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Samuel P. Fay's Diary (1)

1915 May 8- July 5

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Copy of diary of my daily
recording with the A.F.S.
in 1915 of duty in Paris
& with Section 5501 at
the front in Belgium
with the 45th French division

S. Prescott Fay

1915.

Saturday, May 8, to Monday, May 17.

The day I had selected for my departure was as it turned out one of intense excitement in New York, as well as in all parts of the civilized world, for the Lusitania had been sunk by a submarine and hundreds of its passengers had been drowned. Everyone was aghast at Germany's murderous deed. Needless to say, it had its effect on the minds of many of those about to sail and some at the last moment cancelled their passages. However, the Espagne left the dock at New York shortly after 3 P. M. on schedule time and without event proceeded down the harbor. It was not long however before we fully realized the existence of the war. Going down the river we passed numerous interned German merchant ships with their colors flying and outside beyond the three mile limit a British battleship was lying in wait. An Italian ship just ahead of us had been held up by her and a small boat was just returning to the battleship which had allowed her to proceed. We were likewise held up while the English officers made sure of our identity although without boarding us. As soon as they had assured themselves that we were not some interned German ship trying to escape we were allowed to proceed. There was a converted cruiser on our other side so that the harbor is well watched. Presently we were on our way again and the warships were lost to sight.

At last the trip had begun and we settled down for eight or nine days as the case might be. The weather at first was chilly but the next day we were in the Gulf Stream and it was so muggy that everyone felt lifeless. A few days later it freshened up and we had lots of sun and a clear, brisk air. There was a fresh wind every day and the boat rolled most of the trip considerably but on the whole it was a comfortable passage, probably more so than the average. The Espagne is a comfortable ship, she makes about seventeen knots per hour and there is no vibration. The only complaint is the food, which is poor, but one optimistic man says it's better than they get in the trenches, so we can't kick. There are only seventy-five in the first cabin so there is lots of room. The people are mostly French though half a dozen countries are well represented. A few are interesting. There is a Greek, - a tall, fine looking man of about thirty-five, who can talk several languages, having had a fine education and has beautiful manners. He seems to be very attractive to the ladies but equally so to the men. He has been through two Balkan wars; was wounded once and recently has been buying supplies in New York for his country in preparation for war. Now he has been recalled by his government which he thinks means that they are about ready to enter the war. However, he is ready for anything and undoubtedly enjoys fighting as much as making love at which he is an adept. There are several doctors on board, one going to the Belgian field hospital and another to Pau, as well as a number of trained nurses. Among others there is a Frenchman, who has five sons in the army, one of whom was killed only a few days before he sailed. A newspaper correspondent, - the Pathe family (the moving picture people) and a number of "buyers" from various importing houses in New York, comprise the rest of the list. Several of the colleges are represented for there is one individual each from Harvard, Yale and Princeton. The war news etc. is posted every day but there is very little of it that is definite.

To-day (the fifteenth) the captain has posted a notice to the effect that no lights will be allowed anywhere on board Sunday night, as we will then be close to the French coast and he is anxious to take every precaution against any submarines that happen to be lurking about, - however unlikely as it may be. Sunday morning the lifeboats were all cleared so that they could be dropped into the water at a moment's notice. In the evening a wireless message came saying that a torpedo destroyer would meet us at eight P. M. Everybody was on deck to see its arrival. About seven a blotch of smoke appeared on the horizon and within fifteen minutes the destroyer was alongside of us, signalling with her searchlight

though it was not quite dark. Our course was two hundred miles further south than usual as we followed along the Spanish coast and thence north to Bordeaux. The ship is in darkness to-night except for the staterooms where the portholes are obscured by metal covers.

During the trip we saw several birds, such as terns and Mother Carey's chickens; and one day a yellow-palm warbler lit on deck and stayed with us nearly two days. To-day I saw gannets, swallows and a chicken plover or lapwing, I couldn't tell which. It flew all about the boat but didn't seem to light anywhere.

The captain did a very pretty trick in picking up the pilot ship in the dark and mist and getting him on board,- scarcely even stopping his ship. It was amusing picking our way about the deck in the pitch darkness bumping into people every now and then trying to find their way too. Some passengers are pretty nervous and refuse to go to bed until we are anchored inside the mouth of the river and out of danger of the submarines. One woman mistook a whale this afternoon for a submarine and being of a nervous disposition was very much excited. To-day has been a great chance to study human nature but the only deduction that I was able to make was that the fat people seem to be doing all the worrying,- contrary to the prescribed idea of the thin man being the nervous one. Later in the evening we were met by another destroyer and a cruiser too so we were well escorted.

The next morning we were at Bordeaux where I had the pleasure of losing my bag which I never recovered. I spent all day trying to find it and so did not leave for Paris until the night train. The number of soldiers in the streets (probably those off duty or not needed at the front) and the number of people in mourning were the two things that immediately attracted our attention. The only Boston man, or in fact the only man whom I knew was in Bordeaux, who is there on business, (except of course the passengers from the ship) I met on the street in the afternoon, which seemed curious.

May 18 - 23.

On arriving in Paris this morning every thing looked and seemed so quiet at first glance that you would never suspect the Germans are comparatively near. These first few days here have been I think the most interesting in my life. At first sight it seemed as though everything was quiet and calm and with no excitement but after a few days you begin to realize that there is a strong undercurrent of tenseness but all outward expressions of it have been subdued. People have been through so much and suffered so frightfully that they have become used to it and don't show their inner feelings, though they are there just the same. Their expressions and faces are set and serious and there is no smiling or laughing among the crowds you meet in the streets. That is one of the most noticeable things of all. Then the amount of mourning too is evident everywhere and is very depressing, and only goes to show how terrible this war has been and how many people it has directly affected. It is impossible to stand on a street corner in the city and in looking about among the people nearby not to see many in black. Widows weeds are seen at every turn and in countless numbers. But most pathetic of all is to see now and then little children, girls and boys of five and six, in mourning, perhaps accompanied by their mother with her long, crape veil. The city is full of soldiers and officers. The former are men who have been either slightly wounded and now convalescing or men stationed in nearby barracks ready to go out at a moment's notice. Every few days men are sent to fill up the gaps at the front so that there will always be the same number. At every station men are waiting to take trains for the front to report for duty to take the place of their fallen comrades. They may go alone or may be seen off by a friend or a wife and the partings are always terrible sights.

As wonderful and heroic as the soldiers are, the women are in one sense the heroes of the war. They are all self sacrificing and it is wonderful to see such exhibitions of it. The terrible and heartrending part of it all is the number of wounded, for you see them everywhere. Some have been frightfully disfigured, so badly in fact that they are repulsive to look at; others have lost an arm or a leg, while other more fortunate ones have only minor wounds. One poor soldier I met yesterday had both arms bandaged, one of which was in a sling, while his head was so done up that you could see nothing but his eyes, nose and mouth. Still no one complains. The most encouraging feature of all is the complete confidence that everyone has that they will be victorious in the end and will restore Alsace and Lorraine to ~~the~~ France. The statue representing the city of Strasbourg by Pradier, just outside the hotel in the Place de la Concorde, which has always been draped in mourning, now is clothed in wreaths for when the war began the crape was all removed, - an interesting incident of the French peoples' feelings.

At Neuilly at the American Ambulance Hospital some terrible wounds and face disfigurements are seen, yet there is no complaining and the men are all cheerful. During the last month several squads or sections, as they are called, composed of about twenty ambulances and two additional cars, - one a supply car and the other the staff car, have been sent to different places along the front and in several instances they have had exciting work. At Dunkirk a shell exploded so close that it tore a number of holes in an ambulance. Fortunately no one was in the car at the time and so no one was hurt. Another section at Pont-au-Mousson is less than a mile from the German trenches and in a little town over which the shells are whistling all day long.

Since being here I have met an English officer who is in the Royal Naval Air Service, having come to Paris in a car to get a new aeroplane. Owing to the cloudy weather, he was in Paris all week, waiting for the weather to clear in order to fly back to Dunkirk in his new bi-plane. His work consists of flying over the German lines on reconnaissance work to locate their positions and so direct the artillery of the British batteries below, with whom he signals by wireless. He has had some exciting times and has made flights over the German submarine bases dropping bombs on them, inflicting more or less damage to the works. However, aeroplanes are not nearly as successful at bomb dropping, as at the more important work of reconnaissance and scouting. He is about as cool a man as I ever saw and when I asked him if it wasn't a relief to be in Paris for a few days and away from the ~~trenches~~^{front}, he said, "Yes it got to be an awful bore dodging shells all day long". Twice he has had big German shells explode within a few yards of him, wrecking buildings all about, yet he was never touched. It was of course just luck that no piece happened to come his way. His pictures were remarkably interesting, as he has a Graflex camera at the front and develops his photos in the trenches with the shells whizzing overhead! When we were having tea the other afternoon at the Ritz, he brought up Lieut. Sippe, another Royal Naval aviator. He has recently been decorated for a flight he made with three others to Lake Constance to drop bombs on the German Zeppelin sheds, where they managed to do a lot of damage. It was a remarkable flight, as they had to go a hundred and twenty miles into German territory, over unknown country, making a round trip of some three hundred miles. They were surprised to find a very large lake, as they only expected it was a small one. None of the men were brought down by the German guns and they all returned safely. He received the D. S. O. from England and was decorated with the "Legion d'Honneur" from France, the highest possible honors. It was interesting to meet Sippe, after having read at home last winter of his flight and seen drawings of it in several illustrated papers.

It sounds as though I hadn't done any work yet, which is true, as all I have been able to do so far is to get a few necessary papers and order my uniform. It has now arrived and this afternoon I move out to Neuilly for good

and work begins. A little time off now and then to come into Paris, when it is quiet, will be all I shall be able to get. As I am writing now, I hear the buzz of a bi-plane overhead far up over the hotel. Every day they can be seen continually flying over Paris on guard, ready to attack any German "taube" that may put in an appearance. Yesterday evening one of the latter flew over Paris and dropped a lot of bombs, but fortunately they did no harm. One fell on a plot of grass in one of the city parks where hundreds of little children were playing with their mothers. Luckily, the ground was soft and it didn't explode. As one French newspaper said, "It was only the aviator's bad luck and due to the kindness of Providence that the bomb dropper was not rewarded with the Iron Cross for distinction as a baby killer". It is frightful to think of it.

One of the commonest of all the pathetic sights are the military funerals which you meet almost daily,- the hearse surrounded by a small military escort and followed by a crowd of mourners on foot. No matter where you look or which way you turn, the war in all its reality is present in one form or another. Wednesday afternoon we went to a review of several thousand soldiers on the Esplanade des Invalides and it was one of the most impressive sights I had yet seen. Most of the men were nothing but boys, for they are of the class of 1916, so are only nineteen years old. It had a personal feeling for all our party because they all knew some of the men as they marched past. One young girl had her only brother in the cavalry and she was as proud as she could be of him, as his troop went by. These boys have been called and are held in reserve ready to go any time to the front. The crowd was probably made up almost entirely of mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, who came to see their sons and brothers reviewed. Everywhere about us stood wounded soldiers some without an arm or a leg, others with heads and arms sometimes with all three in bandages. It seemed as though every other man had been decorated for besides the regimental and territorial decorations won in colonial wars, there stood out conspicuously the "Medaille Militaire" and the "Legion d'Honneur". When the troops were all lined up they played a wonderful march then "Alsace et Lorraine" and finally the "Marseillaise". The whole effect was terrific and one was carried away with enthusiasm and feeling for the wonderful bravery exhibited by everyone on all sides. Then a small body of a dozen soldiers marched out before the lines, some of them badly wounded and crippled for life,- one poor Zouave on crutches, for he had only one leg left, and there were decorated by the General with the "Medaille Militaire" for conspicuous bravery. In spite of all the men whose deeds receive recognition, there are countless others whose acts of bravery get by unnoticed and unrewarded. Then as a "finale" the men marched past us with bands playing and colors flying, while the crowd cheered and clapped enthusiastically. I don't know of any more thrilling sight than to see several thousand men marching across a magnificent square with their bayonets glistening in the sunlight, while the band is playing a wonderful march. These certainly are stirring times to see Paris and it makes a tremendous impression on one who has only just arrived. At night the city seems very quiet and the streets almost deserted and very dark too, as there is only one little light on each block and the blocks are often long here, especially on the Champs Elysees.

The stories and tales that you hear in one day are enough to fill a book and they are so terrible that I can't see how there is a Pro-German left in the world, outside the Boches themselves. In fact I have reached the state now that I would be ashamed to ever acknowledge one as a friend. One girl told me while working in a hospital early in the war, she became interested in a Belgian woman, who was just beginning to lose her mind from a tragedy that had befallen her. She told her how when the Germans came into her town, that they seized her baby, only a few months old, and tossing it up into the air transfixed it upon a bayonet. And yet this is only one of countless stories that I have heard from people who have worked in the hospitals and among the refugees, and heard them directly from the women themselves. The other day we went into

the Petit Palais to see the tapestries rescued from Rheims Cathedral, before it was bombarded and in the doorway was a French officer whom one of our party recognized as a man she had nursed in a hospital. She stopped to speak to him and he was one of the most grateful looking men I ever have seen. She said that he had stooped to assist a wounded German officer on the battlefield and in doing so turned his back. The German turned also and shot at him with his revolver but fortunately, the bullet only went through his leg, and now he has nearly recovered. At that he turned on the German and buried his bayonet into him again and again a dozen times, with the fury of a mad man. That's German gratitude and "The Culte" that they boast of. The allies no longer recognize the white flag of truce, as they have been betrayed so often and shot down in cold blood. A friend of mine, an English officer, had a number of interesting stories. One was of how the English were deceived by a lot of red cross ambulances, which they respected and did not fire on. Suddenly as they got nearer, the sides fell down and the guns of a battery concealed within, swept the English troops with accurate range. In a few minutes every German was dead, killed in a bayonet charge. They hate the cold steel and are cowards, while the French and English crave to go at them with bayonets.

To show how the Germans are driven by their officers, one man was found dead chained to his gun, after the charge was over. One day several Britishers chased some Uhlans and rounded them up, - killing or capturing them. The prisoners were sent back under escort while they rode on into the next town on the horses, which they left outside an inn in charge of a man. There was also an armored motor car with its 'mitrailleuse,' stationed outside, commanding the highway. Suddenly a window opened and two German officers opened fire and killed the man with the horses. The men in the car, quick as a flash, swung the mitrailleuse on to the Germans in the window and in a few seconds had cut a big hole completely out of the house. The men within, they said, were literally chewed to bits by the gun. These stories as well as Belgian atrocities, I hear on every side and at first hand. How anyone at home can still refuse to believe the German atrocities is a mystery to me. Another story also told me by a woman who heard it directly from a woman in whom she has been interested. The latter's husband who was in a German prison wrote his wife, telling her of the horrors he had been through there. At the end he said he would rather be dead than alive in that prison. In red ink the German officer added, - "Your husband's request has been granted, he was shot to-day". These are only a few examples, which will give a good idea of this war and what it means, for it has certainly got to the stage where it is a fight of civilization against barbarism.

From reports here, we hear that the German-Austrian Army in the east, against the Russians, has lost in the last month during the biggest battle of all and which is still going on now, about 400,000 men. It seems incredible. One thing I was interested in hearing about, was the number of spies discovered in the French Army at the start of the war. It may have been known at home last summer, but I doubt it, as nothing was allowed to be published about it. It is that a Colonel, on General Joeffre's staff was found to be a spy and a traitor and was executed. Sunday afternoon I went with a small party to the Opéra Comique. Between the acts the orchestra played Italy's national song while everyone stood up, wild with enthusiasm. It was of course owing to her decision to enter the war. As it happened, it was played at the Opera Comique at two o'clock, just the time the king signed the official declaration. At the end, Mlle. Chenal who has a beautiful voice, in an appropriate scene in the trenches, sang the Marseillaise surrounded by soldiers. It was terrific, and in the audience were many women in black, who had lost their sons and husbands, so that it was one of the most impressive occasions and stirring moments I have ever witnessed.

MAY 24 - MAY 31.

This is the first chance (Sunday, the 30th) I have had yet to write the happenings of the week, as it has been quite a busy one. I came out Monday, the 24th and moved in for good. We are quartered in a large dormitory, holding about thirty men, and are quite comfortable, yet everything of course is primitive and simple. The whole staff, doctors, nurses, auxiliaries, orderlies, ambulance drivers etc. all eat in two large rooms. Breakfast from seven to eight-thirty, lunch twelve to one-thirty and supper six to seven-thirty. In the afternoon, I went out in a Daimler car for half an hour. There are five of these cars, and each carries four stretchers. Having Silent Knight engines, it seemed familiar to me, though they are about five to six years old, and as the speeds are located the reverse to my Stearns and other things correspondingly different, it was at first confusing. I was told to be ready to run the car to La Chapelle (the freight station of the Gard du Nord) that evening, where we go to meet the trains of wounded. So without any experience, knowledge of the ~~city~~ or instructions, I was supposed to be ready to do the regular work at the start. As it happened, there was no call that night and we turned in about ten-thirty. Usually by half past eight we are notified and it means leaving about half past nine or half past ten for the station. Sometimes the call comes to go immediately and everyone rushes down, cranks up his car, and tears down to La Chapelle. The days are occupied in taking care of the car, for each driver, to whom is assigned an orderly, does all the work of cleaning, polishing and keeping the engine in good running order. Not having had any practical experience at home, it is amusing and at the same time interesting.

The first night I went to La Chapelle, was one that I shall never forget, for it made a deep impression on me. It was Tuesday evening. The call came about half past eight and we were told to be there at half past nine. Jack Melcher (Harvard 1917), who has been assigned to me as orderly on my car, knew the way pretty well, but as there are very few lights in Paris at night, it is confusing, going along streets even if they are fairly familiar, as they look so much alike. However, we buzzed along at a good rate and were the first of our cars to arrive, and without once missing the turn. The distance is about ten kilometers. Of course Neuilly is outside the gates of Paris, and at night they are closed, so sometimes we are delayed a minute or two, but ordinarily, an ambulance is admitted without delay. Our route lay along some of the main boulevards, past the famous "Moulin Rouge", now closed, past the Gard du Nord, up the rue de la Chapelle to "La Chapelle". At the entrance to the yard, at the gate, two men were on guard and another with rifle etc. at the door of the freight house, for we have to go up an incline into the building itself. Here we park the cars. Already there were a dozen other ambulances from other hospitals in position, with their stretchers and blankets piled up ready for the train to arrive. Beyond the cars, are half a dozen buildings, all of course inside the freight shed, each with its trimmings painted a different color, and resembling large sized Hodgson portable houses. Each building holds about thirty "blessés" on stretchers. Then there is the office building and an operating room, where emergency cases are attended to, - usually an amputation, if anything at all. The staff consists of ambulance drivers and orderlies, doctors, nurses, stretcher bearers etc.

After waiting an hour, the train rolled in. It was composed of about fifteen cars, - second and third class sleeping cars. Each window had a face of some poor, wounded soldier glued to it, - pitiful sights some of them were. The inmates are composed of the "blessés" and "malades" (men whose nerves have gone to pieces from the strain or who are sick with fever or some other trouble), and the sight of that train as it rolled in with its load of suffering men, some of whom were on the way to Paris, only to die in the hospital, while others would recover only to return to the front, was ghastly to say the least. Then the stretcher

bearers, "brancardiers", went into the cars, and as there was not enough of them, we went in too and helped to bring out the wounded. The conditions inside, and the smell were beyond description, yet these poor men were so glad to see us and reach Paris, that it made the work a real pleasure. Everything you did for them they fully appreciated, and were extremely grateful for our careful way of handling them. We took them out and put them into the little houses. Some had their faces still covered with blood, so much so that their features were almost indistinguishable, others were minus a leg or an arm, yet they were cheerful and smiled and waved to us from the stretchers, as they were carried past. One man called me over and asked if I was English (for our uniforms are almost identical with those of the British army), and when I said, "no but an American", he wanted to know how long we had been mobilized! Then I explained to him our reason for being there.

While the "blessés" are carried into the houses, the "malades" walk out themselves, though some have to be carried, and sit upon benches. As they came out one by one, with a bewildered look, or more often a blank expressionless face, showing how their nerves and minds have been temporarily effected by what they had been through, the contrast with the cheerfulness of the "blessés" was great. The sight of the "malades" was what struck me as the most pitiful of all, because they did not look human. The "blessés", in spite of their agony and suffering, seemed to be happy at the thought of being in Paris, and so close to a base hospital, with all its comforts. Now and then, an officer would be brought out, and everyone would salute him as he was carried past, followed by several men carrying his equipment and sword,- an impressive sight. As the men are placed in the houses and examined by the doctors to see if there are any emergency cases, the nurses go among them, giving them soup and bread and a stamped postal card to write to their family. Lots of the men are too badly wounded, or perhaps have no right arm left, and the nurse writes a few lines for them. Meanwhile, the office is busy assigning the men to the various ambulances, all of which have handed in cards, giving the name of the driver, number of car, and number of places for the "blessés". The Daimler cars hold four on stretchers or four sitting, the Fords hold three while the two big cars hold ten to sixteen. Then we take our papers, locate our men and carry them into the car. Sometimes we bring them to this hospital, but more often to some other one in a far off corner of the city; and finding an unknown hospital, in some out of the way street, in a strange city and in the dark, when you can't see the street signs, is often confusing work. The hospital, to which our "blessés" were consigned, happened to be an easy one to find, as it was near the Gard del'Est. We had only two sitting men called "assis",- those on stretchers being known as "couchés". On returning we go by a different way in order to keep to the best and smoothest boulevards, and run as carefully as possible, so as to make it comfortable for the wounded. It seems queer to be returning up the "Champs Elysées" with an ambulance, on nights when we bring them to this hospital. Some nights it is one o'clock or later before we start home. The other evening we had to go to a hospital, near the Luxembourg, and it was a beautiful night. As we passed Notre Dame, the moon, which was full, hung in the sky, above the towers, and was an impressive sight. The next day to my surprise I met the English aviator to whom I have already referred, who had left two days previously in his Nieuport bi-plane for Dunkirk. In flying over the lines, on his way home, the German guns opened fire on him and ruined his new machine, riddling it with bullets and injuring the engine so that he was brought down, but fortunately managed to land within the French lines. It was a wonder he wasn't killed. However, another narrow escape didn't seem to worry him much. He was only in Paris a few hours to get some new parts and then was to return immediately. Only yesterday, a letter came from him, saying that after resuming his flight, the engine ran so badly that he was forced to descend at Amiens. This time instead of returning to Paris, as he should have preferred, his Commanding Officer ordered him to report at Dunkirk immediately, as he was needed there.

Since then, nothing more has been heard of him.

At present things are quiet here as there has been no big fighting going on, yet there has been plenty to do. We have two hours drill, - marching and instructions, with handling blessés and stretchers, first aid and methods of picking up the wounded correctly according to how they are wounded; and physical exercise coming every morning after breakfast. That with necessary work on the car, brings us up to lunch time. After that several hours is usually spent on the car. At present, this is necessary, as my Daimler looks as if it had not been cleaned or touched for months and so I am spending all the spare time in overhauling it thoroughly, and going over the engine. Although it runs finely now, and fortunately I was assigned to one of the best of the four Daimlers, in another day or two it ought to be in such shape, as to keep it in good running order, with comparatively little care, for some time to come. As soon as the fighting gets really active, it will mean going forty-eight hours at a stretch, without rest, so it is just as well to be prepared for that. Before I arrived, the men were going day and night for long stretches and were pretty well played out. Undoubtedly such conditions will return again shortly. Every afternoon tea is served between three and five, and different Americans in Paris have their regular day which they give to it. The nurses, orderlies, drivers and any of the hospital staff go down, and it is a very pleasant occasion. The slack time of day is from late afternoon until nine o'clock in the evening; yet there is apt to be odd jobs of various kinds to do then, such as working over some new car, or changing over some old one. The calls usually don't come until about half past nine, so it is usually possible to take a couple of hours off and dine out, and it helps a lot to get a change of food. So far we have been to several different hospitals, - in fact we haven't been to the same one twice yet. Certainly it is a great way to learn your way about Paris, for by daylight it comes very easily, after finding your way around during the night. Last night there was one poor man taken off the train, tied securely to his stretcher, for he had gone violently insane, and his cries and yells, as he lay in one of the little houses at the station, were terrible to hear.

Opposite our dormitory are several little rooms, still unfinished, and here the men are removed from the wards a few hours before they reach their end, as the moral effect of dying among the wounded men in the wards, is very bad. Saturday, a poor lad of only nineteen was moved up, as he could not live very long. He was unconscious and all day his mother sat beside him, waiting for the end. We were out all night at the station and it was two o'clock in the morning when we returned to the dormitory. As we came up the stairs, we heard the poor boy moaning and crying in his unconscious state. A light burned in the room and the door was open, but a screen placed inside gave the necessary privacy to the scene, so sacred and yet so terrible. It was heartbreaking to listen to the cries of this dying lad mingled with the sobs of his mother, yet although my bed was only a few feet away in the next room, I was so dead tired, that in spite of this terrible tragedy taking place, I was sound asleep in a few minutes. The next morning there was no longer any sound from the room and we heard the boy had died shortly after we had gone to bed. Three men died that day. Such are the scenes and happenings about us and it makes the work nerve racking, to say the least.

In the morning, during our drill in the courtyard which takes place during the time when the men's wounds are being dressed in the wards, the cries and shrieks of pain, that fill the air at intervals are terrible to hear. But that is the only time when we hear them. All the men are patient and cheerful. This morning I passed a man in the corridor, wheeling himself along in a chair. He had only one leg, - a cripple for life, yet he was whistling a tune and was in the best of spirits. After the war is over, and the heroes are partially forgotten, these poor men, crippled and maimed for life, and the blind, worst of all, will be a sad and terrible reminder of what enormous sacrifices had to be made for the sake of preserving civilization and humanity.

This afternoon the boy was buried and as we were working on our cars the

funeral passed by. The hearse was surrounded by a squad of soldiers and behind walked the mourners. As the cortège came by us every man stood at attention and saluted. Then as the procession disappeared down the shaded street, the church bells around the corner began to ring, telling of the passing of another hero. Every single day and sometimes twice a day, we hear the same church bells toll, so that it seems a part of the day's routine.

Still in spite of the horrors of it all, there are moments of relaxation, and these are welcomed. Next to the hospital is a little tobacco store and wine shop, and one of the men was far-sighted enough to bring a cocktail shaker. Nearly every evening, before supper, we stroll over and shake up a cocktail and sit in a little garden, as we drink it. Often an aeroplane flies over head, buzzing loudly, and it seems strange to be sitting down peacefully drinking, with a bi-plane above us in the air, yet they are so common, that hardly anyone bothers to look up. The other evening I was returning about half past seven, not having been able to stay out to supper and being so late that it was over at the hospital, I had to go without. On the way, I met the ambulances off for La Chapelle, - on an early call, so I ran back and started off in the car. That night was a long one and it was long after two before we returned for good. We thought the car would be needed for a second trip and so returned again to the station, to discover that the blessés had all been taken care of. There was a German among the wounded and everyone crowded around the stretcher to get a view of him. However, he didn't like the scrutiny and covered his face with his arms. Although he was shot to pieces, - wounded in three or four places, they placed a guard of two men in the ambulance with him and took him in one of our cars to a military hospital.

At present, there are about one hundred and fifty cars here and in the squads at the front, - nearly all Fords, and there are a great many more of the latter underway. Just as soon as they can get a squad of twenty cars and men together, they send them off to the front, so that all the good men that can come and are willing to do the work are needed. The two most interesting localities are at Dunkirk and Pont-au-Mousson. The former place is being shelled continually by the Germans and a great number of men have been killed. The ambulances have had a great many narrow escapes and the men have had shells burst all about them, and their cars have been hit, yet no one has yet been killed. At Pont-au-Mousson there is more of interest still, for the men and cars are stationed in the town within a mile of the German trenches, and the town is being continually shelled. Every day a number of men are killed and wounded, and sometimes women and children. The ambulance men are quartered in houses all about the town, - and in some cases are very comfortably situated. At night they run out behind the battlefield and the famous Bois la Prête with their cars, to get the wounded and bring them into the hospitals. During the day, they remove the wounded from the field hospital in the town, to one further away out of danger. The Germans are desisting from really destroying the town, as they have hopes of retaking it. However, they say that next week a big French 52 centimeter (nearly 20 inch) gun will be opening fire on the forts at Metz fifteen miles away. That may be a signal for the Germans, out of revenge, to begin the destruction of Pont-au-Mousson and in a short time, the town will be nothing but a mass of ruins. It is thrilling work there and is not easy work to go out to the battlefield with the cars at night, over rough going and without lights. If the bombardment begins, the men will probably be moved to one side temporarily. Every day the men are under fire and have had endless narrow escapes from shells bursting about them, yet so far not one has been injured. But it is of course only a question of time before it happens. In one month this squad has carried over seven thousand wounded, so it is possible to see how many are wounded every month along the whole line.

It seems strange to be going about everywhere in Paris in uniform and saluting all French officers, but after a while, it becomes natural. Every other day it is possible to get a few hours off. Last Sunday I went on a party to hear

"Louise" given at the Opéra Comique. It was wonderfully given. At the end Mlle. Chenal, with her beautiful voice again sang the Marseillaise, as she did the previous Sunday surrounded by soldiers and it was fully as impressive and as thrilling as last time. For in an audience composed to a great extent of officers and soldiers, in their blue gray field uniforms, many of whom are blessés from the hospitals, escorted by their nurses, to say nothing of the countless women in deep mourning, and amid such stirring, intense times as these are, such a scene couldn't be otherwise. Before that the orchestra played "La Sambre et Meuse", which is a beautiful inspiring march. A scene of that kind brings the reality of these stirring times home to one in a way, that nothing else can.

JUNE 1 - 4.

Nothing of great interest has happened the last few days. During the full moon of this week, a Zeppelin raid was expected, but so far nothing has developed, in spite of the numerous scares and preparations. I believe one was sighted at the border, but was driven back by the air guns and aeroplanes. Nearly every night we have been to La Chapelle for wounded, getting back for the one A. M. supper and getting to bed about two o'clock. It makes a long day of it to be up at half past seven and not finish until an early hour in the morning. There have not been as many wounded as last week, though the numbers of "malades" keeps about the same. We have taken some back to this hospital, as well as to other hospitals and have not yet been to the same one twice, except the American Ambulance on Tuesday. We had one very badly wounded man, but we got him here comfortably. As yet we have not had the unpleasant experience of a "blessé" dying in the ambulance on the way up, as other men have had happen. It must be an awful shock in taking out the wounded, to find a corpse, after having put in a live human being only a few minutes previously.

Last evening another demented blessé was taken off the train. Although he was not as violent as the one the other evening, who had to be tied to his stretcher with rope, yet he was a pitiful object. He talked wildly and had a terrible unnatural look in his eyes. The poor fellow was badly shot in the head and it was a particularly pathetic sight, as he was young, not over twenty-five, and a fine looking man. It is terrible to think of his having to spend a whole lifetime in that condition, but perhaps his wound will prove fatal, which would be much more merciful. The men are usually very appreciative and always thank us and shake hands or wave to us, as we say good-bye to them, at their respective hospitals. It is such a relief to them to feel that good care is actually at hand, after all the agony of lying on the battlefield, then the period of a few hours at the line hospital, and finally the awful train ride of hours and hours to Paris,- that no wonder they are usually in a very happy mood.

This afternoon Melcher and I were on "evacuation" work,- that is removing some wounded to a convalescent home. As soon as they are ready to go, they are sent to some institution outside of Paris, where they are cared for until they are well enough to return to the trenches, or if permanently injured, until they are able to return to their family or some relative. Most of our men go to a small hospital in Aulnay sous Bois, a little town about fifteen miles from here. We had directions as to the route and also a map, but even then, outside of Paris, the little, narrow roads are so numerous and so much alike, as to be very confusing. Consequently, we had to ask several people en route, before reaching the hospital. Part of the way led us through pretty, little towns and fascinating gardens were all about us. The foliage and the perfume of the flowers was delightful, and so refreshing after the unpleasant atmosphere of the hospital, that we hated to have so little of it. Most confusing of all was in coming home, as we tried a different way and finally had to give it up. One of the cars goes out nearly every day and the number varies from three to fifteen men. It is interesting work and

instructive as to finding the way about Paris and its environs.

It has been possible to get a couple of hours off nearly every day this week, during the late afternoon or early evening. Wednesday, I dined out and last evening Melcher and I made a call. However, as our hostess was going out to a little musicale and we had to return early for the call at La Chapelle, it was a very short visit. The musicale was at Madame _____ where I went two weeks ago before coming out here and they asked us to go with them that night, but unfortunately, it was impossible on account of the evening's work ahead. Dining out is a wonderful diversion and it is a relief to get away from here for an hour or two, and especially to taste some delicious food.

This evening about supper time, we saw a wonderful sight. Far in the distance, quite high in the air, was a large cigar-shaped, French dirigible balloon, similar in shape but smaller than a Zeppelin. As it turned to head our way, the late afternoon sun shone full on its entire length, giving it a weird appearance, as it seemed to suddenly loom up in the sky. Above it were two bi-planes, so far up that they were almost indistinguishable, against their background of fleecy clouds. The dirigible came on very quietly, - a contrast to the noisy buzzing of the aeroplanes, and soon was directly over the top of our building. Slowly, or at least it seemed so, it swung about and continued away from the city, disappearing into the setting sun, while the two aeroplanes, acting as escorts, still hovered above it. This afternoon Delabarre came in with a big Pierce Arrow from Dunkirk, and before that another man came from there by train. They are still under heavy shell-fire there and continue having narrow escapes from exploding shells. Their cars have been hit several times again. At Pont-au-Mousson, the shell-fire is much more severe and the squad of men there have twice been mentioned in the official despatches, showing that the men and squads at the front, of the American Ambulance, are doing splendid work, under dangerous conditions.

JUNE 5 - 7.

We had an early call this morning at six o'clock for La Chapelle and after getting a bite, started off in the cars. On arriving we found that the train was already in - this time from Dunkirk with one hundred and seventeen blessés, all badly wounded, - some with terrible head wounds. One man we carried in our car had his entire head bound up with only a tiny hole left for his nostrils. Although suffering as much as he must have, he never once murmured. After a number had been taken off the train, we were told that one man had died on the way. All the "brancardiers" and drivers were drawn up in ranks and stood at attention. Two nurses went down the platform to meet the stretcher, with its burden, and placed a few flowers on the poor lad's body. Then as the stretcher was carried past, everyone saluted. The scene was an impressive one and one that will long be remembered. Then the work was again resumed of bringing the wounded from the cars to their respective houses. We had four to take to a little hospital on "rue Violet", near the Eiffel Tower, which we found very easily. The hospital was cared for by nuns, who were extremely nice women and before we left one of them called us in and gave us a drink of delicious wine as refreshment, which certainly tasted good, after an early morning's job.

As soon as we reached Neuilly there was an evacuation job waiting. We had four convalescents to take to the military barracks at the "Porte de Clignancourt", where there was a good deal of formality and red tape to go through, before the men were accepted as being sufficiently convalescent. After lunch we had another evacuation trip to Aulnay-sous-Bois, where we went yesterday. It is an awfully rough trip, as it is over cobble stones all the way, making it rather uncomfortable for the men. One man was still on crutches, while the others were still very lame. They were Algerians and in their native costume were very picturesque. One spoke English very well. Another gave his birthday as 1884,

and when I told him I was the same age, he beamed all over and held my hand, so that I thought he would never let go. All the way out, they were laughing and joking and were as happy as larks. That kind of work is pleasant, as you see the happy side of things and going through the country, past little gardens with their flowers and orchards, was fascinating. It makes it all the harder to return to the suffering and awful sights here.

Some of the men are terribly disfigured, and their faces are frightfully repulsive. Some literally have whole parts of their faces blown away, - some without noses, others without chins. The reconstruction work here is wonderful, such as making an artificial nose and replacing a jaw. There have been several cases of a jaw bone being so blown to pieces, that all the fragments had to be removed. Then a small bone in his leg or a piece of his rib was cut out and put in place of his jawbone. So far, the results have been highly successful. They have an enormous magnet here, weighing about twelve hundred pounds, which is so powerful, that it draws out broken fragments of shell. It is marvellous how wonderful the results have been.

There are several bakery shops, dairies, etc. at the corner and we often go down there and buy some butter and rolls, and eat our breakfast at a little table on the sidewalk, and oftentimes go there after other meals and buy some cakes and cookies to eat for our desert. The French bread and pastry certainly is delicious, as well as the butter and cheese. The former we have here at the hospital only in a very inferior quality, and so miss it very much. To-day is Sunday and there is very little to do. There was another Zeppelin scare last night, but nothing happened. The rumor now is that the Germans are going to drop bombs of asphytiating gas and bottles of germs and microbes on Paris. They are perfectly capable of doing it, yet it seems unlikely. In order to be prepared, all the policemen have been supplied with masks and bicarbon, and lots of people as well are supplied with the above things in their houses, so as to be ready for the worst. It is a horrid thought, but still worth while to anticipate it.

To-day, the 7th, we had to go to St. Germain to bring a typhoid patient in town. He was a man of about twenty-five, and very weak, as he had been sick with a high fever for three weeks. As his room was up two flights of stairs, which were narrow and winding, it was hard work for us to get him down on a stretcher. Unfortunately, the road almost all the way was of the roughest "pavé". However, we went as slowly as possible and his father and mother, who sat inside the ambulance with him, said it was quite comfortable. It was a beautiful trip and the gardens and places along the road were fascinating. When we left him in a private room in the American Hospital (not the American Ambulance Hospital) his father, who was a captain in the infantry, in a very appreciative spirit, offered us a "pour boire" which we gracefully declined saying that we were volunteer workers, which seemed to impress him very much. As soon as we returned, we were told we would leave in a few minutes for Compiegne, about eighty miles away, so we hustled about and threw a few clothes into a bag and filled up the tanks with oil and gas, and then at the last minute, someone else went in our place, as we were wanted in Paris. Ten thousand wounded are at Compiegne, as a result of the heavy fighting of the last few days, and it will mean all day and all night work, until the job is finished. I am sorry to have missed it, but there will be plenty of more chances later on. It looks as if we would be busy here, the next few days, especially as our two largest cars went to Compiegne this afternoon. So a dinner party which I had planned for to-morrow evening at Laurent's restaurant, near the Champs Elyseés, begins to look extremely doubtful.

JUNE 8 - 16.

On waking up about seven this morning, I heard a peculiar buzzing, and

jumping up I saw out of the window a big, French dirigible balloon, sailing over the top of the hospital, not more than two hundred feet above the roof. It was a wonderful sight as we watched it sail into the bright sunlight in the eastern sky. Probably, it was the same one that we saw the other evening. To-day I went again to Clignancourt with some convalescent Algerians, to leave them there, as it is a military, convalescent hospital. One man could speak English very well, - probably he had been a porter or waiter in some tourist hotel. In the afternoon we again went out to Aulnay-sous-Bois with more convalescents, and went by a different road, which is shorter and better. Before leaving, they said a train was due at La Chapelle and to return there as soon as possible, so we went as fast as we could all the way. In an hour and twenty minutes we were at the station, to find that the train had not come. Then we waited and waited, meanwhile, I was wondering what was to become of my dinner party, I was giving at Laurent's, at seven o'clock. Finally, at six, they said the train was not coming after all, and so we tore back to the hospital and I had just time to change and wash. Then someone called up to the dormitory that the train had arrived, and it looked hopeless again, but one of the men said he would drive my car, so we started off for dinner. It was a hectic day, and only shows how impossible it is to plan a minute ahead of time for you can't call a minute your own, until you actually get away. The next evening I was dining out and hoping to go to a musicale, but before finishing dinner, the telephone rang and I had to return to the hospital at once to get the ambulance. Our party was a great success, and especially interesting, because hardly anyone knew anyone else. It was an awfully rainy night and we had trouble in finding a taxi to take us home.

The next morning we started off early to Neuilly-sur-Marne to get an officer to bring in here. The trip was pretty, as the road went through the Bois de Vincennes. It was a pitiful sight at the hospital, as every single man had either an arm or a leg missing, and yet, wonderful to say, they were all as happy as larks in spite of it. The heat has been awful the last few days and the nights so bad that sleeping has been difficult. But to-day it is cooler. Working hard all day in this sort of weather takes off pounds. There is one thing that becomes very monotonous, and that is being stared at by everyone on the street, for nearly all the people take us for English, in spite of the American Ambulance insignia on our arms. The young kids are very amusing. The other day we were out in the car, driving for our license and stopped near a school during recess. The kids swarmed about us like a lot of ants yelling and crying out "Vive les Anglais". They were very enthusiastic and amusing, and it was hard to get rid of them, as they insisted on climbing all over the car. Last night I dined out again and afterwards everyone went to the movies, but I was afraid there would be a call and so returned here directly. As it happened, we did not have to go to La Chapelle and so were able to go to bed early.

There has been a man in the little room opposite the dormitory for several days, very sick and he finally died this morning. The room is unoccupied temporarily, but probably not for long, as there is nearly always some hopeless case there. Some men are too sick to be moved and so die in the wards. An English soldier, one of only two or three here, died yesterday, after having been at this hospital since early September, over nine months. He was only a few feet from a bursting shell and was almost blown to pieces. It happened on the third day of the battle of the Marne and he was brought directly here from the battlefield, after receiving first treatment. From the start it had been a hopeless case and it is terrible to think of his nine months of lingering death. He was poisoned throughout by gas gangrene. His funeral took place from here in the afternoon, and was by far the most impressive of any I have yet seen in Paris. Everyone was particularly interested in the case and the yard was filled with nurses, orderlies, ambulance men, etc. Two squads of about twenty British soldiers each were on hand; lined up on both sides of the drive from the hospital to the gate, and through this line passed the hearse, which was covered with beautiful flowers.

As it went by, everyone either uncovered or stood at attention and saluted if in uniform. The only mourners were a few representatives from the hospital. The funerals of French soldiers are always followed by a number of the man's family on foot, but in this case none of the lad's family were present, so that it was much more pathetic. The English soldiers were all a fine looking, clean cut lot of men,- better in appearance than the French, but yet not their equal as soldiers, for there are no finer, braver or better fighters than the French.

In the afternoon we took a man to the Rothchild hospital who had come here temporarily for treatment. He was a fine appearing man,- a sergeant and glad to get back to the hospital, he had previously been at, as he was among his comrades there. As we carried him into the ward on his stretcher, we had to stop now and then to let him shake hands with his nurses and old friends. He certainly was pleased to be back again. The hospital is a fine institution, composed of several splendid buildings, surrounded by gardens and grass plots, where the men strolled about.

In the morning, I went up to see an operation at the American hospital and this time I didn't mind it at all as I did a few days previously at my first experience. One man, while walking along through a connecting trench, in a crouching position, was hit by a bullet which first tore all the flesh off his right biceps, laying the arm bare to the bone,- then it made a deep furrow across his chest and finally went through his left forearm, shattering the bone and tearing the flesh frightfully. He had been wounded two days previously and was brought here last night. First of all they stripped him to the waist and sat him in a chair for several minutes, taking off all of his bandages, and thus he posed for several photographs for the hospital series, which forms an invaluable collection. All the time he must have been suffering, yet he never made a murmur. All three wounds were horrible looking things, with big pieces of flesh hanging from his arms, like pieces of meat. Then they laid him on the table and gave him ether, which he took quietly. As he went under, he began to talk and laugh and had the time of his life, but he did not struggle a bit. Sometimes they become violently excited and think they are charging the Germans and cry out and yell at the top of their lungs. Cleaning the wounds was not a pleasant sight, as they cut away pieces of flesh and scraped away the pus that had formed and then tore out pieces of shattered bone. A doctor worked on each arm, so that it was all over in about three quarters of an hour, and after putting in, to drain the wounds, a number of large wicks, one half inch in diameter, and running them through from one side of his arm to the other, so that they protruded from each side, they let him come out of the ether.

In the evening, I went out to dinner and had scarcely arrived when they telephoned there was a call for La Chapelle later, so I had only just time to finish eating before leaving. It turned out to be a busy night and every available ambulance here and all over the city was on hand, making probably over forty in all. There were over five hundred wounded coming in and that meant an all night job. Instead of these men coming from the front, they were cases evacuated from other hospitals near the front. That means they are getting all the available beds possible near the lines ready for a sudden rush of wounded, sure to come from this continued offensive fighting. We made several trips between the station and various hospitals and our cars brought nearly thirty wounded here, which is a large number for one night. Still we have been evacuating fast from here lately, and there is plenty of room for more. Our last trip was by daylight and as we returned without a load of wounded, we took a little extra detour, along the Seine, as seeing Paris in the early morning light is fascinating. We passed the Opera House, the Madeleine, Place de la Concorde, over the Pont Alexandre; then by the Trocadero and home by the Etoile and the Arc de Triomphe, by the way of the upper Champs Elysees,- which I always think of as the most wonderful street in the world. It was a ride that will last in my memory for a long time for we started from La Chapelle just about day break and went along slowly, so

that when we reached the Seine the light had so increased that the quiet reflection in its smooth surface was very beautiful indeed. Then as we ascended the hill by the Trocaders we glanced eastwards up the Seine and in the misty early morning light saw, over the roof tops of Paris, that stretched below us, the rosy colored sky in the distance. It was magnificent composition and the picture that lay before our eyes was one that would have made any artist envious.

We had a cup of chocolate on our return and turned in about sunrise. After getting a couple of hours sleep, I got up for early breakfast and got the car filled with gas etc., so as to be ready if any further call should come this morning. Three more wounded have just been brought in, by an ambulance from another hospital. One man was in terrible shape, - wounded in three places. His head was entirely bound up, except for a small space left around his mouth to breathe through, and his beard protruding was saturated with blood, which attracted the flies, making a ghastly sight. At the same time as they were laying on their stretchers, in the hall-way, waiting their turn to be washed and looked after, the strains of a hymn from the church across the way broke the stillness of the early Sunday morning, and made you wonder why all this terrible suffering and self sacrifice had to be.

Yesterday we were having breakfast, down at the corner, in our favorite spot, when one of the hospital blessés began talking to us. He had been wounded near Arras and a bullet had gone through his nose and cheek. However his face had been reconstructed and now he does not appear as repulsive, as he must have been at first. He told us some of his experiences and how he got shot. He and five others had caught and surprised about forty Germans in a trench and very speedily killed them all, as they were cornered and couldn't escape. I asked if he liked to kill Germans. He just beamed all over and tossing his hands in the air, said, "O là là", (rather a common French expression of satisfaction). It was so funny the way he said it, that we all burst out laughing, which pleased him immensely. He seemed to imply that he just liked to kill a few, as a matter of course, before his breakfast every day.

It has been quiet the last two days (Monday and Tuesday), but to-night we are off for La Chapelle in a few minutes, but as yet, don't know whether or not a big train is expected. Yesterday morning I spent a couple of hours in the operating room and saw three operations. One man was given ether, another gas and a third a hyperdermic, for a foot operation. A bullet had gone through his leg just above the ankle, and had taken out a section of about an inch of his leg bone. They dug out several pieces of his uniform which had been driven in, and then picked out all the broken bone. It seemed so queer to have the man talking to the doctors and nurses all the time, while they were digging away in his wound. Just to show us how paralyzed his muscles, below the waist were, from the hyperdermic, the operating surgeon asked the soldier to move his legs, but it was impossible, in spite of his efforts, except a little bit by pulling up with his body. Some of the wounds were frightful, too much so for a description. One in particular was the most repulsive of any I had seen yet; it was of such a nature and in such a place that the man would recover probably very rapidly and come out O. K. The chief thing would be a lot of skin grafting, for the area involved was nearly a square foot.

The call Tuesday was an early one and we were in bed soon after one o'clock in the morning. There were two trains as usual, - one from Crey, evacuations from the hospitals from there and at Amiens, - the other from Arras or that region. In the first train most of the men are sent further south, only a few badly wounded, who are unable to stand the trip, are taken off here in Paris. The second train is made up of men who have been wounded more recently and have only received first aid and temporarily bandaged. Often they are a bloody lot, as the wounds frequently continue bleeding. One of our men had to have his wounds redressed in the operating room, before we could take him off in our ambulance. Last night another poor fellow died on the train and his body was brought

out as I described before.

Several more men have turned up recently from various squads at the front, and all are very enthusiastic about their work there, which is often very exciting. A rumor has been circulated that one of the men was killed at Dunkirk, but there is no way of ascertaining the truth, for the men here who ought to know are very reticent. It is aggravating to see all these men returning from the front with all kinds of trophies, such as German helmets, guns, shells, etc., and also to see men going out to replace them several times a week, and yet still to be here in Paris, where the work, interesting as it is, can not compare with that at the front. A few new men turned up the other day, but they were not a prepossessing lot. However, seven more appeared this morning and they are a more efficient looking aggregation. Twenty more are due shortly, so there will soon be enough for the present. Just now the men are arriving faster than the cars, but the latter will presently catch up. Two men are leaving for Havre in a few minutes to see about bringing down some Fords that have just arrived.

JUNE 16 - 23.

To-day is the twenty-third and it is the first chance I've had to write in the diary for a week, as it has been very busy. During, both morning and afternoon, there has been much evacuation work, - that is removing the convalescents to other hospitals which are almost entirely out of Paris. They have been getting as many beds emptied as possible, as all this heavy fighting north of Arras, in the "Labyrinth", means there will be large numbers of wounded coming in. The other hospitals have been doing the same, so as to have a lot of empty beds in Paris. There are half a dozen hospitals, - mostly outside of Paris that we evacuate to, - Poissy, Maisons Laffitte, St. Germain, Aulnay-sous-Bois, Le Raincy, etc. These outside trips usually take at least two hours, more often three, and are a pleasant change from the city. The men are usually glad to get out, as the hospitals are pleasantly situated and almost always surrounded by pretty gardens and woods. The only "out" about these trips is that nearly every road from Paris is "pavé" and the cobble stones are extremely rough, - consequently when the car is full of wounded, it is necessary to go slowly to make the men as comfortable as possible. But on the return we usually hurry. The driving in Paris, except when there are wounded in the car, is tiresome work, as going through the streets in the traffic, especially during the busy time of day, at a fast pace, keeps you on the jump all the time. A lot depends on the orderly. At present, I have a poor one and besides watching the other vehicles and my own, I have to watch the names of the streets, when we are in some new part of the city. The previous man I had, always kept his eyes wide open and never missed telling me the right turn to make, sitting beside me, map in hand, and if at night, with his electric light.

The other evening we expected a call and at half past ten, they said the train would not be in after all, so we all went to bed. All we had was an hour's sleep, for the train came unexpectedly and we had to get up and hurry down to it. However, it was not a big one and we were home about daylight. The next day was Sunday. We had half planned to go to the Opéra Comique that night, on a chance that there wouldn't be a call, but I decided it was too risky, and so the plan fell through. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a call came, - the train being expected any minute, so down we went. Hour after hour went by, as we waited at the station inside at our accustomed place, where they unload the wounded. I was dining out that night, but finally I saw there would be no chance and so telephoned I could not come. We took turns and went around the corner for some supper and returned to wait again. Finally at five minutes past twelve, after nine hours of sitting on the benches, a small train arrived in place of the big one they expected. One trip for our car was all that was required, so we were home just about daylight, and went to bed. However, three quarters of an hour later, a call

came for all cars available. During the next few hours, four large trains came in, and with about forty ambulances, the wounded were moved out quickly. There were very few stretcher bearers at the station, so all of us helped out as we do on such occasions, going into the cars, lifting the men from their bunks and putting them into the stretchers, and carrying them out to their temporary quarters in the little houses inside the freight shed, where they are fed before being carried off in the ambulances. The suffering had been something terrible for the men had been in their berths two days and a half. There were so many trains of wounded, between Arras and Paris, that the traffic was badly congested. Some of the poor men had died on the way. The cars are similar to baggage cars and fitted up with fourteen berths, roughly made. With men unable to scarcely move, it is easy to imagine the terrible condition the cars were in. Yet instead of the work being repulsive, you have so much pity for the men that you never think of it in that way. As usual we had to go to many different hospitals, - in fact I have not yet been to the same one twice, except of course this one. Each trip means a new place and often a new route, so that by now I know a greater part of the city of Paris pretty thoroughly. Many of the men were badly wounded, some having bad head wounds, others minus a leg or an arm. After making several trips, for there was a great number of wounded, nearly all being stretcher cases and there were four trains in all, we finally ended up at the Grand Palais, which is at present a large hospital. Our last load was consigned to the Hotel Astoria, now the Japanese hospital, but it was full and there was not one empty bed, so after telephoning back to the station, for further instructions, we took them to the Grand Palais. We reached home at eight o'clock, just in time for the last call for breakfast. Most of the men went right to bed, but being unable to sleep during the day, and as we were excused from work, except in case of a train call, I took the morning and part of the afternoon off, and then at half past five went to bed. Fortunately, there were no more calls until late the next morning. Since then it has been quieter, - only evacuation work and odd jobs the last two days.

This morning we took four convalescents to a hospital near by, - all men able to walk, as they were well recovered. Just before arriving a terrific downpour began. It was a regular cloudburst, and rained so hard that it would have soaked the men to the skin to have walked the short distance into the hospital, so we waited for fifteen or twenty minutes until the worst of it was over. As a result the streets were like rivers. All day long it has been the same, - several short terrific showers, always of course coming unexpectedly and at the wrong time. The other day I was asked if it were possible to transfer two men from the Japanese hospital to a convalescent hospital at Poissy. We were able to arrange it O. K. and took them out in our car. The route lay by the way of St. Germain and it was a very pretty trip, especially that part where the road closely follows the Seine, just before reaching the town. All along there were beautiful places, whose great charm seems to lie in the wonderful growth of trees. The road between there and Poissy was equally attractive, though very different, for it ran through the forest of St. Germain. The people at the hospital were very hospitable and couldn't do enough for us, insisting on showing us all about the building and the grounds. We were immediately raised from the position of chauffeur, as we are all rated here among the French.

An amusing incident took place the other afternoon. We had some men to evacuate to Maisons Laffitte and were just ready to start. I had gone inside the hospital to get my coat and on coming out, found my car surrounded by men, some polishing brass, others changing around the extra wheels etc. It was hard to imagine what had happened. Everyone was running around excited and giving orders. Finally I discovered that the Minister of War had sent up for a car for some special work, to carry an important blessé to a certain place. Someone thought the town was in the north of France, and that we might be gone several days. So we hustled to get some extra cans of gasolene and put our overcoats

in the car and started off. At the war office we were instructed to follow Capt. André in his car to the station at Aubervilliers, which is a few miles outside of the city. Here the cars formerly went, instead of La Chapelle as they do at present. An hour later a train of wounded came in and two men were taken off and put into our car,- one of them was a cousin or something of the Minister of War or some high official. The train then pulled out and proceeded somewhere in the south of France. These two men we carried back to the American Hospital. They were both Parisians,- and as we reached the Place de la Concorde, I called through the window that we were going up the Champs Elyseés. One of them was not badly wounded and he raised himself on his stretcher to look out, and on seeing the Arc de Triomphe, in the distance, he was tickled to death, for it had been many months since he had last looked at it and I imagine there were many times when he wondered if he ever would see it again. So our trip to the north of France was over and a lot of excitement all for nothing.

Late yesterday afternoon, after we had finished carrying the wounded from La Chapelle station to the hospitals, I got the next two hours off and went on a small party to the "Isle" in the Bois de Boulogne for tea. It is a beautiful spot and a nice diversion from the hospital work. It is very amusing the way all the children like to salute us on the street and take great pleasure in saying "good-night" to us no matter what time of day it is. It seems to be the one English word they know. Often they run along and insist on shaking hands. Between five and nine it is usually quiet here and often possible to get some time off to dine out, but as there is always at any minute, especially after eight in the evening, a chance of there being a call to meet the train, it is necessary to get permission to leave the grounds and as well to leave your telephone number, so they can get you at a moment's notice. That means it is possible to dine out, though sometimes it is necessary to back out at the last minute, but impossible to go to the theatre or "cinéma". However, the other evening it was certain there would be no call, so we went to the "movies" and had a very amusing party.

JUNE 24 - 30.

About half past eleven we were waked up to go to La Chapelle and on arriving found the train had not yet come in, so we waited about, as usual, hour after hour. Finally it looked so hopeless that we decided to go back to the hospital and get some sleep. All the other men remained at the station and slept inside their cars on the stretchers. About four we got into bed but it wasn't for long as three quarters of an hour later, we were again awaked by one of the boy scouts on duty, saying that the train was at the station. We had four men to carry to the Bon Marché hospital,- all a very nice lot,- one a Chasseur^à Pieds, while another had been in Canada several years and greatly pleased to find someone to whom he could talk English. He took up his quarter section of land not far from Winnipeg and only last summer obtained his full title, after spending three years in "proving it up". Then the war broke out and he returned to join his regiment. He had been north of Arras, at Souchez, near the sugar refinery, where the fighting has been so intense for some time. Three days ago he was wounded in three places,- but none of them were very bad. His coat was torn badly by bullets, which he showed, and with great pride. As he lay on his stretcher, alongside the ambulance in the courtyard, I took a picture of him at his request and will mail one to him, as soon as it is printed. It was about eight in the morning and the light was none too good, so that it was necessary to make a time exposure. However, I hope it will turn out all right. It is wonderful to think of these men, who come from thousands of miles away, to return to their regiments, even after having been away from France for years, and settled down at distant points, after taking up land and establishing homes of their own. It shows the tremendous amount of patriotism they have for La Patrie. He had been very glad to

talk to us,- especially because I knew Winnipeg and all the country round about, and was sorry to have us leave. We returned to the hospital in time for breakfast, and after doing about two hours' work on the car, went to bed for an hour's sleep. I lunched out at "Le Petit Durand" on Avenue Victor Hugo, and in the evening, after managing to get another short nap, went out to dinner, where I found some interesting mail from home awaiting me. For the last three days it has rained a lot,- terrific downpours several times a day, quite a contrast to the weather previously, which has been frightfully hot with a brilliant sun.

This is the twenty-sixth day of June and exactly a year ago to-day, five of us were starting out for a five months' hunting trip in British Columbia. To-day I am here at the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris,- Bob Cross is in Serbia, with Dr. Strong, working among the sufferers of the typhus plague, Bob Jones (Canadian) and Jack Symes (English), whom we took with us to help out in the work, are with the Canadian contingent, fighting in the north of France, while the fifth* man is in Alberta at Jasper, looking after their interests at home and planning to enlist shortly. Who would ever have thought such could be the case a year ago. It seems strange to think of there being three men fighting at the front with whom I have camped out month after month in British Columbia, and climbed mountains, and hunted big game. All during the trip these same two men were planning to return to England, this last winter, to return home for a while, as they hadn't been there for several years. And this is the way it has ended!

Everyone here, as elsewhere, has been regretting the death of Warneford, the aviator. The day before he took his fatal flight, my cousin met him at tea. She said he was so young that he seemed like a mere boy. The next afternoon the girls were having tea and Warneford was coming in after his flight. They waited and waited,- wondering why he was so late, when the telephone bell rang, and a message came saying that he had just been killed. Such incidents as these bring home the realities of this war better than anything else. And yet this is only one of many such incidents, for they know lots of men, who have been killed, some of their best friends,- men with whom they have danced and dined, and gone to parties. And nearly every week the news comes of the death of another friend or acquaintance. And still while some are being killed, others are just leaving for the front. To-day a young lad of nineteen, who is in the cavalry, and a great friend of theirs, leaves for Arras,- for apparently they expect, or at least hope, to use the cavalry soon.

It is extraordinary the amount of ground that we cover some days, merely running the cars around Paris, carrying wounded and going to evacuation hospitals outside of the city. The distance amounts up faster than one would suppose, for on some days, I have gone more than one hundred and fifty kilometers in the Daimeler. Have been expecting daily to go to Compiègne with the car for a few days to help out carrying wounded, as they are so busy that they need help, but so far we haven't received any more definite orders than to have the cars ready to leave at short notice.

Yesterday a man returned from the squad at Dunkirk, where he had been but a week. The bombardment of heavy shells, fired from German guns, twenty-three miles away, was terrific he said and some men's nerves had completely gone to pieces from the strain. He said the exploding of the big fifteen inch shells in the town was more than some were able to stand. It is curious the way it affects some people. The Ford cars spend most of their time at the station, where they go for the wounded, and this is the objective of the German fire, but as yet, they haven't hit the building itself, although the shells strike nearby and every explosion means a ruined house and often dead civilians. The latter are panic stricken and are fast leaving the town. Otherwise, things are pleasant there and rather quiet at present. The men are quartered in a villa, at the edge of Dunkirk and directly on the water, so they have wonderful swimming all the time. Before long it looks as if they would "make a bullseye" and then some of the cars will be demolished. The rumor that one of the men was killed was

* He was with the Canadians at Ypres at this time as I later found out.

entirely unfounded. There they are attached directly to the French army,- I forgot which corps or division. Here at Neuilly we are attached to the Thirteenth Army Corps.

A very interesting ceremony took place in the outer courtyard here yesterday. A man was decorated with the Cross of the "Legion d'Honneur" by a General. Our men were drawn up in double ranks on one side with about twenty ambulances parked behind us, and on another side about fifty of the Municipal Guard were drawn up also in double ranks. The remaining space was occupied by spectators,- nurses, hospital workers, friends etc. There must have been three hundred in all. Since I came two decorations of the "Medaille Militaire" have taken place, but each time in the wards, as the men were too sick to be moved. This man however, was brought down on a stretcher and placed in the center of the open square. Then after the bugles finished, the General surrounded by his staff, stepped forward and read an account of the heroic deed the officer had done to win the Cross. When everyone had finished clapping, he stepped forward, placed his sword twice on the man's shoulder, pinned the medal on his clothes (being in this case pajamas) and greeting him as a "chevalier du legion d'honneur", kissed him on both cheeks. The other officers shook hands, and then his wife came up and kissed him and his little girl, of about three, sat on the arm of his chair and kissed him too. It was a very impressive sight. Finally, his women relatives and friends came up and one by one kissed him, till he must have had enough. It was a very gay assembly and finally after it was all over, and he had been surrounded by the admiring crowd, the orderlies carried him off in his chair, buried in the flowers that had been presented him. The poor man looked as though he was suffering a good deal. Then the crowd slowly dispersed and it was over. It was extremely interesting to have seen it at such close quarters.

This morning early (Sunday), eight Fords started for the Vosges, on the edge of Alsace, to complete the squad of which Dick Lawrence is in charge. Now the yard and in fact the dormitory as well, look deserted. They will arrive at St. Maurice to-morrow afternoon. It is beautiful country there and until recently there has been very little to do, but the men take turns being on duty and go off on long walks and climbs, among the mountains, for all day. They are comfortably quartered in a little town that nestles down among the hills, which must be very picturesque from all accounts. It is a healthy and easier life there than here and an extremely pleasant one apparently.

Again it has been quiet here the last few days and we haven't had a call to the station for three nights, in spite of all the heavy fighting that continues around Arras. Yesterday morning I took the car over to Hospital Buffon on rue Vaugirard, in the Latin Quarter, to take some stretcher cases out to Poissy. The Countesse de _____ was at Buffon with her limousine to take three other soldiers out. At the hospital I went in to see my friend, whom I talked English with the other morning, and he seemed very glad to see me again. He still feels pretty sick, as he has a very bad head wound, a bullet went through the top of his skull, but fortunately only grazed his brains. His mind seems a little vague, but it is only natural. However, it doesn't look as if it would be anything permanent. The Countesse wanted to go a different way from the only route I knew to Poissy, so she went ahead in her car and I followed. It is a beautiful trip out through pretty country past Mal Maison and St. Germain, and then along the banks of the Seine and through the forest of St. Germain. The head of the hospital was very glad to see us again, and the Countesse asked me to stay and lunch with her at her villa, which is a beautiful place there.

Monday afternoon one hundred and thirty "couchés" came in on a train, but there were enough ambulances so that one trip apiece was all that was necessary. After leaving our four men at a hospital, at the far end of the Latin Quarter, on rue de la Glaciele, we returned to the station but found there were no blessés left. Sunday I got the whole afternoon off and made up a little

party for lunch at the Ritz,- Sunday being the fashionable day, if such it may be called in war times. It was quite crowded and in spite of the limited number of French people I know, there were a number at several different tables I had met. Altogether it was very amusing to have a glimpse of French society. Afterwards we made a call and then we all went to the Bois to the "Tir au Pigeons" where we watched the tennis and had tea. Altogether, it was a pleasant change.

Another man has come back from the Vosges and he thinks when the rest of the cars to complete the squad go out next week, the whole squad will then be moved over into Alsace nearer the front and the work will be more interesting still. Another man came in from Dunkerque and told us more of the bombardment. He said the explosion from each shell shook the whole city like an earthquake. There had been a little bar or "gin mill", as he called it, on one of the corners, where the men were in the habit of going for a drink now and then. They had gone around from the station, where the cars were parked, for a drink and not many minutes after they had finished and left the bar, one of the big fifteen inch shells landed on top of the very house they had just been in. The next time they went by there was nothing visible but a pile of bricks and mortar and "Maggie White's" was a memory of the past. It shows that alcohol has a still further danger attached to it.

This morning we went around to the Ford shop to bring back seven chassis and it was a funny sight, as we drove around one behind the other, all of us sitting on the gas tank, bouncing up and down over the rough roads. Each car has to have the two front wheels replaced by larger ones,- the rear springs taken out and one leaf added, and then the body built and put on, before it is ready for the front. All the work, except the body, is done by the men here and it is quite a little job. More cars are expected,- in fact a few are coming steadily all the time. Several more men came to-day from Bordeaux, arriving on the Rochambeau and they are the nicest appearing lot yet,- mostly Harvard men, among them the room-mate of a man who has just left for the Vosges and also a man I knew at school. Still quiet. Spent all day rolling curb stones into place,- good exercise.

JULY 1 - 5.

Night before last, I went to bed early, hoping there wouldn't be a call, so as to get a good sleep. Later on in the evening, I heard some one say, "I guess he's asleep, we won't wake him up". I was naturally curious enough to know what it was all about, so I sat up and found one of the ambulance men and another, whom I did not recognize, by my bed. The latter said his name was _____ from Philadelphia, and that he was at Wood's Hole for the summer about twenty years ago. I remembered him of course, for we used to sail and play around together as kids. It was strange to be waked up, in the middle of the night, by a man I hadn't seen for so long. He said someone visiting in Philadelphia had told him I was here, and so he looked me up immediately on his arrival, without wasting any time. He came over with the Pennsylvania unit,- replacing the Harvard unit, which returns home to-day. Two days have gone by since and I haven't seen him again,- in fact after only seeing him in the dark, I wouldn't recognize him again anyway. It all seems so strange that I am beginning to wonder whether it happened at all and that perhaps after all I had only dreamed it.

One afternoon we had a call with one hundred and thirty-eight stretcher cases, or "couchés", some of which were very bad,- one poor man brought back to this hospital having both legs gone. The evenings have been so quiet that it has still been possible to dine out frequently. One night we went to the "Cinema" and another to a musicale and bridge. Working all day and staying up at parties till one in the morning, with a call at La Chapelle now and then lasting all night, is altogether too strenuous a life for me.

The other day I discovered a crack in the motor and so had to take it

entirely off and send it away to be welded together, for fortunately, the crack was rather slight. Sunday it came back and after working hard on it all morning getting it back and connecting up all the pipes, my perfectly well meaning but careless orderly, broke off a bolt in one of the cylinder heads. If it hadn't been for that, the motor would have been running again in a few minutes. So the head had to be again removed and sent away to have the bolt reamed out. However to-day we got the car running once more. Meanwhile, I have been running the Vim, a poor car, as the gears are hard to change and the levers poorly arranged. Besides the horn is no good and the emergency brake is tied together with a string. So altogether it isn't much of a car. However, it isn't used much for it is kept almost exclusively for infectious cases.

Last night on returning late to the dormitory, I heard once more the moans of a dying man next to our room. The poor man has cerebral meningitis and it is only a question of a short time before he dies. His mother has been at his bedside for forty-eight hours now and hasn't eaten or slept at all. It seems terrible to think of how intense is the suffering of the women on account of the horrors of this war. To-day I saw a soldier sitting on the terrace and his face had been so torn to pieces, that he was so frightfully repulsive, that it was literally impossible to look at him.

Sunday afternoon I was invited to go in a loge to the Opéra Comique. *Cavaliere Rusticana* and *Mignon* were given and the latter was especially well done. The last time I saw it was several years ago with Farrar and Plançon, so it was interesting to compare the two performances. Mlle. Favart sang *Mignon* and was extremely good in the part, as she not only has a very good voice, but as well is attractive and acts gracefully. She has only sung at the Opéra Comique three times. Previous to that, she was singing in little operettas. She was similar to Farrar, but of course not up to her standard. However, she has a voice with lots of promise, good as it already is, and is very talented. *Lothario* was well taken, but *Philine* was not as good. The latter part was sung by a woman, whose voice was not up to the standard to sing the difficult parts of *Titania*. Altogether, it was a very good performance. *Cavaliere* was also well done. At the end Mlle. Chenal sang the *Marseillaise* as usual. This time she had a dress made of the Tricolor, - at least the dress was white with two wings which she held outstretched with her hands, one red and one blue and with "le noeud d'Alsace" in her hair, she appeared as she did in the opening performance at the Opéra Comique last winter, which was a memorable occasion, of which I had previously heard. It is certainly wonderful to hear that national song sung in these stirring times, by such a beautiful woman, who has a magnificent voice, to an audience every one of whom have members of their family fighting for their country or who have already died at the front. The setting was more inspiring still with so many soldiers and officers present, and far up in the balcony were rows of wounded soldiers with their heads or arms bandaged, sitting with the nurses from their hospitals. It seemed wonderful to think of how united a country is in the time of war, for here in the audience were members of the aristocracy of France, - the Royalists of former times, standing up to the *Marseillaise*. Before the war they never acknowledged the national air and it never was allowed to be played in their houses, for to its strains their ancestors were beheaded in years past.

This morning all the Paris squad went over to the little cemetery, near the Place de la Bastille, to a ceremony at the tomb of Lafayette. It should have been impressive, but being conducted by the Sons of the Revolution (which was poorly represented) and having several longwinded speeches, it fell flat. A classmate of mine, was representing the Sons of the Revolution, and his coat was covered with insignificant medals, - all the more insignificant with the numerous war medals for bravery, seen on every side. After listening for an hour to speeches in the broiling sun, we marched out to a hospital close by and were present at the interesting ceremony of a wounded sergeant being decorated with the "Croix

de guerre". This was impressive and a great contrast to the previous ceremony.

A letter from home, the other day, said that people would not believe the stories of the German atrocities in Belgium. It is sickening to think that people at home are so wrapped up in their own doings that they can't comprehend what has taken place over here. How any one can doubt the veracity of the Bryce report, I don't see. If everyone could spend one week in Paris, their views would speedily change. Three more stories are fresh in my mind,- all from first hand reliable sources. A captain in the French army, whom the _____ know, personally saw with his own eyes, a Belgian woman crucified by the Germans. Now anyone who is so blind as to doubt that story only shows up his own ridiculous character. It isn't worth while arguing with people of that kind. A little boy of six pointed a toy wooden gun at a German soldier, who shot the child on the spot. But the most terrible of all was what happened to a well know Belgian woman. A German officer had been quartered in her house for some weeks and on leaving he said to the woman and the daughter how much he had appreciated their hospitality and that he wanted to give them a token of his esteem. He went out of the room and returned to present the woman with the right hand of her young son, which he had just cut off! Its no use arguing with people. The only education is to come over and see for yourself.

To-day is my last one on the Paris squad, as I leave for Dunkerque tomorrow, at only two days' notice. Although in some ways, I regret going, I am glad in others, as the work there will be more interesting and less monotonous and above all, living in a villa on the sea, with swimming, appeals to me a lot. It means staying longer than I planned for I have to sign on for three more months, as the French army won't accept men at the front for a shorter time. A new development has taken place. One of the doctors* here is interested in forming an aviation school for Americans at Pau, and some of the men from here are joining. It means six months' training before a man becomes an expert pilot. He then has to be accepted by the French army and enlists for the entire war. It will be similar to the Foreign legion. This man frankly admits his idea is to try and get the United States into the war,- rather a broad statement to spread about.

* Dr. Gros

Archives of the
and AFS International
Center