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Maurice Pate's 1916-1917 Diary [PART 3 of 3 for PDF] -- of his first year of relief work (Commission for Relief of Belgium). Note by Mrs. Pate --Remarkable record of Maurice Pate's Relief War Work, World War I. page 91 -115

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K.A. BRISSON

K.A. BRISSON

35

started out in the machine. We campaigned all afternoon in different towns of the Borinage for the undertaking of the "Soupe Populaire". This is being rapidly established everywhere - all the population, even the burgomasters and the "bourgeoisie" fetch their daily pint of soup.

Thursday. Gregory and I left for Brussels in the machine at 7 a.m. We were accompanied as far as Casteau by faithful Weber. Our journey passed smoothly from there on as far as Hal, at which point we were held up by a rough burly "sous-officier" who conducted us to the new German post established at Hal. It appears a general order had been given to hold up all machines in Belgium. Our friend took our three auto passports and spelled out each word thereon from beginning to end over the telephone. Time being no object, we sat down and waited. A second communication over the wire of all passport details took place. The under officer who gave all evidences of having been a good farmer before the war, put his lungs to the full test each time. At the top of his voice - P - Paul; A - Adam; T, Theodore, E, Emile. Then he would look around with a smile from the pride over his clever system, and say with a wink "Schoen?". Gregory's name he ended up curiously with Y - Yser.

I'm waiting for the answer from Brussels as to whether we should proceed, Gregory and I were entertained by the commanding officer in charge and an Alsatian soldier who spoke French and acted as our interpreter. We talked over the war, the ravitaillement, the situation with America. The young Alsatian had been a barber at Paris before the war; he has not yet been permitted to go to the German front. At noon the soldiers of the post were served an appetizing mixture of meat, rice and potatoes. They have 600 g. of bread per day at the present time, which is far from a starvation ration. It is twice the daily Belgian ration.

Having waited three hours we were about to line up for the German "Soupe" when word came that we might continue to Brussels.

Had lunch at the C.R.B. office and went to the afternoon meeting of the representatives. It appears that the report which I made for Mr. Gregory last week caused considerable stir at this morning's meeting of the National Belgian Committee. The answer though was that we should continue to push the "Soupes".

Had supper in the evening with Don G. at Mr. Francois'. He had also a friend, a prominent young actress at the same time, who was very pleasant and whom Gregory and I had the honour of escorting part way home afterwards.

Friday. Left Brussels early in the machine and returned to Mons by way of Waterloo-Nivelles to avoid our difficult post at Hal. At the weekly meeting of the Provincial Committee I explained the shipping situation, also the special attribution of the C.R.B. of 200 tons of rice monthly to alleviate the especially difficult situation existing in the

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Hainaut.

Had dinner at Mr. Masson's. Worked afterwards all afternoon at the office. Had supper and spent the evening at Huepgen's.

Saturday, Mar. 10th Lt. Willis and I went to Tournai in the morning. Movement of troops all through this region is taking place on a large scale. We passed a line of ammunition transports on the road all drawn by captured Russian horses - a small type.

The troops concentrated in the region carry on extensive tactics and practice. In one place they have marked out a section of a mile square for firing exercises, where all cultivation of the fields has been stopped. The inhabitants of two small villages in this locality are required to leave their homes every day at 7 a.m. - and may return to their village late in the afternoon when the exercises are finished.

After lunch at Mr. Castaigne's I spent most of the afternoon at the office. In the evening we had our weekly reunion at De Ceynst's and played "Auction".

Sunday. The newspapers announce today Wilson's order to arm all U.S. merchant boats. Feeling in Germany runs high against America. The German papers and magazines are filled with articles and bitter cartoons which represent America as being interested only in its own financial welfare and reaping a harvest from the European battle-fields. The difficulty is that Germany views affairs from her own national standpoint - while America views the question from an international standpoint.

Lt. Willis and I returned from Tournai to Mons in the machine this morning. En route we crossed the French frontier at Bon Secours to visit the chateau and beautiful grounds of the Prince de Ligne's big estate. The chateau is now occupied by convalescent German officers.

On the road to the estate we saw the shortest German soldier I think on record. He was about 4 ft. high, but moved along at a very rapid and dignified pace. A nation of 70,000,000 Germany now has about 12,000,000 men in uniform. Types of all sorts - old men, boys, men with defective eyesight - are pressed into service. In addition to those in uniform civilian bands of Germans are to be seen everywhere in Belgium engaged in military work under the direction of soldiers. Section gangs working on the F.R. are composed in large part of stout women-workers. In a word the entire German nation is militarised and working as a unit to obtain their object. This is the explanation of Germany's admirable resistance against nearly the entire world.

On reaching Mons I spent an hour at the office. The Huepgen's took me to dinner with them at a friend's home. In the afternoon Mr. H., Miss H. and I took a walk to the Mons cemetery. We stopped on the way a moment to look over the ruins of the Insane Asylum which was bombarded

/and turned

and burned to the ground in the fight between the English and Germans of August 24th, 1914.

The cemetery contained a large number of English and German graves. There were also the tombs of Russians and Serbians, wounded prisoners who had died in Mons hospitals. Three fresh Roumanian graves indicated that their members were probably a part of the train which passed through Mons last week.

Had supper and spent a quiet evening with the Hueppen's.

Monday, March 12 Spent the morning at the office. Mr. de Munck, Mr. Masson and I had lunch with Mr. Cravez and Mr. de Harveng. Afterwards Mr. de H and I went to Quesnies to inspect the "Soupe Populaire" and "Soupe Scolaires". Mr. de H. also took me through the surface buildings of his new coal mine. One room filled with American flour sacks, flags, picture of Wilson, etc. is devoted to America.

Mr. de H. explained to me the interesting system used in sinking their 2,500 ft. mine shaft. To prevent a flow of water the ground in which the shaft was sunk was kept solidly frozen by liquid-ammonia pipes.

Spent the latter part of the afternoon at the office. We received a delegation of burgomasters who explained the serious food situation in the mining communes. To prevent food riots they have been obliged to order everyone in their homes and off the streets by 7 p.m.

Tuesday. Made the weekly tour of inspection today with Mr. Midol in the region of La Louviere. Visited the interesting co-operative commune of Maurages.

Spent a quiet pleasant evening with the Hueppen's. After the day's strenuous events nothing is more welcome than their peaceful home.

Wednesday. Spent the morning at the office and after an early lunch started for Brussels in the machine. We sailed by the post at Hal at a good clip and succeeded in getting by our friend who held us up for three hours last week.

Arranged different things at the Brussels office during the afternoon. Called on Mrs. Gray with Richardson - Mrs. G. being one of the four Commission's men's wives in Belgium. News just reached Brussels that the C.R.B. boat "Storstaad" carrying 10,000 tons of corn has been sunk off the Irish coast by a submarine in broad daylight. The "Storstaad" is the boat which rammed and sank the Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence River several years ago.

Had supper at the house in the evening with half a dozen of the other fellows. Received several letters from home today - the first ones for two months - and believe me they were welcome news.

Thursday, March 15th. At the meeting of the C.M. this morning.

Mr. Francqui apologized for the balling out which he gave Mr. Masson on the Hainaut "Soupes" last week.

The C.R.B. gave a lunch at noon at the offices in honour of the Marquis de Villalobar, Spanish Minister at Brussels. Mr. Francqui, Mr. Bunge and other notables were present. The Spanish and American flags were artistically interwoven, while red and yellow flowers covered the tables. The Marquis is quite a remarkable man in view of the fact that he is so energetic socially and mentally, and at the same time is physically handicapped to the extent of having wooden legs and wearing a wig.

After lunch Mr. Villalobar gave us a short talk in English. Any former differences which we may have had with the Marquis to see whether Spain or America was running the Commission have now been forgotten. It was through his advances that the German authorities have just granted the Commission a written promise of safe-conduct for all the Americans in case of war. It will be necessary on leaving the country to take an immunity bath of from 2 to 4 weeks at Baden-Baden. This beats spending the rest of the time until the end of the war in a concentration camp. Hence our gratefulness to the Marquis.

This afternoon's German paper announces the breaking of diplomatic relations by China with Germany, the overthrow of the Tsar in Russia, the resignation of the French ministry, and the sinking of an American boat. We are passing at this time certainly through the most eventful part of the war.

Had supper this evening with Mr. Gregory and Don. We went to the theatre afterwards, and saw "L'Etranger" very well played by the Molière company.

Friday, March 16th. Left Brussels early in the machine for Mons. While waiting for nurse "Weber" at Casteau I made the acquaintance of an Englishman who keeps a little inn there. Some years ago this was the horse-racing centre of Belgium, and until a short time before the war a community of English jockeys made their home there.

At the weekly meeting of the Provincial Committee I explained the present dangerous situation affecting the arrival of imported foodstuffs. Though our stocks of miscellaneous products - rice, bacon, etc. - are fairly strong, we will be without flour a month from now unless a boatload of wheat reaches Rotterdam before the end of next week.

After a busy afternoon at the office I started out for Hennuyer's to spend the evening. Mr. Hennuyer is the miller at Niny and the exception of his profession in honesty and square dealing. Mrs. H. made a big American apple pie for the occasion - an especial rarity because of the lack of flour (except at mills) with which to make it - and I was obliged to answer their toast to America with a sip of rare champagne, swallowed as gracefully as possible.

I made the return 3 km. from Niny to Mons on foot. The Mons

/streets

streets are black as ink and one must grope every foot of the way. We now have in our midst the famous Crown Prince of Bavaria who has moved his permanent army headquarters to Mons. To avoid night aeroplane attacks, which would be drawn by his presence, the city is kept in almost complete darkness. It is a punishable offence to let a crack of light show from any house after nightfall.

Saturday. Mr. Midel and I spent the day in the eastern part of the province persuading the Regional Committees to see our view point on the supplementary bread ration for the people going to the "soupes". It was a day of warm discussion but we finally won out in each case.

Had supper and spent a quiet evening at Heupgen's.

Sunday. March 18th Lieut. Willis and I went over to Tournai in the machine this morning. Spent the morning at the Tournai office straightening out different matters with Mr. Wilmart. Also went with Mr. Lefebvre to look into an affair where the German authorities wished to place their horses in a building.

Mr. Castaigne and I were invited to lunch at De Geynst's and Mr. De G. - for what he believes to be my farewell visit to Tournai - insisted in opening his rarest bottle of champagne.

After lunch we all started out for Mt. St. Aubert including the two boys and Mme. Lambert. The weather was ideal and we were quite warmed up on reaching the top of the Mt. A few minutes after our arrival Lieut. Willis came up in the machine accompanied by two fraulein - the secretary of the Commissaire Civile of Tournai, and the "dame d'honneur" of the Red Cross. We spent some time looking over the fine clear vista of country which stretches out on all sides; its peaceful aspect makes one doubt the existence of trenches and battle so nearby.

While Lt. Willis was taking his lady friends back to Tournai and coming back to fetch us - Mr. Castaigne, Mme. Lambert - the De Geynst's and I had a lunch - perhaps the last one - in Mme. Pottiau's kitchen.

While waiting for Lt. Willis, the aviation post stationed on the mountain informed us that Lille had just telephoned the news of seven English planes headed for Tournai. We looked long and carefully for their arrival, but as they did not show up it was decided they had taken another direction.

Willis and I returned to Mons in the machine in the evening after saying good-bye to the folks on the Mount. By actual count Mme. Pottiau, who has a special affection for all Americans, held on to my hand for two minutes. At Mons I had supper and spent the night with Heupgen's.

Monday. March 19th Five English aeroplanes which flew over

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town this morning furnished a momentary thrill. They were the object of a very vigorous attack by German anti-aircraft guns, and for this reason were unable to descend low enough to accurately aim any bombs themselves. The air underneath and to each side of the planes was filled with the black puffs of exploding German schrapnel. One cannot imagine a more thrilling or breath-taking picture. The five aeroplanes once out of reach of the cannon continued their way blithely back to the front.

I made a special trip to Brussels today to settle the question of putting rice in the bread. Seven C.R.B. men have their passports to leave the country at the end of this week for Switzerland. They are to be accompanied by a German officer and will spend 2 weeks at Baden-Baden in order to go through the "immunity bath" and be unable to carry any recent news.

Spent the evening with Masson's and rolled in early.

Tuesday. Because of a misunderstanding between the Etappen and Gen'l Government authorities I have been unable to use the machine today in the G.O. Therefore spent a quiet day cleaning up a batch of work at the office.

Late in the afternoon I visited the Jesuits' Hospital where a German attendant with a limited English vocabulary informed me there were 20 English wounded, as well as French, Russian and Roumanian prisoners. I am to go back another day to see the English prisoners at a time when the Director is there.

Had supper and spent the evening with Heupgen's.

Wednesday We had the monthly meeting of the 40 Provincial Inspectors this morning. Afterwards I left for Peruwelz in the machine, and had lunch at Mr. Baugines. At the present time the Peruwelz region is overflowing with troops which come from Bapaume and the Somme District. Trains of wagons escorted by soldiers passed by Mr. Baugines house without break or interruption. The German soldiers on reaching Belgian territory set up a hurrah! in the hope that they are thus bound for the "Fatherland". All are worn out and oversatiated with the war. In spite of this they show a cheerful stoicism which is to be admired.

The retreat of the German forces to the new line - Arras, St. Quentin, Rheims - is the big excitement of the moment. The movement is a well planned one, calculated to outwit or at least defer the great English offensive.

From Peruwelz I continued to Brussels stopping off a few minutes en route at Ath. Had dinner in the evening at our Brussels home with a group of Commission men.

Thursday. At the meeting of the Comité National both the President and Vice-President were absent. Mr. Francois and Mr. Janssens - both widowers - stopped their activity in Belgium's Ravitaillement long.

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enough to celebrate a double wedding this week.

Mr. Castaigne who secured a passport to leave the Tournai étape was present at the meeting. Afterwards we went off together to have a "family" picture taken at Boute's. Mr. Brunfaut took us from there out to his home for lunch. The "four nieces" were on hand for the occasion.

After the afternoon meeting of the C.R.B. I returned to Mons on the 5 o'clock train. As we reached the Mons station an important ceremony was taking place. The entry to the station and path to the train was laid in carpet. A big black automobile accompanied by five or six other machines rolled up to the entrance, and down stepped a Turkish general. He was escorted to the train by a group of German officers and to the tune of martial music.

Friday. March 23rd The meeting of the Provincial Committee today nearly degenerated into riot. Mr. Masson's firm hand finally succeeded in quelling Mr. Devreux and the Charleroi section. Our big question is always the distribution of foodstuffs between the industrial and agricultural regions - Mr. Devreux is the representative of the industrial section.

With the present reduced rations of all foodstuffs due to non-arrival of boats at Rotterdam the poorer people are undergoing untold suffering. Day before yesterday the first boats - containing a total of 7,000 tons of wheat - reached Holland. This is an encouraging sign and we hope arrivals will now continue regularly in spite of blockade difficulties. The C.R.B. boats which were in British ports, and over whose departure the English and German governments could not come to an understanding, are now unloading in England. This means 70,000 tons of food lost for Belgium at a most critical time.

This afternoon I made the acquisition of several interesting war relics which figured in the Battle of Mons - the first encounter between English and Germans in 1914. This morning in the Mons station I passed three French prisoners just released from the local hospital and on their way to be taken to a German camp. They were in good spirits and did not seem to be worried with the prospects of their incarceration.

There is a grand movement of troops all through the country at present. Heavy trains loaded with artillery and supplies for the front ply back and forth through the Mons station without interruption. Everyone has the firm belief that the next two months hold the turning point of the war.

Saturday. March 24th Worked at the Mons office till 10 this morning. Went from Mons to Brussels on the 10 a.m. train which rolled in an hour and half late,

After lunch at the Palace Hotel I spent the afternoon at the C.R.B. office. Slipped off from Brussels at 5 o'clock to spend a quiet Sunday at Antwerp. With the strenuous events of the last two months I

feel the necessity of one day's rest and solitude.

This evening I am alone in Mr. Bunge's town house except for half a dozen odd servants hidden in different parts of the big establishment. Richardson, the Antwerp delegate and the regular inhabitant of the house, is spending the week-end in Brussels.

Our days in Belgium are approaching an end. With six American steamers sunk since March 11th, we expect the inevitable when Congress meets next April 2nd. Until the last day though every C.R.B. man is sticking by his job. Who knows what miracle may yet intervene?

Sunday. March 25th. Rose late and after a bath and breakfast started out for a walk. I took a stroll along the Antwerp docks which, in other time the most bustling in the world, are now completely dead. Took the little ferry across the River (Escaut). The outgoing ocean tide is very strong here and it whirled our boat along so rapidly that it was a question whether we would reach the other side or the open sea first.

The "Tete de Flandre" (Head of the Flanders) on the opposite bank of the River appears to be a strategical military point. It gives the appearance of a fort and is patrolled by sentinels on all sides.

Today is "First Communion" Sunday. It is interesting to see the little Flemish girls bound toward the Antwerp Cathedral. They are dressed in white lace dresses which go all the way to the ground and have their hair done up with the head-dress and ornaments of their great grandmothers.

I visited the Antwerp Picture Museum which contains a very fine collection. Nearby is the Plantin Museum, one of the most interesting and undoubtedly the most unique in Europe. It is the old printing establishment of the Plantin family in use from the middle part of the 16th century and still left intact with its ancient presses, type-foundries, etc.

Antwerp is famous for its "Soupe Populaire". I visited one of the serving rooms where a part of the 100,000 people enrolled are taken care of every day.

Just before leaving Antwerp on the afternoon train, Richardson arrived from Brussels with the news that the seven new C.R.B. delegates from Holland were coming in today.

Returned to Mons via Brussels in the afternoon. Had supper and spent the evening with the Heupgen's.

Monday. En route in the machine all day today with Mr. Midol. Took part in the meeting of the Burgomasters at Charleroi. The food situation in this industrial section is very critical, and the burgomasters have their hands full in maintaining order.

Mr. Masson informed me this evening that news -- not yet confirmed --

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was recd. today to the effect that no more imported wheat is to enter the country. This, if true, will mean calamity to the country which is already on the point of famine.

Tuesday. Spent a quiet day cleaning up correspondence and other affairs at the office.

The report circulated yesterday regarding the stopping of wheat imports has been officially denied. The ravitaillament continues without change.

This afternoon I sent a package of French, German and English books to the Jesuits' Hospital at Mons where there are 20 English wounded, as well as Germans, French, Russians and Roumanians.

Wednesday. Started out in the machine in the morning with Mr. Midol. First stop at Peruwelz. We found a crowd of 500 women at the City Hall demanding more food. Mr. Eugenes is completely upset by the situation. Mr. M & I went to see the Burgomaster of Peruwelz, a very contrary and sour old gentleman. In spite of all his objections we finally convinced him of the necessity of getting the "Soupe Populaire" under way at once. Peruwelz and the surrounding villages are all filled with troops now - 4,000 soldiers in the village of Peruwelz alone.

After a second stop at Ath we continued on to Flobecq. Here Mr. Jouret and Mme. gave us their usual hearty welcome and a prosperous farm dinner.

Thursday. April 5th, 1917 Rose early, packed and said good-bye to Mme. Masson. At the office was waiting a delegation of miners' wives whom Mr. Masson and I received.

The strongest woman in the group, who summed up for us in a few words the deprivations which they were undergoing, broke down completely - and it was all we could do to keep from doing the same thing. I explained the strenuous efforts being made by the Commission to increase food imports, and the encouraging news that several boats had just arrived at Rotterdam.

Mr. Masson, Mr. Heuppen, and all the office force were on hand to say good-bye when I left Mons in the morning. Mr. Masson presented me in the name of the Committee with an engraving of Mons and a silver medal.

Reached Brussels at noon and had lunch at the office. With nearly all the Americans gone the C.R.B. headquarters present a rather lonely aspect. I started in after lunch on my new job, the assembling of the 2,000 inventories of C.R. stores, warehouses, and mills made on the eve of the departure of the Commission.

I am continuing my home at 18 Ave. Marnix though the other three Americans who were here have gone. One of the new Dutchmen has moved in and the house is now under the protection of the Dutch Minister.

Friday. - My three weeks detention period at Brussels begins today. I signed up at the Vermittlungstelle this morning in the little "blue-book" and must go through the same procedure daily during the rest of my stay at Brussels. Today's papers announce that war between America and Germany has been finally declared. This process has been such a gradual one, however, that no-one is surprised. Our daily relations with the Germans continue without any change.

Busy on the inventories all day today. Had supper at Mr. Stone's home in the evening.

Saturday. Had 16 men working on the inventories all day. It promises to be a big job before we get through.

Easter Sunday. April 8th Went to the English church with Mr. Stone this morning. The service was quite well attended, 150 to 200 people. Most of the English left Belgium at the beginning of the war, and as all the men of military age have been sent to Germany - the present English colony at Brussels is very small. The English minister - good-hearted but not very deep - has stayed through ever since the beginning of the war.

Mr. Stone invited De Gruchy, St. Amour and I for lunch. Afterwards we all went out to the field of Waterloo on foot and on train. It was a beautiful day. As we approached the Lion-mound, a guide began speaking English to us a hundred feet away. We are all proud of our nationality but it is irritating to run across an individual who on sight only identifies us as though we were wearing an arm band. Especially in war times when there are no more American and English visitors at Waterloo. Being thus spotted, though, we knew we were in for it and accepted his services.

We visited first the big picture panorama of the Battle of Waterloo which has been recently erected at the foot of the mound. Our English guide who had forgotten most of his English (but who refused to speak French) gave us such a mixed-up description of the affair that we aren't sure yet whether Blucher was on Napoleon's side or Wellington's side.

The view from the top of the Lion's Mound was very clear and we noted with interest the farms, walls and ravines which had played parts in the battle of 1815. Waterloo's period of glory is fast disappearing - it is being dwarfed by the war where over 20 times as many men have been lost as the total number which took part in the battle of Waterloo.

De Gruchy and I walked nearly all the way back to Brussels, making a little better than 12 miles during the afternoon. We had supper together at the house.

Monday. April 9th Worked at the office all day. Went out to First's late in the afternoon for tea. In the evening I saw the Moliere Company in an interesting old-fashioned French play.

Tuesday. - on the job juggling figures - peas, beans, bacon, lard, ad infinitum - all day today. Went to Mr. Stone's for supper in the

/evening

evening with a gentleman from Namur.

Wednesday Still working on the inventories. Had dinner in the evening with Gray's - the Bunge girls, Mme. Karcher, and several of the new Dutch delegates were there.

Thursday. April 12th - At the meeting of the National Committee all my Mons friends were on hand. Mr. Masson gave me a letter of thanks from the Rainaut Committee.

At the meeting of the N.C. the new system of distributing foodstuffs to the poorer classes, for which we have been working a long time, was put into effect.

Busy at the office all afternoon. Mr. Dequesne of Mons, the C.R.B. Secy., came up to receive the regular delegate's instructions in my place.

In the evening I had dinner at Mme. Vanderbogh's. It was a large family reunion of about thirty people. Mr. Janson, my friend of Tournai, was present. He gave a little speech in which he brought in Teddy and Ann, who from their photo are very well known here, and wished me a safe voyage back to them.

Friday. April 13th. Worked on the inventories all day. Went out late in the afternoon with Mr. Mari, one of the new Spanish delegates, and spent a couple of interesting hours with him. He has made a fortune since the war importing oranges into Holland. The oranges are sold in Belgium and Germany at 10 ¢ to 25 ¢ a piece. England has recently taken steps however to cut off the trade.

Went to Mrs. Hertz's, an English lady, for dinner in the evening. With the latest war map we followed out the new line of the rapidly changing English-French front. Several towns are falling every day now, and the fighting is very heavy on the Western front.

Saturday. - Still reporting daily at the Vermutlungsstelle. We still continue to have all our customary liberties and privileges, however, such as movement in automobile, etc.

Occupied with inventory work all day. In the evening Carstairs and I had dinner at Mr. F's.

Sunday. April 15th Rose late, and went down to get the latest news at the office. Mr. Stone and I went out to Laeken, a suburb of Brussels, in the machine. The beautiful Chinese tower and temple are being restored and put in shape for the King and Belgian visitors after the war.

The grounds of the King's park at Laeken have been transformed into workmen's gardens.

People have learned the lessons of economy and every square foot

/of ground

of ground will be utilised for this year's crop.

Had lunch at Mrs. Errera's at noon with several other delegates. The house has three butlers and much ceremony to which simple westerners are not accustomed. They are a very hospitable family, however.

In the evening I had several of the boys to supper at the "Elite" and we came back to the house afterwards to spend the evening around a log-fire.

Monday. - Still working on the inventories, and hope to see their completion this week. In the evening by way of distraction I saw a good comedy "Bruxelles Chez-Lui" (Brussels at Home). It was a take off on all the daily conversation we hear about the war, on the higher price of foodstuffs, etc. The get-rich-quick soapmakers, shopkeepers, and farmers came in for vigorous digs.

Tuesday. April 17 The difficult position in which the C.R.B. has been for some time is rapidly approaching a crisis. Since the 1st of the month five C.R.B. ships have been torpedoed. England, refusing to let merchant ships undergo the submarine risk, has discharged 90,000 tons of C.R.B. goods which were in English reports. The food remains the property of the C.R.B. but cannot be re-shipped until Germany will give us a satisfactory promise of protection to the boats which carry the cargoes across the channel.

A wire from Mr. Hoover says that both the boat-crews and English govt. have taken the position that no more C.R.B. boats shall proceed to Rotterdam unless this promise is made. All C.R.B. boats coming from America are to be stopped until further orders at the Faro Islands, north of Scotland.

Meanwhile our wheat stocks are running low. Partly because of this fact, partly because the German flour ration has just been reduced again, the authorities propose to reduce our flour ration to 150 g. (5 oz) per day. This would be a real calamity to the people of whom the 3,000,000 poor are already suffering starvation.

Gray, our new director, is doing everything to stave off this measure. He is going to Holland Thursday to try to borrow 10,000 tons of wheat from the Dutch government. As the Dutch flour ration is only 185 g. per day - half of which is potato-flour, and as Holland is suffering from the submarine blockade it will be difficult to accomplish this.

The second perplexing problem which confronts the Commission now is its continuation under Spanish and Dutch control. Mr. Hoover, who at first was of the opinion to establish a neutral commission in Belgium but leave the American organisation still in control in Holland and England, has now decided to turn over the whole undertaking to the neutral powers. The fact that both Spain and Holland now lay claim to the work further

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complicates matters. England, which is in a delicate political position between the two countries, must take a perfectly neutral position.

There will probably be a Spanish Director at London; a Dutch Director at Rotterdam; a Dutch director in Belgium for the North of France and Belgian étapes; and a Spanish director at Brussels for the Belgian Gen'l Govt. Territory.

Worked at the office until 8 o'clock today. After supper I spent the evening analysing the present situation and putting down my views to present to Gray tomorrow.

Wednesday. At the office all day. Mr. Ed Baugines dropped in with interesting news from Peruwelz, which is now filled with troops who appear to be stunned by the force of the new English offensive.

The Jourets of Flobecq also stopped at the office in the afternoon and told of the English air raid on Ath recently. Four of the aviators were brought to ground by the German machine-guns; two of these escaped death.

In the evening Mr. Stone and I had dinner at the home of the English minister, Mr. Gale.

Thursday. - The German flags today are all at half-mast over the death of Baron Von Bissing last night. Von Bissing, who has been the German Governor of Belgium for the last year and a half, did a great deal to save the country from a conqueror's oppression. He was often accused of being too lenient with the Belgian people, and because of disagreement with the govt. of Berlin he is thought to have died either of a broken spirit or by suicide.

At the meeting of the National Committee this morning all the Hainaut friends were present. Mr. Haupgen dropped in at the C.R.P. office and we had lunch together at the Taverne Royale.

In the evening I had dinner at Mr. Mari's, at which nearly all the present members of the Commission were present. Spain, Holland, and America were represented - especially Spain whose sons are of a particularly exuberant nature. Mr. Ricardo Azuar, with a wide knowledge of music but with a not very musical voice, provided most of the evening's amusement.

Friday. - Von Bissing's funeral procession, which I passed this morning was a very formal ceremony. The body was transported to the North-Station (from where it will be sent to Germany) on a rough military wagon. The general's horse, riderless, followed. A special corps of troops all dressed in white and red uniforms accompanied the hearse on horseback. Following this were a thousand infantry troops. All the German notables in Belgium as well as the representatives of the neutral states also took part in the procession.

/In the afternoon

In the afternoon with four other men of the Commission I visited the King's palace. It was transformed into a Red Cross Hospital at the beginning of the war, and is still used for this purpose. At the present time there are only a small number of wounded, all Belgians, in the hospital. The palace, while not to be compared with Versailles or other older buildings of this kind, is very rich inside - especially in the large dining - and ball-rooms.

Spent a quiet evening at home, writing.

Saturday. April 20th. Busy at the office all day. Finished the inventory work completely, and also turned in a report on the fats question.

Brussels threatened to have a little air raid today but the visitors did not show up or else were so high as to be invisible. Street cars were stopped for over half an hour. This is done always in order not to give the aviators certain landmarks according to the direction of moving cars.

Had dinner with Wickes this evening at Coppez's. Mr. Coppez is the head of the Luxembourg Committee.

Sunday. April 21st. Rose late, and spent a quiet day at home.

Walked out to the "Bois" - Brussel's park - late in the afternoon and had supper there.

Monday April 23rd. Gray ret'd. from Rotterdam last night with important news. Holland has agreed to loan us the 10,000 tons of wheat. The same day that this arrangement was put through a C.R.B. steamer loaded with 8,000 tons of wheat and just on the point of entering Rotterdam struck a mine. The vessel has been beached and it is hoped that a part of her cargo will be saved.

Mr. Hoover in the meanwhile has reached the limit of his endurance on C.R.B. sea losses. He telegraphed Rotterdam that the German government must recognize the C.R.B. flag at all times and at all places whether in the blockaded zone or not, and that in case of non-acceptance of this plan Germany must take upon her own shoulders the responsibility of feeding Belgium.

Mr. Hoover, according to latest reports, has been appointed "food dictator" for all the allied countries. In his telegram he says that all the Americans still on the Commission must leave Belgium at once.

The detention period of nearly all the men will be completed April 27th; Dangerfield, however, has until May 11th, and I have until May 3rd. Gray is trying to arrange matters so that we can all go out together on May 1st.

For the future continuation of the Commission plans were definitely agreed upon at Rotterdam Friday. It will be a cooperative institution under the Spanish and Dutch governments. A healthy competition has been started

/between

between the two countries, which is leading to vigorous efforts on the part of each one. The Dutch director for the North of France and Belgian étapes is already on hand: the Spanish director for Belgium has been summoned telegraph-haste from Madrid. The Marquis de Villalobar (the Spanish Minister) to whom Mr. Hoover has confided the future welfare of the cause is won over completely and taking hold with a will.

I saw the Marquis this morning on a matter for the Commission; he was in a cheerful mood and promised to take care of our request at once. Spent the day at the office. Went to Mrs. Gray's for tea in the afternoon. In the evening Mr. Mari asked me to go to a charity performance of "L'Arlesienne". It was very well acted by amateur performers and brought in a large harvest of contributions.

Tuesday. April 24th A real summer day today for a change. The clear sky attracted four aeroplane visitors early this morning, who passed very high over the town. I spent a part of the morning packing at the house; at the office the rest of the day.

Wednesday April 25 Spent a busy day at the office. Late in the afternoon I went out with Mr. Mari to pay a visit to Mme. Noel, a Spanish lady whose husband is at the Belgian front.

Thursday. At the meeting of the National Belgian Committee Mr. Francqui, the president bid farewell to the last members of the American Commission. I said good-bye to all my friends from Mons until we shall meet again when peace is signed. Mr. de Munck who came in to see me this morning is very much broken up over the departure of the Americans and says the work at Mons is already losing its former spirit.

In the evening I had dinner at Mr. Francqui's. Mr. F. who has lost his wife since the war recently married his niece. Their home is very beautiful in the interior. In the luxurious Chinese salon which Mr. F. has furnished with objects acquired during a long business stay in China one feels like he might be in a room at the palace at Pelein.

Friday. April 27 Busy all day getting out two reports: one for Lord Percy of the English Government on the question of "fats and oils" in Belgium, one on the regime and regulations of the new étapes.

In the evening I had dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Gray at Mr. Jansen's, Vice-Pres. of the Belgian Nat'l Committee. I got into a great game of bridge with Mr. Francqui, the Chevalier de Wouters, and the Baron Jansen's (owner of the Brussels tram system). It is probably the most distinguished and deepest game I shall have a chance to play for some time. I managed to hold my own, thanks to experience of occasional practice at Tournai last winter.

Saturday. April 28 Had a very busy day at the office. Went out late in the afternoon to make three or four good-bye calls. In the evening I had supper with Mr. Stone and Dangerfield at the Ravenstein.

This is a unique little English tavern, especially famous for the cherry tarts. We afterwards went to the Brussels Grand Opera and heard a piece very well sung in Italian.

Sunday. Spent a quiet morning at home. Signed up as usual at the German Vermittlungstelle. Dangerfield had Mr. Stone and I to lunch at a little antique place near the Brussels "Grand Place". The little side streets leading into the "Place" are lined with quaint little shops and restaurants. It was a beautiful day, and the Grand Place filled with flower-sellers and surrounded on all sides by its gilt-fronted buildings was never more attractive. We took a walk and paid our last visit to the little Mannekin, who, rain or shine, peace or war, goes on forever.

I spent a quiet afternoon at home reading and writing. Had dinner at Mrs. Cope's in the evening.

Monday. April 30. Very busy all morning. Had lunch with Wickes at Mrs. Brunelles. She has two very nice daughters, her husband is a high officer at the Belgian front.

After a full afternoon at the office I went to the Ravenstein for supper with Mr. Mari. As we were about to leave, a German officer who was at a table nearby rose and asked in perfect English for my passport. He noted name and address. Had I said or done anything compromising? The day before my scheduled departure I would not relish the idea of getting my foot into something, though my conscience is fairly clear.

I found out a little later from the lady who runs the Ravenstein that the officer had lived in Brussels and was a frequent client before the war. At that time he had no occupation, but lived the gentleman's life - undoubtedly one of the cogs in the German secret service system.

Tuesday. I got my baggage all off to the station in the morning. At noon Mr. Hallett the president of the Brussels Food Committee and a high member of the municipal government as well as the leading socialist in Belgium had all the Americans at his home for a farewell lunch. Mr. H. presented each one of us with a medal from the town of Brussels. Mr. Janson and one or two other very good friends were present at the luncheon, and I bid them good-bye there.

Worked at the office all afternoon finishing up everything clean and finally at 6 o'clock, said a last good-bye to all the Belgian friends on the office staff.

At 9.30 there was a great crowd at the R.R. station to see us off. As the train pulled out with the last members of the American Commission at 10.20 tears almost were mingled with farewell greetings. Captain Schroeder of Ghent is accompanying us. We have three reserved first-class compartments. The train was packed and outside aisles lined with standing soldiers. Two of them wished to come into our compartment, whereupon

/Capt.

Captain Schroeder came upon the scene and ousted them. Then ensued a lively discussion between Capt. Schroeder and another officer as to whether German soldiers should be made to stand up in order to give Americans more elbow room. Capt. S. referred him to General Headquarters from which he had his instructions, and the incident was closed.

Wednesday, May 2 We passed a fairly uncomfortable night, pulling into Cologne at 6 o'clock this morning. Between trains we went up to a hotel near the station and had breakfast. For the trip we had brought everything with us - sandwiches, eggs, jam, coffee and sugar for a three days' siege. We transported our lunch baskets to the hotel, where we were charged 18 m. (\$1.50) for the boiling of our own coffee and the use of their tables! If we had not brought our food along with us it is hard to say what the bill might have been,

After breakfast we were taken through the beautiful Cologne Cathedral. The attendant told us very solemnly that all the beautiful pictures and treasure of the Church had been hidden during the first six months of the war in the event of an invasion by the "French barbarians". During a walk through the town we did not see a sign of food any place. Every food-stuff practically is in the hands of the government and very strictly rationed.

At the Cologne Station there was a great movement of troops and supply trains. Troops just back from the front were in a very tattered state. Red Cross nurses were buzzing about taking care of wounded men in passing trains and passing out coffee. A stout young fraulein, little guessing, our identity made the round of the party with a Red Cross Collection box. The Red Cross takes care of the men once out of the fight and is almost international so that we all chipped in a little something.

One of the first and most striking impressions we had in Germany was the large amount of work done by the women. Conductors and motor-men on trams are all replaced by women.

The porters in the R.R. station, the brake-men and ticket-collectors on the trains - all are women. One does not see an able-bodied man on the streets unless he wears a uniform. On remarking to Captain Schroeder that one of the waiters at the Hotel looked fit for work, he said one might be sure that he had something the matter with him or that his place would be at the front. We noticed very few soldiers promenading the streets. Every one of the 10,000,000 mobilised men is pressed into active service.

Leaving Cologne we followed along the Rhine to Mayence. Everything was a beautiful green and the trip all along the river was very fine. We had an entire car for the party from Cologne to Singen the little German town near the Swiss frontier where we were to spend the night.

During the trip travellers who wished to enter the reserved car were firmly but politely set by Capt. Schroeder. One of them, a red-flag socialist, after a warm argument told the Captain that the men who wore

/the uniform

the uniform was on top now but that he wouldn't be much longer. Capt. S. came back boiling over and told us this. Nothing of course would be more welcome news to us that the success of a revolutionary-socialist movement in Germany. In this we see the most satisfactory solution to the end of the war.

A little after this significant incident we came to a station where a lot of small orphan children taken care of by sisters were waiting to take the train. The Captain at once took the whole group into our car, brought down a big box of candy and took care of them in a fine way to their destination. These two different occurrences represent a complex element in the German character.

The ever-changing vista made our day pass rapidly. Germany is under very intensive cultivation, every available piece of land being in use. In the fields and along the railroads are thousands of prisoners chiefly Russians. The Russian peasants seemed to have worked in as a part of the German rural population.

We noted very few cattle and horses. Most of the work was being done by hand in the fields.

Dangerfield (the Ghent member of our party) made a startling discovery in the fact that we did not see a single dog during the whole day! Whence the Watsonian conclusion that Fido had long since been transformed into a more edible form and had long since disappeared.

We reached Singen at 9 o'clock, and put up for the night at the Hotel. The proprietor furnished us some excellent stream trout which were supplemented by the lunch we carried.

Thursday, May 3. We spent the morning at Singen where we were permitted to roam freely about town. In the grocery stores there remained no edible food save a few ancient cans of preserved fruit; the cleanness with which they were stripped was striking.

One does not see indications of hunger in the faces of the people, however. The children seem robust, happy and healthy - as we would want them to be - and I never saw such flocks of them as in this little town. Germany deserves credit for at least this one good tendency.

The hotel keeper told me that the German food rations at the present time are: 8 oz. of bread and 10 oz. of potatoes per day; 3 oz. of meat (recently increased from 1 1/2 oz) per day; 1 egg per week - this for the more important commodities.

Leaving Singen at 1 o'clock, the Captain changed to 'civilian' clothes. We were at the frontier in a few minutes. The Germans gave us a fairly easy examination and were quite obliging - though their slowness made us miss the train for Switzerland. We caught another one two hours later. On some technicality the Swiss wished to hold up Capt. Schroeder

at the frontier but finally allowed him to pass.

We passed the beautiful falls at Schoffhausen and continued on via Zurich to Bern. The ten of us - including Mr. & Mrs. Gray and their little girl, their English nurse, Mr. Stone, Dangerfield, Wickes, Carstairs, Capt. Schroeder and myself put up for the night at the Hotel Suisse.

Friday, May 4. at Bern At the office of the American Minister, Mr. Stovall, I met Dulles III of Princeton. In the afternoon I had a talk with Major Exton - American military attaché in Switzerland - and later visited the English and Belgian legations.

The English seem to feel that the war will last through another winter and are not quite as optimistic as the friends we left behind us in Belgium.

One of the most striking things in Bern is the great plentifulness of food. Windows filled with foodstuffs of all kinds dazzle one's eyes after coming out of Belgium and Germany. Milk chocolate, to which I have been looking forward for some time, is perhaps the greatest delicacy and most startlingly cheap to us, - i.e. about 1/10 the price in Belgium.

In the evening Dangerfield and I took coffee on the beautiful Terrace overlooking the river. The air is fine here. For a moment one forgets the war in this peaceful little country surrounded on all sides by struggling nations. The Terrace made a very gay picture with officers and soldiers, Swiss and of other nationalities (unnamed) in their brilliant uniforms.

Saturday, May 5 Visited the French and German legations on different errands in the morning. Berne is a very beautiful residential town. The business section is quaint in the sense that most of the ground floor shops are set back from the street and pedestrians walk along the arched-way formed by the projection of the second story.

I left Bern in considerable rush and perspiration at 3 p.m. for Thun and Interlaken. The beautiful trip across the Lake of Thun recalled our Swiss voyage 4 years ago.

Mr. & Mrs. Gray and Wickes I found at Interlaken. In the evening we went to a movie and saw episode 77 of the "Perils of Pauline". At Interlaken and in the vicinity there are a large number of interned soldiers and officers, chiefly French.

Sunday, May 6. I made the famous trip to Murren via Lanterbrunnen where 4 different changes are made with 4 different kinds of transportation: steam-train, electric train, incline railway, electric train. Though the day was a little cloudy the views were magnificent. At Murren the summit of the Jungfrau which rises abruptly from the deep valley was obscured in a nest of clouds. Murren contains 700 exchanged English prisoners,

/including

including a number of Scotch and Canadians - all fine looking fellows. They were holding at the time a Sunday morning service in the Church. The interned prisoners are free within their prescribed district but they cannot move about in nor leave the country.

I met Mr. Stone and Dangerfield on top of Mt. Murren where they had spent the night. We came down together as far as Lauterbrunnen when I continued by way of Interlaken over the Brunig pass to Lucerne.

At the Swan and Rigi (Hotel at Lucerne) I was the second guest of the season to arrive. The same head-waiter was still there but his running assistants and the bustle of four years ago was no more. Lucerne in spite of poor tourist business, is kept up as beautifully as ever. The flowers and blooming fruit trees along the lake were very fine.

Went to bed early with a feeling of oncoming "gripps".

Monday. Spent the morning in bed trying to shake my cold. Got up late and took a little drive around town. At noon I took the boat from Lucerne to Fluelen a beautiful trip across the Lake of the Four Cantons. From Fluelen where I met Dangerfield we took the train via St. Gotthard and Bellinzona to Lugano. The scenery along the road was especially fine, the broad valley of Bellinzona being one of the most beautiful stretches in Switzerland. Fruit trees and vineyards were all in blossom. The trip through the St. Gotthard Tunnel which is 9 1/4 miles long took 16 minutes.

At Lugano spent the night at the Hotel Metropole.

Tuesday. Rain all day long. After lunch I ventured out and took a ride through the old parts of Lugano. The town is distinctly Italian in language, customs and architecture. Its foliage - palms, etc. make one feel as though he were already in Italy. The mist over the lake cleared long enough during the afternoon to give an idea as to how beautiful it really is, surrounded on all sides by sheer-rising mountains.

Late in the afternoon Dangerfield and I continued on to Locarno, another lake bordering on the Italian frontier.

Wednesday, May 9. At Locarno. Rose early in the morning. The view from my hotel window out across the lake surrounded by snow-capped mountains was very fine.

After breakfast I took the trolley trip from Locarno up the north canyon. We passed through many little villages all distinctly Italian in character. At the end of the line (Eggia) I took a walk which led up to a beautiful trout stream. From a bridge 60 ft. above the stream one could look down into a pool where I never saw so many and such fine large trout in my life. Several carefully concealed anglers, however, were tempting them without success.

After lunch at the Hotel I took a stroll and then a two hours'

/row on

row on the lake. The latter raised several blisters but brought back pleasant recollections of other summers.

Thursday. The weather continues fine and sunshiny. I spent an hour about town in the morning, and left with Dangerfield on the 10 o'clock train. He stopped off at Bellinzona but I continued on to Lucerne and Berne, where I arrived at 6 in the evening.

The lake villages around Lucerne are populated largely with interned Germans - officers and soldiers. To see them about in their uniforms made me almost feel in Belgium once more. The soldiers were usually hard at work in the fields where they now help the Swiss farmers. The English, German, and French prisoners and exchanged men are separated into classes which inhabit different localities - such as the English about Interlaken, the Germans about Lucerne, and the French about Lausanne. In many larger places, however, such as Berne, German and French officers in uniform pass each other on the streets.

Friday. May 11 In the morning I went from Bern to Brig, in southern Switzerland, by the electric railroad. The scenery along the route is very fine. I had lunch at Brig, a typical Italian town. There was a considerable movement of Swiss troops here. All over the country we have seen evidences in fact of Swiss preparation. Several hundred thousand men are kept on foot at all times and Switzerland could enter war on a moment's notice.

Continuing down the Rhone in the afternoon we passed through beautiful country, by ruins of old castles and monasteries, rich in historical associations. At Montreux we came upon a full view of Lake Geneva surrounded on all sides by snow-covered mountains. I spent two hours here between trains and got the excellent view of the Dent (tooth) du Midi, a high mountain with several jagged peaks which give it the appearance of a tooth.

Late in the afternoon I went on to Lausanne and put up at the Hotel Beau-Sejour. The cold which has settled in my right eye has become so bad that I can hardly see with it, and hence have to take in all this beautiful scenery with a single eye.

Lausanne is in the part of Switzerland distinctly French. The language is French, the customs, the good nature, the politeness of the people is clearly French in contrast to the more sombre character of the German and Italian Swiss.

Saturday. May 12 At Lausanne. Rose late, with my eye still uncomfortable. I had lunch with Mrs. and Mr. Cloquet of Brussels and old friends of Mr. Castaigne. In the afternoon I looked up Mr. Mans, a friend of Mr. Janson's.

Before supper I went down to the lake for a row, and am now becoming quite an expert at this past-time. The beautiful vista of surrounding mountains which one has from any point on the lake is inspiring.

/Lausanne

Lausanne is a thriving and well built town of 75,000 people.

Sunday. I met Mr. Dulait, a Belgian from Charleroi, this morning. He was sent into Germany a year ago for 10 years imprisonment for having aided young men to escape from Belgium. He managed to make a special arrangement, however, by which the German Government permitted him to rest in Switzerland until the end of the war.

Took a long walk and a swim in the lake - which is still pretty cold - before lunch. After lunch I met several more Belgian people, and then continued on the afternoon train to Geneva. The town of Geneva is very beautifully situated and built upon heights around the lake of Geneva. Most of my 3 hours here was spent in locating the American consul and having my passport into France arranged.

On leaving Geneva at 8.30. though I had a draft on Paris in my pocket, I had only 1 franc Swiss money left. This I was obliged to give to the porter at Bellegarde who took my baggage through the customs examination. The French military examination with my recommended passport from the French legation at Berne was very easy. At Bellegarde the French frontier town there was a great movement of soldiers and people. All trains were packed, and seats had to be reserved several days in advance. There was great confusion on every hand, women without places waiting to be taken along on the train, bewildered French refugees from Belgium lost on their journey, and families separated in the mix-up. We finally managed to pull out of Bellegarde at 11 p.m.

Monday. May 14. Spent a fairly uncomfortable night squeezed in between two wide French ladies who slept alternately on my shoulder during most of the night. All of the stations we passed through in the morning were bustling with activity - soldiers returning "on leave" or soldiers going back to the front giving the "good-bye" all round.

We reached Paris at 9 o'clock a.m. I was completely broke in spite of prospective assets. In struggling through the station with two grips and two large packages and with ticket and passport clenched between my teeth, more than one nice looking lady-porter must have uttered "tightwad!" under her breath. For in France as well as in Germany, the ladies are working too. On trains, trolleys, subways, one sees them everywhere taking men's places.

I checked my grips., With 3 ¢ I could have comfortably ridden the 3 miles to the Continental Hotel. As it was I walked it, and enjoyed all the sensations of Harry Willie hoofing it from N.Y to San Francisco without a cent in his pocket. Once at the hotel my credit was re-established, and I partook of a good breakfast.

Late in the afternoon I went down to the C.R.E. office (36 1/2 Ave. de l'Opera) and met the French director, Mr. Chevrillon. Gray who was also there goes to London tomorrow. Fletcher and Simpson were busy on special work for Mr. Hoover.

/In the evening

In the evening while supping I met Mr. Arrowsmith one of my old American friends from Belgium, who went out with the first party in April.

Tuesday. Wrote a number of letters in the morning giving news to Belgian people in France. I also visited the American and English embassies.

My eye trouble which is getting worse obliged me to go to bed where I stayed through to Wednesday morning.

Wednesday. May 16 I went to an eye doctor this morning. As luck would have, he was a specialist to royalty. His rates of 40 francs (\$8) per call gave me such a shock that he decided to cut it in three at once, seeing the U.S. and France were now allies. A serious situation exists in the eye which he cannot analyze as yet.

I spent the morning strolling about the Trocadero and Eiffel Tower. During the afternoon I visited the beautiful Bois de Boulogne - Paris' finest park.

Paris is still laughing and gay. The streets are thronged, the cafés along the sidewalks are patronised to the limit, and theatres are playing to packed houses.

That the war is going on, however, one would never doubt for a moment. The streets, the subway trains, the hotels are filled with men in uniform - either wounded or men back "on leave" from the front. The great shortage of men everywhere is apparent. Women, often of the best class, are replacing men everywhere. They do their work with a will and charm that will probably be a great step toward obtaining universal suffrage in Europe for women after the war.

At the Continental Hotel over a hundred men of their old staff - as the honour roll in the Hall shows - are at the front. They are replaced by women, little boys, and elderly men. The great shortage of hand-labour together with difficulties of sea shipments has forced prices in Paris up to an extraordinary point. Lunch or dinner costs an average of \$2. per person. Other things advanced 100% to 200%, are proportionally high. Money seems to flow like water at Paris and nobody minds it. In spite of its cut-off position, I found Brussels prices on many things more reasonable than those at Paris.

Another surprise of the Paris metropolis is to see the way the tipping evil has increased. It has reached such an unbearable and unreasonable point that you feel like you were the repast of an infinite number of vultures. From 15 to 25% for meals, taxicabs, etc. is the rule and you are plainly told when the fee is not enough.

Taxis are still on the go in Paris and even at double prices are more sought-after than ever. I have already proficiently learned to use

/the subway

the subway which covers the town in a very efficient network, in order to save taxi trips.

Thursday. Visited the Belgian Legation this morning and looked up a number of Belgian people about town during the day. I had tea at Mrs. Feron's in the afternoon and gave Mr. Janson's daughters the news of their father and our life together at Fournai last winter.

While taking supper in a small place on the Champs-Élysées I met Maverick and Morgan, former C.R.B. men. They expect to get jobs as advance men for the Roosevelt Troops in France.

Friday. Saw the Doctor this morning and my eye is improving. After lunch I went out to the American Hospital of Paris. It is a large comfortable place, said to be the best equipped in France and accommodating 600 men.

Drs. Maert and Leach, former Commission men, are both in the Hospital as surgeons now. Dr. Leach took me on a visit through the institution. Practically each large American city is represented by a ward. Denver has one and a Denver surgeon is in second charge at the hospital.

A most remarkable thing is the quiet and cheerful spirit of the inmates. The loss of an arm or a leg or an eye does not in any way depress them. The men even under the greatest pain never make a sound. We passed through the operating room where two amputations were taking place. A little further on Dr. Leach pointed out an extraordinary case in one of the wards. Several days ago a man had been brought back from the front, his face split open from ear to ear by a piece of shrapnel. The surgeons had no hope for him. By a skillful operation, however, the two parts were wired together. Within a short time the silver wires can be withdrawn and the man, though badly scarred, may return to his profession. We saw a number of other similar cases where the operations were little short of miraculous.

The men all witness a deep gratitude to the American doctors as well as to French and American nurses who take care of them. A squad of 30 ambulances, driven chiefly by American University men, is attached to the Hospital. The trains which usually reach Paris from the front in the middle of the night are met by these motor-ambulances. The men are sometimes in service all night long and very often have to handle mutilated cases which are exceedingly trying on their nerves. Tom White '15 and Halsey '11, whom I met at the Hospital are both running machines.

Later in the afternoon I visited the American Military Headquarters at Paris where both Jackson and Arrowsmith are working. Arrowsmith and I had dinner together at Marquay's, the famous French fish restaurant.

Saturday, May 19th I looked up Mr. De Maris, former editor of the "Independence Belge" and now with the Paris "Temps". I also had a visit with Mr. Laroche of the Office of Foreign Affairs over conditions

in Belgium and France.

Spent the afternoon about town. Had tea with Mr. & Mrs. Harkom, English people who have had many Belgian friends. In the evening I went to dinner at the Baron de Lorladot's, a Belgian officer.

Sunday. Rose late and went out to see the doctor who says that my eye is on the well road. I took a long walk through the Garden "des Tuilleries" and the vicinity of the Louvre. The Louvre, like most other Paris museums, is closed and all its treasures are safely stored away in the event of air raids. Paris is carefully guarded against air attacks day and night by patrol aeroplanes and small dirigible "Zeps", which hover about a great deal over the town.

In the afternoon I went to the big Belgian Mass Meeting and entertainment at the Trocadero, given in appreciation of the hospitality given to Belgians by the French Govt. and people. The meeting closed with the singing of the "Marseillaise" by Mlle. Chenal of the Opera in a costume of red, white and blue. It was a very stirring occasion.

Spent a quiet evening at the hotel.

Monday. May 21 Spent the morning walking in the Bois de Boulogne and other places in the neighbourhood including a small "Statue of Liberty" in replica of that of New York Harbour presented by an American Society to France. This as well as the several monuments of Lafayette erected by Americans at Paris show the bond of friendship between the two countries. The French are exceedingly enthusiastic over the entrance of the U.S. in the war. Municipal posters proclaim America's declaration and ask for the display of our flag. Paris, indeed, on every street is fairly ablaze with the stars and stripes.

Before lunch I visited the Invalides where a great collection of German aeroplanes, cannon & shells and other booty was on exhibit. In the afternoon I went to the "Chambre des Deputés" (the French House). After getting past a veritable barrier of red-tape officials my credentials of the C.R.P. brought me to the Secretary of the House President. He was very pleasant and arranged to give me a seat in the President's box for the opening of the House tomorrow.

In the evening I dined near the Boulevard de Clichy in a quaint little restaurant and afterwards went to the "Lune Rousse", a fairly boring vaudeville show. Parisians pay very high prices for theatres and are satisfied with a very mediocre quality of acting.

This is perhaps due to the fact that they are so preoccupied within their own small groups - generally two.

On the boulevards, in the parks, in the restaurants spooning goes on at an unprecedented rate. Soldiers and officers back from the front on "seven days" leave are the heroes of the day, and they utilize every moment in taking advantage of the occasion.

Tuesday. My trunk after 8 days has finally come through from

/Lallegarde

Bellegarde. Because of the shortage of men railway transportation is very slow and confused at the present time. I visited Notre-Dame Cathedral this morning. This afternoon I witnessed a very impressive ceremony in the reopening of the French House which has been on 6 weeks' vacation. Mr. Ribot the prime minister gave a speech in answer to Russia's question precis-ing the objects of France in the war, which will go down in history. Several of the other ministers spoke. The "socialist" left" was at all times very noisy and continually interrupting with embarrassing questions.

I went to the "Maison de la Presse" today, but they cannot arrange a trip to the front on which I had planned for two weeks, so that this will have to be done later on. Went to the "Grand Guignol" in the evening. It is a quaint little theatre for only 150 or 200 people, where short plays are given, something like the Little Theatre of New York.

Wednesday. Spent most of the day writing and seeing different people. The Princesse de Ligne who has a number of relatives in the Hainaut asked me to call on her this morning. Her son, of the Belgian aviation staff, recently lost a leg, but does not want to give up the game in spite of this.

Thursday. I spent the morning about town visiting different points of interest. On the place de la Concorde which contains statues to all the large French towns, the Strasbourg monument was covered with flowers and wreaths. I was told that this monument has been thus continually decorated with fresh flowers and wreaths ever since the loss of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870. France - as one sees in the spirit of the people, of the press, of the House of Deputies, everywhere - has all her hopes wrapped up in the reparation of this wrong. (which reminds me that not long ago Lieut. Willis said the French had a "Strasbourg Street" in every French town and village so as to perpetually remind the people of their loss and stir them up to going into war again.

Went to the Trocadero in the afternoon to hear the combined band of the five English Royal Guard companies. The band is made up of 275 men who are Paris' guests this week and the excitement of the town. They wear brilliant red uniforms covered with gold and have tall fur hats which give them a height of 8 ft. and a very imposing appearance. As they parade about the Parisians are taken by storm. Half an hour before the performance the Trocadero which holds 6,000 people was filled and 4,000 more were pressing to get in. The answer was "only 10 more seats left to be sold for charity at 100 francs ((20) each." The crowd was enormous. Hundreds of wounded soldiers, "poilus" home "on permission", and Moroccan negro soldiers were besieging the doors. At 120 a seat the "poilus" were very indignant. "Yes, the music of the obus (shells) is good enough for us", they cried, "and the crowd isn't pushing nearly so hard to get to our places in the trenches". A negro trooper lost his temper, on seeing all the elite society pass by into the theatre while he and his comrades who could not pay the price were kept out, and cursed out the ungrateful people who sent him to the trenches but turned him down in Paris. Many other scenes which took place were equally interesting. In the crowd I leaned on a wounded soldiers' arm and was called by the same a "chapeau mou" (soft hat,) a scornful term for civilians.

By careful waiting I finally found an opportunity to get into the theatre. The big band of 275 men in uniform was a sight never to be forgotten and their music was wonderful in its harmony.

In the evening I saw "Samson and Delila" at the French National Opera. The singing, dancing, and large chorus surpassed anything I have seen on the stage. The men of the English Royal Guards were the guests of the Opera this evening. Their entrance in the theatre, the singing of the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" stirred the patriotic sentiments of everyone in the House. "Vive la France!" cried the English. "Vive nos amis, les Anglais", shouted the French. The spirit of friendship and solidarity between the English and the French is evident on every occasion. The unity of their three years' alliance against a common foe has never once been troubled.

Friday. This afternoon I started making the rounds of the various offices to have my passport stamped for departure tomorrow morning. At 5 o'clock I was only half way through so will have to wait over now and leave for London Sunday. Took a walk this afternoon through the Montmartre, where the poor of Paris live. I met Torrey, an old C.R.B. man, on one of the Boulevards after supper. He is trying to get in the French Officers' School at Fontainebleau near Paris.

Saturday. Finished up all passport formalities this morning for the trip to England. Afterwards I went out to the church of Montmartre - a great white stone edifice overlooking the city of Paris. Spent the afternoon about town using up my last book of metro tickets (number five I think). The Paris subway is the most convenient transportation system - reaching every part of the town by a dozen different lines - and the most economical (5¢ fare) I have run across. It is practically run by the ladies now, who do their work with a snap and a certain class which gives them something over the men who formerly held their jobs. In fact the tables seem to be turned now in more ways than one. The grizzly "poilus" who are wounded or convalescing are always given seats by the ladies or girls in a crowded train no matter if the men have no more than an arm scratch. The saddest sight is the large number of war-blinded men one sees in the trains. The finest types of soldiers and officers, a year or so ago in all their power and full activity are now guided helplessly about.

One of the most important questions of the moment here are the strikes of the "midinettes", the women workers in all clothing lines. They demand a raise in wages from 70¢ per day to 85¢ and the adoption of the "English Week" with Saturday afternoon holiday. They parade the streets headed with the French flag, jostle the police from time to time - but in general are campaigning in a fair way for a fair cause. Their points now, through intervention of the Minister of Labour, have been practically won.

Sunday. May 27. Left Paris on a fine sunny morning. We passed through France's beautiful farming country on the Havre Express. At Rouen the cathedral and the old town made a pretty picture from the train. Here, too I saw the first German prisoners. Several hundred of them were

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industriously working along the railroad and apparently enjoying life as well as they did formerly under the Kaiser's democratic living.

After lunch at the Havre I set out to find Mr. De Geynst's brother at the Belgian Government Headquarters. He was not there but I had the pleasure of a long talk with the Belgian Minister of the Interior over the food situation in Belgium.

Late in the afternoon I met a Mr. Turner, an American who is attached to the Intelligence Staff of the English Army. We had supper together and an exchange of views on the military situation.

Everyone bound for England had to be on board the boat at an early hour in the evening. By the side of our vessel was an English Torpedo-Destroyer. The crew on deck were having a great time decorating each other with the "Iron Cross".

We pulled out at 10 o'clock when it was sufficiently dark to escape the eye of unfriendly submarines. In my stateroom was a young Russian officer coming from the French front and probably bound for a home-visit. His luggage consisted of a package and a large teddy-bear, which as Russia's national symbol had caught his eye in a Havre store.

Monday. We landed at Southampton early in the morning. The English officers passed me without examination, but asked if I had been with Germans long enough to be bitten by the Germanophile bug. Continuing on to London I put up at the Hotel Imperial.

Today is a holiday (Whit Monday) and the town is closed up. About half the people according to the English custom are spending the day in the country. I wrote nearly all afternoon and evening.

Tuesday, May 29 Went to the C.R.B. the first thing this morning, where I found Gray, Poland, Green, Brown, and Robinson Smith. Latest reports from Belgium indicate that the food situation is becoming increasingly grave. Francoeur writes that people are now dropping from weakness on the streets, and that faintings in the bread line are a common occurrence.

Late in the afternoon I went out to see the Belgian Minister.

Wednesday. I spent the morning at the C.R.B. office and at the Belgian Minister's where he had a number of questions to ask about the food situation in Belgium. In the afternoon I paid a visit to Wellington, a former C.R.B. man, at the American Embassy.

London during war-times presents a different picture to what it did four years ago. The former crowding and dense traffic of Oxford Circus, Piccadilly and Charing Cross are not what they were at that time, buses and taxis are on the go as usual, but in smaller numbers. Many of

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the big busses have been sent to the front as transports. Those which remain in London are now in charge of lady-conductors. England having had to follow suit on France and Germany in this custom.

London hotels are filled chiefly with men who are "on leave" for a few days from the front. Theatres and all amusements have never been so well-attended. There is a general air of cheerfulness covering up the grimness of the war. In these dark times people seem to seek relief in lighter forms of everything. Soldiers and officers given their few days at London, and in view of the fact that it may be their last time back from the front, make the best of the occasion to amuse themselves. It is for this reason that the "drama" has almost passed from the stage during the war and the "musical revue" has taken its place.

At the Scala, a theatre giving the official allied war-films, I saw some wonderful pictures this evening. The work of the big "caterpillar tanks" was especially interesting.

Thursday. May 31st Busy at the office all day today. Here, as at Brussels, the men all have the custom of lunching together at noon in the office. Mr. Hoover who was formerly at the head of the table is now replaced by Mr. Poland. My present work is in statistics, this giving me an opportunity at the same time to get into the workings of the London office.

Went around to the American consulate this afternoon to have my passport stamped preparatory to sailing for America next week. Later dropped in at the British War Office where I met Mr. de la Vinelle, now an English officer, and the owner of the home where the German "Commissaire Civil" at Tournai is now established. In the evening I saw a good play "Cheerio", and as cheerful as its name implies.

Friday. June 1st Was on the job at the office all day today. I spent the evening writing at the hotel.

Saturday. Brown and I went out to Hyde Park this afternoon to see the King bestow 351 decorations on men and women who have rendered special services. The crowd was enormous, at least 20 deep in a circle a half mile long. We had a good look at the King and the Royal family including the King's right-hand man known as the "Gold Stick in Waiting". Several heroes of the S.S. "Brooke" which put up such a gallant fight in the channel a month ago were decorated. The Royal Guard's Band which I heard in Paris two weeks ago was on hand for the music. The ceremony was carried out on a big scale and was considered to be one of the events of the year.

During the afternoon five aeroplanes kept continuously circulating over the field in case the German aviators might take advantage of the event to let a bomb fall on the grandstand.

London now seems to be very well protected against air-raids. At night search-lights rake the sky. The streets of the town are kept almost in darkness. No lights may show from buildings and the street lights are obscured by a black hood. Busses run along without lights and one can only

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dimly make out their forms.

This evening I saw some remarkable acting by H.B. Irving in "Waterloo" and "Bells", the story of the Polish Jew.

Sunday. I wrote several letters at the hotel this morning and brought my diary partially up to date. In the afternoon I took a long walk including Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, Victoria Monument, Parliament Buildings, Whitehall Buildings, London Bridge, Tower of London and St. Pauls. At Westminster Abbey I met Wickes.

In the evening the Chaplain of the Canadian Forces delivered a sermon at the City Temple. It was especially for soldiers and officers, and was attended by the Lord-mayor of London and his colleagues in their brilliant red gowns. The English Church has taken its stand in the war just as strongly as the English people, who are prepared to stick to it indefinitely. The chaplain was very young and energetic. He preached on "reaping and sowing"; the sacrifices sowed by this generation will be reaped to the benefit of those to come. At the same time the present generation can only requite its debt to the past by making every sacrifice necessary to bring a successful end to the war.

Monday Spent the day at the C.R.B. office.

Tuesday. Mr. J.M. Peate, brother of George P. of Llanbrynmair, came in to see me this afternoon. He is keeping two little grocery stores in the business section, and says business affairs of all kinds have been good during the war. England in fact is living on a very artificial prosperity at the present time. She is spending \$35,000,000 a day on the war. Ammunition workers and employees of every kind are very well paid. They turn over their money freely so that everyone is enjoying some part in the prosperity. The consequences, however, will be born by future generations in the form of an enormous debt.

This evening I saw the "Girl of the Golden West" at the Drury Lane Theatre under the orchestral direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. The production, sung in English but played in real western cowboy style, was very well done.

Wednesday. Wrote until 2 o'clock last night making a report on food conditions in the Hainaut. I have spent today completing it so that Mr. Poland can turn it over to the British foreign office tomorrow.

Thursday. Kept busy at the C.R.B. office until noon. In the afternoon I took the train to Cambridge and spent a very interesting time going through the University and its grounds. There is a beautiful little stream flowing through the middle of the University grounds; I took an hour's paddle on it in a canoe. While the campus is fine it is not as beautiful as Oxford and its surroundings. My guide throughout the expedition was a one-legged veteran who has been attached to the University for 25 years; he was able to give many stories and interesting side-lights on the college life.

On returning to London in the evening I called on Mr. Peate and his

family. They brought out the "Comer" letters, but from the Welsh point of view I am fearfully ignorant of all my Ohio relatives. Returned to the hotel and rolled in early.

Friday. Spent the day at the office until 3 o'clock. On the 3.50 train I ran down to Farnborough 30 miles from London to spend the afternoon with Tuck, my former running-mate in the Hainaut. Unfortunately we missed connections. I found fellow officers of his, however, at the Training Camp who took me into the officers' quarters. Tuck had already told them the "last man out of Belgium" was coming out so they gave me a very hospitable time. The Colonel broke rules to let me eat in the officers' mess. After supper I exchanged views with a number of the officers and got some very interesting ideas from men recently back from the front. They are of an entirely different type from the German officer - liberal in thought and expression (often even defending Germany's position on certain points), frank, good-natured, taking life in a steady but light-hearted way. For the German the war is the maximum of bitterness, gloom and seriousness - for the Englishman (who has just as much cause to worry in present critical situation of the allies) it is a scientific sport which requires all his skill and energy. Germany's deeper feelings, the realisation of what a big problem lies before her, have made themselves felt in a tremendous effort which the easy-going English spirit is just beginning to overcome.

The chief complaint of many English officers is not that Germany started the war but that she has not played it squarely. One major this evening went so far as to say that he could sympathise with the German point of view in many ways, including their desire and right to expand by force if necessary. What had turned him against them was their low tactics, - poison gas and civilian zeppelin raids.

Tuck came in late. He and his fellow officers insisted on my staying overnight. I led a real soldier's life that night down to sleeping in an army bag on a fairly hard cot. On waking at 7 a.m. the next morning I found my shoes highly polished by the house orderly (a private soldier) who stood by the bed with a cup of hot tea. For the English drink tea six times a day, starting in one hour before breakfast in the morning.

I took a stroll around the camp and looked over the two big guns that were the pride of the battery. After breakfast I saw the morning parade and watched Tuck put a squad of 20 men through the gas-mask and respirator tests. Aeroplanes were flying overhead nearly all morning. This is a very important military region containing a half a million men within a radius of ten miles, and the country must therefore be well protected from enemy air-attacks.

In the evening Tuck and I took a paddle along a beautiful nearby canal, and talked over old times in the Hainaut. Tuck is preoccupied - says he thinks of nothing now but shells and gas-attacks, and is anxious to

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get into action. I ret'd to London on the late night train.

Sunday. Spent the morning at the C.R.B. office. In the afternoon I went out to Hampton Court. The Thames River at this point covered with pleasure boats of every kind was a pretty sight.

Monday. June 11th Am having a suit and light overcoat made, on the good advice that cloth is now rare in the U.S. Was kept busy at the office all day today. Mr. Poland said my report on Hainaut conditions had aroused interest and had been sent to the English Foreign Office. The F.O. has just decided today to let lard and bacon once more enter Belgium.

Tuesday. I had lunch at the home of Mr. Cartoude de Wiart, the financial representative of the Belgian government. A Belgian officer of Mons and several other guests from different parts of Belgium were there. My boat the "Baltic" has postponed its sailing again, now until a week from tomorrow.

Wednesday The important event of the day was this morning's air raid. We were working quietly at the C.R.B. offices about 11.10 when several heavy explosions were heard in the distance, accompanied by the fire of the English anti-aircraft guns. Going down into the street I saw almost directly overhead two planes. They were painted pure white and, between two and three miles high, had the appearance of nearly invisible silver specks against a clear sky. Little white puffs of English schrapnel were bursting about them on all sides. As the German raiders seemed to be heading in our direction I made for a more secure place of safety within the building. Just as I reached the inside of the door a terrific explosion took place nearby which shook the building. Several others further away followed this in rapid succession. Five minutes later we ventured out of our safety-refuge in the second basement of the building to take a look about. In a little churchyard across the street from us a big bomb had fallen in soft earth. It made a large hole but covered itself up without exploding.

A moment later fire-wagons passed on their way to the Liverpool Street Station, 300 yards away. Going to the station we saw cars of two trains and a shed on fire. One of the bombs had fallen on the dining-car of an incoming train completely demolishing it. A large number of people had been wounded or killed by the explosion. They were hurried off in Red Cross ambulances of which six carrying at least 50 persons left the station. Similar accidents had occurred in other parts of the town. A school filled with children was struck killing 10 and wounding 60. The total results of the raid are not yet known; all of the German machines seem to have gotten safely away.

In spite of the tragedy of the situation, Londoners do not seem much upset about it. They have jammed the streets to visit the various stricken parts all day; this is the most serious raid of London since the beginning of the war.

Thursday. June 11 Have been engaged at the office all day

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today on making up a charity report. The final figures of the air-attack show over 100 killed and 400 injured. Rumours of another visit have been on the go all day, but have not materialised. A big Zeppelin crossing the North sea was brought down this morning.

Friday. Busy at the office all day. Late in the afternoon I attended the semi-annual meeting of the National Belgian Relief Committee (the Belgian organization) and heard several well-known speakers including Sir David Balfour.

On returning to the office to work a little this evening I was told that the "Zeps" were coming and that the building was to be closed. A phone message from the East Coast had announced their passage overhead in the direction of London. I ret'd to the hotel, but the expected visit did not take place.

Saturday. June 16 Hill, the C.R.B. courier, returned from Rotterdam yesterday with all C.R.B. mail and packages on the English Despatch Boat. She was accompanied by six torpedo-destroyers and two aeroplanes, and managed to elude all submarines.

I worked at the office all day on the Belgian "Secours" Report.

Sunday. Spent the day completing the revision of Mr. Hoover's report on Public Charity. This was the hottest day in the year so far. Several of the C.R.B. men are down cooling off on the sands of Brighton Beach.

Monday. Had a busy day at the C.R.B. office and said good-bye all around late in the afternoon. I spent the evening writing, and in preparatory packing for the evening train to Shrewsbury. Left Paddington station at 12.17 a.m. nicely stretched out with a third-class compartment all to myself. A half an hour later the train was flooded at a station by stokers and sailors bound for Liverpool. There was no sleep after that.

Tuesday. June 19 The train reached Shrewsbury at 5 a.m. It was broad daylight so I took a two hours walk through the older parts of the town. The Raven Hotel which tempted us four years ago has been transformed into a recruiting station.

I left Shrewsbury after breakfast reaching Llanbrynmair at 10.30. Mr. Peate was at the station and took me out to his house where Mrs. P. gave me a welcome. Their eldest boy is in training with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers; the second is at the County School. After lunch I took a long bicycle ride with Mr. P. through the surrounding country, revisiting all the old spots which we saw four years ago - the church, the cemetery, the site of grandfather's house, and other places. On the return trip

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we picked up Mr. P's little girl at school. Going home we were caught in a terrible rain. I was wet and covered with mud on reaching the house.

While my clothes were being dried we had tea and gooseberry pie. I looked over the interesting news in the last copy of the "Outlook". Also read a very strong letter which Mr. P's younger boy had written to a London paper in defense of Lloyd George, who remains the idol of Wales. After taking a group photograph, including the second boy who had just ret'd home from school, Mr. Peate walked with me to the train. Leaving Llanbrynmair on the "Mail" at 7.40 I reached Liverpool at 1 a.m. During a 40 minute wait en route at Crewe between trains I had to admire the industry of the women working in the station to replace men at the front. They were doing all sorts of tasks - loading and unloading express cars, pulling trucks, flying about on little electric trucks with speed and agility that made mere soldiers step about lively to keep from being run over. Many of them had the appearance of being from good families and they all took a hold of their work in an enthusiastic spirit. Toward midnight a red-cross train loaded with wounded from Southampton passed through the station.

On reaching Liverpool I went to the Adelphi Hotel for the night.

Wednesday I slept late after the past two nights of travelling. Had my passport stamped by the American consul and walked about town during the morning. In the afternoon I went down to the White Star docks and boarded the boat with all my baggage at 4 o'clock. Mr. & Mrs. Gray and their little girl were already on board. My stateroom which I occupy alone, is fine and large; it is located on the upper promenade deck. There are very few passengers on board - about 40 in first class, and 25 in second.

This evening we pulled away from the dock at 9 o'clock. Because of a high wind we could not go through the lock, which late us into the harbour, so tied up for the night.

Thursday. June 21st This morning we passed into the harbour. We were obliged to anchor there until the tide changed and finally pulled out at 9.30 p.m. No one knows which route we will take, north or south of Ireland. Great secrecy is maintained as to the departure of the boat and its course. To throw the Germans off last time the "Baltic" instead of going directly to sea anchored for 3 days near Belfast and then continued her journey. This afternoon we had a life-boat drill on deck. Nearly everyone is cheerful, though, and not worrying too much.

About the same time we left the port tonight an interesting type of boat passed. A short distance away she had the air of an innocent merchant ship. On drawing nearer though we saw that she was armed to the teeth - six large guns on board, a torpedo-tube, and several torpedoes were strung along her decks. The English use these boats as submarine-bait and also to chase down German raiders like the "Moewe".

Friday. We awoke in sight of the Irish coast and made the

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turn of Ireland's northernmost point at noon. The weather has been fine so far with a smooth sea and no periscopes to mar its surface. The disadvantage of travelling now is that the submarines have very long working hours. At the north there are only two or three hours of darkness per day. This evening at 11 o'clock one could see clearly enough to read on deck.

Saturday. June 23rd Passed a windy, fairly rough day. Several of the passengers were overcome by "mal de mer". Those who weren't watched the ship pitch and thought how cold the water would be in case we should meet a stray torpedo. Mr. Rosenwasser a Jewish actor of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame and who is now on his way back to America, said this morning - "I never was so nervous in all my life. You know they want to get this boat. Last trip she slipped by them with General Pershing and they didn't like that a bit."

The "Baltic" is the second largest ship on the Atlantic at the present time, and being of 24,000 tons would undoubtedly make a nice prize for some German "sub". Every precaution is taken for her protection, however. Double watches are on force, and the boat pursues a "zig-zag" course to throw off submarines in determining her position. Even passengers on the boat do not know the course of her route and we do not have the customary chart showing the ship's daily progress.

On the stern of the ship is mounted a six-inch gun manned by a gun-crew which is on continual watch. This afternoon we passed out of the theoretical German blockade zone, but precautions have not in the least relinquished. Owing to the possibility of meeting a stray Dachshund on her way to or from America a sharp lookout is still kept.

Sunday and Monday The last two days have favoured us with a smooth sea but with cold weather. Nearly everybody went to Church (led by the Ship's Doctor) yesterday morning, all being thankful for a safe passage through the submarine zone. There is rather a quiet crowd on board but with the Grays' company the trip is very enjoyable.

Tuesday to Friday June 29th. The last four days passed quietly without important events. It has been cold most of the time as our route has been northerly. "Auction" seems to be the most popular game on the boat, and I have had several good games.

Tuesday morning we passed a big sailing ship in full trim. Yesterday a steamer headed for Europe crossed our path. The Captain came down from the bridge yesterday for the first time in the last week. The ship is therefore presumably in safe waters. Her arrival at N.Y. is predicted for Saturday evening or Sunday morning.

Today the weather is warmer and the sun is shining for nearly the first time on the trip. The last two nights we have been travelling in full moon-light, making the ship an easy mark for any hostile craft.