THE WARTIME DIARY
OF
RUSSELL GODINE PRUDEN
Captain, Air Service, U.S. Army
July 16, 1917 -- March 31, 1919

Adjutant, 27th Aero Squadron, A.E.F.

(Original at Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut)
February 19th. 1918.
Went to Garden City in the morning and found we had definite news of our sailing which will be the first of next week. Returned to town in the afternoon. Jim Pierce was coming to the house to dinner and.......... invited himself and came too.

February 22nd.
Went to Garden City yesterday and stayed until this afternoon getting ready to leave. Returned home for dinner but went back at night, staying at the Garden City Hotel, as practically all the cots in the Officers room are broken. Rumor has it we are to sail on the Leviathan which is now in port.

February 24th. Sunday.
Worked all day yesterday but went to Brooklyn for dinner and back to Garden City at night. To-day an advance party under Sgt. Dygert went ahead with some of the luggage and reported, on return that the boat was the Olympic. The last scarlet fever contacts have been transferred out of the squadron and replaced, making a lot of work at the last minute.

February 25th.
Went to bed last night about one A.M. but couldn't sleep from the noise and the fact that my cot was at an angle of 45°. Everyone got up at four and made an enormous bon-fire of anything left over after packing. We got on the train about six, the 26th, 139th and 148th Squadrons being with us. I had the transportation papers and as the men were supposed to be counted was rather worried as it was impossible to stir a foot in any of the cars, much less go through them. However, the conductor said "to hell with counting 'em" and, being a trusting soul, thereby saved a difficult situation. We got to Long Island City about nine-thirty and on to a ferry boat, which went down the East River, around the battery and up to the White Star piers near West 20th Street. We got aboard promptly and had a good lunch. The Officers all have good cabins, in fact the boat is evidently about as usual except that the lounges have been turned into an armory and that she has guns mounted fore and aft and there are, of course, no steamer chairs. The men are crowded but not badly off and have good mess.

February 26th.
We sailed this morning at seven. When I looked out we were just passing the statue, which appears to interest a great deal those who do not live around New York. Most everyone was quite excited at starting and before long many were sick. There are sixteen squadrons aboard beside our four but without flying officers. There is a Colonel in charge of all troops on the ship and a Major Cushman A. Rice, C. O. of the 148th squadron commands our part of the ship. All sections of the ship containing troops have to have an officer in charge all day but as we have thirty officers it is not burdensome for our squadron. There are about 6000 troops aboard including a hospital unit with many nurses.

February 27th.
It is quite rough and a great many are seasick in spite of the size of the boat. The ship is without convoy and is making good time. We eat in what is ordinarily the second cabin dining
room and at two sittings, the squadron officers at the first table, and the many casual officers, mostly Majors and Colonels, at the second. That enables us to get all the seats in the smoking room at night: the smoking room is the only place to sit and the nurses use it too. No one is allowed on deck after dark. We are ordered to wear our life belts all the time except at meals when we hang them on the back of the chair. They are dirty and rather uncomfortable. Higher officers have cleaner ones, and field officers new ones, so irrespective of insignia one can tell an officer's rank by how dirty his life belt is. We had our first boat drill to-day.

February 28th. Still quite rough. The duty in the men's quarters was so burdensome for squadrons with only two or three officers that flying officers from our four squadrons have been loaned to them. It makes everyone have half a day every other day, below. It is very close and stuffy there and the men are urged to go on deck as much as possible. This afternoon we spent a couple of hours in the ship's gymnasium. The C.O. has forbidden any alcoholic drinks but we have ginger ale and a hard look at the steward ensures his adding a hooker of scotch which the ginger ale camouflages beautifully. Bugs Raymond, Major Hartney and I discourse sweet music almost every day. Bugs on the violin, the Major on the cornet and I on the piano and we are supplemented by an almost indefinite number of mandolins in the hands of Ordway, Moy, Miller, et al.

March 1st. The weather is calmer and the decks so crowded that one can hardly move on them. Everyone has to march around the deck in the morning but there is a good band aboard so it's not bad. The band plays for dancing every afternoon. Doc Arnold gets quite a thrill by shaking his head and saying that we are dancing on the brink of the volcano - meaning submarines - but no one looks on that as any reason for not doing it. We have daily boat drills which consist in shooing all the men upon deck to some appointed place: we always know what time they are to happen and they fortunately don't have them at night. The 27th assembles on the deck below the boat deck and in the case of trouble the men would have to stand and wait until all the boat deck was cleared before moving up. It's hard to systemize things much with so many troops on board but in case of a torpedo I foresee trouble.

March 2nd. Saturday. The C.O. has found out about the ginger ale highballs so now we drink lemonade and he doesn't know or pretends not to know that a goodly dose of gin lurks in each glass. I spent the afternoon below in the men's quarters and was glad to get out at supper time. In the evening we had a concert for the benefit of something or other. Our trio gave some selections and Prinz as always made an enormous hit with his hula dance and monkey stuff. We will be in the submarine zone to-morrow or Monday morning.

March 4th. This morning we picked up our convoy; four little American destroyers which dash around us from side to side like fox terriers around a Saint Bernard. It was hard not to get a little thrill looking at them but they roll about so that it made the susceptible sick even to think of being on one of them. In the afternoon one of
them maneuvered suddenly and dropped a depth bomb which shook the ship quite violently and brought everyone on deck in a hurry. I don't know whether there was a submarine there or not. During the day most of the baggage has been brought out of the hold and piled on deck as we shall probably reach Liverpool to-morrow.

March 5th.

We awoke this morning to find ourselves going up the Irish Channel. Yesterday's scare is rapidly becoming a good story. There are already many who saw oil on the water and several who saw the submarine. Years after the war it will probably be a tale worth listening to. Its growth was suspended for a time this morning when the ship's stern gun fired twice at something in the water, just as we were passing Holyhead. Everyone got a wonderful thrill but as they appear to take no chances I'm rather doubtful of there being a sub there. We arrived at Liverpool about noon and docked at three. Some of the stuff was unloaded but we will not go ashore until to-morrow. Schmitt and I went on the dock at night with the idea of taking a walk but were not allowed through the gate. We are going to Winchester.

March 6th.

Everyone got up at four and left the boat at six, marched to the train, about two miles and were on our way by 8:30. There were so many mandolins, etc., among the officers that Fred Norton suggested calling it the 27th glee club instead of the 27th Squadron. The small engines and cars of the English railroads caused much amusement. The ride across England was very pretty and we got a fine view of Oxford. We got to Winchester; about 4:30 marched through the town and out to Winnel Down camp, about four miles and after supper were glad to go to bed.

March 7th.

Major Hartney went to London this morning to find out what is to happen to us. It seems we should not have been sent to Winchester at all but to some other place. There appearing to be nothing to do Ralph Schmitt, Dick Martin, and I walked to town, spent the afternoon and explored the Cathedral and other places of interest. The camp is not bad but as we are on English rations, the mess is terrible.

March 8th.

Major Hartney returned to-day much excited at having met McCudden, the English Ace, who used to be a Sergeant in his squadron in the R. F. C. He thinks the 27th will be split into flights and sent to the English front. The pilots will be detached for further training in England and it will be a chance only of their rejoining the squadron when it is reassembled; all of which made everyone very blue. Jim Pierce, Doc Arnold and I are to go to London to-morrow and incidentally try to get officers pay checks for February.

March 9th.

Got to London in the afternoon and engaged rooms at the Savoy. The corner of the next building about twenty feet from our window was damaged by a bomb in the last raid so we felt glad the weather was cloudy. Doc and I went to 35 Eaton Place and arranged to get the checks to-morrow morning. We then took a walk around town and the Doc got the start of his life when the sentry in front of Buckingham came to present arms as we went by. We found a number of
others in town and had dinner with Fred Ordway, Jerry Vasconcells, Bugs Raymonds and Pat Ingersoll. In the evening we went to see Chu Chin Chow where we met Curd. The streets are very dark at night and it is rather hard to get around. There is plenty of so called gaiety but it seems forced and hard and the general atmosphere is very depressing and unpleasant. Food seems very scarce and everything is extremely high.

March 10th. Sunday. Spent most of the day trying to get enough to eat and returned to Winchester in the evening, meeting some very pleasant English Officers on the train. One of them who looked perfectly well, several times stopped talking in the middle of a sentence and then went on about something else. He finally reddened, apologized and said that he had had shell shock and that every little while his mind became a blank and he forgot what he was talking about.

March 12th. We got orders yesterday to move to Romsey, which it seems was where we should have gone at first. We left early in the morning and marched there (about twelve miles) through beautiful English country. The camp about two miles out of the town is very uncomfortable. It is called Woodley Hill.

March 13th. There being as little to do here as at Winchester, Schmitt and I went to Salisbury and spent the day, saw the Cathedral, old Sarum and went to Herbert's Church at Bemerton. I wanted to look up the hotel where I had stayed in 1912 and when we found it, it was the one Schmitt had stayed at on a previous visit.

March 16th. Yesterday we spent looking over Romsey Abbey, which is very fine and to-day we got our orders to move. We are going to France at once and as a unit which is the best possible news. All baggage, etc. was loaded on the train this afternoon and we managed to get into our trunks and get some clean clothes for the first time since we left the steamer.

March 17th. Sunday. Left camp early this morning and marched to the station at Romsey, entrained and were at the dock in Southampton by eleven. The pilots of the 28th and 148th were left and they are to be with the English, split up into flights, the fate which the 139th and ourselves evidently just avoided. We stood around on the pier until late afternoon but spent two hours wandering around the town and getting some lunch. The men were all issued gas masks and about five o'clock we went aboard the Archimedes: she is a cattle steamer and the men amused themselves, when taken below, by climbing into the stalls and braying. Owing to the large number of officers, twenty of them had to go on another boat. There was talk of submarines near at hand and a boat is said to have been sunk a few miles away this afternoon. We left the pier early in the evening.
March 18th.
Awoke to find ourselves in the harbor of La Havre.
The men had a wretched night and the officers were not much better off as there was no place to sleep but on the floor or tables of the dining saloon. The harbor was full of boats of various kinds and sizes, camouflaged to the limit, including the Lorraine of the French Line tied up to one of the docks. We debarked about two and marched to Camp No.1 - British 6 six miles from town and up hill all the way.
The men have a marching song which goes as follows:

Twenty five miles away
Twenty five miles away
You walk a mile and rest awhile and you're
Twenty six miles away.

Twenty six miles away, etc. etc.

It has this advantage that it can be continued indefinitely. The camp was quite uncomfortable, wet and cold. We were assigned tents and got three blankets each, but couldn't sleep much: a number managed to get out of camp and went into town.

March 19th.
Left camp about nine and marched back to Havre to the train. The 139th and ourselves are going to Tours. The other squadrons remain in the North so said good-bye to Lockridge, Everett and the rest. The men travel in box cars, are pretty uncomfortable, and the marking on the cars Hommes 40, Chevaux 8, or 40 men, 8 horses seems to be a standard and time enduring war joke. The officers have third class carriages which are not bad in the day time, but impossible to sleep in. We stopped on the outskirts of Rouen in the afternoon and several officers got left behind. The C. O. who was in a towering bad humor exhausted his vocabulary: Elliott was to be deposed from Flight Commander and Grant put in his place. He was then informed that Grant was left behind too and to our surprise managed to think of some more things to say. Fortunately they managed to get an express and caught up to us in the evening.

March 20th.
Passed a very uncomfortable night during most of which we lay up at Chartres and arrived at Tours about 3:30 P.M. No one was expecting us but after some delay we were sent to Beaumont Barracks on the edge of town and everyone, men and officers, comfortably quartered with barrack bags, luggage and all. It seemed like heaven after the last few days.

March 21st.
There is as little as ever to do here, so spent the afternoon walking around town and in particular in the cathedral which is wonderful and has the most gorgeous stained glass I have ever seen. Doc Arnold and I went together and afterward dined in town. Tours is a very handsome City but terribly full of Americans, being headquarters of the S.O.S. and also 2nd A.I.C. This morning in the American Sales Commissary, a French Officer said to me "they are shelling Paris to pieces" but he was called away before I could question him.
March 22nd. Five new flying officers have joined the squadron all of whom were at Fort Worth. They are Lieuts. Clark, Roberts, Kingsland, Bryan and Marquard. Paris is really being shelled by a long range gun and considerable damage has been done. No one understands how it can be but the fact is established and the Huns have started a terrific drive on the British front.

March 25th. Spent the morning at Barracks 66 on business and the evening around town with the Doc., Elliott, Schmitt and Norton. Yesterday went to the flying field with Gordon Moy and Jack Kennedy. It is for preliminary instruction only. There are a number of Russian Officers in town who are or were with the Russian troops brought to France some time ago. Major Hartney says the successes of the Huns in the North are most serious and that Amiens cannot hold out. If it falls the French and English armies will be separated.

March 27th. Went to Headquarters to-day to get our transportation as the 139th and ourselves are going on Friday to Issoudun which is the 3rd A. I. C. and not very far from here: the pilots will get their final training there. Saw Robertson, Lawrence and several other officers of the 147th which has just arrived here under Major Bonnell. In the evening went to the Alhambra, a Music Hall, with Ralph Schmitt, where we listened to a lot of French songs we didn't understand. Jim Pierce talks of leaving the squadron and exchanging jobs with a chap named Dupuy who is in one of the offices here. Amiens still holds out but is expected to fall and arrangements are even said to have been made to evacuate Tours if need be.

March 29th. Left Tours this morning. Although a short trip we did not reach the camp, which is about ten miles from Issoudun until 10 P.M. being laid up at Vierzon several hours in the afternoon. There Prinz distinguished himself by throwing an egg at some one alongside the train and hitting a Captain of engineers with it.

March 31st. Sunday. Went to Church at the Y.M.C.A. and afterwards took a walk with Bugs Raymond, Miller and Prinz. It is hard to get far here as the M.P.'s turn everyone back: in fact the camp is more like a prison camp than any I've ever been in. Yesterday helped Leo Powers organize the officers mess: he has been president of it for two months but thus far has had nothing to do. The papers to-day say that the Hun drive in the North has been stopped.

April 2nd. Walked out to Field with Leo Powers where most of our pilots are now and later spent some time censoring the men's mail. It seems very queer at first to be reading other peoples letters but the novelty soon passes and it becomes extremely tiresome.

April 4th. Have been officer of the day for the passed twenty four hours until 5 P.M. to-day; no pleasing task here as one can hardly walk down the street without a threat of court martial. It takes about two hours to make the rounds so I was up practically all night and
thoroughly wet all the time. Sitting in our mess kitchen drinking coffee after the last round seemed like paradise. Prinz, Bugs Raymond, Moy and Ordway participated in a Minstrel Show at the Y in the evening.

April 5th.

The 148th squadron which is with the British is said to have been almost wiped out in a bomb raid. Several of the pilots have progressed as far as field 4; Walked out there with Malcolm Gunn this afternoon. While we were there a Frenchman landed in a Caudron and turned over on his back. As soon as he got out of his plane he pulled a mirror from his pocket, surveyed the damage to his face and seemed much relieved that his beauty was intact. In the evening went with Red Miller to a lecture by Major Hartney, on "Flying at the Front", which was well attended and enthusiastically received. No one has a good word for this camp; there is a most elaborate schedule of punishments for the slightest offences, especially for the pilots. Major Hartney got orders in Tours that our pilots and the 139th's are to be rushed through and that has seemed to make the post here pretty sore. Also the two squadrons are to be kept intact and not broken up and re-formed as they like to do here.

April 6th.

Anniversary of our declaration of war. This afternoon Buck Seward of the 139th was killed in a crash. Everyone feels pretty badly about it as he was one of the best liked officers, not only in his own squadron but in the 27th as well. In the evening the ever popular Elsie Janis gave her show (twice) at the Y. Prinz butted into with his dance and made his usual hit not only with the men but with her. About midnight we were awakened by a lot of noise and shots by the guard and when we went out found the barracks about three down the line from us was on fire. We rushed there with fire extinguishers but found it under control; the building was about half destroyed. Several hours later Jim called me as there was a noise like a fire engine in the room. We got up and found that one of the extinguishers having been shaken up had gone off by itself hissing violently and squirting liquid all over the place.

April 7th. Sunday.

Buck Seward was buried this afternoon in the Camp Cemetery which already has a row of graves. Both squadrons marched behind the band. When the bugle blew taps I think everyone felt a little choke.

April 9th.

A number of the pilots have progressed as far as field 5 which is good, as the sooner they finish the sooner we will get out of this mud hole of a prison camp. When we leave here we go to Epiez which is a little town not far from Toul and very near Domremy where Joan of Arc was born. The men since yesterday have been assembling planes, partly for practise and partly to show they can do it better than the post squadrons. Yesterday, Kruger, one of the clerks was reported for talking to a Hun prisoner. No one can imagine Kruger knowing anything important enough to interest the enemy but H. Q. demanded an investigation and Jim Pierce had the time of his life trying to talk German to the prisoner and French to the French guard. Kruger was under suspicion at Garden City for telling in a letter the name of the boat he thought we were going on. He had it wrong and, although he is of German descent, is looked upon as no worse than an indiscreet damn fool. Went to the movies at the A. R. C. in the evening with Malcolm Gunn.
April 12th. On Wednesday, Major Hartney, started to go up in the Moran parasol they have here. A large crowd came out to see it and to his chagrin he turned over before getting off the ground. Yesterday, Leo Powers and I went to Issoudun, which is a good sized and fairly interesting old town. The officers of the 147th are here and to-day Major Bonnell came down from Tours with a Major Page to look things over. He stayed all night. Between him, his dog Mickey, and a heavy thunder shower that leaked through the roof all night we didn't get much sleep. Jim's transfer is to go through and he will leave next week.

April 13th. This afternoon Major Hartney, Jim, Leo Powers and I walked to a little town called Paudy. It is forbidden to go there so we spent a pleasant afternoon dodging M.P.'s and examining an old tower, about a thousand years old, all that remains of a chateau. The inside of the tower was literally covered with names, some of them with dates 200 years back. A vault underneath is still used for storing wine. The M.P.'s told us we couldn't stay for dinner but obligingly pointed out a cafe we could get into through a little notion shop so we had a very good one and stayed until nine o'clock. We hired a rig to take us back but the horse turned out to be several years older than the tower and took an hour and a half to get to camp.

April 16th. We have been told to be ready to move within 48 hours (loud cheers) and both squadrons have been ordered to transfer five pilots for Art. Ob. work: West, Kennedy, Bryan, Marquard and Houston are going from the 27th. This squadron is to fly Nieuport 28's.

April 17th. Major Hartney and Major Angstrom have flown to Tours on business of the squadron although the 139th is not going with us to Epiez. Jim Pierce got his orders to go to Tours and left this afternoon andDupuy will be here to take his place in a day or two. Everyone hated to see Jim go but he has been so unwell that perhaps it is best.

April 19th. The Major returned to-day and Dupuy also arrived. The squadron will leave about Tuesday for Epiez in charge of Dupuy, Doc Arnold and Grant; Wanamaker and Elliott will go with it. Leo Powers is to go on to-morrow with an advance party and get our light transportation at Colombey les Belles, which is the First Air Depot. The rest of the officers continue here for a time except Major Hartney, Schmitt, Norton and myself, who will go to Paris, Norton to be in charge of a detail of men at the Gnome and Nieuport factories, Schmitt to see to the heavy trucks, and I to look after plane spares, motors and supplies of all sorts. We start early in the morning.

April 20th. Left about five, Fred Norton and Leo Powers having already gone. Had a cold ride into Issoudun on a truck and on arrival at the station found Leo and his men still there and some of Fred's men who had missed the train. Leo had had a beautiful row with the French station master but fortunately neither understood what the other said. Major Hartney, Schmitt and I arrived with the transport drivers
at Romorantin in due time, changing cars at Vierzon: we had lunch
with a Captain Mills and then went on to the depot, where we got six
Kelly Springfield trucks with trailers, a machine shop truck, five
motorcycles, four of them with side cars and a Packard Touring Car.
The 147th is going to Epiez with us and Andrews one of their officers
was there to get their transportation, which is the same as ours.
About three o'clock Schmitt left with the trucks in convoy for Orly
near Paris, Andrews left for Paris to meet Major Bonnell and Major
Hartney and I returned in the Packard to Issoudun. When we got there
we learned that Marquard had been killed this morning at field 4, his
orders transferring him to an Art. Ob. squadron had been delayed at
Post H.Q.; had they not been he would now have been on his way to his
new squadron.
After supper, final arrangements were made for the squadron's move next
week and the Major and I left again and got as far as Vierzon where we
spent the night.

April 21st. Sunday. Left early on the way to Paris watching for Schmitt
and the convoy on the way and stopping at Orleans for lunch where we
saw the cathedral. At Arpajon decided we must have passed the convoy
and decided to stay there for the night. We got rooms with difficulty
as the town is terribly crowded with people who have left Paris on
account of the long range gun, a most strange and motley crowd of French
and Belgians and English. The people here have evidently seen few
Americans for we aroused a good deal of curiosity principally in small
boys who followed us in the street saying "Americans, Bosch Caput".

April 22nd. Retraced our route and finally met the convoy near
Etappes. I took the convoy and Schmitt went on with the Major to Paris.
In about three hours we met them coming back. Andrews was to meet the
convoy and take it to Orly where the trucks and men will put up, coming
into Paris to the various depots for supplies when needed. We went on
to Paris and Schmitt and I got a room at the Hotel de Crillon, where
Andrews and the two Majors are also stopping. Met the Art. Ob. crowd,
West, Houston and the others who are on the way to their new squadron
(the 12th). In the evening Schmitt and I went to the Am. University
Union and I saw Clare Kendall who is in charge of the Yale Branch and
got all the news from New Haven. The streets here are so dark at night
that it is hard to find one's way around, the few street lamps there are
have blue shades on them which gives everything a strange faint blue
tinge. One of the captive balloons which support the wires that are
one of the defences against air raids is on the Place de la Concorde
in front of our hotel so we got a good look at it.

April 25th. Have been very busy every day, mostly chasing
around in a side car with Andrews or Schmitt to various depots including
Orly, Clichy and Nanterre. In the evening we can do nothing so have
time for dinner, and a show if not too tired. Have had a sore eye and
went to Dr. Blake's hospital where they said it was a sty and are treat-
ing it. Yesterday at 45 Ave. Montague I met Banks of the 17th, which
is up with the British. They had an awful time during the recent re-
treats and are having great difficulty in getting clothes for the men.
He is here about that now. He says the talk about the 148th's being
wiped out is an exaggeration as they lost nine men only.
Yesterday, Mickey, Major Bonnell's dog started to eat up the hotel and he had about finished the Major's room when they found him. The hotel assessed the damage at 300 francs which the Major paid, but he left in wrath taking Major Hartney with him. They went to the Am. Officers Club: Schmitt, Andrews and I decided to remain at the Crillon. The weather has been too cloudy for air raids. Tuesday night the alarm was given and the defence barrages on the outskirts of town made a good deal of noise but the Hun planes did not get over the City. The long range gun is firing, but the town is so big that one seldom hears it.

April 23th. Sunday.

Today being Sunday, we could do no work and Schmitt and I spent the day sight-seeing. Went to the Invalides to see the captured Hun planes and Guynemers Spad and to the Pantheon and the Sacre Coeur. Our side car caused much excitement on Montmartre. We expected to be ready to leave by now but will be here several days more.

May 1st.

Very busy every day: have been to Issy, Chalais-Meudon and countless other places. Today I met Lester Barton, who was in my class in College. He is a Lieutenant of Artillery. We are gradually getting the trucks loaded with the spares, tools, etc. and hope to get away in a day or two. Major Bonnell has another Officer here, whom he picked up in Tours and had attached to the 147th. Tracy Walker. He is a talkative youth but has been quite a help.

May 2nd.

Most of the rest of our pilots have arrived in town on the way to Epiez. Pat. Ingersoll was killed last Friday. Our toll at Issoudun was heavy. The Major has heard from Dupuy and the squadron is now at Epiez and O.K.

May 4th.

Yesterday saw one of the long range shell holes in the Luxembourgh Gardens. The shell had hit one of the fountains but did little damage. Today went to the Gnome factory for the last of our spares and now all is ready for a start to-morrow. Norton leaves with his men by train in the morning and Schmitt leaves with the Convoy for Orly; Jerry Vasconcells is going with him. Saw General Pershing this afternoon in front of the Air Service Garage.

May 5th. Sunday.

Left Paris about 11 o'clock with Major Hartney, Sgt. Eccleston driving, all sitting on the front seat and joining in democratic close harmony. We had lunch at Keaux which was about the nearest the Huns came to Paris in 1914, and went on through La Ferté sous Jouarre, Montmirail, Sezanne, Père Champenoise, Sommesous and Vitry le Français to St. Dizier, where we stopped for the night. The road ran along the Marne River and was in most cases the furthest line of battle in 1914. Many of the towns were battle scarred but not ruined and there were many scattered soldiers graves and in some places whole cemeteries. Passed countless French troops and Artillery along the way. We followed the maps very carefully, although we were far from the front, as the Major had Col. Bolling's fate in mind.
May 6th.

Left St. Dizier early and got to the Airdrome at Epiez at about eleven, via Joinville and Gondrecourt. Found all well and quite a lot of mail waiting. The camp is mostly in the woods and very muddy. The paths have duck boards on them but they are so slippery that everyone falls down quite often. Everything including the hangars is carefully camouflaged in the woods that run right up to the edge of the Airdrome. Fred Norton is here and has a French bull pup that he calls Jerry and which is the most entertaining young dog one could imagine. The three flight commanders are to be Grant, Norton and Wanamaker for A.B. & C. flights and I am to have the empty honor of commander of H. Q. flight.

May 7th.

This afternoon went to Colombey les Belles with Andrews to stay a day or two and look over the First Air Depot. Andrews found his old squadron that he was with at Kelly Field was there so went to spend the night with them. I met Major Page at the mess and Mehorney who was at Issoudun. During the night we had a violent thunder shower and as the casual officers barracks leaked, spent most of the night moving my bed around, to keep dry.

May 9th.

Returned to Epiez yesterday afternoon and found that a man in the 147th had been struck by lightning during the storm, last night and killed. To-day Schmitt and Vasconcells arrived with the trucks so that now with the five Fiat trucks and the Fiat Touring Car, we have a good amount of transportation, though from what Capt. Mills said at Romorantin it is a question if we ever get any spares for it. The distances in this camp are greater than appears at first and one can walk a mile or more from one point to another before realizing it. Fortunately there is a narrow gauge Railroad that runs from the road along the line of hangars and we got the stuff from the trucks to the hangars by means of it. There are nightly arguments between Doc. Arnold and almost every one else about pulling down the camouflage on the windows of our quarters, the Doc. maintaining it is there to be used. In spite of our distance from the lines, we can hear the heavy artillery very plainly every night.

May 11th.

Yesterday went to Colombey les Belles, on business with Norton and Schmitt. During the day three of our Nieuport 28's arrived in the hands of ferry pilots and a British night bombing plane, camouflaged black, landed on the field. This morning Powers, Jack Hoover and I went to Demange about ammunition and after lunch there was a meeting of officers about the mess and Jack Hoover and Kenneth Clapp were elected to run it jointly. There is already quite a collection of rabbits about the mess hall and to them has been added two goslings that Bill Plyler swam the Meuse River to get. In the evening the officers of the 27th and 147th had a barbecue in the woods back of the airdrome with quite a few English Officers as guests.

May 12th. Sunday.

Went to Neufchateau with Schmitt and had a good bath at the Lafayette Club, which is a very nice club and run for the officers of all armies. On the way down we stopped in Domremy and saw the church where Joan of Arc worshipped and next door the house where she was born, which is now a museum.
May 14th.

Yesterday one of the new planes caught fire in the air while Grant was flying. He managed to get down unhurt and the fire was put out but he was pretty nervous and as trucks were going to Jonchery and Issurtille for ammunition the Major sent him along for a change. Prinz, Ordway, Martin and Roberts have arrived and they are about the last of the pilots as Kingsland and Gordon Moy can’t get away from Issoudun and will probably eventually go to other squadrons.

May 15th.

Martin crashed to-day, unnecessarily the Major thinks and has been put on the ground as punishment. This evening Bob Houston came over with Lockhart who used to be with the 139th, they are both now with the 12th and have been flying over the lines some days.

May 17th.

Yesterday, Norton, Dick Martin and I were appointed a board to examine N. C. O's. for the purpose of making two or perhaps three K. S. E's, and several Sergeants First Class. The exam. was written and was held in the mess shack this evening. Grant is back from Jonchery and is much better.

May 18th. Saturday.

This afternoon, Schmitt, Jason Hunt and I started to Neufchateau in one of the Fiat trucks; at Epiez picking up some French soldiers who wanted to go along. They were quite animated and at Domrey I thought they were going to sing the Marseillaise. Our driver stopped in one town to get some water and fell in the river and it was hard not to wish the Frenchmen had got in too as I think they had never had a bath. Ralph, Jason and I took turns sitting on the front seat where the air was fresh. We had a good bath and got back in time for the barbecue which bids fair to become a regular Saturday night institution.

May 20th.

Spent most of the morning drawing up movement orders as we will not be here much longer. In order to prevent utter confusion in a sudden move it is necessary to have every thing arranged in detail as to just what articles and men each truck is to take. We do not know where we will go but very possibly to Toul, to join the First Pursuit Group which is now composed of the 94th and 95th Squadrons, the 95th having gone from here to Toul the first of May. Major Lufbury who was attached to the 94th was killed near Toul yesterday.

May 21st.

Flight Commanders meeting this morning with its usual series of wrangles. In the afternoon Dick Martin and I went to the pond in a little valley in the woods below the airdrome and tried to delude ourselves into thinking we enjoyed taking a swim. The water was very cold and very dirty. There is an odd little chapel and an out-door shrine in the valley, with all manner of terraces and shrines, which seems strange as it is not near any village. Planes which are said to be Huns have flown over us several mornings although they usually are almost too high to see. Last week we saw what was evidently a battle above the airdrome but almost out of sight. Several of the pilots have been up mornings to try and catch the Hun, if it is one, but met nothing. This evening a band came over from Gondrecourt and gave a concert on the airdrome.
May 23rd.
Went to the pond again for a swim with Dupuy and Malcolm Gunn, and got caught in such a heavy thunder shower that we got back to camp drenched. When we got there we found Major Rice there for dinner. He professes to have had thrilling adventures with the English and to have been gassed and shell shocked and says he is now on leave to recover. No one believes a word of it however, and the truth seems to be that he was relieved of his command by request of the English and is now on his way to Tours to report. Flying has been stopped until some changes can be made in the gas leads of the Nieuports as the danger of their getting afire in the air was too great.

May 25th. Saturday.
Two Y. M. C. A. entertainers gave a concert here this evening. Miss Kearns, who sang and Miss Seiler, who played the harp. The stage was a flat trailer rigged up in front of one of the hangars. They had dinner with us first and the mess shack had been decorated and a special dinner prepared; rather over-coming them I think as this was their first concert and first experience with troops.

May 27th.
Yesterday several R. F. C. officers came to dinner and also Major Rice who appears to be wandering around the country rather aimlessly and who returned Saturday night late and slept in one of the hangars. To-day went to Nancy with Jack Hoover, the Adj., Doc. Arnold and Leo Powers and enjoyed thoroughly being away from camp for a day. Nancy, although one of the most bombed towns in France, is thriving and has good stores and restaurants. It is a handsome city but the district around the railroad station is almost destroyed. We met Bob Houston and returned at night via Toul where Hoover wanted to steal a white Russian wolfhound he saw in a cafe. To-morrow there is to be another barbecue, probably the last and ladies are to be present in the persons of nurses from Neufchateau. A number of the 139th officers have been here on their way to Vaucouleurs where the 139th is going.

May 29th.
The Huns two days ago started terrific drives against both the English and French and gained all along the line and have taken the Chemin des Dames. We are trying to reconcile ourselves to several years of war. Will probably move soon, but meanwhile enjoy this camp to the full. The warm dry weather of the past two weeks has dried up the mud and the woods are beautiful. We can sit out of doors all the evening as it is light until ten o'clock. It is probably the last we will have of this sort of thing. Gondrecourt sends over almost nightly alarms of air raids but so far we have been unmolested and it is getting to be rather a joke. Went to Colombey with Schmitt on business and on the way back stopped at Vaucouleurs to see the 139th.

May 30th.
To-day being Decoration Day, a holiday was decreed and practically all the men allowed off to Neufchateau and Vaucouleurs in trucks on liberty parties. In the afternoon we got word to report to Headquarters and when we got there were told we must leave at once for Toul to join the First Pursuit. All the elaborate moving orders were knocked in the head by the holiday but in a couple of hours we managed to get some of the men and trucks back and borrowed some of the 139th's transportation. Dupuy left with Major Bonnell to go ahead and make arrangements. By six we got a few trucks off with orders to unload
and return at once and although the loading was more or less haphazard we began to see our way clear. At seven, Major Bonnell and Dupuy returned and Dupuy told me the Major had told Major Atkinson, who commands the First Pursuit, that the 27th and 147th would come but not as members of the group; he is anxious to have these two squadrons form the nucleus of the Second Pursuit Group and get in command of it himself. Major Atkinson replied that we would come to Toul as part of the First Pursuit or would not come at all and they proceeded to Colombey where Bonnell evidently had a stormy interview with some one in high authority there. Whether as a result of this or not, at eight o'clock we received orders not to go to Toul and Schmitt set off in a side car to recall the trucks that had already gone. We unloaded what was necessary leaving some of the material on the trucks as everyone was thoroughly tired and disgusted and went to quarters to go to bed. We had been there about five minutes when the fire signal brought us out again and reaching the edge of the woods where we could see the airdrome, we saw one of the hangars ablaze, and what looked like a bon-fire out in front of it. The hangar turned out to be "B" flights and the bon-fire Schmitt's plane which had caught while they were filling it and set fire to the hangar before it could be got out. We managed to get the other planes and the tools and spares out as fortunately the hangar burned slowly. The men did wonderful work, climbing to the top of the hangar and cutting the canvas in the middle, eventually stopping the spread of the flames. About half the hangar was destroyed and the plane was a complete wash-out, but by one o'clock everything was quiet once more and we got to bed. Both squadrons got new armament officers to-day, ours being Lieut. Cosgrove, who arrived in the afternoon and worked until ten aligning the guns. Just after Miller's guns were finished he taxied into the front of the hangar, wound his prop up in a rope and pretty well damaged his machine; Miller is now Flight Commander of C flight, replacing Wanamaker.

May 31st.

First thing in the morning was appointed on a board with Andrews of the 147th and Dupuy to investigate last night's fire. While we were meeting about 9:30 orders came to leave at once for Toul and we had to start in all over again packing and getting away. Most of the planes got away in the morning and by noon some of the trucks. I went about four with the last trucks leaving Clapp and Clark with a detail of men to get two planes finished, police up and collect odds and ends that may be left. Got to the Airdrome at Toul about seven and fairly well settled. The quarters here are very comfortable. I share a large room with Dupuy, Powers and Cosgrove, and there are three other rooms, one each for A. E. and C. flights. The mens quarters are good. Major Hartney has Lufbury's old quarters and Doc Arnold Capt. Hall's who is now a prisoner in Germany. There is some talk of a Hun drive against the American front here although it hardly seems credible. At any rate we are to see active service and although this is a quiet sector we can expect losses, trouble and hard work from now on. The playtime of Epiez is over.

June 1st.

Received orders this morning that no transportation is to leave camp without permission from Group H. Q. but is to be held in readiness to go to Colombey to transport troops to the front if needed. In the afternoon returned with Dupuy to Epiez taking two trucks with us. We loaded them with lumber and other stuff and finally got
them started by seven, but found the two planes not yet ready. We returned to Vaucouleurs about eight and persuaded an innkeeper to give us some supper. Clark and Kenneth Clapp and Mr. Barrington, the Y Secretary, came with us, Clark and Clapp returned to Epiez and Mr. Barrington going on with us to Toul for the night.

June 2nd. Sunday. The first patrol from the 27th went over the lines to-day and the pilots are considerably excited. The work is of two kinds. On patrols, a designated number of planes fly in formation along the lines watching to prevent Huns from crossing; on alerts, the pilots stay on the airdrome near their planes but do not go up unless warning is sent in that a Hun has been sighted. In the evening, Martin, Malcolm Gunn, Schmitt and Leo Powers and I walked to Goyndreville, near here, crossing the canal and the Moselle River. The bridge over the river is destroyed but there is a temporary one of planks and Dick Martin amused himself in running ahead and pulling the planks out from in front of us. When we got to Gondreville, they were all out of beer.

June 3rd. Curd and Piercy of the 139th came over from Vaucouleurs in the morning and stayed for lunch. Piercy had an epileptic fit in a plane at Issoudun and has been taken off flying: he is to be their informations officer. In the afternoon a Hun plane was brought into camp on a truck and when we went out to see it we found General Foulois and various other dignitaries on the spot. Walked to Toul in the evening with Doc. Arnold and Ordway. The Huns have advanced a great deal more against the French in the center of the line and are evidently making a drive for Paris again. They almost threaten the road we took from Paris to Epiez last month.

June 4th. We had adopted as our insignia an eagle in flight just lighting on its prey but cannot put it on the planes until after the first official Hun. The 94th have Uncle Sam's Hat "in the ring" as their insignia and the 95th, a donkey just about to kick: the 95th has also a miniature donkey as a squadron mascot. We are quartered with the 94th; Rickenbacker, the racing driver who is with them is now the leading American Ace. Walked to Toul in the evening with Ralph and we inspected the cathedral. Lawrence of the 147th crashed near Neufchateau this afternoon and was killed.

June 6th. Last night walked up the road north of camp to see the trenches and barbed wire entanglements which stretch from here all the way to the front. Several of us went to Toul this afternoon to get braid sewed on our caps as the post had gotten an order that it must be done by Saturday. We had dinner and came back in the evening meeting on the way an infantry officer who was starting to walk up to the lines. He had been to the hospital to see friends, as over two-thirds of his company had been gassed a few days ago and having no transportation had to walk. We took him to Camp and sent him up in a side car. Prinz, Clark and Freddie Ordway have been transferred to the 94th as they are short of officers. There is news to-night that subs. have been sinking ships off the New Jersey coast and also that U.S. Marines have been thrown into the fighting near Chateau Thierry and have pushed back the Huns in some places.
June 7th.  
Two alerts this morning for Huns over the air-
drome but no results. Was much surprised at lunch to-
day to find Lester Barton who was in my class at college, at the table. He was on his way
to the artillery school at Gondrecourt, had stopped at the air
drome to see the planes and been invited to lunch by Jerry Vasconcells. In the
afternoon Major Hartney, Schmitt, Dick Martin, Roberts, Bill Plyler
and myself started to go to the front lines. We went first to the top
of one of the hills nearby and saw the fortifications and then went on
to Rau le Court. We got a good view of Mont Sec. which is inside the
Hun lines in the St. Mihiel salient and which it cost the British forty
thousand lives to hold for thirty minutes. Pershing is said to have
declared that he would pay fifty thousand to take and hold it. We
could see some artillery action and much archieing of airplanes but
could not get as close as we wanted.

June 8th. Saturday.  
Ralph and I decided to-day for another try at the
lines so set off after lunch in a side car. We went straight north
and, when we got just south of a town called Flirey, hid the side car
alongside the road and went forward on foot. We were in front of our
own artillery which was quite active, the shells going over our heads
continuously. They make a most strange screaming or whimpering noise
and seemed to take so long to go over that you had the feeling that if
you looked up you could see them. There were new shell holes all along
the road, broken trees and shell fragments everywhere but no Hun shells
landed in the vicinity while we were there. Flirey is almost on the
lines and as it has been shelled continually ever since the begin-
ing of the war is a mass of ruins over grown with grass. It is sheltered
from view of the Hun trenches by a little hill and we wandered around
about an hour looking at the town and the demolished bridge where the
railroad from Thiaucourt to Toul crosses the road. We finally climbed
the hill which is little more than a bank and peeked over the top and
could see our shells falling inside the Hun lines. As we started back
two infantry men came up and asked for passes and when we said we had
none told us to report to H. Q. down the road, which was near where
we had left the side car. The officers there seemed quite suspicious
at first and said we had no business in Flirey without a pass but we
finally convinced them we were not spies and they ended by suggesting
a guide to show us around. We decided to do so, but after fooling
around in Bernecourt until we had the pass, it was so late we decided
to go home, so went on into Toul where we met Bob Hill, Gunn and Bugs
Raymond and all had dinner.

June 12th.  
To-day is Wednesday. Last Sunday I had a letter
from Jim Pierce, who is not well, and is at a sort of rest hospital at
Fauche near Neufchateau and yesterday a party went down to see him.
This evening Schmitt, the Adj., McElvain, Gunn, Bill Cosgrove and my-
self went over to Ocher and saw the British Handley-Page bombing squadron.
The planes are so big that they seem almost incredible when you are used
to looking at Nieuports and we were very anxious to see them take off
but the weather was too misty. The British officers were most hospitable
and took us up to their mess which was wonderfully attractive and plied
us with drinks. They, (the quarters not the drinks) are hidden in the
woods as their former quarters which were exposed were bombed so often
that they had to move. Francis Simmonds, who was with us in Texas has
joined the Group and is with the 147th.
June 13th. One of our patrols had a fight to-day - the first, and are sure they got at least one Hun. Bill Plyler has not returned and Elliott was also thought missing for awhile but finally turned out to be at Flin nearby. Plyler was last seen in a spin but the others seem to think there is good reason to think he was not killed. Doc. Arnold is leaving us, having been ordered to an airdrome near Autreville, south of Colombey. Doc. has been with the squadron since last August and every one is heartily sorry to see him go. The French and British report that the Hun drive has practically been brought to a stop.

June 14th. This morning we received some general moving orders and notice that we would move soon but no word as to where except that it will be further West. No news has been received of Bill Plyler and he has been reported as missing. In the evening Red Miller and I walked down to the river, the Moselle, and went swimming finding the water quite warm and pleasant. Several went to Nancy for dinner and got caught in a lively bomb raid. Curd of the 139th was here to-day.

June 15th. To-day we got confirmation of the squadron's first Hun and can now have the insignia painted on the planes. Briggs came over for lunch: he is not with the 139th any more, being unable to get along with Major Angstrom, and is stationed at Colombey. In the afternoon a large party of us went to Nancy to dinner taking Briggs with us and on the way we met Elliott and Schmitt on the way back from Flin with Elliott's machine. At Nancy we met Jack Kennedy with a party from the 12th.

June 16th. Sunday. We were awakened this morning at four A.M. and told that the Huns had started a push just North of us and large patrols were sent up during the morning. In the afternoon there was formation practise and McElvain in taking off lost a wheel and had a terrific smash-up but fortunately was unhurt but for a bunged-up face. By evening the news seemed to indicate that the so-called drive had not amounted to much. Went to Colombey in the side car on business in the afternoon.

June 17th. Leo Powers left the squadron to-day. He has a job of some sort on Gen. Foulois' staff. This afternoon, Kenneth Clapp, Elliott, McElvain and I started out to try and locate some of the mail that we haven't been getting lately. We stopped at Autreville to see Doc. Arnold and then went on to Neufchateau and Fauche where we saw Jim Pierce and then returned via Gondrecourt and Vaucouleurs, getting mail at both of the last towns. We had supper at Vaucouleurs at the same inn where some of us stopped once before. You have to argue some time there to get any food but when you do get it, it is good. Vaucouleurs is one of the towns celebrated in the life of Joan of Arc. We saw a lot of Russians around Gondrecourt, some of the ones sent over here a year or two ago.
June 21st.
Went for a walk this evening with Dick Martin, and we chanced on the military cemetery where Lufbury is buried. His grave was very noticeable as it was literally covered with the metal artificial flowers the French affect so much. Last evening several of us started to walk and met Savage of the Group riding in a new small Ford truck, Dick Martin, Red Miller, Bill Cosgrove and I got in and once he’d started, Savage refused to stop and we went clear to Dieulouard near Pont-a-Mousson and from there to Nancy and home, a huge triangle. Dieulouard and the towns between there and Nancy are pretty well ruined, although people are still living in them. There is to be a big dance and the quarters we share with the 94th are turned inside out and decorated quite elaborately.

June 22nd.
This afternoon movies were taken of all the officers of each squadron in a group and each pilot credited with victories had to step in front of the camera, stand a minute and then salute; everyone of them grinned foolishly while doing it. Miller, Schmitt, Roberts and I decided to be late at the dance so we went to Nancy for dinner where we had the best meal we’d tasted in months, at the Cafe Stanislas or Cafe Walter as it is variously called. We got back about nine o’clock. The party was in full swing and a howling success; many nurses from various hospitals, a number of R. F. C. officers, all quite drunk, and drunkest of all a French officer, who wandered around half in his own uniform and half in American. The party lasted late and after the girls had gone Prinz ended with a jazz dance on the table in girls clothes.

June 24th.
Bugs Raymond got a Hun to-day, which makes three for the squadron. Piercy came over from the 139th and stayed for the night and after he told us of their party last evening we were glad we hadn’t gone. The country all around here is literally full of poppies, which are really beautiful and make some fields look a solid red. Some one in B flight picked a huge bunch and put them on the table in B flights room, but they gave Schmitty a terrific dose of hay fever and he threw them out the window.

June 25th.
This evening we received definite moving orders. We are to go to an airdrome near a town called Touquin which is on the Marne front over a hundred miles west of there. I go with the advance party to-morrow, the squadrons leave the next morning and the pilots fly over on the 27th. We made final arrangements for an early start and went over to the airdrome right after supper. When we got there we found Taylor of the 94th had just had a crash near our hangar, breaking both his legs and smashing the plane into kindling wood. About half an hour later an earl came in and Major Hartney, Mac Arthur, Rucker and Daddie Hill went up after the Hun. Some time after the Major and MacArthur got back, the Major much excited; they had brought down two Huns. Rucker and Hill were missing and the Major was afraid Hill had been killed. About an hour later word came in that an American plane had landed and crashed just inside the American lines at Atton near Pont a Mousson and the Major decided to motor up and asked Schmitty, the Adj. and myself to go. Before we started we got word that Rucker had landed and crashed at Menil la Tour but was all right. We started about nine but had to go very slowly as the road, particularly after passing Dieulouard, was very bad and we could not switch the lights on even for an instant. The road was camouflaged for the
last five miles but we finally reached Atton, having passed a Ford about a mile back. At Atton we found some French officers who told us that the pilot was Hill, that he was all right and he had just left; in fact he had been in the Ford we passed. They came out in the road and pointed out his plane about a quarter of a mile away in a field but only distinguishable as a white blur. We had gone about three miles on the way back when we met the Ford and took Hill into the car and back home. He was unhurt but had had a very narrow escape as his motor had been hit and had almost stopped. Had he been a half mile further north he could not have got back over the lines.

June 26th.

Got up at four and after some delay we got away about six. Beside one truck and enlisted men from each squadron the party consisted of Capt. Rankin, Barnhouse from the 94th, Montague 95th, Shawhan 147th, and myself from the 27th. We had a Fiat and a side car. We took turns riding in the side car, and while I was in it we had a blowout near St. Dizier. I said we would catch up to the convoy, but soon after starting again we ran out of gas and lost about an hour getting more. We finally went on through Thieblemont and Vauclerco, but by the time we got to St. Dizier decided we must have passed the convoy. We waited in St. Dizier for two hours, the town being very full of English but as they hadn't come, decided to go on but felt somewhat worried as the only map we had didn't show the country west of Sezanne. We got to Sezanne about three very hungry, having no lunch and while I was trying to get a map the convoy came along. They had taken another road through St. Dizier. We got to Touquin about five and after some supper which we ate with the men on the ground in a small one-plane hangar, where innumerable moles bored holes in the ground and came up about a foot from one's face.

June 27th.

The new field, which is a very poor one and half covered with standing wheat, is almost a square and has a small town near each corner, Touquin being the largest of them. Major Atkinson arrived in the morning and allotted the hangars, each squadron having two large ones and several small ones. Some of the advance trucks of the squadrons started to come in in the afternoon and Andrews of the 147th arrived in their Fiat with Abernathy, Porter and Harmon. We went to try and get a swim in a stream nearby but could find no place and Andrews stalled the car in the middle of the creek. Had dinner in Touquin at a little cafe with Montague, Barnhouse and Shawhan and met Major Atkinson and Capt. Roosevelt there. Slept in the hangar again with Capt. Rankin, feeling rather lonely with none of the 27th around.

June 28th.

We all spent the morning looking for some of the planes to arrive but although a good many got in, rather stragglingly, none of the 27th had come by noon. About 1:30 Mac Arthur landed by himself and said he thought the main formation had gone astray and he had left them. The rest came in during the afternoon, all except Jason Hunt and Jerry Vasconcells, and we have no news of them. Went to town for dinner with Jack Hoover, Red Miller and Clapp and during the evening the Major got in with Ordway, Malcolm Gunn and Martin in the Packard. Back to the hangar to sleep and from what was said to-day we may be quartered in hangars indefinitely. They had a lively bomb raid at Toul last night and Gunn's is a very funny account of it.
June 29th.

The main truck train got in about 11:30 this morning with Schmitty, and the Adj. and Bill Cosgrove in the Fiat. I had the job of billeting the troops at Rigny, one of the towns near the airfield. They are mostly in stables and lofts, and the French owners of the houses always try to get more men than their house will hold as they get paid per man. Some thought the best way to get what they wanted was to offer you cognac. The arrangement is not very satisfactory as the men are scattered through the whole town and are hard to keep track of. We are to have the Chateau de la Fortelle, which is said to be very fine. Grant went to Orly to ferry down a new plane but had a forced landing near a town called Gretz. The Major, Mac Arthur, Miller and I went after him and stopped at Tournan for something to eat, getting back about eight. That was the first I had seen of the Chateau which is really wonderful both inside and out, with large grounds and a lake. Bugs Raymond got in this afternoon with the rear party in the last Fiat truck. The Major had pulled him out of his plane just as he was about to start for having no map, had put him on the ground for two weeks and made him come over with the rear guard. Everything is in now except the machine shop, which has always given trouble on a move and which broke down completely just outside of Void not far from Toul. We shall have to send heavy trucks and haul it the rest of the way.

June 30th. Sunday.

Hunt and Vasconcells got us by telephone this morning. Both got lost and are far south of here. Later on the very good news came that the Huns had dropped a note over the lines at Toul to say that Bill Plyler is a prisoner and unhurt. A new officer arrived just to-day to replace Bill. His name is Lawrence Polk. The Chateau is wonderful: the Adj. and I have adjoining rooms and everything is so handsome that we shall all be spoiled. This afternoon before dinner Freddie Ordway and I had a swim in the lake which is more picturesque than clean. And so ends another month. The Toul front turned out to be quiet but evidently there is going to be something doing here and everyone seems to think that the Huns are expected to try to push through here to get Paris.

July 1st.

The first patrols on this front went over the lines to-day. In the afternoon, Bugs Raymond, Ordway and I went to La Ferté sous Jouarre on business. It is the most crowded town as to soldiers I've seen and the traffic rivals some corners in New York; this is largely because the town is built on both sides of the Marne and the bridge across it is almost destroyed by shells, so that vehicles can move only one way at a time. On the way up General Mitchell stopped us and as Freddie was driving the truck he was frightened, but all that was wanted was some gas. After the last patrol to-night a number of us went to Rozroy, where we met a number of pilots from a French squadron near here. Elliott says that the other night in the bomb raid he ran around the abri three times before he could slow up enough to go inside.

July 2nd.

The early patrol this morning went up at four and came back reporting a terrific battle. They believe they accounted for three Huns but Elliott and Wanamaker have not returned. Schmitt's plane had twenty-six bullet holes in it but he was not touched. Norton describes the battle as a dog-fight. Later we got word that an American plane had landed in No Mams Land and had been shelled to pieces by the Huns, but whether this was one of ours and if so, which one, there is
no way of telling. Everyone is pretty blue and Fred Norton is broken hearted about Cap. Elliott. We had three of the French officers of last evening to dinner at the Chateau and three ferry pilots; one of the latter being Jack Hoover’s brother in law; Penrose Stout.

July 3rd.

No news of Elliott or Wanamaker. Fred Norton dropped a note over the Hun lines to-day asking for information. A German communique which was intercepted tells that the battle yesterday was with Richtoven’s circus. The Huns acknowledge having lost two planes but claim to have got four Americans. Fred Norton’s machine guns jammed at the very beginning but he stayed in the scrap to lend the moral support of an added plane.

July 4th.

To-day the French decorated all their towns with the American Flag and made a holiday of it: more so than we. In fact it was just about the same as every day except that some French and American High Officials came to the field and had exhibition flights given for them. In the afternoon went on business to Coulomiers with Schmitt and Alexander of the 94th. Coulomiers is a town part way between here and La Ferte and quite a nice place: just south of it, we saw an airdrome which is where the 1st Observation Group is.

July 5th.

Most of the day spent moving into other hangars. Major Atkinson and Capt. Lyster came to dinner and said we would probably move to another field very shortly, which means not only leaving the Chateau but having all the trouble of another move: the machine shop truck only got in to-day. Had a swim before dinner with Polk and after dinner walked around the grounds which are very large, and found the ruins of an older chateau, said to be a thousand years old. The one we are living in is a mere parvenu having been built about 1792. Prinz and Clark of the 94th have two pet foxes; Joe and Josephine, and Prinz claims to have caught his by hand.

July 6th.

Went after confirmation of planes this afternoon with Schmitt and the Adj. We crossed the Marne at La Ferte and visited Lizy, Roscy en Multien, Crouttes, Nogent and various other towns, but although it was interesting we had little luck. The whole sector is seething with activity and it is evidently true that the whole First army is on this front. Every American one meets is very curious about the Liberty Motors and they think our Monosoupapes are Liberty’s: I suppose because they make so much noise. We stopped at a town called Rabais on the way back for supper.

July 7th. Sunday.

This morning the son-in-law of the owner of the Chateau paid us a visit: presumably to see if the wild Americans had burned it down. The owner is a M. Mirabeau, who owns a flock of silver mines somewhere. He is very old and has lost a son and two grandsons in the war. He has three other Chateaus and seldom comes here. This chateau just escaped capture in 1914 as Touquin, near the airdrome was the last town taken, in this vicinity in the drive on Paris, and was held just one day. To-morrow I am going to Paris to see what can be done about new parts for the machine shop so that we will not have to tow it if we move. Had a swim with Al. Grant and Jason Hunt. We will certainly hate to leave here.
July 8th.

Left for Paris about six o'clock. Rucker went with me and Parker of the Group and Sgt. Hessong and Sgt. Ingraham. After being chased all over the City all day long we finally got about all that was needed for the machine shop. Went to the University Union for dinner hoping to see Sam Hemingway but met Clare Mendell, who told me Sam had been married and would not be over for several weeks. We got back to the chateau about 10:30 and learned that we are to leave here in the morning. Fortunately we are not going far but to the field about ten kilos north of here where the 1st Observation group has been. The Adj. has been transferred to Gen. Mitchell's staff and has already gone but the Major is in hopes of getting him back in a few days.

July 9th.

We got started moving early and, having such a short distance to go, were all settled by afternoon. The new airdrome is small and not very good. The men are billeted at a big French Farm called the Aulnois farm, which is very near the airdrome and are better off than in Rigny and are all in one place once more. Most of the officers are in a little town called Saints, about a mile from the Airdrome, but the 95th officers are in Maupertuis, another town further west and on the main road to Coulommiers. Bill Cosgrove and I have a room over the village butcher shop that fronts on a little square that the French have re-named Place Roosevelt. The butcher stables his horses right underneath our room and it's rather strong but the house is very clean. B. and C. flights are in an old empty inn or small hotel that had evidently been deserted for some time and used as a hospital. We have our mess in a big room on the ground floor: it is terribly dirty and odorous but capable of improvement. There is an old broken music box in the mess hall that emits most horrible sounds when wound up and it was kept going all day until Jack Hoover took the key and disposed of it.

July 10th.

The Adj. returned to the squadron to-day, heartily glad to get away from Mitchell's headquarters. Our former field at Touquin is to be occupied by several British pursuit squadrons so something serious in the way of a push must be expected here to bring them so far from the British front. The 94th squadron is beginning to get some of the Spads which the Group is to fly from now on and they will stop flying for two weeks while getting used to them, which will not tend to make it easier for the other squadrons. The Second Pursuit Group is evidently not organized enough to come to this front.

July 11th.

Went to Coulommiers with a number of others and we stayed for lunch. In the evening I took a detail from H. Q. flight to salvage a Nieuport that had crashed near Lumigny, on the way from Orly. We found it on its back in a wheat field and discovered that one of the cylinders had come off in the air and wrecked the cowl ing around the engine. The pilot had not been hurt. Got back about midnight.

July 12th.

Flying was washed out to-day after lunch and most of the officers got permission to go to Fontainbleau. Schmitt and I went to Coulommiers for dinner. Lots of mail came to-day.
July 13th.

To-day General Liggett was to have inspected the Group but, as usual in such cases, did not come; no tears were shed. The 94th has already got several Spads and as they get them will turn over their old Nieuports to the other squadrons, relieving the shortage of planes. Prinz has been transferred out of the 94th and has gone to Orly and Ordway has been transferred back to us. Leo Powers is said to be the Adjutant of the 88th Squadron with the 1st Ob. Group. Everybody thinks the push will start to-morrow.

July 14th. Sunday.

A new pilot joined us to-day, Joe Dawson: he is not a stranger as he has ferried planes to us several times. The 94th turned over four Nieuports to us this morning but there was little flying as it rained almost all day. We have been ordered to be ready to leave here at very short notice, presumably in case the Huns break through. In the evening, Schmitt, Martin and I went back to our old airdrome to see the British squadrons which have just arrived and one of which is Major Hartney's old squadron. They fly F. E. 5's and Camels. Quentin Roosevelt of the 95th is missing.

July 15th.

The push started this morning and everyone was on the field by daybreak, which meant getting up at 2:30. The Group was ordered to keep as many planes in the air as possible all the time and the pilots only land to fill up with gas and oil. The Huns have crossed the Marne near Dormans and are still pushing on. We received orders to be ready to retreat at a moments notice to an airdrome near Melun and in such a case to bury the men's barrack bags and leave them. As we have a heavy truck out of commission I suggested loading it and another truck with the bags and towing the dud down near Melun and leaving it there with a detail who could repair it at leisure and return in a few days if all is well. It was decided to do it and we started about 7 P.M. We got there about 11, and parked the dud in a side road just north of Melun and after a two hour search for oil, which we finally stole from a French truck in Melun we got back at 5 o'clock.

July 16th.

The Huns are still making headway and have almost reached Epernay. The morning patrols dropped propaganda. We got five Camels to-day as there are no more Nieuports and Dawson crashed one on the airdrome, cutting his face badly. Several said they saw shells land near the airdrome and about noon a message came that the Huns had broken through north of here and that all pilots were to group at once to straff troops. A number of French people have come here from Coulommiers: they are very nervous as that town was occupied by the Huns for several days in 1914. It is now eleven at night and Malcolm Gunn has not been heard from since he went straffing at one o'clock. Bugs Raymond and Jerry Vasconcells have been missing since the 4 o'clock patrol.

July 17th.

Vasconcells got back this morning but nothing has been heard of Raymond or Gunn. The counter attacks seem to have slowed the drive down and perhaps the worst is over. To-night we had a violent thunder shower, the last two days having been very hot and sultry and as the rain prevented flying we got a chance to get a little sleep.
July 18th. Went to Coulommiers in the morning to go to the bank but found it had been closed and the money transferred to Melun. The counter attack by the French and Americans is evidently a heavy one and from rumors, has not only stopped the Huns, but pushed them back. Hunt is missing.

July 19th. The Huns are retreating across the Marne and the Americans and French have captured a great number of prisoners. It is a drive not a counter attack and they are pushing in both sides of the Marne salient. Hunt got through to us by telephone this morning. He had landed at a French Airdrome miles away in the direction of Bar le Duc. Schmitt was missing after a patrol that started about 1 P.M. and no one knew what had become of him, but about 6, we got a message from a field hospital at Vertelot that he was there and wounded, but not seriously. In the evening the Major, Dupuy, Hudson, Hill and I went up there and found Vertelot a small town northeast of RebaIs. Ralph had been shot through the leg but is in no danger and will probably be evacuated tomorrow. The scenes in the hospital were terrible and we were glad to get away.

July 20th. The Huns have retreated across the Marne and the prisoners are said to number almost fifty thousand. Went to Vertelot and saw Ralph in the afternoon, and found him about the same. MacArthur and some of the others were anxious all afternoon, to make a voluntary patrol but as Major Hartney was away the Adj. forbade them to go up as the weather was very bad. The Major got back about six and told them they could go and about seven, Mac Arthur, Fred Norton, Red Miller and Joe Dawson started out together. The wind was blowing hard and straight into Germany and the sky quite overcast and threatening. Dawson came back in a few minutes having had trouble with his motor but the others have not returned. About ten o'clock it started to rain and has stormed ever since. If anything has happened, and we fear the worst, it will be the heaviest blow the squadron has had. MacArthur and Norton are considered the squadron’s best pilots, MacArthur is already an ace and both Norton and Miller are flight commanders. The 95th heard to-day that Quentin Roosevelt was killed.

July 21st. Sunday. Huns still retreating. No news of the three missing last night. Jim Pierce and Capt. Mills, who was at Romorantin last April, came out from Paris to-day and Jim gave me news of a number of people. The 22nd squadron is at Orly. We got eleven Spads to-day, the first, and soon will have no more Nieuports: also heard that nine new pilots are coming to the squadron. No one looks forward much to so many new faces in place of the old ones who are gone, but it is just as well we are getting some fresh pilots as everyone is thoroughly tired out. When not actually on patrol it is necessary to stay on the airdrome on alerts, almost from dawn to dark, and as it is light from three A.M. until 10 P.M. everybody is in need of sleep.

July 22nd. Chateau-Thierry was taken yesterday. The Huns have lost countless prisoners and guns, and are still retreating fast. Their drive for Paris has been a disastrous failure and everyone seems to think this was their final attempt for this year, and next year they
will be unable to do anything. They will probably never get Paris now. The truck which we towed to Melun returned to-day. Heard in the morning that Ralph had been moved to an evacuation hospital at Jouy sur Morin and went there to look for him as it is not far from here: not finding him went on to Vertelot and he was not there so returned again to Jouy and he had just arrived. He is better, and although they are crowded and most of the patients are in tents, it is much pleasanter than at the first hospital. The chap in the adjoining bed happened to be an old friend of Montague of the 95th, and as he wanted to see him, I stopped in at Maupertuvis and told Montague and he is going up there to-night. They have transferred about twenty privates out of the 27th and 147th and into the other squadrons to even them up. It was done by lot, but as luck would have it we have lost almost half our transport drivers which may make it bad. Major Bonnell has been relieved of the command of the 147th and Jimmy Meissner of the 94th is to take it.

July 23rd.

Huns still in retreat. Made out new movement orders as there is a possibility we may move further north. Three of our new officers came to-day, their names are Butz, Sands and Beauchamp. Fred Ordway has been transferred out of the squadron again and is now attached to the Group.

July 24th.

Advance still goes well. The Americans took Buzancy yesterday. Went to Jouy to see Ralph in the afternoon and found him much better and expecting to leave on a hospital train some time to-day. He does not know what base hospital he will be sent to, but probably one at Limoges. The other six officers came late this afternoon, Harkins, Wehner, Hewitt, Luke, Whiton and Nevius. They seem like a good crowd, but I think the attitude of the squadron is almost resentment at seeing them in the places of the old set. Counting Schmitt, we have now lost nine, not including three transferred.

July 25th.

Hun retreat still goes on. Butz has gone to the 95th squadron in exchange for a pilot named Donaldson.

July 27th.

Yesterday morning, the Major heard that there was a fallen American plane at a town called Cutry, very close to the lines, in the vicinity of Soissons and conceived the idea that it was Miller's and decided to go there in the Packard. He asked the Adj., Rucker and me to go along and when we started Jerry (Norton) jumped in with us. We went up through Coulommiers and Meaux, which held memories of last May to the Major and myself, and on through Lizy, Varinfroy and La Ferte-Milon, the towns becoming more and more shot up as we went along, and passed an astonishing number of Italian troops. We were obliged to stop a number of times as the Packard was giving trouble, one of the rear wheels seeming to drag and each time we stopped, Jerry lost himself and had to be searched for, and after passing La Ferté-Milon, the wheels suddenly locked and we skidded about fifty feet, almost wearing through one of the tires. We worked about an hour to get the wheel off, and finally did so, with the help of some French mechanics, from a repair park in the woods, and then discovered that the bearing was broken beyond repair, so left the car with Keyes, with the French and caught a ride in to Villers-Cotterets on a French camion train. The French were
more cordial than I had ever seen them, and we attributed it to the work of the Americans in the present drive. Villers-Cotterets is a big town and not so very badly shot up but, of course, there were no civilians there and not a chance to get any food. The telephone exchange was located in a chateau built about the time of the flood with walls fourteen feet thick and after trying for two hours to get the Group on the wire, and getting in the way of about a dozen French Generals, we gave up in despair and walked back through the town. The town square was literally filled with captured Hun guns of every description: the clock tower had been almost shot away, but strangely, the clock was still going. We went to the station in the forlorn hope that there might be a train but got no encouragement, "there might be a troop train about eleven o'clock", but no one seemed to know just where it would go. We begged some supper, consisting of potato stew, from some soldiers, and about eight o'clock seeing signs of activity down the track, we walked down and climbed on a train that they said was going in the direction of Paris. No questions were asked, and at length we started. The train crawled along all night, the only incident being when it hit a British ammunition truck on a cross-road. Everyone agreed we were glad nothing went off, as the shells and explosives were scattered all over the road. We got to a suburb of Paris about three, climbed the fence and got into the waiting room of the station. There was a guard there to keep people out but he didn't speak English and as we said we didn't speak French, (which wasn't far from the truth) he let us stay and we went to sleep on the benches. We caught a train into Paris about five and got coffee and bread (all they serve for breakfast, and practically the first thing to eat in twenty-four hours), and a Frenchman, who evidently thought we looked pathetic, gave us some sugar out of his private supply, which must have been small. While eating, we missed the only train for Coulommiers, so we decided to go to a hotel and get a bath and Major called up Air Service H. Q. and got a car which took us to the airdrome in time for lunch. In Paris, we had met Kelly, one of the enlisted men, who had his arm broken last May, swinging a prop. He got back to the Airdrome before us, so now no one will believe we didn't start the whole trip in order to get to Paris. The Adj. stayed behind to try and get a new bearing for the car. During the afternoon, a telegram arrived bringing the news that Fred Norton was dead; had died in fact in the hospital at Jouy sur Morin, where Schmitt was, so he must have been there every time I went there to see Ralph. It was the first news we had had of any missing pilot, except Plyler, and it seems particularly hard he should have died so near us without our knowing. He was probably the most popular man in the squadron and everyone is hard hit by the news. I saw the Sergeant of his crew, a particularly husky boy about twenty-five, crying like a kid when he got the news. Major Maxwell, commanding one of the British squadrons at Touquin, came to dinner with several others this evening. He is an old friend of the Major's as they were once in the same squadron in the British Service. The drive still goes on amazingly well.

July 28th. Sunday. Went to the hospital at Jouy to try and find out something of Freddy Norton's death and learned he had never been there but evidently at a Base Hospital at Angers. Was surprised to find that Schmitt was still there and found him very much better. We learned today that the town we started for on Friday had been re-occupied by the Huns during part of that day so, had we got there, we might have had a warm welcome.
the ground, and near these were a group of little French tanks, abandoned in a field. The stench had gradually become worse and worse, from dead horses and at Saponay, we found the remains of a Hun ammunition dump, burned, and with many dead Huns and French bodies. As they had been dead several days and the weather has been hot, the result was rather ghastly. The Huns had laid out a large cross on the ground of red gravel, but it had evidently been done to prevent air raids on the dump, as we could see no traces of a hospital. Explored some of the buildings, but gingerly, as our minds were on traps. From Saponay on, the bodies became more and more frequent, horses, French, Huns, and Americans and near Fere en Tardenois, where the fighting a day or two ago was very heavy, the American dead almost covered the ground in some places. The flies, which had been bad enough everywhere for the past month, were unspeakable. When the car stopped they swarmed in and covered the top, a solid black, and we had to go as fast as possible to keep them out. Beside the dead, there was equipment of all description everywhere, guns, ammunition and clothing. We saw many planes, American, British, French and Hun, but none of any personal interest to us. We finally stopped to eat and a starved cat ran over from a ruined farmhouse and devoured some canned "Gold Fish" with us. The doughboys, whom we met expressed a good deal of interest in planes, but their information about fallen planes was usually vague and inaccurate and led us on several false scents. We had a general idea of trying to get close to the fighting, but the further we went, the further the lines appeared to be away, and the Major finally remarked that the drive seemed to be going well since we couldn't keep up with it in the Packard. We went on to Nesles and Chamery and then decided to turn back. On the way we sighted two Hun planes in a field together and got out to look at them. Some doughboys said they had collided about a week ago. They were completely wrecked and there were two bodies in each plane, but hardly recognizable as human beings from the effects of the fall and from lying in the sun a week. One had rather long hair, and a rumor had spread that it was a woman, but examination by a passing M.O. proved the contrary. We had rare luck with the Packard, considering where we took it, and got back to Coulommiers in time for a late dinner, seeing a rather hot air battle on the way. Soissons has been recaptured but just what day seems uncertain.

August 4th, Sunday.

The lines now run almost straight from Reims to Soissons and the Marne salient is wiped out. We are now so far back that it has been decided to establish an advanced gas and oil station on the old Hun airdrome near Coincy, as moving the group up presents too great difficulties. Freddy Ordway is to be in charge of the advance field, and the pilots are to land there and re-fill the gas tanks before starting over the lines. The Major and several others went up North again, to-day, but found no trace of any 27 planes. Chamery, where we were yesterday, is said to be where Quentin Roosevelt is buried but we didn't know it at the time. Two D. H. 4's with Liberty motors landed on the field to-day, and one of them crashed. They were the first we had seen.

August 6th.

Rain yesterday and to-day, and a chance for a little rest. Capt. Marr of the 94th has news of a crashed Nieuport that may have been ours. Wentworth of the 94th had found it. It had the 95th, donkey insignia, on it, but as we had not had time to change the insignia on all the planes they gave us, when they got their Spads, it may have been one of ours. The Americans have captured Fismes.
July 30th.

Sgt. Hessong is back with Kees and the Packard; the French appear to have entertained them royally. Jack Hoover has gone on three days leave and the Y secretary here has got a lady assistant, Mrs. Welton. Went to Jouy in the afternoon and found that Ralph had left Sunday night, probably for Limoges. Late this afternoon, Harkins, one of our new pilots had a bad crash near the airfield and broke both his legs, but was not hurt otherwise.

August 1st.

The squadron had another heavy blow to-day and a flight is almost wiped out as a whole formation of six has not returned from an early morning patrol. They are Beauchamp, Sands and Whiton, new officers, who came last week and three of the squadrons original pilots, McElvain, Jason Hunt and Dick Martin. The news that the drive is still progressing is the only encouraging thing now-a-days. Dupuy, Rucker and Hudson went up to the front to look over the territory recently taken and try to locate some of our missing planes that might have dropped behind the Hun lines and been uncovered by the drive. Some of the other squadrons have found some of theirs. Grant, Hill, Kenneth Clapp, Jerry Vasconcells and I went swimming in a little nearby stream, where we've discovered a pool. The water is almost unbelievably cold, but it's the only way to get a bath, and the weather lately has been pretty hot. We discovered an old French training ground in Mauperthuis with a grenade range.

August 2nd.

No news of the six missing yesterday. The 147th lost Stevens, the 95th, Montague, and the 94th, Alan Winslow, who had achieved a good deal of fame, as he was the first American pilot to bring down a Hun while in the American service. We got more news of Norton. He was wounded on the night of the 20th, landed near the lines and lay out in the rain all night. His wound was not serious and he had been evacuated to a base hospital but died of pneumonia.

August 3rd.

Early this morning Major Hartney, decided to go up near the lines on a search for planes and Jerry Vasconcells, Jack Hoover, Bill Cosgrove, Don Hudson and I went along. We went first to Chateau-Thierry, which was not nearly so much shot up as I had expected but not exactly orderly looking. Looked in a number of the better houses and found always the same thing, books, papers, pictures and furniture strewn about the place or dumped in piles on the floor and destroyed as much as the Huns had time to do. From there went on North to Coiney, the signs of a hasty retreat getting more noticeable all the time; indescribable quantities of ammunition that made us laugh to look at and many machine guns. The ground was covered with shell holes and the road grew gradually worse as we went on. Near Coiney we found a Hun plane in a field near a bridge, which Hudson said he had brought down a few days before, although it had been there for weeks. We took the prop off and tied it on the running board of the car. In Coiney, we saw the rudder of a Spad standing against a house but could not identify the number. Coiney and all the towns beyond it were utter ruins and were full of Hun signs giving directions, marking their various headquarters, or announcing that something was "verboten". Beyond Coiney, we turned east to Saponay passing what had been a Hun Airdrome; they had had time to remove the hangars but we could see their outline on
August 7th.

To-day, Wentworth gave us the number of the Nieuport he had seen as 6301 and described the special marking on it that identified it as Major Hartney's plane which Dick Martin flew the morning of the 1st. Wentworth said the pilot had evidently been wounded and had also crashed on landing, and he would judge had been killed, but there was no grave near the plane. Hudson, Bill Cosgrove and I went to Paris, in the afternoon to see about the pay checks. A French pilot had been to the mess to lunch and we took him with us. He spoke English and was very interesting, telling us among other things that the Italian troops had given way, seriously, in the recent fighting. While in Paris saw Sam Hemingway and Clare Mendell and met "Duke" Hoover and Donovan, who were at Hicks. Jack Kennedy is temporarily in command of the 22nd, which is at Orly as Garland Powell is sick. The long range gun was shelling Paris and the shells could be heard very plainly. We started timing them, one fell and we looked at our watches, another fell just ten minutes after; ten minutes after the second, we listened for the third and it fell on time and about one block away, and we went away from there. We had considerable trouble with the Fiat going in and more going home, and finally at 3 A.M., on the sixth broekdown, we left it by the road, about two miles from the field, and walked the rest of the way.

August 9th.

The English have started a terrific push in the North and are reported to have advanced a lot. Our push seems to be going slower and things around the airdrome are quiet. The flies are unspeakable everywhere and as a result of them (it is said) practically everybody is suffering from dysentery. Some of the 147th found Cassards body alongside his plane, near the lines. He was unrecognizable and had been stripped of his clothes and his identification tags, and all markings were removed from his plane, but his flying helmet with his name in it had fallen on the ground and the Huns had missed it.

August 11th. Sunday.

The English push has assumed enormous proportions with thousands of prisoners and a big advance. They are still advancing on our front but more slowly. If the Huns can be kept on the jump on one front or another it looks, as though something might really be accomplished this year. In the afternoon, Dupuy and I decided it was up to us to have a holiday so took the Fiat and went to Fontainbleau. We went via Melun and the road along the Seine, which was beautiful, had a splendid dinner at the Hotel Savoy and felt like human beings again.

August 13th.

All the advances have slowed down but some little progress is being made: at any rate there is no cause for anything but rejoicing at the events of the past four weeks. Major Hartney tells me in secret, that he has been told he is to be given command of the Group and that if he is, Grant is to have the squadron. All sorts of rumors are about that we are to move soon, our destination is variously given as Toul, Russia, the U.S. and Italy. We decided to start a rumor on our own account and spread it around we are to go to Egypt, and I think plenty of people believe it. Beauchamp's plane and grave have been found north of Coincy.
August 15th.  McElvain's grave is reported to have been found in Nesles wood. We are having crosses made for his grave and Beauchamp's, and will send up and have them placed. A Lieut. Lustig arrived to-day as assistant armament officer under Bill Cosgrove.

August 16th.  Nevius crashed on the airdrome this afternoon and was instantly killed; our new pilots are getting it hard, five out of nine having been killed, captured or injured. Speaking of captures, Major Hartney is thoroughly convinced that Dick Martin is wounded and a prisoner. Luke left his formation to-day and when he came back he claimed a Hun, but some of the others are frankly sceptical as he has a way of deserting his formations almost every day. In the evening a band came from somewhere and gave a concert in the square at Saints. A lot of French soldiers came and with the Americans and civilians, it was as picturesque a scene as one could expect.

August 17th.  Went to Paris in a vain endeavor to get a part for one of the heavy trucks. I took Sgt. Hessong and Sgt. Propheter along and half way to town, the Fiat broke both front springs. Had a rotten day chasing all over the City for the part, but it seems the Government forgot to consider that any spares would be needed for transportation over here. We had a late supper on the way back at Tournan and two French girls, giggling very much, asked where our organization was. I was suspicious at first, but finally told them and then they wanted us to take them to a nearby town as a French Officer who was a friend was en repos there. I said no, but finally agreed to deliver a letter to him. They didn't speak any English and the negotiations took some time. When we got back we heard that Smythe and Bruce of the 94th had collided in the air during a patrol and had both been killed, and found also a telegram from Ralph, from Limoges, saying he was getting along well. Nevius was buried to-day at Coulommiers.

August 18th.  To-day is Sunday. We know it, because all the French from the near-by towns are around the airdrome, all dressed up in their best clothes; it is a sure sign. We sometimes forget it until we see them. I went over this morning and left the French girl's letter. Her friend is quartered in a most romantic looking old house, half farmhouse and half chateau. We are now reported to be going to a place called Souilly, which is South of Verdun, but the move has been postponed. It will be a long move, almost as far as from Toul here, and in the present state of our transportation, a thing to be dreaded. Dupuy went up to-day, to put the crosses up. He found Beauchamp's grave, near his plane, but couldn't find McElvain's, and brought Mc's cross back. The Adj. had had a lot of tire trouble and was in most regrettable state of mind. We are en repos for ten days.

August 20th.  Major Hartney has been made C. O. of the Group and Grant C. O. of the 27th. We celebrated by a trip to Paris; Grant, Jerry, Jack, Joe Dawson, Hewitt and myself. It was good to be there with no work to do. We had lunch at the Chatham and afterward all bought service stripes, which we will be entitled to wear in a few days. I went to the University Union and saw Sam and Clare Kendall and met
Clarence Egan, and Sam came to dinner with us. During the afternoon, we met Jim Pierce and Garland Powell at the Crillon and Garland told me Fred Clapp was sick in a hospital in England. Garland is a Captain now and is still suffering very much as a result of two crashes he had while with the British. I met Ed. Thomas of the 95th and he said he'd just heard the Group was going to move in the morning; which worried me somewhat the rest of the day. We had dinner at Henri's and afterward went to a movie, where we met Bangs. When we went back to meet the car, we found Sg.t. Hessong much worried as General Duncan had just comman­dered it to take a lady somewhere; but it soon showed up and we got back at 1 o'clock to learn that the move was another false alarm and also that Dick Martin is a prisoner, badly wounded. So the Major's hunch was right.

August 22nd.

Very hot yesterday, but being en repos, we have little to do. Bugs Raymond's name is in the casualty list as a prisoner. This is splendid news, as he was one of the ones we were most certain had been killed and Jerry always thought he went down in flames. Kenneth Clapp, Rucker and MacArthur have been awarded the D. S. C. We had a splendid swimming party in the afternoon and Jerry and Jack, after getting dressed again, dared each other to jump off the bridge in their clothes, and finally did so. We had a dinner in honor of Major Hartney in the evening, and what with the heat, the flies and the speeches, it was very tiresome. Our mail is said to be at Neufchateau: wherever it may be, we've received none in three weeks.

August 24th. Saturday.

A new squadron has joined the group, the 218th. They are a "Park Squadron", to do repair work, and will be commanded by Capt. Rankin. They have a good band, and gave a concert this evening. Dudley drew down the wrath of every officer in the squadron on his head, this morning, by calling everyone an hour too early. Capt. Rankin is just back from Neufchateau, where he found that the mail had been sent up here: by the time it arrives, we will probably have left. Another telegram from Schmitt; a frantic appeal for his pay check.

August 26th.

The British have made another huge advance and captured about 25,000 prisoners. Yesterday and to-day there have been patrols for the first time in a week, and Hoover and Wehner both had forced landings. No one feels very well - same old trouble, and Luke has been quite sick. Went over to lunch with Andrews of the 147th to-day. The 147th seem to be a good crowd, but have never been very popular with the 27th. Andrews is going to Romorantin, to-morrow to try and get some transportation spares for the Group. Night before last, some one broke into a house in Saints and stole a lot of wine. Tracy Walker, of the 147th, who is Provost Marshall is investigating, but, I think, is somewhat embarrassed in his search by the fact that it was undoubtedly men of his own squadron who were the burglars. Each squadron is to be allowed to have one enlisted man take flying training and Daubenburg has been picked from the 27th.

August 27th.

Daddy Hill has left the squadron and started to-day for Blois. Jack Hoover is quite ill. There is no connection between the two events.
August 28th. The French have captured Roye, and over 2,000 prisoners. To-day, we got our general moving orders, and Freddy Ordway and the advance station have been ordered back from Coincy.

August 29th. We were told this morning that we would move to-morrow but this was changed later and only an advance party from the group is to go, under Capt. Rankin. Our destination is an airdrome near Rembercourt, between Bar le Duc and Verdun. The American Army is to attempt to wipe out the St. Mihiel salient and open up the railroad between Verdun and Toul. Major Hartney says an enormous concentration of guns and men is being made, and that if we are not careful we may expect to be bombed and perhaps shelled. The whole American First Army is to be in on the show. A new officer arrived to-day, a Lieut. F. Q. Wilson, whom everybody seems to have taken a great dislike to at once. Went to Fontainbleau in the afternoon, for dinner, with Al. Grant, the Adj., Jerry Vasconcells, Bill Cosgrove and Clapp. It was an ideal crowd for a good time and the party was a purple one: the best time I've had in France and from all indications, the last for a long time, as we are probably in for hard work again.

August 30th. The Group advance party got off this morning so it looks like a move this time: there was a report later that the order had been countermanded, but they haven't come back yet. Wilson, who assured everyone that "Flying" was his middle name, crashed a Spad most completely the first time he flew, but wasn't hurt: what seems to have made the other pilots sore is that he says he is only at the front for a month's experience and is then to be sent to the U.S. Bauchman, one of our side-car drivers, collided last night with a side-car of the 94th and died later in the hospital at Coulommiers. The French Class of 1920 are about to be called out and the boy's of the class are parading around the country side all decorated up and making a celebration of it. I don't know whether this is a regular custom, or not. The enlisted men of the squadron have bought Major Hartney a loving cup. English have captured Bapaume.

August 31st. Bill Cosgrove, Kenneth Clapp and I, were ordered over to the M. O. to-day, for a physical examination and are wondering if it means recommendation for promotion. The Major flew up to the new airdrome yesterday, but is back to-day. We decided to send our squadron advance party on to-morrow morning: I'm going to take them and start at six. The Adj. and Bill will come with the squadron. Five pilots will fly over to-morrow, in order to be there to ferry new planes up from Colombey and the rest will follow. I will have two of our light trucks and one of the 218th's Pierce's and the Group's new K. of C. secretary, who has a Fiat for his stuff has asked me to take him. So begins another long move, with two trucks, that cannot move, and which will have to be towed, as well as their trailers; and more will undoubtedly break down on the way. God knows when we'll get everything there, but things should be interesting. With the English and French advancing every day, and the Americans to start a new push, the Huns will have something to think about. Penrose Stout joined the squadron to-day. He is Jack Hoover's brother-in-law, and has visited us several times as a ferry pilot.
September 1st.

Up, and ready to leave at six. Mr. Kerle, the K. of C. man, didn't show up, so after waiting until half past six, went on without him, not wanting to risk not getting through in a day. About ten miles out, the Pierce lost one of the moulded tires off a wheel, and, although the driver insisted he could go through on the bare rim, I sent him back. Went on through La Ferte Gaucher, Esterenay, Sezanne and Fere Champenoise. We stopped at the big camp at Sommesous for gas, and the troops in the chapel were singing "Onward Christian Soldiers". It sounded very nice and was the first I had remembered that it was Sunday. We made excellent time, the only trouble being with the wheels of one of the trailers, and followed mostly the route we went along in May on the way to Epiez, and in June on the way from Toul to Touquin. Stopped just outside Vitry le Francois for lunch and then from there left the main road and struck northeast. We had a couple of blowouts after leaving Vitry and it grew very cold and commenced to rain. Got to Remercourt about 4:30 and had some trouble in finding the airdrome but finally arrived at five. The country is very rolling and pretty, without the bold hills we had near Toul, but not so flat as Touquin and Saints. The hangars are up but the airdrome is shaped like a saucer and looks very poor. Besides the hangars there is one shack for all officers who were there, about fifty in all. Found Roberts and Wehner there: Jerry Vasconcells had flown back to Saints and Donaldson and Hudson had gone to Colombey for planes and not come back. Some of the pilots from each squadron are here, and Capt. Rankin and all the officers of the 218th. Capt. Rankin had established a general mess for everyone, officers and men temporarily: I walked over with him and he showed me how the gas and oil (and the transport as much as possible) had been hidden in patches of woods and said there was much activity of all sorts on the roads at night, but none in the day time. All huts and tents are to be camouflaged and planes kept in hangars all the time. This territory was never captured but was almost surrounded in 1914 and there are many old shell holes everywhere, and the towns are pretty well shot up. After supper got the men fixed in their pup tents in a patch of trees and everyone started sorting the sixty-five bags of mail that were here. I got a lot of letters, but by the time all were sorted it was dark, and no lights were allowed so went to bed and, although the hut was pandemonium went right to sleep, being pretty thoroughly tired. While I was getting in bed, word came that the squadrons had left Saints at four this afternoon.

September 2nd.

Got some of the office tents pitched in the morning, and got mess started. No one is to be billeted here except Headquarters and the officers are to sleep in large bessoneau tents like our office tents, about twelve to a tent. The men will have to use the pups until quarters are put up for them. The Adj., Bill Cosgrove and Sgt. Hessong arrived about three in the afternoon to say the truck train was near, and they got in about five, only two trucks and the machine shop having broken down and been left along the road. The pilots will come in a day or two and the rear guard party. Patrols have been established to protect the airdrome, but none are to go over the lines for some days.

September 3rd.

Started several trucks back to the old field for more material and to tow in the broken down ones. The pilots all flew in during the day except Jack Hoover and Dawson, who have unservicable planes and will stay on at Saints, and Hudson got back from Colombey.
having panned at Ligny. We have been camped east of the airdrome but decided today to move over into a clump of woods west of it, and the 95th is going with us. Headquarters is very fearful of a bomb raid, and absolutely no lights are allowed after dark. We cannot even smoke out of doors and its beginning to get dark early. The British and French pushes have slowed up, but are still making some progress.

September 4th. Moved the squadron over to the new quarters. We got two of the officers tents up but the quarters for the men are not started yet: fortunately the weather is much warmer than the last few days. Our new camp is very pleasant and shady and the tents are not bad. Each flight has a tent and I am with B flight. Three new officers have come, Lieuts. Lyman, Lennon and Nicholson, all, strange to say, from New York or vicinity: there are few of the old crowd left. The drive will start in a few days: all organized American air service will be around here including the Second and Third Pursuit Groups and there are said to be 3,000 airplanes available.

September 5th. The officers mess truck arrived today and one of the heavy trucks got back hauling the machine shop. Another was obliged to leave its trailer at Esternay and broke down itself at Sezanne, which means two more trucks sent back for them. In addition the K. of C. has asked for a light truck to go to Paris for supplies and we do not like to refuse, but it will leave us more short than ever. All the water has to be hauled a long way, and it is difficult to keep the tanks full. Joe Dawson flew over in a machine of the 94th: he and Jack haven't been able to get their planes serviceable yet. The artillery fire has been quite heavy the last two nights and almost made us think the drive had started ahead of time.

September 6th. The two heavy trucks got in this morning, and the Fiat, which had been sent back to the old field, with some supplies limped in, with its usual trouble, a broken spring. We are pretty well settled and Sgt. Propheter has been sent to Is-sur-tille for supplies for the officers mess. No one seems to know just when the American drive will start but the concentration of troops goes on every night. The road from Bar le Duc toward Verdun is jamed with artillery from night fall on and we can hear them all night: and the branch road which forms the east border of the airdrome is almost as crowded. From our quarters, which are in a hollow, we can see them going along silhouetted against the sky-line like a movie. By daybreak, everything is out of sight, the guns, camouflaged, and the troops hidden in the woods. Our pilots are forbidden to cross the lines and it has been announced that any pilot captured before the drive begins will be courtmartialled after the war.

September 7th. Up at daybreak, this morning, which is now 5 o'clock, but it is no hardship now, as, having no lights there is nothing to do after 8 P.M. but go to bed. Even the mess fires have to be out by dark, and if this continues, we shall soon be having very late breakfasts and early suppers. Capt. Marr came to lunch to-day, and just as we were about to start, Major Hartney came, and about ten minutes later, General Foulolois was announced as outside and looking for the Major. He came in to lunch while we wondered if Pershing would arrive before we could finish. Donaldson flew back to Saints this morning and Jack Hoover came back in his machine. Donaldson and Dawson will now come on the trucks with the rear guard party and let the planes stay there.
September 8th. Sunday.

Rain and quite cold. Grant and the Adj. decided to break Kruger, who has been acting squadron Sergeant Major, and told him of it this afternoon. Just after supper Cragin came running down from the H. Q. tent in terrible perturbation with Kruger's diary, in which he had written, in red ink, that he was a failure and was about to go out and blow his brains out: he had also made his will. Alfred only half believed he would do it, but turned out the squadron to search for him, the search being made more exciting by the fact that the 95th was having target practise and every shot, one thought, might be Kruger. He was eventually found, however, quite alive and unhurt, having evidently changed his mind. Joe Dawson and Donaldson got in to-day with the last of the men, so the squadron is finally all arrived. We also have an engineering Officer now, a Lt. Marshall, who came to-day. The drive is due to start in a day or two and the other drives are making great headway. The English have broken the Hindenburg line, and the Americans and French in Champagne, are across the Vesle River.

September 9th.

Rainy and windy. Four more officers came to-day, Lieuts. McKimmon, White, Stewart and Foster, and Sgt. Propheter got back with the mess supplies causing the most intense joy to all with a good stock of chocolate candy. There is a French Breguet squadron near us and one of their planes landed here to-day: it had a sea-gull as insignia. The plan is to overwhelm the Huns with planes in the drive and the American bombers will get a chance to get in some work for the first time.

September 11th.

Not much to do as it has been very windy and wet the last two days: there has been no flying and the transport is mired most fearfully in its attempts to get to and from our quarters. The 94th and 147th who live near each other, the other side of the airdrome, have combined officers messes and we will probably combine with the 95th. The "St Louis Quartette" was to have given a concert for the Group last night and was to have honored us with its presence at supper, but failed to show up, and by the latest reports was said to be drunk at Bar-le-Duc. Everyone is a trifle on edge and impatient. Last evening we had a particularly fierce wind and rain and it is still wet and cold.

September 12th.

The drive started at midnight. The artillery barrage was the loudest we'd heard yet, letting up at 5. The flying orders were given out and later changed three times from 3 A.M. on as it was foggy and wet, but patrols finally started up about seven, although it was still far from clear. They returned and reported a great deal of action but no Hun planes although many Allied ones were up. About eleven o'clock we heard that the Americans had advanced but no particulars. Had to go to Vavincourt in the afternoon with Andrews of the 147th and got back just as word came in that the town of St. Mihiel had been taken. A French pilot landed late in the afternoon and stayed for the night. During the evening we heard planes overhead several times, and thought they were Huns, but no bombs were dropped. Luke is missing.
September 13th. Less rain than yesterday. The pilots report that a big advance seems to have been made but all information is vague. About six in the evening a big formation of American Bombers flew over us, about thirty-two, the first big formation of them we'd seen. Luke is back: he shot down a balloon and landed at once to get confirmation of it and crashed, but finally got to Toul and came back in a side car from the 2nd Pursuit Group.

September 14th. Thirteen thousand prisoners have been taken in the drive, which is a complete success; the salient is wiped out and many towns and Mont Sec captured: just where the lines are is doubtful. Luke and Wehner have taken regularly to balloon hunting. Luke got another to-day and Wehner saved his life, attacking five Huns that were on his tail and shooting one down. Putnam, a Flight Commander of the 139th, has been killed; an old flyer with the French and a leading ace. Went over to the 95th mess in the evening to see their new bar, which is quite complete and even has a rail. Soule of the 95th was hit by an explosive bullet to-day and his plane caught fire, but in coming down he fanned out the flames and landed without being hurt. Had a letter from Schmitt to-day, from Limoges: he is still far from cured and is to be sent home on a hospital ship. Sgt. Neal has been recommended for a commission.

September 15th. Sunday. Wehner, who was missing last night, phoned in this morning and is all right. 15,000 prisoners is the total to date. The Huns were said to be counter-attacking to-day but not much seems to have come of it.

September 16th. The Second Pursuit Group is to move up very near us: the 139th and 22nd squadrons are both in it. This morning, in taking off, Lennon, one of the new pilots, ran into another machine on the ground on which two armourers were working. Lennon cut his face badly, and one of the armourers is very seriously hurt. The planes were completely washed out. Jerry and Rucker went up to the lines with a truck to-day, and returned with all manner of things out of Hun dugouts near St. Mihiel. The inhabitants of the town made a great fuss over them: they haven't seen many Americans as most of our troops in the drive went around the town from both sides. Just as they were driving out of one town an officer yelled out of a window at them and mentioned that the Huns held the next town: they turned back. Luke got eight balloons in the last week.

September 18th. Started off, yesterday morning, with Jack Hoover, Clapp and Ivan Roberts and Sgts. Hessong and Phopheter and made for St. Mihiel. We were in a heavy truck and found it a little hard crossing the former No Man's Land in front of the town, but otherwise the roads were good. St. Mihiel showed numerous signs of its long occupation but was by no means completely destroyed and quite full of civilians. Back of the town, we found a huge artillery camp with huts, dugouts, telephone wires and roads and laid out paths. Some of the dugouts were deep underground and a few were quite luxurious, but the majority damp and dirty. They were quite full of furniture and pictures, mirrors, evidently stolen from the French, books and magazines. We expected a trap to go off
September 17th.

Our airdrome has become quite a center of curiosity to the doughboys passing along the road; a lot of them stopped, to-day, to look at the planes, as well as a number of French Morrocan troops. No word has been heard of Wehner. Capt. Marr of the 94th and Capt. Peterson of the 95th have both got Majorities. Practically all transport of the squadrons is to be pooled and run by the Group, which is a great blessing.

September 22nd. Sunday.

Rain yesterday, and to-day, and the mud is getting bad. Some of the men were sent on a liberty party to the old lines to-day and returned with two pianos, one of which works. Yesterday went to Bar-le-Duc with Jack Hoover, Clapp and some others and managed to get a bath, the first in, I won't say how long. Bar-le-Duc is picturesque and would be a nice town in peace time, but is terribly overcrowded with troops now. To-night the Group had the first entertainment since June: by a troop composed of Margaret Mayo, Elizabeth Brice, Lois Meridith, Will Morrisy and one or two other men. It was staged in one of the 94th's hangars with electric lights. The lights all blew out with loud explosion and Morrisy gave an impromptu skit of going over the top. The show was good and made an enormous hit.

September 23rd.

Rain again and no flying. Jerry and Rucker have been on three days leave at Deauville and are back. Quite a party at the 95th mess in the evening. The drives on all the fronts going splendidly and the new American Drive is due in a few days.

September 24th.

Just after breakfast, Jerry Vasconcells and I got orders to report to Group H.Q. and there we learned that B flight is to go and establish an advanced airdrome near Verdun, in order to operate closer to the lines. I am to act as Liaison Officer for them, and for the Group, whatever that is, and Jerry and I were to go at once, and look over several possible airdromes as well as the one at Verdun. We went straight to Verdun, and found the town to be very like Toul, being round and circled by walls; it is deserted except for a few French soldiers and pretty well shot up, some streets being levelled with the ground. All the streets are grass grown and the whole place has an utterly dead look. We found the airdrome with some difficulty: it is located about a mile from the town walls, to the East but only a few hundred yards from the edge of the town, which is built up for some distance beyond the walls. The field although on a hill is surrounded by still higher hills and will be hard to land on: it had evidently been an old French cavalry post and there are a number of stone stables and large barracks, all very much ruined, and two big hangars added later with almost no roof left on them. We found some American heavy artillery domiciled in the best buildings and were told that their guns (two thirteen inch) would probably shake the buildings down when they started. They also added the cheering news that their fire would probably almost immediately draw return fire from the Huns and that they expected to be bombed every night. We decided to try to billet the men in some of the houses at the end of the Rue d'Etain and found from the French that we might, but as all were in such bad condition and as most of the shells for Verdun land there, we changed our minds again and arranged to take a chance on one of the buildings on the field: there is water there and it will be convenient to have
under us at first, whenever we touched anything, but gradually got bolder and helped ourselves to furniture and a lot of glassware for the mess. There was no food left anywhere. The camp was quite carefully laid out and all the main points or "stellings" named for Hunding, Brunhilda, and other Niebelungen characters. Went on about noon to Vigneulles and Thillot, where we found the Hun supply depot we were looking for. Many of the towns were burned and still smoking, but there were few other signs of the fighting except occasional shell holes. The country looked strange, not so much touched by the war, but uncultivated and wild and therefore a striking sight in France. We went on toward Woel, but were stopped by an M.P. and told we could go no further before dark as the Huns shelled all transports along the road. We therefore returned to the depot at Thillot in which were about fifteen pianos and books, magazines, music and post cards, knee-deep on the floor. We had just backed the truck up to the door, when two French officers came in, and one, an M.P. Captain told us not to touch the pianos. We said, "oh, no, we only wanted some books" and he grinned and said all right to take as many of those as we wanted. We stood talking to them some time outside and watching some formation of air planes, and a Hun plane came low and fired his machine guns at us. When we found the Frenchmen wouldn't leave, we finally went on without the pianos. On the way back, we decided to go to Mont Sec so turned off to the East, got there about four, and climbed it. It was a breath taking climb up through the shell holes and barbed wire, and what it must have been in the face of machine guns, is hard to conceive. The British stormed it a year or two ago but the Americans, last week, went around it and cut it off. We sat on the top to rest and looked across the valley toward Toul and Mt. St. Michel and Robbie and I remembered how we had stood on the other side, last June and looked over this way. Afterward, we found a hole in the side of the hill and went in, lighting matches as we went, and although we held our breath whenever anybody tripped on a wire, we went on and came out on the other side. The tunnel through the hill was lined with boards and had numerous side passages leading off it. We started home by a road that unfortunately went most of the way through No Man's Land, and, after it began to get dark, made very slow progress on account of shell holes. After several detours, which got longer and longer we came to Apremont and found the way absolutely blocked by a French transport train, one of the trucks of which had gone clear through the road. After waiting an hour and helping them try to get out, we turned and took a road south toward Commercy and as it was almost ten o'clock, gave up the idea of trying to get back that night. At Commercy, we got in an old hotel but could get nothing to eat, so ate the balance of our bread and bully beef. This morning, we returned to the field by way of Ligny and Bar-le-Duc and arrived to find them quite worried about us.

September 19th. Rain most of to-day. Wehner and Luke were up after balloons last night, and Wehner is missing. Luke now has eleven balloons and planes and is the leading American Ace. Capt. Rankin told me, to-day, he had just heard that his son, seventeen years old, who was in the infantry has been missing since July. Had a letter from Clarence Andrews, saying he is coming over seas. There is to be a new drive by the Americans in a few days: somewhere around Verdun. The British drive in the North makes splendid progress every day, and the French drive in Champagne also. Besides that a big drive has been started in the Balkans and the Bulgarians and Austrians are retreating. Truly the tide has turned.
several small shells landed fairly near us: Beare, who was driving, seemed to feel a most unnatural elation and yelled with glee each time one landed. Rickenbacker landed and had breakfast with us in the morning, and said that Allen Nutt had been killed. Heard in the afternoon that the Allies have won great victories in Turkey and Bulgaria and it is rumored that Bulgaria had sued for peace. If so, perhaps it is the first crack in the Central Powers. This afternoon, a carrier pigeon lighted on one of the hangars and some of the men, thinking it might be a Hun pigeon, shot it. It had a slip of paper giving, in English, the time of its release and was evidently in process of training.

September 28th. Jimmy Meissner of the 147th landed and had breakfast and said Sherry had been forced down and landed in No Man's Land, but managed to escape. Jerry got another Hun plane early in the morning. Started in a side car after breakfast and went up through Marre, Cumieres and Forges as far as Gercourt along the Meuse river. The shells were dropping into Gercourt every two minutes and an ambulance in the road had just been hit. Found a machine gun company in the Bois de Jure, and got a confirmation for Jerry's plane, from a private in the Company. They were hidden in old Hun dugouts in the woods and an officer apologized for not giving us any lunch, but said they had just finished some Hun potatoes they had found, that was all they had had to eat in two days. They said Jerry's Hun had dropped in the woods beyond Gercourt, but that it would be impossible to get to it. The line is as far as Liny. When we started back, we found the road through Cumieres and Forges was being shelled but not very frequently so got through without excitement. The roads through the former lines were almost obliterated and it was frequently necessary to get out and push the side car. Forges, which was right on the lines is literally pounded into the earth: one could see stones here and there that might have been part of houses once, but the town could be located only by the map. On the way back near Verdun, met Major Angstrom and Curd of the 139th, whom I hadn't seen since last June: they also were after a confirmation. Went to the U.S. Hospital at Glorieux, near Verdun, on account of a bad tooth and found the tooth was ulcerated. While I was there, Penrose Stout was brought in; he had been shot through the shoulder and had just managed to get back and land at the Verdun field. He is not dangerously wounded. Found Grant at the field and he said they had heard that Wamak had been wounded and taken prisoner on July 2nd, but was now cured and as well as one could be in a Hun prison. We have patched the roof of our quarters, putted up the fire place with mud and covered the windows with rubber fabric from a fallen balloon, so now at night we have lights and a grate fire: only everytime the big gun shoots, it blows down the windows and puts the candles out.

September 29th. Sunday. Rainy and misty all day and no patrols. Major Hartney and Nicholson, one of the new pilots, landed here during the day. Luke landed early in the afternoon with engine trouble and phoned down to the main field that he would stay and go up after balloons about five o'clock. He also sent word over to our balloons to watch for him and get his confirmations. He started at five but landed again with more motor trouble, and started a second time about seven. He has now about eighteen balloons and planes to his credit. Had a very windy cold night. The Belgians and English have started a new push in the extreme north.
the men so near the hangars. We went on to another field at Manzeville but found it so near the lines as to be impossible. We had to get a pass from General King to get up so far and found everything being done to secure the utmost secrecy, about the drive. In all the small towns, the men could not go on the street in the day time and no vehicles was allowed to stand unless in the shelter of a building. We got back to the field before dark and made final arrangements. I am to take the men and trucks up to-morrow afternoon and the pilots will fly up early next morning.

September 25th. Left with B flight at one P.M. and got to the Verdun field by five. We cleaned the quarters a little of rubbish and had a hasty supper as no light can be shown and not even a lighted cigarette is allowed out of doors after dark. Met Major Frazier, who commands the artillery battery, who didn't seem delighted to have us there and said our planes might draw fire on the battery, neglecting to add that the battery might draw fire on our planes. Went to bed early, there being no light and probably little sleep after midnight.

September 26th. The barrage started at twelve, a noise that there is no use attempting to describe. The thirteen inch guns fired a few times and when they did, the building shook and the flash lighted things up like lightning. I learned later that the noise of the barrage kept them awake all night at the main field, 25 miles away. Lay in bed, and smoked cigarettes most of the night and got up about four. The barrage lifted at five and about six, hearing a noise, I looked out and saw Wilson going down hill in one of the side cars. He had crashed on landing and had started back for another plane. The rest all arrived about the same time, Jerry, Sidney, White, Hewitt, Hudson and Victor Lyman. Jerry had shot down a Hun Balloon before landing and Rick happened to be near enough to him to confirm it for him. Jerry told me, Robbie had been missing since a balloon straffing expedition last night with Luke and also Madam Sherry and Allen Nutt of the 94th. The Huns shelled around us all the morning, some landing south of the field and some north at the foot of the hill near the Rue d'Etain: many also landed inside the town. In the afternoon went to Rampont and made arrangements to get information there at the H.Q. about the drive. From there went north as far as hill 304, but with difficulty. All restrictions about going anywhere are removed since the drive is on, but the roads are so clogged with transportation that movement is very slow. The drive has gone well and has reached Montfaucon. Saw thousands of prisoners, a great many of them Austrians and at Rampont a group of about 14, very sulky Hun Officers, whom everyone seemed very much at a loss to know what to do with. There was much aerial activity and I saw one plane go down in flames but too far away to tell whether Hun or Allied. Grant landed late in the afternoon and stayed for supper. We take great delight in watching the faces of our visitors when the big guns go off. Alfred would have jumped eight feet, but the wall of the building was in the way.

September 27th. The drive is going on well. Rode up to the top of Cote St. Michel, north of us, in the morning, to see what activity there was in that direction as that part of the sector is still held by the French. Cote St. Michel was the furthestmost German advance in 1916. Whether the Huns saw the side car or not, I don't know, but
September 30th.  Another bad day.  Went to Rampont in the afternoon.  
Our drive is slowing up.  The squadron has seven new pilots and one of 
them, Cross, has been sent up here; another, Rowland, landed here this 
afternoon.  Hudson, today, did some observation work for the battery 
here, trying to see if they hit their objective.  We have some furni-
ture out of houses in Verdun and seats out of a cafe for the mess, the 
table is made of a door.  Luke did not return last night.  

October 1st.  Went to Bar-le-Duc by side car, a very long, tire-
some trip.  On the way back stopped at the main field and heard that 
Jack Hoover and possibly Rucker may be sent back home as instructors.  
No word has been heard of Luke.  The English have surrounded Cambrai 
in the North and Bulgaria has offered unconditional surrender.  The 
French have been making good progress north of Reims.  There is more 
interest in the campaigns than I've ever seen and we spend most of the 
evening marking the new lines on our maps.  Very cold weather.  

October 2nd.  Went up toward Gercourt again to try and learn 
something of Luke, but without success.  The road was shelled worse 
than the other day, the shots appearing to come across the river. 
Near Cumieres, we had to abandon the side car and went on on foot: 
when we returned we found the car pushed to the side of the road and 
mired so deep it seemed impossible to push it out, but when shrapnel 
shell burst in the trees over our heads, we found we could.  Bear lost 
some of his appreciation of shells.  We found a Spad in a field, 
crashed and with a pool of blood in the fusilage and on inquiry learned 
it was Allen Nutt's.  The country all north of Verdun is the most deso-
late I have ever seen, having been fought over since the beginning 
of the war.  As on the other sectors, signs of the Huns occupation, in 
signs, etc. are frequent.  Tommy Lennon is out of the hospital and has 
been made conformation's officer.  He came to Verdun this afternoon 
telling us that there was a rumor that Austria had sent an ultimatum 
to Germany that the war must end or they would make a separate peace. 
In the afternoon, Lymon had a forced landing over beyond Rarecourt. 
Sgt. Albaugh and a crew went out to him in a truck, fixed him up and 
he got back, but the crew and truck have not returned.  

October 3rd.  Started for Rarecourt to look for truck and found 
it with the crew near Blercourt.  They had had a collision and been 
thrown off the road smashing the radiator but had got it fixed.  Jerry 
brought down a two seater, near Apremont, during the day and got a 
bullet through the windscreen of his plane within six inches of his 
head.  Verdun was heavily shelled all day.  Much artillery during the 
night, evidently a renewal of the drive.  

October 4th.  Out after a confirmation of Jerry's plane of yester-
day.  Went west and up through Varennes, which is the town where Louis 
the sixteenth and the royal family were captured when they tried to 
escape.  All the towns are little but masses of ruins and the heavy 
traffic on the roads made progress very slow.  Just south of Varennes, 
the Huns had mined the road in two places making two craters a hundred 
feet across and fifty feet deep and necessitating everything making a 
detour.  Went on beyond Varennes toward Apremont where they told us at 
a field dressing station that the lines were several kilometers away.
Tried to cross the river (the Aire) to get to Apremont, but the bridge had been destroyed so went on, hoping to get over at Chatel-Chehery, figuring the plane was in the woods on the other side. Turned off west from the main road at Chehery, but when we got near the river met three men who said to go no further as the river bank was being shelled. One of them had been wounded and the other two gassed. Nash, who was driving the side car took the wounded man back to the dressing station and was shelled all along the road as long as he was in sight. The two gassed men and I got in a trench along the road with a company of infantry as the shelling from across the Aire was heavier and getting nearer all the time and machine gun bullets were coming rather fast. A town, which must have been Fleveille, about a quarter of a mile away, came in for a share of the shells, and finally burst into flames. Nash had returned and taken the two gassed men back getting close calls each time and the shells were getting so near to our trench that they scattered dirt on us but just as I began to wonder if my time had come, they let up and managed to get back to the main road where there was some protection and walked back toward Apremont meeting Nash on the way. We returned to Varennes, crossed the river and went on up to Montblainville but could not get the confirmation. Got back to Verdun late as we ran out of gas, and found a new pilot arrived named Little to take the place of Wilson, who has left the squadron.

October 5th.
Went to a Fort near Vacheriauville with Tommy Lennon, who was up after confirmations. We saw a good deal of the fort and looked through a telescope at a plane just this side of the Hun lines, that we thought might be Luke's or Robbie's, we saw also one of the French dugouts, more than fifty feet underground. The fort was on the edge of the well known Cote du Poivre or Pepper Hill. Had the inevitable shelling on the way back. Tommie had a narrow escape from a shell two days ago, while going through Verdun. About ten o'clock to-night, a Hun plane came over and dropped bombs on the town, but did not molest the airdrome. The French anti-aircraft and searchlights on our field got very busy but did not accomplish anything. The English have surrounded Lille and it is expected to fall any hour.

October 6th. Sunday.
Went to main field and found the Adj. quite sick with flu. A new squadron has joined the Group, the 185th. They are to do night chasse and fly camels. The gossip was that a serious blunder of some kind had been made in the present push and that the Central Powers had asked for an armistice. A new push is due to the east of Verdun.

October 7th.
The barrage of the new push started at five A.M. and the 13 inch guns outdid themselves, altogether the din was horrible. Went to Rampont in the morning but could get little news of the push other than that it was not making much headway. In the afternoon went to Verdun with Hudson to go to the French commissary, which is located in the citadel and is quite complete and includes a cafe. Verdun is very full of troops now, including a whole American division. The town was heavily shelled all the evening and about ten, an ammunition storehouse in the Rue d'Etain, down the hill from the field, was hit and set on fire. The ammunition exploded for several hours but was mostly very small, but the fire was quite spectacular. The French have freed Reims and it is now safe from shells for the first time since 1914. The Allies have made no reply to the request for an armistice.
October 8th. 
Went North to Fort Vaux and Ford Douaumont, with Hudson to see a battery of French 155's: the din was horrible, and as the usual shells were coming the other way, we soon went back and went to see last night's fire. The shell had hit a cornice of the building killing three horses and five men and wounding fifty others. The court-yard was covered with pools of blood and more horrible things: the horses had already been skinned. The 13 inch guns did their worst almost all day and two fireplaces in our quarters, already the worse for wear, and one wall, fell down.

October 9th. 
To Rampont in the afternoon: the new drive has penetrated about eight kilos, but is not going very fast. Lennon came up and said that Austria had offered to surrender unconditionally and if that is so, it probably means the end of the war this year. Late in the afternoon, several very large formations of American bombers flew over. We counted over two hundred planes, the most I had ever seen at one time. Red Miller is a prisoner; we got the news to-day.

October 10th. 
Got word to return to main field to-morrow as the Adj. is still quite sick and is going on leave. The 27th and 95th are messing together now and there are so many new officers in the squadron that I felt like a stranger. Harry Harkins, who hurt himself in a crash last July, is back with us again. Just before supper, Alfred Grant got word that his Captaincy had come through. It is said, some of the rest of us are to get them soon, but we won't be sure till we do. Rumor has it that the Kaiser has abdicated.

October 12th. 
The 94th squadron has two Hun planes, a Hanovarian and a Fokker; the Hanovarian was flown this afternoon. The Adj. has left for Nice. There are all manner of rumors about the Kaiser, that he has abdicated in favor of his second son, and that he has committed suicide. Clauser went to Air Service Headquarters at night for the orders and was told there that the Huns were evacuating all conquered territory.

October 13th. Sunday. 
Rainy and no flying all day. Jack Hoover and Major Peterson and Charlie Grabbett of the 95th got orders to go back home, and hard on this came news that the Huns had accepted Wilson's terms. Both together constituted enough excuse for a party that started at once and was in full swing by lunch time. Major Hartney loaned Jack his Packard in the afternoon, and Jack, Clapp, Alfred, Bill Cosgrove, Cap Rowland and I went to Nancy. It seemed like old times being there, and was the first real spree in almost two months. We had dinner at the Liegeois and a terrific amount of tire trouble coming home.

October 14th. 
Rain and fog. A final party in honor of Jack and the others at night. Alfred sent word to Jerry at Verdun that he was ordered to report to the main field, and Jerry, who was sick in bed, came way down by side car, imagining all sorts of things, but had a good time when he got here. Henry Pointer and De France came over from the 139th, and Col. Johnson, Major Hartney and Major Thaw. Bill Cosgrove got a black eye.
October 15th. Jack and the others left this morning. Curd, Doc Rosenblum, and De France paid us a visit during the day. Sgt. Neal has been ordered to Colombey to take an examination for his commission. Wilson's reply to the Central Powers does not accept their terms but offers to make peace with Austria. Rain again and the mud getting very bad.

October 16th. Heavy rain and fog. News to-day, that McElvain is a prisoner so our casualty list of last summer is considerably cut down, the list of prisoners is now, Flyler, Wannaker, Raymond, Miller, McElvain and Martin. Have been appointed an editor of a paper called "Out of Control" which the group is to publish. To Bar-le-Duc in the afternoon with Grant, Joe Dawson and a new pilot, Land.

October 17th. Bunkie Donaldson is back from the hospital where he's been for several weeks, sick. Subscriptions were taken to-day for the 4th Liberty Loan: the 27th Officers took about $8,000.00, which it was figured paid for one half of the Spad which the 147th washed out five minutes later. One of their planes ran away while revving up and went clear across the airdrome.

October 18th. Lyman and Hewitt down from Verdun this morning, bringing Little, who had run into the hangar in landing. All who saw it were sure he was killed but the worst was a cut face. Early in the afternoon an attempt was made to take moving pictures of a battle between the 94th's Fokker and a Spad. The camera was in the Group's Liberty but the Liberty's pilot turned over and washed her out in taking off. Just afterwards all available planes were called out for a protection in bombing the town of Bantheville near Dun. Alan Winslow of the 94th is a prisoner. He was thought killed, but although badly wounded, he recovered in a Hun Hospital, losing one arm. The Huns have been driven from the whole Belgian coast to beyond Ostende.

October 19th. Grant, Clapp and Rucker have been granted the D.S.C. The 185th is about to start their night flying and two of our new pilots, Gates and Kelton have been transferred to it. Clapp and Jerry may leave the squadron and get some kind of staff job. German reply to Wilson's last note is expected to-morrow.

October 20th. Sunday. Heavy rain: my 35th birthday. Went to supper at the 94th and 147th mess with Andrews. Steven's of the 147th is a prisoner: his story is exactly like McElvain's as his grave was reported and a cross made for it. A muster of the whole 1st Army was held to-day to check up on men A. W. O. L. Sgt. Neal is back from Colombey, where he passed his exams. and he is recommended for a 2nd Lieutenancy.

October 21st. Clear: Jerry down from Verdun to see about his staff job. Yesterday, not knowing of the muster, he let some of the B flight go to Bar-le-Duc, and thirteen of them were arrested. They, every one escaped, however, and came trailing back to the airndrome and Jerry is convinced he has a competent flight. Tommy Lennon and I are the only ones left in B flight's tent and are keeping house in solitary splendor. A wild rumor was about to-day that Holland had declared war on Germany.
October 22nd. We had a visit to-day from Gordon Moy, who came over seas with us, and got left at Issoudun. He is with the 139th and told me Kingsland finally joined a bombing squadron and was killed in an accident. Jerry is to go on Gen. Sherman's staff. Rained again most of the day. Headquarters at Ligny was badly bombed during the evening. The Huns have sent a rather unsatisfactory note and perhaps peace is not so near as we thought.

October 23rd. Had a visit from Stanley Williams, who knows many friends of mine in New Haven. He is on some sort of liaison work and is staying with the 139th at the Second Pursuit. He remained to lunch and after, he and Tommy Lennon and I, went to Bar-le-Duc. Met Lester Egbert there, whom I hadn't seen since January, in Texas, and we all went back to the 22nd to dinner. Curd came in during dinner, having been missing three days, while out after confirmations. After dinner, we returned to Bar-le-Duc, as Tommy was taking a train for Paris to try and get his eye fixed, which he hurt in the collision. When we got near the town, we saw everyone running and found an air raid was on, so stopped the car near the canal and watched. The bombs were falling in the other end of the town, but the fragments from the anti-aircraft forced us to get under a shed nearby. We could hear the Hun planes, apparently directly overhead and once saw one for an instant in a searchlight. In about half an hour, we heard the 185th's Camels coming and the Huns left. The roar of the 185th's Monosoupaes made us think of the old Nieuports and sounded pretty good. After the raid was over, they flew low over the town and I think scared the people more than the Huns had. We wandered around looking at the town, for an hour, and Lester then took me back to the 1st Pursuit.

October 24th. The Adj. is back from Nice. In Paris he met Daddie Hill, who was going to England to train as a Navigation Officer, for night bombing on a Handley Page. Two of the bombs in last nights raid hit the 2nd Pursuit Group's airdrome.

October 25th. Was surprised to meet Willis McClintock to-day, on the airdrome. He was in my class at college and it was the first I'd known he was here. He is Adjutant of the 185th. Jerry is back from his staff job, which he gave up in disgust. He is going on leave and after will return to the squadron. Last night at Souilly he met Clare Andrews, who said he would be down to see us soon: just before supper, Clare himself arrived. He is working on a history of the air service and visiting all the groups. During the day, Joe Dawson, who replaced Jerry as C. O. of B flight telephoned in that the Verdun airdrome had been heavily shelled ever since six o'clock yesterday; they will probably have to come back. Wilson's new note to the Huns demands unconditional surrender.

October 26th. Clare stayed all day and visited the 2nd Pursuit, returning for the night. The afternoon patrol had a combat and got a Hun, the first in some days. B flight is back from Verdun excepting Lyman and Joe Dawson. The bombardment kept them in the dugouts most of the time and it was quite impossible to operate. Three planes were hit by shells and one of them destroyed, the other two, can probably be put in shape and flown back and crews will return to repair them. A new assistant Armament Officer arrived to-day, a Lieut. Bosshard.
October 27th. Sunday.

Clare left for Ligny to-day. Ham Coolidge of the 94th was hit by Archie this morning, and his plane wrecked and set on fire; they are not sure whether he fell on this side of the lines or not. Capt. Rankin is back after several days absence. He found his son's grave, disinterred him, took his knife and other things from his pocket, and re-buried him, putting a cross over the grave. During the evening, the 185th had a patrol, flying in directly over our tents. About nine, we heard a crash and on looking out saw one of the Camels on its back, about a quarter of a mile away. The landing flares on the tips of the wings were burning, and we could hear the pilot, evidently pinned in, calling for help. Everyone grabbed extinguishers and ran, knowing the flares would soon set fire to the gasoline, but there wasn't time and before anyone could get there, the plane was a mass of flames, and the machine gun bullets exploding in every direction. The pilot was Ewing.

October 28th.

Attended C.0's. meeting for Grant, who went to Neufchateau with the Adj. to see a doctor. Clapp has left to join Jerry at Nice. Rick, who is a Captain since yesterday, and Sherry went up and found Ham Coolidge's plane and buried him. Coolidge was one of the best liked officers of the 94th. Major H., in very bad humour, came to lunch with us. We have some Hun prisoners to work for the squadron: they seem docile creatures and are useful in working on our road, which has become a sea of mud and mires all transport that tries to get through. The Huns still drop propaganda, and a copy of a particularly insidious one reached the group to-day: it was entitled "Never Say Die". Nevertheless the Austrians in their note appear to agree to unconditional surrender and it looks more every day that the end is near. Some Hun planes flew over during the night, but didn't drop any bombs.

October 29th.

Rucker and Nicholson came up from the rest chateau and Nick will stay, but Rucker is going back again. Horace Andrews came over to lunch and told me that Tracy Walker, who used to be with them, had died of the flu. Lennon is back from Paris and sick: everyone seems to have a form of fever and chills; that may be the flu in a mild form. All of B flight is back now but two planes remain to be repaired and flown down.

October 30th.

Clear, but very cold. Lyman and Sidney White went to the Verdun field with crews, but had to take to the dugouts as soon as they got there and stay in them all day, so they returned in the truck. Heard to-day that Schoen of the 139th had been killed. Gen. Patrick was here to-day. Austria has sent another note, addressed to Lansing, asking that the Armistice be hurried.

October 31st.

Awoke feeling sick and with an evident case of the prevalent light flu, but got up. Lyman and White left for another attempt to get the planes down from Verdun. At lunch in the mess one of the 95th officers said a Spad had just been burned beyond Headquarters, the other side of the field. Grant phoned H.Q. and they told him the pilot was White and that he had been taken to the Group infirmary. Grant, Shorty Hewitt, Lennon and I went there at once, and found Sidney. He
was fully conscious and the doctors were working on him, but I hope it will never be my fate to see such a sight again. The first he had known anything was wrong was when a sheet of flame came back in his face, and blinded, he had had to feel for the ground, crashed, turned over and was pinned in. Some of the orderlies from H.Q. finally got him out. In about half an hour, they took him in the ambulance to the hospital at Souilly and Shorty went with him. Grant ordered everyone to Bar-le-Duc, and we had a rather rotten afternoon with much tire trouble and a truck that had three collisions and ran off the road once, having no brakes. Nick, Lyman, and I were in the chariot in question. Got back feeling thoroughly sick. After supper, Hewitt came back from Souilly and said that White had died at six o'clock. The 185th reports Kelton missing: This has been a horrible week, but the general news, at least, is good. Captain Lyster came back from Ligny to-night, and said that he heard the British were in full control of the Dardanelles.

November 1st.

Stayed in bed all morning, feeling very ill, but got up for lunch. The news about Turkey is confirmed to-day, they have surrendered absolutely and Austria has asked Italy for a separate peace and an armistice at once. The Americans have renewed their drive in the Argonne and everyone believes the Huns will have to sign whatever terms are given them; perhaps this month.

November 2nd.

The terms to Turkey are very drastic and Italy has granted Austria an armistice. The drives along the whole West front are moving faster than ever. During the afternoon a phone message came from Ligny that Captaincies were through for Jerry, Ruck and myself and for Shawhan of the Group, Buckley of the 95th and Smith of the 94th.

November 3rd. Sunday.

Felt ill and had fever all night. Voeks had a crash in the morning about a mile from the airdrome and was badly but not dangerously hurt. Read in to-day's casualty list the name of Lester Barton.

November 4th.

To-day saw a copy of a Hun list of American casualties in the air service, that had been dropped on the Toul field. It had Wehner listed as killed. Our afternoon patrol got a biplace Hun. The Americans are within a few miles of Stenay, the French and English have taken Ghent and the Italians, Trent and Trieste.

November 5th.

Took oath as Captain this morning; in afternoon went to Bar-le-Duc with Grant and Bill Cosgrove. The terms of the Armistice to Austria are said to include taking over all railway lines: All Germans in Austria are to be interned and all Austrian Troops to be recalled at once. If this is so, it will enable the Allies to invade Germany through Austria. The Americans have cut the railway North of Verdun severing one of the Main Hun lines of communication.
November 6th.

The armistice terms will be presented to the Huns within a few days. The Austrian terms are as drastic as they were reported and if the German terms are the same, which is probable, many believe they will refuse to sign although it is hard to see how they can do otherwise. The Americans are within six miles of Sedan and France is almost cleared of the Huns. All the drives are moving faster than ever.

November 7th.

Rain all day and fog. The Hun envoys are on their way from Berlin to get the terms of the Armistice. The Americans are in Sedan, much to the disgust of the French, it is said, who wanted to take it themselves on account of 1870. Jerry is to be C.O. of the 185th, replacing Seth Low. Jack Hoover and McGrath of the Group have Captaincies.

November 8th.

The Hun envoys crossed the lines this morning. The place where the meeting is to be is kept secret but Tommy Lennon was in Verdun this morning and said he saw Poch there. They may meet this afternoon. Had a letter from Sam telling me Harold Hemingway had died of wounds about a week ago.

Late in the evening, word came that the meeting had taken place, but the Hun envoys had not had sufficient authority. They were told to send one man back to Germany to get an answer "Yes, or no" and sent one officer. They are given until Monday the 11th at 11 o'clock to decide. The German Navy is in revolt.

November 9th.

Went to Chaumont with the Adj. who wanted to find out about his Captaincy. Stopped at Chateau-Ciry for Ruck, and took him on to Chaumont with us. Returned in the afternoon and had dinner at Bar-le-Duc. We learned there that there has been a revolt in Bavaria and a republic has been proclaimed. The Kaiser has refused to abdicate, but Prince Henry has fled from Germany. The Navy which revolted is in full control of the Baltic. Found Jerry at the field: he had returned from leave to find himself commander of a squadron and promoted in rank, but found also a letter saying his mother had died.

November 10th. Sunday.

The Hun Captain, who went to Berlin for the final answer is expected back to-day: he had to cross the lines in an airplane to escape shelling. Gen. Liggett came to-day, to give the D. S. C's and Col. Milling held an inspection of the Group. Many rumors all day. The King of Wurtenburg has abdicated and there are revolts in Hanover and Poland: there is said to be a general railway strike in Germany and a run on the Berlin Banks. Maubeuge has been taken by the British and the French have crossed the Belgian frontier.

During the afternoon word came that the Kaiser had fled to Holland and at half past eight in the evening we heard noise and shouting and Tommy Lennon ran into the tent and said the armistice had been signed and to come to the mess at once. The celebration had already begun. The enlisted men started burning flares and shooting all the Very's lights and rockets they could find and by the time we could get through the mud to the mess, the airdrome was light as day, while yells arose everywhere and machine guns and pistols seemed shooting from every direction. The bar had been moved from the mess into one of
the 95th's officers tents and everyone crowded in. Everything was free and Ted Curtis had hard work to keep all supplied. In a few minutes Rickenbacker and a crowd came in from the 94th, Meissner, Andrews and some more from the 147th and a delegation from the 185th. Shortly after Major Hartney, Capt. Lyster and Mr. Driggs, the correspondent, arrived. Toasts were drunk to almost everybody, and a silent one, proposed by Rick, "to those old friends, who are not here now to see it as we see it."

There were many speeches that no one paid much attention to and in the midst of Drigg's speech Capt. Rankin arrived with the 218th band and they started playing outside. The rush for the door carried poor Driggs off his feet and ended his oratory. The mud outside was about a foot deep and a good many who felt called on to express their emotions in the dance, came to grief, especially as no small number had become slightly unsteady. About ten o'clock, two of us assisted a friend to his couch and then decided to call it a night and went to bed.

November 11th.

The artillery on the front could be heard all night and in the morning, but stopped short at 11 o'clock. The morning was foggy and wet and there was a feeling of unreality that the war was really over. Everybody, I think, was a trifle hysterical and inclined to laugh at little or nothing. Shortly after noon, the church bells in all the towns nearby started ringing and kept it up all day. H.Q. got out a formal announcement of the armistice and an order forbidding pilots to cross the lines.

The terms of the armistice are very severe and it is delightful to think of the Huns' utter humiliation. The Kaiser and the Crown Prince have fled to Holland, showing characteristic nobility and gallantry by leaving the Kaiserin behind to face whatever it is they were afraid of.

Three new pilots have just arrived, Gilbert, Griswold and Buckner, much disgusted to find the war over.

November 12th.

Clapp returned from leave and several of us have put in for it. Clapp spent yesterday in Paris and gave a graphic account of the celebration there. He was being shaved when the news came and his barber ran into the street and never came back. One American Colonel, who was on the way to a station had his taxi seized by the mob and dragged backwards down the street. Our celebration was premature as the armistice was not signed until 5:30, Monday morning, but we came closer than America that went off on the seventh. All the crowned heads of Germany have now abdicated.

November 13th.

Got more news to-day of the missing patrol of August 1st. Hunt and Sands were killed and Whiton is a prisoner. Jason Hunt was one of the squadron's original pilots. Rumor that the Crown Prince had been assassinated by his troops. Hudson has gone over to the 185th. Vic. Lyman had a forced landing at Verdun and was brought back by two officers from Paris, up to see the front. They were laden with souvenirs, mostly German Skulls.
November 14th. High wind all day. Rumors, we will be part of the army of occupation. At night we had a re-union dinner of original officers of the 27th. Grant, Vasconcells, Dupuy, Clapp, Cosgrove, Hudson, Ordway and myself. Only five of us are left in the squadron. Two Red Cross ladies have started a very attractive officers club for the Group.

November 15th. Leave has come through for Bill Cosgrove, Donaldson, Hewitt and myself, but only Bill and I are going now. To-day's rumor that we will leave for home soon, makes us a little nervous about it, but we decided to take a chance. Clare Andrews came again to-day. I was glad to see him and borrowed enough money from him for the trip. The Red Cross reports Luke as killed.

November 16th. News this morning that the 27th is to stay with the 1st Army and go into Germany, but individuals are to be given their choice and can go home if they prefer: later this was changed and we learned that we had to go anyway, but it all appears to be uncertain. The 185th is said to be returning home soon, and Clapp saw the Major about a scheme; which is to transfer the original officers to the 185th (if they go). The Major is said to have agreed. It seems a rather low trick, but I think we'd all do it in order to get home. Clare left to try and find his brother Fred, who is somewhere near Verdun.

November 17th. Sunday. Left with Bill in the morning after deciding to go to Cannes instead of Nice. Met Joe Knowles, Russ Hall, and Weatherhead of the 95th at Bar-le-Duc, also waiting for the train, which arrived so crowded that we had to stand all the way to Paris. At Chalons, we saw a large crowd of civilian refugees from the former occupied districts, all utterly wretched and forlorn looking, but evidently mighty happy to be back. Passed some old familiar scenes along the Marne and the old Chateau Thierry sector and it seemed strange to roll into Chateau Thierry itself on a railroad train. Got to Paris about 4, and after trying about six hotels got a room at the Wagram which seemed rather run down by the war. 'All the town was celebrating Alsace-Lorraine day and there had been a big parade. There were wild scenes in the streets, many "Vive l'Ameriques", and it was necessary to keep one's cap in a pocket to retain it. Went to the Folies Bergeres in the evening and saw quite a good show.

November 18th. Spent the day around town and saw Sam Hemingway, who told me Harold died in the hospital at Glorieux, where Penrose Stout was taken and that Pres. Wilson is coming to the Peace Conference. Tink has got a Captaincy in the Intelligence Bureau at Washington. Sam expects to stay in France till summer. We took the train about eight, meeting Reed Chambers of the 94th in the station. He is just recovering from an operation for appendicitis. The train was very crowded, there were no couchettes and we were lucky to get seats. Bill and I shared a compartment with two Red Cross nurses, a Y. M. C. A. lady and a wounded infantry officer, named Steinhart.
November 19th. Had a rather tiresome trip via Dijon, Arles, Avignon and Marseilles and got to Cannes about five. Reed decided to go to Cannes with us instead of Nice and we all took rooms at the Carlton Hotel.

November 23rd. Here three days and have enjoyed the sunshine and warmth to the full, after the rain and mud of the North. Have also luxuriated in breakfast in bed, our private bath and the wonderful meals of this really splendid hotel, a sort we had not supposed existed in France at present. One drawback was their playing the Star Spangled Banner every night in the middle of dinner, but we managed to have that stopped. Quite enough Americans here for company but not a bit crowded. They have a bar like Mother used to make and gorgeous, but very expensive, drinks: otherwise it's quite cheap. Reed got a telegram two days ago to return as the 94th was going to the Rhine and he left today. No news from the 27th. This afternoon went to the Observatoire Californie, where we got a fine view and could see Nice, and the Italian coast and the island with the castle, where the Man in the iron mask was kept - also some chap who betrayed France in 1870.

November 25th. Went to Nice and Monte Carlo over the Grande Corniche, Bill and I and three others. We had a good day, but found men in uniform were not allowed in the salles des jeux at the Casino.

November 28th. Left Cannes yesterday noon, with great reluctance and got in Paris this morning. The whole town was out with bands to welcome King George and the Prince of Wales, and quite by luck, we saw them twice. Met Polk and later on ran into Lennon who came with us to Thanksgiving dinner at the Cafe de Paris. He told us that Dawson and Donaldson had joined the 94th and gone to Germany with it, and that Nicholson was Flight Commander of B flight, to the disgust of its members, who thought one of themselves should have had it. The other squadrons, than the 94th, in the Group, may shortly go to Colombey. Bill met a friend who told him his promotion was through and that he is now a First Lieutenant.

November 29th. Left in morning and got back to the airdrome by supper. Met Rucker and Moy in Bar-le-Duc, and Ruck rode out with us: he has his orders to go home. Found many new officers had been sent to each squadron, the 27th having at least ten. No one can make out just why so many should come now that the war is over unless Washington wants to boost the number of pilots it can say were at the front in France. A good many of the old officers have their orders to leave on Sunday for Issoudun, the first step towards home. The squadrons may go to Colombey les Belles, but not right away. The 218th with Capt. Rankin and the Supply Office have gone up with the 94th and I have been made Group Supply Officer, but Alfred said he thought I could get back to the squadron by asking as he, himself had already asked it.
November 30th.

Saw the Major in the morning and got back to the squadron. Poor Andrews got the job in my place. Bill is Group Armament Officer and can't get out of it. I couldn't shake the job of Summary Court Officer but that's not so bad. Rucker, Bilderback, Cooper, Roland, Nicholson and Colton left in the evening for Issoudun and Clare Andrews arrived to pay us another visit.

Kelton is back. He was captured but escaped from the Hun prison just before the armistice and made his way to Strassburg. He had a group photograph of a number of captured pilots including Wanamaker. The Hun officers, who questioned him, after his capture had pictures of all the American airdromes and pointed out the one where we are now, correctly. They also appeared to know all about a number of the officers in the Group. Sinbad, the squadron cat, is going to have kittens.

December 1st. Sunday.

Hewitt, Lyman and Harkins left, and they will pick up Lennon in Paris. Saw Major Angstrom, Doc Rosenblum and Curd of the 139th at H.Q. in the morning. Curd just out of the hospital and still crippled. He had been very badly gassed while up for confirmations. The Adj. has gone to Tours for a few days. Griswold and Sgt's. Schreiber and Shirek got back to-day from a trip to investigate an unmarked aviators grave in Belleau Wood. They disinterred the body and Schreiber told me it was almost recognizable as Elliott's. Elliott had two gold teeth and they were missing from the body and as the dimensions correspond there seems little doubt of the identification. The body had been stripped and wrapped in burlap. We got a story today that Luke had been brought down with forty bullets in him: the report came from the Red Cross.

December 2nd.

Had lunch at H.Q. mess with Bill Cosgrove, Ordway and Andrews. Haywood and Wolfe, who were with the 27th in Texas came over in the morning. They are with one of the other groups nearby. Two more officers left for Issoudun, Gross and Stewart.

December 4th.

Rain for the past two days; the mud is unspeakable. Clapp left this morning, and our roster of officers is getting small. Yesterday, two Fokker planes landed on the field; they were two of the planes turned over by the Huns under the terms of the armistice and were being flown to the rear by French pilots. We have decided to leave the 95th mess and set up an officers mess of our own. Bailey has been ordered to Paris for court-martial for some infringement of regulations when he was there on leave recently.

December 6th.

Got word this morning that we would proceed to Colombey shortly to de-mobilize, which we decided meant we were going home, whereat much joy. Went to Bar-le-Duc in the afternoon with Grant, Jerry and Doc Spencer, our new medical officer, and when we returned found our orders to leave for Colombey on Monday next, the 9th. The Red Cross in Switzerland reports that MacArthur's grave has been located. He died in a Hun hospital, about three weeks after he was missing.
December 8th. Sunday.

Sent off an advance party to Colombey in charge of Posshard; the squadron is to leave on the tenth. The 95th and 147th are also going. Went over to the 185th at noon with Alfred, and Bill Cosgrove to a dinner in honor of the two Red Cross girls, who are leaving to go up to Germany with the 94th. They left shortly after dinner escorted by Madam Sherry, who had come down for them.

We went over there again in the evening to a final party and endowed the 185th with the 27th squadron cat, which squirmed most awfully all the way across the airdrome.

December 9th.

Mr. Merle, the K. of C. Secretary left this morning. Things are surely breaking up. Everyone is glad enough to be on their way, but its hard not to feel a little bit of a pang to see the Group going to pieces. Why does almost any condition begin to seem ideal, when its over? Mr. Merle is to write a history of the K. of C's. work in France. He may come to Brest to see us before we sail. Late in the evening, a number of Croix de Guerre's arrived for some of the pilots, including Grant and Jerry, and were presented by Col. Atkinson.

December 10th.

The squadron left about ten o'clock with a fair amount of the transport in running order. Doc Spencer and McDevitt went along and the Adj. and I left an hour or two later and over-took them about one o'clock, well on the way: as usual the convoy got separated. We went through familiar towns, Bar-le-Duc, Ligny, Void, and Vaucouleurs, and got to Colombey about six. We are at what is called the East Airdrome, which is about two miles from the Air Depot and although inconvenient, is much pleasanter, being in the woods. We arrived in a cold rain and darkness, and the trucks of the three squadrons got in a fearful snarl in the narrow roads in the camp, but as the advance party had things in good shape, we finally got unloaded and by eight, the last of the trucks were in. Grant will come to-morrow and the twelve planes still in the squadron, will be flown in as soon as weather permits. Some of the men, to-day, saw McElvain in Bar-le-Duc, just back in France.

December 11th.

Very busy turning in squadron property. Red Miller was here in the morning, but missed seeing him and in the afternoon, McElvain came and stayed all night. Mc. got several bullets in his engine, which stopped it, and forced him to land behind the lines, but he was unhurt. The Hun pilot landed near him and was quite courteous, he admired Mc's. teddy bear, but when Mc said he treasured it, the Hun said he wouldn't think of depriving him. Later on a Hun private soldier saw the teddy bear, tore it away from him and walked off with it. Mc. was first of all marched to Laon and for a month had a very bad time, but after he got back to one of the big main camps, things were better. He met a number of friends and they appear to have had a rather good time. Mc. looks very well but didn't have many clothes left. He showed us some of the special paper money the Hunshad for prisoners. Whiton, who was lost in the patrol with Mc. on August 1st, was a prisoner in the same camp.

We hope to leave here in a week for Brest. All three of the squadrons have still a good many officers left, but most of them will leave soon. There is a fourth squadron here, the 155th, a bombing squadron.
December 12th.

Rain: Gwinn and Gilbert left this morning, and a large number of officers from the 147th and 95th. We are told to be ready to leave by the 17th. Major Hartney has promised to take over the last Spad, which couldn't get away, and the machine shop, which was so deep in the mud, that it will probably never be moved. American tourists in 2018 will probably flock to look at it as one of the curious relics of the great war.

Cy Summer, a former pilot of the 139th, who was a prisoner, was here to-day. We have heard from all the men known to have been captured, and hope has been given up of the others: the list appears to be final.

Killed in action:


Killed in accidents (in France):

- Nevius, White, Pvt. Bauchman, Marquard, Ingersoll.

Captured:

- Plyler, Wanamaker, Raymond, Whiton, Miller, McElvain.

Wounded:

- Schmitt, Stout, McKimmon.

Yesterday evening, Kelton and Smith of the 185th had a bad accident near Toul, when the car they were riding in overturned, Kelton broke his collar bone and Smith was killed.

December 13th.

We were told this morning that the machine shop left at the old airdrome would have to be turned in here and also two trailers left behind as salvage, having no wheels. How we'll ever get them here God only knows. Jerry came down during the day to Smith's funeral and I went back with him. Got to the airdrome in time for supper and after walked down to Erize, to see Major Hartney, returning for the night to Jerry's quarters. The 185th's (formerly the 27th's) squadron cat, spent the night jumping through the window on to Willis McClintock's face and taking off again from his chest. Being quite wet, the cat made more of a hit with Jerry and me than with Mc.

December 14th.

The heavy truck with the detail which we had sent yesterday, arrived late last night, and this morning we tackled the machine shop. We borrowed a new magneto for the machine shop's own engine, and got it going, got the group tractor and the truck pulling on it and eventually got it out and onto the road, and started for Colombey, chaperoned by the truck. Much relief on the part of all.

Went to lunch with the Major and his party at H.Q. Andrews, Red Miller, and Bill Cosgrove are on an expedition into Germany. Went back to the 185th for dinner and they threw one of their far-famed parties in the evening.

December 15th. Sunday.

Got the two trailers off on a truck borrowed from the Park squadron, and returned to Colombey with Harvey of the 147th, who had been up on the same errand as myself. Felt quite melancholy at leaving the old airdrome for the last time. We met Curd in Bar-le-Duc, fully recovered from his gassing and about to go on leave.

Got back to Colombey to find the machine shop had arrived and that Clare Andrews had been there in my absence.
December 16th. Rain. Last of the transport got in, so that worry is over. Stewart and McCubbin are back from leave. We still have a number of officers left who come and go day by day and are A. W. O. L. most of the time on trips around the country. To-day, we got a new officer, Stoner, who was with the 135th, an Art. Ob. squadron, but who has joined us to get home quickly.

December 18th. We have turned in everything and are ready to go, but it seems now that we will be here a week or so longer. Its a pleasant camp, but everyone is anxious to be on the way home. Stewart left yesterday. Met Major Angstrom and Doc Rosenblum over at the Air Depot, to-day, the 139th is there and also the old 17th and 148th from Hicks, who have been up with the British.

December 21st. No particular news of our going and little to do but sit and wait. Red Miller spent the day with us and stayed all night. He ran away from his captors just after being taken but in the dark stumbled on to a lot more Huns and was caught again. He was in the prison at Karlsruhe for a month and was pretty badly treated. Karlsruhe was one of the towns most bombed by the British so the Huns made a prison of a hotel directly in the center of the town. After a time Red was taken back to the same camp where McElvain was and Plyler, Whiton and Klingman of the 28th. There they were able to get food through the Swiss Red Cross and were not so badly off.

December 22nd. Sunday. Red left in the afternoon. Walked over with Alfred to the Depot to get a bath and we met Creech of the 17th. In the evening a Lieut. Ball, in the machine gun service came to get Voeks' things. He had been in the hospital with Voeks and Little and reported both of them as getting well.

December 24th. Christmas eve. It snowed all afternoon and night and really looked so much like Christmas at home that it made everyone homesick. We borrowed the Y phonograph from the mess and had a rather mild party in our quarters until the phonograph broke. We hung up our stockings and left whatever presents there were in a heap, and the Adj. who had been to Neufchateau, filled the stockings when he got back.

December 25th. A big Christmas dinner for the men and also at the Officers mess, but not very much real cheer.

December 26th. Crowell left to-day: Griswold, McCubbin and Chambers left several days ago and Moseley and Croxton have a testing job at the Air Depot and are no longer with the squadron. We are down to seven officers. Moseley took his dog Zip with him but Zip ran away and came back to us. He's a very nice dog to have around but no dog can ever quite take the place of Fred Norton's Jerry with the squadron. Jerry disappeared last September and was probably stolen by troops along the road.

Margaret Wilson gave a vocal concert here at the East Air drome this evening. She was very gracious and I think the
men felt flattered to have her sing to them, but her voice is not great, and she doesn't know how to use it - besides which, she has no stage presence or charm: outside of that she's all right. Col. Aleshire, Major Campbell, Capt. Galleghe and several ladies of the Red Cross came out from the Air Depot and had dinner with us, and went to the concert.

December 29th. Sunday.

Rain and warmer. Have felt very ill the last few days but better now. Another little touch of our special brand of flu. The 1st Pursuit Group is now a thing of the past and Major Hartney is on some special work at Chaumont. Clare Andrews was here during the day and told of seeing Fred Clapp at Toul, Fred is to get his discharge over here.

December 30th.

Freddie Ordway here to-day on his way to Tours, where some sort of a job is awaiting him. Mild excitement in the evening. Sgt. Burnett and Cragin returned from dinner in Colombey, slightly submerged and interfered with Sgt. Shirek and a card game in the Orderly Room. A free for all ensued and by the time Grant and I got there the place was slightly messed. It looked not unlike Main St. in a small French town on the firing line. Burnett and Cragin have been broke. Our orders are said to be at H.Q. at the Depot and we are now waiting only for transportation.

December 31st.

An attempt at a New Year's Eve party, but everyone got bored and went to bed at eleven o'clock. Everybody wishes it were next New Year's instead of this, but agree heartily that they are very glad it is this New Year's instead of last.

January 1st, 1919.

The two Andrews, Clare and Horace, of the 147th arrived to-day. Horace Andrews is going to rejoin his old squadron. The C.O. of the East Air drome here is Capt. McLean, and to-day, at dinner, he made everybody feel very good by saying we would be here a month longer. The Adj. got so depressed that he resurrected an old sick excuse and got himself made a casual and he will leave to-morrow.

January 2nd.

Clare left for Tours via Chaumont. He has a Hudson car, formerly used by Pershing and evidently very thoroughly used. It still moves when encouraged enough but every few hundred yards something drops off it into the road. The Adj. has also gone.

January 4th. Sunday.

Bill Cosgrove arrived late last night bringing the old H.Q. detachment of the Group. He will not try to rejoin the squadron but will go on to Angers as a Casual. The group is entirely broken up and the 185th, although still at the old field, is now part of the new 2nd Pursuit Group. Sgt. Eccleston returned to the squadron after an absence of several months in hospital. He had seen Martin, Wanamaker and a number of the other prisoners.
January 6th.

Bosshard and Stoner have gone to Mirecourt for three days leave. Yesterday, we heard that we would go within four days, but the word to-day is that Brest is quarantined and no telling when we'll get away. Everybody is terribly fed up, and tired of waiting and of the uncertainty.

One of the enlisted men of the 95th has been missing several days and was thought to be A. W. O. L. but to-day, his body was found in the woods near the camp, with four bullets in it (45's). There is no evidence who the murderer was, but it is laid variously to one of the Russians, who have been hanging around the camp lately, and a French girl. The Russians seem a harmless enough lot and the girl theory appears to have no evidence to back it, and is probably pure romance. It seems more likely, as the gun was evidently a Colt, that it was an American. There are always a few rough customers in every organization.

January 7th.

The Group Minstrels have been re-organized and are giving shows all around the neighborhood. To-night, they played at Neufchateau and Berry and Wheelock of the 95th and I rode down with the party on one of the trucks, going to the Lafayette Club, where we used to go from Epiez last May. Epiez seems part of a long ago past, as I notice things do in the war, although they happened really only a few months before.

Just before dinner in came Grant, Capt. McLean and McDevitt with Jerry Vasconcells, McMath and Kamp, who had come down from Remercourt. They returned with us to Colombey, and spent the night after a quite satisfactory party. During the evening, we learned that Teddy Roosevelt was dead.

January 9th.

Jerry and his party left for Remercourt yesterday, taking Alfred with them for a few days visit. To-day, Bill Cosgrove went, to return to the 185th for a little while and then go on to Angers. Late in the afternoon, Penrose Stout came but could only stay a few minutes. He is entirely cured of his wound and is on his way back home. The 17th and 148th squadrons are to leave for Nantes on Saturday, and are evidently getting the jump on us.

The Russians who have been about here lately were prisoners in Germany and got to France after the armistice instead of to Russia. There has been no one to take any interest in them, and they hang around the mess kitchen trying to get something to eat. I suppose eventually, the French Government will look after them.

January 10th. Friday.

McGee, one of the enlisted men, got word to-day that practically his entire family had been wiped out by the flu, at home. Booshard and Stoner on another three days leave. To-night, while walking out from the Air Depot, one of the men of the 155th was attacked and knocked unconscious on the road and robbed. He said the man was in uniform but couldn't say whether or not it was American.

January 15th.

Very little to make life interesting and no definite news of our leaving. We got McGee transferred to the 12th Balloon squadron, which was at the Air Depot and was leaving for Nantes, but without any particular assurance that they will beat us home. Capt.
McLean, Stoner, Bunting and I went to Neufchateau last evening to dinner, and had a little more than even the usual amount of tire trouble. We did three miles coming back on a flat tire, and at the end of that time, the tire came off, and hid in a ditch, where it couldn't be found, so we ended the ride on the bare rim. Grant returned to-day, bringing Bunce and Kamp with him to spend the night. The 185th is to move down somewhere near Chaumont.

January 21st. Still no news of leaving and little to do: we have no transportation and it is so hard to get it from the Depot that about the only way to get anywhere is by catching rides on trucks. Hudson was at the Depot to-day, on his way home and paid us a visit. Was officer of the day for the first time since we left Issoudun. Recollections of the murder and robbery made the round of the posts after midnight, a little spooky, particularly in the woods, but Zip went along to lend his protection. Two Y.M.C.A. ladies have arrived to improve the Y hut, which a fertile field for improvement, and to enliven our mess by their presence. The last few days have been the coldest we've had in France, but clear.

January 23rd. Went to Mirecourt with Grant and McLean, where we had lunch and bought some lace; from there to Neufchateau for dinner. Weather very cold; still no news of a move.

January 27th. Abernathy, who was formerly with the 147th, to lunch to-day. He is at Chaumont and returned in the afternoon taking Grant with him to visit Major Hartney. McLean, Gorman of the 147th and I organized an expedition to Nancy to dinner.

January 30th. Grant returned from Chaumont bringing me an invitation from the Major to come down and visit him, but do not expect to be able to go. Rumors of our leaving are more persistent than ever and there seems to be some truth to them this time. A special medical inspection has been held and orders received to send in an absolutely final roster of men and officers, all of which looks like action.

January 31st. Walked to the Air Depot with McDevitt and having nothing else to do attended officers meeting. We were well repaid as our orders to proceed to Brest were read. Nine squadrons are to go, the 27th, 95th and 147th of the 1st Pursuit, the 13th, 139th and 103rd of the 2nd Pursuit, the 49th, 13th and 93rd of the 3rd Pursuit and the 155th. We leave the 2nd. McDevitt went on ahead in the afternoon with a small advance party.

February 1st. Spent the day getting ready for an early start in the morning. The East Airdrome here is to be abandoned when we leave and McLean hopes to get away for home at once.

February 2nd. Sunday. Up at 4:30 and left the camp at 7 and marched to Barisy le Cote, where the train was to be. We were to leave at 8, but no signs of any train were apparent at that time. The weather
was very cold and raw, and waiting around on the platform without a place to sit down, and without shelter proved no pleasure. About twelve, the train had not come and it began to rain and kept it up all the afternoon. We managed to make one or two small bon fires, but there was not much wood to burn.

The train pulled in at 5:30 and as it was dark by then, the job of loading took an hour and we got under way by about 7 P.M. The men were as crowded as usual, and there was so little room in the box cars for the officers, that it was found only half could go to bed at one time. I elected to be one of those to sit up the first night, and we spent most of the time trying to make a charcoal brazier burn by means of a gasoline blow torch. We finally got so tired that we dozed off sitting up in spite of the cold.

February 3rd.

Found ourselves in Troyes in the morning, having made better progress than we expected and went on through Auxerre to Clamecy, where we stopped for coffee. Harvey of the 147th had been ill several days, and yesterday and last night proved too much for him so the train was stopped and he was put off at a hospital. During the afternoon, we got some passenger coaches which proved to be Hun third class, some of the cars turned over by the terms of the armistice. They were nothing remarkable but we could all sleep at once now, and after a hasty supper, we proceeded to do so, being about as tired as we well could be.

February 4th.

Passed thorough Bourges during the night and Vierzon, (not forgotten of last Spring) and were very near Romorantin and Issoudun when we awoke at Ville Franche. Passed Tours about noon and were at Le Mans by night, having made splendid time for a troop train.

February 5th.

Through Rennes to St. Brieuc, where the first sight of the ocean was greeted with loud cheers and arrived in the station at Brest at 7 P.M., thoroughly tired out from the trip. Unloading the train and getting supper took a long while, and we were not ready to start for camp until twelve o'clock. Camp Pautanezon is about six kilos from town and up hill most of the way. The road was perfectly dark and very slippery with mud. Endless delays ensued on our arrival at camp, which at night seemed a confused labrinth of slippery duck boards, but about 4, we were ushered to some rows of tents and invited to repose. The officers blankets had strayed to some unknown point in the two mile square camp, and we found ourselves sufficiently exhausted to sleep on the bare boards.

February 6th.

Things started early in the morning with a rush of orders to be complied with, all difficult to obey when in leaky tents with mud floors and a gale of wind and rain outside. Innumerable passenger lists have to be made out and several varieties of inspection held. There is a system of central mess kitchens here which relieves us of a squadron mess, but the troops have to be marched to all meals. Gorman of the 147th with only two other officers is almost crazy with work, and we find enough to do for all six of us.
February 7th. Still a breathless rush. The size of the camp makes things hard, as every place one has to go is one or two miles away by roads ankle deep in mud. The weather has turned very cold, but is clear, one of the ten clear days they are said to have in Brest, in the course of a year. The camp is quite full of colored troops, whom it is said the French government has asked to have removed from France. They have colored officers and we've seen them as high as a Colonel. Most of our officers object to sitting at table with them, and the junior officers decline to salute them. Sgt. Hessong has become very ill and has been taken to the hospital. It is doubtful whether he can return with us.

February 9th. Sunday. The cold clear weather has lasted, which has been most fortunate for us. The worst of the work is over and at six tonight we got orders to report to the delousing station at nine and then move into quarters further down in camp. We spent a feverish evening as everything had to be moved by hand, but were all settled by twelve o'clock. The quarters are nothing remarkable but seem like paradise after the tents and are much more central. Coulter, one of the men, has the flu, and he and two contacts have had to be removed to the hospital.

February 12th. Practically everything is done and we are ready to embark. We have had a number of squadron inspections, preparatory to the inspection by the camp. The men have been several times praised for their good discipline, which is a new experience for anyone in the air service. The camp inspection is to be to-morrow at 1:30. Took a walk around camp in the afternoon with Grant and saw an old house, said to have been Napoleon's headquarters and a wall near it, where they used to shoot people. We could see the bullet holes in the wall. Afterward went to the Red Cross and cabled that we expect to sail within a month.

February 14th. Yesterday, we had our second medical inspection and in the afternoon waited two hours for the Camp Inspector who failed to arrive; the inspection was finally put off. This morning Bosshard and I went down to Brest on some business and went to the docks to get in our trunks. When we returned the inspection had taken place, everything was O.K. and now we can get our breath.

February 16th. Sunday. Rain almost all the time for the last week. This is undoubtedly the wettest part of the world, and the mud is terrible, but the camp in general is not bad for one of its size, and the newspaper accounts are exaggerated and unfair. President Wilson sailed from Brest yesterday but did not come out to camp. The Olympic was reported to have hit a mine, but arrived all right last night.

Went to see Sgt. Hessong, and found him better but still very sick, and he will not be able to sail with us. He is much upset at being left behind and it does seem too bad after being with us up to the last this way. Coulter and the flu contacts are back with the squadron.
February 18th. Went to Brest with Grant, had a good lunch and spent the day in town. The 103rd and the 95th are to sail to-morrow and as almost all the colored troops have left we hope to be off soon.

February 20th. We got bad news to-day. The 27th Division is coming through Brest and has priority orders for sailing. No troops can leave until they, the 27th, have all gone, which means we will probably be here two weeks longer. Everyone here is pretty sore as we have been here several weeks and have almost all been in France longer than the 27th.

February 24th. Have been leading much the same life as at Colombey. There is no place to go and it is not pleasant to walk as it rains literally all the time. We loaf, read and play chess and if we were not so impatient to leave it wouldn't be bad. The 49th got their orders to-day to sail to-morrow so we are hopeful.

February 26th. DeFrance of the 139th met us in the Red Cross Club yesterday afternoon and said he had just seen Lieut. Col!(?) Hartney in Brest and that he would be out to see us. He came this afternoon, resplendent in his silver leaves and paid us quite a visit. We went down to the men's quarters, and the men were delighted to see him, but had hard work not to call him Major. He is at Brest with Col. Sherman, waiting for the Lusitania and when he gets home expects to be stationed at Washington for a time at least. Grant returned to town with him to dinner.

February 27th. Went to Brest to lunch with Col. Hartney and Major Angstrom. Afterward we took a long walk down by the harbor and saw a number of Hun submarines, which were very interesting, but surprisingly varied in type, no two being just alike. All of them had the big sawtooth cutter in the bow, that we had read about, to cut through the Allies' steel nets.

March 3rd. No news of any move, although all the squadrons have gone except the 139th, 147th and ourselves. This morning, Doc. Rosenblum and I went down to the docks and saw the Troop Movement Officer, who gave us assurance that we would be out within a week. Yesterday we had our 5th Medical inspection, and it is getting to be quite a habit.

March 5th. This morning we were thrown into quite a flurry by an order for a "final" inspection, which took place in the afternoon, and in spite of our fears, passed off without trouble. An hour or two later, loud cheers resounded from the men's barracks at an order to embark to-morrow on the S. S. Charleston, a cruiser. There is quite a coincidence in the fact that we landed in England on March 6th of last year, so we will have been on foreign soil a year to a day. The 147th is going on the boat with us, but not the 139th, who are in the depths at being the last of the nine squadrons to get out. Bosshard went down to board the boat as an advance officer. Stoner has gone to the hospital for a slight operation and will not sail with us.
March 6th. Bosshard returned this morning and said the boat was being held up for coaling and after waiting expectantly all day we got word late in the afternoon that our sailing was put off until Saturday, the 8th. We are much disappointed but if its not more than two days it won't be bad.

March 7th. Cabled home for the third time and hope it won't be necessary to do it again. There seems to be no further hold up and our orders are to leave to-morrow at eleven. McDevitt went down in the evening with a detail to load the baggage.

March 8th. Saturday.
Left camp at eleven and marched to the pier, Alfred and I, carrying the field desk with the records at the head of the column. The regulations require this but the field desk got pretty heavy before we had covered the five miles. We left the pier at one o'clock by lighter, having been regaled by Red Cross ladies with coffee and buns. There was little delay and the Charleston sailed at 4 P.M. The boat is very crowded. We were disappointed in the matter of cabins and have standee bunks made of iron pipe and canvas; the same as the men. We had to get our own blankets out of the hold and Doc Spencer was taken sick before he could get his. The bunks are four deep and are not uncomfortable in themselves but the room is fearfully crowded and inconvenient. The mess is very good. The water is rather rough and as the Charleston is a little boat she pitches a good deal and a great many are sick. We are to take the Southern route by the Azores and are due in New York, the 19th.

March 10th. Have had quite rough weather and very few of the seasick have ventured from their bunks. I have had my usual luck in being free from sea-sickness, but got a very bad cold and the usual fever, my bunk being right under a ventilator and greatly favored with cold breezes and sometimes with water. Beside our two squadrons there are a number of casual companies aboard and quite a few casual officers. The ship gets out a daily newspaper with radio news and ship gossip and the days run. The naval officers are splendid to us but quite evidently hate having their ship messed up with troops. Every night there are very good movies in the ward room for the officers and the same movies are given twice a day for the men. The ship's band hardly ever stops giving concerts. We are quite busy as the ships regulations about guards, inspection, etc. require a good deal of attention.

March 12th. Made better time to-day as the weather was calmer. About four in the afternoon we came in sight of Corvo, one of the Azores, and a little later of Flores, a bigger island and the western-most of the group. Both rise very abruptly from the water to an immense height and can be seen from a long distance. Some one defeated some one else in a big naval battle between the two islands several hundred years ago. It grew dark as we passed Flores, but only one light was visible and that a light house. Andrews and I sat on deck watching as we passed and the island with its one light was the most lonesome sight I've ever seen and made us so blue we finally went below.
March 13th.  
After passing the Azores, we turned due west but to-day have altered our course a little to the north and will thus cut off 150 miles. We are due on the 19th.

March 18th.  
Very cold the last few days. Practically everyone is well again, even Doc Spencer. We will be in early to-morrow.

March 19th.  
Up early and packed our bed rolls. Went on deck about 5:30 and found we were just inside of Sandy Hook. We steamed slowly up the narrows, and if anyone wasn't glad to see America, they didn't say so. By 7:30 we were in the dock at Hoboken, and shortly after on the pier. After about an hour, a ferry boat came to the end of the dock, took us on and sailed around the battery and up to the L.I.R.R. ferry slip, opposite 34th Street, where we left from, over a year ago. There was quite a crowd there and considerable flag waving.

The train landed us at Garden City station and we had quite a march clear to the other end of the camp and to some forlorn and leaky tents that reminded us of our first days in Brest. We were also handed a pamphlet of instructions to comply with, for discharging the men, appaling to contemplate. No trucks could come within two blocks of the tents and all the squadron property had to be carried through the mud. As soon as it was finished, we got orders countermanding the first, ordering us to delouse that night and move into barracks, so all the baggage had to be carried back to the trucks again. By midnight, however, we were through, had had our bath and were installed in Barracks 11, and very comfortable. Barracks 20, where we were last year, is just across the road. Being back here in the same spot again it seems hard to believe that all the events of the past 13 months can be true. Had a 'phone call from home.

We met O'Neill, Jones and Ennis, who used to be with the 147th and who came down to see their old squadron. Also learned of Major Peterson's death in an accident in Florida.

March 20th.  
Very rushed getting the many forms and papers finished that have to be done for each man. The Organizations are split up here and sent to the various camps for discharge, only those who live in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut are discharged here. Cap. Rowland, Hewitt, and Daddy Hill are here and came around to see us, and Capt. McLean from Colombey beat us back and is to get his discharge to-morrow. The 17th arrived to-day, and I saw Wells, who is still with it, for the first time since they left Texas in January of last year. All the Colombey squadrons are still here except the 95th, which is discharged and gone.

March 23rd. Sunday.  
Went home last evening, and spent the night, returning this morning. Our work is well under way and we can begin to see light ahead. Lymon and Lennon motored down in the afternoon to see us. Garden City has been quite a re-union.

March 24th.  
Met Buckley of the 95th and Casgrain, an old member of that squadron, who was captured last spring, before we joined the group. He landed in No Man's Land and the Americans tried for days to
destroy his machine with shells. Finally the Huns took a wing off of it and mockingly set it up in a trench, the round oocard looking like a target.

Grant released Bosshard and McDevitt, this morning and by night they had got their discharge and had left. The men for Camp Meade have also gone.

March 25th. A holiday to-day on account of the 27th Division's parade in New York. The 139th and 148th squadrons got in. Met Jack Haywood and Dale, who were with us in Texas.

March 27th. Detachments left for Camps Lewis, Kearney, Pike and Travis.

March 29th. Yesterday we discharged about 40 men and to-day the final detachments left and the 27th squadron "Has been". Doc Spencer went with one of the Southern detachments and no one is left but Sgts. Neal, Waddell, Shirel, and Grant and myself.

In the afternoon, while we were congratulating ourselves that all was done, an order came that the 27th and eleven other squadrons were to be made permanent army organizations and we were unable to find out whether that would delay our discharge.

March 30th. Sunday. Stayed at camp, both Grant and I much worried about what might happen should they decide to keep us to re-organize the new 27th. We decided to make a break for discharge to-morrow.

March 31st. Started early in the morning working on discharge and by 4 P.M. was out of the army. Grant was unable to get relieved of the command of the 27th, which exists on paper only, but has hopes.

April 1st. Grant was relieved this morning by a Capt. Hill and started on his discharge at once. He was so afraid something would happen that he wouldn't go near our quarters and hid in the Hostess House most of the day. He was out by late afternoon and we went to New York, arriving in time for dinner.