

AUGUST IN EUROPE

A WAR DIARY.



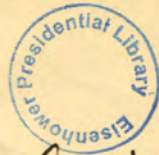
August first - Midnight.

I am writing this on the boat from Calais to Dover. In spite of everything I have kept to my determination to leave London today. What a change has come over the world! Yesterday I was calmly playing golf in Surrey; tonight there is a <sup>great</sup> thrill of excitement in the air. The possibility of a great European war became generally public this morning for the first time! The "Times" brought to me with my breakfast, clearly indicated that within twenty-four hours some thing <sup>unforgettable</sup> was going to happen. Beside the <sup>statements</sup> "Times" the other morning journals were of course exceedingly inflammatory. I read all that I could lay my hands on. Had I been anything but an American, believing war an impossibility or, if not an impossibility, an event which would take weeks, even months, to materialize, I should not now be sailing towards France. But I was very American both in my attitude and behavior. I had bought my ticket through to Lucerne, I had packed my trunk and bag, I had ordered my bill at the Cavendish, I had telegraphed the family that I was leaving London - surely there was no justification for changing all these arrangements? I went off to Higginson and Co's office, opposite the Bank of England. Mr.

21  
21  
21  
21  
21

9 - was in. We talked over the war situation. He seemed so sanguine that my determination to leave was much strengthened. Following his advice I next went to the Embassy, ~~for~~ <sup>if</sup> the war ~~was~~ <sup>should</sup> break out, ~~he~~ he said, "there's nothing that gives one quite such a secure feeling as an American passport."

The Embassy was jammed with people! It was a dull, hot day outside with an occasional drop of rain, and the temperature inside the main room was something fearful. ~~The~~ ~~room~~ was full of people, women mostly, all in a highly excited state. Some wanted to go to Germany, some to France, some wanted money, some merely wanted to talk to a "feller from home." I took my place about the mahogany table, filled out my application, and waited. On my left were ~~two Jewish Americans~~, Mr. Blum and Mr. Bloomberg, two fat, little men with snapping black eyes, whose only means of identification were each other and who stood bowing and smiling and nodding at ~~the desk~~ the Second Secretary very like Tweedledum and Tweedledee taken out of a Jewish Alice ~~and~~ in Wonderland. On my ~~left~~ right was a lady of some forty years, who <sup>ya waka ya</sup> had left two daughters in Munich. In her excitement ~~she~~ was slowly



but surely consuming her face handkerchief. There was an atmosphere of nervousness in the room very disquieting to any one who wished to remain calm. Reports of what Mr. Page had said and had not said circulated throughout the room; every wife seemed to have left her husband in the critical spot where the war was sure to break out, and every husband was sure <sup>that</sup> if he didn't get to his wife, who was taking the cure in Aix-les-Bains, by tomorrow night she would certainly have another attack, which <sup>this time</sup> would carry her off." I recollect one <sup>gray-haired</sup> woman who could not remember the middle name of her <sup>second</sup> daughter, and <sup>who</sup> was appealing with tears in her eyes to everyone in the room to help her ~~remember~~ <sup>recall</sup> it.

Thus I waited for two hours and a half, becoming more and more nervous and ~~heart~~ every minute. At exactly one o'clock I received my passport. It cost, I believe eight shillings. As I rode back to the Ritz for luncheon I tried to build up a picture of how I ought to appear to a French soldier.

~~Forehead - low. Eyes - low~~ Forehead - low  
 Eyes - brown  
 Nose - regular  
 Mouth - medium  
 Chin - square  
 Hair - dark brown (the Second

Secretary wanted to put it down muddy brown, but I flatly refused to be so described!

Complexion - dark  
face - square.

Supposing, I thought to myself, supposing  
my complexion should become paler or I  
should take to brushing my hair <sup>straight</sup> back,  
then where ~~should~~ I be? The thought  
quite spoiled my appetite.

I went with Miss S - to the  
playhouse after luncheon. Both of us felt  
<sup>as if</sup> we were doing something we  
should not. ~~The~~ The play, "Potash  
and Perlmutter", was loud and American  
enough to drive the possibilities of war  
quite out of our heads. For the moment  
we forgot the <sup>fast</sup> flying ultimatums.

Then to come out of the cool  
theatre into the dull smokiness of a  
hot London afternoon and find war  
on the verge of declaration! I shall  
never forget that moment! The evening  
editions were just out and ~~hundreds~~  
newsmen were rushing up and down  
Shaftesbury Ave., ~~covered with~~ <sup>flaming</sup>  
posters, bearing the single word "War!"  
Writ in colossal type. They shouted it  
out at the top of their lungs. War!  
War! War! The whole <sup>immense</sup> city seemed  
filled with the reverberation. War!  
War! War! A dozen papers were  
shoved in our hands. War! War! War!  
People of all ~~ages~~ <sup>ages</sup> were gathered in



little knots arguing wildly. War! War! War!  
 Others hurried aimlessly about the streets  
 or collected before the windows of the  
 great journals. War! War! War! The  
 streets, the people, the buildings, the  
 skies, the whole <sup>world</sup> seemed to ring  
 with ~~one~~ the one horrible word.

I don't recollect ever being so  
 excited in my life. Great quivers ~~of~~  
~~excitement~~ kept running up my back;  
 the roots of my hair tingled; I talked  
 loudly in a high, nervous voice. It  
 was intoxicating, madly exciting; I  
 felt as if the only way of getting  
 relief was to shout <sup>out</sup> at the top of  
 my lungs.

Instead Miss S and I bought all  
 the journals in sight and leaped into  
 a taxi. There we ~~read~~ <sup>learned</sup> the historic  
 news from glaring headlines: if Germany  
~~did~~ not <sup>give</sup> the required answer ~~by~~  
 at twelve o'clock <sup>tomorrow</sup> France would go to war!  
 Miss S, who was as wrought up  
 as I, pleaded with me almost with  
 tears in her eyes not to go tonight,  
 to wait for a few days at least. But  
 I was obstinate, still American in  
 my attitude. "Nothing can happen  
 for a week at least," I assured her.  
 "By that time I shall be in Lucerne."  
 I left her at the Victoria

Station with a promise to telegraph from Paris the next day. Then I returned to Jernyn St. for dinner at my hotel. The streets of London seemed fuller than ever, there was a tension that I had never felt <sup>any</sup> where before, not only in the air but in the people's faces. Would Germany back down? That was the thought in every mind, I'll warrant. It was the one in mine, I know. For I guess every Englishman knows as I know this night on this ~~Boat~~ Calais boat that if France goes to war England must go also.

My train left Charing Cross at 9.05. I expressed my trunk right through to Lucerne, although I intend to make a stopover for luncheon at Le Touquet - Paris - Plage tomorrow ~~for~~ ~~boat~~ and then catch the Eugénie Express from Paris tomorrow night. I will have ample time to make all the connections and have a delightful visit ~~of~~ some six hours at my friends, the A - S.

In my compartment were three English Army officers ~~bound~~ returning to Malta, ~~two~~ French men and an English lady, who had spent many years in Serbia. Of course we all talked together and on only one topic. The officers were



going direct to Marseilles, <sup>which port they were to embark</sup> and, whereas none of them ~~know anything~~ would offer any definite opinion as to the possibilities of war, I noticed that they could not take their eyes off the moon-lit English ~~landscape~~ <sup>country</sup> side as if they felt it might be many years before they were to see <sup>or pass a sight again</sup> again. The English lady was tremendously interesting. I had always considered the Serbians as little more than brutes and assassins - in fact my sympathies in the Austro-Serbian war <sup>so far</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>had</sup> been with Austria and I had felt that she was justified in cleaning up her opponent. But this lady, a ~~well~~ <sup>educated</sup> and educated woman, spoke with tears in her eyes of "her dear, good-hearted kind Serbians!" My opinions were considerably unsettled.

The boat was an hour <sup>or more</sup> late in starting as we had to wait for an additional trainload of people. There seems to be a great influx to the Continent. I heard some sailors speaking of it. There are all nationalities on ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> board: French, English, Swiss, Italian and even a few young Germans, who look like students. They stand near the bow, talking in their own language. - I can see them from where I am writing..... Calais! I can hear the <sup>gamins</sup> ~~boys~~ on the wharf whistling the "Marseillaise."

August 2. - Le Touquet - Paris - Plage - 8.30 A.M.

Ah! la belle France!

I am sitting in the hall of the great summer hotel here, L'Hermitage. I arrived at Staples this morning at five-thirty, it ~~took~~ <sup>took</sup> me all that time to come from Calais. From Staples ~~to~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> here, it being too early to go to the ~~office~~. A-S.

Well, France is at war! I learned that ~~on~~ ~~land~~ ~~ing~~ at Calais. In fact all the passengers were greeted on landing with the cheering information that they had better return <sup>directly</sup> on the same boat to England, ~~that~~ the mobilization would commence at one o'clock and after that - Zut! (a significant shrug of the ~~soldier~~ shoulders from the little Frenchman who was advising us. The <sup>English</sup> officers laughed and the lady with the Serbian affections cried. ~~Oh~~ Our French companion comforted himself with a "Vive la guerre!" Very few people turned back or paid any attention to what the little Frenchman said - I perhaps least of all, because my ear has not yet become attuned to French and because I ~~don't~~ not know what mobilization meant. I am just beginning to learn now.

I arrived at this hotel at six-thirty this morning, at a time when





Most of the people at French summer-resorts are abed. ~~Especially so~~ I imagine my surprise to find the huge hallway filled with excited people - and on a Sunday morning, too! Some were eating <sup>hurried</sup> breakfasts, some were gathered together in little groups, others were talking to the manager, who, very cross at being up at so early an hour, was entrenched behind his desk like a dangerous animal. The people were mostly English and American. They were all dressed for travelling and the <sup>halls & other</sup> hall were lined with their bags and trunks. &

I checked my bag and sat down in a corner. It did not take long to find out what the excitement was about. ~~Many~~ <sup>For</sup> 7 guests of the hotel were preparing to leave Le Touquet on the seven o'clock train. Naturally I felt a little bit upset. I tried to sit quietly by and think that these were only scare-heads, but the sight of grey-headed old gentlemen and stout old ladies rushing about in such an excited state made me feel distinctly uncomfortable. They all hurried off finally in a series of automobiles and wagons, <sup>which were</sup> piled high on top with baggage. The hall was dismally quiet after they left. The manager sank back into his chair and wiped the perspiration from his red face. He rolled his eyes about





they shouldn't have done. ~~It appears~~

It appears that no more baggage is permitted to be carried on trains. The forty guests declared that they had felted the l'chef de gare at Staples black in the face, that they had argued in every language known ~~to~~ the habitable globe that ~~they~~ had used tears, threats, blandishments - but all to no avail! He ~~was~~ adamant. The government's orders were explicit - no baggage! So here were the forty guests returned again.

"The station master was the nastiest -"

"Well, I'd like to report him!"

"- And George even wanted me to go without my trunks. Of course, I -"

"If Louise hadn't been a fool she'd have left her damn trunks here and come with me. These women!"

"Well, I shall never travel -"

"I think the manager might have known."

"Yes, the idea of getting us up so early."

"And for nothing!"

The manager however ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> happy. To have the forty guests come back again ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> a heaven-sent manifestation. The poor man positively beamed.

I wonder where these people were going? Do you suppose I will have trouble in getting to Paris this

afternoon? I am very glad now I expressed  
my truck through to Luceye - if they  
won't let me take my handbag with  
me I can leave it here with the A-S.  
Ah! here comes F.A. now in  
response to my telephone.....

~~August 2, Le Touquet - Paris - Hotel Regina~~  
~~to A.S. later: 10 P.M. - Le Touquet.~~

Well! And well again! I did not go  
to Paris as I had planned! F.A. said  
I learned that it was impossible for  
me to get ~~to Paris~~, truck or no truck.  
Furthermore it was apparent that if I  
could <sup>possibly</sup> get to Paris I could ~~not~~  
not get beyond at present. Since Le Touquet  
is a lovely place and I have friends  
here, ~~I might as well be here as anywhere.~~ J'y suis, j'y reste.

The mobilisation is going full  
blast now. The government has taken  
all the trains for its own use and  
civilians are ~~now~~ <sup>henceforth</sup> excluded from  
travel; automobiles, horses and  
waggons are being seized right and  
left. In return for what the govern-  
ment takes you are ~~given~~ given a  
sheet of paper, which states that when  
the war is over the thing taken  
will be returned or a nominal sum  
of money will be paid - thus 200 francs  
for a horse, 2000 francs for a motor,  
and so on.



The government has the right to seize ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> property of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> people of any nation. F.A.'s car or his polo ponies may be demanded at any minute. Of course they would be no use after a war campaign and what the government pays back is a gross undervaluation. But who can complain? We must all pull together now to crush the common enemy! Heart and soul I am with France, France the country of happy, free-hearted people, France, the country that has done so much for the art and literature of the world. France where I have been so happy. <sup>happy</sup> It is no time now to talk about the causes of this war. I do not know them; nobody knows them. It is enough to know that Germany today declared war on Russia and <sup>that</sup> tomorrow she may be within the boundaries of France. I spent a month ~~a month~~ in Germany this summer and I became acquainted with some German people. ~~Some of the ladies~~ were very <sup>big-hearted and kind</sup> but the men I ~~liked~~ disliked: they ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> gross, they ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> brutes, they ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> eaters, drinkers, and fighters, they ~~have~~ <sup>the Germans have</sup> no religion and no art. They are good cannon-makers but that is not the kind of men that we want to rule us!

No one can help feeling strongly  
on the subject who is right on spot.  
It is almost as much of an issue with  
me as if my own country were at  
war - and as a matter of fact the  
interests of our country, and of all  
others of civilized progress are at stake.  
Haut les coeurs et vive la France!

How long I shall be forced to  
remain here in Le Touquet I don't  
know. Some people say that in three  
days the mobilization will be enough  
under way to permit civilian traveling,  
others put the limit at fifteen  
days. This latter is decidedly perturbed  
as I have exactly sixty francs in  
cash with me. If it is impossible to  
get money on my letter of credit I  
shall be pretty much up a tree. I  
can hardly ask the ~~As~~ for a loan  
because of course it is equally  
difficult for them to get money ~~too~~.

This afternoon, once assured of the  
impossibility of departure and after <sup>having</sup> dispatched  
various and sundry ~~things~~ <sup>papers</sup> and <sup>German</sup> <sup>papers</sup>, I spent on  
the celebrated golf-links here. ~~Continued~~ The  
course <sup>is</sup> magnificent and the air and sun-  
light of France perfectly intoxicating. The  
only drawback of the afternoon was my  
unfortunate habit of breaking out into  
German. From forced of playing much golf



in Germany, which I left less than a week ago, I have become accustomed to address the caddy as "Kleiner Junge", to shout out "Achtung!", and to salute my failures with "Ach Gotts" and "Hummels". This afternoon ~~my~~ these words would come out. The caddy ~~soon~~ took to regarding me with a ~~hesitant~~ <sup>soon</sup> coldness took to carrying my chebs in a most hostile and military manner. Matters arrived at such a crisis on the thirteenth hole that I was forced to explain <sup>to F.A.</sup> in a very loud voice and in very confused French my francophile tendencies. Otherwise I felt sure that the biggest caddy would take my life's blood with my riblick before we reached the fifteenth green. I shall have to keep a close watch on my tongue. It would be terrible to have an inadvertent "heisses Wasser, bitte" cost ~~me~~ <sup>the</sup> my ~~own~~ life!

August 3<sup>rd</sup> - Le Touquet - Paris - Plage - 10 P.M.

This has been an exhausting but undeniably interesting day. F.A. and I learned this morning that all foreigners were ordered to report at the Mairie between the hours of nine and four ~~this~~ <sup>for</sup> the purposes of identification. ~~we were to do that if necessary~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~appearances~~ <sup>appearances</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and so forth</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~issue~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~issue~~ <sup>issue</sup> a permis de séjour. Without this little piece of paper with its official stamp and ~~mayoral~~ <sup>mayoral</sup> signature scrawled across it ~~it~~ <sup>any one would be</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>able</sup> to be clapped

Permis  
Rumors - Rues - Cailhaux  
People in crowd

into jail for being a spy at any minute.  
I have my permis in ~~an~~ inside pocket at  
this very moment and I intend to sleep  
with it under my pillow. I would not  
part with it for worlds; we had enough  
trouble getting it!

We walked to the Mairie in the  
glorious morning sunlight. It is a little brick  
building on the Rue de Bruxelles - a combination  
police station, jail, and town hall. It is  
typically French that each should have an  
entrance of its own. The office of Mousmeur  
Maire ~~was~~ reached by a flight of exterior stairs,  
which creep up the side of the building as  
if the architect had added them as an  
after thought. Between the stairway and  
the street is a picket fence with a swing  
gate.

There was a crowd of some forty  
people gathered about this gate when  
we arrived, people of all descriptions  
and nationalities. ~~But~~ on one side we  
saw a chic Parisienne, dressed cap-a-pé  
in the latest fashions, ~~and~~ <sup>for the other</sup> an American  
from the West, ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> a poor Belgian  
fisherwoman, ~~and~~ <sup>and there</sup> an English lady.  
There was no order in the assemblage.  
Everyone was struggling and elbowing  
and jostling to get as near the wicket  
gate as possible. The formation of a  
line is quite incomprehensible to the





European mind. The people of the Continent are too individual not to want each one to be first immediately. Seeing there was no hope for order, we joined the mêlée in a body.

It was a jolly crowd; French crowds invariably are so. Even in times of war there was a good deal of laughing and pushing and pulling in a good natured way. Sly remarks were let fall and were immediately caught up by neighbors; a small detachment of dogs under foot augmented the excitement; and then the rumors! Lord! Where did they ever come from? And where did they go to, growing in size and fancy?

"C'est bien vrai, Mme. Caillaux est morte!"

"Par la main d'un jeune Calmette!"

"Ah, c'est affreux!"

"Non, non!"

"Et Metz, on dit que Metz brûle!"

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?" A vast murmur in the little crowd. Metz brûle!

"Oui! Officiellement. Les bombes —"

"Et Garros —"

"Ah, ce brave garçon!" —

"Ce héros —"

"Qu'est-ce qu'il a fait?" You demand in a fury of excitement.

"Ne savez-vous pas? En aéroplane —"

"Il est manqué écraser un Zeppelin par ses bombes —"

"Oui! Et il ~~est~~ plonge soi-même son machine dans le Zeppelin. Tout est détruit!"

"Garros mort, bien entendu!"

"Ah, c'est un héros!"

A murmur of approval runs through the little crowd. Brave Garros! Can this wild rumor be true? It is reported that there were seven German generals in the Zeppelin. You see, we had plenty to talk about!

And these were only the rumors. The official news was posted on a billboard where the crowd swarmed thickest about the gate. Although we were unable to reach that spot ~~until~~ for some two hours the news was willingly retailed to us ~~from~~ by those standing <sup>in front</sup> there. The Germans have entered Luxembourg! The great armies are already well under way towards France! We heard a delightful story about the entrance of the German troops. The beautiful young Grand Duchess, quite unaware of what was going on, was out for a drive in the morning's sunlight when she perceived a huge detachment of soldiers marching through her little territory. She was furious. Luxembourg, a neutral state, was being ruthlessly violated! She rode up to the vanguard and asked for the General. The General presented himself with assurances that all would be well, that no harm was meant.



"But you must not come through here!" cried the Grand Duchess angrily. "It's not right."

"But the Kaiser -"

"If you don't leave immediately," broke in the Grand Duchess, "I'll ~~telex~~ <sup>telegraph</sup> William instantly and ~~you~~ <sup>he</sup> shall <sup>make you</sup> suffer for this!"

"But, Your Highness -!"

The Grand Duchess would not listen. Almost in tears she ~~had~~ bade the chauffeur speed back to ~~the~~ <sup>her</sup> castle. The General looked after her with a smile of pity.

"She will soon find out," he said half aloud, "that I cut all the wires in Luxemburg this morning at sunrise under the Emperor's orders!"

From the East came the news that Russia had retaliated with an invasion of Germany. That is splendid. The Allies must stand together. If only England would decide! We have not had a word yet as to whether she will ~~join~~ <sup>go in</sup> with France or stay out of it. If she does not fight it will be to her everlasting shame and no ~~friend~~ <sup>friend</sup> nation need <sup>from the battle</sup> trust her as a friend again; if she does, the honor of England will be immortal. This war is a tremendous hoax on Germany's part. The more I think of it, the more confident I become that it was she that has stood behind Austria, <sup>that</sup> it was she that ~~probably~~ manufactured the infamous ultimatum to Serbia.

I happened to be placed in the crowd at one time next to an English gentleman, whose <sup>very</sup> apoplectic complexion led me to believe that he had lived in India. We fell into conversation with each other naturally enough and I was not mistaken. He had been returned from the East only some three months and that time had not been sufficient to change ~~that~~ <sup>this</sup> mottled hue, which <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> result ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> eating <sup>those</sup> fiery Indian dishes. I was glad to find that he, a Colonel in the Army — for he was carrying in his hand a long, official envelope the inscription of which I could not help but read — was quite ~~sure~~ certain that England would go to war.

"We must!" he said with an <sup>force</sup> Indian oath, which he accompanied with a sunny smile. "We've got to! It's the only course open to us. Any one could see that. We'll be ready for 'em. Look at our fleet! Thank God for Callaghan — he's the greatest admiral since Nelson!"

The Indian friend could not say enough about this naval officer, whom I must confess I had not heard of before. But I took his word as Gospel truth, for he spoke with great sincerity. I would have questioned him about the condition of India, surely an all-important ~~subject~~ <sup>adjunct</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> English success, had a soldier not appeared at

that precise moment on the top of the exterior flight of stairs, where there was a little platform and cried out "Les Anglais!" My friend left me ~~at a moment~~ before I could say Jack Robinson and I ~~stared~~ watched his purple face and Panama hat angrily trying to push its way through the crowd to the cricket fence.

The whole thing was run under strictly French rules. Instead of lining all the people up in a queue as they came or separating them at first into little groups by nations they were permitted to stand higgledy-piggledy. Thus one ~~Belgian~~ might be half-impaled on the cricket-gate by the press behind him, a second might be suffocating in the midst of the hot and not judicious crowd some ten feet from the ~~gate~~ <sup>gate</sup>, a third might be twenty feet off, a ~~third~~ <sup>fourth</sup> twenty five and so on out to the edge of the assemblage. Being thus placed it made it exceedingly uncomfortable for everyone concerned when the Belgians were summoned. The <sup>same</sup> proceeding, which occurred regularly ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> ten minutes, was something ~~like this~~ of this nature.

On the top of the little platform <sup>A municipal</sup> ~~the~~ officer, dressed in a dirty military cap, would suddenly <sup>on the little platform of the gateway</sup> appear ~~at the moment of his appearance~~ <sup>simultaneously</sup> there ~~would be~~ a great surge of the crowd towards the gate, accompanied by a storm of protest from those who <sup>are</sup> in imminent danger of being crushed

to death against the picket fence. Long before there ~~was~~ <sup>has been</sup> sufficient quiet for the Municipal officer to make himself heard, he has roared himself hoarse. So nothing has happened and the crowd does not yet know what nationality - for we were summoned by nations - is demanded.

"Qui? Qui? Qui?"

"Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit?"

"Plus haut! Plus haut!"

"Non de Dieu, ne prenez pas!" This <sup>laughly</sup> from the region of the gate.

There is a pause. The Municipal officer is ~~preparing~~ clearing his throat. This time he is going to make himself heard. But, before he can get a word out Monsieur le Maire, on fire with impatience at the delay, has popped out onto the platform beside him. He is a <sup>ridiculously</sup> short man, fat, gesticulatory, with a very fierce expression on his face due to a paralytic twist. At his appearance the clamor is renewed.

"Qui? Qui? Qui?"

Monsieur le Maire and the Municipal officer begin to shout themselves black in the face. The whole Mayoral staff, <sup>composed of</sup> four <sup>male</sup> clerks and one woman, come out on the platform to see what is going on. Clearly the platform is in danger of breaking down. Monsieur le Maire

<sup>beseeches</sup>  
~~beseeches~~ one of them to retire. No one makes  
a move. Monsieur le Maire hears at his  
scraggly beard.

At length he makes himself heard above  
the clamor.

"Les Belges! Les Belges! Veuillez, les  
Belges!"

There is a greater stir than ever  
among the crowd. It is as if the whole  
Belgian nation were simultaneously moving  
from behind towards the gate. Each Belgian  
wants to get there first; consequently  
the man who is forty feet from the  
gate has to push ~~to~~ four times as  
hard as the man who is only ten feet  
away. It is fearful! ~~all the people~~ <sup>the people</sup> who  
~~were~~ not Belgians, who are not called  
this time, refuse to give way. They do  
not want to lose their places, they  
may be called next time!

"Les Belges! Les Belges! Dépêchez-  
vous!"

There is no end of pushing and  
pulling and glowering. Finally some ten  
Belgians in a more or less damaged  
condition manage to worm their way  
up to the gate, only to find that  
but five may be admitted this time.  
This makes them angry and the people  
who have let them by feel hoaxed at  
it and are consequently furious. The

five fortunate Belgians so stumbling up  
the steps, the mayoral party abandons  
the creaking platform and in three  
minutes the <sup>whole</sup> crowd is laughing and gay,  
ready for the performance again.  
We stood it for two hours. Not  
once in that time were "les Americains"  
called! The Belgians for some unknown  
reason were greatly favored. "Les Belges"  
was called <sup>out</sup> on an average of four to  
one of any other nation. The worst part  
of it was that there always seemed  
to be more of them. I suppose, being so  
near to Belgium, there are a great many  
of them here. They are mostly poor people,  
fisher folk and the like, whom it is  
advisable to get back to their homes  
at such a time as quickly as possible.

Monsieur le Maire dared not call  
for the Germans and Austrians separately.  
So he resorted to the subterfuge of joining  
them with some favored nation. Thus he  
would call out: "les Russes et les Allemands"  
or "les Anglais et les Autrichiens." Even  
then the crowd hissed. After ~~two~~ <sup>one half hour</sup>  
<sup>of continuing</sup> "les Belges" incessantly <sup>some way</sup>  
cried out at the top of his lungs,  
"Vrailly, les Chinois! Monsieur le Maire!  
les Chinois!"

At a quarter past twelve the  
office was closed amidst great din



stations and we were instructed to come  
back at two o'clock. <sup>Then Monsieur le Maire put on his hat and went out to dinner</sup>  
Some of the crowd  
refused to leave ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> F. A. and his sisters  
and I followed <sup>followed the Mayor's</sup> example and  
walked back to the house, having spent  
a most interesting if materially profitless  
morning.

As it is some little distance from the  
As house to the Mairie <sup>F. A.</sup> suggested again that  
we take one of the motors instead of  
walking, but this F. A. flatly and wisely  
refused to do. We have heard alarming  
reports of people being deprived of their  
motors and as there may come a time when  
the ~~motors~~ <sup>machines</sup> will be necessary in moving  
the A's big family it is just as well to  
keep them <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ the garage until that date.

We returned at about half past two  
to the Mairie. The crowd seemed larger than  
ever. As it was senseless to wait, <sup>they</sup> choked  
up in the narrow Rue de Bruxelles and drove  
wild by the ceaseless repetition of "Les Belges!",  
we walked down to the sea. There we  
spent a most pleasant afternoon ~~on~~ <sup>at</sup> the  
~~quiet and unexciting~~ <sup>celebrated</sup> "Digue Fleurie de Paris-  
Place." On either side the glowing sand  
faded into the horizon; before us ~~lapped~~  
the green-blue Channel was ruffled by  
a breeze. The great beach was entirely deserted;  
there was not a sound to be heard or  
a boat to be seen. In obedience to the

danger signal, which fluttered redly nearby, all the fishermen had scurried the day preceding, into Étapes. At five o'clock ~~just at~~ <sup>a most martial</sup> sound broke upon our ears. Borne to us on the breeze, we heard the distant rolling of a drum! We looked at each other for a moment, only a moment. Then we began to run as fast as we could in the direction of the drumbeat. I don't know what we expected to see - Uhlans, ~~Chasseurs~~ <sup>Chasseurs</sup>, Highlanders possibly - but ~~it was glorious~~ the excitement which possessed us was glorious. ~~The noise was soon coming~~ located the drum; it was being beaten on the corner of the Rue de Moscou. We joined the throng converging at that point.

Indignify our disappointment to find that all this military clamor proceeded from a little gamin, who was beating away at a great rate on a drum some three sizes too large for him. Beside him stood a man with a long paper in his hand. He ~~looked like a~~ <sup>looked like a</sup> ~~deputy~~ <sup>deputy</sup> ~~mayor~~ <sup>mayor</sup>, although not too shabby a Municipal Officer; so I suppose he was! Merely a deputy, impressed into service at a critical period. We got quite good places up near the drum. I could not understand why the French people let us in so readily, but once in there I found

myself stationed next to a huge great Dane, who I earnestly considered that the legs of all the people near him had something to do with that incessant and foreboding rolling on the drum. He examined mine, I know, with ~~the minutest~~ <sup>so minute as to</sup> care, which caused me much concern.

After the shabby and weak deputy had quieted the boy with the drum, which took considerable time, as the boy, infinitely preferred like all boys to ~~stay~~ <sup>play</sup> than to listen, he began to read. Never did man read so fast or so execrably before. I lost my way during the course of "premierement" and there were fifted provisions in all. They were chiefly ~~about~~ <sup>concerned with</sup> conserving food, preserving order, the giving up of horses and so forth. The May took great delight in his own reading; I am sure he felt himself on a par with the Durie Sara when it came to Enucciation. But he came to grief once. It was over the word "pleiopotentiare." I don't think he had ever seen it before; I know he had no idea what it meant. He got as far as "pleiopo" — three times; then he waved the word grandly aside. F.A. and I could not help laughing a little. An old lady standing near took this in very bad part, however, and muttered quite audibly: "Ce n'est pas le temps de rire!"

Some of these ~~the~~ <sup>announcements</sup> from the government are very fine. Specially those signed by the Premier, Viviani, & are superb outbursts of enthusiasm and patriotism. No one who ~~can~~ <sup>is able to</sup> read French can read them without feeling his heart swell and the tears begin to ~~come~~ <sup>pour</sup>. They are simply tremendous; they bring the call of duty to each individual man and raise his spirit into a state of loyal fury. The perpetual ending - "N'est-ce pas de la France" - will be the true watchword of the war.

Our return to the Mairie was thus delayed till half-past five. When we arrived at the Rue de Bruxelles, it was deserted. What if we were too late? We hurried down the little street, stumbled ~~to~~ up the little stairway, and entered into the room of Monsieur le Maire in precipitate haste. Monsieur le Maire was just going to put his feet on his desk as a sign that the day's work was done, but when he saw young ladies enter he quickly ~~to~~ changed his mind and looked very fierce instead. He said F. ~~to~~ the rest of the family was distributed amongst the Mayoral staff. I was given over to a red-headed man with an ~~to~~ <sup>an</sup> apple. I felt my French deserting me by degrees, slipping slowly

and silently out at my boot heels.

"Américain?"

"Oui, m'sieu!"

"Résidence?"

"Chez Monsieur A-"

Then he began to ask me a lot of questions very fast. I had not the slightest idea what he was talking about and, as F.A. was busy arguing with Monsieur le Maire, I felt somewhat at sea. So I took out my passport with conscious pride and handed it to him. He ~~took~~ unfolded it and looked at it critically as one might at a Rembrandt. Something was puzzling him.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?" he asked at length.

Of course! He could not read English and consequently had no idea of what he was holding in his hand.

"Mon passeport!"

"Ah! Est-ce vrai!" He stared fascinated at the great Embassy Seal and showed it to his companion clerks. I already began to feel a man of importance.

"Et, m'sieu, avez-vous de l'argent?"

"Soixante francs," ~~he~~ said in a low voice. I had heard that you were sent away if you did not have a hundred and I did not want to be sent away.

"Et une lettre de crédit."

"Ah-hum! ~~La~~ lettre de crédit? laissez-moi voir!"

Votre

Now I will admit that my letter of credit was a fairly large one, it had to be, as it was for my mother as well as for myself, and we had planned a several months' journey, ~~but~~ its effect was quite overwhelming.

"Sept cent <sup>cinquante</sup> livres!" muttered the red-haired man. I saw his Adam's apple slowly rise in astonishment.  
"Bon Dieu!"

"Cinquante mille francs!" whispered his neighbor.

Monsieur le Maire overheard them. He pulled his beard in wonder, "surveyed my youthful appearance."

"Saint Dieu, M'sieu," he cried out, "Êtes-vous banquier?"

It was enough. I was an object of interest on all sides then. They were sorry to keep me waiting. It would be but a minute. Would it be too much trouble to sign here? Ah, thank you! Monsieur is kind Monsieur is noble, Monsieur is royal even! All I could do was to smile in a confused way and fold up my passport and my letter of credit in a huchalant ~~bag~~. Monsieur le Maire scratched his name across my permis de séjour and handed it to me with his own hands.

"Bon soir, M'sieu le Maire!"

"Bon soir, Messieurs, bon soir! Gare au  
fourber! Bon soir! ..... Mon Dieu, qu'importe  
nulle francs! ..... Bon soir!"

The faces of the entire Municipal  
Staff of Le Touquet - Paris - Plage were pressed  
against the main windows as we ~~walked~~  
walked off into the gathering shadows.

Now you can readily see why  
I cherish my permis de séjour as I do  
my life.

August 4<sup>th</sup> - Midnight - Boulogne-Folkestone Boat.

It is not ~~quite~~ midnight yet but it  
will be long before I have finished the details  
of this most adventurous day!