

Sat. Feb. 16, '8.

Who said the war
wasn't close to us. When
Willie's Boches start to
dropping bombs on you
then you know it's close.
We got it last night.

Eight of us were around
the fireplace at the mess
listening to Smith's stories.
All of a sudden the building
began to shake - the
windows broke in, and
we were jarr'd from our
seats. Then they came
in quick succession -
bang - bang - bang -
eight of them - and they
sure had some power.
We saw the place this
A.M. four monster holes.
25' across and 8' deep
in an open field. There
were 2

and four more that
failed to explode (duds).
The duds were about
30" long and 9" diam.
One hit broadside and
buried only a foot and
a half. One hit nose
in and buried eight
ft. The two others were
75's nose in and pretty
deep.

We're ready for 'em
now - plenty of guns, and
a means of instantly
darkening the town. These
moonlight nights are
sure beautiful and in-
spiring - but they make
us a perch of a target
for old Fritz.

Here comes another
wonder where hell light.
They sure hit hard, but
 seldom find the mark.

18 Feb. 1918.

Orders came today for
Ed + me. to report to
"Oh - we knew that there
was a ball up somewhere,
and we knew that we
would be sent back be-
cause no sooner than
our orders arrived the
request went right up
to HQ thru military
channels to have us
retained.

We got up at six to
catch a train that we
later learned left at
17.48. That gave us a
day in T - Shawinigan
and we spent it well
looking over the aviation
grounds - seeing some
machines take off and
light - and also about
the cities old fortifications.

built when a wall and
a moat would repulse
an enemy attack.
How futile a 20' span
of water against a
Boche gun.

a brand new Y.M.
for officers, in a beautiful
chateau - and conducted by
american women (Mrs.
walked among them) appeared
very much. Oh that
real music - that bath-
tub, those lounges,
and the rotograph from
the NY Times.

The Cathedral appeared
most - massive - statues-
musty appearing yet cap-
able of inspiring reverence
and awful too for - all
around were altars built
to commemorate the
passing of a soul into

the dark tunnel, and
made as a means of
pleading for the safe
passage and undisturbed
repose of that soul.
All contained statuary
and painting, of course -
many were finished in
marble and gold - and all
demonstrated loving and
tender planning to ~~to~~
pay memory toll just
honour in a manner,
however, which we
little understand.

One particularly
appealed in an awful
sort of way. The niche
was perhaps 10' deep and
20' across - ceiling flamed
and highly accented as
~~were the walls - some~~
walls adorned with
rich colorful sacred

paintings, and in each corner stood the stone likeness of some saint well executed (not the saint). The central figure was, of course, the altar-base - blue marble came to represent a sarcophagus back a decorated embossed frame surrounding a panel covered with flaming red velvet. Huge candleabra flanked the panel, and ~~for the~~ picture set in the above as a frame were two gold and crystal caskets draped with silk curtains heavily fringed and tasseled.

The first casket contained 3 skulls a large one with two small ones on each

side, while the second contained a lone skull, silent and forboding in his rich setting - careless of the glances of the marbid, and assured that he will never be forgotten. I for one shall forget him. In fairness to the designer of this memorial I must record that all were blindfolded, so that the casual rubber necker ~~had~~ ^{did} saw the grimness as "thru" a glass darkly" yet even the most casual could not overlook the primitiveness of the exhibitions.

Ch. - is a beautiful city on a hill From

its walls the valleys
lie ~~many~~ many yards
below extending in
all directions - best
parks and monuments
show years of care
and preparation and
the modern factories
of the city show many
beautiful villas and
chateaux

I could write much
of the two hours lesson
in French given by a
French Capt. (Thomas) who
patiently bore our stut-
ting diction all the time
we conversed and learned.
(Capt. Thomas was the in-
structor of St. Barth who
gave us M.B. lectures
at B.F.) Then too there
was the fat field clerk
over the cafe who grew

impatient at our French
and got us a big
four posted bed in a
truly American style,
and then drank
the Cognac and
Tipp See a la the
same. A good thing
for us that he had
put on a party, for
he found no bed
after it hotels had
shut us out.

Then the return
in a dark compart-
ment with ~~my~~ Ed
asleep, and ~~met~~ alone
with dreams - what
cheer the way - At
T - the bus that
didn't come - the
air raid - and the
billet in a French
officers club - Some tips.

5 Mar. 1918.

Say I'm getting to be a
great old camouflager. Went
to Ruth about all the
nice things that were
going on and had to put
the lights out 3 times
because the bugle sounded
attention when the Boche
Avisons hovered over. They
dropped some bombs
too close to be pleasant.
I'll say one thing - a
fellow never feels so
conspicuous or self con-
scious of his own mas-
sive appearance - as when
the Bochs are dropping
or the shells are flying.

Today we started a
buried route within a
stones throw of the
trenches and the
labourers had just come

into the advance
zone. True the air
battles kept them
from waiting for they
would quit to rubber
(who wouldn't?) but the
shells bothered them
nary a bit. They'd hear
a whistle - duck in
the trench and laugh
at the poor aim. "Here
comes a letter sealed
with a kiss" one would
say. "Better make my
hole deeper." And what
a lot of fun they had.
Our batteries fired from
all around and each
shell went over with
a blessing. The Capt.
told how he had trouble
getting someone to stay in
camp - they all wanted to
come - and were well pleased
told them they could carry off

8 mar. 1918.

First real baptism
of fire and gas yesterday
and today. Mr. Fritz
is most (perceptive) in
his attempts to find
those batteries, and when
his messages fall a bit
short we get 'em. Yesterday
we got shrapnel and
letters in the afternoon
shells. It was sure
fun watching them
burst - and since no
one was hurt we can
say ~~so~~ that we
actually enjoyed the
experience. Two gas
alarms yesterday put
our masks on for a
hurry even tho' we
knew not where the
gas was. Today, however,
we knew it was all

about us and right
glad we were to keep
the masks on for
about an hour. My
driver complained about
running with his mask
on - but he had to
stay with it.

A patrol crept in
to no-man's land
yesterday forenoon (broad
daylight) and brought
back an american
corpse, and four flame-
throwers. We saw
them brot in and
a wild contraption
they are. A heavy
steel doughnut about
24" across and 5" diam
holds the oil (a cocate)
and a 6" diam ball
in the hole carries
compressed air. The

whole is strapped on
a Boche back, and
a flexible metal tube
conveys the atomized
oil to a nozzle. a
valve over the shoulder
and a cock at the
nozzle control the
flow. The whole weighs
about 60 lbs. I was
wounded with
rifle & bullets which
must have passed thru
the carrier before
hitting the tank.

Also got a whiff of
some earth samples
from a mustard gas
shell hole. Mr Fint
is sure stirring things
up in this sector.
Aeroplane liaison
was interesting to
watch today. Panels

were used and the
batteries followed the
plane beautifully.

This is some in-
teresting job. It has
occurred to me several
times the value of
my experience in
the man's land at
the Suffrage banquet
in N.Y. when Janette
Kaulbin spoke. That
should prepare a man
for anything.

Wonder what will
come of all this talk
of a trip to the states
as instructors. I'd sure
appreciate a visit to
Kuth, but how about
the job over here -
hate to leave it.

Kurrach - the smudge
is beginning to show -

21 Mar. 1918

Today hate - the kind of hate that one reads of only in novels - comes very close to me. My first sight of an American laid low by a Boche shell, caused in me the worst mingling of rage and hate I ever hope to experience.

He was a Lieutenant of Artillery - a snappy, clear-eyed capable fellow just five minutes before. Then came the shelling - the world scramble for cover - the stretcher bearers and with their return the lifeless body of the Lieut. struck in the side with a fragment.

I saw the red cross men take from his

pockets all his personal effects - those things which were as much a part of him as his hands or his feet. His note book - wonder if there was a picture of a girl in it? - his knife - his watch - all those things which all have yet each takes on some what the personality of the owner till ~~when~~ the sight of a dear friend's cigarette case does not reveal a thing of shiny metal - but rather it calls forth ^{personal} thoughts of the owner himself. Loved ones will receive these and cherish them as the last breath their dear one breathed -

But these are not
military thoughts -
Pardon - they stole
one of our unfortunates.
We must avenge this
murder. Twenty cowardly
Boche laid low can
not square the account
with the country that
claimed that Lieutenant.
We're much straining
to administer, and the
sooner we draw the
traces tight and start
to strafe - the sooner
we can stridge out for
home. I'm for a lot of
hard work - believe me.