

But these are not

military thoughts -
Pardon - they stole
one me unawares.
We must avenge this
murder. Inevitably cowardly
Boche laid low can
not square the account
with the country that
claimed that Lieutenant.
were much struggling
to administer, and the
sooner we draw the
traces taut and start
to stride - the sooner
we can stride out for
home. I'm for a lot of
hard work - believe me -

April 16 -

Poor Sweet Lucy
reads more than I said
her. Why have women
such a keen intuition
to keep them in a sten
continually? Bless her
heart - she sees only
the horror of war -
she can't see the nec-
essity of it, and now
that it is here, can't
see the glory in fighting
and winning in a
wonderful cause. When
all is done she will
and then reap her
pleasure for all the
sadness and worry of
these long months.

If she could know
that tonight we go
toward the thick of

it she would be dis-
traught. Censorship is a
beautiful thing in that
it allows one to hide
the true state from
those who would worry
the most. I am thankful
that my people cannot
know where I am or
what I do. When all
is said and done they
will be too.

I am thankful for
the opportunity that is
coming to me. I like the
spotlight and we cer-
tainly have it now on
the biggest stage in
the world. When we
win we will not
only win democracy for
the world, but lab-
our for ourselves - It's all
in

April 20 - 18

On the roadside - squatting
on my helmet, back against
a tree, in a bed of clouds.
And stranded too! All there
is to do till my dinner
meets another car is sit
and wait, And I have one
hour to make 30 miles.

30 miles to the biggest
battle the world has ever
conceived and I have a
small boat to make it.
What it takes to make that
place that drives of mine
has got - so why complain.

What wonderful situation
this war brings to a fellow
especially attractive to a
young officer with only average
experience, and a bit of an
imagination. Every day there
comes some revelation of

speed - of organization and
on the human side of the
fortitude the courage and
the spirit of men forced
into the meanest of bus-
iness. Only last night we
saw it, when the whole
outfit was a chorus of
song and frivolity in the
very midst of this astounding
battle. Didn't know any
better? Poorly said! All
of us have seen some of
war - we have been under
fire - we have seen
Americans fall in battle -
and we know that we are
now at the knife edge
of this hell center. We
just naturally take things
as they come. If there's
sun we sing - if storm
we grip harder and sing

on.

I have been a advance
agent for the Bun on the
march to the front. Billington
offices they call me. The
Major comes to me and
says - "Today we go to
this town by this route
you find the billets! As
quickly as my man can
roll my pack and my
driver can fill his tanks
we are off to some small
hamlet that has never
seen an American before
to find a place to sleep,
eat, and carry our business
for office, men, animals
and machines. It's won-
derful sport.

Sometimes there is an
interpreter, many times I
have to go it alone - and

then the sport is keenest.

in the search there are
surprises at every turn.
Who would not enjoy
the taking by surprise
of a strange people,
with the opportunity of
learning at first hand
their mode of living -
the elemental theme of
their life.

But there is much of
sadness too. Young women
in widows' weeds - ~~and~~
but no young men - weary
eyes ^{and weary hearts} looking
for the Lord knows what.
Starving children struggling
through the years that
should supply their hap-
piest memories, in a
most unnatural way -
and now that we are
close to the front the

refugees driven from
homes that have known
their parents and their
parents' parents, struggling
along the roads with their
whole of their earthly possessions
loaded on a huge cart drawn
by heavy oxen. They are a
sad people truly.

24 April '18.

I wonder what a
liaison officer is! I'm one
but earned if I can find a
thing to do - I'm attached
to the Div. staff of a French
Div., like a piece of fungus
on an oak, and I feel
pretty damned unnecessary.
Oh well I have instructions
to "liais" like hell and
I'm doing it.

I've had experiences

however, many of them.

Most impressive of all
is the war. I know now
what a "good shelling" means
because I've been through
it. I thought I knew
before how to dodge
shells - when and where
to flop, and what places
to avoid. I didn't. In
three days I've learned
more of shell fire than
I ever knew before, and
it has stood me in
very good stead.

We have perhaps the
most complete protection
one could find, in the
way of a dugout. Four
or five centuries ago some
one built a castle - and
in support of the good
old customs of ye olden

times he fortified it with a wonderful wine cellar. The main passage way is a hundred feet long and 10 feet wide with an arched ceiling high enough for a large man to walk comfortably.

~~From each side of the passage way there opens out~~

On each side of this passage way lie the repositories for the wine about fifteen of them in all, and each large enough to house a man very comfortably with a large bed - a table and a wash stand. And so in the corridors we work, and in the recesses we live - and

all of this is 45 feet under ground. Not bad at all, eh what? Really it's fun to pass thru' a bombardment in this case.

Yesterday we ~~came~~ emerged to find our garden full of shell holes (oh my garden full of shell holes) and the field over the dug out completely camouflaged with speck marks. This morning our dining room was in ruins, and only last night the Colonel's dinner was taken away severely wounded. I was in bed when that happened and the report came

to me that an American
chauffeur was wounded.
I ~~thought~~ immediately
it was mine, and was
not three minutes in
dressing. The French
General said this
morning that he will
get for the dimes a
Cuisse de Bureau.

To mess with the
General is no mean
experience for a raw
recruit. And for war
times these French cooks
can certainly do wonders
with beef, potatoes, bread
and the few extras that
they can gather. The
bureau bothers me a
bit. A bowl of cocoa
must last till lunch
at 11.30 - and it's a

long stretch. Then
to supper at 7.30
makes another appetite.
They're sure enjoyable
meals - and none the
less tasty for the
five knife of wine,
and the invariable
cordial at the end.

If this account is to
be dedicated, prefaced, or
foreworded it is to be to
the men of this Battalion
each one to the lowest, and
them all as one.