

A DUFFLE BAG DIARY OF AN AMERICAN RED  
CROSS WORKER IN FRANCE

BY ELLIS E. WILSON

*(Continued from October, 1939)*

Thursday 2-20-1919

At Hotel Regina. Not used as a hostelry now but turned into an office building and wholly occupied by A.R.C. workers. Clemenceau's condition shows improvement. Will the war obligations be paid? It is said that in the toe of every sock in France there is argent, silver, secreted to help through the lean years which previous wars and revolutionary experience have taught these people will be a certain aftermath of this World War. Meet many women on the boulevards, relicts of dead soldiers, whose faces show deep sorrow but still bewitching by their delicate beauty and dark eyes. Americans call the Germans Fritzie's and the English call them Heinies.

Friday 2-21-1919

Caught cold from getting my feet wet but at my post. An inkeeper gave me a drink of what he called American whiskey and it certainly had the kick of a Missouri mule in it. Plenty of hot water for all purposes at Borghese Barracks. Hot air furnace heat which is desirable in this damp climate. A large proportion of Paris residents have only a little or no heat in their homes. People shiver. They surely have the blues from the cold weather and the wine they drink. There are many consumptives. Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's daughter, called on Premier Clemenceau.

Saturday 2-22-1919

At Hotel Regina offices in forenoon. Closed in afternoon. Did some repair work on my clothes, then went to business part of the city. Looked for a room outside of Barracks but comfortably heated and furnished ones are difficile [sic] to find. Talked with an officer and he advised me to stay at Barracks. He had taken rooms in a private house and it was a cheerless abode. Took his advice. All workers are required to live at the various A.R.C. barracks but officers are free to live wherever they wish. Those who marry French girls and

several of our chauffeurs have, must take rooms outside the barrack stations. Gen. Pershing and Herbert Hoover speakers at a Washington birthday luncheon given by the American Club at Palais d'Orsay. Old man weather again spreads his fog curtain over the city.

Sunday 2-23-1919

Went to Methodist Episcopal church. Services conducted by a Canadian soldier of the English army. Perhaps he may have been a preacher in Canada. Took a walk to Bois de Boulogne Park after dinner. Paid five centimes rental for the privilege of sitting in a rustic chair for about fifteen minutes. The Paris way of securing funds to maintain pleasure resorts. A weekling with curled mustachios and a tubercular pallor passed by whispering amorously to his lady companion, a petite rouge lipped mondaine. Both human remnants. Women selling lilac branches on boulevards. With others visited American Hospital where R. D. Carlyle had passed away. Funeral tomorrow most likely.

Monday 2-24-1919

Duties at Hotel Regina, 2 Place de Rivoli. Attended funeral of R. D. Carlyle who died of pneumonia and was interred in American Soldiers Cemetery a part of Suresnes Cemetery on the south slope of Mount Valerian, about three miles west of Paris near the historical town of St. Cloud. He was the first of our company to die. A faithful fellow in his work. An oak plank casket. Some fifteen hundred American soldiers who died in Paris hospitals are buried here. Also the deceased of auxiliary organizations. White crosses row on row on the sunny south slope of the butte. Presbyterian minister spoke. Rain fell all the time during the services. Most of attending comrades wore rubber coats. Carlyle was a faithful chauffeur, always ready to make the most difficult drives on the darkest nights. Red haired but cool headed he had no accidents.

Tuesday 2-25-1919

Cold rainy weather. To Regina office. Getting along nicely with my duties and believe I shall be able to satisfy my superior officers. My stenographer, a native of England, a great help. She desires to go to Germany to assist in A.R.C.

work along the Rhine but [I] hope she remains here. Speaks the German language, also French. English business girls, if financially able, finish their education in France in order to acquire the French language. Likewise the French business girls go to some school in England to complete their education. Both languages being essential in business as well as a social accomplishment. Most have a fair knowledge of the German language.

#### Wednesday 2-26-1919

Wore very heavy army shoes. Have a cold. Dampness chills. Dinner at Y. M. C. A. Palace de Glace. White bread sandwiches. The only place white bread can be obtained in Paris, cost three francs. In evening attended Masonic gathering at No. 10 rue Victor Emanuel. A party sponsored by French ladies who served each visitor chocolate cake. A very dainty repast. The ban on bakers making cake has been raised. Previously for several years only bread could be made by anyone, no cake, no cookies, no piecrust, not anything requiring flour but bread which was made mostly of rye flour with sometimes a little barley or wheat flour added.

Three reparations plans proposed

1. British, Central Powers to pay whole cost of war.
2. French, the same except bills for destruction of property to be paid first.
3. American, only reparation for wanton damages.

#### Thursday 2-27-1919

Wore those heavy shoes again, hard as a peasant's wooden souliers. Had lunch at Y. M. C. A. and passed through Tuileries Gardens when returning to Regina. Letter from wife which was sent to Louis Blanc Barracks brought me by Lieut. Roche. Rode to my work and back home on Metro. subway street cars. Mailed wife a descriptive book of Paris. Georges Clemenceau, the man of volcanic activity, able to attend sessions of Peace Conference. Tulips and other flowers pushing through the ground in the Tuileries. Lilac buds show color. Kaiser Wilhelm appealed to German revolutionary government for money, broke. Met a gassed French soldier purple faced gasping for breath. Perhaps walking too fast.

One of the courageous who was tried in the trenches and now?  
Friday 2-28-1919

For third day wore those board-like army shoes. Rode to office on Metro. Capt. Fellows had a cold and did not return in afternoon. Small lunch at restaurant, two francs. Put on three suits of underwear this morning. Several chauffeurs said they were wearing at least six suits that they had just kept putting them on and had never taken any off. In evening threw those abominable shoes out of window to a beggar. Ambulance drivers deserve praise for their splendid service in meeting night and day all trains arriving in Paris. Rain or snow about every day and the nights are long and dark. Poorly lighted streets make fearful the shadowy gloom. A scrimmage at the nightly crap shooting. Someone crooning—

When my dreams have all come true,  
I'm going back, back to you.

#### MARCH

Saturday 3-1-1919

A renewing sleep in my bed of blankets. Iron bedstead. Up at 6:30 A. M. Some chapel bell ringing, but only a few church bells are heard now in Paris. At office until one o'clock then day's work was done. Had lunch at Soldiers and Sailors Club, mostly English, then rambled in streets looking into shop windows. Met Miss Verona Weller, Y. W. C. A. worker from Waterloo, Iowa. Was peering at pearl beads in shop window priced at \$1,000.00 or more, when she quietly asked me if I intended purchasing a string to send home to my wife. Unexpected greeting. Today Gen. Foch presented to Peace Conference the military terms to be incorporated into the World War treaty.

Sunrise 6:48, Sunset 5:38.

Sunday 3-2-1919

Daylight saving. And the clock was pushed ahead one hour so we had to get up earlier. I remained in bed for the first time since joining A.R.C. No need to get up for church services are at 11 A. M. and I think my stomach needs a rest. Cleaned up with a shower bath, boarded street cars and went to Place de la Opera. Then walked to Methodist Episcopal church. Took communion with the people, mostly American

soldiers. Services Episcopal rather than Methodist. A soldier remarked that in his opinion the pastor drank a little too much wine to be a pious Methodist. A fraternizing song "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go" sung by men wearing uniforms of various countries. Herbert Hoover appointed by President Wilson to be director of relief administration in central Europe of funds appropriated by U. S. Congress to feed the hungry.

Monday 3-3-1919

Rather feverish last night. Ate no supper and went to bed early. Rode to work on subway. Lunch at Palace de Glace Y. M. C. A. restaurant. Worked till 6 P. M. New French stenographer, Juliette Gireaux. Capt. Fellows told me to get new lieutenants cap and belt, a Sam Browne so called by soldiers. The belt was made to order in a French leather shop. Some of boys visited Follies Bergere, 32 rue Richer, foolishness they said, a rendezvous of the vicious and thoughtless. Committee on reparations estimate total cost of war to be over one hundred billion dollars. But the problem is not what should be paid but what amount Germany and her allies will be able to pay in the next half century. The German and Austrian common soldiers honestly and valiantly fought their countries battles, but are now fully disillusioned. Fragments of once powerful nations. The royal house of the Hohenzollerns is fallen.

Tuesday 3-4-1919

Rested fairly well. Taking an occasional drink of American whiskey at least the French bar keeper said it was American. Intestinal pains a common ailment among Americans caused by cold feet and incessant dampness. Bought lieutenants cap. Forty-five francs, nine dollars. A joke. Belt was too short. Rode home in auto. Had lunch in a pretended American restaurant five francs, no good but did get two fried eggs and a small piece of ham. War council enunciating a new map of Europe. New sinuous winding, crooked lines being marked over its surface. Savants of the war nations appear to fancy the sanctus bell should ring when they give utterance to their views but no one bows and perhaps heads are held a trifle higher. Austria may only be a chip of its prewar self.

## Wednesday 3-5-1919

Ate breakfast at second table 7:30 A. M. Went downtown on Metro. which is to say the subways. On job and worked hard all day. A crowd around all the time. A. R. C. workers coming and going. Lunch at Y. M. C. A. sandwiches. Home on metro. Bought a book of metro tickets, three francs. Traded my Sam Browne belt for a longer one. Sam Browne belts and shoulder straps may be worn by officers only. Bought a few handkerchiefs at the Bon Marche Store. The peerless politeness of these Parisian lady clerks is charming.

## Thursday 3-6-1919

Slept soundly last night and feel much better today. For lunch went to French restaurant and after being seated found they only served chocolate and cakes so ordered both, four francs, beat, then went into another restaurant and bought ham sandwich and a bigger cup of chocolate, two francs, such is life in Paris now. Americans preyed upon by unscrupulous tradesmen. Ate dinner with officers. Moved from room 204 to 209 hotel rue Borghese. Alone now. Made some lemonade, citronade, the French called it. One was non gratia who ate at officers table without his Sam Browne.

## Friday 3-7-1919

Reanimating sleep in new room, steam heat, windows open. To my daily task wearing Sam Browne and officers cap. Mailed my lieutenants commission to wife. Helped Capt. Fellows frame up legal papers for court martial. At rue Borghese for lunch. Lieut. Courier went downtown with me after lunch. He recently returned from the Rhine regions where he was sent when Company A first arrived in Paris. He speaks the German language. Rode from Hotel Regina to Hotel Borghese in auto with other workers. U. S. asks for no reparations except sequestered ships and German property seized.

## Saturday 3-8-1919

Busy in office at hotel Regina until one o'clock, then through for the day. Drew my Lieuts. salary of two hundred twenty-five francs per week. Paid my board bill at hotel Borghese, fifty francs. Looked for a pair of new shoes but did not find what I wanted. A good pair costs twenty dollars.

Puttees eighteen dollars made to order. Rain. Got my feet wet. Oh, for a pair of American rubbers to keep my shoes dry! A letter on my desk today addressed to John Miller, with the artillery, Paris, France, care of American Red Cross. But he has never called for it. Possibly gone home. Can he be located? No, impossible. Why not return to sender. No return address on envelope. Post mark not intelligible. I open it to get a clue if possible of the writer. Contains a sheer linen handkerchief and a neatly written friendly note but no location given, and signed "Kate." The letter goes into the waste basket and the handkerchief into my pocket. Thanks, Kate. I need it.

#### Sunday 3-9-1919

After breakfast walked to shop near Victor Hugo Place where my Sam Browne was being adjusted. Got it then looked up American Church which was not far away and attended services there. Home through heavy rain. Lunch at hotel Borghese. Wrote letters. Dinner. Too rainy to go out so went to bed early.

#### Monday 3-10-1919

Up with horn. Walked to Metro and rode to Tuileries. A short distance to Regina A. R. C. headquarters. Passed the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, every day. Busy all forenoon with chauffeurs. Had lunch at little French restaurant, then walked to Place de la Opera and on to the Madeleine church looking into shop windows. Got receipt for officers cap bought on Thursday, forty-five francs. Buy an article and pay for it. A few days later a lackey calls with a receipt. Rode home in a new closed auto. Six o'clock dinner at Borghese. Dry streets in evening. Mailed papers home and to friends. Criminals and anarchists have disappeared since the police started a clean-up of the gangs holding meetings in dark streets and alleys. Have often unexpectedly encountered several of their gatherings but they pay little attention to Americans.

#### Tuesday 3-11-1919

A hot bath and a good sleep last night. Found some red spots on one leg and was afraid of itch. Looked better in morning. Went to tailors at 66 Victor Hugo Ave. and was

measured for a new uniform of whipcord. Had lunch at Y. M. C. A. Palace de Glace. Had two oranges at dinner table. Letter from wife.

Note: Attack of itch for second time. Plenty of soap and hot water ended it with me but many of boys who neglected immediate precaution had serious trouble getting rid of the pests.

Wednesday 3-12-1919

Office at Hotel Regina. Lunch of sandwich, figs and chocolate. Looked into store windows. Home in auto to 2 rue Borghese, Neuilly sur Seine. Good dinner with officers. No more itch but have some flea bites. Fleas are in the wool blankets. Work, production, something must be started to give employment to the home-coming armies of Europe: so leaders say.

Thursday 3-13-1919

A chocolate breakfast. Walked to 66 Avenue Victor Hugo and had new uniform fitted. Took a sample of cloth to mail to wife. A French lunch. Paid thirty francs for ticket to banquet to be given Saturday evening in honor of Major Osborne of A. R. C. to be held at Marquery hotel. A goodbye gathering for the major. Steamer George Washington bearing President Wilson and wife with others interested in peace settlement arrived at Brest. Directed some of boys to a delousing place.

Friday 3-14-1919

Hard work all day figuring up pay books of boys who are released to return to U. S. French restaurant lunch. Rode home in auto to rue Borghese with other workers. Am getting caught up with my sleep but find I need more when doing office work than keeping hotel at Louis Blanc. President Wilson arrived in Paris on second visit from United States. Met today with Georges Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Col. E. M. House at Hotel Crillon. Emile Cotten, the man who shot Clemenceau, sentenced to death.

Saturday 3-15-1919

On office job early in morning and worked till one o'clock. Drew wages two hundred twenty-five francs. French lunch, then back to office. Am now to occupy the office room vacated



by Mrs. Harriman. Moved my equipment into it. Am to have a French stenographer, Miss Juliette Gireaux. Mrs. Harriman had charge of A. R. C. girl chauffeurs in Paris. Went to banquet in honor of Major Osborne at Marquery hotel. Home at 11 o'clock. Three kinds of wine and a glass of cognac. About one hundred Americans present. Not all went home sober. Some French Red Cross workers present. Also American and French ladies. Choice viands to eat. About five hundred American soldiers of all ranks met in Paris to plan a national organization. Lieut. Colonel Bennet Clark, son of Champ. Clark made temporary chairman. [The beginning of the American Legion.]

Sunday 3-16-1919

Banqueters of last night talking it over. Seven of our fellows wine happy. Lieut. Hopkins exercised his right to say who could ride home in his auto bus. Intended to go to Louis Blanc for dinner but too rainy. Champagne and cognac drunk last night disturbed my sleep. Bought a new wrist watch at the Louvre Dept. store yesterday for fifty francs—ten dollars. Went to American church in morning. There was a tense, overwhelming spiritual and patriotic wave of worship as the assembly of uniformed American soldiers from almost everywhere in the U. S. and soldiers of other nations joined in joyful singing of Samuel Stennet's words:

Majestic beauty sits enthroned upon the Savior's brow  
 His head with radiant glories crowned, his lips with grace o'erflow.  
 No mortal can with him compare among the sons of men  
 Fairer is he than all the throng that fill the heavenly train  
 To him I owe my life and breath and all the love I have  
 He made me triumph over death and saved me from the grave.

Monday 3-17-1919

Nicely located in my new office quarters. Mrs. Harriman in foyer office for a few days closing up her lady chauffeur matters. Lunch at French restaurant, home to rue Borghese in auto for dinner, wrote letters to wife. A sappy chauffeur padded his expense accounts. Have to be exacting in making weekly settlement. He said "Put my name on your head roll." A salubrious breeze from the south. Bought a cake of savonette. St. Patricks Day. Shamrock emblems numerous

for there are many Irish in Paris. Recall a couplet heard when a boy—

St. Patrick was a Christian man, a priest with mystic power  
In Dublin town he built a church, and on it put a tower.

Tuesday 3-18-1919

Mrs. Harriman who inaugurated and commanded the lady chauffeurs auto fleet in Paris vacated and is going back to the United States. I now occupy her rooms for my work. Have my own stenographer and am well satisfied. Miss Bradford sagacious stenographer for Mrs. Harriman remains a few days. Took a drink of Sangaree, a wine and nutmeg mixture.

Wednesday 3-19-1919

Busy all day figuring and balancing pay books and executing releases for fellows who will return to United States. Many of boys are dissatisfied. War is over and there is no excitement. Bought pair shoes at U. S. Commissary. Defrauding the Americans is not wrong but just shrewd business. A dish of salmi for lunch, meat cooked in wine. A franc for a serviette.

Thursday 3-20-1919

Reported for work at Regina and had a busy day. Bought second pair of new shoes, yesterdays purchase too large. Got along fine with French stenographer, though sometimes she uses French words instead of English in her typewriting. Picked up some real war relics which Mrs. Harriman left. The most valuable is the daily record book which has data concerning the lady chauffeurs, also a map of Paris with stations to which they reported marked thereon. War Council disputing over reparations and frontiers. Fabrics of empires crashing into the abyss of chaos. League of Nations discussed.

Friday 3-21-1919

Interviewing A. E. F. soldiers who desire to be released from army service and join A. R. C. Mr. Skinner who said J. E. Sedgwick of Waterloo, Iowa, was his uncle called to enlist. Was attending school at the Sorbonne for a few weeks having a furlough from army for that purpose. Bought new fountain pen point two dollars forty cents. Went to Louis Blanc for lunch and got war relics left there. German hobnail shoes I hid in attic gone. Boys gave me money to put in bank for them to my account. Helping to fight the battle against

Paris restaurant waiters who are avaricious, big bills for eats charged the soldier boys visiting here for a few days. The tipping custom is chief cause of misunderstandings. These waiters get no wages from proprietors of restaurants and their only pay is the gifts of guests. Mailed home lady chauffeur record book and map of Paris showing the location of stations at which they reported. Deposited in the waste basket yesterday when the organization disbanded.

Saturday 3-22-1919

At Regina until one o'clock then for a lunch of sandwiches and chocolate at French restaurant, then to tailors at No. 66 Victor Hugo and secured new uniform. Drew wages 225 francs less board bill. Wore new shoes. Lieuts. Garland and Gadsby left for United States. Germany refuses to permit vessel carrying Polish army which has been stationed in central France all winter under the command of Gen. Haller from landing at Danzig. Protest to Gen. Foch by Marshal Pilsudski. Poland is raised from the tomb by the Peace Conference. Gen. Pilsudski and Paderewski helped mightily.

Sunday 3-23-1919

Mailed my sister Mrs. James T. Allen, Waterloo, Iowa, French garden and flower seeds; also to my sister G. Perle Wilson Schmidt, Ames, Iowa, poppy seed from Flanders.<sup>3</sup> Cool but pleasant. Boarded metro and rode to Hotel de Ville. Walked over Seine bridge to Notre Dame, Our Mother Church, remaining through mass. Numerous visitors coming and going. Passed the bird and pet market on the banks of Seine. After dinner at rue Borghese walked to Bois de Boulogne. With others visited Chalet des Isles. Thousands of people in the park. At home and wrote letters in evening.

<sup>3</sup> During the war, when Ellis E. Wilson, was in France, he obtained a quantity of French poppy seed for the Victory Club of Ames, Iowa. At Christmas time, 1919, the seed was put up in dainty hand-painted packages and sold. The twenty-five dollars received from the sale of the seed was used in caring for two Armenian children!

#### POPPY SEED

Poppy seeds, just round brown poppy seeds  
They seem no different from their kin,  
American born and reared,  
My friend you know not of what you speak;  
From Flanders fields they came,  
And when the rains of spring have drenched  
Their bed of earth, out in the sun  
There will grow a blood-red ethereal flower.  
And to those who see, in that moment will come  
Thoughts, Vanished Faces, Tears.

—G. Perle Wilson Schmidt  
in December, 1919, DRAMA BROCHURE.

**Monday 3-24-1919**

Rode to work on Metro. Three classes of passengers. 1st, 2nd, 3rd. I get on any car that is not crowded regardless of the fare. I notice many men and women who buy morning papers first read the continued stories printed on front page. Capt. Fellows away to battle fields in auto tour, to be gone several days. Signed up six soldiers today for A. R. C. work. Dictated numerous letters to stenographer. Sergt. McClean brought my steel helmets and other war relics from Louis Blanc hotel to office at Regina.

**Tuesday 3-25-1919**

Breakfast at 6 A. M. ahead of most of the officers. On Metro at Regina. Busy and satisfactory day. Wrote letters of promotion making corporals, sergeants, top sergeants, lieutenants, etc. French lunch. Rode home in auto. Rained all day. Annunciation day. Many at churches. Went footing on boulevards with some French friends in evening. Supreme War Council of ten members reduced to four persons, to-wit, Wilson, Clemenceau, George and Orlando.

**Wednesday 3-26-1919**

First man at the breakfast table. Chocolate, oatmeal and rye bread. Good milk from country dairies, which is always pasturized when received at hotel. Downtown on Metro. A French lunch at noon and home in auto. Bought a pound of American sugar candy at A. R. C. commissary. Cost one franc. Ate some and gave balance to stenographer for her mother. The French are hungry for sweets. Refused to sign up any more army men for A.R.C. work. Higher up orders to enlist no more recruits. Sergt. Alvin C. York in Paris. Pointed out to me on streets. In appearance a man of courageous personality. Reports say Austrian fleet surrendered at Venice.

**Thursday 3-27-1919**

Devoted major part of day figuring amount of wages due chauffeurs, etc., and signing up new pay and expense books for recruits. French lady chauffeur took me home, only passenger, Ford touring auto, top down. Drive like Jehu through Tuileries Gardens, Place de la Concorde, Avenue Champs Elysées, around Arc de Triomphe, Etoile, Avenue de la Grand Armee, out gates of city at Maillot into Neuilly sur Seine to

rue Borghese Barracks. Twice from the back seat I protested her reckless driving, she only laughed and said she had never yet had an accident. Said the boulevard pedestrians knew they were the quick or the dead. Learned she was one of the safest drivers had been employed by A.R.C. Juliette Gireaux, my drivers of the Lady Chauffeurs organization, which had been demobilized. This lady with a few others who were expert stenographer, said the lady chauffeurs had lots of sport conveying Americans in an apparent reckless manner. Clemenceau able to meet with the Peace Council. Question of the equality of races arouses animosity. Sergeant York on streets. The American soldier of whom it is said, he single handed captured a regiment of Germans and marched them into the American lines as prisoners.

His commander Col. Buxton wrote: "He faced an entire German battalion in an isolated ravine far from any American assistance. Nine Americans were at once shot down but Sergt. York fought on until the German major and 131 officers and men surrendered as prisoners," Sergt. York when asked how he did it replied, "Sir, it is not man power. A higher authority guided and watched over me and directed me." He wrote in his diary on Oct. 9, 1918, at Argonne Forest "Well, now as we went on fighting our way through the thick of the Argonne woods, we could hear the cries of our boys who were getting shot, and oh my, we had to sleep by the dead and with the dead. When we were seeing so many being killed, all we could say as we saw our fallen comrades was:

Good-by pal: I don't know where you're camping now,  
Whether you've pitched your tent 'neath azure skies  
Or whether o'er your head the black storm winds blow,  
I only know that when the final call came for you  
It almost broke my heart to see you go."

Friday 3-28-1919

Clear and cool in morning and I walked to Metro dry shod, but it rained before night and I rode home in auto but not with the French lady chauffeur. Had busy day talking with fellows from regular army who wanted to enlist in A. R. C. Had orders to take on a few mechanics. One young man said he was from Winston-Salem, N. C., and had often driven

through Mt. Nebo, Yadkin Co., N. C., my fathers native vil-  
lage. Will sign him up later.

Saturday 3-29-1919

Walked to Port Maillot and took Metro for Tuileries. Re-  
mained in office until one o'clock, then ate a French lunch,  
walked to U. S. Commissary, but it was closed, then back to of-  
fice, then on streets looking at window displays till 6 P. M.  
then to rue Borghese. After dinner wrote to wife and re-  
turned a bank draft sent me November 6, 1918, which I had  
never cashed, not needing the money.

Sunday 3-30-1919

Snow on ground. A cold month for Paris, so residents say.  
When I awoke this morning in Paris, rather at 2 rue Borghese,  
at Neuilly a suburb of Paris, was surprised to find a heavy  
snowfall, most at any time this month. Discovered my wash-  
woman had only returned one khaki shirt. And I gave her  
two. Tied up laundry and will find new washerwoman. Sewed  
French helmet in a towel to send home by mail. Called on  
Congressmen Green and Ramseyer from Iowa, also Charles  
W. Rawson of Des Moines, at Wagram hotel, 208 Rue de Rivoli.  
Said they would leave in the morning on an auto trip to battle  
fields and wished I would procure them some wool sweaters.

Monday 3-31-1919

Went to Hotel Wagram. Loaned Congressman Greene of  
Council Bluffs, Iowa, a sweater. He is going in auto on trip  
through devastated regions with Congressman Ramseyer of the  
6th Iowa District and other Congressmen. Waited till they  
left in auto, a Cadillac touring. Lunch at Y. M. C. A., Palace  
de Glace. On streets in evening.

Note: The congressmen said they were to visit battlefields  
and then drive to Calais. Asked me what to do with the  
sweater and I answered to give it to anyone who needed such  
a garment.

APRIL

Tuesday 4-1-1919

Sunshine. Some twenty American Soldiers consulted me  
about service in A. R. C. Signed up ten. Sent out many sets  
of application papers through mail to various army camps.  
Questioned washerwoman about my lost shirt but she denied

knowing anything about it. Will cross-examine her next time. In some way these washerwomen always retain a few articles and if one does [not] keep a laundry list and check up before paying the bill, he is, through some roguish trick, a loser. Lunch at Grand Hotel restaurant No. 12 Boulevard de Capucines. French know little about All Fools Day. Still every fool has his day here as elsewhere.

Song of a Soldier—

When ruling over Germany he was a boastful Kaiser,  
But now he lives in Holland and is a little wiser.

Sunrise 5:38. Sunset 6:32.

Wednesday 4-2-1919

No dinner except a few figs. Walked along Seine and took note of book stalls on river walls, where old women sell older books. Washerwoman said she had found my khaki wool shirt. Shrunk one-half. Told her to keep it for her boy, who was grinning at me. Passed a party of French soldiers in their faded blue uniforms sitting at wine tables, living in the shadows. Gas. Each wore a *croix de guerre*. War glory.

Thursday 4-3-1919

Metro my conveyance. Noon lunch at Y. M. C. A. Home-ward in auto until reaching Arc de Triomphe. There alighted and *à pied* along boulevards to hotel. Bought box writing paper, two dollars. Hearty dinner at hotel, chocolate pudding, oranges, apples. A walk afterwards. Dogs of Neuilly sur Seine are barking tonight, I presume at the new moon. Perhaps dog cooties biting. Supposed all the dogs in Paris had been killed for such a military order was given and the canines disappeared but now they are on streets everywhere. In some persons custody of course. Not allowed to run at large. Talked with U. S. marines, spoken of as devil dogs. They were welcome when they came to France, especially at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Woods.

Friday 4-4-1919

Busy all day at Regina. Home in auto with other workers. Sunshine which is welcome. Wrote to wife, mailed letter at Neuilly P. O. and then enjoyed a long walk on boulevards. Visited with Anzaes, soldiers from Australia and New Zealand,

at Place de la Republique. Roller skating rink at Luna Park a popular attraction. A resort to be remembered. Lunch at Hotel du Rhine in Place Vendomme. Visited some of the by-ways of the city. Horse-drawn barouches rumble by on the avenues. Both horses and vehicles have the aspect of war relics, being branded with the marks of hunger and mishaps.  
Saturday 4-5-1919

Office toiler until one o'clock. Then to Y. M. C. A. for lunch. Then to U. S. Commissary and Y. M. C. A. Commissary but did not find suitable rain coat. Mingled with crowds of French people and looked in shop windows. First all week of fine weather since I have been in Paris. Wearing gaudy colored clothes and glittering imitative gems, the Belles of Romany, Gypsy women, are on the boulevards selling lilacs. Beautiful ones that hold their fragrance, being very slow in opening. Exquisite odors, rare varieties, purple, white, red and blended colors. A Gypsy woman usually carries a baby in her arms, often a borrowed one, when soliciting. Americans to buy to help hungry papoose. At home we think papoose is an Indian name. Order red, white or dark wine, it all tastes the same.

Sunday 4-6-1919

After breakfast went to Neuilly P. O. and tried to mail German helmet to brother Barnette A. Wilson, Kirwin, Kansas, but French postmaster would not take it. Went to French Methodist Episcopal church. Communion day. Every American in uniform took communion along with French people. After lunch at Y. M. C. A. went to Louvre. Saw Winged Victory and Venus of Milo, considered the most beautiful Greek statue, and innumerable other rare pieces of sculpture. In museum all afternoon. Many American visitors, soldiers and civilians. The genteel Frenchman of leisure who parades the boulevards pats all the friendly dogs, teases the little children and assays joviality with the nursery maids.

Monday 3-7-1919

In memoriam. Fifty-three years ago April 7, 1866, my parents moved onto their farm homestead in Black Hawk County, Iowa. Father bought eighty acres all prairie land. Lived thereon until his death in 1899 rearing a family of ten



children and adding to his acreage. Brother Barnette was seven years old the day the family moved. Fishing, hunting, prairie fires, breaking the sod, chasing the cattle, riding horseback, killing snakes, watching the wolves and foxes scudding through the grass, hunting the nests of the prairie chickens to get their eggs, school, swimming, skating and working in the wheat fields all made a busy boyhood. I saw the beauty of the prairie plains and heard the enchanting symphonies of nature, for the song of birds, the hum of insects, the growing plants, the sighing winds, made marvelous music. One of my youthful dreams was to be able to visit Paris some day. Routine office work all day.

Tuesday 4-8-1919

Saw Paderewski, the pianist, and wife leaving hotel Wagram yesterday and get into auto. He is here to present Polish claims to Peace Commission. Easy tasks today. Quit enlisting army men for A. R. C. duties. Inspected rain coats \$45 buys a cheap one, \$70 a good one. Swank officers of many countries on streets. Queen Maria of Roumania in the city. Always attracts a crowd. Saw her as she left auto accompanied by daughters. A carpet laid from auto across sidewalk to stairway leading to French Red Cross rooms with tapes stretched [sic] to make a passage through the inquisitive crowd, mostly French people, but Americans also. Saw Sergt. York. Numerous American soldiers in city attending American Legion organization.

Wednesday 4-9-1919

About noon received a special letter from wife telling of the death of our brother-in-law, Charles Smith Choate at Guthrie, Oklahoma, that his body had been brought to Waterloo, Iowa, for interment. Two more letters came telling funeral particulars. Sergt. Nathan Wilson Choate, son of deceased is stationed somewhere in central France. Prof. Louis B. Schmidt of the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, a brother-in-law of the decedent delivered the funeral address. Hiked home along rue St. Honore. Charlotte De Pommes and Swiss cheese at evening dinner.

Thursday 4-10-1919

Rain at noon so partook of a French sandwich and *lait* choco-

late lunch. Then went to an art shop and bought two oil paintings from the artist who painted them and sent to wife by parcel post. Came home in closed car with Capt. Benson. Mailed German helmet brought from Belleau Woods to my brother. Called at Young Men's Hebrew Association headquarters, friendly fellows, good eats at moderate prices. There is a passing daily beauty in this fellowship life. Germany wants a peace treaty based on Wilson's Fourteen Points.

#### Friday 4-11-1919

Up at regular time 6 A. M. Walked to Port Maillot about one-half mile from 2 rue Borghese and rode into town on tube. Got off at Palais Royal and looked into windows of Louvre Dept. Store. Lunch at Y. M. C. A. Palace de Glace. Busy all day, home in auto. Strolled to Bois de Boulogne, the haunt of desire, the devil, beauty and fine clothes. The boulevards and promenades are magnificent and free of cost unless one occupies a chair or bench. A regular schedule charged sitters for the time occupied. Chatted with Waac's waiting in autos at curb. Mailed letter to wife.

#### Saturday 4-12-1919

Downtown early. On job till one o'clock. Then to Y. M. C. A. for lunch. Johnny cake. Rainy so wandered back to Regina looking into store windows, always a pastime. Drew wages, gave stenographer five francs, as these French are always expecting tips. Rained all evening so I covered a German helmet with a piece of khaki trouser to send my nephew, Robert Wilson Schmidt, Ames, Iowa. Yesterday along the boulevard rue de la Armeé marched the remnant of a company of French soldiers each wearing a brassard. National pride, vanity, ambition entwined with suspicion, then war.

#### Sunday 4-13-1919

Rained all forenoon. Placed German cartridge belt in cotton candy sack and made ready to send to wife. In afternoon went downtown had lunch, three francs. Then went to Palais des Beaux Arts, sometimes called the Little Palais. An Italian, Spanish, Zecho-Slov. art exhibit. Mostly oil paintings. A franc to get in and then three francs for a catalog of each country. Modern artists productions. Back to Borghese for dinner. Water cress salad. Mailed art catalog to my wife.

Pass the Egyptian monolith of the Phariohs in Place de la Concorde every day. Recall Napoleons words at the Pyramids of the Nile: "Soldiers, twenty centuries are looking down upon you."

Monday 4-14-1919

Mailed several A. R. C. bulletins to friends. Also German cartridge case to wife. French auto driver brought me home through rain. Busy day in office. Funeral procession went by in the streets, the functionaries wearing tricorne hats of Napoleonic days. The people stopped and stood with bowed heads until the cortege passed.

Tuesday 4-15-1919

Breakfast of mush, hot milk chocolate and toast. Letter from my sister Mary Choate, Guthrie, Oklahoma, asking me to assist her in getting her son Nathan Wilson Choate, stationed in central France, released from army service. Wrote some letters regarding same.

Wednesday 4-16-1919

At A. R. C. headquarters, Hotel Regina, Paris, France, enlisting some more A. E. F. men who wish to engage in A. R. C. work. Want to get away from T. N. T. and army discipline. Went to a French sanctuary for the hungry, appeased my soldier appetite with a mediocre lunch, paid the bill and the tip tribute, then back to Regina. Looked into an artists atelier, (studio) show windows, sordid daubs of paint exhibited as marvels of art, cubist.

Thursday 4-17-1919

Rain all day. Too wet to go to Palace de Glace so had French lunch near Hotel Regina with the suave burgeoise. Two American soldier boys came in and ordered beer "deux gros steins" they said, mingling French and German words. But the bar maid understood.

Friday 4-18-1919

A day of sunshine. Capt. Fellows was out most of day making arrangements for Lieut. Roche to go to Nice to recuperate. After 7 o'clock dinner took a long walk. Good Friday. Many of French personnel did not work in afternoon. A. W. O. L. Artistic stairways of French buildings discussed at lunch hour. Paris is in divers ways a womans ideal city. Beauty

in everything is a national trait and they say the Americans see only utility.

Saturday 4-19-1919

Sleep with windows wide open. Am alone. First man at officers breakfast table. Quiet in office. Lieut. Fox called with a bunch of chauffeurs from St. Aignon. French hair cut seventy cents. Lunch at French restaurant, stylish and expensive place, dinner with tips cost \$2.82. Once is enough. Common food. Drew wages, got soled shoes from repair shop. Fifteen francs or \$3.00. Received at this shop in Neuilly an aluminum franc, money good in Neuilly only which I will keep as a souvenir at the suggestion of the shoemakers wife. Shrewd French citizens know that the token coins carried away will never be presented for redemption.

Sunday 4-20-1919

After breakfast of tapioca and milk, two boiled eggs, toast and chocolate went to metro and boarded a coach for Chatelet, then changed cars for St. Suplice church. Attended services which were beautiful and interesting. Gave beggar at church door two sous, then fifty centimes, entrance collection fee, then fifty centimes for a seat, chair, then twenty-five centimes went into the bag. Then there was a second collection for late entrants. Singing fine. Lunch at depot A. R. C. canteen. Went to Louvre museum. Saw Mona Lisa which has recently been restored to the Louvre after being stolen. Found in Italy. Two soldiers with rifles guarding picture. Museum filled with visitors from many countries. A while I viewed that enigmatical painting called Mona Lisa. It belongs to the world, has myriads of interpretations and it is truly said that,—

They who observe it ere they pass on  
Gaze their fill and come and come again  
That they may recall it when far away.

Monday 4-21-1919

U. S. Army man in Buick touring auto picked me up at rue Borghese. He wanted information as to location of St. Anne's, a well known prison which I gave him and then he took me to Regina. Mailed A. R. C. bulletins, then went to Y. M. C. A., then to U. S. commissary. No purchases. Then to south side

of Seine. Had lunch. Then tried to get tram car to Versailles, but crowd was too great, so I promenaded on boulevards as French people do. Sunburned face. Met bunch French chasseurs, Blue Devils they are called because of their uniforms and bravery.

Tuesday 4-22-1919

Swinging French windows open all night. To Regina office at usual time. Making final settlements with several of our men who are going home. Lunch at south side Seine. Enjoy the walk across the river bridges. Busy in afternoon. Roumanian and Pole wanted jobs but turned them down, they do not understand A. R. C. work, only think of getting a job. Stopped at Knights of Columbus headquarters, light lunch. A few casuals waiting to get home. Questioning the Polish boy brought out interesting replies: How old are you? "20 years. Birth place, Poland. Came to America with parents. Home, Cambridge Springs, Penna." Did your father take out naturalization papers? "No." Have you become an American citizen? "No." What are you doing here in France? "Am with a part of the Polish Army of Gen. Pilsudski, under Gen. Haller stationed in central France." Why did you not enlist in the American army? "I was a darn fool." Did you ever attend the public schools? "No. I was a darn fool." Did you go to school at any time? "Yes to the Polish Church school. I was a darn fool, so were my parents." What does the Polish Commander stationed in Central France intend to do? "He wants to get to Poland with his army to help establish Poland as an independent country." Why do you wish to desert him? "Because we don't get enough to eat, look at this old uniform I am wearing. The whole Polish outfit is starving and dissatisfied. I want to get a job where I can get enough to eat. I will bring letters of recommendation from Prof. Paderewski and his wife also if that will help me get work with A. R. C. I had a talk with Mrs. P. today. She and her husband are doing all they can to help the Polish army." Where did this Polish army come from? "It is made up almost entirely of Poles who are residents of U. S. but have never become citizens. All darn fools. If I ever get home alive I will become an American citizen. I was led to believe

I should not become an American. O, I was a darn fool." Informed that having lived in U. S. all his life, refusing to attend the public schools, become a citizen or enlist in the American army, he was not the kind of a man wanted in the A. R. C. Gen. Pilsudski, a man of fierce determination who as a youth had felt the heel of his country's oppressors demands the independence of the original Poland which will take territory from Russia, Germany, and Austria.

Monday 4-23-1919

To Metro and office at regular time. Bought a French paper to take to office, of woman at station. Busy making out final settlements. Chauffeurs Heckart, Bechtel, Boden, etc. Bought dried figs and ate them in the Tuileries Gardens while seated on cement bench. Watched people passing. Talked with one Frenchman who said "You enormously rich Americans must have all the money in the world." Rode home on Metro.

Thursday 4-24-1919

At office early. Dinner at canteen. Bought ancient French dictionary at old book stalls located on stone walls along banks of Seine. A relic I thought. Date 1809 and autographed by editor. Old lady did not know its value perhaps or rather could not sell it so beat an American. Paid her one franc for it. Rain all day. Papers from home.

Friday 4-25-1919

Made several final settlements. Lunch at depot canteen on south side of Seine. Letter from wife. P. O. date April 3d. Mutterings of a strike. Dinner at rue Borghese. Wrote wife. Took a walk in Bois de Boulogne woods. Harpies on the boulevards whose mellow voices are like a caress. French rabble talking wildly about starting a revolution. Precautionary orders given by city authorities to A. R. C.

Saturday 4-26-1919

Worked till one o'clock then had a French snack, Swiss cheese sandwich and chocolate. Back to office. Rain kept people at home and streets were quiet. Nice in evening and with comrades loitered along boulevards. Bewitching lamia salute our soldiers but the boys pass by unheeding. The parks and lawns showing vernal beauty.

Sunday 4-27-1919

Went to Regina to join a party of men and ladies to visit catacombs underneath Paris, but was too late, because I went away to get an electric light. Each one had to carry his own taper. Some had candles. I was not the only [one] who got left. Some "foolish virgins also." Took tramway and rode to Versailles, visited gardens and forests, Grand Trianon, Petite Trianon, then went through palace of Versailles and saw paintings mostly war scenes of Napoleon's battles, and Looking Glass room where the treaty of peace is to be signed, and laid my hands on top of the glass covered table on which the peace papers will be laid when ratified. The great mirrored halls seem to enchant one with a mystic desire to reverse his steps through the long spaces and hear again the tread and echo of his feet upon the heavy oaken floors. Here kings, queens, knights, courtiers, fair ladies, wealth, pomp and power once revelled. Shadowy personages, conjuring spirits of history, seemed to appear, then ghost-like vanish. Saw boat races on Seine. A real gala day for French and Americans also.

Monday 4-28-1919

Released seven Chicago boys to go home. Signed forty pay books for new men to act as mechanics and chauffeurs. Snow fell in morning, then rain melted it. Cold, damp day. Lunch at Quay d'Orsay canteen. Many American soldiers on homeward trip. Talk with them every day at canteens. Military training in public schools a dominant idea with young officers. Crossed Seine on Pont Alexander III. A very ornate bridge. Took an evening stroll, walked along river docks. A boy fishing. One hook and line. Asked him "if he could seine fish in the Seine" and he answered, "no." Paris is a theatre and constantly presents to those not sightless exciting plays, dramas, tragedies, and amusements.

Tuesday 4-29-1919

Up at 6:30 after a good sleep. Downtown on Metro. Bought copy Chicago Tribune, Paris edition, to read peace terms. Two letters from home and four bundles home papers. Lunch at canteen. Busy day. Bought sack A. R. C. candy and gave most of it to little children on streets of Neuilly. Orders issued for all A. R. C. workers to stay at home May 1, 1919,

not to appear on streets. French anarchists were dangerous. A strike or worse might occur. War engendered hot blood still courses through veins of French people. Skies are blue but they still see red. Charlotte russe and roquefort cheese at evening dinner.

Wednesday 4-30-1919

Rain all day. Tomorrow is Labor Day in France and there is apprehension in the cities regarding strikes and revolutions. Thoughtful precaution made here in Paris. All Americans in uniform must remain off the streets. A perturbed feeling prevails because of high taxes, local tariffs and scarcity of food. A soup bone with spinach makes a meal for a laborer's family. Thirty A. R. C. ambulances ready for emergencies. War means starvation for the common people. "Darn Fool" Polish boy called again pleading for employment with A. R. C. Told him he was not a good American, for while living in the U. S. and enjoying its benefactions he had spurned the institutions and ideals of its citizens.

Thursday 5-1-1919

Labor Day in France. Spent all forenoon putting covers on three used brass shell bases so could send them home through the mail. Used old woolen khaki pieces for covers. Sent one to brother and two to wife. A cotton candy sack to cover German gas mask. Remained in barracks all day, that being our orders. Rained all night and all forenoon which was fortunate, quieted disturbances. Have not heard of any serious trouble. Anarchy, communism, royalty and bigotry constitute waves of human stupidity which dashing against the rocks of truth, both are obscured by the roar of the compact. Descendants of the old Bourbon families still exist and dream of a restoration of the ancient dynasty.

Sunrise 4:32. Sunset 7:23.

Friday 5-2-1919

Up at regular time, breakfast and on metro to Regina. Worked all day in office. Ate chow at a French restaurant. Newspapers tell very little about disturbances yesterday. Just as well, only acts of hoodlums. A walk after dinner. Pottage a la reine. Received newspapers from wife in green wrapper, St. Patrick. A soldier at No. 9 Quai d' Orsay depot



remarked as the glow of his countenance deepened "I feel as though I am a deserter because I am going home and leaving my buddy buried here" and his words were bitter.

Saturday 5-3-1919

Worked until one o'clock. Lunch at A. R. C. on south side of the Seine crossing river at Pont (bridge) des Arts near Louvre. Store window gazing. Bought book describing pictures in Louvre written in French language. Fragrant acacias at flower stands. Well dressed boulvadiers saunter along. Noon hour and the shop keeper removes the handle from the door which automatically locks and spends an hour at lunch and drinks a glass of claret which comes from the Garrone valley in the south country.

Sunday 5-4-1919

Went to office at Hotel Regina. Then to M. E. church at 4 rue Roquepine, communion day, mostly soldiers present. Visited along Seine. Lunch at canteen. Bought one hundred old coins, some Roman. Walked west along Champs Ellyse and rue Grand Armee to city gates then home. For dinner pottage vermicelli. At Bois de Boulogne in evening where flaming youth meets to love and to part. The older people drink a little sour wine while they chaperone the sons and daughters. A sign reads "Eau potable" meaning water fit to drink. A powerful truck passed through Bois de Boulogne rumbling and roaring. It stopped. The canvass canopy torn and weather stained. Through the grime the letters U. S. were to be seen. The white lime dust of the trail had grizzled the soldier chauffeur and he appeared an aged man. As the war marred vehicle paused, I heard, but not distinctly, the driver singing. He was still "seeing red." Perhaps when at home he sang in some church choir and now to him the hum of the motor was the music of an organ. The words I caught were about as follows:

Travelling on, travelling on, my camion roars and rolls along  
and this the chorus of my song,—

Travel on ye men of war,  
Travail o'er the dusty sod,  
Travel on ye sons of men,  
Travail on ye heirs of God.

## Monday 5-5-1919

On job. French lunch. Swiss cheese sandwich and chocolate. Bought more ancient coins of old man on south banks of Seine. Crossed on Pont Neuf. First fine day for a long time. Sun shone. The first day in France I did not wear an overcoat. Mailed wife Louvre picture book of paintings. Permanent organization made of the League of Nations.

## Tuesday 5-6-1919

To metro and downtown at required time. Mailed a French shell case to wife. Postage 36 cents. French lunch at Palais d'Orsay No. 9 Quai d'Orsay. Crossed on Pont de la Concorde to south side of Seine and walked along looking at contents of ancient relic stalls. A French lady worker in A. R. C. offices gave me a rare French war poster done in colors red, orange, black and gray, entitled Deux Coeur Fidelis, Two Faithful Hearts, which shows a mother and daughter of beautiful personality at night watching a battle from a distance. The whole scene illumined by the lurid light of flares and the flashes of artillery. A loved one in battle.

## Wednesday 5-7-1919

Soft southern breeze, perhaps from sands of Sahara. After French lunch took a walk along north side of Seine going east to the venerable church of St. Gervais which was shelled on Good Friday 1918 by Bosche cannons firing at a range of 60 or more miles. One tower pillar knocked to ground. Several children killed. Many people injured. Dinner at rue Borghese, soissons soup. A ramble in woods of Bois de Boulogne, then home. A silver franc, which I had dropped in my room, on table. Honest maids. Peace treaty delivered to German delegates to Peace Conference with a warning of complete economic isolation if not promptly signed.

## Thursday 5-8-1919

Busy time all day. Peace terms published and papers of all languages eagerly read. French seem to be satisfied. Received two letters from wife. Took my lunch from breakfast table, figs, cheese, buns, orange and ate in office. The only time I have eaten lunch in the office. Pottage vert-pre for dinner. Oui, spinach soup.

Friday 5-9-1919

Warm all day. Haaken Stembol gave me a German gun he had picked up in Belleau Woods. Rode to Palais Royal then looked into store windows as I walked back to Hotel Regina. Went to U. S. Commissary at noon hour but only bought cake of soap. Office windows wide open. Talk at dinner table on various questions liquor being prominent. What will the soldier boys say and do about prohibition when they get home? Military training.

Saturday 5-10-1919

Worked until after one o'clock, then had a light lunch and took a tramp along banks of Seine to the east and south side as far as Bastille, returning on north side till I reached Louvre. Then on metro home. Scoured my ancient coins using an acid recommended by a numismatist.

Sunday 5-11-1919

Slept till call horn sounded in rue Borghese. Went to office Hotel Regina. Bought and read Chicago Tribune, Paris edition. Then wrapped and mailed it to my brother. Went to M. E. church then back to office and took off wool socks leaving on cotton. Have worn two pair all winter, cotton or silk and over them heavy wool. Necessary to keep feet warm and dry. Rode to Dauphine and across Bois de Boulogne to Passy, Long Champs, watched horse races. Perhaps 20,000 people present. And the manikins and many ladies wore no hose. The American soldiers sneered. Rode up a hill to street car station on an escalator. Home for dinner at 6 P. M.

Monday 5-12-1919

Went to office through rain. This afternoon Capt. Fellows said our department would be closed as rapidly as possible. Most of soldiers gone home, little work for ambulances any more. I could be assigned to some other department or go home. Believe I will go home "toot sweet." Wrote to wife that I might be home by June 1st if I could get my work closed. In auto passed through camouflaged sections in outskirts of Paris, southwest side, where aircraft guns had been located. A false city, electric lighted to fool Fritzies flying overhead and dropping bombs.

## Tuesday 5-13-1919

Went to office. Finished some work. Drew a weeks salary for February I had not collected, less board at rue Borghese Barracks. Bought pair shoes price one hundred five francs plus 10% luxury tax, total cost one hundred fifteen francs, fifty centimes, highest priced shoes I ever owned. Aboard metro and rode to Nation changed to St. Maude, then after much enquiring, located Picpus cemetery and saw grave of Lafayette marked by a plain granite block, Pershing's wreath of withered flowers still lying upon it. Placed thereon when he said "Lafayette we are here." Picpus is a stone enclosed cemetery with walled divisions. Registered name in visitors record, cost fifty centimes. The young lady gate and record keeper appeared to be doing the family washing. Crossed Seine on Pont, bridge, au Double, so called because in early days a crosser had to pay toll twice.

## Wednesday 5-14-1919

At office. Went to Louis Blanc hotel for lunch and paid money to fellows who had left funds in my care to bank for them. I was the banker while at this hotel.

Bowen .....	400 Fr.	Marqua .....	583 Fr.
Wells .....	800 Fr.	Phillips .....	230 Fr.

Had a pleasant visit at hotel with Sergt. Mars who has been there during all his stay in Paris. A reliable man. Rode downtown on tramway to Regina.

## Thursday 5-15-1919

Rode downtown on tramway, surface street cars in order to see more of city. Bought one dozen deer horn handle steel table knives for wife at Bon Marche a large department store on south side of Seine. Crossed on Pont de Invalides. Lunch at south side A. R. C. canteen. Purchased several old steel engravings, coins, and books of curio dealer. To office at Regina then home on metro. The subway is always cool on a warm day even though the air may be stale.

## Friday 5-16-1919

A busy day getting ready for trip to front, N. E. France. Learned I could not sail on Canopia as I expected nor thirty-five other returning A. R. C. workers so was detailed to look after closing canteens, etc. Bought onyx clock for wife, also

four art books. French officer gave me a lithographic portrait of Gen. Foch, the hero of France. Wrapped it carefully and placed in my trunk to take home.

Saturday 5-17-1919

Secured requisite passports to make trip to front. Took long tramway ride around south side of Paris. No orders regarding boats on which we can sail home. Visited pet animal farm, rabbits, goats, pigeons, etc. Lunch at Ritz restaurant in Place Vendome supposed to be the finest in Paris.

Sunday 5-18-1919

Up at regular hour 6 A. M. Packed various things to leave in my room while away. Went on metro to office then to M. E. church then lunch at canteen. Visited Louvre museum most of afternoon. Walked home along Champs Elysee to Mailot. Stopped at park and mixed with the crowds. Paid for a chair. Music from unseen instruments sounded like a dirge for the dying. Close to Maillot Gate and the great war hospitals. The melody came from a nearby source and floated on the evening breeze over Bois de Boulogne woods and its revelers. Not pathetic but spiritual, charming, angelic as though a life was passing from the shadows of earth through the unseen portals into Paradise.

Monday 5-19-1919

Arose at robin call and the birds songs start early. Cleaned up, rode to Garre du Nord depot. Took steam railway train to Soissons. No canteen. Ate bread and cheese three times today. All that could be had at Soissons. Took sixty mile ride in auto over battlefields. Many dead bodies with a look of hate still upon their faces lying partly uncovered from shelling at the time of the German's second retreat. The tenant gone, the walls decayed. Bodies being cared for as fast as possible. Picked up numerous trophies but had to discard all but German trench spade, knife and two short brass shell cases. Visited Soissons cathedral and climbed to the top of ruins to view surroundings. Got two pieces of colored glass from windows, figured one apparently of St. John in the wilderness. Y. M. C. A. men have a few cots and blankets in a shell ruined brick and stone building in the center of the city. No windows, no doors, fresh air, roof intact. Visited

Chemin Des Dames, the Road of the Ladies, several small cemeteries and Crown Prince's cave filled with war materials. Carried out of cave a fine German rifle but left it at entrance. Too much to carry. There are unexploded German shells in many places. A lady in party picked up a large one and everybody ran away from her. A little turn of a mechanism at the steel end and it would have exploded. Steel coops like half of a hollow log everywhere. Germans would lie flat on ground with one over them. Many of them dented by shell. Ground has been shelled until vegetation all gone, clay and gravel hills. Land where men died. Drafted men who had no voice in making war. The noblest minded and most perfect physically destroyed while weaklings remain to propagate the human race. White crosses. Convoluted coils of barb wire everywhere called hedgehogs. A few conies skipping around. A sparrow. Silence. Told at Soissons. Man exhibited door knob saying it was a real worthwhile souvenir. How come? "Well it happened at the time of the Kaisers first drive towards Paris. The Bosche shells were dropping pretty fast in this town. Thought I had better get under cover and had just taken hold of this door knob to enter a brick house right over there where you see those scattered brick. Must have been a dozen big German shells struck the house all at once. Explosion was terrible. House blown all to pieces. Never hurt me. There I stood on the door steps holding the knob in my hand when the smoke and dust had cleared away and the house was gone. Yes sir. This is a real war souvenir. What will you give me for it?" Blague.

The ruins of Soissons speak tragedy. I inspect what was once a modest home now partly demolished, roof gone, doors missing or smashed, shattered windows, brick walls crumbling, wood work mostly gone so there is nothing to burn, inside broken furniture, ruined pictures on the walls, a broken doll on the plaster covered floor and amidst the debris a crucifix and a rosary. Will there be a judgment-day?

Tuesday 5-20-1919

Couched at Soissons till 8 A. M. Several other man occupied cots in the various ruined rooms. Sunburned. Went for a second trip with a Y. M. C. A. auto party. Generous of

them to take along an A. R. C. man, but there was room for one more passenger, ten of us in a built over Cadillac bus. Visited battlefields, trenches, caves, dugouts and dugins. Passed demolished wayside shrine. Bodies of German soldiers on top of ground thrown out of shallow graves by shells during last retreat of Kaisers army. The wide open mouth of one corpse showed that the gold and silver had been taken from filled teeth. I would say it was not done by a soldier of any country but rather the work of ghouls of the battlefields. The horrors of war everywhere evident. Gave two brass shell cases about three feet long and ten inches in diameter which I wished to take home for umbrella holders to an American traveler at Soissons depot. He had a big trunk. I had only a small grip and no way to carry them. Dinner at French restaurant in Soissons. Paid ten francs for an American soldier's dinner. Looked over cathedral second time and another cathedral centuries in ruins. Left Soissons by train for Rheims at 7 P. M. An evening visit to the wonderful cathedral in Rheims. The place where most of the kings of France were crowned. Picked up three souvenirs, pieces of green and white marble knocked from towers by German shell. No safe place to stay except in open spaces. Buildings so badly damaged by shell fire that brick and stone are falling continuously. Only one hotel open but not a safe boniface, shell holes through the walls. Slept on ground in park under a pine tree. Others rested in and under autos. A long wooden Y. M. C. A. hut with double rows of single cots was filled and lights ordered out at 10 o'clock p. m. Quiet commanded. I kept my overcoat on and used my small leather grip for a pillow. For cover my light weight rubber poncho.

Wednesday 5-21-1919

At Rheims. Up at 4 A. M. and birds are singing. Big mosquitos biting. Ablution at a town pump. Returned a borrowed blanket to Y. M. C. A. Secretary and made him a present of my rubber poncho. Carrying too many articles and I must retain my heavy overcoat. Walked around the great cathedral in morning. Viewed at a distance it looks like creamy lace work. Wanton and useless destruction of a memorable Christian shrine. Gone are its paintings, tapestries,

and great organ. It is said that the wonderful rose windows and the statue of Joan of Arc which stood on a black basaltic marble base block in front of the church had been removed by the French before being damaged and they would be returned to their original places in time if the church is restored. Workmen are now moving debris from the wrecked structure with the intention of repairing. One end of the Joan of Arc base rock had been moved six inches when struck by a shell leaving a disfiguring mark on its polished surface.

Left Rheims for Verdun in forenoon. An interesting trip through battlefields. Passed Gen. Pershing's headquarters, a fort in a limestone butte. Had noon lunch at Verdun in a French Red Cross canteen just opening, their first meal. A bottle of wine at every plate. Went alone across small foot-bridge over Moselle river and climbed bluffs to the top of hills and forts east and north of the ruined city. The sky is filled with white mountainous clouds that move eastward like stately ships in the azure. All is peace. The hills and valleys of death. The Gethsemane of the prayers of France. 'Tis said more supplications were uttered to save Verdun from the Hun than for any other city. *Ils ne passent*, "They shall not pass" said the French soldiers. Written on the hills east of Verdun, a fortress since the Roman days. Gave a train porter a generous tip and he assigned me to a single apartment of coach standing at station. Trains not running east. Tracks not repaired so I had to go west from Verdun. French defender here was Gen. Petain. About six hundred thousand Germans of the Crown Prince's army were killed in assaults upon the forts and four hundred thousand French in defense.

Thursday 5-22-1919

Changed cars in night at Chalons sur Marne and rode south and east into Nancy. Depot, a large iron and glass building, direfully demolished by German shells. Breakfast in depot then with a train acquaintance walked around city, Old Roman buildings, then to Metz on railway. Boarded a military train and travelled northeast down the Moselle valley towards the Rhine. Train made up of old war battered engine and coaches mostly of German make and moves slowly. With companion had a meal of ham and eggs at Luxemburg with which some



real hop beer was served. Stopped at Treves, on some maps called Trier, several hours. A charming all day ride in the historical valleys of Alsace, Lorraine, and Luxemburg. Green hills, castles and vineyards. A few women and children working in the fields. Reached Coblenz at midnight. Rushed past German guards without showing papers but they did not seem to care. Civilians had to show papers. Went to first class German hotel. Reported the German naval officers had sunk their fleet at Scapa Flow, also that French flags captured by the Germans in war of 1871 had been burned by a mob in Berlin. By the terms of the treaty these old flags were to be returned to France.

Friday 5-23-1919

The Rhine, the Rhine, the lovely Rhine:  
Who guards today the stream divine?

Refreshing slumber in a German feather bed at hotel in Coblenz, Germany on Rhine. Bought and mailed cards to wife. Modern city. Junction of Rhine and Moselle Rivers. Rhine current is swift. Many boats passing. Magnificent promenade along its banks overarched with large trees. Cafes. Across the river the stars and stripes, unsullied by malice towards the German people, float over Ehrenbretstein. Talked with many Germans, glad the American soldiers were here, the Kaiser an arrogant conqueror had fooled them. Somehow I feel more at home on the banks of the Rhine than I do in France on banks of Seine. Perhaps it is because I am accustomed to the German people and their language. They do not impress me as foreigners as do the French people, but rather as neighbors. The Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul. In afternoon took train to west, stopping at Cochem. Had an A. R. C. lunch, then on to Treves (Trier). Looked over town, old Roman Castle gate. Here perhaps valiant knights in iron armor jousted and charming troubadours sang inspiring melodies of love and war. Stopped several hours at Metz. Visited places of interest. Then to Nancy and stopped several hours. At 9 P. M. got a through train for Paris. An interesting all day ride in the valley of the Moselle. Crags and castles and vineyards. Farmers doing work with cows.

An apartment on train to myself so had chance to sleep on return to Paris. A rhyme from the Rhine,—

In Germany,  
No more is there a kaiser.  
In America,  
No more is there Budweiser.

Saturday 5-24-1919

Daylight before train reached Chateau Thierry. In Paris at 6 A. M. to office, got lunch, saw about going home. No sailing date to be had. Came to rue Borghese cleaned up, also my clothes. Wrote to wife, received two letters from her, also papers. Enquired about getting rabbits to take home. Face sore from sunburn. Lunch at Hotel Meurice on rue de Rivoli.

AMERICAN RED CROSS  
(Croix-Rouge Americaine)

Paris, May 24th, 1919.

To: *Lieut. Ellis E. Wilson:*

This is to certify that you have been released from the service of the American Red Cross on the ground of general demobilization of workers in France.

FAF:JG

MAJOR G. H. ROBERTSON, A. R. C.  
Director of Transportation.

Personnel  
Q. M.

Sunday 5-25-1919

A quiet rest after trip. Went to M. E. church rue Roquepine. Bishop Mitchell preached a good sermon, the kind that is needed here. Rode to Versailles port then to Dauphine port, then walked to Maillott port, then to rue Borghese in time for dinner. Wrote to wife. Received her rabbit letter. Wants De Argent rabbits. Bois de Boulogne Park filled with people. Ladies with spring chapeaus and mantles. The full flowing goblets of wine displayed at cafes do not seem to tempt our boys to stop and partake. And the attendants scowl—dry Americans. These three day exiles of the army turn from allurements.

Monday 5-26-1919

Downtown to Chaleter station, visited bird store and inquired about rabbits and was directed to rue 51 Vitry. A long ride on tramway. Located rabbit man but he had only a few old ones. Had fine white ones. Home. No sailing date to

be had. Saw American Express Company about shipping rabbits. Said they would write me particulars regarding rates, etc. Received a duffle bag from A. R. C. commissary.

Tuesday 5-27-1919

Did some washing. Packed various articles in duffle bag. Put suit case into it, German rifle, French helmet. Got passports for return trip to U. S. also railway pass to Marseilles. Just around Paris and saying goodbye to former scenes. Appears quiet at A. R. C. headquarters. Labor element dissatisfied because of high prices of food stuffs. Hungry children. Europe must now repopulate from the runts who composed the last reserve.

Spinach for breakfast.

Spinach for lunch.

Spinach for dinnertime.

[Received travel permit to make trip from Paris to Calais and return, via Amiens, Arras and Lille.]

Wednesday 5-28-1919

Left rue Borghese over metro for Garre du Nord. Train North at 9: A. M. Stopped at Amiens and looked over town. Badly shelled. On to Abbeville stopped several hours. Natives having a fair. Abbeville bombed. Lunch in very old restaurant—fire place cooking. No train north for several hours. A British military train conveying English soldiers who had been at Constantinoble [sic] all during the war passed through town on way from Marseilles to Boulogne. Officers invited me to ride with them in their private car; had tea and cakes. Train stopped at soldiers' camp north of Boulogne. Walked to Wilmereux, then rode into Boulogne on street cars. Registered at hotel Metropole. Very cool breezes from channel.

Thursday 5-29-1919

Visited Wilmereux a seaside resort northeast of Boulogne. In a cemetery facing the sunset sea is the grave of Col. McCrae who wrote "In Flanders' Field."

He died at Wilmereux June 29, 1918. Gathered some stone souvenirs. Visited the fishmongers market at mouth of Boulogne river. All kinds of fish and reptiles brought in by

fishermen from waters of English Channel. The flesh hungry people bought everything offered. The really nice fish were crated and shipped to Paris. Apparently the fishers dragged the sea bottom with their seines gathering up every living thing. On to Calais looked over town in afternoon, great light house. Too cloudy to catch a glimpse of England's shores across the water. Breakfast at hotel, noon lunch at Salvation Army canteen at Boulogne. English Salvation Army girls at canteens singing religious songs. Enquiring of one if she sang to cheer the English soldiers she answered, "yes," then "no, for that would be selfish, I sing because of the love of God in my heart." She appeared worn and tired but her face was radiant with that beauty which only those who know can understand. On towards Belgium. All north France appears to be filled with English soldiers and munitions of war. Train stopped a while at St. Omar then on to Hazenbrouck, a direfully shelled town, where I stopped for the night. Red poppies blooming along the way. Some stone curbed open wells but the old oaken buckets are gone. A low level country scarcely rising above sea level. Before wars devastation a rich garden spot the natives say.

Friday 5-30 1919

In morning took train at Hazenbrouck for Lille, passing through Armenteries where destruction was fearful. Along the way screeching wind mills beating the air, shell shattered cemeteries, long rows of sand bags, water filled trenches, sponce, dugouts, demolished farm homes, here a listening post, there a fleure. Lille a crumbling city. Left at 2 P. M. on through train for Paris. Great stone railway bridges destroyed by Bosche when they evacuated the city. French now have German prisoners rebuilding them. Sullen workmen. A long ride through war area. Train passed through villages mostly destroyed stopping at Duai, Arris Albert, Amiens, Mondidier, etc. Poplar groves, tree trunks cut off or shattered by shell now the only sentinels. Always a target for big guns. Those little wooden foot bridges across streams over which soldiers of the opposing armies met in a friendly way to swap trinkets and tobacco. Into Garre du Nord, Paris at 6 P. M. Memorial day observed in honor of American soldiers buried in France.

Services held at the American Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Josephs Catholic Church and the Jewish Synagogue. Military services in Suresnes Cemetery. Soldiers graves decorated. Those who "went west" remembered.

Saturday 5-31-1919

Two letters from wife and letters from home town. Went to A. R. C. headquarters. Given a sailing date on the La Patria, a French liner, for June 7th. I expect to be all ready to go. Turned in my red workers card to get U. S. passports. Wrote wife and gave her my sailing date, that is I suppose it will be on 7th. But the radio will give her the time when boat sails. Green English walnuts in milk stage of growth served for dessert at rue Borghese hotel.

Sunday 6-1-1919

Put on new uniform. Must have other one dry cleaned after trip to the Rhine. On metro to Palais Royal, then walked to M. E. Church. Knights of Pythias had charge of services. Visited Grand Palais Art Institute—walked home to rue Borghese Barracks. Elegants parading boulevards. Talked with a weazened griz for a moment, who it would appear from his conversation had passed through most of the revolutions and wars of his country. A veteran knowing its history and an economist in his financial affairs. Following him a small black and tan dog which has four feet but only uses three. Sunrise 3:47. Sunset 8:09.

Monday 6-2-1919

A wonderfully fine day. Soft breezes from the ocean. Visited stores. Looking for gifts to take home. Bought two trunk straps. High priced. Stopped on Rue Seine at shop where old pictures sold, steel and wood cuts. Talked with home bound soldier boys on the streets and in canteens. Got bank book from Equitable Trust Company. Have about two thousand francs mostly money brought with me from U. S.

Tuesday 6-3-1919

Metro employees on strike. Rode downtown in A. R. C. auto. Bought two Rosalaine lace collars made in Belgium at a lace shop for wife and butter knife at Bon Marche. Also small oil painting, a harvest scene, French girls in wheat field,

of an artist. People have to walk. Metro strike causing inconvenience.

Wednesday 6-4-1919

Preparing for homeward trip. Metro strike on, rode down town in auto. Received back U. S. passport, which was taken up by officials when arrived in Paris. This was done to prevent desertions. In its place we were given a red cross workers card which was surrendered to get back passport. Made final settlement with A. R. C. Paid wages to June 21, 1919, when I am supposed to reach U. S. but will not at that date. It does not matter. At Borghese hotel in afternoon and did some packing. Duffie bag filled to limit with barrel of German gun protruding from top. Visited Bois de Boulogne in evening passing through Maillot entrance. Talked with a cultured French lady and her daughter who were in the park who inquired of me the way to a Metro subway entrance. Wrote letter home. All are anxious to again see the "Lady with a Lamp in her hand."

Thursday 6-5-1919

With comrade had stein of beer at a fashionable Bois de Boulogne cafe. Metro strike still going. Bought railroad ticket from Paris to Marseilles via Fontain Bleau, Sens, Dijon, Lyons and down Rhone river. Also steamship ticket from Marseilles to New York City. Procured two U. S. five dollar bills for sixty five francs. Refused to take a draft, consider rate of exchange unfair and will carry home two thousand or more francs to New York City where exchange may be more equitable. Saw mob of strikers. American army officer picked me up this morning as I left rue Borghese and took me down town. He was going to St. Anne's prison to get release of soldiers who had overstayed time in Paris. Big goodbye to Fred A. Fellows my able captain. I have never missed an hour from my duties from any cause. According to a recent ruling of the French Government, it is not permissible to carry out of the country more than one thousand francs of French currency. I'll take a chance on it.

Note: I exchanged about one thousand francs into U. S. dollars at Oran, Algeria, a French province, when our vessel was detained there.

Friday 6-6-1919

Now I leave the land of the Fleur de Lis,  
And homeward set o'er the rolling sea.

This is the day I depart from Paris where I have lived since November 1918. My task is ended, zero hour. I am going home. Carried my baggage, trunk, duffel bag and suit case down to hotel foyer at rue Borghese. A good breakfast awaited in officers dining room. Bid goodbye to the French waiters, tips. Auto conveyed five of us with baggage to Hotel Regina. Two letters from home. Autos and trucks then took homegoers to Garre de Lyon. Lunch at station. Boarded 2:10 P. M. train. Charming excursion south from Paris through valley and hills. Slept from Lyon till we reach Orange. My intimate comrades were Sergt. Mars, Symonds, and Burns. There were six of us in train compartment all the way. All slept sitting in seats. Lunches on train. No diner, so no dinner. Verile peasantry gone from farms. Old men, boys and women folks in the fields. The "Song of the Lark" not heard as portrayed by the painting in the Louvre.

Saturday 6-7-1919

When daylight came, which was about 4 o'clock A. M., we were still journeying south along banks of the Rhone. "Here the swift river has cleft its way between rocky heights which appears like two lovers who have parted in hate" and can clasp hands no more. Olive orchards. Trees gnarled and twisted. Foliage ashy gray as though covered with dust. Towered Avignon resounding with bells. The city of the Popes with ruins of a Roman bridge extending half way across the river and now used as a dancing pavillion.

On the bridge at Avignon  
Some are painting  
Some are dancing  
On the bridge at Avignon  
They are dancing round and round.

Rows of tall cypress trees apparently planted to stop drifting sand. Through Arles to Marseilles arriving at 6:00 A. M. Storks nesting on chimney tops. Lunch at A. R. C. canteen. At noon all A. R. C. workers who were homeward bound were

escorted to Hotel Regina, Marseilles and served a most excellent midday meal. An Arab chief from Arabia with a dozen followers was at the hotel. They did not occupy chairs except at lunch tables but reclined or sat on carpeted floors. All the while several of the retinue remained close to the silken gowned leader. Perhaps he carried money for it was stated they wanted to buy American horses. Looked over city with Mr. Peterson who is going home. With baggage rode to dock in autos. Wharf men on a strike. Getting aboard French vessel *La Patria* delayed. Hired man to carry my luggage to my room, cost five francs. Sailed out of harbor about 4 o'clock P. M.

Out of Marseilles glides our boat  
 Into the Mediterranean sea,  
 For some ships go to a glowing place,  
 Of wonder and mystery.  
 And some crafts go to a certain shoal,  
 Where the phosphorescence burns.  
 And others go to a war-lost goal,  
 From which no bark returns.  
 But, oh, no matter which land they reach,  
 No matter the gale that blows,  
 There's a joy in each sunny off-shore wind,  
 That the traveler always knows,  
 There's a thrill in the rush of the blue sea wave,  
 There's a song in each flash of foam  
 For there is always a harbor that some heart hails,  
 As the place that the soul calls "Home."

Evening, sun disappeared into hazy west towards Spain. Dinner hour, tables filled with passengers. Waiters silently disappear. A summons from the boatswain which none understood but the crew. People look at each other questioningly. What has happened? Ship on fire. A tense feeling. The babble at the tables is hushed. A look of seriousness overspread each face. Thrills. Some one recited, "I have a rendezvous with death. It may be he will take me by the hand and lead me into his dark land." Another, "The boy stood on the burning deck, when all but him had fled." "Launch thy bark mariner, Christian God speed thee." Earnestness. The great adventure near, passed. Burned



my duffle bag and suit case. Blue waves lapping our boat. Sleep.

Monday 6-9-1919

Awoke at 6 A. M. White, rounded Arab chieftain's tomb on summit of Mt. Oran first sighted. White washed every year by the faithful, a sum of money having been left in trust to pay for repairs and external whitening. Soon after breakfast vessel entered port of Oran. The shore line is marked by rounded pebbles and rocks that the sand of the sea waves has been polishing for centuries. A beautiful white city in Algeria, 100,000 or more people. Naked Arab boys swim around the vessel asking for coins and diving for them when thrown into the deep water. Did not leave boat till afternoon when some were permitted to go ashore in row boats. Marched in squads around town to see sights. French language mostly spoken. Arabs make up half of population. Visited Jewish temple. Beggars everywhere asking for money. Narrow crooked streets. An Arab is dressed when he has a turban wrapped around his head and a long cotton or silk robe, according to his wealth, draped about his body. Many negroes. Turks with red fezzes. Women wear yasmaks, veils. A one-eye lookout. Intelligent Arabian horses of many colors, faithful toilers with heavy loads on hill and mountain roads and over the desert sands. Docks piled with sacks of oats, barley, wheat and other small grains raised on semi arid lands, ready to load on vessel for shipment, mostly to French ports. A tramontana breeze in the evening.

Tuesday 6-10-1919

Changed eight hundred francs for U. S. money. Got off boat as I heard banks would change money giving out French money for U. S. money, charging a premium of course. Shops of Oran would not take U. S. money for their goods. Run a bank of my own on street and changed about 800 francs into U. S. money. The soldier boys were all required to get U. S. money for their French money before leaving France. Were not supposed to take French money outside France, but I had a little French money and was glad to make the exchange as it kept the money changers from robbing our boys. A Y. M. C. A. man also helped with French money. Our soldiers wanted

to make purchases in Oran. With a soldier boy climbed Mt. Oran to old Spanish fort. Drank English ale in fort, English officers in charge. Followed a foot path trail to top and walked around Arab chieftain's white tomb. Pine trees being planted on mountain slopes. Between jutting rocks, a graceful, white Parian marble shrine stands on the mountainside. My comrade a Catholic soldier boy said, "I have knelt at many shrines while in Europe, but this one is the most beautiful."

#### Wednesday 6-11-1919

Downtown from boat about 9:00 o'clock but did not change any more money as each soldier boy only wanted to exchange a few dollars for francs. Bankers refused to give me small French bills for large ones when they found what I was doing. Have one thousand piece in pocket to exchange in New York City where I can get fair value. Came aboard vessel *La Patria* at 4:00 P. M., dinner, then ashore again for a walk by cool seaside. Thermometer 108 all day. Met Mr. Shepherd, a Waterloo, Iowa, man. Arab laborers carrying coal from docks into vessel in sacks or baskets on their backs receiving only about a franc a day, 20 cents for their work. Arab children beg persistently. A crafty trick of little girls to show an American buffalo nickel, then hold it below one ear-tip, as though it were an ear-ring and then point to the other ear and say, "Kamerad, Kamerad," which was their sign language begging another buffalo nickel so they could have a pair of ear-rings. Soldier boys allowed to visit shore in small groups. Water in Oran not safe to drink, but plenty of wine.

#### Thursday 6-12-1919

At city of Oran, Algeria, Africa. A good sleep on board *La Patria* rocked by the Mediterranean sea waves. One soldier killed by street cars yesterday and another beat up by Arabs because he went inside a mosque, prayer house, a little room facing on street, without removing his shoes, a profane act. Notice posted the *La Patria* would sail at 4:00 P. M. Pulled out of harbor on time. Dinner and to berth. Sea blue and calm. Many bathers along shore. Filed claim with bursar for forty-two dollars against steamship company for damage to baggage by fire.

Friday 6-13-1919

Awoke at daylight. Passed from sea to ocean. Rock of Gibraltar, Pillars of Hercules in full view but vessel did not stop. All on board would liked to have set foot on the rocks. A boyhood dream faded but even sight was glorious, lightened by the rising sun. Rock of Gibraltar, synonym of strength, under England's rule since 1704. In a few decades its glory may depart. League of nations. The rock is three miles long, half a mile wide and a quarter of a mile high. Old stone castles still stand. A long sandy beach at its base. On through strait of Gibraltar and out to open sea, vessel skirting south-west coast of Spain. See fields of ripening grain on hillsides. Alluring views and scenes for an artist. Fishermen busy with boats on the beaches. Sea became rough towards night and half of voyagers were sick. Mirth among the twelve hundred soldier boys as one by one most of them "went to the rail." Hic. Feeding the fish.

Saturday 6-14-1919

Sea rolling. Many afflicted with Mal de Mere and only a few appeared at breakfast table. Towards noon sea quieted. Met a few vessels eastward bound. Cloudy all day and cool, put on overcoat. A disturbed stomach so I ate my meals and remained in bed most of time. Watches (timepieces) are pushed back one half hour each day. I am the first one to retire, then first one up in our room each morning. Walk the deck.

Sunday 6-15-1919

Up early. Saw one east bound vessel. Sea smoother and not so many sick. Church services in ship's parlors. Oranges in morning and apricots at noon. Map markers indicate we are headed for Azores. A quiet Sunday. Church services were very formal. Most everybody reading. A beautiful sunset, clouds make pictures. I hear, above the swish of the waves, someone reciting or humming war poem? "Words from Heaven" by Cameron Wilson, "Rendezvous" by Alan Segar, "Flanders Fields" by McRae, "Time of the Breaking of Nations" by Hardy, "If I should Die" by Brooke, and others.

Note: Alan Segar, poet and soldier was killed in battle and his body has never as yet been located. Possibly he was struck

by a shell and blown to atoms.

#### Monday 6-16-1919

The sea like a mirror. Seasick people mostly well. No trouble to sleep. Sergts. Mars, Symonds, Burns berth comrades. Filled out and handed to bursar my claim for burned baggage. Read books from ship's library and roam the deck with others, round and round. A wonderful sunset. Looks like a tree covered island near but it is only fantastic clouds. Will we go to the Bermudas was asked this morning. See schools of porpoises quite often. A silvery shark is following our vessel. As our boat divides the long rolling waves, I hear—

The murmur of the restless deep,  
The voice of winds that will not sleep.

#### Tuesday 6-17-1919

Had a deck visit with a shiner mason who said his home was at Davenport, Iowa. Beautiful calm sea. Posted notice says we will not stop at Bermuda's. Now about half way across ocean. Waters smooth all day like glass, and in evening the golden sunset and sea became the same tint, like a field of ripened grain. No museum holds such murals of colors. Some large sharks having a gambol around boat. Took a salt water sea bath to kill itch, using bar of salt water soap purchased at Boulogne. The fresh water used on boat is distilled sea water.

#### Wednesday 6-18-1919

Springlike zephyrs come up in night from southwest making delightful sleeping. Put on summer underwear. Prunes for breakfast. Beautiful day, vessel travelling due west. Watched the flying fish skim over the water. Little birds following vessel all way across ocean flying around during day and resting in some nook on vessel at night, so sailors said. Cloudy this evening and we saw no glowing sunset. Sea calm as day closed. Able men give interesting talks every afternoon and most of war passengers listen but a few keep on with card playing or other diversions. Always a few hymns are sung. Generally all do not join in the song service except when Faith of our Fathers is sung, then Jew, Catholic, and Protestant sing lustily. This was the song oftenest sung. The second most popular piece was Onward Christian Soldiers.

Note. Faith was the word of exultation. Somehow I have often been impressed with the thought when listening to the singing of the song in various churches that it would more truthfully express the sentiments of the singers if the wording was changed to "church of our fathers, the only church, we will be true to thee till death," but in the mingled voices of a thousand soldier boys of many nationalities who had seen red, faith was the dominant urge. It was sung on every transport and on every soldier-carrying ship, in the huts and in the trenches and wherever and whenever the soldiers assembled. It is the greatest war song the world has ever known.

Thursday 6-19-1919

Calm sea in morning. Most everyone reading but some play cards. Others too seasick to eat or do anything. Saurkraut and pork for dinner was good. Seem to be short on ice today. It is made in the boat. Beautiful clear day, a time to dream. Mr. Burns gave me one hundred dollars to keep for him, afraid he may lose it gambling and be broke. Am still banker for the boys. Gambling on boat all the time. Talked with a map maker who had assisted at the Peace Conference. Said he with others made maps every day to show new boundary lines of the different countries as territory was taken away from one country and allotted to another. Remaking the nations. Map man knew President Wilson and Clemenceau intimately and all the notables. His home was in Kansas, a college professor.

Friday 6-20-1919

Warm balmy wind from the west. Crossing the Gulf current we are told. Mended duffle bag damaged by fire on vessel on 7th Inst., the first night out from Marseilles. Read magazines of which the library contains a plenty or rather they are lying around everywhere. All kinds of books likewise. Am in good health and anxiously, as others, waiting for our vessel to dock in New York harbor, which will be tomorrow noon we are told by the bulletins. Read book "An Amazing Interlude." Fog horn blew repeatedly last night. Gambling, dancing, music. Big army club, legion organizers busy. To bed early, all but Sergt. Burns who said when he came to room later he was \$170 ahead in the game. Burns is a Canadian

Scotchman who spent most of his A. R. C. time as a chauffeur in Palestine. Discharged from Canadian army because of wounds he joined A. R. C.

Saturday 6-21-1919

A mild quiet day on *La Patria*. Passengers are longingly looking for land. Took physical examination. Many fellows fearful they may have to remain in detention hospital after landing. Got my baggage in shape. Gave two dollar tip to our table waiter. Emptied our wine bottles like good Frenchman should. No liquor can be taken ashore.

Sunday 6-22-1919

The four of us up at 6:00 A. M. and cleaned up. Sighted land at 8:00 A. M. Long Island and Jersey coast. Vessel took on pilot at 8:30 A. M. Hurrah! we greet the Statue of Liberty. All officers ordered to remove their Sam Browne straps. Mine went into suit case. Attended religious services in saloon. Anchored in Brooklyn at noon. Passed quarantine. Tipped steward \$2.00. Put baggage off. A hustling time for everyone. Possessions inspected by custom officials. Had A. R. C. lunch, then in A. R. C. hack to interurban, then to hotel Me-Alpin. Engaged room, took a little walk and ate another lunch. Tired. Sent wife a telegram, my safe arrival. No chance to say goodbye to comrades. We scattered.

Monday 6-23-1919

Up, don't know when, no watch. Frenchman took my American watch apart and could not put it together, and my French watch, I bought at the Louvre store in Paris, is broken. Wrote to wife second letter at 10:00 A. M. Breakfast at hotel. Went to A. R. C. headquarters and made final settlement. Was paid \$55.20 for railroad fare and expenses to my home at Waterloo, Iowa. Took a sightseer's bus out along Riverside. Several war boats on Hudson river. Went to office of steamship company and interviewed agents of company and tried to collect for fire damage to my baggage, but they put me off saying they would need time to examine claim. Exchanged one thousand franc bill for U. S. money. Money changer, a Jew, said "History shows us that a period of business depression has always followed great wars." Seeing the city—in bed at 9:00 P. M.

Tuesday 6-24-1919

Sent luggage to Pennsylvania depot, paid \$1.45. Bought ticket to Chicago, \$32.24. Again went to see agents of steamship company about fire damage to baggage but they parried a settlement. Telegram came to hotel McAlpin from wife saying she would meet me in Chicago with auto. Ate lunch, got grip and overcoat, paid hotel bill at McAlpin, took 2:08 P. M. train over Pennsylvania Railway for Chicago, all sleeping coaches, 6:00 o'clock dinner on train \$1.75, to bed in sleeper.

Wednesday 6-25-1919

Arrived in Chicago. Visited former A. R. C. barracks on Cottage Grove Ave. Activity ended, silent as the battle fields of France. Wife came with auto. A few days in city, then home.

CEMETERIES WHERE THE SOLDIER DEAD WERE BURIED:

Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, Suresnes at Nesles, Aisne, France.—5962 graves.

Suresnes American Cemetery, located about three miles west of Paris on the southern slope of Mont Valerien near the historical town of St. Cloud, a part of the French Suresnes Cemetery.—1507 graves.

St. Nihiel American Cemetery, Thiancourt, Meurthe et Moselle, France.—4413 graves.

Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, Belleau, Aisne, France.—2212 graves.

Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery Romagne sous Montfaucon, Meuse, France.—14134 graves. It is located about twenty-three miles northwest of Verdun.

Flanders Field American Cemetery, Waereghem, Belgium, located between Brussels and Ypres.—367 graves.

Somme American Cemetery, Bony Aisne, France located eleven miles northwest of St. Quentin.

British Military Cemetery, Coucellette, Somme, France.

Brookwood Cemetery, near London.—437 graves.

New Fulford City Cemetery, York, England.

Everton Cemetery, Liverpool, England.

Various church and family cemeteries in France and England.

THE END

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