



Book No IV

Capt W L. Estes Jr M.C

a P.O. 929.

Jouville Haute Marne

Dec 23 rd
(Continued)

Lyons is still not brilliantly lighted at night - We meandered by the Park facing the station & down a fairly dim street to the Place Carnot & along its right side - passing numerous restaurants & cafes screened from the public gaze & a few good looking public buildings - Very few people on the streets - an occasional American Soldier & music issuing from the cafes. A block or two farther on the clatter of the Horses Hoofs woke the echoes of the Place de la Republique - still we did not hesitate but rolled on. a zigzag lot of street, a turn, a backing & filling, evidently the cabbie didn't know or was carelessly forgetting about the Hotel du Commerce. We finally drew up before a 3rd rate tiny restaurant - all hands declared it was the only "Hotel" du Commerce in Lyons but evidently some one was wrong - The lobby finally

cold meat - beer - bread + cheese
Mr. Sactue Juice had plenty to do.
a bully hot bath + off to bed
putting out my shoes + puttees to
be cleaned.

The 24th

I was to be called at 6.30
but it was 6.45 when the summons
came. Luckily I had shared the
night before + jumped into my
clothes but my shoes were nowhere
to be seen. Up + down the corridor
in my stocking feet I chased
hunting a Femme de chambre +
yelling "Chaussures" - finally at the
escalator shaft I paused + spied a
garçon, 2 flights down, he summoned
the lady who quickly produced the
necessary foot gear. Clean but un-
shined. I just made the Bus for
the station after paying my bill to
which the war tax was added +
joined the "queue" waiting to be
glamped out at the A.P.M. office
In due time we passed through +
it being very nearly train time

I dashed through the military
entrance + along the ever crowded
platform ^{which seemed about a quarter of a mile in length} to the subway to the
4th tracks on which the Paris train
was expected - a crowd of
youngsters from the Lyon "colleges"
were waiting also - going home
to Dijon + the vicinity for Christmas
all in dark blue uniforms with
a little gold star on their coat lapels.
Through them I boarded the
1st section of the train which
left almost on time. The train
was crowded - people standing in
the aisles. I had had no breakfast
+ no ticket. Except going to Paris
where tickets are demanded to get
through the gate - Americans
rarely have to show tickets + as
a consequence most of us travel
without them. But the Lyon
Railroad is evidently more enterprising
+ more business-like than the
others + has, as it said, a bully
roadbed; which the Orleans R.R. has
not; huge modern engines which can

station. The Rhone + Saone
Rivers meet at Lyon. We chose
the street paralleling the Rhone,
one block from the Hotel to the
station - it is twice as large as
the Seine - muddy as the Mississippi
or Missouri - frequently bridged by
large white single arches. Gray
willow grows in tug boats + river
craft can easily ply beneath them -
+ lined by big warehouses or
what seem to be manufacturing
plants, giving the impression of
a miniature Pittsburgh as the
Rivers are very much smaller
than the Allegheny + Monongahela
twins. A short distance
from Lyon - Perasche - the
muddy Saone is crossed - identical
in appearance + size with the Rhone -
+ then the train plunges through a
long tunnel to come out again
still within this Bellevue. The
Lyon which ^{surrounds} spreads over a
wide area the rendezvous of its

Rivers. Again the Saone + the
Hill opposite. gray brown in the
drizzling haze with a ^{steep} grassy roof
of towers perched here + there along
its wooded crest. The valley
gradually widens as Macon is
approached - the far hills to the
East invisible, the near Mountains
of the Loire-Saone watershed looming
low 5 or 6 miles away. The
lowland fields are laked with
the overflow of the swollen river
still muddy with but little current
+ ~~are~~ ponds, ^{new ones from the melting of the ice} on every side seemingly
welling up to join the wandering
waters that would fair blot out
this fair valley of France. a
casual glance from the window
leads also to the conviction that
a new "Deluge" has begun.
at Chalons, ~~on~~ Saone, a town almost
as large as Chalons sur Marne, we
left the Saone + independently
sought Dijon - a good looking
French Captain - fine featured type
followed me into the Dijon car

We had an excellent lunch - quickly served for the usual price of 10 F. including "cigar" - a young lieutenant, and much older looking bride left us at Chalons. Two things are remarkable about the French officers - it is very rarely that they do not have some ribbon or decoration - the Croix de Guerre - Medaille Militaire - or both - + Secondly - though the majority seem the popular idea excitable common place crew - there is a minority type of clean cut well self contained boys that correspond very well to ours + the English best type - The type that is generally associated with the "English gentleman".

at Dijon another huge station - I changed to the Nancy train. We were actually on time + as I had an half hour to spare, I had ample time to thread my way through the subway corridors to

The corner of the Terminal
where the "L'Est" had backed in
its Express. - A "local" in
French parlance is "Omnibus" -
An "Express" is a train with
occasional stops - a "Rapide" is
corresponds to our Flyer or
limited - stops only at the
principal cities. I found
an interesting lot in my
new compartment - a loquacious
Abbé, a aeroplane hero of 3 or 4
medals + ^{his right} arm amputated at the
elbow - also very cheerful + loquacious
in blue Devil uniform - a pretty, thin
little Tootsie Randall type of French
femininity in a predominating
black garb - ~~garment~~ - deep
brown eyes - long lashes - a funny
smile revealing yellow teeth -
rouge on her cheeks, less than that
in her head - + a general's star
gleaming from her trim upper front
that seemed to stamp her as
well as the general - two other

sinking French officers. The
Abbe Dubetard was the entire
time - we find in the last 3 days I
can understand + warble
French with much greater facility
+ I did very well with him.
We left Dijon about a half hour
late + wended our way up the
grade that leads into the valley
of the Tille - the lifting of the
clouds gave brief glimpses for
away into the upper reaches of
the Saone + the one near by
Bourges Plateau. Much amuse-
ment was derived by all the
French when I mistook some
thin class cut Lombardy poplar
in the distance gloom for chimney.
Though I saw Tille to Chalons
about an hour ~~or~~ half from
Dijon where I connected with
a Paris train running through
Chamont + had enough time to
buy a sandwich + some coffee.
No beer could be sold to Americans.

by a new order "apparently" - It
was a short run through the tunnel
that indicated the divide between
the Saone + Maine watershed to
ranges - The train was almost
empty, a few American officers
like myself getting bags to their
commissary for Christmas; by
this time it was quite dark + we
trailed slowly as a locomotive
creamed finally $\frac{1}{2}$ hr late but
the friendly connection was
faithfully waiting + I found Bess
discouraged with a captain of the
staff corps in a full compartment.
I found a seat beside a young
Blue Bird aviator with a *croix de*
Guerre with 8 palms - the ribbon
almost to his waist as well as
3 other medals including the
Medaille Militaire. I read for a
time but finally interviewed the eight
palms. It seems the gentleman
had 17 Boche to his credit -
I didn't catch his name but he
said he knew Harry Johnson +

him, a gal of 15 or 16 passed another
evidently ~~two~~ different collections, for
many gave to both - usually only
a few coppers though - The Major
Tom indicated the route of procedure
& moved step by step as the pews
were passed just ahead of the
collection box - evidently in the older
days he would have strapped over
the bundles with his baton any
unresponsive citizen. A crowd of
unrobed youngsters filled the space
between the road screen & the altar
rail - coming - going any old time
apparently they chanted many invocations
with the ^{celebrant} Priest to lend volume to
his voice. The mass was
soon over I evidently had missed
half of it - I immediately
crossed the street to the Post
office & found a letter from Dad
& 3 letters from Anne & likewise
a package from Marcia - pretty
fine Christmas presents - walked
back to find the Major calling on us

it seems that the M.O.H. dinner was last night: was being held when we arrived + we did not leave any word for us about it. I was pretty mad as I had come back especially for it - among other things.

The jacket Marcia had forwarded through Stenger's London office was a wonder + most comfortable + just the thing for my early morning fire building services. The letter too.

made it almost seem like a real Christmas - We found dinner was not until 2, so called on Major Bailey to require some of the wine left over from the night before - we had an appetizer + found a fairly good meal awaiting us. Soup Canned Roast Beef. Potatoes cauliflower, corn, + Pie. cake + Candy - a great many of the men are still away on their leaves so we were bunched at one leg.

central table - We had a little
conclude in the Mayor's room until
4.15 P.M., the time for the exercise.
The old covered Market place had
had a stage erected at one end
the entire square being with electric
light + an electric light star hung over
the stage. Background - seats for 50
faced the stage - this area + sections
to the left of the stage were roped off
These held tables covered with
presents for the youngsters + a large
thickly trimmed Christmas tree.
Guards had been carefully distributed
to protect these from misdeeds
hands. It was close to 4.30 when
50 school children filed onto the stage
to supplant the soldier orchestra that
had been rendering "jazz" airs +
at the signal from their master sang
a French chanson about "les Petits
Drapeaux" waving in their ~~air~~^{air}
with the refrain tiny little French +
American flags - a very effective +
affecting sight. Then an address by
a French man to explain the Meeting.

was better evolved - passed quickly
by + each received a game, a piece
of Stets candy + a sweater + an
orphan received a package of chocolate
besides. I happened to be near the
presents + it wasn't long before I
was in the middle of it helping
keep the lines of exit open + finally
handing out the presents to the 2nd line.
The little youngsters were all frightened
to death - many weeping full cheeks
of tears but still holding out
grinning hands for their presents -
all eyes little faces, beamed to the
height of expectancy in close vision
of the tinied tables - the real rejoicing
Christmas face, the world over - one
little scrawny radder pretty little girl
bugged her little brother through + wept
bitter tears because she couldn't go
back through the crowd + her little
brother had to go on through the
lines - back she came several times
apparently not understanding even
our kindly French dame that was

identifying the French for us -
tears welling up in her eyes - +
searching the crowd for "mon petit
père" who had just gone down
the exit path - I didn't notice her
after a time, until near the end,
she emerged triumphant with 3 nice
little brothers, all three received their
presents + disappeared happily with
their arms full - That little
mothering soul with her three little
orphan brothers. I'm sure we
had repeaters - every public distribution
must - but the presents + sweets
lasted until the crowd had well
thinned out at 3.30 P.M. - close to
500 received something - which is
a fair proportion in a town of 2 or
3000 - The school children, orphans
+ poor were especially sought.
A cold supper - Newmarket
entertainment + tableaux vivants by
the enlisted men at 7.30 P.M.
on the same square - Free + the
French crowded in in such numbers

but it spoiled the performance for most of the Americans as the Theologues couldn't be heard above the din & noise of the Frog chatter & comment. - a solo & a block ^{box} that looked very well done so I gave it up to ~~the~~ ^{return to} the comfort of our snug rooms & wrote Christmas letters. Hard to recognize as Christmas.

December
26

Back to our usual routine - of breakfast at 8.30 - 9 or 9.30 A.M. forgot to get bread & sugar at mess this breakfast, for Madame Chassagnon could only subscribe a wee bit of bread - lunch at mess - meals deteriorating - Bath - Bridge - Dinner cozy comfort in our own room writing letters - & Diary. Bess has returned with a new Solitaire from Chateaux - quite the best in a long while. Discovered wonderful hard rolls at the Mess instead of Hard Tack - issued without charge

walk to mail letters at Head quarters + to
buy yesterday's papers - Lunch -
our store opens at one o'clock so
until 3 we must needs wander
about or rest. Purdy Stout left
this morning to find his brother in
Chelous + we urged Pryor to
join us in a Bridge game at the
Major's. Dinner at the Mess - poor
a quiet evening at Home -

December
28

Breakfast as usual with persimmons
as fruit which the old dame produced
yesterday - for sugar which we bought
with Pryor at the Commissary +
divided with her - sugar cost
about 10¢ a lb. Raining steadily
now for 3 days - no exercise - after
lunch - Biss + I took a long walk
out along the St. Dizier road in a
mild drizzle that rapidly turned into
a steady down pour with a moderate
South wind - we walked almost
to crest then back along the River
bowling along at 20 miles an hour
two or three feet ^{up the trunk of the trees} over its banks +

flooding the fields ~~or~~ for across
the valley - It was richly soft
under foot - instead of a few
yards of river between green fields -
the entire lowland from canal on
one side to railroad embankment
on the other was under water -
& down pelted more rain into our
faces - running off our rain coats
& down the side hills to join the
wealth of waters below - We flushed
a small covey of partridges along
the banks - half way in size between
our partridge & grouse & quail -
Then back along the sodden
highway - Plenty of Mistle toe
seen on the trees on the far
banks of the River. I wandered
with Biss into the officer's club
& happened to observe in the
kitchen of the Hotel below, a
cake in the process of making
into which eggs were being beaten. I
immediately inquired if there were
any extra eggs & after a little persuasion
managed to acquire two for a franc

bully fresh ones too - I carried
them back to our room in triumph
and then in our steam water boiler
in our cool closet - + went off
for a bath - Then Bridge with
Major Thompson - Major Bancroft
+ Biss - Dinner at the mess -
a little more Bridge as Purdy had
returned + then the Movies - very
good + funny. Read until 12
then fell asleep comfortably.

December
29

Sunday - a glorious breakfast
real baked eggs - delicious - jam
of pears which the Madame had
given us - persimmons - hot rolls +
coffee - a little sun for half a
minute too + delightfully warm
about 50 in the shade - lunch a
little better than usual - Bridge
at our establishment - Dinner at Madame
Béne's - excellent soup, fish, beef
potatoes - salad + cheese - better
+ quiet evening at home -

December
30

arose early to meet the courier
for Chaminot at 8 AM. as I had
been delegated to interview Col Keller
about all the mailbags owing to the
M.O.W. - shared prepared breakfast
including more eggs + was at the
Headquarters office by 8. It was
a lovely warm clear day. The
courier travels with the ~~motor~~ cycle
+ side car. I was in the side
car. We tore away at a good
clip. - luckily I had remembered
my goggles + said courier was a
careful driver. The road is
wretched, full of holes + undergoing
repair as far as Tongyan. Below
this point, a fairly good macadam
hugs the curve of the Western hills
which sweeps wide then narrows +
sweeps wide again of the River +
Valley - all green with grass +
wheat or - drenched in pools
+ ponds of inundation with the
swollen muddy stream dashing
rapidly along - a few full brooks

Myon
Banned
left for Nise
to day

came pouring out of the hills
an enchanting morning, the misty
damp + the soft green resembled
more an early Spring Day - we
passed few vehicles but the ~~few~~
trucks + cars whirling by
curled up the puddles of muddy
water in a wave of splashes into
our faces. which seemed just the
right height to receive the full
benefit of the Deluge - a few
stretches of road we hit at 40 miles
an hour but after Bologna, the
road roughened + we had to be
very circumspect in picking our
way into Chammont - on its
outskirts we passed a Football
field swept too by several inches
of water - We turned past the
park + the "Y" + drew up at
General Headquarters at 9.30 AM -
just an hour after starting. I
was introduced first to the
adjutant General - a Bugocher - I
inadvertently designated "lieutenant"

along slowly still on but one
cylinder in sheets of rain - getting
wetter every minute + proceeding
more slowly - finally at a little
grade we hesitated - coughed a bit +
stopped - Easy enough to start the
engine but no power - after many
trials we finally jumped out + pushed
the old thing up the hill. Coasting
down the other side was easy +
warmed her up enough to lurch
along + up all other grades at a
slow pace - It was getting colder.
muddier + thicker - water dripped
off of all parts of us + of the
machine - luckily we kept a
steady though slow progress + finally
lurched into Jannette about 3.30 -
Z his running time + I gathered up
the mail + then peeled off + dried
beside our welcome stove - but
was dumbly enough to be thankful
for a little hot drink - discovered
Biss about to hit up a little Bridge
with Purdy + his brother who had

finally appeared - so finally in
dry clothing I reported to the
office - watched the Bridge then
for a minute + then Supper in
"over coat + sweater" - Interest
in Bras's solution - letters +
Tracy fought early bed - aching a
bit + stiff necked.

December
31st

awoke with the devil of a
cold + mild laryngitis + sore
pharynx - for which I discovered the
lemon drops were excellent - Had
breakfast in excellent form - the
need of an oven, however has
suggested the purchase of a frying
pan or pan to dry out + heat
our rolls on the stove better +
more thoroughly - consequently
I engineered the purchase of a
zinc tin pan - this P.M. - which
at the Mess. meals masonry -
Bridge with Purdy's rather Purdy
Eggs poached for jam bought at
chamont - but the Dome seemed

to think she ought to receive more.
River still very high - Valley completely
flooded between the canal + old
river bed - a smooth sheet of water
with a turbulent torrent in the swift
current of the old River Bed -
all Houses + towns + Railroads
on a higher level + so far
untouched. - a few trench
troops with blowing trumpets
went through to-day.

Dinner with a party of 6, - Major's
Van Buren + Stetney - Biss Purdy
his Brother in "Y" works + Me - Brother
13 yrs older than Purdy but looks
like him + seems but a few years
his elder. Excellent feed at Madame
Bénes + a "Y" entertainment in the
square after it. - a Hideous lady
kittenish songster + a Scottish lad
with an excellent monologue we
heard + then a bit chilled - adjourned
for our fires - better + Dry -
Red in bed then with the old New
year was out + the New New one was
in. Shouts + howls - firing of revolvers +

ringing of bells for 5 or 10 minutes
then all were still + I blew out
the light + went to sleep.

1919

January
First

a little sun this morning
rapidly changing into a soft
drizzle still very warm. But
old bedding in bed still bothersome
bulky breakfast - Rolls heat
beautifully in our pans - excellent
current jelly produced by Madame
Chassignon for our chocolate
New year's presentation to her + the
Femme de chambre. Apprets - canned
for fruit + with our baked eggs - the
best meal of the day. Excellent
start for a Happy New year - We
arose so late + meandered through
breakfast so suggestively that it
was lunch time when we were
well shaven but on arrival at the
Mess we discovered it was Thineer
at 2. We sought the mail +
wonder of all wonders there was
a pile of seven letters for me

French wild in their efforts to
pass or throw goals! One
bewildered devil managed to put
two in + he was cheered or jeered
to the echo by the applauding
audience. We had a fair
Tinner finally - + then played
Bridge with Suddard as a 4th
all afternoon - a thin cold
supper - a few minutes of a
good basketball game + then
home to read my letters, to
investigate the Christmas box, +
to do my best toward answering
so many things at once -
Great Day, Willy, Great Day

January 2.

Woke betimes at 8 A.M. - oven
stunt still quite excellent for our
rolls. Managed to finish Breakfast
in time to bathe before lunch in
New officer's bath house - cold in
the showers but a warm dressing
room - same French tiny shower +
hand pump arrangement - lunch poor

horribly clearing day - took a walk with
Purdy in search of a Farm House
walked out the Chammont Road +
up the first lane beyond the
edge of Jernulle over sodden fields +
fences + finally struck a trail up
the hill side. Puffed up to the
top - barely view of the opposite
hills + bits of the valley below.
An old wood cutter + his wife +
dog were wandering home over
the sea - we gave them cigarettes +
received directions as to how to reach
said farm with smiles + rapid "oui,
Monsieur" etc. over the brow of the
hill we spied the formidable stone
buildings. Surrounding 3 sides of the
usual filthy farm yard - less soaked
in manure than usual but
lacking none of the customary aroma.
We stepped our way gingerly around
the ploughed areas upon the thick
sprinkling of stones in the fields
which were nevertheless green with wheat
+ walked around the end farm house in a
vain endeavor to find the main entrance

It was heavily barred so we had recourse to a small poster that promised well - a crowd of chieftens thronged the wide yard, filthy on all sides, but enough to be simply French not insufferable. To our shouts a stocky Maud Müller in dumpy gray skirt came hurrying as well as stinky sobot would permit & we were admitted to this bit of Farm-yard which though purified above the average still made its bid for olfactory honors. As demanding, "Is oep?" we were ushered through a stony door, a muddy stony tiny ante room, hung with outer garments & boots - to the Patrone a swaggled toothed old Janice with wrinkled smiling face & shrew-hindly eyes - The living room though dingy & grimy with age & wear & tear was unmercifully clean, close but without odor - Even its stone floor had but a paucity of mud - An old lanky man sat by the large old fashioned

wide fire place - sipping hot coffee
from a tumbler - but as he hobbled
to his feet came the explanation
of his broken leg with slow
mending - We were greeted
with a brent of French when it
was realized that we understood
the native tongue + finally persuaded
a parking with 3 fresh eggs. From
beneath the rough old square
table a rusty bottle was
made to beckon to us but we
demurred. We gleaned that it was
a great country for wild boars;
that 8 had been seen ^{+ heard} the night
before near the farmhouse, + we
were promptly shown the tracks +
the rooting in the ground - true
enough but 20 ft from the rear of
the old building - We learned that
permission from the Mayor was
necessary to shoot them - that
they were most delicious to eat
better than pork. It looked most
unintending to sit safely in the farmhouse

at sundown - Bess brewing coffee
which seemed good to me & Buddy
so we tailed in with our hat &
coolers - - 3 handed Bridge -
Dinner at the Madame Bess's
bette Tray - Bed - Still a
letter of Napoleon Volume before I
sleep.

January 3rd

Purdy yesterday has brought
me back by the Commissary where
I had acquired Butter which the
old Dame had asked us for & more
jam. This morning we tried it
out on our heated rolls & the
combination is wonderful. particularly
when done à la Bresline i.e. heated
again after splitting & buttering.
It is the delight cozy sweet crumbly
taste that is the acme of Breakfast
flavors especially with jam & coffee.
The S.W. Coffee is excellent - our
canned fruit holds & all is well -
Breakfast is our best meal. - Lunch
& Dinner at the Mess - to-day & a

the paper + then a French "Chantant
de Victoire" - a Poem background
recited by a Mephistophelian Frenchman
with interludes of well known +
popular French war songs - sung
by a man + his wife + at the
same time movies to illustrate
the songs - a very well done +
wonderfully effective thing -
two or three minutes of poem only
between the songs - which was
done so well I could get the
general tenor of the things - an
amused comedy skit preceded
this + The second part
was more of French propaganda
as the entire performance really was
as was handsomely demonstrated - giving
incidents of American work for the
participation in the War - with a
thread of story + the American
avator wounded, nursing the lovely
French Nurse who nursed him back
to health - a "Bobby" cartoon
ended the scene. It was

really very interesting. The
boys were quite noisy but more
orderly. The French questionnaires
were quite in evidence with a few
Americans - quite anxiously
attentive when caught by sudden
flashes of the light. The first
two rows in the Balcony were
reserved for the Marie + his friends
la Cour de Marie.

Grand Madelon
Les Byzans i.e. the Centre
where the most popular of the
songs of the first Part. Bed
by 12.

January 7 - Woke at 9 - Breakfast over by
10.45 9.11 - Mos chipping for exercise.
Bath - Papers - Lunch - No sign
of the clothing + equipment - Boss not
here - He has put in for leave to see
his wife + get 5 days - only to receive
a telegram from her to meet him in
Paris as she was on her way to
Brest. to sail all quite opportune - I

the Valley both North & South
& the little villages along
the high roads that cross
through the notches & gorges in
its mountain sides - an
old cemetery - reputed to be
Jewish lies on the margin of
town - with an old danger sign
warning against ophthalmia pres-
Numerous little ^{wood} huts & farms &
gardens near the road - a
few old wood gatherers along the
way - one old sturdy white-
haired woman was tramping
along with a wood basket on
her back. Shiny from her shoulders - probably
empty for I don't see otherwise
how she would have made the
grade - which is exceedingly steep
the last 100 yards - about
3 kilometers out on the top
of the hill is a large stone
farm house - with wide open
gate leading into its customary
felling yard. I missed possible

guardians of the place -
carefully watched around one
corner - seeing a long dark hole
ward the wall, creaked half of
the group of buildings - found
a rear entrance - this time I
ventured in seeing the place
to search with chickens to hunt
for eggs - With the Patrons
appeared a large woolly blue dog
that bounded out with huge
jumps + started for me but
luckily seemed to understand
the language of the shots -
what I was saying - he
got the signal - for he stopped
fully 30 ft away - as I ceased
to advance on learning there
were no eggs - our intention
ended amicably - I turned away
over the brow of the Hill -
intermittent sunshine playing
through the clouds on the hill
tops + the slopes into the valley
+ over the winding ribbon of river

through it + back into Jewell -
a bully walk - More letters
Dinner - then an entertainment
of the officers "Y" by H. James
"it might have been worse" - one
girl sang well - another played the
violin - one accompanied on the
piano - the 4th. manologued +
rough-housed - More letters
Bed -

January
9th

A little late in rising - no
eggs for breakfast but the "rolls"
are tasting better + better - Reading
letters + did chopping exercise - to
A.P.O. with Goddard before lunch
two German Helms camouflaged +
two boxes for sale at 30 F + 250 F a
piece, respectively - one box had
a machine gun, miniature attachment
long belt of cartridges fed into the
pistol chamber - making it an automatic
gun - [at ranges I saw a big
anti-tank gun - tall as a man - No 8
bore - looked like a huge rifle with

very long ^{wooden} docks + barrel -] - ^{Trice}
seemed prohibitive to me - Lunch
M.O.W. running the mess - to-day -
Very slow + not very good - no
letters yet - Sent Bess's telegram
that I had forgotten - Saw Major
Renn, over from Newfoundland - all
offices there broken up - he is on his
way to England, then back to Le
Havre + home - tried to turn in
his medical equipment - says Dr.
Cushing has had queer bulbar eye
symptoms - peripheral anaesthesia - no
paralysis - is better now - Heard
no dope about us - but our
especially designated officers leave to-
morrow morning - took a walk
in the rain down the canal
toward Bussy with Stet + Major
Trout - letter almost in tears
because his orders haven't come
& the others are going - Water's
of level about 3 ft - down from high
water mark - fields showing up again
though shallow water under land
of S curve - letters - Farewell

to Major Van Buren gave him
cigarettes for books I had borrowed
from him & left - also gave him
Major Bancroft, pen - Turner
excellent meal upstairs at mess -
Phil Turner mess officer & producing
the goods - better. Reading -
Fairly early to bed - Had Sime's
stripes very sporty - coats finished to-day

January
10 -

Woke early - up at the wood
bully chopping - Diary - a shave &
a bath - lunch upstairs at mess -
Walk with Major Stetson - Purdy - Purdy
He - crossed the River & canal & at
Toumance, turned right into Suzanne Court
where an old chateau in rock & masonry
is most interesting. The story runs
that the line of the House or Family that
owned it became extinct a 100 yrs ago &
the property was bought by 4 families
who all occupy parts of the house -
other dwellings are massed around its
old gray stone walls which are almost
hidden on the very edge of town - a

of it up out of the way - The
old fire place is empty save for a few
pots + pans - all spotlessly clean -
a bed in the corner of the room + a
seamstress + a sewing machine near the
window - The second room was quite
bare except for twin old Mahogany -
curled up ended beds in twin recesses
at the end of the room - The
most incongruous mess imaginable
The gray exterior seemed crumbling
from neglect - a veritable thorough-
bred fallen into bourgeois hands to
eke out its last days. The
little old church was another ancient
relic - its famous + beloved curies
buried beneath the stones of its portico
porch with inscriptions varying from
the ~~old~~ old Latin to the more recent
advice concerning a Sie de Jourville
that apparently served as priest. ^{Hollow}
course its stairs + steps ^{many} hollowed +
+ rounded out by the feet of ^{ancient} generations.
Its quaint tiny interior blessed with
the delapidation of age + the cleanliness

roofs following the curves in
the road, until it debauched into ^{the} wide
stretch of ¹ main valley. Many low lands,
the squalid back yards - the disputing
landladies along the slow moving
semi stagnant brook at their rear
doors - The old tavern sign & the
cautious rumbering & motor cycles
pulling through in single file to
the admiring gaze of the school children
in a wild scramble at recess. The
steep hill with grassy sides was no
easy descent even with a path. Stones
rolled down its side would crash quite
readily into the brook & back yard beneath.
We came out on the main road just
beyond Tonnance. Busy with
its iron foundry, a half mile down
the river - brought up the rumor that
it was in said foundry that the
stave of liberty or part of it was made.
Back by the same road on which we
started - Walter's - an interview with
Major Van Buren Jones - excellent -
Purdy came in afterward & we played cribbage

only one hour old. so Wood choppers
said - we walked way around
by the Ravine, + back by way of
the back behind the town + inspected
the few old walls + embankments that
alone are left, of the old site of the
castle. The castle was one of
the proud possessions of the Duc
de Lorraine until the Revolution when
it was torn down stone from stone,
practically nothing now remains to
indicate anything but a summer house
or two, with their tiny gardens + two big
pine groves - It seems that long
ago probably the middle of the
17th century the Duc was stopping
through town - for a share or what not
+ spied a fair maiden, so comely, +
quite a dower - He was interested
+ post the same way the next
day - then quit of an - very very
often - The Duchess learned of
this frequent encounter + quoth she
"If the naughty Duc de Lorraine will
stop to look upon ~~at~~ fair dames,

of this Country. "Ick - forsooth she
must be clothed aright." - So
peeping into her wardrobe, she
chose what seems most fitting +
despatched them to said lonely maid.
on the next visit of the Duke he
was astounded to see such
fine raiment sported by the lowly
maiden but guessed its origin. On
his return to the castle he met
his wife the Duchess, and said he :-
"Damm it, you're a good sport. - You've
always ~~promised~~ ^{requested} ~~you~~ a chateau in
the Valley + by the sainted Harry you
shall have one + one built of the
best + by the best - and what is
more will said chateau be finished
I shall ever remain true to you."
The Duchess was a wily lady well
versed in many arts. The chateau was
aye built, but it required 20 years to
complete - Thus did the Duc de Suse
become a loving husband + had off-
inscribed on the Chateau Walls to be
seen to this day the legend "Pan Priet"

"Tai seul" - This is the
chateau opposite the ~~dear~~
French Hospital - Reading
& letters until dinner - more
letters until the Monies - Found
Bess here - after poor Monies.

January 13

Woke at 7 a.m. Rainy day
started Breakfast. Pete Jones here
at 7.30 a.m. but no guide. introduced
Pete to our coffee + rolls but
still no guide. evidently the
chase. has been called off on account
of weather - anyway I had no
Cartridges - Charon day. We all
A day at home - blossomed out with our first
writing to-day
Dairy - reading - Mass at new
place - very good - long talk
fest with Bess - + end of "This".

January 13

Woke on time at 8 - Breakfast
with ^{two} eggs or fruit. old chopping a
little writing lunch. Papers - found
I can go to Verdun but not to Germany
Walk over the hill. No new Boer tracks

found forewell - went for letter
- found none - The Court
recounted -

The witnesses for the defense
were then heard - the tallest
lot of officer I have ever seen
shifty - very indefinite & guarded
in their statements with regard
to the accused - very poor
personal appearance - to all of
them accused had not seemed
drunk on night in question.
The Defense then made a statement
in behalf of the accused -
admitting the fondness for alcohol
but submitting that he had not
been drunk or disorderly - or
committed a public nuisance as
charged. - Major Roebey then
closed for the Defense speaking
in a moderate tone - very plainly
sensibly & to the point - that
the Defendant admitted the error
of his ways but there had been
no evidence produced to show

that publicly he had been disorderly
to the disgrace of the U.S. Army.
a rather surprisingly good plea &
well delivered. The Judge advocated

is a mumble

closed for the Prosecution - The
Room was cleared & the Court
went into closed session -

The Recorder was recalled to
read testimony given for the benefit
of the deaf Major who had
missed some items. A
question of urine had been
overruled and struck out of the
Record as Hearsay Evidence -
There had been any amount of
this admitted up to that time
& the first consideration was
what to do with the Hearsay
Evidence admitted & in the Record -
great discussion - no result -
Judge Advocate Summoned - It was
the consensus of opinion that
the entire proceedings might be
invalidated by a remaining
authority unless some action was

labor to expunge or indicate a
disregard of that portion of
the evidence - We then

proceeded to a vote on
the question of guilty on
the specifications - The
first specification indicated a
date + included drinking with
enlisted men + being drunk -
the latter had not been proven - I
voted guilty of merely drinking
with enlisted men - to my
surprise it was unanimous -
the junior members voted first - the
others from junior to Senior after
him - in the order of seating, i.e.
reverse order of seniority.

The second specification named
a different date + included drinking
with + being drunk in the presence of
enlisted men - I voted guilty
of the former only - the rest
with one exception voted for both -
I later called attention to the
fact that no evidence showed that

He was drunk in the presence
of enlisted men but only in
his superior officers presence + that
was why I had voted against the
second half - The words referring
to the presence of enlisted men
were then expunged from the record
- I made it another unanimous
decision - He therefore
was not guilty of the charge
i.e. Violation of the 95th Article of
War - Drunk + Disorderly in a
Public Place - that was
unanimous but was guilty of
the 96th Article of War - conduct
unbecoming an officer + a gentleman
also unanimous.

The punishment for the former
is dishonorable discharge from
the Service - the latter a fine or
confinement to Post or both.

We proceeded then to the sentence
I was for the severest the law
allowed - \$120 a month for 3 mos +
confinement to Station, but I was
finally reduced to 100 a month.

the Court could cover the case by
announcing that no cognizance
would be taken of the inadmissible
evidence that had been admitted -
in the presence of the full Court.

We convened - we immediately
went into closed session. Room
was cleared - we took said
action with the Judge advocate
concerning - We open full
Court again, announced to the
accused, action taken & adjourned
the case with another brief closed
session to affirm the verdict.

Thus to the mighty Medicines
since the unions of the learning
of law + peace. + patch the
tattered fabric together again -
Now will it hold water before
the eagle eye of the examining
authority?

Major Malt was being
immediately after for Remount
to have a dentist repair a tooth
having likewise lost a needed

a plan of the City - most interesting
we had a very fine time -

Back in good time - a puncture
just outside of Jounelle luckily -
we walked in - No mail yet -

Excellent Dinner - - - - -
a little Reading - Bed.

January
17.

Left late - long chopping -
children here are certainly fascinated
by chewing gum - Rugby ought to
make another million or two over
here after peace is signed - all
requests for "penny" cigarette - etc have
been given up for "boom" "boom"
a little late for lunch on account of
writing up back diary - Saw Major
Rochey after lunch asked him about
best time for seeing the Chateau
said he was going through at 2
to day & that I could trail. We
strolled with Major Morrison over
toward the mail & he showed me
some of the older buildings as we
passed by those with tiny details

with over the doors & windows
or in niches in the walls or at
street corners - old stone masonry
one head of Christ very well
preserved - most niches though
now empty - many old street
lamps jutting out from the walls
old gates - & bits of old masonry
one wonderful ^{sculpture} frieze or bas relief
over a shop door - surrounded
now by modern renovation &
repair - 20,000 francs had
been refused for it - near the
church & at the foot of the
Hill is the old part of town
through which we were walking.
The old wall was continuous
with the old Chateau on the Hill's
wall & enclosed the area between
the ^{river} sides of the Hill & the
power canal which ~~formerly~~ apparently
is very old & along which are of
the old towers ~~can~~ still be
identified. I bought one of the
postal cards that shows the plan

of the old castle - bought a few
papers - ~~from~~ + hustled back to
be at the Chateau on time - I
walked in the side gate - up the
lovely stair case entrance into
a hall way with wide branches
to each side - a broad stairway
opposite the door that had little
squares of red white + blue glass
patterned over its upper half - Great
old hard wood floors - a landing
half way to the second story with
a small cabinet off of it - The
same wide corridor ^{or hallway} along the
entire front of the 2nd story, with
rooms on the ends + back of the
house - the side nearest the street.

The major's occupy room at one
end of this floor. While we awaited
the concierge I heard most of
the history of the old Chateau - it
was built by the 1st Duc de
Enise - Claude who also had the
title Sieur de Jouvillat - He was the
ardent Catholic who married Antoinette

daughters or sisters of Francois
the first - + the stories I had
heard before held true - The 1st
Duc de Guise built the Chateau for
his wife + it was called at
first Chateau de Plaisance or
Summer chateau but more
recently it has been known
as the Chateau des Jardins - on
account of its lovely grounds -
The Guise family petered out
about the middle of the 18th
century + by marriage or
relationship the title to their
property here went to the Orleans
family - from the time of the
French Revolution when the castle
was destroyed until about 1850,
the place fell to rack + ruin -
Then a rich old Bailiff who
styled himself the Senechal de
Journille - took a lease on it for
99 yrs from the last of the
Orleans at that time with the
stipulation that one room should
always be set aside for the use.

of the Duc d'Orleans - He repaired
& kept the entire establishment in
good order - In the latter part
of the last century however in the
early 90's apparently - the Salins -
Caplain family who own all the
furnaces, forges, & foundries in
this district where part of the
slave of liberty was made merit-
ally - bought the entire place -

It was sub rosa as far as
the chief concierge was concerned
that we were taken through & we
tip toed around & were continually
cautioned to keep away from the
windows - all the rooms were
kept locked up - nothing remarkable
about the Major's room except old
mahogany bed with canopy curtains
of "Empire" days - The second
floor was but a succession of
bed rooms - & I should say each
with a "cabinet" or washing & dressing
room off of it - size of a large closet -
double mahogany beds - with curved
lunar sides & Empire canopies - one

4
-
lardy in bed table - but the furniture
was in general unarranged - all
impire - a few very descent dressing
very low chairs - one or two very
flashy mirrors more of Louis XV -
type - one or two rooms were
occupied by "domestiques" - In the
hall way was a rough hemlock
like looking bit that was a
hollowed out log made into a
desk - the front hinged opening out
a plaster bust of a youthful son
of the House -

On the first floor to the left
of the stairway was the kitchen
clean as a pin - the old high & wide
fireplace being filled with a huge
modern range a pantry like
entry behind the stairs & under
the landing led into the large
renewed dining room. - minus a
table filled with an indiscriminate
kind of chair in dark finish
but a walnut of the same color
as the wainscoting which reached

the opposite end from which I
is now, evidently, one was torn
or fell down & the other erected
in its stead. The Mayas
were then off for the bank
& I strolled around the House
There used to be according to
the old prints a moat around
3 sides of the Chateau - no trace
of it exists at present; all is
lawn or gravel walks - There
is a winding stair at one end
where an old tower over the moat
had been placed - each step hewn
so that one end forms part of
the central column. The
Chateau is considered one of the
best instances of Renaissance
architecture in France & a
close examination of its exterior
brings the suspicion that this
is true. Wonderful stone
carvings & bas reliefs over the
door windows & between the
windows of the 2 stories - In

ting

Small work there is inscribed
at frequent intervals "Toute, pour
Hue" + "ha et non Plus" -
In the middle of the back of
the House is a huge wreath like
carving, at one margin a large
'C' + the other an "A" - Claude
+ Antoinette - Duke Belle Dentiment
At one corner the figures 1546
are cut into the stone - a
most fascinating chateau.

The Major had shown
me a most interesting little
Encyclopaedia written by an
interceptor with the British army
called "Facts about France"
I immediately dashed to the
Book store + got the last copy
on hand. Too late for
a bath so I read the newspaper
Dined - + played Bridge with
Speedy + partner who trimmed
Rudy + myself properly - better
Bed.

January 18

Up betwines - Chopping - a dash
at a letter - Lunch - Huge lot of
letters for me - lovely day too -
took Pete Jones to see Monsieur
Belon, who told us the chase
was on for tomorrow & got
Pete a shot gun & gave us cartridges
Tried to finish of the letters - Bath -
Bridge with "Speedy" again - His
self designated title of Champion
of the United States & Canada
still holds as he beats us again
Dinner - Chess with Pete
Jones - we each won a game
Bed early to prepare for the
morrow

January
19th

No rain but heavy - woke
to hear the old gate bell jangling
luckily it was Pete - a letter after
7 - & we were to start at 7.30 -
or I might have been sleeping
yet - I slipped into shoes & overcoat
& let him in - got him started
on building the fire - started the

general plan of procedure. + the
direction in which we were going +
how to get to the place where we
were having lunch we were off.
M. Bellon a kindly pretty old boy
delegated us to the June party
+ 5 of us started off down the
far side of the Mountain - the
rest turned to the right along the
crest of the hill - We followed the
wood road came out on the main
road again down to the foot of
the hill - Here we turned off to the
right down a wonderful ravine.
20 yards wide - grassy - thick
woods on the right hill side -
thinned out woods on the left
400 yards down we came upon
fresh bear tracks + I was stationed
along a runway a few yards farther
on + crouched or stood close into the
thicket - Pek Jones 200 yards farther
on - the next was a few hundred
yards beyond him + so on down
the old winding ravine - It was a

great place to shoot - I could
just see Pete - We were told
to listen for the dogs baying &
to follow the chase up & down
the ravine - but to keep very
still if anything were heard
running our way - The bears
will show a human being on
the least provocation & the
wild ruses of their charging
for the hunter at sight, has to
do with the wounded in the older
days when hunted with spears &
arrows - The great modern
difficulty is getting anywhere
near them - We didn't
have long to wait - the baying
of the dogs soon began & led
back & forth across the mountain
top finally it started down the
hill toward us - I thought I
heard the running of an animal
but it soon passed on down
the ravine - I saw nothing -
15 minutes later I saw what I thought

but long
enough for
my hands to
require gloves
in spite of the
snow keeping
through the
fog.

about a half mile along the
River & sure enough there
lay Mrs Boar - one front
foot & her lower jaw shot
away & her side full of buckshot
surrounded by an admiring throng
she weighed about 100 lbs was the
size of the usual pig - long
narrow head - no tusks - little
stumps only - the males have
the ~~up~~ ones. The tip of
the tail was cut off & presented
to the 'gent' who fired the last
shot - she had tumbled into
the middle of a thicket - she
was promptly pulled out a
short time snooded around
her snout - young saplings
bent & twisted into ² ropes
were attached to this & 2
men to each rope - all this
done under a fire of incessant
comment, description of the
chase & giggling from the
assembled crew. It was only

about 10.30 but the chase was
over for the morning - We all
took turns then dragging that 100
lb carcass, a good mile to
the road - occasionally we would
have to stop for repairs as the
string would break. At the
main road we found the car
awaiting us with another tiny
female bear half the size of
ours which had been killed
trying to double back through
the brush in the forest. They
were loaded on behind & we
were conducted across the
main road & up a wood
road for a mile & a half to
a stone hut or "barrack" deep
in the woods - Here we found
Major Sherburne - the "Count" - the
interpreter - the "Maire" & the other
assembled & the motor with the
boats having come in by another
road. Boats have a peculiar
disagreeable odor & like most wild

animals have to be cleaned
very soon - This was done
most immediate + adjourn -
ment was then made to
the barracks - ^{a single way} a big wide
free place at one end - a
long wooden table with benches
along one side - a smaller
table in the corner - Tins
on the table - forks - shelves
by the mantle - We
were a party of 15 all
told beside our hosts + special
guests we were a non
descript crowd except for
the mifer - a Romanesque
looking short man - Napoleon
in type who had made 500,000
francs in the last 4 or 5 yrs
+ the man who had shot the
boar who would have fitted
absolutely into the well known
Swiss prints - "The Storyteller"
etc, even to its feather in his
hat - Ruddy complexion, keen eyes

high cheek bones - It seems
that 8 or 10 of these men - lease
the Hunting privileges over all these
hills from the Soline - Capitan
family who own all the woods
about Jouville the same forge
& Chateau Family - & have little
barrocks for their lunches scattered
all through the woods - 6 or 7 of
them - We had a great lunch
Pickled Potatoes & Beets, Sardines,
Pate - Bread - then plain &
big & feet Sausages & real chops
cooked on a charcoal fire -
most delicious: Vin ordinaire
gabore, some Vittel water - Chart
a bottle of Champagne - a small
bit of cognac - one man had
brought some special kind
of honey - the Major a can
of jam & we had brought cigars
It was a delightful meal -
cordiality request on all sides
The count had a great time making
wheed remarks in English that

the French couldn't understand
+ turning about + making
equally unintelligent to us
remarks to the French - one
bit of conversation! I did
guess was that the cooler
heads thought there was
great danger of Bolshevism
in France when the workmen
who had been getting 10-12 a
day, would get lower salaries
or lose their jobs - of these
there were about 700,000 in
France - The Yaire is
a great boy about 55, an
artist, an actor, quite a
literary shark + has refused
to be a Senator twice. The
party waxed quite hilarious
there were toasts to our hosts
the hunkers - France + America -
about 1:30 we started
out again - this time we
followed the wood road
deeper into forest - about a

bawling + then the party gradually
disappeared - Pele + I kept our
post + waited another hour
not a sign of anything not
even the baying of a dog - it
was then 4 o'clock - We
decided to make tracks for
the "barracks" - We found a
road that didn't seem very
familiar but after some
hesitation we came out quite
O.K. at the barracks - no sign
of a soul - We shouted - no
answer, so as it was dark
we followed the wolver tracks
out over a fair road a mile or
so to the main road - here we
shouted again thought we
heard an answering shout but
learned from passes by that
the hunters were going back
ahead of us - We hit up a
good clip down the Wasay
road into town + got back
just in time for dinner - a bully

Rumor that now we are only
awaiting transportation - bought
jam at the Commissary + gave
it to the Maire - M. Billon as
a hamch of the old beer was
presented to me last night -
The Venison I learned was
immediately divided among a
favored few + entered the town
in widely scattered pieces. I
also asked for permission to
visit Verdun - order was
issued - Have some
sugar + jam to the old Madame
as she seems sour about
something + intimated we
ought to pay the Femme de
Chambre we - I think the
Mayor + Party each paying 10F
a week has spoiled it here for us
The Entente however is serm cordial
again as I gave the Femme
de Chambre some chocolate -
It was another wonderful day
took a walk up the little valley

near us - across the hill to
the Massey road - the wood
choppers are beginning to thin
out even this - missed the
path had a great time getting
down to the road - across
the next ravine - thick brush
to the path up the for mountain
side to the farm - found it
OK - Great Sycam. climb are
mount, rest one minute -
managed to coax two eggs
from the old dame at the farm
Her son is back from Solomona
on leave & doesn't have to return
great rejoicing - View of the
valley - Soft & lovely - Back
just in time to buy candles as
the Commissary was closing -
Tray Dinner - Paper -
Budge at De's - helped him
with a composition for one
of his lovely ladies - Bed
after more Tray -

January
22

Wk a little late - chopping
finished up all the wood -
I was madly all day before &
after lunch finally up to date -
Lunch - more welcome letters
off for Verdun at 5 P.M. - another
bully day - clear & cold - took
the Boer's launch down to Pete &
had him arrange for a banquet upon
it for 8 of us at Madame Bene's
caught the train at 5 for Pagny
with Mc Campbell - Hynd - Sherman
It was quite dark as we slowly
drew out over the Marie Bridge
for Gondrecourt - We poked along
Hunger was upon us very rapidly
I had some sardines - the others
Bread & Cheese & we had an
excellent repast - We reached
Gondrecourt at 6:45 - Here we laid
to & waited just 2 solid hours
as our engine in a last burst of
speed had broken down & another
had to be found - probably at Paul -
I finished my newspaper - 2 lieutenants

that had climbed in, at Sandreant
for the lovely wait regaled us
with new Divisional & leave area
news - The 1st Army is down
about Tonnere - the supposition
is that most of it is gradually
going home - at last we
started for Pagny sur Meuse -
still a miserable jolting local
as the French term it with uncountable
& infinite scum "omnibus" - We
were soon to learn why - Due
at 8 18 We reached Pagny at
10.45 P.M. - but a 20 minutes ride
from Toul - actually 12 kilometers -
7 1/2 miles - here we changed
cars to a more miserable "omnibus"
but on the main line - held for
us about an hour & a half -
We left about 11 15 finally - only
to stop 15 to 20 min at every
block signal it took us exactly
until 2 30 a.m. to reach Toul - 7 1/2
miles in over 3 hours - We found
all the cross cantons closed - but

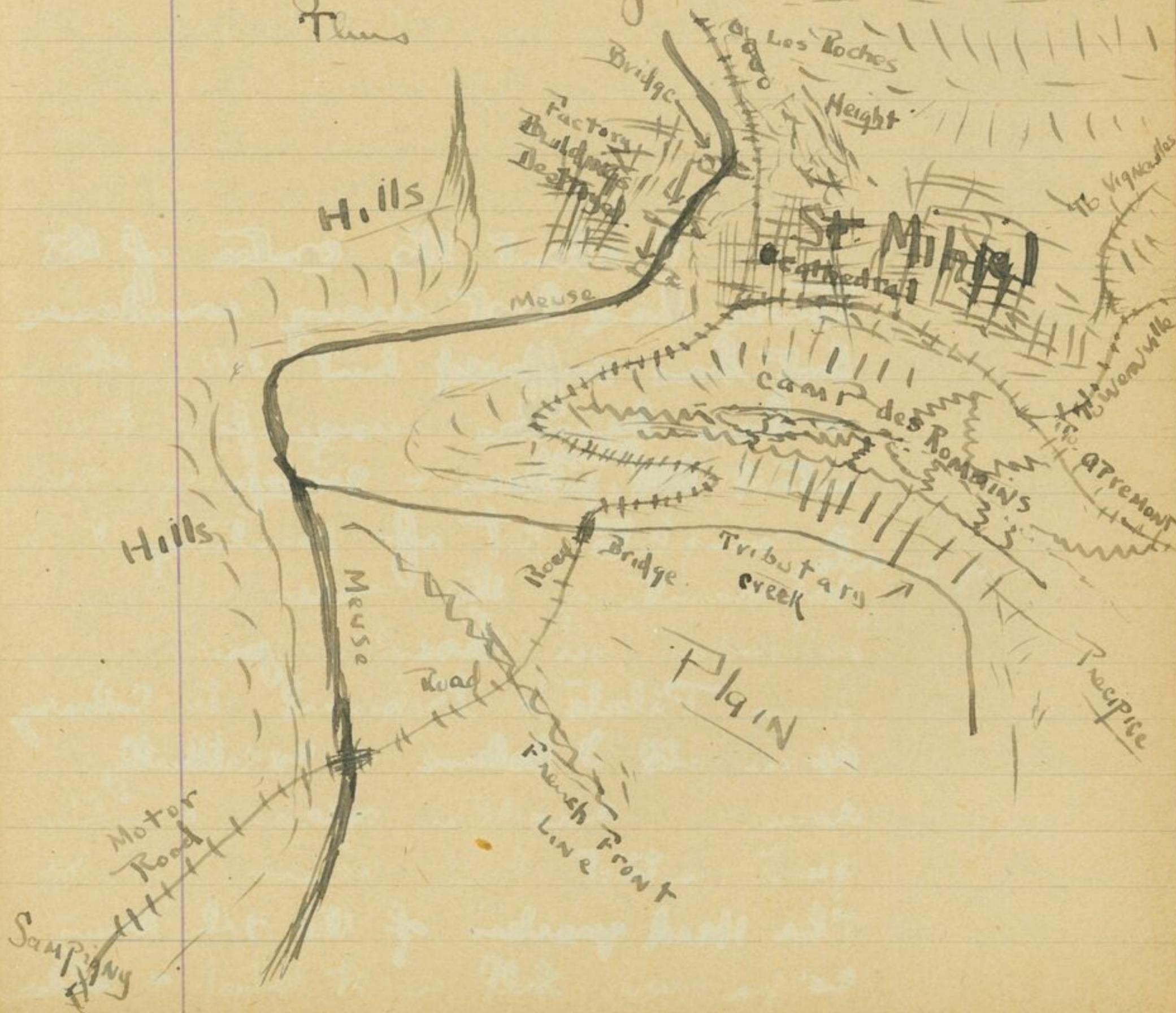
hande - a barber shop has been
installed a bath room - & meals
are at fancy prices & à la carte
we had an excellent breakfast of
Prunes with a syrupy sauce - bread-
chocolate & 2 cigarettes for 6 F. It
was but 3 F for our bed - We
sought the Chief Surgeon's office
where we received an order permitting
us to visit all the Hospitals of the
second Army - Verdun was in a
half hearted way forbidden but we were
not deterred. No transportation was
available - none on the Square - we
walked out to the old "5 points"
near the station - plenty of trucks
bound for the near by salvage dump -
or replacement camp - none for out
of town - It was a cold bleak
day - ground frozen - cloudy - Paul
has changed but little - fewer officers
& men on the streets but still a fair
crowd - plenty of business - embroidery
galore in store windows - In Desperation
we started for the other cross roads

range off to the North - on through
Soury + one or two other villages
we skinned along - the wintery
blasts from the North full in our
faces or off the starboard side as
the crossed + recrossed the River or
passed the dusty lumbering trucks -
at Commercy the Hills begin to
rise up to respectable proportions -
we turned off to the Base Hospital
Post office - Commercy is a fair
sized town of 3-5000 thousand -
very narrow + much winding street
but an air of prosperity + multitudes
of M.P.'s. I took advantage of
the acquisition of Mail to warm up
a bit in the Post office + put on an
extra sweater I had - we were chilled
to the bone but had made the 35
odd kilometers from Toul in a little over
an hour - We were soon off again
through Herouville across the Railroad
following now the foot of a fairly
respectable hill improving as we went -
up its tortuous valley - around ^{the edge of} a ridge

+ down we swept upon Sampigny -
Here is a huge motor transportation
Service park + supply station - big gas
tanks + spare parts - We stopped a bit
for the latter + warmed up at the
stove in the checking in office.
On through the town a little flurry
of snow, blanched the landscape
+ hid the country for a few minutes
+ then we came out upon the
valley below + facing St. Mihiel -
The river makes a bend away from
+ then in around a high hill
to the town - the valley below is
wide between low hills - + a ridge
in its middle + on the East or Boche
side of the valley had evidently been
occupied by the French front line -
running up to the far bend of the river -
the main trenches + line of defence
lay on the hills behind - a mile or
so across the opposite hills rose
very sharply - precipitous - 200 300
ft above the plain - a tributary of
the Meuse flowing rapidly at their

+ position
feet - this was the line upon
which the Germans had naturally
depended + had stood so long -
the entire plain bare before them
rolling away in plain view for
a breadth of certainly 2 miles -
a natural moat before a
natural rampart - it could defy
any frontal attack + was the
natural bulwark of St. Michel the
point of which salient it naturally
formed - It was reared by
trenches + covered parapets +
capped by a rugged mass of
mura + excavations dating from
old Roman times - called "Camp
des Romains" - which were readily
adapted to elaboration into a
powerful modern fortification -
It is thus easy to see how
readily "St. Michel" could withstand
any mere local attack - it was
^{well nigh} an impregnable position - It
was interesting to have the
full strength + opportunity of it unfold

though the baren
 still holes
 fields
 as we came across toward it
 crossed the stream by the restored
 Budge arch, remnants of whose
 predecessor still lined the banks. *
 We took a long S loop, up + around
 the point of the Hill + rolled down
 the gentle mile grade into St. Michel.
 Thus



It was just 12.30, we had come
55 kilometers in about 2 hours - We
quickly found a wonderful mess -
had a bully lunch for 3 Francs.
St Mihiel has been shot up only
in a very ^{few} areas at all badly - i.e.
near the river on both sides - all
the Bridges have been blown up +
shells have fallen very generally
through out the town without causing
very serious destruction - The
Cathedral about the centre of the
town has lost many windows
but has suffered but little otherwise
+ has besides magnificent +
intact tall ^{stone} pillars + sweeping arches
along in ^{order} a complete set of paintings hung
representing the various
episodes in Christ's journey
from Pilate's tribunal to Calvary.
14 in all I believe + excellently
done - another great painting
quite intact high beside the organ
The Head quarters of the 9th Army
corps are still in St Mihiel - Soldier

everywhere - a big motor park on the
outskirts - + cars parked on the
little square near the cathedral -
Headquarters are in the old Hotel
de Ville or in some public building
near it on the main square -
surrounded by the usual iron
fence with a courtyard in front
Not many civilians in evidence
but a few stores are open + the
market place is piled high with
coal + wood - When gaps in
the fronts of houses have been
blown or doors demolished + wire
netting is woven across to
prevent the casual wanderer an
easy access or to keep out prowling
animals - 60 odd babies
have been born during the German
occupation - these have been quietly
taken over by the State + are being
reared in foundling asylums. We
stept into one store to find some
post cards - usual French thrift
has already prompted the selling of

a row

an entire package for 2 F. ¹, rather than one or two single cards - a few old men & women & young boys pushing carts filled with wood trudged up the street - but two young girls of 18 or 19 who had lived through the German reign of terror kept the store. The mess was in an old house with front & rear rooms thrown into one - rafters & beams beautifully finished & painted white. Big brick fire place with a most comfortable log fire - it had been the German officers mess.

We walked out to the trestle bridge which now supplant the blown up arch - all the houses & factories along the river front are a heap of ruins - as well as the little village of Chammont on the west bank. 2 other bridges up stream were more disintegrated pits.

in plume
Sympathy

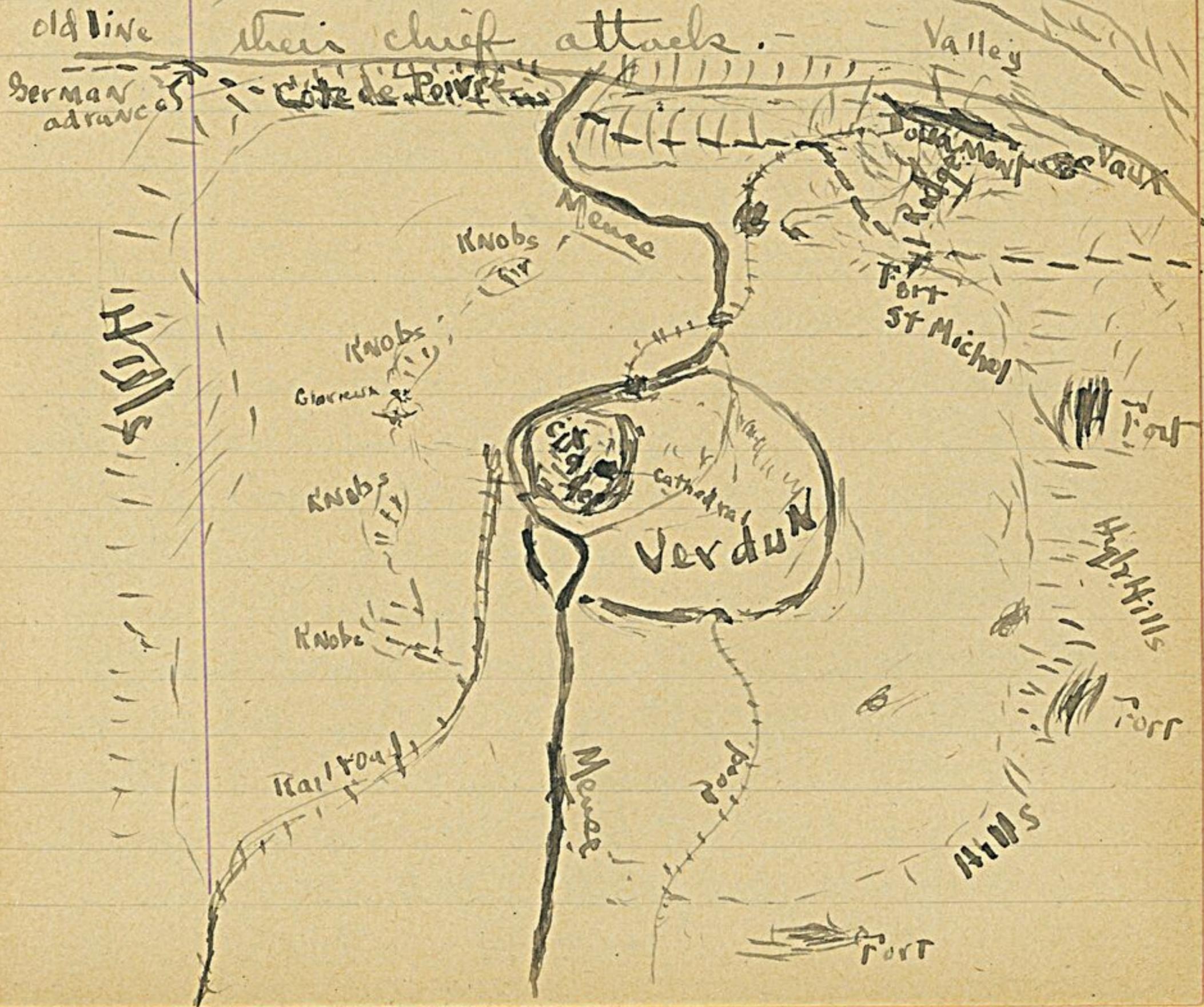
of stone about the old buttresses
& the ruin old camp des Romains
looked down upon it all.

We had hardly waited 5 minutes
at the crossing before a Cadillac
with a little lieutenant & a French
officer came whizzing along bound
for Verdun - We all managed to
pile in somehow - it was not a
Limoisier but its curtains were
ample protection against that biting
wind - On the Northern outskirts
of St Michel 4 huge rocks
were in queer circular ridges -
narrow based top heavy with
weird tomahawk projections rear
up beside the road - No one
could tell me why or where they
were but from their worn black
sides & alignment I have no doubt
they are a survival of some old
Roman work - As is too the
crumbling ruin hidden in the trees
on the knoll above & North East of the
town

the first town in allied possession
above St. Michel - In spite of
the dents in the road we hurried
along at about 30 miles an hour
through villages well nigh absent
except for a few lingering walls &
chimneys - & beside the river &
canal which was lined by submerged
& half submerged canal boats - locks
all now repaired or quite intact & an
occasional raised or active boat crawling
by & between its wounded & maimed
brethren - Here & there a rare
Salvage pile like old junk - ^{only} ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~only~~ ^{now} left
with a small group of negro laborers
~~with~~ ^{forming} the high sounding title of "Pioneers"
wandering in & out of the piles.
In the main, the villages were quite
deserted save when used for billets for
said Pioneers - Finally through
Seneceourt & Hardramont - a few
civilians here - The valley most
of the way was a mile or two
wide. - little more than rolling slopes

on the for Western side - for
sized hills with gradual ascents
darting in + out along the Eastern
side - the river, ^{+ villages} hugging their
foot fairly constantly - The
road turns ~~up~~ ^{up} + over a long
~~way~~ ridge about Hardmount near
a sessile mass of concrete
indicating an outer fortification
^{cases} + down the opposite incline to
Verden 2 miles away - Set down
in the very middle of the valley
which ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~wide~~ ^{wide} out here to almost
a breadth of 4 miles - Little
knobs rise out of the plain in
a rough circle about the city at a
distance of 2 miles - + join ^{to} the
East, the good sized hills that bound
the valley - To the North, 5
miles away the for boundary hills
curve in + seem to meet - so
that Verden is roughly surrounded
by 2 concentric rings of heights
which naturally lend themselves
to defense - the city itself is quite

low + flat, ~~base~~ for the Citadel
 on a little eminence in the bend
 of the river - To the North East
 these concentric rings are joined
 by a plateau cut + quartered by
 many ravines ramifying in all
 directions - it was at this point
 that the Germans elected to make
 their chief attack.



Verdun dates back to the Roman era when it was known as *Varidolimum* or some such name. -
side Caesar - probably the citadel represents its extent at that time. It is a walled city - high bastioned double walls + old moat - in its checkered career, it has belonged to France to Germany + to Lorraine the modern version of "Lothair" who as Charlemagne's son received the middle third of his Father's domain i.e. northern Italy Switzerland + the land between the Meuse + the Rhine including Verdun - + in an interregnum was ruled by a Prince-Bishop whose palace or "Princerie" still stood until the Germans cast their eyes + shells upon it - a long straight un-concealed road leads ~~into~~ to the South or St Victor's gate - + curves, of course to pass through + into the city - M.P.'s + guards near the first buildings - many French + ^{in bet} American soldiers on the

Streets - we saw no curians - No
stores open - The Houses have the
usual appearance of the small
French City - Verdun in peace time
had 22,000 inhabitants - many old
stone ones still discernible with their
sundged carved bas reliefs & niches
among the common more recent
plain slab sided fronts - The
Southern half of the City + in fact
all but the part near the Citadel
is strangely intact + shows but
little signs of a 4 year bombardment.
Possibly the Boche knowing of the
Citadel realized the futility of
thrusting a sense of balling
ground seemed to rise from the
very stones over which we walked.
The street winds a bit + leads
fairly straight across a power canal
& the River or a branch of it to
the foot of the Citadel hill - just
beyond where it forks to pass
around it. We stopped on the
Bridge to examine the first definite

recent - we were told they were
begun in the 14th century & after
the Germans had captured Verdun
in 1870 - Vauban on its return
to the French is said to have
planned & built most of the present
extensive system.

We now turned our faces toward
Fort Donnant; we ran back
along the ^{East} Foot of its citadel
turned North through the city here
out the St Paul or North Gate -
Some curve through the gates -
across the River to the right
picking up the main ^{walking} high road, again
to the East Bank of the River
Sharp to the left & straight out to
Bras across the level bare
plain for 2 miles - Fort St Michel
off to the right, the hills rising
fairly sheer a little over a mile away.
Frayed remnants of old camouflage
flanked the road - a group of
our colored men were ~~working~~
~~at~~ hauling crushed rock for

pretty well
shot up +

in the whirlpool of the conflict &
tossed aside as spent value when
the torrent of Victory finally demonstrates
the outlet for the crushing violence
of battle had been garnered by
the moppers up of the Salvage
department. Yet the traces
of that titanic struggle stand as
well defined as the belt of
desert that marks the rammed
Hindenburg line. The openings
of squat dugouts still dot the
southern slope of the hills - a
6 ft length of sapling stump still
stands here & there but otherwise
there is no sign of a living thing -
no vegetation, no stone scarcely left
one upon another to indicate a
fortification - the rolling hills
still are there torn & smashed -
silent & alone - The same
constantly branches cutting &
slumbering into the hills - ^{the} roads
divides to follow it - We wound
along as best we could what seemed

the way
to be toward Touamout - The road
gradually narrowed as it neared the
end of the ravine & the top of the
hill - at one point was the old sign
warning that vehicles could not
pass beyond - a rough trail led
on - the car had just enough
room to push on to the top - Here
it ended in a trench - We had
come probably 3 miles from Bros-
we all got out. Touamout
loomed up on the right at the
very top of the ^{hill} - rising sheer for
the last 30 ft ~~down from the~~
~~mountain top~~ like the crest of a
great wave about to break - a
few loop holes suggested the site
of the fortifications & the opening of
the galleries - From it the
gradual descent swept down into
the valley & a dent in its left side
led down at its immediate front
permitting the adjacent ~~to~~ ~~adjacent~~
hills to act as buttressed, though lower,
the points of a half moon from which in

infiltrating fire could be poured on
any direct attack. 4 miles away
the opposite ^{to slope to the valley} mountain chain was
visible - at least a mile long so
that the Germans starting from
their advance trenches in the valley
or at the foot of the opposite
range, advancing up the perfectly
naked incline, absolutely devoid of
any natural protection + thick with
the zigzags of French trenches + barbed
wire now pounded out of all defogitation
must have been visible from
the first foot step of the advance
+ subjected to a powerful, galling,
slaughtering fire on every inch -
It is marvellous to think that
the Boche could gain their way to
the top ^{+ beyond} + could pay the price
to win, that men would die ~~in~~ moved
down in ^{hundreds} as they must + still the
succeeding ranks could carry on -
one senses the titanic struggle - the
presence of death from the very silence + desolation
of the desert expanse of hills + dunes

the River a bit + also on the
Western side advanced to the Colé du
Poire - they were held + held fast
+ firmly - The third Reason is
that the ^{main} weapon of defense was
the famous "75" - The French
intimate that the use of machine
guns for defense had not been
as well demonstrated or realized
as in the last year of the war +
the old "75's" at close range
were their main reliance + scored
the day - Here again the
armies were well adapted for this
maneuver - the 75's were packed
in wheel to wheel, hub to hub, in
vast numbers on ~~the~~ ^{both} ~~+~~ ^{every}
near slope + blew the ^{hordes} ~~advancing~~
on the opposite side into atoms.

We had but a minute or
two to roam about; the Sun
was sinking in a final blazing
red flame in the West - a
bit of grenade at my feet I
saved as a memento, made a

rapid tour of hull top + benches +
gazed upon the mighty front of
Touanmont that must have been
the last sight of many a Boche -
For our last turn had been wrong
+ we came out upon the left
side + front of Touanmont rather
than the Port itself.

We turned about + a quick
run brought us back through the
city - plenty of M.P.'s but though
Verdun was supposedly a forbidden
area, not a word was said to us
out again on the far side past
the Citadel. We were bound for
Blouin where an American Evacuation
Hospital still remained + were set down
at a cross roads a scant half mile
away - That lieutenant + his
car were certainly a God-send - we
never would have seen Touanmont
without him - We found
the Hospital to be No 15. Jackson
of Upton Fame was adjutant +
beach of ^{the} Champagne ambulances

had charge of the transportation - We were given coats in a huge cold room all to ourselves - but hot water near - Wonderfully good dinner - Telephoned for Bios to Eric 1. - not there - arranged for sending helmets to Warren + Jack - back to a friendly Captain's ^{war} room to write letters - Bed at 10 - It was better cold + wiffing

January
24th

Up at 7 - Breakfast skimpy - Bully day but still very cold - Shove in cold water - Ambulances going by St Michel to Commercey + Toul, but all frozen + had to be thrown out, so we started on arranging to be picked up on the way. Back into Verdun by way of the Gate near the Citadel, though on foot, no word from an M.P. - We took a path beyond the underground entrances to said Citadel up to the top of the Hill - The fort or Citadel proper seems to be separate + is surrounded by a special wall but covers scarcely half of the hill + the rest across a gap of

several hundred yards with a few ruined buildings ~~has~~ also enclosed by a wall with the usual arched gates + contains the cathedral + ecclesiastical buildings - We walked by a path in the old roadway overgrown with weeds through the old narrow arch to the cathedral easily identified by its twin towers - It is surrounded by a Jesuit college - ~~courtyard~~ arcade - dormitories ~~all~~ on the same enclosed courtyard - They are not a mass of ruins but have all been badly battered + gutted by artillery fire; the fine old stone work still gleams through the patches + gaps of its wounds - The arcade connects the college to the cathedral building in stairs descending to a lower level + a semi dungeon which gives by a few ascending stairs again into the church still a bit below the street level - The door into the

Church was boarded up + we went
around to the street side + luckily
found this door open - The
cathedral interior has been
practically destroyed, the old organ
seems intact the pillars to the
roof - old doric type - likewise, but
the walls + roof ^{have been} well punctured
by shell holes - now boarded
up - still piles of debris here +
there, the windows to a glass have
been smashed to smithereens; but
fortunately the magnificent old
canopy in front + above the
altar is quite unscathed. A
lovely ^{golden} gilded dome
supported by ⁴ ^{total} brown marble
pillars ^{with} a twisted doric scroll.
It gives the impression of being
both ancient + oriental - it would
fit just as well in a Chinese
Pagoda or a Hindoo temple - the
elephant's head [?] might have
been modeled after it. It's one
of the loveliest old bits we've seen

~~date well back to the~~
~~must be a survival of the~~
~~very year 1000 when I believe~~
~~the Cathedral was built~~
& certainly confirms the age
of the Cathedral which is said to be
1000 years. ^{small} Heaps of ~~date~~ &
crumbling rock line the walls
outside - What was my surprise
to find in a fragment of sandstone
which attracted my attention by
its motto appearance, ~~to find~~ ^{that} ~~it~~
gray green speckled ^{broken} surface ^{was} covered
with perfect fossils of ^{polyte} fan shaped
fluted shells. I had difficulty
in breaking off a bit with ^a ~~another~~
sharp edged stone. It was
fully a half hour since we
had left the Hospital & we
hustled down the winding streets
that leads down ~~the~~ ^{to} the
city proper - passing the old
Prince - the palace of the
Prince - Bishops that once ruled the
city - The entire South end
of the Citadel Hill & the Eastern

portion of the City is in ruins, what I really expected the entire town to be - The Prisoner almost escaped but the average House does well to have more than parts of two walls still standing - they have been almost wiped off the earth like the little villages in No man's land - We reached the Bridge over the River to learn from an M.P. that no ambulance had passed, We continued on to the St. Victor Gate ~~the St. Michael road~~ through which all traffic to the St. Michael road passes. Here too no ambulance had been seen - out through the gate, the outer works & walls, to a cross roads, nothing in sight & no traffic of any sort for 20 minutes - American troops drilling in squads in the neighboring fields. it was bitter cold with a penetrating North East wind - we walked toward a French truck undergoing repairs at quarter of a

The salute to Cherut just beyond the Verdun Park that made his way from Private to General in the Army was quite intact

mile down the road - carburetor
frozen - no help here - a French
truck lumbered by without stopping
but toward off at a far cross
road - We walked out to the
foot of the rise to Houdramont
still no lift - an American truck
being repaired at the foot of the
Hill - We set out for Houdramont
over the Hill, by the ^{old Fort} ^{4 1/2 miles from Verdun}
almost to Houdramont before
finally a wobbling truck came
dashing down the Hill + picked
us up. It was now about 11 AM
+ we still had 28 K. to ~~reach~~ St
Mihiel. 10 Kilometers of glorious
bumping on soft bales of Hay
+ we were set down again as the
'Voiture' turned East. The
ambulance however picked us
up a Kilometer farther on - it was
filled with 4 stretchers but we clung
to running board + hood for a
devilishly cold 5 Kilometers - over an
unusually big bump an ominous.

watering troughs + a little brook
still running in the gutter +
finally a great little mound + fence
in grass flat with a monument
to commemorate ^{where} evidently an ober commandant
had fallen. Wire entanglements
before + behind these mounds with
real gun emplacements guarding the
straggling houses. - Mount
Sec still loomed some distance
ahead around the nearest Mountain
Slope. We quickened our pace
+ after finally rounding the
last curve in the road + passing
through a small forest with a
net work of light railways with
exploding small arms ammunition
+ a thin column of smoke ^{to}
rising above the tree tops on our
our right ~~still~~ indicated some
sign of habitation or camp - otherwise
the country side was quite
deserted. - We pulled up at the
foot of the incline for a rest. It
was 3.30 P.M. - + we must have
walked at least 5 miles without a

Stop - Mont Sec is a flat
rounded eminence not unlike an
inverted saucer quite free of
trees + shrubs except for the deep half
moon that joins it to the Mountain
to the West, along which we had
come - a series of thick woods on
its front + West + small shallow
pools + lakes beyond them - It
rises out of the plain that knows
no such lofty eminence on all its
way from Paul - 30 kilometers away
a few miles to its rear is the
main mountain chain of the St.
Michel Sabert - it stands as a bulwark
& ^{+ observation point} outpost to the rest of the ^{Boche} line -
a few shagging trenches checker
its front, with triple rows of
barbed wire to pass to gain its
summit - We climbed on
a system of 1 min. climb + ~~descent~~
halt & in seven minutes had reached
the opening of a dugout near the
top evidently - a look out point
under a bombardment - We walked

up to the flag pole on the very
summit, flat, with a few shallow
trenches + the magnificent
prospect of the entire valley
from Paul to Paul au Mousson
+ Vignelles + almost to Courmancy
lay before us. ^{the ridge behind} Secheprey cutting
off the lower valley except for the Paul
hills + Lacey Mountain Range
30 odd kilometers away. The
sun was just sinking in the
cold steel grey Western clouds -
+ a soft mellow blue haze
overlay the forests patches +
the horizon. We hastered
down to get a glimpse of the
~~entrance~~ dugouts. The various levels
are all connected I believe, the
upper one with the usual
camouflaged entrance was a
straight passageway through the
hill to various points of vantage
for observation. The main
routes of access were plainly indicated
by well marked paths through a

patch of brush, wire or camouflage
a few hundred feet down were
the ^{main} entrances evidently with a
stream of electric + telephone wires
still running into them - it was
soft & marshy - a cave we had
already occurred near the mouth of
one so we didn't investigate
far - but could see the general
plan was a network of passages
with rooms near the centre of
the hill to hold a large number -
electric fixtures were on the walls -
the passage ways were board lined
over roofed similar to mines - just
tall enough to walk upright & so
narrow that 2 men could pass with
difficulty. ~~through~~ It is said that
the entire German dugout & heat
system in this area was lighted by
power from Metz. It was
getting dark - Mac especially, was
tired & grumpy & as he had the
only weak light we gave up dig out
in favor of the path leading down

a very accommodating adjutant.
that Bess had left 3 days before
+ said then that he would not
be back - also that an ambulance
had just left for Comumery +
no other transportation was coming
our way - the local Hospital
at Weirville had just let the
water out of the car + could
do nothing for us - The Town-Major
was not procurable - + the
captain of Engineers appeared to
say his trucks had just left for
St. Michael + his second ration trucks
would run in in the morning not
before - He dashed out + returned
finally to tell us he could put
us up for the night in the
night shift bunks!!! + Except
for some negro pioneer troops
in Weirville his outfit was
the only one in that part of the
country - They had been marooned
there for 2 months - the 28th Div
had moved out over a month ago

other detachments of his Regiment were scattered, all over the area from Pont au Mousson - Thuraumont to Toul - It was bitter cold - & here we were by a comfortable warm fire with the only possible American or French outfit within ten miles - some - miles - The area had been furally combed 2 days before when the Meurville railroad had been given up & only the light narrow gauge was left to work to finish the last salvage dump demolition - only a Captain & lieutenant but there was a special officer's mess in a comfortable little warm hut & deliciously cooked food - We had some cigars the Captain came & we had a delightful evening - The Captain had some ones in June 1917 - was with the British in the retreat near Cambuy

had many interesting tales of the
English & that retreat - knew
Mc Isaac - It seems that
the Boche had the English guessing
as to whether he would attack
or not because he had waited
so long - they were only praying
that he would come - afraid he
might not - as their defenses they
considered almost impregnable.
Gen. Baugh whose part of the line
gone had indicated his lines of
defense but never really had dug
or completed, his 2nd + 3rd lines, being
confident of the strength of his 1st -
His inspecting officer had enforced
or observed that they had not been
constructed - Gen. Baugh also,
ran the rumor had been suspected
of Pro German tendencies, had been
censured or aspersions cast upon
him, at some previous report,
just why he still held command
was not understood - The
English were just not ready for

Suppose
the attacks which overwhelmed them
that a gap 8 miles wide was made
between the ^{3rd} ~~3rd~~ ^{9th} ~~9th~~ armies
Gen Saugh - The Third held like
adamant - the 9th was routed -
3 days of orderly retreat, then
almost a perfect rout - the 9th
Army was beaten - was digging
out as fast as they could -
The ^{not so constructed right} ~~captain's~~ ^{behind the front} detachment, on the 3rd
night was encamped near an English
Major's (a Major commands a company in
the English Army) - an unknown
English liaison officer rode up at
dawn, said news had just come
that the enemy had broken completely
through, all outlets were to move
as soon as possible. The roads
the day before had been crossed &
packed with retreating men, wagons,
guns, caissons, + equipment - been
shelled by artillery + strafed by air.
He decided to consult his neighbor
Major + found that he had received
the news too in the same way but

Some interesting count market
findings. The Captain also had
+ some bully stoves. We turned
in finally at 10 P.M. Very
comfortable double decked bunks
only lower occupied - duty
blankets + pillow I used my sweater
for a pillow + removed only trousers
+ shoes + had my over coat for
an extra cover. It was then
just comfortable - Vilely cold
night -

January 25

awoke a little before seven quite
cold - wash room excellent
but dirty - Bully breakfast of
pop - jets + coffee at 7 - the
captain wasn't up - but the lieutenant
boarded the truck with us for St
Michel - we paid them mess
what it would have cost us
elsewhere + quite gratefully as
what promised to be a rough
time had proved to be a great
session - The old lumbering truck

men went fast enough to put
a keen edge to an already ruffing
wind - We bombarded the
cans + box cars along the road
with the frozen potatoes on the floor -
Great exercise + workmanship - The
nago powers outside of Wainville
were having a wonderful time
with hand cars - working their
heads off to run the plagued
things - bearing like tigers at
the handles + leaning even little
bit of iron or a pick to each
other ~~as~~ were 100 yards or so -
Through deserted Wainville - one
or two houses boarded up +
guarded by colored bellmen +
up the hill on the straight road
to St. Michel + over the Mountains
that formed the third line of the
Boche - trenches + barbed wire
half way up - The road followed
a ravine winding up to the top
which was heavily wooded + filled
with the butts of the permanent

quarters for men + officers even
what seemed a "Biergarten" the
same Mountain I had visited
with the salvage officer back
in November - over the summit
the road coursed down another
long winding valley side filled
with the houses + dugouts of
Boche occupation - clustered thick
in the woods on the North Hillside
scattered shelters for horses in
the trees in valley - The open
fields pitted by shell holes
+ the road at one place
had evidently been mined - a
large 30 ft wide hole now
well filled - where the road
dashed through a bit of the
Hillside woods with the rustic
deserted huts, in large houses +
benches was not unlike an old
abandoned ^{summit} picnic ground or deserted
for the winter - As we neared
St. Michel we passed a large
Boche cemetery with a group

of at least twenty grave stones
about one large monument
a general's grave - ^{all} enclosed in
a neat iron fence - We
were in St Mihiel by 9 A.M.
Trucks bestirring themselves mightily
but apparently only for local
traffic - We waited at the
Commercy cross roads while
a huge convoy (150 or 16) machine
gun trucks passed bound for
Coblentz (trucks with seats boad to back
for 12 men - machine guns packed between
the backs of the seats) - finally
the ineffaceable Ford trucks appeared
that skinned back with us up
the road by Fort des Romains over
the Bridge & on as far as Saufigny.
It was still very very cold - Here
we found a convoy of trucks
bound for Commercy & I happily
discovered before we had been
5 min. on the way were going
right through to Sandre court.
We had counted on the Paris train being

late + of catching it at Commercy
for Vitry + Yernay but this
stroke of good Fortune made
I much easier to ride through
on the trucks. The others wanted
to see Rheims so I left them
at Commercy + was soon
trundling out the road to
Ligny en Barrois - colder than Greenland
but a poorly forest road curving
upward over a ridge - in the
middle of the wood we turned left
to Meuil-la-Horgne - diagonally through
this hamlet where we made a wrong
turn - up through bare ascending fields
over which the North Eastern ~~blow~~
wind fresh from Russian ice fields scolded
~~with~~ biting gusts - through the tiny villages
of Banx + Navis en Blois - we were
way off the beaten trail + were
getting glimpses of funeral France in
its ~~usual~~ dirty winter garb + pigsty
penchant. - then right to Boree + Refrain
lovely rolling fields + wood crested
hills all the way then sharply up over

to keep I on its way -
arrived 2.30 at Juncos
found Biss had come home
2 days ago as Base 15 left for
U.S. + no more parties could be
taken. I had a bully bath +
just in time, a flea had been
feasting on my arm pits +
I had a row of bites in
circumference. Chocolate at the
Y. Cookies. supper - Mad
movies. Bed - ^{Pete Jones received} his order + left yesterday

Biss in
the middle of
a court-martial
of which he
was judge.

advocate.
+ he was being
pleaded guilty
to the theft
of some meat
from an American
supply car

It seems
January 26th

that supplies
are very short
+ a station
M.P. saw the
meat. his
mess is at the
station. He took
a side of beef
to be used by
the French cooks
but
a fellow M.P.

saw him
take + later
found the meat
where he hid it

No sign or news of moving
out. Up at 7 - Wood not fire
hard to start but had breakfast
by 8. off to join old Bellon et
aloe at the Hunt a bit late -
Walked fast - over took the party
strolling leisurely half way up
the Mountain. Few more men
of non-descript variety + two Poles
one the son of old Tulon the
baker, the other the son of the
Swiss like hunter - lots of chatter.

+ chest expansion over "Mon fils" -
"Les Pains" - "Il y eut à Verdun" etc.
one did have the croix de guerre -
a sturdy ordinary looking youngster, the
other a thin-beaked individual, a little
shifty eyed - a mere slip of a youth.
He told me more of Verdun + its
defense - We were off after the
usual round of "Salutes" everybody's
hat off to everyone else - bowing, +
valuable outbursts. This time I
went with M. Billon + Dubois -
over the top of the Hill + down the
wood road on its opposite side, the
dogs barked us but stopped on the
hill-top. We were finally posted
along a ravine down the mountain
side where two roads + several
boon runways - "passages" came
together + in a dense thicket. I
was near the upper end of the
ravine the rest stretched down
to the grassy valley where I had
been stationed last week which
was now covered by the rest of the

discussing + enacting every
similar hunt or incident that
each could remember - at first
I was a word here + there for me
but I began to get the drift of
the conversation toward the end.
We had the same sort of lunch
the sheep, from the goats + a most
welcome fire inside + out, with
the same formidable array of
bottles - an ordinary + finally
cognac - more staid to-day though
a few confessions of the lack of
politeness of Americans, of the
superiority of American motors +
trucks were admitted frankly - We
had a vine or two - American
jam + scones which I produced
as usual + as expected - the
entente was cordial again.

The same section of wood
was surrounded after lunch as
we had the week before - this
time I was stationed at the
far corner at the edge of the

wood in a field of baby pines -
where the last bear ^{for this vicinity} seen had
immediately dashed - The dogs were
loosed + the chase circled about
the section of woods we had
isolated + then a bit toward me
then straight away from me
+ far away I heard one shot and
the dogs soon out of ear shot.
This time the bear had been
seen he passed between two men
+ right near the point Pete + I
had been stationed the week before
then tumbled back - got away
the way he had come - only one
shot pursuing him. We again
followed leisurely along the
wood paths in the direction of
the chase groups meeting on
the way + again a rehearsal of
the scene where the bear turned.
We waited for the dogs - the horn
blew + blew - no dogs. I was
instructed always to remain in
the "tranche" never to go out into

the woods. shooting in the road
 or its direction was forbidden -
 We walked on until finally we
 came out on the LaFolie road - it
 was 4 P.M. two fruitless drives
 much joyful chatter, the day's
 hunt was over. We walked
 the 3 miles (5 kilometers) back to
 town. it was almost dark but
 I was glad for the exercise; it
 had been a cold raw day - over
 cast - a few flakes of snow
 falling now + then + the ground
 frozen. Dinner excellent at
 Writing - Bed - ~~to Big~~ ^{to Big}
 (chasse) next Thursday.

Madame Béne's
 Boon cooked
 deliciously -
 tastes like good
~~meat~~ ^{meat}
~~meat~~ ^{meat}
 27th

Left late. Wood wet but
 plenty had been dried - quick
 fire excellent breakfast - chopping
 proficiency practice + letters - lunch
 two-day newspaper session -
 new supplies for birds - Super -
 cold cloudy day - no rain now -
 for almost two weeks except
 one night - snow fell to-day

Saturday + it is rumored cars
will be sent them for us as well.
Stopped at the "Y" club. The old
House there had eggs luckily -
walked out to the chateau again
+ over the road for exercise -

The niches + covering + bas-
reliefs are between the windows
+ not over them + a favorite
design is a shield ^{with} clasping a
sword with C. + ^A flanking
I (A) (The date is 1546)

a little more diary - Super
Bridge - I can get transportation
for the Hunt tomorrow

January
30th

Hunted Bois for the Hunt today
we were a bit late. Mc Nabf
took our car but I returned just
after I had kept the rendezvous
at the Mill + arranged to meet
M. Dyer at the top of the Hill -
Bois - I piled in at Headquarters
+ caught the other car at M. Dyer's
house. We followed it out in the

cold morning frosty mist to
Nanuméant where we turned
left from the main or "Grande
Route" to Matton - Here in a
tiny Hamlet of about 20-50 houses
we left a knapsack with the
jam + cigars for lunch with
the concierge of a little dun -
whose grand ^{wood} black open fire
was not so inviting as later
in the day - a black smooth
stone fire place right in the
room flush with the wall not
in a recess at all + covered
by an overhanging hood - no
sides the stone floor had no
protection - but a huge draft
with this weird arrangement apparently
The fire consisted of 2 logs
apparently limbs of good sized
trees stuffed of bark ~~the~~ ends to
end, with the fire built under
these ends - which were gradually
shoved together as they burned up.
old heavy wooden furniture - saw

of a weird forest scene that was done in '86 - We were informed over 100 bears had been killed by parties hunching there. After a preliminary warning by a fire built by the attending slave we found we had a party of about 12 to 16 with our same 3 dogs - Pato - the young black + tan had a wonderful head + was quite a pet. Mr. Tulow's dog - who had been wounded by a bear + been sutured by an American officer. The wound had healed very well. The white andale + the yellow cur completed the canine party. We were off to surround a large section of woods - probably a quarter of mile square - fairly flat - on one side ^{humpings} had been done - on all other sides - a mere "tranche" or road probably to facilitate logging about 3 or 4 ft wide. The entire forest

was thus cut into large +
small squares by these narrow
roads making us to devise count
a wonderful home for bears + by
its intersecting roads an ideal
place to hunt them. The hunters
surrounded 3 sides of the section
the dogs were loosed from the 4th
side. They lost no time in
picking up the scent - + the baying
began. I was stationed at one
of the far corners - Biss next to
me at 200 yards + far away at
the next corner - M. Dulain - The
ground was covered by an inch
of snow - it seemed on the
verge of more - The dogs
started on a double back to the
corner farthest from me - a
dot or two ran out + after
a minute or two back they came
toward Biss + M. Dulain. A shout
of "allegory on" indicated the bear
had been seen - He came down
upon us + swarmed toward M. Dulain

passed ^{out} right out the corner - He
was a full 400 yards away
I caught a glimpse of a flash
of black with a dog on his heels
- M. Tulam shot but he kept on
circled around behind us at several
hundred yards - straightened out
for far away - The dog after him
soon was out of hearing another
dog picked up the trail a
few minutes later - as he
sounded off - three shots rang
out far away where the
bear had gone - On the
heels of the second dog we
discovered drops of blood on
the trail, evidently the bear
had been hit. We waited
15 or 20 minutes thinking he
might return - no luck - the
Hogs were far away - The
horn brought them not - M.
Tulam + a pal went on along
the trail - the rest of us
went back to the "Bourgeois"

11 o'clock time for lunch - The
Boat struggled in. We had sardines
as a start - & had just finished
them when in came M. Tuluur
quite triumphantly to say that
the Boar had been killed -
he was a whale almost 300 lb.
Some other hunters had killed him
but either money or the right of
first wound brought him to our
party - M. Tuluur had first
said he was a small fellow - Bo
who was the next nearest to him
insisted he was as big as a cow
& had a cub until he was assured
that what he thought was a
cub was the dog at his heels -
who was barely 6 ft from him
when he passed into view - I
was rather interested to see him
as a horse was taken out to
drag him in - In the middle
of lunch he appeared & we all
dashed out to see him - He was
easily twice as big as the bigger

boar we had killed the first
hunt - large double tusks
protruding upward from each
jaw about 4" from the end of his
snout & almost 5" in length -
He was reputed to weigh 250 lbs -
so little because he had been
wounded through the nose some time
ago & probably hadn't gubbed
as well & had lost weight -
He was promptly cleaned & bled -
on his belly he was fully
2 ft tall & his snout & head
measured close to 30" - a
huge wicked looking fellow -
struggling to his knees after
the last 2 shots - he had to
be finished by a revolver -
We had the usual lunch - Eggs
au-dette or scrambled - Sausage
plan & Bologna & blood sausage
veal & pork chops - bread - cheese
jam - wine - cognac & coffee
A little gul of 12 or so came
to help with the lunch - half of

the howl of a frunk a piece
went to her - No special excitement
no undue hilarity - We
took a section on the opposite
side of the road after lunch. No
difficulty in starting up the
door he circled for a bit -
Bris yelled a direction to me
to go on beyond my corner - I
had a far corner to protect - The
old pig heard him at any rate
coming for us, he swerved aside
again + dashed through the
cordon by a damn frog that
never even shot at him - only 20 or
30 ft away - again all I saw
was a black flash 200 or more
yards away - the dog on his
heels + off I went down the
slippery road to head him off
but a quarter of a mile away
he crossed in front of me I
didn't see him + after a futile
chase down a ravine + a few
branches + after the dogs had

towns + country the work men +
factories - no wonder he was all
ready to ~~work~~. The little towns
with their ~~factories~~ + factories were
interesting a few stone ~~buildings~~
or rows of houses had been
built - ~~they~~ ^{The men} work until 6.30 in
the evening from 8.30 in the
morning an hour off for lunch -
It was too dark to note much
at Wasay except that our ~~unusually~~
friend lived on the main street in
a pretentious mansion. It was
after 6 by the time we reached
Jammille. We had to eat at
Madame Beines - Bed - Bright
+ fare afterwards.

January
31st

Slept like a log - Afternoon
morning chos. discovered Major
Powell - Christopher + Knight have
come from Paris ^{at lunch} - we ought
to have soon now - Bridge
this afternoon + evening with
Christopher - Paddy leaving out.

+ The preparing for a Paris trip -
asked for bread, toilet and orders
were expected on Sunday + we
were going to Brest 11 P. Heat
repairing on all sides -

February 1st
Plate
Kitchen
W. J. J. J.

W. a. but late - old Jane
had not brought up the pan
for heating rolls - used the
pewter or lead plate we had as
a lid to the boiling pot instead
put it flush on the top of
the stove + munched away -
next glance at the stove showed
the old plate a molten mass, I
rescued the bread but the
plate except for a tiny corner
rolled on the floor. I swept
up the silver substance + into
the fire - I hauled with
glee because I knew the old
bust would now cherish that
plate as never before, if she
hadn't forgotten it. Chopped
as usual then hunted the

orders had been received or were expected - so we decided on Monday. After lunch I took a short walk over toward Summermont & encountered a huge flock of crows - 2 or 300 - covering almost an entire field with big noisy blotches - a shot rang out & they all flew up in a cawing crowd & sailed away on the wind - not one was hit.

It was a lovely clear day - not too cold - the snow almost gone - on my return I broke the news to the old Madam about the fate - she was "très fashionée" so was I, only "très très fashionée" - very rare bit of antique I had destroyed - irreplaceable she believed - & the old job was bad it could be bent almost double - she demanded the pieces I had to tell her they were where she couldn't or wouldn't care to retrieve them.

paraded around with his helmet on
+ brandishing his bayonet - daring
the world to come on. - after
marching 7 kilometers down the
road everyone was loaded finally
aboard - De Teyse another
rumor had - lost his orders in
charmant - couldn't buy a helmet +
had to buy one back for a new
rendition - all from the excitement
about the lovely one in Paris + was
delayed 2 hrs of his 3 day leave.
bridge afternoon + evening
Christopher + Toot supplying for
It - - Bought a present of jam
for M. Arlette in return for the Boar.

February
3rd

Inspection of Men's quarters
at 10 AM. Quick Breakfast +
shave - met Chris who is also on
the board - Men sleep for the
most part in bunks - double
decks cots - closely packed - one
or two windows ^{only} for ventilation for
beside many cracks - a stove
or two per room - dark + dirty
but remarkably clean smelling.

most of men have colds - none
especially get - one lot of 50
had a real barometer down on
the St. Izier road - were very
comfortably ensconced - high
ceilings - plenty of light + windows
~~set~~ on the way back we
stopped at the Chateau + I showed
them the chief points of interest
the C + D - the niches +
carvings + the pictures inside.
It is a lovely spot - we
walked through the grounds -
much as usual - I took
a walk feeling the need of
exercise + it being another
lovely day [+ starlit night]. I
walked up the old Chateau
Mountain from the rear + down
the old road entering at the
side + passing behind the hill top
to gain the Summit - save for
a few old stone walls that line
the path + an ~~old~~ ^{old} stone pillar at
the present gate, little suggests

now descryt

houses flush with the street -
^ Its doorway arched + the Swiss
coat of arms + the same C+A that
appears on the Chateau des Jardins
carved ^{it} inscribed over it. It is still

^ a Catholic managed institution -
Sisters in command - one very
buddy middle aged Dame in
stiff white flaring coiffure
ushered me after denouncing at

first on account of the lack of
heat ^{the chilliness of the day,}
through a tiny ^{front} ^{hall} ^{into} the courtyard behind along

^ in arcade through the ruined
part completely destroyed except
for the old stone front + rear walls.
+ the mass of tangled iron girders +
supports to the unscathed front
basins behind the old ^{massive} gray stones
work - It seems that when the
hospital was burned, 120 ^{wounded} ^{soldiers}
were saved without a casualty -

The museum consisted of two
small rooms close locked light
containing old relics of the Chateau

at Castle on the Hill - Life sized old
grand portraits of Claude 1st Duc de
Buisson - who captured Calais from the English
Henry, his son of St Barthelemy's
Tire fame (1572) - who was later
killed himself + Francois his
grandson - poor looking pieces
bits of facade + bas reliefs from the
ruins of said castle - old nondescript
furniture - chairs + tables - a huge
stone mortar + pestle - 3ft high
on a pedestal - used by ancient
apothecaries - two lovely bits of
old Gobelin tapestry - beautifully
executed + one poor specimen not
Gobelin - a huge case filled with
birds of all sorts + birds from
^{including birds} hawks ~~size~~ - a collection
donated by M. Humblot - the Mayor.
In the second room was a collection
of coins + things also the Mayor's -
a lot of poor furniture - + an old
pedestal or two + a huge sarcophagus or
sepulchre - coffin - spewn out of solid
rock - dating back to the Carolingians

- 800 A.D. + discovered during excavation
for the Hospital foundations - The
sister spoke excellent French at least
very understandable to me ~~at least~~
old the old interesting tales of
the Swiss + their possessions +
of Jumièges - which was founded
by an old Roman named Junius
Junius - Junius - who was buried
at Rheims supposedly - a
Picture of the Cardinal of Lorraine
also a Swiss ~~was~~ brother of Henri
was much emphasized - ~~His Cathedral~~
was at Rheims I think - all
most interesting but no pewter
I left a contribution "Pour les Pauvres"
the Sister was certainly very kind -
Another Boar dinner at
Madame Bénes - We had just
sat down when in ~~pondered~~
Turner quite casually ^{but ~~unusually~~ shouting} "to say
that our orders had just come -
We were to leave at 10.30 AM
tomorrow for Bordeaux for
embarkation to the United States.

We thought at first he was joking but a minute later "Champ" Clark appeared to get Bess + Major Mott + Turner for an ~~Advisory~~ of the War Council. - We dined when on their return we learned it was all quite true. - We had an excellent meal of soup - + "gold fish" with a delicious sauce - ham pale red but very good - + finally the Wild Boar. It was marinated this time - soaked in vinegar + special thyme + other herbs. - It was even better than the first time - Very tender + again like a very gamey lamb. - We all hustled away after cheese + nuts to pack + I sent a cable that we had at last ^{to} ^{started} up very successfully at 11 P.M. I left my Bed Roll to be ~~packed~~ in the morning.

February
4th

The day - Woke at 7. - Rolled the old Bed Roll - dressed in my glad togs - went to mess - settled

up there - back to pay the old
Dame to - date we gave her
a few francs for the old job.
Down to inspect $\frac{1}{3}$ the men's
quarters to be sure they were
properly polished when we left -
Major Malt + Chris took the rest -
Back to return the shot guns +
to say farewell to M. Billon,
M. Humbert, the Mayor - M. Deyette
+ M. Dulon, also Col Jones +
McNabb + Webb - picked up
the last etchings from the
Suehard. - Finally farewell
to old Madame Cassagnon +
8 Rue Ursulines. I liked the
latter the better + then with
a bag like lead + a "Musette"
bulging to the limit off for
the station - luckily I met
a Frenchman who carried my
bag for a box of cigarettes. I
drew up on the platform at
exactly 10 AM, the designated
time - M. Suehard was there

first car with no intervening box car as the
French require on account of the frequency of
accidents - + so we soon had heat. I

transhipped to Purdy's abode after lunch
on the way with an issue of jam +
we played Budge all afternoon -

We made Chammont by 2 P.M. - Langres
by 4.30 P.M. + Culmant - Chaludrey at
Dail - all of which lent color +
confirmation to the supposition that
we were going by Troy + Tours, over
the route of the American "attaboy"
special.

It was difficult to know
of or ascertain in advance a long
enough time or stop in which to serve
the mess - for the evening meal we
had a cold supper of roast beef canned-
beans - hard buns + jam. after

another short bout of Budge I
started to turn in but I wasn't
sleepy - was very comfortable though
sitting up in corner - with my leather rest
+ overcoat - my good coat hanging
conveniently by my side - at 11 I fell asleep.

