of my long pants, I will be turned back, but I am passed out and go to the adjutants office to have pass O.K.'d. Must wait here. Out in the open on my way to town, a new sensation.