

A Pilgrim of the Great War



World War I ended 90 years ago this month, and only one American who fought in its blood-soaked battles remains alive today. How did a Seattle man become the foremost memory keeper of that war to end all wars?

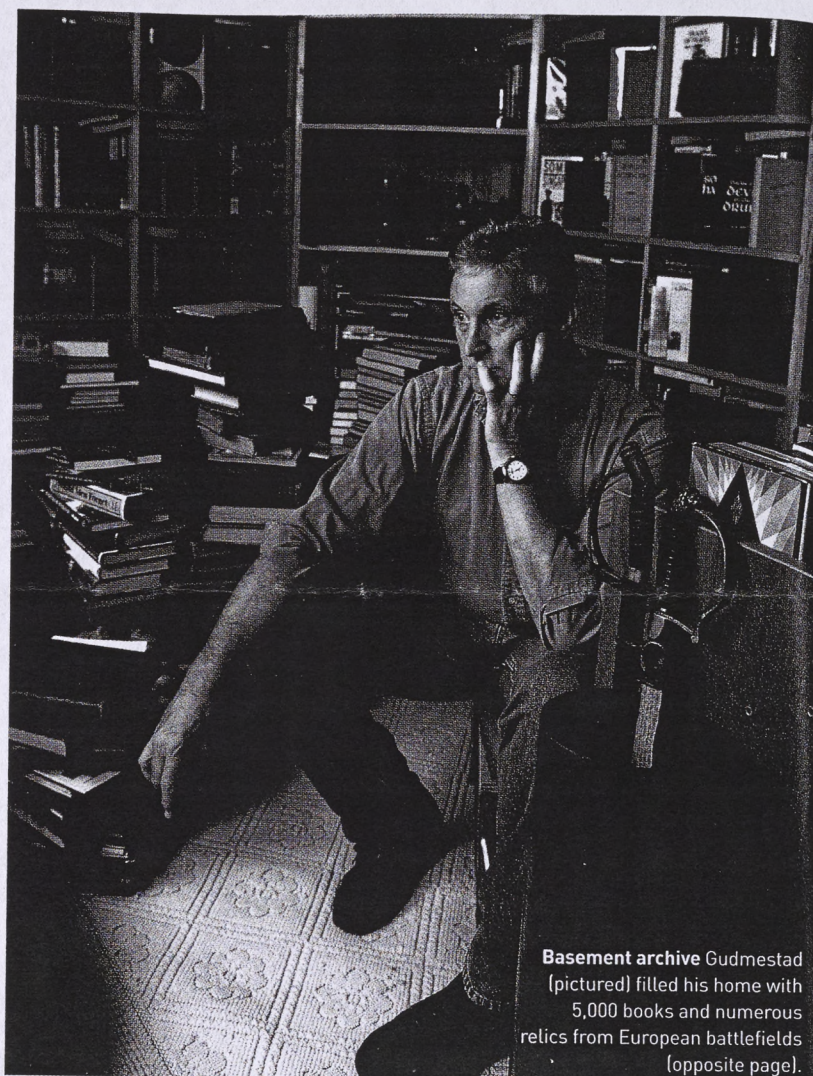
by David Laskin | photography by John Keatley



War bonds Gordon A. Needham (pictured) lost an infantry buddy to a German shell fragment in 1918.

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WHEN TOM GUDMESTAD WAS A BOY, HIS MOTHER SHOWED HIM A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE ABOUT THE LAST CIVIL WAR VETERAN DYING AT THE AGE OF 112. "YOU WILL LIVE TO SEE THE DAY THAT THE LAST WORLD WAR I VETERAN DIES,"



Basement archive Gudmestad (pictured) filled his home with 5,000 books and numerous relics from European battlefields (opposite page).

she said. "If you have a brain in your head, you'll get busy interviewing the veterans still around." The words held little meaning at the time, but she had planted a seed. Gudmestad is now 55, a tall, burly, Norwegian-descended Seattle native who lives in a comfortable house in Normandy Park with his wife and two children—and a basement full of the memories of World War I veterans.

Fittingly, if strangely, I first learned of Gudmestad from two British guides on a Great War battlefield in the Argonne Forest in France. I was there to research a book about immigrant soldiers—young men from impoverished Europe who had emigrated to America only to find themselves swept into the army when the country went to war in 1917. When my guides learned I was from Seattle they instantly brought up Tom. "It's unbelievable luck that you two live in the same city," one said. "He knows everything, he has everything, he's been over every inch of the major battlefields." Indeed. Books, photos, helmets, uniforms, shrapnel balls, trench art, diaries, memoirs—if it's connected to the Great War, especially our nation's 19-month involvement, it can be found in Tom Gudmestad's world-class collection.

Tom, shrugging off his obsession with a war that ended 90 years ago this month as a "weird character defect," acknowledges that the seed his mother planted took some time to grow. Initially, it was the Second, not the First, World War that haunted him. Dad was a Boeing engineer, mom an editor and writer at the *Post-Intelligencer*, one uncle was a Civil War buff. Family dinner conversations tended to range far and wide through science, archaeology, politics, and history—but always seemed to circle back to a constant hum about World War II. "All my parents' contemporaries were war veterans, and I grew up

hearing about Anzio, the Battle of the Bulge, Iwo Jima, Pearl Harbor. My dad was a carrier pilot in the war—so military history was never far beneath the surface.”

In June of 1971, after graduating from Mount Rainier High School, Tom decided to travel abroad. (The Vietnam War was winding down and a very high lottery number kept him from being drafted.) In that era of *Europe on \$5 a Day*, American college kids swarmed across the Atlantic in droves. But Tom was different—no guitar; no Henry Miller novels; no hash pipe. With \$1,000 in graduation presents stowed in his backpack, he flew to Frankfurt, rented a VW bug in Brussels, tossed his camping gear in the back, and embarked on a three-month trek tracing General Patton’s route across Europe.

But then Tom got to Verdun, the ancient fortified city in northeastern France that became the site of the longest and one of the deadliest battles of World War I. In February 1916, the Germans launched a massive assault there intended to “bleed the French white.” Ten months later, more than a quarter of a million French and German soldiers had died and the combat zone had been reduced to a wasteland of shell craters, tens of thousands of unclaimed corpses, and fetid pools of poison gas—and the positions of the opposing armies were exactly as they had been before the battle. Back in the 1920s they said that this was a place where you could dip your handkerchief in the blood of the Great War.

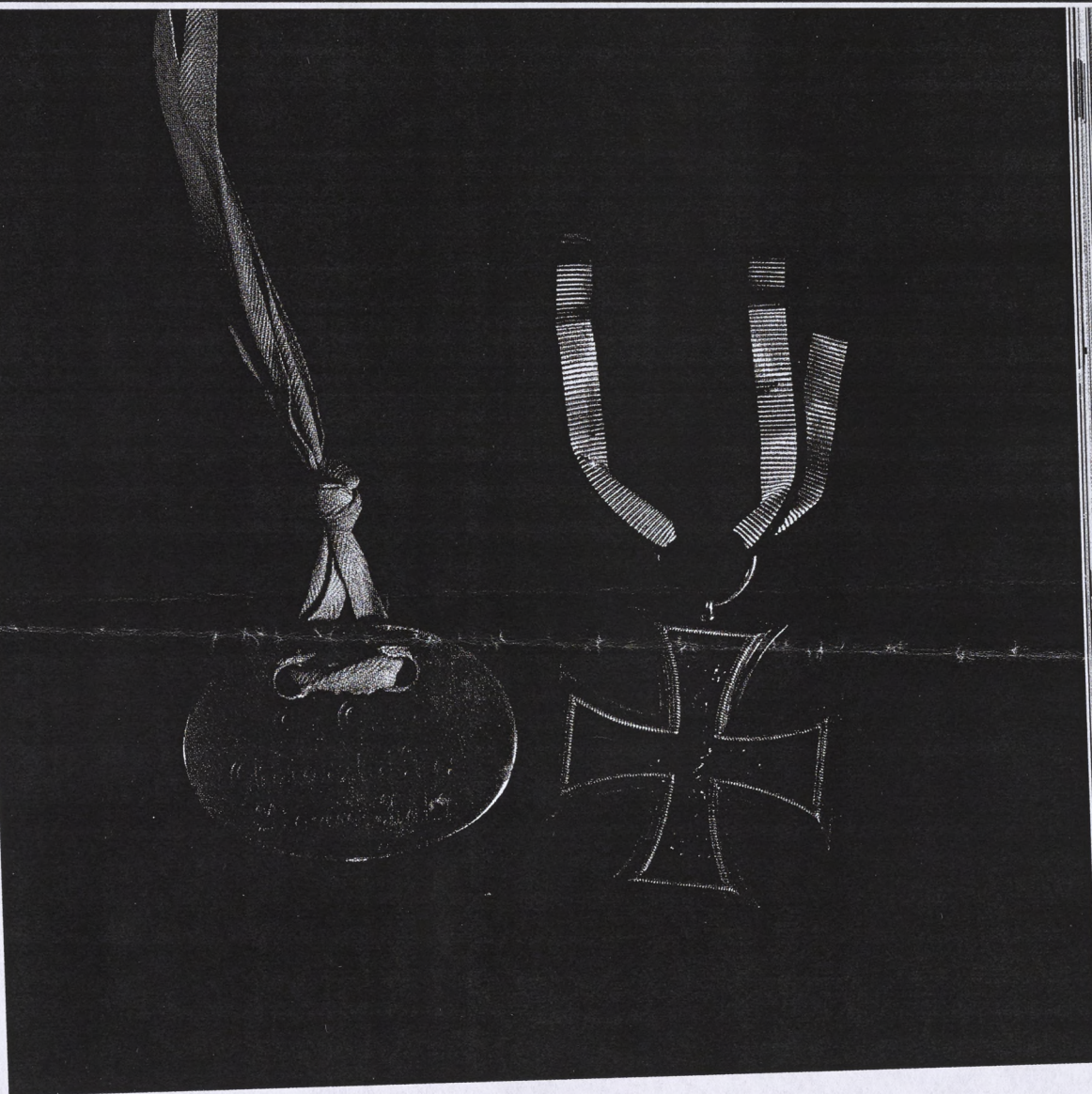
“The battlefield had not changed much in 40 years,” Gudmestad recalls, “except that the French had planted pine trees in the blasted, poisoned soil. When I arrived it was high summer, and the battlefield looked like a cathedral with filtered sunshine coming through the dark deep green of the pines. The ground was dappled with shadows—just shell hole after shell hole covered with layers of pine needles. And sticking up through the needles were boots and artillery shells and broken canteens and smashed helmets and bits of brick wall.” Tom turned up a few of them and took them home as souvenirs.

The following autumn Gudmestad enrolled in Highline Community College, but his real education was a self-assigned study of the First World War. He was in for some grim reading. The Great War took the lives of some 9.7 million soldiers, most of them from Germany, Britain,

“When we buried him in a shell hole full of water we didn’t have a blanket or anything to wrap him in.”

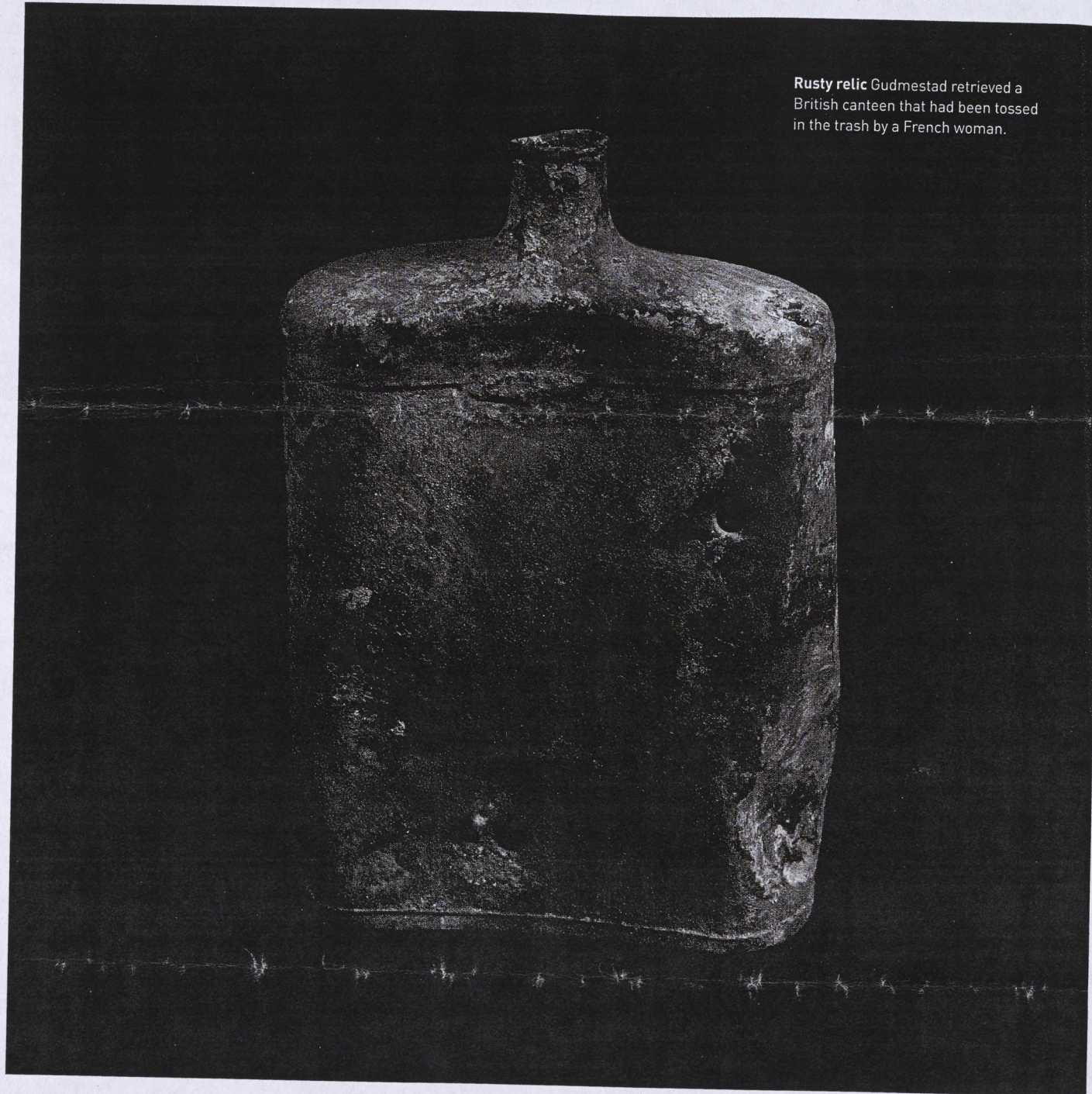
France, Russia, Italy, and Austria; and 116,700 American servicemen died in 1917 and 1918. For the first time poison gas, airplanes, submarines, and tanks were deployed on a massive, industrial scale. Although it was also called the War to End All Wars, the Great War in fact spawned the regimes of terror—Bolshevik, fascist, and Nazi—that convulsed Europe over the next three decades and set the stage for an even more devastating conflict in 1939.

Two years after the first trip, Gudmestad returned to Europe, this time with a detailed, long-range plan, almost a campaign. He would begin at the northwest end of the Western Front—on the North Sea, near the



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Rusty relic Gudmestad retrieved a British canteen that had been tossed in the trash by a French woman.



“They said Verdun was a place where you could dip your handkerchief in the blood of the Great War.”

Belgian city of Ypres (site of three hugely costly battles, in 1914, 1915, and 1917)—and work his way east along the line until he reached Strasbourg, the strategic capital of France’s Alsace region. He’s been back almost every year since, both as a Great War pilgrim and as a leader of informal tours of battlefields, monuments, trenches, and cemeteries.

Over three and a half decades, what began as a garage shelf of rusty old mementos picked up in the battlefields around Verdun has expanded into a small private museum. The collection fills his entire downstairs and part of

his living room with 5,000 books, 10,000 photos, helmets, uniforms, rifles, bayonet blades, shrapnel balls, artillery shell cases, oak church panels inscribed with the names of fallen soldiers. "Every one of these objects is associated with a painful personal experience of intense sadness and poignancy," Tom says. "They are part of a tapestry of human experience. I am only the custodian."

Letter from Frank M. Jelacic, Company I, 311th Infantry, 78th Division, to Tom Gudmestad, February 13, 1985:

One soldier on the way home coming off the boat answered an old lady who said, 'My but you boys look healthy.' He said 'Yes all the sick ones are buried over there.'

Ever the reserved Norwegian, Tom declines to delve too deeply into what motivates him, but his friend and fellow Great War buff Major Stephen C. McGeorge (retired), deputy chief historian, U.S. Army Training and Doctrine Command, thinks it all comes back to the experience of the veterans—both during and after the war. "In this country the World War I veteran population was overshadowed within 20 years by World War II—they were yesterday's news," says McGeorge. "For Tom it's not about the great captains or grand strategic maneuvers but rather the personal accounts of the war. He is into the soldier's-eye view."

Diary of Arthur W. Schlegel, Company L, 361st Infantry, 91st "Wild West" Division, donated to Tom Gudmestad's collection:

September 28, 1918

One hell of a night. So stiff with rheum. Rained all night and no cover. Wet. Two fellows had to pull me out of my hole. War is hell.

Tommy Williams hit by a HE [high explosive] shell. Hit on behind right shoulder and on right side of head. Killed outright.

German snipers in trees, shell holes, all over. We are stalled. Too many machine guns.

Sunday, September 29, 1918

Some day never to be forgotten. 2PM we start over to take Gesnes. By 5PM 2½ K to go and Fritz sending them over something scandalous. We ran through his barrage and are ahead of it.... Keeley got hurt. Our major killed...

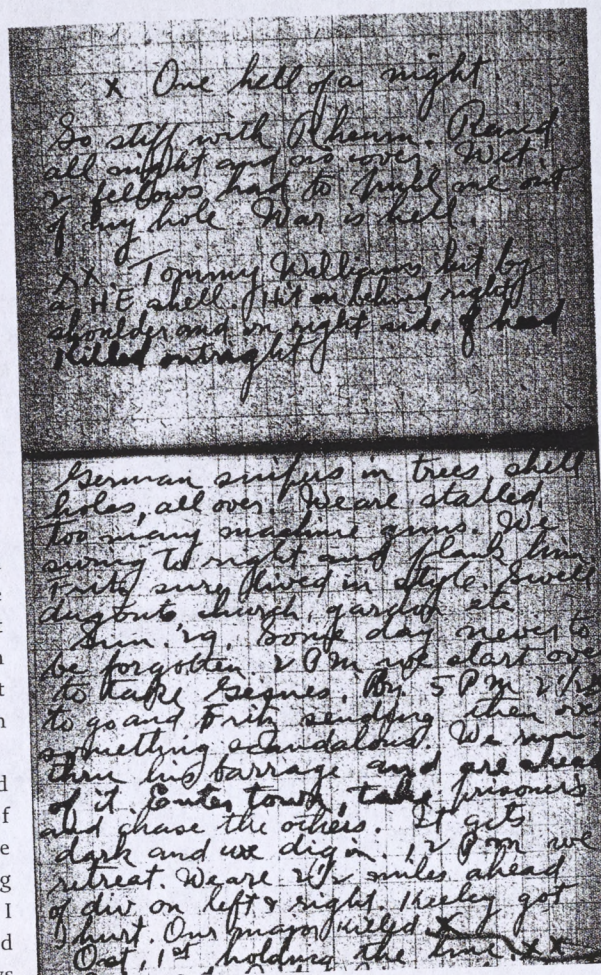
After returning from his second trip to Europe, Gudmestad, now 20, enrolled in the University of Washington and majored in English—likely the only English major in his year who lived in a Burien Fire Department station. By day he battled blazes as a volunteer firefighter; at night he earned money for his European battlefield jaunts tending bar and making pizzas; in the off hours he squeezed in time to peruse the works of Great War poets and memoirists like Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, Edmund Blunden, and Robert Graves.

One quarter before graduating, he dropped out and signed on with a newly inaugurated paramedic-training program. Gudmestad belonged to the original group of fire fighter-paramedics who launched King County's Medic One program in 1976, and for 16 years he worked as a street medic. "Shotgun wounds, stabbings, hangings, drownings, burns, obstetrical emergencies—I am the guy in the back of the ambulance," he sums up. It was a tough, grueling, often depressing occupation—not unlike treating casualties in a war zone.

By the time Gudmestad became a medic, most of the Great War veterans were in their 80s. "I was reading newsletters of World War I veteran organizations, and it was clear that these guys were dying off quickly. Nobody had made a serious effort to do a survey or get them to jot down their memories." His mother's words about the last Civil War veteran suddenly made sense. If he was going to preserve their stories, it was now or never. Tom worked up a questionnaire and sent it to any veteran whose address he could put his hands on. "I dragged my typewriter to the fire station and wrote letters to veterans for hours on end while I waited for calls," he says. He made contact with some 500 veterans and today has thousands of pages of their questionnaires, letters, and taped interviews—organized by regiment and division—in his basement. "In many cases no one had ever asked these veterans about their war experiences before," Tom says. "It was as if they had been waiting 60 years to talk about it."

Letter from Coeur d'Alene resident Gordon A. Needham, Company K, 104th Infantry, 26th Division, to Tom Gudmestad, January 2, 1988, regarding Werner Wagner, a buddy from his infantry who bled to death after a German shell fragment punctured his lung during the Aisne-Marne Offensive in July 1918:

He was a happy go lucky sort; while on the trucks heading for that front he sang songs and suggested that the men were like those going to a funeral they were so quiet, he tried to cheer us up. He wore a No. 12 shoe, which were hard to get, when we buried [sic] him the sole had come loose on one shoe and he had a piece of wire thru at the front of



A scrap of history One of many letters donated to the collector.



Sings lead.

Sings backup.

Some partnerships are just meant to be.

When he's not busy booking bands, Ed is playing the blues. To his Guide Dog, *Gracious*, he's the world. And he thinks the world of *Gracious*, too. They're quite a duo.

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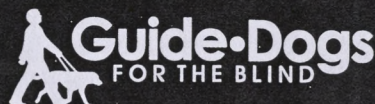
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his shoe to hold the sole on. When we buried him in a shell hole full of water we didn't have a blanket or anything to wrap him in, some one had a blouse or raincoat, can't remember for sure but we used it to cover his head, placed him in the water, held his feet down until we had enough dirt on them to hold him down, then held the other end down with a shovel and proceeded to fill the hole with dirt which forced the water out. His bayonet was placed on the rifle and was stuck in the ground at the head of the grave, the scabbard was placed on the rifle to make a cross and a dog tag was tied to it.

Some of the exchanges went on for years, the letters becoming increasingly detailed, urgent, vivid. The men enclosed diaries, yellowing newspaper clippings, military medals. Often a last letter would arrive—from a wife or child informing Tom of the veteran's death. Today there is only one living American Great War veteran: 107-year-old Frank Buckles of Charles Town, West Virginia.

The old men came to look on Tom as a buddy—and when they learned he visited the battlefields every year, some of them entrusted him with sacred missions. One of the men Tom grew close to was Eric Rossiter. When the war broke out in 1914, Rossiter was 17, living in Victoria, BC, and burning to join the Canadian army and fight in France. Since he was underage he needed his parents' permission to enlist, and they refused. But on the day he turned 18, Rossiter signed and ended up in the signal section of the Seventh Battalion, a heavily British Columbian unit whose ranks had been decimated earlier in the war.

"Eric went over the top on November 10, 1917," Tom relates, "in the Third Battle of Ypres, the battle known as Passchendaele. It was among the worst battlefield conditions in the war—a wet lunar landscape of shell crater touching crater, all of them filled with water, the mud thigh-deep. Eric's duties were to flash Morse code messages by light back to headquarters, which was stationed in a captured German pillbox. His best buddy, a fellow named Ray Lewis, was in that pillbox the day of the battle. Eric stood in the mud and watched as a German shell exploded inside the pillbox. When he was finally relieved, he went back there, recovered his friend's body, dragged him out to the mud and buried him the best he could in a shell hole full of water. The body was never found."

"Eric left BC during the Depression and moved to Tacoma to work at the Atlas Foundry.

When I was in touch with him in the 1980s, he told me that when he died he wanted me to take his ashes back to Flanders and scatter them on the same spot where Ray had been buried in the mud. By this time Eric was living in a mobile home park in Puyallup. He had a wife and two boys who served in World War II—but it was his buddy from the Great War that he wanted to be buried next to. Well, Eric died in 1990 and I took his ashes with me to Belgium that year. When I got to the place, this old Flemish guy showed me the spot, but the pillbox was gone. A couple hundred yards away is the New British Passchendaele Cemetery. I mixed Eric's ashes with dirt and scattered them in front of the grave of the Unknown of the Seventh Battalion."

No one ever charges into battle for God and country," writes war correspondent Chris Hedges in his searing book *War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning*. "Combatants live only for their herd, those hapless soldiers who are bound into their unit to ward off death. There is no world outside the unit. It alone endows worth and meaning. Soldiers will die rather than betray this bond. And there is—as many combat veterans will tell you—a kind of love in this." Hedges writes at length about "the narcotic of war," and, as Gudmestad has discovered, the addiction can last for decades after the war has ended—indeed, for life. "They look back from middle age and associate war with youth," he says. "The painful memories have faded and what they remember is exuberance and friendship. War was the most meaningful experience of their life."

Gudmestad harbors no illusions about sacrifice, honor, nobility, beauty. Nor does he have any particular interest in exalting the presidents and kings who sent a generation to their deaths. What has obsessed him since that day at Verdun in 1971 is the ordinary guy who fought, who feared, who gave his all or his life. The soldier who lay in the mud with a bullet hole in his trachea waiting to be rescued; the one who held his buddy on his lap and watched him die as his lungs filled with blood; the one who remembered 60 years later the smell of wheat and mustard gas in France in July 1918.

From Vietnam, our country learned the hard way to "Hate the war, not the warrior." For Tom Gudmestad, his mother's prescient words have been a guiding light. Hate the war, but don't forget the warrior, even if he fought 90 years ago in a conflict dubbed with vain hope as the War to End All Wars. ❀

Orville L. Anderson diary: SC 289

Memoranda

Letters from Lucie -- Overseas -- 1918

Jan 18 - 3. Jan 28 - 2. Feb. 7 - 8.

Many more - stopped putting them down- for I wouldn't have room

War Dary Memoranda

Regiment ca lled Mar. 25, 1917

Mustered into fed. service 9 Apr 17

Promoted Captain 10 Apr 17.

Assumed command K Co 27 Apr 17

Married June 25, 1917. Ha ha!

Left Bozeman for Butte Aug 31, 1917

Left Butte for Anaconda Sept 16, 1917

Left Anaconda for Ft Harrison 16 Oct 17.

Left Ft Harrison for Camp Mills 26 Oct 17

Ar. Camp Mills, L. I. N.Y. 1 Nov. 1917

Left for Camp Marritt, N. J. 7 Dec 17

Left for Hoboken N. J. 14 Dec 17.

Embarked for overseas 14 Dec 17

Ar. Liverpool 24 Dec. 17

At Winchester Rest Camp 25 Dec 17

At Southampton 30 Dec. 17

At Harve France 31 Dec 17

Ar Le Courvesu, Gironde Jan 5, 1918

Ar Camp #2 Genicort 14 March 18

Ar Montrichard 19 Mch 18

Ar Gondrecourt 29 Mch 18

Ar Verdun 29 Apr 18

Ret. St. George 8 May 18

Ar Fulleren (in Germany) 28 May 18

In front lines 28 May - 3 June 18 command of C Co 128 Inf.

Mertzen (rest billets) 4 June - 21 Je.

Trenches - 21 June - 11 July 18

19 July Suarce - 20 July '18 Froid Fontaine

25 July Pont Point (near Soissons)

*penciled in front of diary: "Anonomous (sic) of some world war infantry Captain, probably killed or wounded & diary lost. Found in a dump by Chaplain Willian Cutler"

Friday October 26, 1917

Left Helena at 11am. Saw Gladys and Bill in Great Falls. Were there an hour.

Saturday October 27, 1917

Woke up near Culbertson. All day thru N. D. Phoned mother from Minot. Exercised men here.

Sunday October 28, 1917

Reached St Paul 10:30am. Hiked up town - treated by Red Cross. Saw Skinners and Louis Hill. Took Rock Island for Chicago.

Monday October 29, 1917

Woke up in Iowa. Interesting trip. Reached Chicago 10:30. Left about noon over Wabash.

Wednesday November 14, 1917

Reception to Montana officers at Senator W. A. Clark's residence in N. Y. Wonderful collection arts displayed in veritable palace. Long talk with Con Kelly.

Saturday November 17, 1917

Rushed to death furnishing embarkation records, drawing property, etc. Relieved of military police duty.

Sunday November 18, 1917

Too busy to go to church. Drew most of my quartermaster property. Visitors flocked camp in afternoon. Met Mr. Heinzes, Art editor several magazines, friend of Charles Russell.

Friday December 14, 1917

At 3pm walked across the gangplank at Hoboken N. J. docks onto the U. S. S. Leviathan. Left Camp Merritt at 10:30 this morning for Hoboken. The Leviathan is the converted Hamburg, American liner "Vaterland."

Saturday December 15, 1917

At 6:30am the Leviathan left the Hoboken piers, and started down the river into the sound. We were towed by 22 tugs down the sound and out into open water. Three of the tugs were sunk when the big ship turned around under her own power. It was afternoon before we were far enough at sea to allow us on deck. My first glimpse of this great expanse of water thrilled me through.

Sunday December 16, 1917

Moving along swiftly and silently. No convoy yet. The big ship changes her course every 13 minutes. This is the largest and fastest ship afloat. Little do we realize that this voyage is making history. My new men had another anti-typhus prophylaxis this afternoon. I feel my first touch of dizziness but am not sick at the stomach. General Volrath addressed the officers at lunch. My company is behaving splendidly. I love those boys.

Monday December 17, 1917

Monday - Sea is a little heavier today. I have to kid myself to keep from being sick. Setting up exercises for the company on "B" deck forward. We are hitting up about 20 knots per hour. No convoy.

Tuesday December 18, 1917

Nothing of consequence happened. Sea more rough and I am still kidding myself. Am going to roll in at 8:30 tonight for I am tired.

Wednesday December 19, 1917

Passed a boat this morning at 9am. She was so variously camouflaged I couldn't tell what she was. Believe she was a British tramp steamer altho many thot her a French cruiser. She was heavily loaded and only doing 8 knots an hour.

Thursday December 20, 1917

Had abandoned ship drill again this morning. Filled canteen and every man now wears his life preserver constantly. Are to sleep in our clothes tonight. It is said we were within sight of Iceland early this morning. I wasn't out that early, anyway. The next 48 hours should tell. I feel as safe as I would on dry land. Have gotten my sea legs now and feel O.K. My men are all well. Wrote my first letter to the wife today - since embarking. God knows whether she will ever get it. Lights out.

Friday December 21, 1917

Daylight has come and gone again. Gunners aimed at every speck on the water today but all were false alarms and no shots were fired. Another "Abandon Ship" drill. This night will bring us close and closer to our destination or ---. We sleep fully dressed tonight. There appears to be no excitement and I still feel perfectly safe. At 1am - I am told - we put on 21 knots speed per hour. Let 'er buck! Sea rough.

Saturday 22, 1917

Our convoy has at last appeared. Seven destroyers - six U.S. and one British now surround us. Sea is very rough. Disembarkation lists prepared tonight. Olson, Sheridan, Gleason and I sat up until midnight talking over old times.

Sunday December 23, 1917

A perfect day. Attended church in Mess Hall No. 1. Unique scene - soldiers, sailors and nurses, all carrying life belts, listening to exhortation of army chaplains. Two subs were sighted this morning and one of our fleet destroyers circled all about us leaving a screen of heavy smoke. At 11:30 we sighted a "lookout" off the Irish coast. Many trawlers in sight. Saw one captive balloon far in the distance.

Monday December 24, 1917

Got up early this morning. Bill called me at 5:45 and we went out on deck to take our first peep at the shore lights of old England. We lay at anchor about 8 miles down river from Liverpool. Moved slowly up the river channel sounding as we went and tied to docks at 10am. Began unloading at noon. My train was 5th one and we rolled out at 7pm for Winchester rest camp near London. All along the way friendly people met us at stations and wished us luck. It seemed to put new heart in them to see those cheering big Westerners from over the sea come to fight their fight.

Tuesday December 25, 1917

Xmas day. In one sense "what a mockery." Little did I dream a year ago that I would be 6000 miles away from my loved ones this Christmas. We reached camp about 3am and after assigning my men to their huts where cots and clean straw awaited them - Bill and I went to our own little hut and rest. Completely fagged out. Arose at 12 noon. It is now 1:30 and the big feed coming up at 2pm. Will write more later. Had the feed and have nothing more to say. Hell, this cant be Christmas!

Wednesday December 26, 1917

"Boxing day in old England." Went to a football game this afternoon. It was Association, and not very interesting to a Rugby enthusiast. Afterward Capt Morse and I went thru the Winchester Cathedral. It is a wonderful old edifice - dating back to the last of the eleventh century. Some wonderful relics and historical associations in this old cathedral. My sergeants, a corporal and 2 privates acquitted of charges brot by Marine Corps at summary courts martial tonight. I had to fight to get those fellows a square deal.

Thursday December 27, 1917

Stayed in camp all day and evening. Was at Colonel McG's headquarters all afternoon - acted as reading clerk again, on some G.O's from General Pershing. Bill came home full of weird tales this evening. He's a great old bill. Dont know what I would do without him.

Friday December 28, 1917

In camp all day again. Have at last awakened those British mess officers and my men are getting enough to eat, now. Order placing Collier and Caldwell on D. S. published this date. Nothing unusual. More scraps. Jarred Hdqs loose today in re treatment of our men by M.Ps. Think there will be Hell popping if this sort of thing continues. Wrote Lucie and Sis - several cards as well - tonight.

Saturday December 29, 1917

Capt Perry and I went to London. Registered at the Regent Palace and then went over to the American hdqs to register in. Phoned Winchester and had to start back at once. We saw very little of London but knew that we had been there anyway. Returned to "Rest" Camp and prepared for an early morning move.

Sunday December 30, 1917

Left "Rest" camp this morning for Southampton. Got my Sam Brown belt here. Loaded our men on the Archangel and left England at 6pm for "Somewhere in France." Riding smoothly so far - but whe n we get out in the channel - who knows? Have had a good feed, at last, anyway. We reached the day before X-mas and are due in France the day before New Years. Hope we will be in the U.S. the day before the Fourth of July. Eh, what.!

Monday December 31, 1917

Unloaded at 7:30am and hiked to Rest Camp #2- Havre, France. Men went into tents and I drew 2 extra blankets each. Big New Years celebration at Bay #30. Ollie made me climb on a chair and give a toast for the American officers to the British. They came back very cleverly. This was my most unique New Years celebration.

Jan. 1, 1918

Spent New Year's Day very quietly. Ollie and I slipped away in the evening and went down town. Saw some interesting things but it was so dark and we felt so strange and alone that we hailed a taxi and went back to camp. Wishing we had stayed in camp for they were having a fine program in the club room at Bay 30.

Wednesday, Jan 2, 1918

Had a meeting with the R. O. today. He was rather mild and things went off quietly. The band played in the evening at the club room, followed by an impromptu program. Lt. Anderson of the British Army was very good. Travel orders tonight.

Thursday Jan. 3, 1918

Left camp about 9 o'clock. Hiked to the station and loaded our men into little box cars marked "men 36, cattle 8". Drove rations, loaded our baggage and pulled out about 10 am. Understand we are in for a 36 hours ride. Rumors our battalion is going to Bordeaux for training. Riding along with Morse, Boice, Dr. Bateman, and Dr. Gill. Have a jolly party and plenty of lunch to eat. Seeing some interesting sights today. Don't feel very well. Bateman thinks I am getting measles.

Friday Jan 4, 1918

Feel better. Nothing to that measles story. Spent a miserable night. No heat in these cars. The men improvised stoves in their box cars, but we can't in our little coach. Are travelling south. Had hot coffee at a small station tonight. Reached our supposed destination at Carbon Blanc at 11 o'clock. Received orders to proceed with my company to Le Courveau to relieve the 8th Co. U.S.M.C. Rest of battalion detrained at C. B. Laid over in Bordeaux until 6:45AM. No sleep for me tonight. Not so cold anyway

Saturday Jan. 5, 1918

Arrived La Teste, Gironde, about 9:45am and my 7 box cars and 1 first class compartment transferred to a dinky local train to Le Corveau. Arrived 10:15 and reported to Maj. Bartlett whom I relieve. He is a very fine gentleman and soldier. Got located and Major B packed and loaded his luggage. He leaves at 6am. We took over the guard at 4am. My men had their first real meal tonight since leaving the Leviathon. Our own rations and cooks at last, thank God!

Sunday Jan. 6, 1918

The Marines pulled out this morning and I assumed command for the U. S. Called on the delightful old French Colonel and paid my respects through the medium of an interpreter. The old soldier was most courteous and cordial. We unloaded our first cars of wood today, 21 of them. Had to do it, for 39 cars awaited our arrival. Left tonight for Bordeaux on official business.

Monday Jan. 7, 1918

Stayed last night at Hotel de France. Had quite a time getting into town in a Y.M.C.A. car with Mr. Charlton. Went over to Headquarters this morning and called on Col. Catlin, Commander of all camps. Visited a number of QM and the R.F.O. offices. Later went down to the warehouse. Went out to Camp Gericait in the afternoon and left word for Major Williams to come in. He did so and we had dinner together. Walked around a bit and parted at the hotel at 9:30pm. I rolled in early.

Tuesday Jan. 8, 1918

Awakened at 5:30am, had breakfast and waited around for a carriage to take me to the Midi until I finally had to take a street car and missed the 6:34. Left Bordeaux at 9:50 and Jauron met me at La Feste with the side car. Found when I returned that our month's rations had arrived all right. Went to the French picture show in camp last night with Morse and Boice. French and Russian officers were very enthused over a "thrilling" drama portrayed. It was too slow for me.

Wednesday January 9, 1918

Nothing exciting today. Discharged a no. of cars of wood, inspected the entire camp and started on payrolls. Rolled in or will roll in early tonight for I am tired.

Thursday January 10, 1918

Continued work on payrolls this morning. Imagine my surprise when a gold hat cord walked in on me at 11 this morning. It was General Alexander, Inspector General of American forces in France. He went through me with a fine tooth comb, but found few criticisms to make. Stayed for dinner and left soon afterward, after inspecting the guard, barracks, hospital etc. The General had scarcely left when Col. May (162 Inf) new Commander of camps arrived with his Adjutant. He was well pleased with everything but talked about taking part of my men away to Bordeaux.

Friday January 11, 1918

Lieut. Boice left on early train for Bordeaux with payrolls and requisitions. Spent the morning making changes and corrections in my camp. The men unloaded 7 more cars of wood. Expect some cadets in this afternoon. Cadets came, 13 of them. Got them fixed up in barracks and they are rationing with K Co.

Saturday January 12, 1918

12 more cadets arrived making 25 in all. They are studying advanced aviation at Cazaux. Rec'd clothing and QM supply this evening. Boice returned and amused us with wild tales of his adventures. Still no mail from America.

Sunday January 13, 1918

Morse and I rode the motor - bike and side car to Arcachon. I surely gave him a wild ride though the mud. We flew by wood carts drawn by lazy little burros, led by lazier still Frenchies and barely missed a calf in the road. Had lunch at the Victoria hotel and came right back to camp. Found Capt. Calkins here with the "jack" pay call was blown and the francs and centimes flew. Am preparing a list of 100 of my best men to go into Bordeaux.

Monday January 14, 1918

At 8pm this evening rec'd orders to send 2 officers and 100 men to Bordeaux for d.s. They are getting ready tonight to leave early in the morning. Nothing exciting today except that a few of the boys celebrated pay day. Lieut. Bill will have some summary court work ~~tomorrow~~ tomorrow.

Tuesday January 15, 1918

Boice, Arpin and 100 men left for Bordeaux at 6:45 this morning. Went to La Feste by motorbike to arrange their tr. from there on. More wood to unload today, and not many men left.

Wednesday, January 16, 1918

Left for Bordeaux at 11 am. on the motorcycle. Cpl Hills along. Machine worked poorly and it rained most of the way. A miserable trip. Reached the city at 3 pm. Sent Hills out to Larmount to the company and I secured a room at the Bordeaux. Dr. Bateman came in and he, Lieut. Sonstelie, Paul, Major --- and Lt. Fitzgerald, (Canadian) spent the evening together. Had a good time. Doc stayed at the hotel with me.

Thursday January 17, 1918

Bateman and I took the early boat to Larmont, 3 miles down the river. I spent the morning getting my men fixed up more comfortably. In afternoon went to headquarters and got relieved of wood detail. Saw the QM. R.T.O. and Supply O. Had dinner at Y.M.C.A. Went up to room at 8 o'clock. Took a good old hot bath in a real bath tub and rolled in.

Friday January 18, 1918

Most of morning at Major Williams headquarters. Motorcycle overhauled and started back to camp 3:30. Had quite a time finding the proper road out of town. Stopped at March Prime and had supper with Lieut. Hopper, E.O.R.C. Reached camp at 8pm. Found my first mail. 3 letters from Lucie, one from Jake, 1 from baby sister and 1 from Edna. Some event, believe me. Bill got a lot of mail too.

Saturday January 19, 1918

Took some engineers around camp today. Inspected the company and worked on papers. Am going to write a few letters and then roll in. At last I have my truck. Will finish the wood tomorrow morning (before church time) and the boys will have the rest of the day to themselves.

Sunday January 20, 1918

Unloaded 12 cans of wood - not bad for a Sunday. Wrote some official letters and reports and in the evening Morse and I went to song services at the Y. Sang old familiar hymns I have sung since childhood. I enjoyed it very much.

Monday January 21, 1918

Bill left early this morning for Bordeaux. The truck went in, too. Started a bunch of French and Spaniard civilians piling wood this morning - under the direction of one of my men coms. Feel rather blue this evening - first time since I have been here. Will turn in and forget it.

Tuesday January 22, 1918

Rather a lonesome day. Called on Col. Fonsagree this afternoon. Nothing at all unusual to write about.

Wednesday January 23, 1918

Lieut. Morse returned from Bordeaux. Had an order to discharge Pvt. Stergis, so I had to go in. Reached the city about 6:30pm. Met Dr. Bateman and Capt. Virge. They were celebrating their birthday.

Thursday January 24, 1918

Spent the day on official business. Am tired out tonight. Had an interview with General Scott - saw Capt. Cook, Col. May and others. Got a Saturday Evening Post and went up to my room and read until bed time.

Friday January 25, 1918

Returned to camp with Capt. Cook - in his car. Found everything all right. We had a sort of evening of stunts tonight at the Y Hnt. I enjoyed it first rate. Have just written a letter to Lucie and now must roll in. It is long past taps and weekly inspection comes tomorrow morning. Sgt. Kirchies went to the base hospital today.

Saturday, January 26, 1918

Had the best inspection this morning in a long time. Every man's equipment was in good shape and I was well pleased. Took the company out for an hour's drill and physical exercise. In the afternoon we hiked to the aviation field and docks at Cazaux—working out a patrol problem on the way. Saw some target practice and flying on the lake. Am tired tonight. Lots of exercise.

Sunday, January 27, 1918

Bill and I rode that motorcycle to death today. Went to Arcachon again for lunch, but before lunching took a walk along the beach and about town. I paid 7 fr for a pound of candy. Sweets sure come high over here. Rode to Cazaux in the evening and back to La Teste. A large day, I'll say.

Monday, January 28, 1918

Just finished checking over the payroll. It is all ready for signature. Had lots of drill today. We tried out the French trenches and punctured a dummy or two with bayonets. Courier from hdqs this afternoon brot me four letters from my own little wife. They were the first received addressed overseas.

Tuesday, January 29, 1918

Went to town this afternoon with the payroll. Reached detachment camp at Lormont before evening and stayed all night with Boice and Arpin. The boys are doing good work guarding our property at Bassens docks.

Wednesday, January 30, 1918

At Lormont all day. Went up to Major Williams' hdqs at camp #2 in the afternoon but the Major wasn't there. Came back by the Q M. warehouses. Boice and I went into town tonight. Saw a movie, then went up to the hotel to bed. I sure had a great old hot bath.

Thursday, January 31, 1918

Put in payrolls and ration returns. Started back to Courneau, after lunch at the YMCA. Met Mrs. Vincent Astor today. Sgt. Sponslei and I rode back on the motorbike. Found everything o.k. at the Camp. I must get something for flea bites. The sand fleas have waded in on me. Call from Base Hdqs. this evening but they had left the phone.

Friday, February 1, 1919

Made copies of allotments and insurance blanks and wrote 16 new applications. Lieut. Bill went to Hdqs with them this afternoon. At supper tonight discovered a guest. Mr. Fred Lockey, newswriter and now I.M. worker, an uncle of Theo Sherburne. It was surely great to talk with him. He spoke to my men at the I tonight and proved himself a real westerner. We had an oyster feed and good time.

Saturday, February 2, 1918

Regular weekly inspection this morning. Spent most of the morning afternoon rushing up the wood work. Went to La Teste for the mail. Am going to roll in early tonight. Have just cleaned up my desk, and looked thru a lot of odds and ends in my trunk.

Sunday, February 3, 1918

Sunday February 3, 1918

Capt. Calkins, paymaster, arrived early, 9:30AM. Took me in his car to aviation camp at Cazoux. The ambition of a lifetime was gratified when I went up in an aeroplane. It was a wonderful experience. The landscape below is the most beautiful panorama one could imagine. Had a real thrill when my French pilot dove 400 ft. straight down and ended the stunt with a spiral. Oh, yes! I was scared all right but didn't say so. Yelled "Tres Bien" as loud as I could. Paid the boys on our return.

Monday February 4, 1918

Went to La Teste and brot back two bags of mail. Some more X-mas packages but none for me. Have about given up hope of getting mine. Wouldn't care but for that miniature of Lucie. Have just finished censoring about a million letters. I never appreciate some of my men till I read their letters home. Am going to write one "home" myself, now. The time is flying mighty fast. It will soon be a year since I donned the uniform, Wonder if I will ever put on civilian clothes again.

Tuesday February 5, 1918

Nothing much to write about tonight. Have 17 of my men confined to camp for staying over passes. Payday always brings its joy and kill-joy.

Wednesday February 6

Lieut. Spaulding of the 162 (3rd Oregon) visited me today. Took him to Arcachon in the afternoon. Bill came back tonight.

Thursday, February 7, 1918

About 20 Summary CMs tonight. Went through the offenders fast. Capt. Cook was out today to look over the camp. Rec'd 8 letters from my little girl this afternoon and about the happiest man in France. Also 2 from Gladys and one from Geo. L. Ramsey.

Friday February 8, 1918

A beautiful day. Drilled this afternoon and put my men through some new work. It was great fun. At least they seemed to enjoy it. Will have field inspection and check of all individual property in the morning.

Saturday February 9, 1918

Held first field inspection overseas. Very little individual equipment missing. Took over interior guard of entire camp this afternoon, relieving the Armelites.

Saturday February 10, 1918

Morse and I went to Arcachon for lunch, returning at 2 o'clock. In evening Mr. Allen Sec'y of Y.M.C.A. at Seattle spoke to my boys. He didn't talk though the top of his hat either.

Monday February 11, 1918

Called on Col. Fonsagrees this morning. In afternoon got ready and took train to Bordeaux. Met a Parisian who spoke excellent English and had a pleasant trip. Another old gentleman in the coach gave me a bouquet of flowers. Am registered at Hotel Americaine. Spent the evening with Roy Clark. We went to a movie and a burlesque.

Tuesday February 12, 1918

Out to camp at Bassens today. Everything OK there except that Lieut. Boice might be more tactful with non - commissioned officers. I had a long talk with him.

Wednesday February 13, 1918

Attended to business downtown. Brot Lieut. Connor and Adams back to Le CourVeau with me. They have been at an officer's school just back of the front lines.

Thursday February 14, 1918

Morse and Connor went to B- this afternoon. Connor will remain at detachment camp at Bassens. Jack and I inspected the canteens this evening and had a long talk about old times.

Friday February 15, 1918

Very routine were my duties today. Wrote some official mail and a few personal letters. Jack is about sick. Think he has a touch of tonsillitis.

Saturday February 16, 1918

Went to Bordeaux this afternoon to attend the Washington Lincoln banquet of officers of Base #2. Had a mighty fine time. Generals Scott and Hines and Colonels May and Kratanj addressed us. Went home with Capt. Calkins after and stayed all night.

~~Wednesday~~ y February 17, 1918

Went out to camp at Bassens today. Morse returned to Courveau with me but I will stay over till tomorrow and get our rations out. Went up to the Y.M. tonight and read American papers and magazines for an hour - then over to the hotel to bed.

Monday February 18, 1918

Got the tuck off this morning with our month end rations. Left on afternoon train for camp. Met Madame X in the coach and had a pleasant ride. She is the wife of a professor at B- University and talks fairly good English. Walked from La Teste to Courveau, arriving about 7pm.

Tuesday February 19, 1918

Went to La Teste this afternoon with Lieut. Michel for the mail. Found four sacks of X'mas packages. There was one from my little wife but not the one I am looking for - with the locket. It contained some goodies to eat anyway.

Wednesday February 20, 1918

Aero - Squadron #301, 131 mechanics arrived this morning and I placed them in permanent quarters. Morse and I and Dr Rothe took dinner with the French officers tonight. Had lots of fun. Bill is some interpreter but when he tries to talk mixes up a jargon of American, Spanish, Indian and French which is very good. Two letters from the little wife tonight. Hur-Ray!

Thursday February 21, 1918

Rained all day today. Vickers returned from Bordeaux tonight with the rest of our rations. And brot 2 sacks of mail, which included a letter from Lucie written and dated Culbertson, Mont. Feb. 4th. That is surely quick service - Montana to France in 17 days. Hope that keeps up. Something shocking happened today. My Sgts played a practical joke on the Captain. Ask Lieut. Bill about it. Ha ha!

Friday February 22, 1918

Went to Bdesaux this morning and returned this evening on my motorcycle. Joined the lieutenants at the officers club and played a game of billiards with Captain Morrell, French expert. He played rings around me. Bill and I are rolling in early.

Saturday February 23, 1918

Inspection this morning. Went to Arcachon this afternoon on the motorcycle. Sgt. Norton and I walked all over the town, climbed the hill, etc. I returned about 6 o'clock. Took a French lesson this evening from little Mme Helene, the Doctors protege. It was a lot of fun for me but pained the doctor.

Sunday February 24, 1918

At noon Lieut Adams and I went to Arcachon, joined Lieuts. Michel and Burke at lunch, then played golf. Michel and I beat Burke and Adams. Had lunch or rather tea, with the English family at the club house. Then we four went down to the show. Rode home afterward. Mr and Mrs Exshaw are very hospitable people.

Monday February 25, 1918

Today we formally took over Camp Courveau on behalf of the U. S. General Scott came out and we had considerably of a ceremony. My men paraded in competition with the French Malaysians and I was mighty proud of them. The Stars and Stripes floated over this big camp tonight.

Tuesday February 26, 1918

Rained all day and I stayed inside most of the time. Called on Colonel Fonsagrieves late this afternoon. Had Capt. Morrell and Lieut. Kapure as my guests at dinner tonight. A big time. We are sorry to see the French officers leave as they are fine fellows.

Wednesday February 27, 1918

Colonel Fonsagrieves left this morning after biddin us "good bye and good luck." Capt. Morrell and Lieut. Kapure left this afternoon. Morse to Bordeaux with payrolls and muster rolls.

Thursday Feb. 28, 1918

Big fight last night. Busted our sergeant to a corporal today. Also augmented the force of extra duty men in the guard house. Damn the booze! It is at the bottom of all our troubles in the army. Two good men have lost their stripes because of it.

Friday March 1, 1918

Rain, rain, rain. It came down in torrents all day. I was in the village last night. Had supper in a French home - Dr. Rothe and I. Came back to camp early this morning. Too rainy last night. Am rolling early.

Saturday March 2, 1918

Morse returned this morning. Inspection very good today. Bill and I to Arcachon this afternoon. Called on the Exshaws. They are surely nice people. Staying all night at the Hotel La France.

Sunday March 3, 1918

Back to camp this morning long enough to get shaved. Jack and I went on the motorbike to the golf club and played all afternoon with Burke and Michel. Had a left hand mashie this time and made a much better score. Back to camp early tonight.

Monday March 4, 1918

Moved into our new quarters today. I have two nice big rooms - one for an office and the other bedroom. This is something like it. Another lieutenant doctor and 12 enlisted men (M.D.) arrived last night. Played a game of billiards with the French lieutenant then came over to the room to write my little wife. Am now ready to go to slumberland. Good night old diary.

Tuesday March 5, 1918

Spent most of the day fixing up my new home. I'll bet I don't get to stay in it very long. This is entirely too nice for a soldier.

Wednesday March 6, 1918

A Colonel of the Medical Department, regular Army inspected the camp today. Had lunch at the officer's mess and told us something about the front. I closed a canteen this afternoon - for violating my camp orders. Darn the booze. It's always causing trouble.

Thursday March 7, 1918

Capt Calkins arrived at camp this afternoon, late and payed my men. Mme Fouchet was with him and they were my guests at mess this evening. In the lady's honor we broke a bottle of champagne.

Friday March 8, 1918

Orderly from battalion headquarters got me out of bed tonight to deliver order to prepare to move. The 3rd batt. is off for the front in a few days.

Saturday March 9, 1918

Inspection day again. This was the last for K Co at Camp Corveau. Went to Arcachon this afternoon with Dr. Rothe. Met Capt Kelly and later Burke and Michel. We all took in the show and then I went up to the hotel to bed.

Sunday March 10, 1918

Back to camp this morning. Walked to La Teste and rode out on the truck. Nothing doing at camp today. Most of the boys are away for the day.

Monday March 11, 1918

Went to La Teste and Arcachon this afternoon to straighten out some company business before leaving. All packed up tonight, except kitchen stuff, ready to go.

Tuesday March 12, 1918

Morse checked over all property accountability today to Capt Spragen, Engs, USR. Lt. Adams and I rode in to La Teste and back on the motor bike this evening.

Wednesday March 13, 1918

At 6:30 this evening Co M 127th Inf. (2 Wisc) arrived at Le Courveau to relieve K Co. We are all packed up ready to be off in th morning. Have spent the evening checking things over to Lieut. Fox, my successor. This has been a pleasant sojourn in Napoleon's old camp. Farewell reception to my men tonight at the "Y."

Thursday March 14, 1918

Left Le Courveau at 6:45 this morning. Left La Teste at 10:40 - Arrived Bordeaux 1pm and Carbon Blanket at 3pm. The men marched to Camp #2 - about 3 miles. A general case of blues thru old K Co tonight and I have them most of all. Am ordered to transfer 117 of my men to the 127th Inf. 550 go from one battalion. Will work most all night on the service records. How I hate to lose most of these boys.' Outfits dont count anymore. Men, men, wherever they are needed. Oh, I almost forgot! Cable from Bill today. My niece arrived a week ago.' Hooray!

Friday March 15, 1918

At 3:30 this afternoon I bade goobye to 117 husky Montana boys, who now belong to the old 2nd Wisconsin regiment (~~127~~ 127th Inf). It was the hardest task I have had since I came to old K Co last spring. Some of the boys had tears in their eyes when they shook my hand and I almost broke down, too. Most of them accepted the circumstance stoically, tho. It is mighty hard to see the company broken up. If I myself am transferred I intend not to become so attached to the next outfit. Some of the boys were back tonight to see me.

Saturday March 16, 1918

Took service records and transfer of property over to Hdqs 127th Inf this afternoon. Am clear of a lot of property, anyway. Saw several of the boys and they all had something to talk about. Poor devils! They dont feel any worse than their old captain. Worked like a slave the last two days and nights. Am going to write Lucie a letter and then roll in.

Sunday March 17, 1918

Finished the rush of paper work and all packed up at noon today. This afternoon I accompanied Dr. Bateman and Dr. Connor to the Cazeau home, a beautiful chateau overlooking the Gironde river. Had a wonderful afternoon, listened to some mighty fine music and I was treated royally. Back to camp at 8pm. Had supper at the little French restaurant.

Monday March 18, 1918

Busy all day. At 5pm started for town - met Connor, had dinner together and then went over to see his dentist, Dr. Spaulding. The doctor is a native of Minneapolis who has practice in France for over 20 years. I had a tooth filled - the only bad one that he could find. We went over to the Y and met Mr. Lockley - Theo Sherburne's uncle. Sat around the Y till 12:30 to get a ride out to Lormont where we walked up the hill to camp.

Tuesday March 19, 1918

Up early this morning. Loaded our baggage - had an early dinner and fell in at 3pm. Marched to Carbon Blanc where we entrained for "Somewhere." Left Bordeaux at 7pm. Are rolling along thru a beautiful section of country. Am sorry that it is dark - for I cant sleep much anyway - with all five of my lieutenants in the same compartment.

Wednesday March 20, 1918

Reached our destination at 10:30 this morning. Unloaded and hiked out three miles to our billets. This is France as I had expected it would be. We are the first Americans in this section and women, men and little children run to the street to have a peek at us. My men are billetted in an old chateau - long since deserted. I have a nice room nearby. This bed looks good to me and I am going to roll in.

Thursday March 21, 1918

A beautiful day in a veritable wonderland. This country around Montricharde is France as I had pictured it. And the people are the simple, honest, God fearing folk I believed them to be. Such a change from Bordeaux. One would almost believe we were in another world. Took my company out for drill this afternoon. Have spent the evening alone in my room. Posted my council book and wrote a letter to my dear little wife. It is now 10 o'clock and I am ready for bed. This French bed is real inviting. It offers "real rest."

Friday March 22, 1918

Started out early this morning and walked to St. George. Met Major Williams and had dinner at Capt Gleason's mess. Then Lieut. Rude and I went to Mondricourt on a truck. I purchased a lot of tobacco at the sales commissary for my men. Capt Edgar Stewart was there. Ruse saw him but I didn't. Returned to camp and distributed the tobacco after retreat. Lieut. Adams came down to the room with me after supper and we had a long talk. Have been studying for an hour and now, at 9pm am "rolling in."

Saturday March 23, 1918

Left at an early hour on the truck for St. Argiron. Lieut Rude and Dr. Bateman along. Visited regimental headquarters for the first time in almost three months. Saw a bunch of the fellows and thoroly enjoyed it. Spaulding had 500 men in F Co - casuals being trained for the front. Got back to camp in time to receive a replacement of 144 men for my own organization. Mostly from Pa. and W. Va. A fairly likely bunch but awfully raw.

Sunday March 24, 1918

Another Sabbath day. Morse and I took a long walk - saw a most interesting old French cemetery and church. Visited Major Williams and returned to our rooms for a nap before supper time. Bill slept right thru but I got up for "chow." Have been reading for some time, having first spent an hour with my host and his family. They claim I am progressing rapidly with my French but I have me doubts.

Monday March 25, 1918

Worked like blazes all day - on my new men. Found an old regular army sergeant in the bunch - and this afternoon put him in charge of a platoon. Am going to make him a sergeant if he continues to show up as well as he did today. He has had 21 years of service. Walked over to headquarters this evening - with some reports - chatted a while with the Major. Stiff wind blowing tonight, but the sky is perfectly clear.

Tuesday March 26, 1918

Another day of good progress at drill. Morse came down to my room in the evening and we were chatting pleasantly, when in came an orderly with orders for me to report to Batt. Hdqs. Hiked over the hill and back to pack my trunk. Left in an hour for the station at Montrieux enroute to the 1st Army Corps school at Gondrecourt. Couldn't get a train until morning so am staying all night at a nearby hotel.

Wednesday March 27, 1918

On to St. Argiron. Can't leave until 9:15 this evening. Called on Gen. Alexander and many of the 163 Inf. officers. Spent most of the day with Si Newkirk. Got my gas masks and instruction at the gas school in afternoon. Have a very comfortable 1st class compartment tonight. Sonsteli and I all to ourselves.

Thursday March 28, 1918

Dinner at Chaumont. Reached Neufchateau at about 6pm. Carl and I found a room - after having supper at the Lafayette club. Have a good bed and will roll in early for a good sleep.

Friday March 29, 1918

Arrived Gondrecourt 9:30am. Reported to Executive Officer and assigned to Barrack 66. Fine bunch of Wisconsin and Iowa guard captains in this barrack. Got our baggage this afternoon and spent time getting located. Concert at Y.M.C.A. tonight.

~~Saturday~~ Saturday March 30, 1918

Went down town - got some things I need - in afternoon cleaned my rifle, equipment, boots etc. Wrote letters and read tonight.

Sunday March 31, 1918

Easter Sunday! Lots of rain. Mud about 3 inches deep. Dubbed around camp, wrote more letters, etc. In evening attended Easter services at the Y. Ollie and Joe Sternberger walked in on us tonight. They had been up at the Front for a week observing. Had a good old visit with Ollie. He was chuck full of escapades in the trenches.

Monday April 1, 1918

Started our course today. Up at 6am - make our own bunks - clean and polish boots and shoes, go over our rifle - in fact we are just ordinary soldiers again. An hour close order drill every morning. And there we are rookies. Over the hill a mile away is the bayonet school. Oh, such a hike in the mud! I'll never forget it. Well have finished the first day with satisfaction to myself, at least. Reception for students at the "Y" tonight. It was very good.

Tuesday April 2, 1918

More rain and more work. That bayonet training is real work. Lectures this morning and tactical work this afternoon - after a lecture by a French Captain on liaison. Am tired tonight. Have just written up my notes and now am going to bed. No mail yet. Hope Morse will forward my letters.

Wednesday April 3, 1918

Working like blazes but enjoying the course very much. Keeps us going night and day - keeping up note books, etc. Didn't know it could rain so much. Nothing new.

Thursday April 4, 1918

More lectures and hard work. Think I will get fed up on this by the end of the month. Anyway it is mighty interesting. Should begin to get some mail pretty soon.

Friday April 5, 1918

Week is almost over. Will be mighty glad to see Sunday come. Wrote some letters tonight at the Y and studied a while. Am dead tired and will roll in for it is past time.

Saturday April 6, 1918

Map problem this afternoon. My solution was correct but I didn't get thru at 4:30 when we had to stop. Spent the evening bringing my notebook up and studied awhile. Still no mail.

Sunday April 7, 1918

Sunday at last - nothing to do but sit around and get ready for next week. My first mail today - either a Godsend or pure bull luck. Four letters from my little wife. Carl Sonsteli and I went down town for supper this evening.

Monday April 8, 1918

Conference day - and easy enough at that. Started on our second week. Out tonight over the hills on a compass test. I came out about 15 yds. from the point. Am sure tired. Seven more letters today, that helps some.

Tuesday April 9, 1918

Another compass problem tonight. Had better luck this time. Was one of three to make a perfect score. It is interesting work - following a compass. Wish there wasn't quite so much mud.

Wednesday April 10, 1918

Lectures most all day. Had some more tactical work this afternoon. I like it more than anything else. Wrote in my note book till 10:30 tonight - and can hardly see. Four more letters. Gee what luck. The wife is home in Virden again.

Thursday April 11, 1918

Finished the bayonet and musketry course today. Turned in our notebooks for grading and mine came back marked "E." Only four captains in the platoon got this "excellent" rating, and they were all Guard Officers - no Marines or Reserves. My first trip in No Man's Land tonight, led a patrol out to the Bosche wire - planted an explosive tube and blew up a gap, thru which a raiding party went over just at the zero hour, Stokes mortars and grenades made the night hideous. Patrolling is very interesting and exciting - especially when a Very light strikes about a foot from where you are hugging the ground.

Friday April 12, 1918

Started hand grenade work today. Threw the dummies first - then the live ones. The joke of it is we still have to climb the hill.

Saturday April 13, 1918

Got a trench problem today - and it is a bear. See where there will be no rest this Sunday.

Sunday April 14, 1918

Everybody working today and everyone has a different idea of how to lick the Bosche in that trench problem. Wrote my notes up this morning, and a couple of letters tonight.

Monday April 15, 1918

Finished my Field Order at 1:30 tonight. Nuff sed!

Tuesday April 16, 1918

Nothing exciting doing today. Just routine work like everything.

Wednesday April 17, 1918

Lieut. Adams came in today with a bunch of casualties for the 164th. Surely was glad to see Jack. Had dinner with him and Ormley at the North Dakota mess.

Thursday April 18, 1918

Tactical work today. I was a platoon commander. Pistol practice this afternoon.

Friday April 19, 1918

Big manouever today. The entire student body went out on a trench assault and counter attack problem. I was Battalion Adjutant - some soft job chasing the Major all over No Man's Land. Everyone tired out tonight. Hiked probably 20 miles.

Saturday April 20, 1918

No close order drill this morning - the first time since the course started. Written exam and conference this afternoon. Put up wire entanglement in practice this morning. Lecture tonight. Everyone wind-jamming around the shack tonight.

Sunday April 21, 1918

LAST

Monday April 22, 1918
WEEK

Tuesday April 23, 1918
OF

Wednesday April 24, 1918
SCHOOL

Thursday April 25, 1918
Too Busy to WRITE in My Diary

Friday April 26, 1918
Big open warfare maneuvers followed today by trench to trench attack, supported by Artillery, With this school closed. We got our instructions this afternoon about what we should do at the front and are off in the morning. Big party on tonight in barrack 66.

Saturday April 27, 1918
Left G at 9:30am. Ar Bar-le-duc for lunch. Left at 1pm by trucks for 7th Corps Hdqs. (French) Capt Aiken and I assigned to 125 Reg. 25th Div. Reached Reg. Hdqs north of Verdun at 4:00 Assigned dugout and had dinner tonight with French officers. As far as the eye can see desolation and destruction marks the scene of some of the worlds hardest battles.

Sunday April 28, 1918
Rode to Verdun with an Ambulance driver. Spent two hours seeing the destroyed city. Visited the old cathedral now a mass of ruins - huge underground caves - and the old fortifications. The Boche didn't take Verdun but they surely destroyed it. Not a civil inhabitant left.

Monday April 29, 1918
Moved to the 98th Reg this morning and were assigned to the 3rd Bn up in the lines. The Major Commanding and his staff are fine fellows and are anxious to give us all the instruction we want. Sleeping in a deep Abri - 40 feet underground.

Tuesday April 30, 1918
Inspected machine gun positions tonight. Were caught out in the open between the 1st and 2nd lines of trenches, while a Veri light illuminated our precarious position location. We kept perfectly still and the enemy didn't see us. Was down in a Platoon P.C. in the 2nd lines. It is all most interesting.

Wednesday May 1, 1918
The time of my life tonight. Went out in No Mans Land with a French patrol of 34 men. Felt nervous going thru our wires but was over it at once. We ran into an enemy patrol, but neither side seemed anxious to fight. The Boche retired and we moved away by the right flank. I got one little souvenir of the night anyway. Returned to Bn Hdqs just at daybreak. 7

Thursday May 2, 1918

Pretty tired today and slept until noon. Capt Aiken and I wrote up notes this afternoon and studied map. Am going to roll in early tonight. Robert Pierre, our guide and interpreter, says I need a rest. Guess he is right.

Friday May 3, 1918

Visited the famous "Morte Homme" (dead man's hill) this afternoon. It is a mass of shell craters. Parts of uniforms, helmets, old rifles, shells and graves everywhere. There isn't room enough anywhere to even walk without getting in shell holes. Thousands upon thousands of brave men gave their lives in a desperate succession of attempts to take or hold this spot. How useless such things seem - in a civilized age!

Saturday May 4, 1918

Left the 98th at 4am. Mule packed our luggage down to the road where auto met us and took us to Corps Hdqs. Got back to Barleduc at 11 and Gonrecourt at 3pm. Located in barrack 65 until I get my report in and receive my clearance. Had one great bath tonight. Changed underwear and got rid of the "cooties."

Sunday May 5, 1918

Finished my report at 4pm. Got my clearance papers and am ready to pull out early in the morning. Verge, Gleason, Morse, Boice, Msoy and a bunch are here for the next course. Little do they know the hard grind before them.

Sunday May 6, 1918

Left Gondrecourt at 9:30 and reached Paris at 2:00. Arpin and I registered at the Continental. He went to transfer the baggage and I did some shopping and bumming around. Bought my new niece a pair of silk booties. We had a big feed at the American Grill this evening and then saw a varley show. We sure have a swell big room.

Tuesday May 7, 1918

Bummed around and saw some of the sights this morning, had lunch at the Continental and then went to the depot. Are in Tours at 6:30 this evening and find that I must stay over night. Am rooming tonight with Major (Dr.) Wilson, formerly with the Mayo Clinic. He is a very fine fellow. Tours is a pretty city - doesn't look so war-struck as most towns I have seen recently. Leave at 6:34 in the am for Montrichard.

Wednesday May 8, 1918

Reached Montrichard and Major Williams came in for me in his car. Got to the company just at noon. Went out to see the drill this afternoon; only have 50 men left. It seems mighty good to be back. Found a stack of letters and 2 boxes of candy and a box of tobacco for me. Some class. Have a lovely room in the home of the Mayor of the village where my Co now is billeted. Again, some class.

Thursday May 9, 1918

Went out to drill today and Major Williams turned over the remnants of all four cos to me for instruction. I put them thru all kinds of capers and as it was new and different the boys liked it fine. Walked down to St. George tonight for a chat with the Major before bedtime. Am now ready to roll in.

Friday May 10, 1918

More drill - a little rain today. Started course of lectures to my men on trench warfare, today. After officers meeting tonight came up to my room and wrote some letters. This is my girlie's 23rd birthday. How I wish I could be with her tonight, old digry.

Saturday May 11, 1918

Weekly inspection - repeated at 1:15pm for perfection. Went down to St. Georges in the afternoon and had a talk with the Major. Early to bed again tonight.

Sunday May 12, 1918

Mothers Day! Went to church this morning. Lieut. Newkirk arrived just after dinner and paid the men. I went back to St. Agnan with him and Ollie brot me home again in his car. He stayed a few minutes - then went back. Wrote my Mothers Day letters and am now ready for bed.

Monday May 13, 1918

Another week started. Not anything of importance to report today. Jack Adams is better and will soon be up again. I am beginning to feel like my old self - and am back on regular chow. It is real chow too!

Monday May 14, 1918

Have been sitting out on the porch for a long time, this evening. Lieut. Connor and I have great fun trying to understand and express ourselves in French. The people of the house are very nice to us. Little Jean and John are the dearest boys. They are becoming great pets of ours. They can salute and march like veterans.

Wednesday May 15, 1918

To St. Agnan this afternoon to have our pictures taken for identification books. Saw rather a slow ball game - very few of the officers were around. Had a talk with Pippy and a few others. Have been playing blackjack tonight, with my lieutenants. I seldom indulge but they begged me to get in the game. Not sorry I did, either - for I came out about 350 fr to the good.

Thursday May 16, 1918

Mail day! I received 14 letters. Oh boy! Spent the whole evening ~~reading~~ and re-reading them. In one letter was a picture of my young niece Katherine Lee Strain. She looks like a real doll baby. Have just finished a long letter to my wife.

(Penciled Notation) Could the Captain's name be Strain? Was there a Capt. Strain of Montana, in Comm (June 1918) Co C - 128 Inf.

Friday May 17, 1918

Closing another busy week - the last drill day until Monday. It has certainly turned hot the last few days. I had a cold shower after I came in this afternoon and feel fine tonight. Wrote some letters tonight.

Saturday May 18, 1918

Went to St. Aignan this afternoon for identification books and pictures. I look like I was "sent for and couldn't come." None of the officers took good pictures. Combination of poor subjects and poor photography, I guess.

Sunday May 19, 1918

Attended French Catholic church this morning. In the afternoon visited the old couple I used to be billeted with. Afterward, had tea with the Grudes. Have been sitting out in the yard all evening visiting with them.

Monday May 20, 1918

Took my company on a tactical walk this afternoon. We captured a wagon train of 20 wagons of supplies. The men like the practical stuff. I going to give them lots of it from now on. Connor and I have been talking with Monsiuer Grude this evening. He is very intelligent and very interesting.

Tuesday May 21, 1918

Concert at the Y.M.C.A. tonight by two French girls. They were very good pianists but I am thinking that their music was a little too classical for the "Soldat Americaine." Connor and I went together. I am going to be early. Tired.

Wednesday May 22, 1918

No drill this pm. Was down to Bn Hdqs to see the Major. Rode to Mont-richard with him this morning. Nothing new except that I got some letters from home.

Thursday May 23, 1918

Tip tonight that I am about to be sent to the front. Will hate to leave my old company, but will be glad to see some real service. Lt. Adams is improving, but feels pretty tough. I am feeling O.K. myself.

Friday May 24, 1918

At 5:30 this afternoon the Major's car came for me, orders to report at Div. Hdqs St. Aignan. Am transferred to 32nd Div. Ollie brot me back to get my rolls made up and I returned with him for the night. We have talked all evening. It is now after midnight. I must write a letter to my little wife and then get a few hours sleep. It just about broke me up to bid my boys goodbye. I will never become attached to another bunch.

Saturday May 25, 1918

Took morning train St. Aignan to Tours. Stopped off there until midnight. I am now enroute to Parea where I will change to the other line, east. Will meet Sheridan, Joyce and Arpin there early in the morning. Ollie took me to the train this morning. Hated to tell my old pal goodbye.

Sunday May 26, 1918

Met the boys at the East station. We left Paree at 8:30, one hour after I arrived. I just had time to transfer. We are at Is-nur-Tille tonight at the Rd Cross hotel. Had a good supper and have been writing letters this evening.

Monday May 27, 1918

Went up to Longres this morning, then to Belfort where we must stay all night. Have nice rooms at the Grand Hotel. This is no doubt our last night for some time in a hotel. Everyone happy, anyway!

Tuesday May 28, 1918

Reported at Div. Hdqs this morning. Assigned to 128th. Went in truck to St. Ulrich, attached to C Co - Sheridan to A, Joyce, Arpin and Hazard to other companies. Sheridan and I staying in village of Fulleren - just back of lines tonight. We are now on German soil. Villagers speak German and from what I can learn are strongly pro-German. This is the Alsace we are fighting to restore to France. A funny world - N'est-ce-pas?

Wednesday May 29, 1918

Reached my Co P.C. this morning at 10:30. Had just arrived when I got my first real first baptism of fire. Fritz gave us a salvo in my honor, I guess. Never dreamed I could get into a dugout in such record time. Started to inspect a new position my Co will occupy tonight. Got within 100 yds of the P.C. and it was shelled. No dugout this time for me. I got behind a big tree - shrapnel bursti ng all around and above me. One thing for which I was truly grateful - it didn't last long. Occupied new position tonight. Had charge of my 1st real trench relief. Have inspected my sentinels and combat positions.

Wednesday May 30, 1918

Artillery bombardment continued pretty lively today. Several shells dropped just below the P.C. Started work on new trench system

Thursday May 31, 1918

Artillery still busy, especially tonight. Nothing unusual occurred today except one of our men shot thru hand and leg.

Saturday June 1, 1918

Little more quiet today. Practically no firing until 8 o'clock tonight, when French put over a heavy barrage in front of a raiding party. Understand 7 prisoners were taken.

Sunday June 2, 1918

Made a trip into the 1st lines and observation posts this afternoon with Lieut Arnot (French). From one O.P. I looked across into Altkirk and 2 other German towns. Will be relieved tonight to go back to rest billets for a few days. Oh, very well! Isch ga Bibbel!

Monday June 3, 1918

These so called rest billets are anything but restfull. Cots full of "Cooties" - big piles of cow dung under every window - oh ye sweet essence of fertilization! We started cleaning up this town of M and we wont stop till the job is done. The pro-German inhabitants don't know what to think of their new neighbors. I am fairly comfortable in a corner room over a "Gasthaus."

Tuesday June 4, 1918

Worked out a defence occupation today. I'll bet I walked 15 miles. Had supper with Sheridan tonight - and we both called on Lieut. Col. Garlock afterward. Guess they like us all right in this regiment, for we are no longer "attached" but "assigned." Going to bed tonight with my mind full of troubles. Wish I could hear from home.

Wednesday June 5, 1918

Manouevers in the woods this morning - and long tactical walk for officers this afternoon. Am sure tired tonight. Will be glad ~~fx~~ when the time comes to go back in the trenches.

Thursday June 6, 1918

Practice hike of 15k this morning for entire Bn. Nothing but some games this afternoon - a sure enough rest. Am writing letters home tonight. Feel in the mood.

Friday June 7, 1918

Liaison manouever today. Two American and one French Generals and their staffs observed and complimented the work of the doughboys. Coming back to the billets we witnessed the destruction of a French "sausage"balloon. A Boche aeroplane put it down in flames. The Boche flew low over our kitchen this afternoon. Sheridan is celebrating his birthday by leading a raiding party tonight. Hope he gets back all right. Expect I will get the next chance.

Saturday June 8, 1918

Worked out a Bn attack problem this morning. Returned at noon and shortly afterward and shortly afterward I took sick with severe cramps, followed by vomiting spells. A Lieut. doctor left some medicine and I am a little better tonight. Have a high fever and sure feel tough, tho the cramps have let up. Got my first letter tonight since I left the old company. Thank God it is from the little wife. Wish she were here to baby me tonight.

Sunday June 9, 1918

Stayed in bed all day today. Have eaten nothing but a little toast, and am feeling better. Think I will be all right tomorrow. This is the first sick spell for me since I have been in France.

Monday June 10, 1918

~~Exp~~ Got up and dressed this morning. Walked over to the company and back. Am pretty weak and sore, so stuck pretty close to my room all day. Wrote some letters home this morning. Am expecting a lot of mail soon.

Tuesday June 11, 1918

Went out with the Co today on a manouever. Feel a lot better today, altho not quite right yet. No Mail.

Thursday June 13, 1918

Nothing worth mentioning today. So quiet around here it is monotonous. Sheridan and I had visitors tonight, Lieut. Argot and two other French officers dropped in on us. Argot is the biggest clown I have met among the French.

Friday June 14, 1918

Reconnoitered combat positions ~~as~~ new C. R. today. Have been writing letters and reading tonight. Sheridan and I must be up at 4am so I guess I had better get to bed. Finished my first six months of overseas service today.

Saturday June 15, 1918

Started digging trenches this morning at 5 o'clock. Work till 10:30 - start again at 3pm and knock off at 5. Better hours than a threshing crew, anyway.

Sunday June 16, 1918

Inspection this morning. Found all arms and equipment in good shape. Hung around my room all afternoon, talking with Chas. and writing letters. Seems good to have a day off.

Monday June 17, 1918

Resumed digging this morning. The boys can surely beat a Frenchman handling a No. 2. We will have trenches and combat positions galore.

Tuesday June 18, 1918

Reconnaissance and exercise in retirement today. Rain, rain, rain.' Sunny France! Your a misnomer.

Wednesday June 19, 1918

Nothing heavy today. My Sgts understand just what work is to be done on the new combat positions and go ahead and do it. Had a most pleasant surprise this noon when I came up to my room and found 13 letters. Spent the afternoon reading and answering them. Best of all I got some snaps from Jackie - two of my wife.

Thursday June 20, 1918

Reconnoitered the front today. We are "going in" tomorrow night. I'd rather be in the trenches than back in this area. Sheridan and I went over to Hindlingen this afternoon and had supper with Lieut. Argot. Those Frenchies surely feed. We had beaucoup champagne too. They must always have wine.

Thursday June 21, 1918

Went in tonight relieving all combat groups by midnight. Capt. Dorse M.G. Co. and I are dugoutted together. Everything seems to be quiet along the Rhine. It is 2am. and I guess I will roll in.

Saturday June 22, 1918

Boche raid one of our advanced posts early this morning. Killed one of our men but also left one of theirs - besides one and possibly more badly wounded. So it was at least 50-50 and the odds with us.

Sunday June 23, 1918

Visited all of my advanced posts this afternoon - inspected the wire along the front and took a shot at a German sniper. Don't know wheter I got him. Woods are thick and lots of brush along this front.

Monday June 24, 1918

Am just leaving Bn and Co P.C.s at 7:30pm with 30 men from my 3rd platoon to put on a little propaganda work tonight. Sheridan had 10 men who are going to shoot newspaper grenades into the Boche line and we are going to cover their work. Will finish when I get back. Back at 3am- covered with mud and a big rent in my trowsers but no holes in my hide. Sheridan took 1½ of the men and I the others. We left the line at two points - crawled out to their wire and laid their 1½ hours whole the V.B. men sent over 320 "extras." What looked like a mean job turned out very peacefully. Pure luck -thats all.

Tuesday June 25, 1918 --- Our wedding day June 25, 1917

Yes, our wedding anniversary - the first one - Lucie and I six thousand miles apart. Wrote her a long letter today and have been thinking about my little girl all day long. I wonder if we shall see another anniversary around, and whether we may spend it together. If I live, I believe I will be at home with my wife a year from today.

Wednesday June 26, 1917

Treated to an auto ride this afternoon. Went down to regimental hdqs with Major Piesecki, Capt. Derce and Lieut. Rottisbohn. Divisional intelligence officer gave us a talk. Saw Haard and Arpin but not Joyce. Everything quiet tonight. Expect to sleep.

Thursday June 27, 1918

Crawled out in No Man's Land today and discovered the trail the Huns have used in coming over to "listen - in" and cross our lines. Tonight took a patrol out about 150 yds in front of the wire to lay for them. Hope to have good news from them in the morning.

Friday June 28, 1918

My patrol stayed out till 3am, but the foxy Boche didn't show up. Went over on Sheridan's sector with him this afternoon. We sneaked out and did some observing, but no sniping.

Saturday June 29, 1918

Capt. D gave Fritz a surprise this afternoon when he slipped a couple of machine guns out of the woods in front of our wire. Gave them 10,000 rounds, then had to beat it, for they shelled him out. Tonight our batteries opened up on the C-H road and caught a truck movement and working party. Sheridan's patrol heard the Boche screaming "Mein Gott." and I guess they had some casualties. Nothing else happened altho we had a lot of rumors.

Sunday June 30, 1918

Reconnoitered new positions and relieve "B" Co tonight on the big front.

Monday July 1, 1918

Took over south sector of C. R. Austerlitz today. Have front of 2 kilometres. It surely is a big one. My P. C. is a little shack as the dug-out is not completed.

Tuesday July 2, 1918

At 4:30 this morning we were boxed in from the outside world by a terrific barrage lasting 45 minutes. Estimate that 20,000 shells of all sizes dropped in our sector in that time. I was knocked down twice but not injured. The enemy followed closely after his barrage, attacking on my entire front. He got into our lines at just one point and was quickly driven out. We lost 1 - taken prisoner - 3 killed and 19 wounded. The Boche must have suffered heavily, too, for he withdrew without achieving any success. Everything is all right tonight. We are ready for them again.

Wednesday July 3, 1918

"Command and company" cited in brigade orders today for the fight we made yesterday. My men behaved wonderfully, and I am certainly proud of them. Am mighty tired tonight and don't expect to get any sleep. A bunch of letters came today. That helps some.

Thursday July 4, 1918

A quiet Fourth - "Safe and Sane" as they say at home. Lots of firing by the big guns this evening. Well do I remember the happy time I had a year ago today. Wonder what one year hence has in store for me?

Friday July 5, 1918

Took dinner with the officers of the 3rd Co 410th Inf today. Had a very good dinner and pleasant time. Saw French soldiers draining a pond, for the carp. They must have gotten a wagon load of big fish out of it. Lots of artillery dueling tonight.

Saturday July 6, 1918

Out in front of our wire early this morning at G. C. 82 and was shot at by the German sniper. Of course he missed me. The Boche are poor shots with the rifle. This afternoon Mr Sniper was spotted in a tree. He dropped like a ton of brick, and will do no more sniping.

Sunday July 7, 1918

Sunday! I didn't know it until I picked you up, friend diary. It is just the same as any day in the trenches. War goes on just the same. Murderous, shrieking shells take the place of the more peaceful sound of the old church bell. "Remember my day to keep it holy" saith the Lord. And the Kaiser echoes "Got mit Uns!"

Monday July 8, 1918

Boche shell fell short and killed 3 American soldiers, wounding 5 others tonight. Hope our shells got about ten times that many. God, how I hate those German swine. I can't feel sportsman like toward them. It is raining tonight and very quiet all along the front.

Tuesday July 9, 1918

Fritz raided the 6th Co 410th French Inf., on our right this morning at 9 o'clock, taking 8 prisoners, killing one and wounding 10. Sorry for the Frenchies but that makes "C" Co feel rather chesty. We faced a whole lot meaner barrage and bigger attack and lost only one prisoner. He may have been killed. Give these Yankee kids a little experience, and they will have it on all of the other armies. French artillery retaliated by throwing over 3,000 gas shells tonight.

Wednesday July 10, 1918

A quiet day. Drew up a plan of alternate combat groups and sketch for the Bn Commander this afternoon. Capt Sheridan came up to see me for a few moments.

Thursday July 11, 1918

"I" Co officers reconnoitered the south sector today and tonight they are relieving us. I will stay over until tomorrow, in order to help Capt. Hannon in case anything happens. Will be mighty glad to go back for ren days rest.

Friday July 12, 1918

Left P. C. Landjuisten at 10am, reported out at Bn. P. C. and reached Strueth where my company is billeted at about 12:30. Had a good shower bath this afternoon and stepped out of it into clean clothing. Feel like a white man again. I have a nice big room, very plain, but with the proverbial good bed. How I will sleep tonight - the first in twenty that my mind has been absolutely free from care. This would have been my angel mother's 48th birthday had she lived.

Saturday July 13, 1918

Walked over to Mertzen this evening after supper to chat with Capt. Sheridan. He and Lieuts. Prange and Rode and I played black jack until a late hour. Reconnaissance and occupation of our positions was made today. That didn't take long, as we know this sector like a book. Wrote a few letters today. Am getting caught up on my correspondence.

Sunday July 14, 1918

Held thorough inspection this morning. Col. Garlock came along and chatted awhile. Sheridan and I went to Dannemarie - had a big feed of pork chops, egg omelettes, French fried potatoes - and a nice salad - at noon. Saw many youngsters dressed in the true Alsatian costume. They were marching to the graveyard to carry out some sort of ceremony in honor of the dead. Sisters were in charge. Had a good old talkfest combing back thru the fields.

Monday July 15, 1918

Chased around thru the woods today on manouevs. Am going to roll in about 8 o'clock tonight. no mail -- oh, yes, I had a cherry pie for supper and it was some pie.

Tuesday July 16

More chasing! We did stop a few minutes and work out a map problem. This was the hottest day we have had. I don't want to see it any hotter. Have been reading over and destroying old letters tonight. Wrote a couple - and now off to bed. The enemy has started another big offensive on the Marne. It looks like our division is expecting a move up there. Hope we do.' I'm tired of the Vosges!

Wednesday July 17, 1918

Mighty good news from the big front. Everyone is jubilant. Capt Sheridan was in command of the Battalion this morning on manouevers. Hot weather continues - if anything worse.

Thursday July 18, 1918

Went over to Mert^{en}, tonight and spent the evening with A Co. officers. Rumors of a move very soon. Got a few letters tonight - only one from the wife. Generally there are about four in each bunch.

Friday July 19, 1918

Liaison exercise with aeroplanes at Bretagne today. Had dinner at Montreaux Chateau. Returned at 6pm and are packed up - ready to hike at 9 sharp. "we're on our way."

Saturday July 20, 1918

Stopped at Suarce last night. Came on the Froide Fontaine tonight. Have a fine bed to sleep in tonight. Have taken a sponge bath and am surely ready to roll in. Will sleep late in the morning.

Sunday July 21, 1918

Sheridan, Lea Vesseur, Hines and I went to Montreaux Chateau for dinner this evening. Had fried chicken, omelette and salad. Walked back along the canal - a mighty pretty route. Passed three locks. Trees all along the way.

Monday July 22, 1918

Went to Regimental Hdqs this afternoon with the other C. Cs. of the Bn. Got orders for entraining tomorrow for - somewhere. There are many bets as to where we are going but no one seems to know.

Tuesday July 23, 1918

Entrained at 6:30pm, after loading our animals and field train. We are moving westward under secret orders - none knows where. A very quiet and orderly move so far. We waited a long time in Montrivillars before getting into the cars.

Wednesday July 24, 1918

Woke up near Langres. Went on thru Chaumont, then took a branch road to southwest. We are now following the Seine river in the direction of Paris. This has been the prettiest days ride I have had in France. The scenery is something wonderful.

Thursday July 25, 1918

Reached Paris at 2am. Left at 2:30 and arrived at ----about 7 o'clock. Unloaded and hiked to Pon Point about 8 kilometers. We are only about 20 miles from Soisson. At last we are to do our part on the big front. Understand we will get a couple of weeks brushing up on open warfare before we go in. Major Piasecki and I have a nice big room together.

So ends the diary. The information below was entered by some unknown person using a red pencil. V. R. A.

Seven days later, Aug. 1, 1918 Captain Orville Anderson, Co. C., 128th Infantry was killed in action at the Battle of the Aisne - Marne. His wife, Lucy Dingman has never been located.

Subj: Reference Question Date: 7/17/01 10:22:05 AM Eastern Daylight Time From: ud9906@exmail.usma.army.mil (Pritchard, D. MR LIB) To: Jmmaloof@aol.com

Dr. Maloof,

My name is Daniel Pritchard and I am a reference librarian at the United States Military Academy Cadet Library. I did some research on your question but was unable to find an answer. I should, however, have an answer by the end of the week. I will try to contact a WWI expert who may be able to provide an answer.

This question is rather curious. Looking through American WWI letters home, I found that Americans referred to the Germans as "Huns", "Boche", and "Fritz". I have not found a single incidence where the Germans had a slang term for US Army soldiers.

The I did find that the Germans did have a nickname for the US Marines. The Germans referred to them as the Teufelhunden ("Devil Dogs").

I hope this e-mail has been helpful. If you have more questions please do not hesitate to call or write.

Sincerely,

Daniel Pritchard
 Reference Librarian
 United States Military Academy
 (845) 938-8330

-----Original Message-----

From: Jmmaloof@aol.com [mailto:Jmmaloof@aol.com]
 Sent: Monday, July 09, 2001 1:54 PM
 To: 8lib@exmail.usma.army.mil
 Subject: (no subject)

Would you know what German Soldiers in World War One would have called Amercan soldiers in the trenches (e.g. Doughbys, Yanks,etc.)? Thank you for your assistance.

Dr. Katharina Maloof

----- Headers -----

Return-Path: <ud9906@exmail.usma.army.mil>
 Received: from rly-xa03.mx.aol.com (rly-xa03.mail.aol.com [172.20.105.72]) by air-xa05.mail.aol.com (v79.27) with ESMTTP id MAILINXA510-0717102204; Tue, 17 Jul 2001 10:22:04 -0400
 Received: from exmail.usma.army.mil (exmail.usma.army.mil [129.29.2.223]) by rly-xa03.mx.aol.com (v79.20) with ESMTTP id MAILRELAYINXA38-0717102145; Tue, 17 Jul 2001 10:21:45 -0400
 Received: by exmail.usma.army.mil with Internet Mail Service (5.5.2653.19) id <3WWTF2K5>; Tue, 17 Jul 2001 10:21:38 -0400
 Message-ID: <21C10221747AD3118E9D00E0293851AA04EFB67E@exmail20.usma.army.mil>
 From: "Pritchard, D. MR LIB" <ud9906@exmail.usma.army.mil>
 To: Jmmaloof@aol.com
 Subject: Reference Question
 Date: Tue, 17 Jul 2001 10:22:09 -0400

Monday, August 06, 2001 America Online: Jmmaloof

MIME-Version: 1.0
X-Mailer: Internet Mail Service (5.5.2653.19)
Content-Type: text/plain;
charset="iso-8859-1"

My name is Daniel Patrick and I am a resident of the United States. I have been asked to provide a statement on your question but was unable to find an answer. I am, however, in a position to provide an answer.

The question is interesting. I am a resident of the United States and I have been asked to provide a statement on your question. I have been asked to provide a statement on your question.

The fact that the German and have a number of US citizens. The German and have a number of US citizens.

I hope this will help you. If you have more questions please do not hesitate to call or write.

Thank you

Daniel Patrick

Reference: 100-100

United States Military Academy

(408) 533-3333

---Original Message---

From: Jmmaloof, Jim (jmmaloof@jmmaloof.com)

Sent: Monday, July 09, 2001 1:04 PM

To: 'Jmmaloof, Jim' (jmmaloof@jmmaloof.com)

Subject: Jmmaloof, Jim

What you know what you are in the United States. I am a resident of the United States. I am a resident of the United States.

Thank you

Daniel Patrick

Subj: **RE: Reference Question**
Date: 7/24/01 8:42:55 AM Eastern Daylight Time
From: ud9906@exmail.usma.army.mil (Pritchard, D. MR LIB)
To: Jmmaloof@aol.com

Dr. Maloof,

I'm sorry I didn't get back to you last week. My contact was not available so I called the Western Front Association in Gainesville, Fla. The person answering the question was unsure as to what the the Germans called US soldiers. We both agreed that in many cases, US Soldiers were simply referred to as "Americans". Below is a list of websites that may be of more help.

Aerodrome: Aces and Aircraft of World War I

<http://www.theaerodrome.com/>

BBC News: The Great War: 80 Years On

http://news.bbc.co.uk/hi/english/special_report/1998/10/98/world_war_i/newid_197000/197437.stm

British History 1700-1950: The First World War

<http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/FWW.htm>

Doughboy Center: The Story of the American Expeditionary Force:

[http:// www.mcs.net/~mikei/tgws/dbc/dbcgenhq.htm](http://www.mcs.net/~mikei/tgws/dbc/dbcgenhq.htm)

Doughy Historical Society, Box 8423, Missoula, MT 59807

Great War and the Shaping of the 20th Century

<http://www.pbs.org/greatwar/>

Great War Series at the War Times Journal

<http://www.wtj.com/pl/pages/greatwar.htm>

Liberty Memorial Museum

www.libertymemorialmuseum.org; 816.871.5788

100 West 26th St., Kansas City, KS 69106

This is the only U.S. monument and museum honoring those who fought in WWI. It has the world's largest collection of WWI artifacts and documents.

Photos of the Great War

http://www.ukans.edu/~kansite/ww_one/photos/freatwar.htm#TOP

Monday, August 06, 2001 America Online: Jmmaloof

More than 1,150 photographs are available here organized by subject groupings.

U.S. Army Yellow Fever Commission and the Spanish-American War: Science and Politics in Latin America, 1898-1904

<http://www.med.virginia.edu/hs-library/historical/yelfev/tabcon.html>

*Western Front Association

<http://www.wfa-usa.org/>

WFA, 6915 NW 49th Street, Gainesville, FL 32653-1152 (352.379.3200)

World War I: Trenches on the Web

<http://www.worldwar1.com/>

Sincerely,

Daniel Pritchard
Reference Librarian
United States Military Academy
(845) 938-8330

-----Original Message-----

From: Jmmaloof@aol.com [mailto:Jmmaloof@aol.com]

Sent: Tuesday, July 17, 2001 12:58 PM

To: ud9906@exmail.usma.army.mil

Subject: Re: Reference Question

Thanks for your help. It will be interesting to see if your contact has an answer. It is strange that I couldn't even find a reference in German language war literature.

----- Headers -----

Return-Path: <ud9906@exmail.usma.army.mil>

Received: from rly-xd01.mx.aol.com (rly-xd01.mail.aol.com [172.20.105.166]) by air-xd04.mail.aol.com (v79.27) with ESMTTP id MAILINXD42-0724084255; Tue, 24 Jul 2001 08:42:55 -0400

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From: "Pritchard, D. MR LIB" <ud9906@exmail.usma.army.mil>

To: Jmmaloof@aol.com

Subject: RE: Reference Question

Date: Tue, 24 Jul 2001 08:42:55 -0400

MIME-Version: 1.0

X-Mailer: Internet Mail Service (5.5.2653.19)

Content-Type: multipart/alternative;

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Monday, August 06, 2001 America Online: Jmmaloof

Subj: **RE: World War One Information**
 Date: 8/6/01 1:41:23 PM Eastern Daylight Time
 From: John.McGrath@hqda.army.mil (McGrath John Mr CMH)
 To: Jmmaloof@aol.com ('Jmmaloof@aol.com')
 CC: Robert.Wright@HQDA.Army.Mil (Wright, Robert K Dr CMH)

CMH sources do not directly indicate any nicknames for American soldiers among German WW1 soldiers. In WW2 Americans were typically called Amis or Yankees. Perhaps these names were also used in WW1.

John J. McGrath
 USACMH
 Historian

-----Original Message-----

From: Wright, Robert K Dr CMH **On Behalf Of** CMH Answers
Sent: Thursday, July 05, 2001 3:38 PM
To: McGrath John Mr CMH
Subject: FW: World War One Information

-----Original Message-----

From: Jmmaloof@aol.com [mailto:Jmmaloof@aol.com]
Sent: Tuesday, July 03, 2001 7:57 PM
To: cmhanswers@hqda.army.mil
Subject: World War One Information

Do you know what German soldiers in World War One called American soldiers?
 I am looking for a name they might have called from their trenches. Thanks!
 Dr. Katharina Maloof

----- Headers -----

Return-Path: <John.McGrath@hqda.army.mil>
 Received: from rly-yc05.mx.aol.com (rly-yc05.mail.aol.com [172.18.149.37]) by air-yc01.mail.aol.com (v79.27) with ESMTP id MAILINYC18-0806134123; Mon, 06 Aug 2001 13:41:23 -0400
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 Message-ID: <69C961FB2AF2D4118CA600508BF93EFE17014F@dadc017.hqda.pentagon.mil>
 From: McGrath John Mr CMH <John.McGrath@hqda.army.mil>
 To: "Jmmaloof@aol.com" <Jmmaloof@aol.com>
 Cc: "Wright, Robert K Dr CMH" <Robert.Wright@HQDA.Army.Mil>
 Subject: RE: World War One Information
 Date: Mon, 6 Aug 2001 13:40:41 -0400
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Monday, August 06, 2001 America Online: Jmmaloof

From the Front, a Corner of Hell That Is Forever Lyrical

By ALAN RIDING

LONDON — Is tragedy less painful when presented in poignant verse? Does organized violence seem less futile when described in patriotic poetry? Today photography is considered by many to be the most effective way to convey the plight of war's combatants, victims and mourners. But during World War I it was through poetry that many Britons came to

Arts
Abroad

share the horror of life and death in the muddy trenches of northern France.

The impact of that war poetry was enormous, and not only on those reading verse messages from the Western Front in newspapers. For hundreds of British soldiers, writing poetry released bitter feelings that would have caused consternation if expressed in letters home. Often scribbled in little notebooks by candlelight, many of these poems were not good enough to merit publication. Yet more than any war before or since, the memory of World War I lives

on in Britain through poetry.

To this day, every time Britons go to war, the opening lines of Rupert Brooke's 1914 poem, "The Soldier," are remembered: "If I should die, think only this of me:/That there's some corner of a foreign field/That is forever England."

Now, to coincide with the 84th anniversary of Armistice Day on Nov. 11, the Imperial War Museum here has organized the exhibition "Anthem for Doomed Youth," which takes its name from the title of a poem by Wilfred Owen. The exhibition fo-

cuses on 12 soldier poets from World War I. A few of them — notably Owen, Brooke, Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon — are still read today. Others, like the Irish poet Francis Ledwidge, have been rediscovered thanks to the show, which runs through April 27.

Each writer has his own small section, where handwritten or typed originals of poems are displayed beside brief biographies, photographs, letters and in some cases drawings, a uniform or pair of boots,

Continued on Page 2



"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST"

Lou Lumenick, NEW YORK TIMES

**"IN A WORD,
IT'S DIVINE!"**

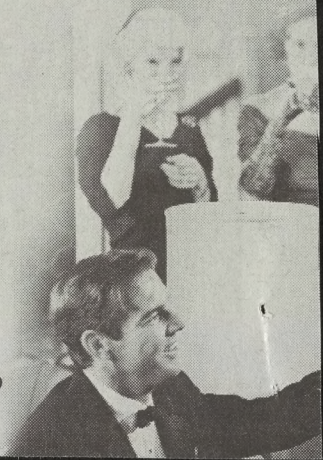
A. O. Scott, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"RIVETING!"

Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

**"TWO BIG
THUMBS UP!"**

EBERT & ROEPER



ARTS ABROAD

Continued From First Arts Page

locks of hair or a medal for bravery. In seven cases there are also the telegrams informing the poets' families of their deaths. Piano music by the composer and poet Ivor Gurney, who went mad after the war, plays softly in the background.

The show's faintly hallowed ambience seems appropriate. "In times of war and national calamity, large numbers of people seldom seen in church or bookshop will turn for consolation and inspiration to religion and poetry," Jon Stallworthy, a former professor of English literature at Oxford University, wrote in a book accompanying the show. "Never was the interaction of these two more clearly demonstrated than in the Great War."

Few of these war poets made direct references to God, but it was taken for granted that God was on Britain's side. For instance, Brooke's "Soldier" was read in St. Paul's Cathedral on Easter Sunday 1915 as an example of what the dean of St. Paul's called "pure and elevated patriotism." Further, as Mr. Stallworthy notes, "many other poets, soldiers and civilians alike, found inspiration for their battle hymns, elegies and exhortations in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' " of the Church of England.

Still, the 12 poets in this exhibition were hardly typical soldiers. Eight were officers, six were Oxford or Cambridge graduates, and only one was a career soldier. Two, David Jones and Isaac Rosenberg, the diminutive descendant of Russian immigrants who was assigned to a bantam battalion, were also visual artists. Most joined the army as volunteers while in their 20's; Edward Thomas was married with children when he was killed in 1917 at 39.

Their poetry varied in tone, with enthusiasm giving way to despair. Brooke, whose good looks had made him a pin-up poet before 1914, embraced the conflict with passion. In a letter to a friend, he wrote: "Not a bad place to die, Belgium 1915. Better than coughing out a civilian soul amid bedclothes and disinfectant and gulping medicines in 1950. Come and die. It will be great fun."

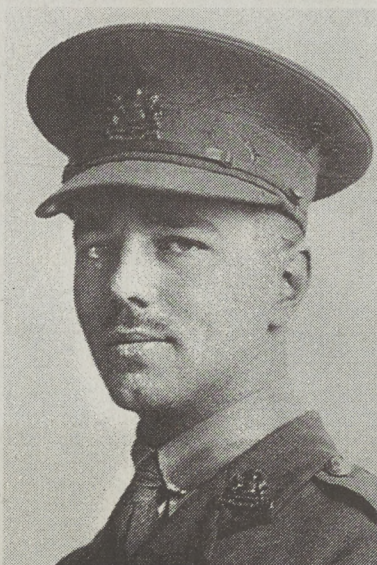
Instead, Brooke died of blood poisoning in April 1915 on his way to fight in the Dardanelles, the strait joining the Sea of Marmara and the Aegean Sea. He was quickly enshrined as a romantic saint. The poet Charles H. Sorley, however, was one

THE NEEDIEST!



Imperial War Museum

Goodbye, Piccadilly: British soldiers in the Manchester Regiment on the battlefield in 1917, above, and Wilfred Owen, who wrote "Anthem for Doomed Youth" before dying in World War I, just days before it ended.



of Brooke's critics, noting the sentimentality of his work, and remarking that "he is far too obsessed with his own sacrifice."

Sorley's view of the conflict was darker. A 1915 sonnet begins: "Such, such is Death: no triumph: no defeat: / Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean, / A merciful putting away of what has been."

Sorley was 20 when he was killed in October 1915. A poem was found in his kit bag that seemed to challenge the "I" of Brooke's "Soldier." It begins: "When you see millions of the mouthless dead / Across your dreams in pale battalions go, / Say not soft things as other men have said, / That you'll remember. For you need not so."

Ledwidge, the Irish poet who joined the British Army to fight "an enemy common to our civilization,"

was appalled when Britain executed Irish nationalists after the 1916 Easter Rising, the republican insurrection in Ireland against the British government there. But he was still fighting on the Western Front when he was killed in July 1917. The opening lines of "A Soldier's Grave" captures the lyricism of his verse: "Then in the lull of midnight, gentle arms / Lifted him slowly down the slopes of death, / Lest he should hear again the mad alarms / Of battle, dying moans, and painful breath."

Owen arrived in France in December 1916 and proved a valiant soldier, but six months later he returned to Britain because he suffered from shell shock. He was sent for psychiatric treatment to a Scottish hospital, where he became good friends with Sassoon, another recuperating poet. The exhibition displays the handwritten copy of Owen's poem "Anthem for Doomed Youth," which shows changes made by Sassoon, including substituting "doomed" for "dead" in its title.

Owen's pessimism is evident in this poem's opening lines: "What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? / Only the monstrous anger of the guns, / Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle / Can patter out their hasty orisons." In a 1918 letter Owen wrote: "Above all I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is war, and the pity of war. The Poetry is in the pity." He died one week before the war ended. The telegram announcing his death reached his parents on Armistice Day.

Meanwhile Sassoon issued an astonishing public protest, noting in part, "I believe that this war, upon which I entered as a war of defense and liberation, has now become a war of aggression and conquest." He was saved from court-martial by friends, including Graves, who argued that he was unbalanced. Recognizing that his protest had failed, he rejoined his regiment in France and survived the war. Sassoon, who died in 1967, would later become best known for "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" and other volumes of his memoirs.

While Graves also published his war memoirs, "Goodbye to All That," he was alone among the surviving war poets to become a major 20th-century poet, dying in 1985 at 90. At the front in 1916, when 21, he showed his disgust with war in a poem called "A Dead Boche" (boche is a disrespectful French nickname for Germans), which ends: "he scowled and stunk / With clothes and face a sodden green, / Big-bellied, spectacled, crop-haired, / Dribbling black blood from nose and beard."

Some of this poetry was published only after the war ended, and this kept alive the memory of a war in which 900,000 British Empire troops died, more than 19,000 of them on a single day, July 1, 1916, in the Battle of the Somme. In "Prelude: The Troops," Sassoon remembered them: "Battalions and battalions, scarred from hell; / The unreturning army that was youth; / The legions who have suffered and are dust."

The Arts

The New York Times



Hiroyuki Ito for The New York Times

Alicia de Larrocha with the violinists Martin Beaver, left, and Kikuei Ikeda of the Tokyo String Quartet on Monday night in her final concert at Carnegie Hall.

MUSIC REVIEW

De Larrocha's Farewell

By ALLAN KOZINN

The Spanish pianist Alicia de Larrocha, a revered presence in the New York concert world since the mid-1960's, appeared with the Tokyo String Quartet on Monday evening at Carnegie Hall in a program that a spokeswoman for her management company said would be her last public performance. She has been associated particularly closely with two parts of the literature: Mozart's work and the music of the Spanish nationalist composers, who have been figuring prominently in her repertoire in recent years. But for her performance on Monday, she returned to Mozart.

As departure was had been made retirement at ed. A note in the concert on well, although ments on her

When she Concerto No. for piano a through the f neither looked always, she rather than f came out for calls, she offered Ms. de Larro

FILM REVIEW

Their Love Will Go On In Outer Space

BY STEPHEN HOLDEN

Whether gazing darkly over the ocean from a captain's perch in "The Perfect Storm" or contemplating the viscous, shape-shifting reality of a mysterious planet from a space station in his new movie "Solaris," George Clooney projects the brooding solipsism of a man's-man encased in a shell of loneliness. In the Hollywood pantheon of recycled heroes, he suggests a Clark Gable for the new millennium, without the raised eyebrow and rakish leer. That space station, the setting for most of "Solaris," is a gleaming,

SOLARIS

sterile pod that feels increasingly claustrophobic as this solemn science-fiction fable prepares to dispense its intriguing riddles. The world of "Solaris" may be a universe away from the frothy Las Vegas gloss of "Ocean's Eleven," this star's last collaboration with Steven Soderbergh, who directed both movies. But Mr. Clooney's guarded insularity injects both films with steady dark bass notes.

"Solaris" observes its characters in semi-shadow much of the time. Mr. Clooney's eyes glisten through the gloom like shiny

A Life So Sad He Had

George Lopez Mines a Rich Vein of Gloom



Encyc Americana: Armistice Day became Veterans Day in 1954

in a world of disorder, men must leave their culture behind, or that their culture – in the form of inhibitions and restraints – loses its grip upon behavior and ceases to define the identity of the actor. But men do not cease to impose meaning, pattern, and significance on the fields of their endeavor when they leave behind the precincts of civil life. Upon the field of war are projected images of what lies outside, above, or below the norm. In the literature of war one can see clearly those patterns used to shape the disorder of the environment, patterns which allow the participant to determine exactly what is anomalous, unfamiliar, uncanny, or ironical about the juxtapositions of men and things that he finds. The experience of a particular historical war, like that of the First World War, augments, modernizes, and lends emotional substance to the scenes, figures, and actions that a society marks as unacceptable alternatives to a status quo, as “things that cannot be” or “must not happen again,” even though they must be prepared for.

An understanding of why men went to war in 1914, and of how they were shaped by the events of war, can only restore some balance to our view of the alternatives available to men growing up in modern industrialized society. If we wish to see war as symptomatic of something else – class tensions, sociopolitical imbalances, or repressed drives – we must first ask the question: Why and how is war seen as an alternative to normal social life in the first place?

THE LIMINALITY OF WAR

In spite of the apparent endlessness of the First World War, its purposelessness, and the monstrous numbers of casualties, some veterans persisted in seeing their experience as an initiation. Charles Edmund Carrington writes of himself and of his generation: “We are still an initiate generation, possessing a secret which can never be communicated.”¹⁹ As an initiatory experience the war had produced men who shared a new, common identity. Fifty years after the conclusion of the war Carrington could write:

Middle-aged men, strenuously as they attempt to deny it, are united by a secret bond and separated from their fellows who

were too old or too young to fight in the Great War. Particularly the generation of young men who were soldiers before their characters were formed, who were under twenty-five in 1914, is conscious of the distinction, for the war made them what they are. Generally speaking, this secret army presents to the world a front of silence and bitterness which it has been fashionable to describe as disenchantment.²⁰

Carrington sees the cohesion and distinction of the generation as emerging from an experience that can only be compared to an initiation, to rites of passage. At first sight “rituals of passage” might seem an inappropriate description of what happens to men in modern war. Indeed, certain qualifications are in order before one can see ritual as a useful category of description for modern war. But a comparison of war experience to rituals of passage allows us to do two things: It allows us to set aside for a moment the notion that war is solely aggression and violence, and it also permits us to see the conventional nature of those discontinuities between life in times of peace and war.

Most veterans of the First World War wished to see their experience as a unique concatenation of peculiarly modern realities. But in focusing upon the transformation of men by war we are dealing with a supremely conventional theme that is at least as old as written literature. When men have left behind the boundaries of their own societies to take up arms against other men, they have traditionally called upon a world of symbols to represent their altered condition. They are seen to have either transcended purely social categories or to have fallen below them. They are merged with sacred figures or animal categories, becoming like gods or beasts, often taking on the raiment and habits of animals – feathers, wolf skins, bear shirts, and so forth. In combat their change of state has been conventionally represented as a drastic alteration of temperature, intoxication, or lust.²¹ Upon his return to society, the man who has killed is often considered to be dangerous, polluted or stained until he has undergone a ritual cooling and cleansing.²²

In Indo-European literature the character of the warrior is anomalous, and this anomalousness is rooted in the nature of his project.²³ In order to defend the security and stability of the group, or to augment its wealth, the warrior must violate the

rules and norms that underpin the stability of his group. The greatest danger to any society lies in the possibility that the warrior may begin to practice against "friends" and kin the activities which are proper only against enemies and strangers. This danger, and the anomalous project of battle, is ameliorated by the ritual definition of the warrior as a man who has been temporarily separated from his social roots, set apart and placed together with strangers in a moral betwixt-and-between. If he wants to return to the life of settled domesticity, he must be re-adopted precisely as a stranger is adopted into a family or clan.

The man who goes to war undergoes rituals of passage, the rites described originally by Arnold Van Gennep. Van Gennep divided rites of passage into three phases: rites of separation, which remove an individual or group of individuals from his or their accustomed place; liminal rites, which symbolically fix the character of the "passenger" as one who is between states, places, or conditions; and finally rites of incorporation (postliminal rites), which welcome the individual back into the group. The rites of separation lend a peculiar individuality to a group.

Among rites of separation for groups may be included a declaration of war, either tribal or familial . . . The group charged with implementing revenge is first separated from society and acquires its own individuality: its members do not re-enter society until after the performance of rites which remove that temporary individuality and re-integrate them into society . . . The ceremonies performed at the end of a vendetta or a war (peace ceremonies) are identical with rites of friendship and of adopting . . . strangers.²⁴

The individuality which defines Carrington and his generation can be seen as a function of passage from the security of social life to war, and as a summary of a life on the margins. The most lasting memory of war, for Carrington and many others, is of the very image of the marginal, the liminal, the "betwixt-and-between" – No Man's Land.

In fifty years I have never been able to rid myself of this obsession with no-man's-land and the unknown world beyond it. On this side of our wire everything is familiar and every man

is a friend, over there, beyond the wire, is the unknown, the uncanny.²⁵

Astonishing numbers of those who wrote about their experience of war designate No Man's Land as their most lasting and disturbing image. This was a term that captured the essence of an experience of having been sent beyond the outer boundaries of social life, placed between the known and the unknown, the familiar and the uncanny. The experience of war was an experience of marginality, and the "change of character" undergone by the combatant could adequately be summarized as marginalization.

The rites of passage, and particularly the first two phases of passage – separation and transition (or "liminality," from *limen*, Latin for "threshold") – provide a framework for war experience and offer a way of analyzing changes that are at once subjective as well as changes in social status. But it remains to be seen exactly what "separation" and "liminality" mean and how they might illuminate the discontinuities that are central to the experience of war.

Rites of separation function, according to Van Gennep, both to mark those who have left their normal, or former, state and condition, and to make the break with the known or familiar gradual rather than abrupt. Victor Turner, who brilliantly extends the implications of Van Gennep's earlier work, notes that rites of separation and their characteristic symbols may be called upon to represent the movement of an entire society from its previous state and condition. Seasonal rituals mark moments of transition that define departure from an accustomed state into a "new" condition.

In the case of members of a society, it involves collectively moving from all that is socially and culturally involved in an agricultural season, or from a period of peace as against one of war, from plague to community health, from a previous sociocultural state or condition to a new state or condition.²⁶

The moments of collective transition, such as mobilization of a nation for war, open a gap in historical time that is filled with images of "something new." One can see in the mobilization for war in 1914 two distinct but clearly interwoven processes of sep-

aration occurring. The first removes society as a whole from familiar conditions of social life; the second removes the citizen-soldier from his civilian status. In Chapter 2, on the expectations of war, I have attempted to define the ways in which contemporaries defined this break. In general, and particularly in Germany, many insisted that the declaration of war had actualized values that, if not sacred, were at least revered – values of “community” as opposed to “society,” of national unity as opposed to class conflict, of altruistic as opposed to economic and self-interested behavior. Many insisted that the war meant a structural transformation of society, the abandonment of an old order and the actualization of a new one. Gertrude Bäumer, a woman who was active in the feminist movement in Germany in 1914, wrote that the first year of the war had put the nation

... under the jurisdiction of an order other than the materialistic-technical one of the Nineteenth Century. An order which did not involve production, pay, profit and loss, cost and gain, but life and death, blood and power.²⁷

A second, more familiar, and ceremonial process separates those who go to war from those who remain at home. It begins with the customary “two steps forward” and proceeds through uniforming, drill, subjection to discipline, brow-beating from sergeants, and, finally, to the actual departure for the theatre of war. The sense of having lived through an earth-shattering, “moral revolution” changed the attitude of many young men toward the army. What once seemed to be the essence of subordination and loss of self became, with the collective reordering of social life, a liberation and a vehicle for self-actualization. Carl Zuckmayer, a German playwright and novelist who has written one of the most perceptive and honest memoirs of war experience, was struck by the way the “revolution of August, 1914” had changed his own attitude toward military service.

To become a soldier, to have to serve one's year, had always been a painful and threatening idea for me during my time in the Gymnasium. It meant about face, shut-up, obedience and subordination – the loss of freedom. Now it meant the opposite: liberation. Liberation from bourgeois narrowness and

pettiness, from compulsory education and cramming, from the doubts of choosing a profession, and above all from that which we – consciously or unconsciously – felt as the saturation, the stuffy air, the petrification of our world.²⁸

Many, like Zuckmayer, felt that the war had liberated them from the constraints of bourgeois life. It had opened up a realm of activity which was often regarded as the antithesis of economic life, of social status. The pole of war had accumulated many of the values that capitalist society had placed in the museum. In entering war Zuckmayer felt that he was proceeding toward a “new” realm of endeavor, and yet, upon closer examination, it appears that this “new” order was a synthesis of traditional values.

Too often the experience of war itself is understood merely as the collapse of expectations, as an experience that transformed initial hopes into illusions. But certain expectations were not abandoned. Particularly the expectation that the war would force a profound personal and collective transformation continued to define the relationship of the combatant to the realities of war. This transformation was specified in terms of phenomena – the barrage, the trench system, the necessities of defensive war – that were not foreseen by most of those who volunteered in 1914.

The second stage of passage, that of liminality, defines a formal situation that is closely analogous to the position of men in war. The symbols that have traditionally defined the ambiguous condition of the individual in passage as a person who is between cultural classifications and categories appear with astonishing frequency throughout the war literature. A youth undergoing initiation is no longer who he was, but neither is he what he is to become. He is “structurally, if not physically, ‘invisible’.”²⁹ He is spoken of as “dead” to the things of his past, and may be treated as his society customarily treats a corpse – buried, forced to lie immobile in a pit or ditch. The initiate is identified with the earth, with pollution and corruption.

The metaphor of dissolution is often applied to neophytes – they are allowed to go filthy and [are] identified with the earth, the generalized matter into which every specific individ-

ual is rendered down. Particular form here becomes general matter – often their very names are taken from them.³⁰

The symbols of invisibility, death, burial, and pollution are particularly apt descriptions of individuals who are for a moment passing between social categories – from childhood to adulthood – or between areas of settlement. In war these are not symbols but experiences that were often much more problematic than any spectacular “horror” or deprivation.

Mary Douglas, in her study of pollution concepts in traditional societies, notes that dirt is matter out of place, and pollution is the result of any contact between substances, places, or ranks that are normally kept separate and distinct by rules and taboos.

In short, our pollution behavior is the reaction which condemns any object or idea likely to confuse or contradict our cherished classifications.³¹

Shoes are not in themselves filthy, but on the dinner table they are. Soil in the garden is not “filth,” but on the bed sheets it is often considered such. The most unsettling feature of the landscape of war, for many combatants, lay in the constant transgression of those distinctions that preserve both order and cleanliness. The men in the trenches lived with the rats that grew fat from eating the corpses of men and animals. The smell of the dead pervaded the front lines, penetrating even the deepest living quarters. The war literature is full of surprising encounters with corpses, complaints of being unable to prevent dirt, mud, and vermin from invading the most personal spaces. Pollution and the sense of having no control over the access of substances, animals, and other men to one's own body was a continuing cause of the “look” native to those who had become accustomed to trench routine. “It is said that soldiers who have been subjected to this routine for . . . prolonged periods . . . acquire an unmistakable expression of gloom, irony and disgust.”³²

One of the most outstanding examples of the polluting capacity of war through its disordering of basic categories is offered by W. H. R. Rivers, a psychologist and neurologist who was Director of the Craiglockhart Hospital for shell-shock victims during

the war. One of his patients had been flung down by a shell so that his face struck the distended abdomen of a German several days dead. The young officer knew, before he lost consciousness, “that the substance which filled his mouth and produced the most horrible sensations of taste and smell was derived from the decomposed entrails of an enemy.”³³ It would be difficult to find a more complete violation of the distinctions which separate the dead from the living, friend from enemy, rotten from edible, than this experience which left a lasting mark of pollution upon the young officer – Rivers considered him almost incurable. But the transgression of those boundaries between life and death, man and animal, or man and machine was so common in war that it was as much a source of irony and black humor as of horror.

Like pollution, invisibility was not a symbol in war but a reality which many found intolerable. With the onset of trench warfare, the combatant took refuge in and under the ground, and this entrenchment signaled to many the end of traditional war. Robert Michaels, a captain in the Austrian cavalry, wrote to his son that neither war nor the warrior were anything like they have been portrayed.

Modern combat is played out almost entirely invisibly; the new way of fighting demands of the soldier that he . . . withdraw from the sight of his opponent. He cannot fight upright on the earth but must crawl into and under it; at sea he fights most securely when he is concealed under the surface of the water, and in the air when he flies so high that he no longer offers a target.³⁴

The invisibility of the enemy, and the retirement of troops underground, destroyed any notion that war was a spectacle of contending humanity. The combatant could feel the “danger, but there is nothing out there, nothing to contend against.”³⁵ The invisibility of the enemy put a premium upon auditory signals and seemed to make the war experience peculiarly subjective and intangible. “Everything about it is done within, in the ground, in man.”³⁶ The combination of factors which produced what the Germans called the *Menschenleere* (“abandoned by men”) of the

battlefield utterly changed the terms of the war experience: "The war seems to us to be first a dreadful resignation, a renunciation, a humiliation."³⁷

The retirement of the combatant into the soil produced a landscape suffused with ambivalence. The earth was at once one's home and the habitat of a hidden, ever-present threat. The battlefield was "empty of men" and yet it was saturated with men.

Trenches rise up, grey clay, three or four feet above the ground. Save for one or two men – snipers at the sap-head – the country was deserted. No sign of humanity – a dead land. And yet thousands of men were there, like rabbits concealed.³⁸

It was precisely the memory of having inhabited for an unimaginable length of time a landscape saturated with invisible men and controlled by an unapproachable technology that remained the longest with many combatants. The sudden appearance of the human enemy from behind the mask of technological violence produced a feeling of the *unheimlich* (uncanny). Emilio Lussu, who was a lieutenant in the Italian army on the Asiago plateau during the war, remembers the enormous impression made upon him when he finally saw the enemy he had been fighting for months.

An unknown existence had suddenly revealed itself to us. Those strongly defended trenches, which we had attacked so many times without success, had ended by seeming to us inanimate, like desolate buildings uninhabited by men, the refuge of mysterious and terrible beings of whom we knew nothing. Now they were showing themselves to us as they really were, men and soldiers like us, in uniform like us.³⁹

The invisibility of the enemy stripped him of any coherent shape and diffused his characteristic menace through the dead and cratered landscape of the front. To encounter, face to face, that which had been made strange by propaganda and countless frustrated attacks, and to realize they were "like us" was an uncanny experience. It revealed to many what they had forgotten – the intrinsic similarity of men. The penetration of the wall that separated the known from the unknown provoked a shudder of

recognition in the few who accomplished it. Freud, in his analysis of the uncanny, insisted that this experience was essentially a return to something old and familiar (*heimlich*) that had become alien (*unheimlich*) through a process of repression.⁴⁰ In a sense he added only the concept of repression, as a category-making activity, to Jentsch's notion that the experience of strangeness was usually provoked by an encounter with an object that spans what are usually considered to be exclusive categories. A man who returns to life from the dead, a man who becomes a machine, a man who is part animal – this man is an impossibility as long as the exclusivity of life and death, man and machine, and human and animal is upheld. When such an impossibility is encountered, the feeling of uncanniness is the result.

But war experience is nothing if not a transgression of categories. In providing bridges across the boundaries between the visible and the invisible, the known and the unknown, the human and the inhuman, war offered numerous occasions for the shattering of distinctions that were central to orderly thought, communicable experience, and normal human relations. Much of the bewilderment, stupefaction, or sense of growing strangeness to which combatants testified can be attributed to those realities of war that broke down what Mary Douglas calls "our cherished classifications."

Nowhere is this more evident than in the theme that pervades the war literature: that of death, dying, living in the midst of death. The front is a place that dissolved the clear distinction between life and death. Death, customarily the "slash" between life/not-life, became for many in the war a "dash," a continuum of experience the end of which was the cessation of any possibility of experience. Many used death as a metaphor describing their distance from the "men and things of the past." Those who volunteered for war in 1914 often felt their "civil death" as a liberation, a release from the constraints of civilian life. But the long stay at the front transformed what Franz Schauwecker termed a "vacation from life" into a more permanent estrangement. Gotthold von Rhoden, a former student, and a volunteer and junior officer who died at the front, felt after a time that he had committed himself to a process of withdrawal from the world, a

sequential elimination of ties to the familiar that could only end with his physical extinction. His separation from everything familiar was a fateful freedom.

It seems to me as if we stand before the enemy released from everything that has formerly bound us; we stand entirely free there, death can no longer sever our ties too painfully. Our entire thoughts and feelings are completely rearranged; if I was not afraid of being misunderstood, I could almost say that we are somehow "estranged" from the men and things of our former life.⁴¹

Von Rhoden speaks here of what Turner calls a "structural death." The men and things of the past are dead to him as he is to them. Many acknowledged that their ties to the home became fewer and more fragile as the war continued. Siegfried Sassoon locates his own disillusionment in the perception that his home had been so radically transformed by war that there no longer seemed anything secure to which he might return. "As for me, I had more or less made up my mind to die; the idea made things seem easier. In the circumstances there didn't seem anything else to do."⁴² F. C. Bartlett, in his analysis of the psychological effects of trench war, observed that any extensive stay at the front caused combatants to link thoughts of home and death. Once the desire for death was fixed in the soldier's mind, a nervous breakdown was imminent.

Death became a symbol of the discontinuity and distance that defined relationships between the front and home. But equally, death was an experience of foreclosure, of sensory deprivation, a sense of being fixed and immobilized in a minimal space. The most common soldier's dream was that of being buried in a bunker by a heavy shell. Zuckmayer admits that this dream disturbed his sleep for ten years after the conclusion of the war. The dream of living burial, of being held motionless by the weight of the earth while "a heavy shell, howling and gurgling, with ineluctable slowness then with a mad shriek came down upon me . . .,"⁴³ never varied.

The peculiarly Victorian nightmare of living burial came true too often during the war. Ernst Simmel pointed out that "being buried as a result of an explosion with its total obliteration of

conscious ego . . . [was] . . . the most frequent originator of war neurosis."⁴⁴ It was so common that for a period during the war hysterical paralysis as a result of premature burial earned its own pathological category as the "burial alive neurosis." What is significant about this experience is that it was often felt to be an experience of death from which the victim slowly returned to life. One Dr. P. Grasset described the common sequence of events:

He loses consciousness, and on recovery . . . finds he can neither see, hear, nor speak. He is completely isolated from the external world for he is unable to either convey or receive impressions. My colleague, M. Foucault . . . tells me that these men probably think they have died.⁴⁵

In war death lost the perfect, abstract clarity that it normally enjoyed as the brief moment between life and not-life. It ceased to be an abstraction and became a term defining the growing distance from which the combatant viewed his home. It described the sense of total isolation from "the external world," a sense that is most intensified in the experience of living burial. In general, death began to define the range of events that removed the frontsoldier further and further from the values, sensory certainties, and hierarchies of status that had once rendered his experience unambiguous and his "self" identifiable. In war the experience of death was given not just to those who appeared in the mortality statistics but also to those who were forced to remain in the expanding moment between the extinction of all choice and the extinction of life. The exclusive attention upon the events that threatened death expanded time. In Zuckmayer's dream the shells came with "ineluctable slowness," for others "softly" or lazily, like balloons or footballs.

The idea of death got anchored in my head. In this state of mind, on the afternoon of the 27th two bombs came. I saw the first one coming and cried out a warning. Coming back I saw the second one. The bombs were coming rather softly. From this moment on and up to the time when it had burst, I thought I had gone, that I had been carried off and crushed.⁴⁶

There is an astonishing congruence between the symbols of liminality and the realities of the war experience, and this con-

gruence is not accidental. Perhaps no war before or since challenged more thoroughly the value and status of the combatant. The war effaced former dignities and precipitated the combatant into a world with no exit but wounds, death, or neurosis. To become accustomed to war was to grow familiar with a world definable only in terms of paradox. Victor Turner asserts that the symbols which characterize the liminal initiand are most often those of effacement or ambiguity: They "are often considered to be dark, invisible like a planet in eclipse. . . ; they are stripped of names and clothing, smeared with the common earth and rendered indistinguishable from animals."⁴⁷

But the ambiguities of war and the effacement of self were only one part, the most negative part, of the war experience. Many veterans felt that there were strongly positive and intrinsically rewarding elements in their experience. They cite the comradeship that erased "artificial" social barriers, the sharing of a common destiny, and the equality of condition that transcended rank and even enmity – for it extended across No Man's Land in particular sectors of the front. These positive experiences have as much to do with the longevity of the war experience as any trauma of pollution and self-effacement. The sense of comradeship and functional equality was something to be preserved and institutionalized. Simone de Beauvoir describes how central the communal experience of war had been to one of her teachers.

He explained to us that at the age of twenty he had discovered the joys of a comradeship which overcame all social barriers; when, after armistice, he became a student again, he was determined not to be deprived of that comradeship: the segregation which in civil life separates young middle-class men from working chaps was something he felt like a personal mutilation.⁴⁸

The social experience of war carried over, John Keegan insists, into postwar Britain. In the trenches young, "temporary gentlemen" from the West Country and South Coast watering places encountered Durham miners, Yorkshire furnacemen, and Clydeside shipyard workers.

In this process of discovery many of the amateur officers were to conceive an affection for the disadvantaged which would

eventually fuel that transformation of middle-class attitudes to the poor which has been the most important social trend in Twentieth-Century Britain.⁴⁹ ?

After the war the glowing memories of comradeship and common endeavor were commonly separated from the horrors of war. Emphasis of one at the expense of the other often split veterans' groups into contending factions. The controversy that erupted in Germany after the publication of Remarque's *Im Westen Nichts Neues*, in 1928, over the nature of the war experience eventually produced a liberal experience of war that emphasized the loss of youth, the death, horror, and pollution of war, and also produced a conservative experience which centered upon the experience of comradeship and community. But an adequate rendering of the war experience is not a matter of judiciously balancing its undeniably positive and negative features, but of showing how both the positive and negative sides of war are emanations of the same phenomenon. The *Gemeinschaft* experience of war, like the horrors of war, is a product of the essential liminality of war.

Veterans' groups attempted to ritualize and preserve the position of the soldier as a man who had lived beyond social categories and status distinctions. The experience of living outside of class as a declassified, or not-yet-classified, individual was productive of a sense of comradeship among those who shared this situation. The lack of status of the frontsoldier, like the statuslessness of a liminal group, can seem to be both a painful loss of identity and a positive liberation from those social distinctions which customarily prevent the formation of close personal bonds across class lines. In going to war the soldier was stripped of the visible marks of status – clothes, address, property, insignia of social rank – that defined his place in society. The formal equality of the army was not, however, comradeship, as many young, middle-class volunteers found out. Comradeship came only after the invisible marks of status – attitudes, education, ways of speaking and other manners – were erased, often in painful attacks by the "society of dockworkers." Many volunteers tell of the painful ordeals that their excessive enthusiasm for war, their higher education, and their refinement cost them.

Leaving the precincts of normal social life did not mean that the soldier had entered an arena of licentiousness. On the contrary, war requires and engenders a peculiar kind of social structure very much like that which Turner sees operating in groups of initiands.

Between neophytes and their instructors . . . and connecting neophytes with one another, exists a set of relations which compose a "social structure" of a highly specific type. It is a structure of a very simple kind: Between instructors and neophytes there is often complete authority and submission; among neophytes there is often complete equality.⁵⁰

The comradeship that was the sacred memory of postwar veterans' groups was the product of a uniformity of condition enforced by authority and the realities of war. John Masters, who served with a regiment of Indian troops during the war, tells how he continually forbade the wearing of caste marks, only to see them reappear if he relaxed his vigilance.⁵¹ The best description of the wedding of equality and authority is that of T. E. Lawrence, who joined the British air corps as a common recruit in 1922. He had tired of the notoriety that his exploits in the Middle East had earned him, and found the anonymity he was seeking among the rows of sleeping bodies in a barracks.

There enwrapped us, never to be lost, the sudden comradeship of the ranks – a sympathy born half of our common defenselessness against authority . . . and half of our true equality; for except under compulsion there is no equality in the world.⁵²

Like Lawrence, F. H. Keeling – a socialist and journalist before the war – joined the army in 1914 with monastic expectations. Soldiering was a ritual that he celebrated as a kind of civil religion to be prized precisely because it was the antithesis of the privacy, individuality, and family-centeredness of civilian life. The Kitchener unit he joined was "communistic in just the aspects in which communism is convenient and stimulating,"⁵³ and he wondered if he "could ever find a family an adequate substitute for a regiment."⁵⁴

Socialists looking for revolutionary potential in the returning frontsoldier in 1919 were well aware that the experience of liv-

ing on the margins of social life had given the frontsoldier a contradictory set of political motives. The equality of the ranks, the uniformity of condition, and the propertilessness of the soldier were born not of class consciousness but of his marginality and his defenselessness against both authority and technology. The comradeship of the front was inextricable from certain attitudes toward authority: "except under compulsion there is no equality in the world." Although he was estranged from bourgeois society and out of sympathy with a system of status distinctions based upon inequities in the distribution of wealth, the frontsoldier was wedded to concepts of authority that were essentially traditional – and nothing if not "reactionary" in a liberal-democratic context. The aristocratic officer was the model for young middle-class junior officers in Britain and Germany. Donald Hankney, who was killed on the Somme in October 1916, presents the ideal of the Christian officer, the epitome of *caritas*.

If a blister had to be lanced, he would very likely lance it himself . . . There was something almost religious about this care for our feet. It seemed to have a touch of the Christ about it.⁵⁵

In attempting to realize his role, many a young officer drew on ancient concepts of paternalism and almost forgotten habits of deference. These concepts acquired, in war, a new and fateful relevance for postwar society. Many descriptions of the growing together of the ranks and the new officers could stand as descriptions of a meeting of a young squire and his dependents, or of a new master with his pupils. "It was only the ardent desire on the one hand to teach, to encourage, to be accepted, on the other to learn and to be led which made intercourse between them possible."⁵⁶ The equality of life that shaped the identity of the group at the front had nothing to do with freedom or choice. On the contrary, this equality was a function, on the one hand, of military subordination that – in the best of circumstances – acquired a moral and ethical force, and, on the other, a product of the common subjection of both men and officers to the overwhelming power of fire.

Any liminal experience is a learning experience, and this is implicit in Carrington's assertion that in the war his generation learned a "secret, which could never be communicated." But

also implicit in the notion of war as an initiation is the sense that the education acquired is qualitatively distinct from any gained indirectly through traditional "schools." Indeed, in order to deal with the war experience, one must understand the myth of experience itself, and the notion that the knowledge gained in experience is inseparable from the person who learns, and uncommunicable to those who have not shared the experience. Carl Zuckmayer termed his war experience "a piece of himself," like a part of his own body, a scar, an organic mark. But this experience is not communicable:

I can say that . . . the experience of the war and its great, life transforming chaos has taken shape in myself, although I could never make that clear in a representation or generalization.⁵⁷

Always the disorder, chaos, fragmentation of "cherished categories" and the juxtaposition of normally separate things and moods is designated as the source both of the knowledge that characterizes men experienced in war and the incommunicability of this knowledge. Men issuing from the dark door of war are normally characterized as "silent," and this silence might be a mask for bitterness or for "secrets." David Jones pinpoints the peculiar juxtapositions of contraries as the experience that most profoundly effects men in war.

For I think the day by day in the wasteland, the sudden violences and long stillnesses, the sharp contours and unformed voids of that mysterious existence profoundly affected the imaginations of those who suffered it. It was a place of enchantment.⁵⁸

In war men are *shown*, not just told, and they are shown not by an orderly presentation of reality but through radical juxtapositions of violence and stillness, utter fear and utter boredom. But the real question is: What did the generation learn in war? Here, Turner's description of the educational process in liminal rites is helpful. In these rites,

The bizarre becomes the normal, and through the loosening of connections between elements customarily bound together in

certain combinations, their scrambling and recombining in monstrous, fantastic and unnatural shapes, the novices are induced to think (and think hard) about cultural experiences they had hitherto taken for granted. The novices are taught that they did not know what they thought they knew. Beneath the surface of custom was a deep structure, whose rules they had to learn through paradox and shock.⁵⁹

The prevalence of monsters, of the bizarre and startling in ceremonies of initiation, Turner ascribes not to any desire to frighten initiates but to a desire to teach initiates to distinguish clearly the forces that shape reality as it is conceived in their culture. In liminal zones the neophyte is forced to think about those beings that buttress custom and give law its necessity. The techniques that force a conscious confrontation with cultural factors that are so familiar to have become almost unconscious are, first, the dissociation of cultural elements from their normal relationships, and then their recombination "in fantastic or monstrous shapes." The process of dissociation and recombination reveals the underpinnings of culture and "teaches the neophytes how to think with some degree of abstraction about their cultural milieu." At the same time the revelation of the forces behind reality "is believed to change their nature, transform them from one kind of human being to another."⁶⁰

But here is a clear and obvious distinction between rites of initiation in traditional, agrarian, premodern cultures and this experience of modern war, however much war might be seen as initiatory. What is most often revealed in traditional rites is the sacred underpinnings of the group; what was revealed in war was not "sacred," even though it seemed to acquire a demonic force. In war the combatant learned to recognize realities that were most often termed "material," "technological," or "mechanical." "In general that is the most terrible thing about this war — everything becomes machine-like; one might almost term the war an industry of professionalized human slaughter."⁶¹

But the surprise of combatants that they were engaged in an event revelatory not of the power of men but of the power of men's means, is itself surprising. The power of modern technol-

ogy could not be utterly unexpected by men who had grown up in one of the technologically most fruitful eras the world had yet seen – an era that produced, among other things, the telephone, the automobile, the airplane, notable advances in electrical and chemical engineering, and the discovery of radiation. The surprise with which many combatants realized they were fixed in the first wholly industrialized war must be attributed to two factors: the expectations shaped by a traditional image of war as a noneconomic, even anti-economic activity; and, most importantly, what might be called the “desituationing” and “resituationing” of technology.

Many welcomed the war as an escape from industrial society. But in war they learned that technology shaped the organization of men, machines, and tools just as it had in peacetime. Ernst Toller, a veteran of the war who escaped through the exit of neurosis, expresses this realization best.

Instead of escaping the soul-killing mechanism of modern technological society, they learned that the tyranny of technology ruled even more omnipotently in war than in peace-time. The men who through daring chivalry had hoped to rescue their spiritual selves from the domination of material and technical forces discovered that in the modern war of material the triumph of the machine over the individual is carried to its most extreme form.⁶²

The sheer scale of events, the inconceivable power expended in shellfire, asserted an incontestable truth, a truth many thought they “already knew”: The war could not be viewed and valued as personal experience, but through the barrage one could apprehend the shape of suprapersonal and technological powers that dictated the actions and feelings of individuals. Jean Galtier-Boissier described his first contact with trench war and his surprise at the pliant, almost worshipful posture of his comrades.

They have the air of supplicants who offer the napes of their necks to the executioner . . . The peals of thunder in all those moments had revealed the terrible disproportion between the engines of death and the tiny soldier, in whom the nervous system was not up to the magnitude of those shocks.⁶³

But it was the dissociation of technology from its traditional associations that made it strange, frightening, and demonic. Technology was removed from a context in which it was comprehensible as the instrument of production and distribution – functions which made life possible and European culture dominant. It was “resituated” into a context of destruction, work, and terror, where it made human dignity inconceivable and survival problematical. In this process of “resituationing,” the neutrality of technology seemed to fade, and certain features – heretofore unsuspected – of the means that industrial civilization had developed to control nature and transcend human limitations became obvious. The dissociation of technology from its normal setting and its repositioning in a context of pure destruction made strange and monstrous that which was formerly familiar, a matter of pride and an engine of progress. David Jones was impressed precisely with the sinister, albeit “fascinating and compelling,” character that technology took on in the war.

It is not easy in considering a trench mortar barrage to give praise for the action of chemicals – full though it may be of beauty . . . [We must] . . . do gas-drill, be attuned to many new-fangled technicalities, respond to increasingly exacting mechanical demands; some fascinating and compelling, others sinister in the extreme; all requiring a new and strange direction of the mind, a new sensitivity certainly, but at a considerable cost.⁶⁴

In the war technology was recognized as an autonomous, legislative reality. It meant not just an array of weapons and tools, but the organization of material and men. This organization – freed from the nexus of use and wont that had made it ideologically comprehensible before 1914 as a means of progress and a system for the improvement of the human condition – took on the qualities of an abstraction, a unified system of force. After the war, men talked about technology in a way that was quite different than the discussions of mechanization before 1914. Friedrich Dessauer tried to pinpoint the difference, and he insisted that before the First World War,

Technology was not yet a theme of international discussion. The awareness that here we were dealing with something

enormous, unitary, a world-transfiguring power, appeared only in individuals . . . They saw particular objects but not the entirety. It needed an event which directed many eyes toward technology, and it came in 1914 – the First World War.⁶⁵

The experience of war forced the combatant to face, as “unaccommodated man,” the material realities that underlay social life. Only in war did they assume a startling form. Stripped of its productive purpose, technology could only be seen as something enormous and “unitary,” something that shaped a world and the men who inhabited it, independent of their wills or needs.

The symbols of the “social structure” and the kind of knowledge that characterizes liminal rites are astonishingly congruent with the experience of modern war, and this raises certain essential questions. How is the congruence to be taken? And what does it mean? Clearly the war was *not* a ritual event but an historical event. Rituals of initiation do not kill initiands, however much the symbols of death might be used to characterize his anomalous situation, and however much they might be marked and mutilated in ritual operations. But, even if one ignored these obvious differences, it would still be impossible to see the war as an initiation. The purpose of initiation is the induction of the initiand into a new social position. Without rites of reaggregation, in which the initiand assumes his new place in the social structure, the liminal phase lacks all purpose, meaning, or justification. It is in the final phase of initiation that the purpose of the rite becomes abundantly clear.

In the third phase, the passage is consummated. The ritual subject, individual or corporate, is in a stable state once more and by virtue of this has rights and obligations of a clearly defined and “structural” type, and is expected to behave in accordance with certain norms and ethical standards.⁶⁶

The initiand is stripped of his previous status and reduced to “generalized” matter in order to be elevated to a new status. He does not, like the veteran of the First World War, confront his society with a “front of silence and bitterness.” If the experience of the war was an initiation, it remained forever problematical

what state, condition, or station the soldier was being initiated into. His relations to the society of his origins remained intrinsically problematic. The rites and symbols of veterans' groups continued to celebrate liminality, and the war experience was nothing if not a reduction of self that forced the veteran into a defensive posture vis-à-vis his society! Perhaps the nature of the war and the character of industrial society prevented any consummation of passage, any reaggregation of the former soldier with his home. If the frontsoldier changed, so too had his society, and the veteran often felt that there was no “place” to which he might return.

The veteran was a man fixed in passage who had acquired a peculiar “homelessness.” The postwar career of the veteran is the subject of Chapter 6, but here it is essential to point out that in the negotiations between the changed frontsoldier and his changed home, the liminality of war was not resolved but reenacted. If anything it was the failure of any reaggregation that continued to make the war experience problematic to the veteran, and the veteran himself an ambiguous and potentially dangerous figure to his society.

But still the initial question remains: How can one account for the astonishing congruence of liminal symbols and war experience when the very reality, purpose, and status of war and ritual are so very different? This congruence is more than accidental and can be explained, I feel, by focusing our attention more closely upon the ways in which participants thought about themselves and their relationship to the events of which they became a part.

THE EVENT AS TEXT

In dealing with a “war literature,” one is dealing with the testimony of men who, as a rule, had little or no control over the events which threatened their lives. The perspective of the frontsoldier who was not privy to the motives and plans of staffs dissolved into bewilderment and confusion. But this raises the question of how participants seek to make their own actions comprehensible to themselves, and how they define their relationship to realities over which they have no control.

The Most Dubious Battle

At Verdun in 1916, 300,000 men were killed for no reason that now appears.

THE ROAD TO VERDUN

World War I's Most Momentous Battle and the Folly of Nationalism.

By Ian Ousby.

Illustrated. 393 pp. New York: Doubleday. \$30.

By Eugen Weber

WORLD WAR I was a mincing machine. Millions went in at one end and came out the other as corpses and cripples. The emblematic image of its gigantic devastation can be found around Verdun, a dull town on the dull plains of northeast France. In December 1915, Erich von Falkenhayn, the chief of the German General Staff, had advised his emperor, William II, that "there are objectives within our reach . . . for the retention of which the French . . . would be forced to throw in every man they have. If they do so, the forces of France will be bled to death." The fortress on the Meuse river was the objective selected.

When Falkenhayn wrote his memorandum the war had been raging for 15 months. But its outlines were decided in the first few weeks, when the French held the Germans on the Marne, just short of Paris, and what began as a war of movement crumpled into a war of positions, punctuated by wild and devastating battles that contributed little except more shambles, ruins and slaughter. The offensive operations that both sides had planned quickly gave way to attrition, to nibbling at the enemy and at enemy positions, to what, by December 1914, Lt. Charles de Gaulle had come to describe as "a war of extermination."

Falkenhayn's hope was that with a population half again as large as that of France, the Germans could fix their foes in one supreme battle where, bled to death, they would fall out of the ring. That was the purpose of the attack launched on Verdun on Feb. 21, 1916, in Ian Ousby's words "the most massive" concentration of force "yet gathered in a war that had already proved a deadlock of concentrated force."

The deadliest part of this concentrated force was the artillery fire intended to flatten trenches, knock out strongholds, strip cover, kill or demoralize opponents and mangle, choke or stun them into submission or flight. By all accounts, it almost worked. Bombarded into numbness, the French "could hardly speak, they could hardly hear, they could hardly move, and soon they could hardly think." Walls shook, trees tumbled, the limestone trembled underfoot. German infantry "seemed to swarm, from every direction, like insects." German artillery pounded inadequate trenches, undermanned forts, underprovisioned positions where even water ran short.

Eugen Weber's most recent books are "The Hollow Years: France in the 1930's" and "Apocalypses."



RASTKO CIRIC

Fort Douaumont, the pivot of Verdun's defense network, had been left virtually undefended. Within a few days, on Feb. 25, it was wiped up like sauce on a plate by Germans as surprised by their prize as the French were by their loss. Press and propaganda in France turned the squat fortification into a captive: an abused daughter, its fate similar to that "alleged as literal fact in atrocity stories." Recaptured in October, it revealed only the enemy's renovations: electric light instead of kerosene, comfortable beds, a sick bay and a German mascot — a fat gray cat quickly brightened by a *tricolore* ribbon around its neck.

Long before the war, the French high command, committed to an offensive war of movement, had downgraded fortifications, stripped many of armament, put their money on light field artillery and on the dash of troops charging with bayonets bared. They had invested in attack to the hilt; when attack failed, all they knew was to defend to the hilt. There would be no retreat, even if retreat seemed reasonable. On the Western Front Verdun was a salient: a bump in the French lines. A shortened front line would have left French positions more secure. Instead, the French held and counterattacked not because it made sense, but because the killing contest had turned into a judgment, and an emotional symbol for both sides. They would hold at any price, and the price was high.

On one narrow road, rutted, pot-holed, muddy in winter, dusty in summer, reinforcements and supplies poured in: one vehicle every 14 seconds, day and night. By the year's end three-quarters of the army the French fielded on the Western Front had "done Verdun." By that

time too, when the Allied offensive on the Somme forced the Germans to slacken their pressure, French casualties numbered 380,000 (162,000 dead), German ones 330,000 (143,000 dead) blown to pieces, left to rot, vanished in mud or rubble, or crippled for life.

In "The Road to Verdun," Ian Ousby, the author of several books, including "Occupation: The Ordeal of France 1940-1944," is very good at depicting a shapeless battle with no discernible pattern, a battlefield in which everything is confusion and chaos, full of small actions in obscure corners where men die without witness or glory; the charnel house landscape of shell holes and shattered trees, the litter of unburied corpses lying on frozen ground, then sinking into mud where they become fixed as in concrete. He is good about lacerating wire, the stench of poison gas, the horror of walking on comrades' carcasses, of stumbling over them, of digging into meat, not soil, when cutting forward trenches, about the carnage and the terror while seeing the enemy hardly at all and only from a distance. And he is good about reliance on *pinard* — the wine ration of the French troops — claiming that "in any battle alcohol plays a role in dulling the senses and blunting the perception of danger."

Again, Ousby is good when he describes mediocre generals, lousy generalship and limp intelligence. He has relevant things to say about military history that turns lived incoherence into misleading clarity, concealing the texture and fabric of events. He reminds us that statistics disguise the real character of battles, typically fought by small units out of contact with regimental comman-

ders, uninformed, isolated, insignificant, lost — like Stendhal's Fabrice del Dongo at Waterloo. He quotes an eyewitness account of an infantry brigade advancing against well-entrenched Germans without artillery preparation, unsupported, headed in the wrong direction. Americans too have fought in wars where "they did not know where the enemy was, or even exactly where they themselves were."

He is less good about some of his hobbyhorses: war, he thinks, need not have come in 1914. Of course. But the German General Staff made a good case that a war had better be fought before the Russians got their railways in order. Or — another hobbyhorse — the fancifulness, as he keeps repeating, of the allegations of German atrocities. Ousby, who died last year, did not live to see John Horne and Alan Kramer's damning study, "German Atrocities, 1914: A History of Denial." Moreover, he doesn't tell us much about the German side, so his account is lopsided, the slipshodness and suffering all left to the French. The index is unreliable. And he dedicates over 100 pages right in the middle of his tale to a potted history of 19th- and 20th-century France, a disquisition on French national character, a meditation on French nationalism, on the intimate hostility of French and German neighbors, on French reasons to hate, fear, mistrust Germany and German reasons for ditto.

In the end, though, it doesn't matter much how right Ousby is, how justified his hang-ups or his organization. He writes so well, so readably, so engagingly that, right or wrong or flawed, the murderous tragedy that he has staged for us proves absorbingly fascinating. □

"Jones has written a debut novel that places her in the front ranks of the new generation of writers."

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Tayari Jones

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ILLUSTRATION BY HONI WERNER

The Moth That Failed

How a naturalist's life was ruined by a premature proof of evolution.

OF MOTHS AND MEN

An Evolutionary Tale: The Untold Story of Science and the Peppered Moth.
By Judith Hooper.

Illustrated. 377 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. \$26.95.

By Paul Raeburn

IT was the story that was supposed to prove Darwin right. It began in England, during the Industrial Revolution, when foul black smoke began to pour from factory chimneys. The air grew so thick with soot and grime that mothers, it was said, "could barely make out the outlines of their children across the street." Acid rain soaked nearby woodlands, stripping tree trunks of their speckled lichens, leaving them bare and nearly black.

At the same time, British lepidopterists, mostly a pack of woodsy amateurs, noticed a change in the peppered moth. The typical speckled variety was quickly being replaced by an unusual black form, especially in the polluted industrial Midlands. As the forests darkened under the grimy skies, the moths grew darker. The typical peppered moths — which had been nearly invisible on the trunks of unpolluted, lichen-covered trees — were now becoming easy for hungry birds to spot on stripped, dark tree trunks. Perhaps the darker moths, less visible in polluted forests, were an adaptation, evidence of natural selection at work. Ever since Darwin, biologists had been looking for an example of evolution in action. Now they thought they had it.

The idea that natural selection might explain the rise of the dark moths was suggested in the late 19th century. But it wasn't tested until 1953, when E. B. Ford, an Oxford biologist, recruited an amateur lepidopterist, H. B. D. Kettlewell, to get out into the field and find out what was happening. Kettlewell, a doctor, and a moth collector since he was a boy, jumped at the opportunity to abandon his medical practice and pursue his hobby full time.

He lugged mercury-vapor lamps and moth traps into the English countryside, where he released thousands of moths and monitored their survival. The experiments were difficult, but within two years Kettlewell had the evidence Ford was looking for. In industrial areas, birds gobbled up the typical peppered moths, leaving the dark moths behind to reproduce. That explained why the population of dark moths was increasing. And the opposite happened in undisturbed forests — the dark moths were eaten, and the typical survived.

"It is the slam-dunk of natural selection," Judith Hooper writes in "Of Moths and Men." The experiments made their way into all the evolution textbooks, many of which reproduced a now famous pair of seemingly indisputable black-and-white photographs. In one, a dark moth is strikingly obvious on a lichen-covered tree trunk, while an arrow points to a nearly invisible speckled moth nearby. In the other, the speckled moth stands like a beacon on a dark, stripped trunk, and the dark moth is neatly concealed.

There it was: natural selection in action. Darwin was right. End of story. Sadly, as Hooper shows, that wasn't the end of the story. In recent

Paul Raeburn, a senior writer at *Business Week*, is president of the National Association of Science Writers.

years it has become clear that the evidence on which the story hangs is as flimsy as a butterfly's wing. Kettlewell's experiments proved nothing. The most famous example of evolution in action must now become the most infamous.

Kettlewell went into the woods knowing the results he wanted, and he didn't quit until he got them. The experiment was done under highly artificial conditions. Laboratory-bred moths were put on trees in unnatural positions, at the wrong time of day. Kettlewell himself decided which moths were safely concealed from birds and which were not. He was so adept in the field that even his critics might say he could think like a moth. But nobody believed he could see like a bird. "We don't allow experiments like this any more," says Ted Sargent, an emeritus professor of biology at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and Kettlewell's severest critic.

Sargent doesn't suggest that Kettlewell lied or cheated. In Kettlewell's desperation to succeed, and to please Ford, he might simply have seen what he wanted to see. "There are subtle ways to seduce yourself," Sargent says. Hooper's aptly titled book is about the men as much as about the moths. The characters in this tragic tale were among Britain's most brilliant scientists. But that brilliance was undermined by cold ambition that led them to turn on one another and perhaps even tamper with results of experiments. Hooper shows us their failings, but with gentleness and respect, creating a moving and compassionate portrait of Ford, Kettlewell and the others in this decades-long drama.

The most sympathetic figure here is Kettlewell. Ford brought him to Oxford because he was the best field lepidopterist Ford knew. Ford was on a mission, to demonstrate the importance of natural selection in Darwin's theory. But Kettlewell was never accepted at Oxford. He did not have the requisite academic degrees, nor could he compete in the often cruel intellectual jousting common in college dining halls. "He was the best naturalist I have ever met, and almost the worst professional scientist I have ever known," said one colleague.

Kettlewell's personal life crumbled as he struggled to meet the increasing demands placed upon him by Ford, whose reputation owed much to his analysis of Kettlewell's experiments. Ford used him up. Kettlewell, a hypochondriac, increasingly began to suffer from real diseases: recurring bouts of bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy and flu, along with heart problems. In 1978, he fell out of a birch tree on a collecting expedition, breaking his back. He never recovered. More than anything, Kettlewell wanted to be accepted as a fellow of the Royal Society. Ford nominated him three times, but did so in a way that made sure Kettlewell would not be accepted.

Kettlewell died on May 11, 1979. The Dictionary of Scientific Biography says he "apparently" overdosed on a painkiller. But Kettlewell's colleagues knew his death was no accident, Hooper says. Many obituaries expressed enormous affection; "everyone loved him," one said. Everyone except Ford, that is. Told that Kettlewell had committed suicide, Ford called him a coward.

The story of the peppered moth, as Hooper shows, is not what it seemed. Nor is it settled. The dark moths have now nearly disappeared, but the debate continues. "At its core lay flawed science, dubious methodology and wishful thinking," Hooper writes. "Clustered around the peppered moth is a swam of human ambitions, and self-delusions shared among some of the most renowned evolutionary biologists of our era." □

OCTOBER 18, 2001

Inside Today's Journal



- **Electronics:** Will demand for digital TVs and DVD players make up for slow sales of PCs and audio equipment?
- **Mailbox:** Walt Mossberg takes on misleading sales pitches.

Pages B5-B8

In the Fields of Verdun, An Amateur Historian Surveys Relics of Battle

* * *

Ms. Holstein Chronicles a Place
'Where the World Changed'
In a Different Sort of War

By BOB DAVIS

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

VERDUN, France—Eighty-five years ago, 400,000 French and German soldiers were killed in battle here. The woods and fields still tell the tale.

Christina Holstein, a British amateur historian, studies a foot-long artillery shell lying by the gate of a farm field. "Never been fired," she concludes, pointing out that a copper band on the shell wasn't nicked. She scoops up a clump of plowed field and sifts it through her fingers. It yields jagged artillery shrapnel and a spent bullet casing.



Christina Holstein

"There's nothing like Verdun," she says, looking toward the woods ahead. "This is a place where the world changed."

As U.S. warplanes pound Kabul, Afghanistan, in what President Bush calls the first war of the 21st century, amateur historians hunt for the remains of the first global war of the 20th. Verdun remains a scar torn into the countryside of Europe. Much of the battlefield in the hills above Verdun is suspended in 1916. It is honeycombed with trenches, littered with the debris of war and cratered by artillery bombardment that was more intense than any before the Great War and, perhaps, any since.

Today's war on terror is a kind of anti-Verdun. U.S. pilots make swift assaults from distances too far for Afghan gunners to reach. U.S. and allied troop commitments are likely to be modest. But Verdun shows how quickly military plans can go awry.

A technologically superior Germany sought to trap the French at Verdun and pound them with more powerful and numerous German artillery. But the fortified city on the Meuse River never fell, and by the end of the fighting, Germany and France were equally battered. Neither gained any lasting advantage from the fighting, which stretched for 10 months in 1916. Verdun has come to symbolize the murderousness of industrialized warfare.

"Verdun is the most tragic place you can think of with the exception of Auschwitz," says Dominique Moisi, deputy director of the French Institute of International Affairs in Paris. "Auschwitz is a monument to human evil; Verdun is a monument to human absurdity."

The 53-year-old Ms. Holstein has been making the 160-mile round trip from her home in Luxembourg to Verdun regularly over the past eight years. While raising three children, she found in Verdun a way to pursue a passion for military history. She met local history buffs, took their tours and graduated to guiding Britons and Americans whose grandfathers fought in World War I. Now she's writing a Verdun history for a battlefield-guide publisher.

Walking the land, usually muddy from rain, is critical to her research. Only then does the soldiers' suffering, and their difficulties in surmounting ridge after ridge, become clear. Sometimes the discoveries are chilling, such as last year when she came upon an infantryman's boot with a calf bone protruding from it. But prosaic finds can be more haunting. She says she has thought for years about the doctor who wrote notes with the ink bottle she found in a crater that had

Please Turn to Page A12, Column 1

The recovery from the attacks has been

to Keep Using Act

Sampling is a means of statistically adjusting the raw numbers from the head count using the results of a second survey.

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'An Amateur Historian Surveys Verdun

Continued From First Page
been turned into a field hospital.

"My mother used to ask me whether my interest in military history was sordid or morbid," she says. It's empathetic, Ms. Holstein has decided. It helps her feel as compassionate toward German soldiers as she does toward British and French.

After armistice was declared in November 1918, Verdun wasn't any more shattered than numerous battlefields along the 450-mile Western Front from the North Sea coast of Belgium through France. The topsoil was blown away from bombardment and poisoned with chemical gas. The Allies declared the area a "Red Zone"—too devastated and expensive to rehabilitate. But over the decades, local property owners reasserted their rights, and nearly all the front reverted to farmland or industry.

The lightly populated Verdun battleground, an area about the size of Manhattan, remained abandoned because the land was poor and there were few residents lobbying to return. Left untended, the battlefield became impassable with vines and shrub. By the mid-1920s, though, the French began to plant pines to rebuild the soil and

reduce the underbrush. Later, deciduous trees were replanted.

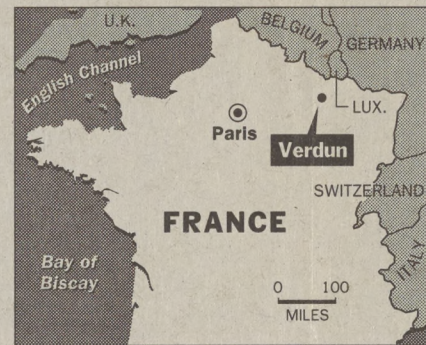
Most of Verdun became a national forest, though a most peculiar one. Signs forbid camping, picnicking and sports activities, and a giant ossuary at the center houses the bones of perhaps 120,000 soldiers. On Mondays and Tuesdays, French infantry practice maneuvers on the battlefield, sometimes firing practice rounds. Since the start of the Afghanistan campaign, say local residents, helicopters from a base used in the Kosovo war also sweep low over the area. "Verdun has been hallowed by the French as sacred territory," says Alistair Horne, a British historian of the battle.

The battle of Verdun began here with German bombardments on Feb. 21, 1916. After studying an old battlefield map, Ms. Holstein heads into a patch of the Juré woods. From the outside, the woods set a lovely scene. But a few feet inside, they are otherworldly. The ground is rippled and torn with deep shell craters covered by autumn leaves. Ten-foot-deep German trenches, some of them still reinforced by concrete, zigzag the hills. "The Germans built to last," she says. "They intended to stay."

She bounds out to the French trenches, only eight strides away. Here the construction is more slap-dash. The trenches are only hip high. During furious fighting at Verdun, the French were driven back about five miles in five days, until the Germans exhausted their reserves. Within two weeks, the French began counter-punching, and the battle continued inconclusively for months, with the two sides trading artillery bombardment and trench assaults with poison gas. By the end of the year, the Germans abandoned the battlefield in an effort to break through French lines elsewhere along the Western Front.

With a practiced eye, Ms. Holstein scans the field. A 20-foot-deep crater was probably a command center, she figures, because it has a squared bottom that indicates military engineering. Nearby is what looks like mossy firewood. But rubbing away the greenery reveals round concrete forms. Once these were barrels of cement powder used for fortification, she says, but they have since hardened and been covered by forest life. "A living memory," she calls the place.

At Vauquois village, about 20 miles west of the Juré woods, Ms. Holstein meets a



German friend, Ingrid Ferrand, who married a French helicopter pilot and has spent years working to restore the site.

Germans occupied half the village's hilltop; French the other half. Both sides drilled tunnels, packed them with dynamite and tried to drive out their foes by blowing them up from beneath. The two friends explore artifacts that remain in the tunnels: a Bavarian flag carved into the wall in one spot; a cache of wine bottles in another. "Their miserable lives," mutters Ms. Ferrand.

Neither side gained its objective militarily, though Vauquois was obliterated. Thinking of another conflict, Ms. Holstein says, "I can't imagine the holes cruise missiles make."

AOL's Loss Widens, Reflecting Weakness In Its Online Division

Continued From Page A3
between 5% and 7%. Yesterday AOL's chief executive, Gerald Levin, said the company was on track to meet that revised target.

At the America Online unit, Ebitda rose 22% to \$742 million, a smaller gain than expected by many analysts. Revenue from America Online increased 13% to \$2.2 billion. The company said the revenue growth reflected both the increase in the AOL service's subscription fee over the summer, continued subscriber growth and 5% increase in advertising and commerce revenue.

Despite the ad-revenue increase, executives acknowledged America Online had been affected by the soft ad market, although they said it hadn't been affected as much as the company's other Web services.

"This is the first time we've really seen weakness in the AOL division," said Henry Blodget, an analyst with Merrill Lynch & Co. Merrill downgraded the stock after the earnings release. He said AOL has been able to weather the ad slowdown rather well until now, primarily because it signed long-term

contracts in 1999 and 2000. AOL took issue with Merrill Lynch's report. Mr. Kelly noted that America Online was doing much better in Internet advertising than other Web companies.

Morgan Stanley analyst Mary Meeker said, "One would have hoped there would have been a little more bang for the buck for the price increase," at America Online, she said. Instead, average revenue per subscriber went down, compared with the second quarter.

AOL reported strong growth at the Time Warner cable-systems unit, with revenue up 17% to \$1.8 billion and Ebitda up 11% to \$791 million. Still, analysts said they had expected higher Ebitda from cable. AOL executives said the division's results were hurt by the cost of the recent opening of the cable systems to multiple Internet service providers.

In contrast, cost-cutting helped the cable networks division—which includes Home Box Office and the Turner networks such as CNN and TNT—increase Ebitda 29% to \$450 million despite revenue growth of only 4%. Revenue was held back by lower ad revenue.

Likewise, filmed entertainment, which includes Warner Bros. studio and New Line Cinema, boosted Ebitda 43% to \$307 million on 5% higher revenue. Music had a weaker quarter, with Ebitda dropping 21% to \$87 million.

—Julia Angwin contributed to this article.

The strength to perform
under all conditions.

December 12, 2001

I UAW —

Good news about your next book's time frame (for writing it) and fascinating news to me about its contents' time frame.

One of the last stories I did for LIFE was to locate ^{--each one} WWI vets across the US, to be photographed & interviewed holding a photo ~~of~~ of himself then... (and please, ⁹dad, find a black and a woman¹²!!)

I did. Why am I running on about this? My prime interviewee* was an aged black man whose memories were crystal clear about his being pawoned off to French troops, his burial party duties, and his envy (as a Massadchuse^{ts} company member) of the ^{black} NY City units that actually got to fight — and fight well.

* Because the photographer was French and not conversant in English, and because my French is "kitchen French" at this point, over their ears corresponded took over all the work of high interviewing to my dismay. Tall — I'd heard them all out and persuaded them to sit still for the story. Ah, well!!

Anyway, two of the books I read quickly before chasing down these photo subjects - and after, to find any record of black Americans' activities - were

① Pat Barker's Regeneration, a novel I'm sure you know about published by Plume, Penguin Books in 1991 - A superb mixture of historical fact & fiction. AND

② Stephen O'Shea's BACK TO THE FRONT, 1997, ^{pub by} Walker & Company N.Y.C., (a modern return to the lines of trenches of the Western Front from Belgium thru France to the Swiss border.

If you need a copy of either ^{I have} (both in paperback), just tell me - I'll lend you Regeneration. I'll give you Back to the Front.
Cheers!

Ian Mason

8 Jan. '02

Dear Jan--

Can't pass up an offer like your volunteering of Back to the Front; if you don't mind sending it, I'd love to delve through it. Will gladly ship it back later in the year if you'd like?

I do know and damn near worship Regeneration. She really hit it exquisitely with that book. The other two in the trilogy are good, but that one, yow. I keep buying every Pat Barker book that comes out, but can't get into the current-day ones.

Was intrigued by your tale of doing that LIFE piece on WWI vets. I've coincidentally been reading a new book about Northwest artists in which a LIFE piece keeps playing a role. According to the author, the un-bylined piece written by Dorothy Seiberling and shot by Eliot Elisofon in the Sept. 28, 1953 issue boosted the central four artists--Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, Kenneth Callahan and Guy Anderson--into recognition as the "Northwest school." Touted them as mystics, I guess--some were, some weren't--and of course the fallout of success played hob with what had been the friendships among them. I mention it because all four of them, powerful painters all, lived or spent a lot of time here in the 'hood where Carol and I are now perched, looking out at the same water, weather patterns, curlicues of nature, that they did. So if I turn mystic, your old place of employ is to blame, wouldn't you say?

Thanks again for the generous book proffer. You'll get a finished version of this one I'm on, probably in late '03.

all best,

Alan

What We Did For Normandy Do for New York

At 8:46 a.m. on Tuesday, lower Manhattan time, people around the world stopped to remember what happened at that moment three months ago. President Bush noted the nearness in memory of the images that morning. He also said, "In time, perhaps, we will mark the memory of September the 11th in stone and metal." The remembering in metal and stone has already begun.

On Sept. 28 I noted here that trucks and barges were hauling the rubble, the remains, of more than 3,000 souls to a famous New York landfill called Fresh Kills, and I proposed that this plot of land be

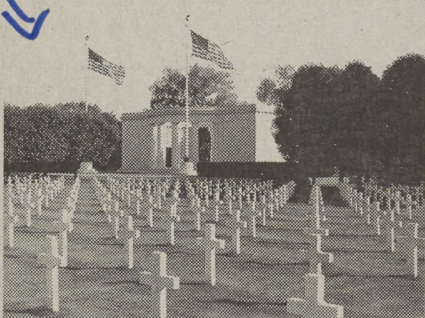
Wonder Land

By Daniel Henninger

made into a national cemetery, like Arlington or Normandy.

With time to explore the idea further, what one finds is quite interesting. The Manhattan Institute, one of the city's most important wellsprings of civic sense, has already asked an architectural firm to produce a design for the site and a memorial ("What Should Rise From the Ashes," is in the current City Journal, at www.city-journal.org).

While most attention falls on Ground Zero, the matter of what to do about the remains at Fresh Kills is being advanced as you read this. Last night New York's Municipal Art Society convened a jury that by this weekend will pick three final-



St. Mihiel Cemetery

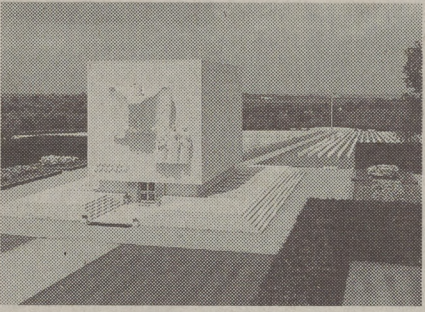
ists to landscape for multiple use the whole 2,200 acres of Fresh Kills. All the designers added plans for a memorial on the mound where the remains are now. That mound is known simply as 1/9.

1/9 is a striking place—225-feet high, it looks across the harbor at the hole that is lower Manhattan. None of Fresh Kills' architects proposed a cemetery at 1/9, but I am doing so again today, drawing attention to details and precedents most people aren't aware of.

I described Normandy as a model. How about Ardennes, Flanders Field, Henri-Chapelle, Meuse Argonne, the Somme and the Marne. In fact, the American Battle Monuments Commission runs 20 cemeteries for the U.S. war dead across the battlefields of Europe. I urge you to look at them, at www.abmc.gov, for a sense of how austere beautiful and immaculately maintained these places can be.

Nor is Arlington Cemetery unique. There are, surprisingly, 120 cemeteries for U.S. veterans and their families in 39 states, maintained by the National Cemetery Administration. More are being built for veterans of Korea, Vietnam, the Gulf War and now. "All the grave sites are well-separated," says the NCA's Robert Holbrooke, "with benches, areas of contemplation and pockets of privacy."

In other words, we have people who know exactly how to honor those who died in battle, because we have been building places to honor them for nearly a century. What happened at the World Trade Center on September 11 was the first battlefield in America's great war on terror, followed



Ardennes Memorial, with grave markers

minutes later by battlefields on the Potomac and in a Pennsylvania field. I am able to see no good reason why each willing family should not have a site of its own, with an individual marker, atop 1/9, that would let them sit and mourn and remember, away from the city's unstoppable, certain tumult. Even now from this promontory, one can look straight out over New York harbor to where the Trade Center once was, and will be able to see what rises to replace it. Then, looking left, you would see the Statue of Liberty.

There's some concern that 1/9 is a landfill, a dump. Maybe now. But no one can doubt that the Municipal Art Society's project with the city will transform the whole 2,200 acres into one of New York's most striking natural environments. The American Battle Monuments people say families sometimes resist interring the dead in a seemingly alien place, but on seeing the beauty of the finished site, conclude it is the right and proper place to be.

John Whitehead, the respected former deputy secretary of state and banker whom Gov. Pataki picked to head the Lower Manhattan Development Corp., says this matter of a memorial "is going to be a big, long process." And he rightly suggests something temporary be put in place soon at the Trade Center site. In time there will be a significant, permanent memorial in downtown Manhattan.

But the hard fact is that nearly all of September 11's victims have already been taken to 1/9. Someone with the authority to do so needs to ensure that the way we honor those who fell at Normandy is the way we honor those who fell at New York.

INTERNATIONAL

's Foes

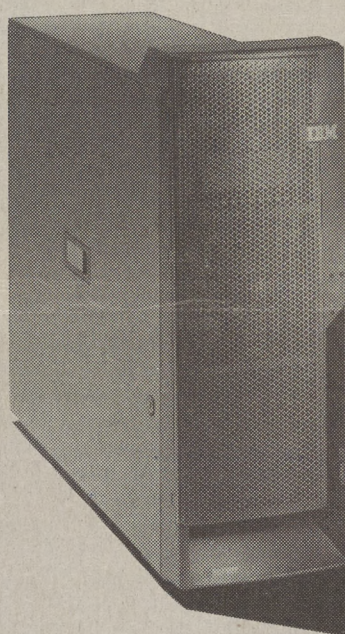
More protesters are expected today and Saturday, drawn largely from the younger disaffected demonstrators who in the past have flocked to anti-free-trade rallies in Seattle, Genoa, Italy, and Göteborg, Sweden.

After the terrorist attacks on Sept. 11, the antiglobalization movement lost momentum as public opinion in the West turned supportive of national governments, and some protesters feared being linked with terrorism abroad. Media attention also focused on the antiterrorist campaign and the global economic slowdown.

Protesters couldn't muster many demonstrators during Belgian meetings of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the EU in September and October. Free-trade negotiations in the Persian Gulf city of Doha in November also prompted only scat-

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13 July 2001

Dear Katharina--

The suggestions you provided for my dialogue between the troops in the trenches will work splendidly, I think. I did not mean for you to spend so much time searching for what the Germans called the American soldiers, so my thanks have to be that much greater.

I read from the first scenes of this next book at the UW last week, and the audience seemed to like it. Now I must settle in, I suppose, and finish writing the last one-third of the book.

Our summer has taken an unexpected turn for the better: Carol and I have been invited again onto Paul Allen's magic carpet. This time, three hundred of us are going as his guests for a long weekend in St. Petersburg, Russia, in mid-August. We are still blinking in surprise, but also getting ready in high good humor. We will report when we get back. Again, I appreciate your astute help in having my fictional characters wander out of English into the wider world.

Best wishes,

July 8, 2001

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. NW
Seattle, Wa 98177

Dear Ivan,

I searched high and low to find out what the Germans called the Americans during WWI. I found one essay by Erich Mühsam (German writer) where he uses the word "Yankeeflotte" (fleet).

Assuming Americans were called Yankees, the dialogue could go like this:

"Hallo! Seid Ihr Yankees? Woher kommt Ihr?"	Hello! Are you Yanks? Where are you from? (I don't think the Germans would have known a Montaner unless they were told beforehand. The soldiers would not use formal speech but informal plural.)
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"Aus Montana. Wir sind Rocky Mountain buckaroos."	From Montana. We are ...
---	--------------------------

"Was ? Aus dem wilden Westen? Habt Ihr "six-shooters" wie Old Shatterhand und Winitou?"	What? From the Wild West? Do you have six-shooters wie
---	---

"Six? Nein, nein . Für Euch Hunnen genügt ein."	Six? No, no. For you Huns one is enough.
---	---

*Goetting,
Katharina*

15 June 2001

Dear Katharina--

I'm sorry it has taken me this long to describe to you the segment of German "conversation" between World War I troops that I need help with; in fact, by now I need your cherished advice on another smaller translation that has come along. I'll have to find a way to reward you doubly! I'll start with this small translation, as it is only one phrase:

--I'm writing the museum catalogue foreword for a major honor in the field of sculpture that is being given to Tony Angell, whom you will remember from our Thanksgiving gatherings. In the article, I talk about how important Tony's sensitive use of his fingers is to the shaping of his sculpture; over the years, he and I have discussed the seeming independence of our fingers from our brains, in producing his art or my writing. Action seems to precede thought, sometimes, and we produce something we did not consciously know we were capable of. One way I wanted to summarize this was with the attached reference to "*fingerspitzengefühl*". Do you agree with the author (I'm nervous because he was an Italian opera teacher) that it best translates into roughly "intuition in the fingertips"? Here is the way I would use it in the article on Tony:

"There is, depend upon it, an all-inclusive scholarly German word for this seemingly unaccountable instantaneous leap of ideas from the forehead out to the very ends of the arms: *fingerspitzengefühl*, roughly "intuition in the fingertips." Great generals and explorers are said to have it when they trace across a map and translate the flow of battle or an unnavigated river, great pianists tell their students to concentrate at their tips and their tops and the music will fill in between. Rembrandt light, Cellini brilliance, both surely were born of some such instinctive deftness there at the end of the hand."

Now that is Tony is out of the way (no easy matter, given his size), onward to the trenches of World War I.

The male protagonist of my next novel is a war hero, an officer of the Montana troops who fought in the battle of St. Mihiel. I have a scene where he revisits the battlefield in November, 1919, a year after the war has ended. Looking over the silent battlefield, he remembers the day he and his soldiers first arrived in the trenches, and here I want to create a few lines of dialogue shouted back and forth between the armies in the opposing trenches. As you likely know, trench warfare was so monotonous, for so long, at such close quarters to the "enemy," that there were instances of the two sides exchanging Christmas greetings, playing games of soccer in the No Man's Land between the trenches, and so on. For my purposes, I want the German side to be interested in the new Montana troops, from the wild West, now in the trenches opposite them. Accordingly, what would be the most recognizable German versions, or mixtures of German and English, for the following dialogue between the two sides? (If it's easiest, feel free just to write your suggested version under each paragraph.)

The Germans shout across to draw the Americans' attention:
-- "Welcome"? Or is "Good morning" or "Good day" the better choice?

To go with this, is there an old German nickname for Americans--
"Yanks," "Yankee Doodles," or maybe "Johnny" or "Sammy" in the
same way the British soldiers were nicknamed "Tommy"?

Along with the greeting, the Germans ask: "Are you Montanans?" or "Are
you from Montana?"

For my purposes, it wouldn't matter if the shouting soldier didn't know
precisely how to phrase "Montanans"--something like "Montanischers"
would be okay if it's not too ridiculous to someone who knows German.

Then from the American lines, a soldier who grew up in a German-speaking
immigrant family (there were many such in Montana at the time) shouts
back something like: "Ja, Fritz. We're Rocky Mountain buckaroos!"

The "Rocky Mountain buckaroos" phrase can stay in English, as a phrase
the Germans might recognize from a Wild West show or a Karl May novel,
but I need your advice on the "We're/we are" construction: "Wir bin"?

Now the German side shouts back the question: "Do you have six-shooters,
like Old Shatterhand and Winitou?"

I've looked into an English translation of a Karl May novel, and
checked it as best I could against its original German version, and he seems
always to use the term "revolver" for the cowboy pistol that fires six shots.
So, for my purposes I think it best just to leave 'six-shooter' in quotes
within the German question, again as possibly a word in English that Karl
May-loving readers might know; should the sentence then be "Haben sie
'six-shooters' (like) Alte Shatterhand und Winitou?"

And finally the American retort, in which I would like the German-speaking
American soldier to make a pun on "Nein" and "ein". So, I would like to
have him shout back something like: "'Six'? Nein, nein! (For Huns we
need only) ein!"

Those are the lines I'd greatly appreciate your help on, Katharina. I'm still not sure
how well they will work in the book, but they are followed by my American officer
thinking to himself: "If only the conduct of war did match up with Karl May's dashing
pages of prairie shoot-em-ups" and so I think it's worth a try to imply the contrast between
the fanciful "Wild West" and the slaughter that trench warfare turned out to be. Thanks
again for your help; you shall be rewarded with a copy of the book in 2002 or 2003.

Best wishes, and hugs and tickles to John.

Karl May's Love Of the Wild West Is Suddenly Mutual

* * *

German Who Brought Cowboys
To the Rhineland Is Winning
Fans Beyond the Mississippi

By CECILIE ROHWEDDER

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

LUBBOCK, Texas—He is the best-selling German author of all time—way ahead of Goethe, Hermann Hesse or Thomas Mann. His detailed descriptions of cowboys and Indians, prairies and canyons, written to great acclaim in the 19th century, shaped what generations of Germans have thought of the U.S. Because of him, Germans are wild about the West, and many never lose their love for Winnetou, a brave Apache chief, and Old Shatterhand, a German-born frontiersman, who are the fictional heroes of his novels.

Now, long after his death in 1912, the cult of Karl May is finally coming to the U.S. Texas Tech University here in Lubbock recently held a symposium on the writer and plans a Karl May archive. Language students read his works in German. At the University of North Dakota, Indian Studies classes include Winnetou movies.

Dana College in Blair, Neb., runs a student exchange with Bad Segeberg, a German town that produces Karl May plays outdoors every summer. A May exhibit is touring Arizona. And the pioneer museum in Crosbyton, a tiny cowboy town near Lubbock, has dedicated a display to him—complete with 55 books, a German flag and a film poster showing Winnetou on a white horse.

"We think Karl May had extrasensory perception because he described this place so well without ever having been here," says museum director Verna Anne Wheeler.

May (pronounced "My") never saw the Southwest, though he was in America once for four months. A convicted thief and swindler, he did much of his writing in prison. Yet his tales have sold a hundred million books, to fans including Adolf Hitler, Albert Einstein and Helmut Kohl.

"Most travel books that I've read bored me, but never a Karl May book," Einstein once said.

May's works are indeed reasonably accurate portrayals of the tribes and terrain of the Southwest. But they intrigue U.S. scholars more as an insight into Germany and the escapist, romantic and idealistic longings that help explain the German national character. The freedom and space of May's treeless plains could not be more different from the crowded, regulated country confined in the center of Europe.

"Karl May gave the Germans their fantasy," says Meredith McClain, director of the Southwest Center for German Studies at Texas Tech, who is writing a book on him. "Understanding people's fantasies helps to understand who they are."

Toward the end of the 19th century when May was writing, he stoked his people's nascent wanderlust. Later, East Germans banned from traveling under communism devoured his books. But even in western Germany, the writer's world kept its allure. To this day, Germany has hundreds of Wild West clubs. On warm summer weekends, they meet to play cowboys and Indians—often in chaps and war paint—or travel to Karl



Karl May

Philadelphia downtown	\$12.45	—
Philadelphia suburbs	—	\$6 to \$8
Washington, D.C.	\$7.40	—
Baltimore, MD	—	\$5.15 to \$5.75

lieve we won't deal with this in a professional manner," says Henrick Slipsager, president of ABM Industries Inc., San Francisco, one of the country's biggest building-services contractors.

Frank Freda, a senior managing director at Cushman & Wakefield, a New York property manager, says his company plans to work with the SEIU to improve janitors' compensation.

Pay Rise Won in Los Angeles

Last spring, in a three-week strike that attracted nationwide attention and won the support of politicians and religious leaders, Los Angeles janitors won a 26% pay increase over three years, an immediate \$500 bonus, health insurance and five days of sick leave.

The new campaign formally begins April 10 in New Jersey, Baltimore and the Washington and Philadelphia suburbs. Organizers predict garbage pile-ups in high-rises of large corporations in the region, as the janitors press their case.

"Janitors are invisible," says Stephen Lerner, director of the SEIU's building-service division. "But when we bargain for 100,000 people or when you have strikes in four cities, people notice."

SEIU officials say they can get contractors to raise janitors' pay only if building

r Firms Agree on

Yellowstone National Park and inhabited by a rare white-colored black bear. Activists say the expansive agreement could help extend protections to other ancient forests and believe it could put pressure on the Bush administration to leave in place President Clinton's order to protect 58 million acres of U.S. national forest from new roads.

"We anticipate this will signal the beginning of the end for old-growth logging,"

The basic goal is to have consumers ask where their wood comes from, said a Canadian activist.

said Michael Brune, campaign director for the Rainforest Action Network, a San Francisco-based environmental group that helped negotiate the accord. Others backing the agreement include: the Natural Resources Defense Council, Greenpeace and ForestEthics, and Canadian timber companies International Forest Products Ltd., West Fraser Timber Co. and Canfor Corp., as well as Weyerhaeuser Co., of the U.S.

Industry officials acknowledge activists influenced their decision-making, but added other issues factored in, including a desire to bring more predictability to timber harvests. "We believe this will go a long way to create the certainty the industry is seeking," said Richard Slaco, chief forester for International Forest, based in Vancouver, British Columbia, and the region's most prolific harvester.

The agreement comes after a decade of rancorous debate, spurred by hundreds of activists who mounted protests on a pristine stretch of Vancouver Island against the industry's practice of cutting down large swathes of forest, which is known as clear-cutting.

After industry executives agreed to leave that area alone, the controversy shifted north to the Great Bear Rainforest, which goes up the British Columbia coast

Germans Have a Thing About the Wild West, Thanks to Karl May

Continued From First Page

May plays performed on open-air stages across the country.

Germans also make pilgrimages to cowboy country itself. They are the most numerous international visitors to Arizona, where the lure of the Old West remains so strong that Lufthansa started nonstop service to Phoenix late last month. At Arizona's booth at a recent tourism fair in Berlin, everyone knew of Karl May. "Karl May got a lot wrong about American Indians," says Ben Sherman, president of the Western American Indian Chamber. "But I like what he is doing for tourism."

In Lubbock, Ms. McClain has founded "Winnetours," a small nonprofit travel venture catering to the Karl May crowd. The professor first heard of May at a 1979 conference in Bonn. When she introduced herself, mentioning her home on the plains surrounding Lubbock called Llano Estacado, the Germans suddenly came to life. "They all knew more about the place than I did," she recalls, from reading Karl May.

Colorful Life

May wrote 80 books, a third of them set in the American West. One of 14 children of a poor weaver, he was born in 1842, and was nearly blind until the age of four. He served four jail terms—one for taking another man's watch, tobacco pipe and cigar holder, another for riding a stolen horse across his native Saxony like an outlaw cowboy.

In the prison library, May discovered magazine articles on Indian wars, the Civil War and the California gold rush. Soon he started writing his own books. They had titles like "The Son of the Bear Hunter" or "The Spirit of the Llano Estacado," and they told gripping tales of bravery and adventure. In many of them, the white man was described as greedy rancher, corrupt cavalryman and brutal foe of the brave and noble Indian. As sales of the books took off, May began to tell tall tales about his life. He called himself doctor and claimed that he was the real Old Shatterhand. "My works aren't just the fruit of long and laborious studies, but the result of nearly 30 years of travel, deprivation and danger," he wrote his Czech publisher in 1898. "They have literally flown out of me with the blood of wounds, whose scars I still bear on my body."

In reality, May didn't take his first trip abroad until 1900, when he and his wife visited the pyramids in Egypt. Later, when he visited the U.S., the closest he got to the Wild West was upstate New York. But back home, nobody cared. Germans and Austrians gobbled up his books and flocked to his readings. At one event in Munich, firefighters had to break up the crowd with water cannons. At a lecture in Vienna, just days before May died, 3,000 came to listen.

Discovered by Hitler

One who saw May that day in Vienna was Adolf Hitler, then a young painter. As a schoolboy, Hitler had discovered May and spent so many nights reading his books by candlelight that his already poor grades suffered, according to "Hitler in Vienna: a Dictator's Apprenticeship," an account of his early years by historian Brigitte Hamann. As an adult, Hitler kept May's books in each of his homes—including his bunker in Berlin. From time to time, he reread them or lifted quotes from May for his speeches, such as his description of the ideal Teutonic type as a man "with muscles of iron and sinews of steel," a quote from one of May's four Winnetou novels. In World War II, despite paper shortages, he sent 300,000 Winnetou novels to German soldiers as recommended tactical reading.

Experts argue about whether May was an early promoter of Nazi thought. His books have strong religious overtones, and their heroes are Indians—hardly role models for Hitler's racism. But their simplistic distinctions between good and bad—and May's worship of weaponry and willpower—lent themselves to Nazi abuse. In addition, race plays a prominent role in the books. In the preface to one Winnetou novel, May predicted that all races would unite into one superior *edelmensch*, or noble human. The Nazis embellished this rich material with ideology of their own. To claim the popular Winnetou for themselves, for instance, they called him "a prototype of the Indian-Germanic race" in a preface to May's fourth Winnetou novel, "Winnetou's Heirs."

"In Karl May you find all the imperial and expansionist fantasies of the Kaiser Reich," says Reinhold Wolff, chairman of the Karl May Society in Germany. "He did exactly what best-selling authors do: They reflect the dreams of their times."

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Mein Kampfsite

Germans have long had a love affair with the American West, thanks largely to the German writer Karl May (1842-1912). It is a love, according to recently translated book, that was shared by Adolf Hitler.

May had a powerful imagination. He never visited the West, nor the Islamic world he also portrayed, but his tales of superheroes living from one adventure to the next in far-off places have fed the Buffalo Bill fantasies of generations in Germany, where his books have sold 100 million copies.

Hitler encountered May's books as a schoolboy and devoured them so passionately that his already mediocre grades suffered, according to Brigitte Hamann in "Hitler's Vienna: A Dictator's Apprenticeship" (Oxford University Press).

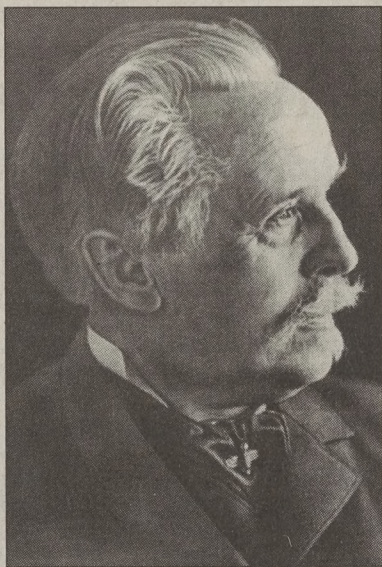
After seeing May speak in Vienna, the 23-year-old Hitler is quoted as saying that May's genius was proved by his descriptions, which were "much more realistic than those of other explorers and travelers." The enthusiasm persisted, even though May's West was scarcely a hymn to the Aryan: Winnetou the wise Apache is a mentor to the main white protagonist, Old Shatterhand, and evil is portrayed as mainly white.

What mattered to Hitler, it seems, was less May's racial politics than the proof he offered of the power of imagination. Albert Speer, the Führer's architect, is quoted as saying that Hitler used May to argue that

generals did not need to know the desert to lead troops there: will and imagination were enough. Certainly, the idea seems consistent with the Nazis' later military debacles.

In 1943, Hitler helped spread May's popularity by sending his soldiers 300,000 copies of stories featuring Winnetou. Their reading was also his. As the war turned against Germany, the leader of the Third Reich returned to his youthful obsession, devoting himself from time to time to May's complete works.

Roger Cohen



The New York Times

Why Germans love Westerns.



Family Values

**How to be cool
and content at
the same time.**

By Margo
Jefferson

3

Visits vs. Results

**Defining a
Powell doctrine
for Africa.**

By Jane
Perlez

6

Correspondence

**Kids are kids.
Sick is sick.
But reporting
about sick
black children
is different.**

By Donald
G. McNeil Jr.

7



Associated Press

~~502/Al~~^{100x} 53 Winsten - Karl May

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W 513

1977

mentions revolver, not six-shooter

Karl May: Unter den Linden?

--someplace in Vienna? ...platz?

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allen 53

FILM

Seeking Answers Down in the Trenches

By WILLIAM BOYD

LONDON

NOVEMBER 1998. It is 6 o'clock in the morning and I am being driven west on the M4 motorway past Heathrow Airport, heading for Bray Film Studios near Windsor Castle where, in an hour or so, the first day of filming will begin on "The Trench" — my directorial debut. My mood is, to put it mildly, one of high anxiety.

But, as it turns out, the making of the film over the next eight weeks is one of the great experiences of my life. It represents the culmination of an ambition that has its roots in my family history and is the latest manifestation of what I must recognize as something of an obsession of mine: the First World War.

It wasn't actually very long ago, that tremendous conflict — just over 80 years — yet in Britain, and in France and in Germany, it seems preserved in our contemporary minds as something almost ancient, a tale of bygone times. The images and testimony we have — the photos, the newsreels, the poetry and the prose — still possess an enormous power to haunt and move. But this persistent folk-memory, so far as I can tell, isn't present in the minds of most Americans in anything like the same degree, even though the American involvement in the war lasted 19 months, during which 114,000 American servicemen died — twice as many as were killed in Vietnam. Yet World War I's legacy is not simply a record of appalling slaughter (nine million deaths, it has been calculated, over a period of 52 months). After 1918 everything in the Western world, and that includes the United States, was irreversibly altered — socially, economically, sexually, politically, geographically, culturally. The 20th century, the modern world we all recognize, was full-throatedly under way.

This may go some way to explain why in the last two decades British novelists, at least, may have felt like exploring the turbulent years from 1914 to 1918. But most writers of fiction — and filmmakers and playwrights, doubtless — are drawn to a subject not by its weighty historical significance but by ideas of character and story, by the potential inherent in them and by the imaginative possibilities in their elaboration. You need only to glance at any portrait or snapshot of the soldiers of the Great War to sense in yourself a burgeoning curiosity and to set those questions running: Who are you? Who did you leave behind? How frightened were you? Did you think you would die? And — most telling of all, perhaps — how would I have coped if I had been there?

As far as I was concerned, it all began with a lump of metal, a fragment of a German shell casing that one night in October 1917, in no man's land, during the battle of Passchendaele, hit my grandfather — William Boyd

A piece of German shrapnel inspired a writer's ambition to reclaim, in novels and now on film, the reality of World War I.

— full in the back. When the piece of shrapnel was removed from the wound, he kept it as a souvenir, and it has remained in the family ever since as a kind of morbid heirloom. I remember as a child holding it in my hand (it was surprisingly heavy, almost like a flint ax head); however, I never had a chance to ask my grandfather any questions about his experiences of the Great War because he died in 1952 when I was a week old. But, as I grew older, and as I came to learn more about the war, I found myself wondering with increasing frequency what it had been like. What had been going through his mind during that night when his wiring party (he was a sergeant in the Royal Engineers) was unspooling fresh rolls of barbed wire in front of the British trenches? And what did he feel when first the star shells, and then the artillery, came over from the German lines? The attempt to answer those questions, the awareness of the sheer effort of imagination involved, explain, I think, why I have written two novels about World War I — "An Ice-Cream War" (1983) and "The New Confessions" (1988) — and why I've now written and directed a film about it.



Sgt. Alexander Boyd, William Boyd's great uncle, in 1916.

When I was researching the World War I chapters of "The New Confessions," I spent weeks in the Imperial War Museum in London watching miles of newsreel footage. Most of the sequences were filmed well behind the lines — it was dangerous in those trenches, after all — and many of the so-called action sequences are patent fakes, staged in training camps with soldiers playing dead. The real stuff, when you can find it, is unmistakable. One day, by chance, I ordered up a few minutes of newsreel about a burial party — young soldiers lugging in dead bodies after a battle and dumping them by temporary graves. To see the sheer misery and nauseated dread on the faces of the living soldiers was highly distressing and, just for a moment, because the cameraman had been there, I was granted a tiny glimpse of the reality of what these young men, these boys, were going through.

And that is when I think that the idea of making "The Trench" was born. We forget that the First World War took place in glorious Technicolor, so familiar are we with its monochrome version. We forget also that it wasn't mute. The silence of the silent film and the sepia of the images distance the event from us, visually, and it seemed to me one of the great advantages of making a film at the end of the 20th century about the trench experience of the First World War would be that, at the very least, we would see and hear it approximately as it

Continued on Page 22

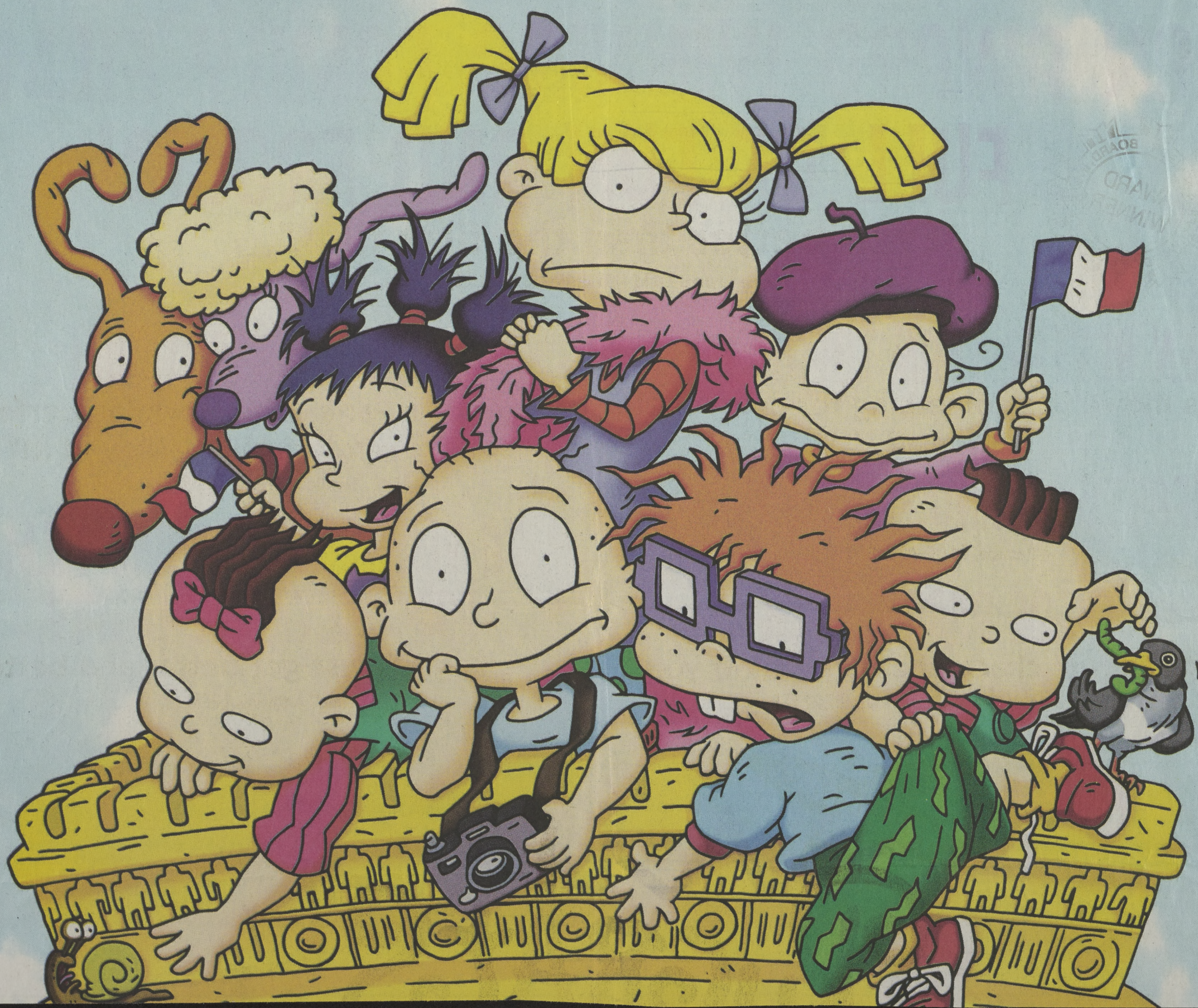


British soldiers at the Battle of the Somme in a scene from the World War I drama "The Trench."

William Boyd is a novelist and screenwriter. His film "The Trench" will open at Film Forum on Wednesday.

Alex Bailey

Take your family — unexpected surprise



Seeking Answers In the Trenches

Continued From Page 13

must have been.

I decided to take as the context of my story the Battle of the Somme in 1916. The first day of the battle — July 1, 1916 — is one of the defining events in recent British history. It was a day of absolute carnage, with 60,000 British soldiers killed and wounded by nightfall. Certainly the bloodiest day in the history of the British Army, perhaps even the bloodiest day of slaughter in any battle between armies, ever.

The Battle of the Somme marks a great watershed in the war itself. Without the disaster of the Somme (the four months it lasted cost 420,000 British casualties, 195,000 French, 600,000 German), the Allies might well have brokered a peace with the Germans in 1916. But after having paid such a price, to negotiate a peace would have been unthinkable.

The cost of the war continuing for another two years exceeded, in every dimension, everything that the first two years had balefully notched up. It brought the economic resources and matériel might of the Americans into the conflict too, making victory inevitable. The Allies won, the Germans lost and the severity of the conditions imposed on them by the Treaty of Versailles in 1918 sowed the seeds of Nazism, Hitler's rise to power and the other great conflict that would engulf the world in 1939. Nothing would ever be the same again.

However, as a first-time filmmaker I had some key pragmatic decisions facing me. I didn't want to make a film about fighting, because what really inspired me was my urge to come to grips with the personalities of the men involved. So, not a story of battle, but a story of young men waiting for battle and the terrible, mounting tensions that would ensue. But how was I meant to write and direct a full-length feature film about the First World War on the sort of modest budget that is considered the norm for independent European films? My answer and inspiration came from seeing Wolfgang Petersen's U-boat movie, "Das Boot." Here I saw, in the U-boat, the same dangerous claustrophobia as a front-line trench. Here was the same sweaty proximity, the same absence of horizons: the whole war confined to a few dozen men in a few dozen narrow yards. Choosing a labyrinth of trenches as the arena of the film was actually liberating. The camera, we decided, would never rise above ground level, but would rove around the trench system with the actors, almost as a ghostly witness, as the clock ticked down for 48 hours before they went over the top into battle.

As the story began to evolve, so too did their personalities, as they bickered, joked and quarreled, ate and smoked, were bored or terrified. And when the barrage lifts and the whistles blow for the attack to begin and they leave the shelter of the trench to walk across the dense, untended

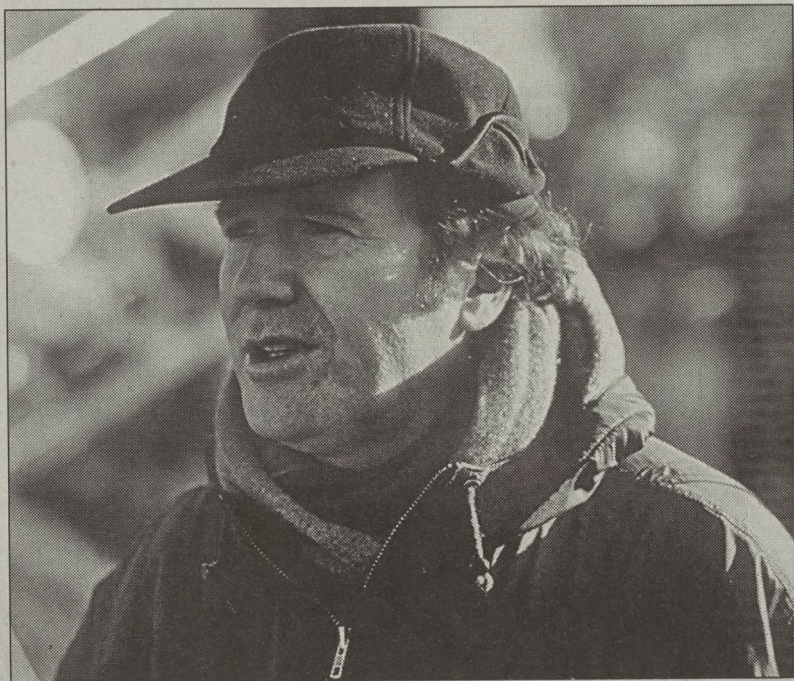
meadows of the Somme valley, we should feel that we have come to know them — and the messy, desperate fates awaiting these particular young men would stand as symbols for the grotesque and enormous massacre that actually took place. My aim, my hope, was to make it authentic, to make it true, to make it real.

I looked on it as a good omen, just before we started filming, when a package arrived from one of my uncles. He had unearthed, in Australia, a whole mass of material about my grandfather's brother, Sandy. Alexander Boyd had died in 1940 and had always been a shadowy figure in family lore, having emigrated from Scotland to Australia in 1913. Now, to my astonishment, I learned that he had also fought in the First World War and had been a sergeant in the Australian Army. Even more uncannily, he had been wounded at the Battle of the Somme in August 1916. His wounds earned him a medal — the D.C.M., the Distinguished Conduct Medal — as he had received them rallying his company and leading them to safety (after his officers had been killed or wounded) in the face of a German counterattack at a place called Mouquet farm. My uncle had also sent a photograph of Sandy in uniform; I had never seen a picture of him before. So — as the world of the film began to cohere and come

**The camera roves
around the trench
system with the
actors, almost as a
ghostly witness.**

alive — if there was ever any ghostly presence haunting our replica trenches (and they were spookily evocative at times), I imagined it as being that of Sgt. Alexander Boyd, D.C.M.

We say, casually, that life in the trenches of the Western Front must have been "unimaginable." But it seems to me that the challenge to the artist, the challenge of art, is precisely to try to imagine the unimaginable — to set the imagination free and attempt to bring that bizarre, boring, filthy, terrifying world to life. The war carries such a freight of history, and talk about it resonates with such grand and potent abstract nouns — courage, duty, sacrifice, heroism and the rest — that it often seems to me that we run the risk of depersonalizing it. In filming "The Trench," I wanted to make the First World War personal again, to recreate a world that could have contained my grandfather and my great uncle, whose photographs sit today upon the mantelpiece in my study. I wanted more than anything else to represent the ordinariness and humanity of these boys and these young men, and in that way I felt we would understand all the better what they endured. □



Alex Bailey

The writer-director William Boyd on the set of his film, "The Trench."

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PHOENIX PICTURES PRESENT
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DIRECTOR OF PIERRE MOULOT

How the First World War Changed Movies Forever

By STUART KLAWANS

"I WAS face to face with the awful reality," the French filmmaker Marcel L'Herbier used to say of World War I, despite his never having come near the trenches. Posted to the Army Cinematographic Service, the young L'Herbier spent his war in Paris. Yet each day at work he found his life "turned upside down," just as surely as if he had been in battle.

"Everything that was filmed at the front passed through our hands," he recalled. "We cut, we spliced, we chose what could be shown. I watched scenes of horror; I saw soldiers who had been eviscerated, cut in two, decapitated. That shock revealed to me that I had to become a filmmaker."

As these memories remind us, the Great War was the first to be fought before the motion picture camera. In the field, reconnaissance became airborne and cinematic; at home, propaganda leapt from the page to the screen. The effects were so far-reaching, argues Paul Virilio in his often-cited book *"War and Cinema,"* that the war zone itself may be thought of as a kind of film. On the front, perceptions became accelerated, discontinuous, mechanized, as if the soldiers' eyes had turned into cameras. From this condition, there was to be no release; after 1918, cinema's shock techniques continued wartime perception by other means.

I summarize this theory with caution, since Mr. Virilio develops it through that mixture of hyperbole and non sequitur which is French scholarship at its zaniest. But grant him this much: If a thoroughgoing aesthete like L'Herbier could be so altered by the war, then whose life wasn't turned upside down? World War I, which changed everything, had film as one of its main tools of transformation.

The war also changed the conditions of filmmaking, in France, Germany, Russia and the United States. To a remarkable degree, today's film industry retains the shape it was given by the war — which means that every picture we see is in some sense a World War I movie.

For French cinema, the war was a debacle. Before 1914, the Pathé and Gaumont companies had enjoyed commanding positions throughout the world. After the war, these two giants all but ceased production, and French cinema became (by and large) the work of

Stuart Klawans is the author of *"Film Follies: The Cinema Out of Order."*

Amid the rubble, French film retreated, Hollywood advanced and cinematic shock techniques continued wartime perceptions.

small, quasi-artisanal companies, perpetually struggling to reach markets outside their borders.

Yet French film could still attempt great things, as a World War I epic soon proved. Abel Gance solidified his reputation and revived the industry's hopes with *"J'Accuse"* (1919), the story of a frail poet who goes off to the front and comes home, shellshocked, to a village of widows and grieving mothers. For the last of the several accusations he hurls, the poet calls up the specters of the dead, who troop back from their graves by the thousands.

Gance first released this picture in a version that was as long as three normal features; in 1922, he brought out a shortened version, which ran only three hours and was altered in meaning. The original was generally understood as an outcry against the war. In the 1922 version, nationalist fervor resurfaced: Gance trimmed his battle sequences and added a victory parade.

If he was now leveling his accusation exclusively against German militarism, perhaps one reason was the rise of the German film industry. In cinema, at least, the war's losers had come out far ahead of the winners.

The preparation for this triumph was made in 1917, when the German supreme command initiated the consolidation of the film industry, so that cinema might be "put to work with the highest priority." The result was UFA,

a company that did little for the war effort (despite such productions as *"Anna Makes Artillery Shells"*) but that after the war grew to be the biggest and most technically advanced studio in the world.

Comedies, romances, fantasies, historical spectacles and chamber dramas poured out of UFA in the 1920's. But for the most part, World War I went undressed until 1927, when the studio fell into the hands of Alfred Hugenberg, an industrialist, publisher and early supporter of Hitler. Suddenly, UFA was bringing out Leo Lasko's two-part *"The World War,"* a film that was deemed suitable for showing to a paramilitary organization.

It's not surprising, then, that the great German film

Continued on Page 24



Kirk Douglas as a French colonel in World War I in Stanley Kubrick's 1957 film *"Paths of Glory."*



Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in King Vidor's *"Big Parade"* (1925).

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7, 7:30, 10
- LOEWS 84TH STREET THEATRE**
B'WAY & 84TH ST. 50-LOEWS #701
11AM, 12, 1:10, 2:15, 3:25, 4:30, 5:45, 7, 7:50, 10
- LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN**
2ND AVE. & 66TH ST. 50-LOEWS #698
12, 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, 9, 11
- UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
EAST AT 95TH & 1ST
777-FILM #789
11AM, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9
- LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE**
2ND AVE. & 32ND ST. 50-LOEWS #558
11:10AM, 12:10, 1:20, 2:30, 3:40, 4:40, 6, 7,
8:10, 10:20
- LOEWS 19TH ST. EAST**
B'WAY & 19TH ST. 50-LOEWS #858
11AM, 1:15, 3:45, 6, 8:15, 10:30
- LOEWS VILLAGE VII**
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3RD AVENUE AT 11TH STREET 50-LOEWS #952
11AM, 12, 1:30, 2:30, 3:45, 4:45,
6, 7, 8:30, 10:45
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BATTERY PARK CITY 16
WEST SIDE HWY @ VESEY ST. 945-3418
11AM, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11
- CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
METRO TWIN
B'WAY & 99TH ST. 979-CLVW #609
10AM, 12, 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, 9
- MAGIC JOHNSON THEATRES - HARLEM USA**
125TH ST. & FREDERICK DOUGLASS
BLVD. 666-8742
12, 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, 9, 11:15
- CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT
NOVA CINEMAS
B'WAY AND 147TH ST. 862-5728
12:40, 2:20, 4:10, 6, 8, 10
- CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT
COLISEUM THEATRE
B'WAY AND 181ST ST. 740-1545
12:30, 2:20, 4:10, 6, 7:50, 9:30

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 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30,
 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00,
 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30
 SONY THEATRES
 LINCOLN SQUARE
 8'WAY & 68TH ST.
 502CEWS #638
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 3:30, 5:00, 6:30, 8:00,
 9:30, 11:00
 LOEWS
 CORONET THEATRE
 3RD AVE. & 59TH ST.
 502CEWS #608
 11:00AM, 12:00, 1:30,
 3:00, 4:15, 6:30, 7:00,
 9:00, 10:30
 LOEWS
 ORPHEUM
 86TH ST. & 3RD AVE.
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 7:15, 10:30

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E 44

1976

Eye-Deep in Hell: Trench Warfare in WWI
John Ellis
Pantheon, NY: 1976

--full of good detail, can't be photocopied because of text into gutter

Elis

12-19

24

58-7

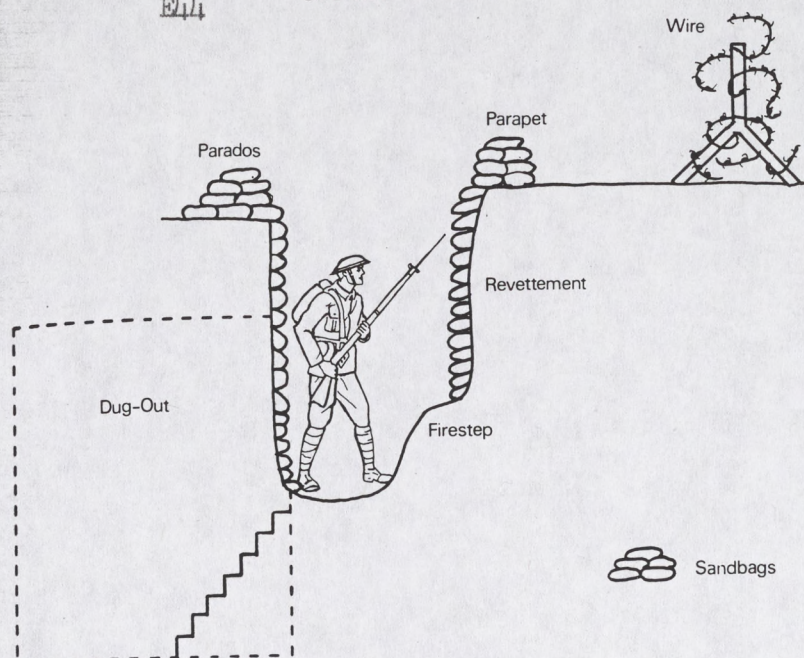
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Eye-Deep in Hell: Trench Warfare in WWI

--John Ellis (Pamphlet: '76)

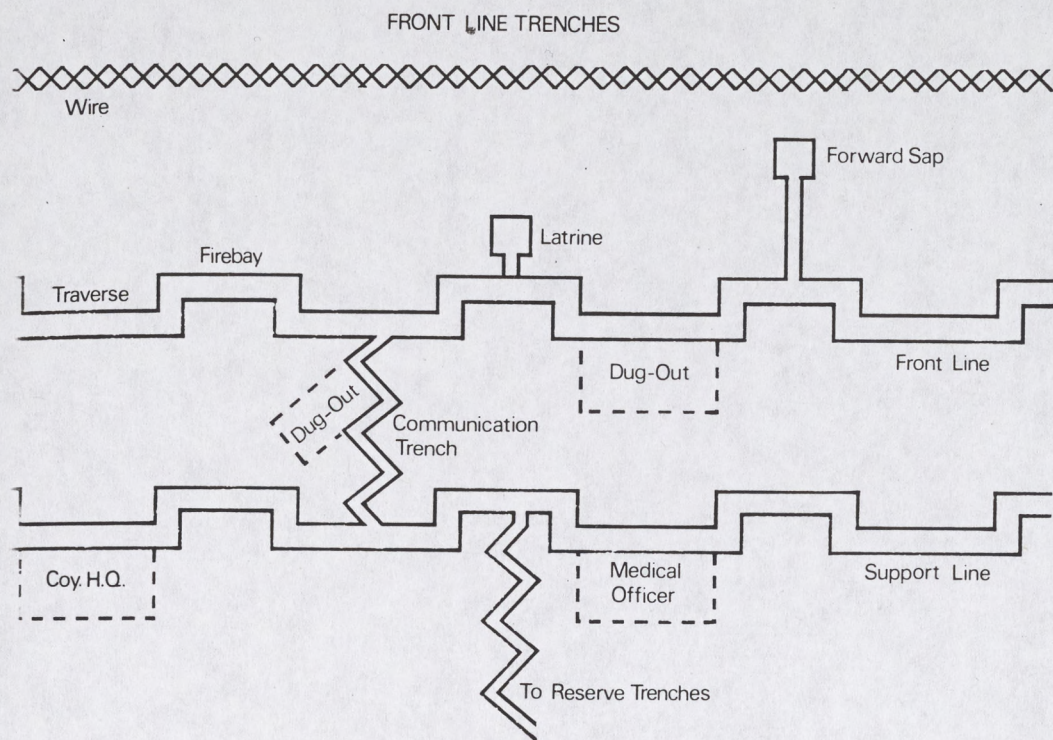
SIDE-VIEW OF TRENCH



line of sandbags. Obviously, in a trench of this depth it would be impossible to see or fire over the top, so there was built at the bottom a two or three-foot high ledge known as the fire-step. This was used by those on sentry duty, or by the whole unit when 'standing to' to face a possible enemy attack. The back wall of the trench was known as the parados, and it too was often built up with sandbags. Except in a particularly favourable terrain, notably chalk, it was not possible to expect the sides of a trench to stand up of their own accord. Rainfall, natural pressures and shell-fire would inevitably cause extensive subsidences. To minimise the chance of such disasters it was usual to revet the parapet and parados. The British and Germans generally used sandbags and timber, whilst the French were more inclined to use hurdles, bunches



French troops standing on the fire-step of their trench. Note the typically French wattle revetments.



While the parapet was non-existent, an enormous mound of earth... the parapet, rose behind our heads. Then, instead of being traversed by great bulkheads of sandbags, there was no protection at all at the sides of the bays. An occasional fascine stood, like a stone vase in some noble courtyard, to give decoration to a dull alley.

The front-line trench was not, in fact, the most forward defensive position. Running out at right-angles to most trenches were what were known as saps, narrow passages twenty or thirty yards long leading to an isolated little position for two or three men. These were the listening posts for a couple of hours at a time the sentries would squat, peering into the darkness and straining to hear the slightest sound from the enemy lines. A French soldier spoke of 'the listening posts of terrible memory. It is difficult to imagine the suffering of the sentries. . . How often did the intense solitude provoke panic at the slightest movement of a animal in the grass, at the stirring of a branch in the night?' These listening posts were often in shell craters. In 1916 and 1917, particularly, a shell falling in no man's land would precipitate a series of minor but bloody attacks and counter-attacks as each side tried to seize the new crater and convert it to their own lines with a new sap. For some time it was a General Order that any British unit had to occupy any crater created within sixty yards of their line. These were

group of friends and coevals among whom he chooses to share hopes and excitement, as his abilities show and take form. Anthony Powell's generation was remarkable. Will you learn from his memoirs about – well, Auden, MacNeice, Britten, the Seven and Five, the excitements of *Cahiers d'art* and *transition*? About the ferment of the times? You will not. You will be told about Connolly, and Constant Lambert, and Evelyn Waugh. If you object that it's something to learn something of Evelyn Waugh, I say yes; adding that, as we know, Waugh's was not among the noblest of aspiring and inspiring natures, and that, early or late, his writing hardly stands on an eminence in modern literature (read Edmund Wilson, in *Classics and Commercials*, on the bathos, the dispiriting clichés and the snobbery to which Waugh descended, a rare breath of good sense).

Altogether, I think, Anthony Powell portrays or betrays himself as more conforming than free, though with moments of independence. Also the round of the Cavendish Hotel and the Eiffel Tower and Stulik, and the Fitzroy Tavern and Betty May – and Aleister Crowley – is old hat. The minor, incidental portraiture has thinned. At times it can be very much on the surface; and misleading, I find, when I am able to compare my own recollection of a sitter or my own recollection of his work. It isn't adequate, for example, to describe Kit Wood as no more than 'a talented performer in the *faux-naïf* manner'. A few not very endearing affectations creep in and seem to point to affectations larger than themselves. Why spell 'intelligenza' with that zed, as if Anthony Powell were Maurice Baring writing of Russia 70 years ago? No prizes for the answer.

John Keegan

Room 101

Death's Men: Soldiers of the Great War by DENIS WINTER *Allen Lane* £5.95

Into Battle: A Soldier's Diary of the Great War by JOHN GLUBB *Cassell* £5.95

One evening in the winter of 1958 I was trying, for a reason which escapes me now, to extract a box of matches from my father's jacket pocket without waking him from his doze beside the drawing-room fire. I had, I thought, nearly succeeded when, with a weird, beseeching mewling he jumped from his chair, turned a pirouette in the centre of the room and fell into a sofa on the far side, driving it against the wall and breaking its leg. I was both mystified and very badly frightened by these eerie acrobatics (I felt the hair on my neck actually stand on end), as he saw when he woke up. 'I thought', he explained in a placating, curiously small voice, 'that I was being eaten by a rat.' I grasped later what I had discovered. My gentle, loving, tender-hearted father, one of the physically bravest men I have ever met, had lived with Winston Smith's nightmare for 40 years. For that isolated moment, the door of his Room 101 had opened and I had seen inside – seen duckboards, screw pickets, sandbags, mud-caked puttees, coke braziers glowing in the gloom of a dugout and the sagging wire-mesh of tiered bunks where soldiers sleeping the sleep of battle-fatigue might have their faces bitten by rats.

Denis Winter is also the son of a soldier of the trenches (Sergeant Henry Winter, MM, 10th London Regiment, East Ender, pre-war 10/- a week clerk, post-war teacher – these details must be pieced together from his kaleidoscopic narrative); and, undecieved by the no doubt carefully edited answers to his 'What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?', he has set himself to open as many of the doors to Room 101 as he can find in the memoirs of the amateur soldiers in the Kitchener armies of 1914-18. This

might be thought an exercise already too often rehearsed – by the survivors of the experience itself in the spate of self-revelatory memoirs which appeared almost exactly ten years after the Armistice, and in the great revisionist debate over the war which followed the lifting of the 50-year closure of the documents in 1964-68. But that would be to misunderstand the evolutions through which the historiographic process passes and the role which the past plays in the memories and minds of men. What Winter is doing is as necessary to his generation, who must live with the admissions and evasions of their fathers, as was the great unburdening of the 1930s to the survivors themselves. What he is offering is not psycho-history, with its overtones of prurience and voyeurism, but a sort of second-order autobiography, which attempts to interpret and decode the world we live in through the experience of the generation which is passing from us.

And how well he does it. This is a beautifully organised book. It takes the reader through every stage of the military life which the volunteer of 1914 would himself have passed: enlistment (and the many half-way-houses the appearance of volunteering might conceal); training in England; the rail and boat journey to France ('Even now, 60 years later, I do not like to watch a train moving out of a station and disappearing into darkness'); the introduction to trench life and the discovery that soldiers did not spend all or even most of their time in the trenches; the pleasures of rest in the 'back areas'; home leave, when it came – train and boat back to Victoria for eight or ten unsettling days; battle, if it came, which in the course of time it almost always did; its aftermath; what one thought of the Germans who had not so much put one through it as shared it with one; what, when the war was over, one made of it all.

Looking back, what so many remembered,

to set beside fear, lice, foul language, bad food, wet clothes, was the grinding hard work, the extreme physical labour of humping forward along a mile of narrow, congested communication trench the '96-foot duckboards, 34 nine-foot iron girders, 19 prefabricated dug-out frames, 300 feet of board and three hundredweight of nails' that each 1,000 yards of front required for daily maintenance. It fell to the infantry 'in rest' to perform most of this labour, which was understandably resented as a sacrifice of their precious nights off, but to the Royal Engineers to supervise the work.

John Bagot Glubb, later Glubb Pasha of the Arab Legion, began his army life on just such a task, first at The Bluff, that awful little pile of railway-cutting spoil just south of Ypres, then on a stretch of trench tramway between Mametz and High Wood on the Somme, then in front of Arras in 1917, where he was so badly wounded that he did not return to France until the last months of the war. His diary, which he recently found in a box of old papers, is an example of the best sort of memoir from which Denis Winter has distilled *Death's Men*. It is full of the temerity of extreme youth; the casualness of frequent death ('we lose about three sappers a day'); the echo of the soldiers' voices ('Well, from a suddenly armless veteran, 'it's better than losing your head, sir'); the pleasure in pastoral beauty which, as Paul Fussell has pointed out, the immanence of death awoke in even the most prosaic ('I rode alone down old neglected rides, while all around my head was a dazzling bower of light emerald green . . . the ground was everywhere carpeted with anemones and cowslips'); the firm-minded grasps at normality: six-course dinners organised in a ruined farm, mule-harness burnished for the divisional horse-show as if for a Suffolk ploughing match; and – an attitude characteristic of so many young regular officers whose hearts bled for the men they led to death – an exaltation found in the sense of Christian service the war brought to them:

I remembered how St Francis of Assisi once said that perfect joy lay in being cold, hungry, exhausted and repulsed from the door of every house at which one knocked. It was the depth of cold, misery, weariness and exhaustion of that day in Martinpuich which had produced in me those waves of spiritual joy. I had given everything to do my duty and had held nothing back.

Glubb is, of course, a most unusual man. But, as Denis Winter so rightly emphasises, almost everyone who went through the war and was not unhinged by it (some hundreds of thousands were) will readily recall moments, if not of exaltation, then certainly of intense personal enjoyment – passionate friendship, euphoric excitement, trancelike relaxation between moments of danger, and the sense of living at a time and place of such world-shaking importance that all other times and places lacked thereafter the dimensions of reality. The time is gone, but the place remains, that strange overpopulated city, 500 miles long by 30 wide, which Europe's youth inhabited for four unforgettable years and to which the septuagenarians are still drawn back, as they have been throughout their manhood, in mind if not in body, to search for a kink

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Geoffrey Grigson

Rising with the Lark

Messengers of Day by ANTHONY POWELL
Heinemann £6

Having read this second volume of the memoirs of Anthony Powell, I was reminded by a quotation on the jacket that I had appreciated the first volume, two years ago. At any rate there was I, talking of persons written about honestly and interestingly in the mode – did I go quite as far as *that*? Apparently I did – of Stendhal. Something must have happened since then either to me or to Anthony Powell, because this Volume Two (are there going to be three, four, five, six and up to twelve volumes to match the dozen constituents of *A Dance to the Music of Time*?) does not remind me in the teeniest bit of Stendhal – who is mentioned now and then, certainly. I must ask some questions, I see, and discover whether I was off my head when I discussed Volume One. But first let us find where we are, or where Mr Powell is, in *Messengers of Day*.

He is in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, most of the time, serving in the scrubby-respectable office of the publisher Gerald Duckworth. He is down from Oxford, beginning to learn about himself in a London which has no cause to notice him. He is larking somewhat as messenger of dawn or day. So he is able to talk to us about publishing as it was, and about certain of the immutables of publishing. Gerald Duckworth has at the moment a slight posthumous celebrity as Virginia Woolf's half-brother. This dully normal denizen of clubs 'printed' himself on the young Powell rather as the first person a gosling sees on coming from the egg (though I wouldn't, of course, compare Anthony Powell with goose or gosling) prints himself thereafter on the gosling's memory. But that isn't quite so smart an image as I thought it was. The gosling thereafter likes the imprinted parent or person for ever; and Anthony Powell did not like Gerald D. This print of dislike has remained ineradicably sharp.

If Mr Powell does not quite believe Virginia Woolf's intimation that she was fumbled in her adolescence by this older relative, Duckworth does make him say a thing or two which most writers will recognise as the grey truth. 'If the virus of bibliophobia is dormant in the blood there is nothing like a publisher's life for aggravating the condition.' And Duckworth's 'interest in books, anyway as a medium for reading, was as slender as that of any man I have ever encountered'. Why also did the firm of Duckworth, that band of dry noddies, lose Edward Garnett as reader? 'Perhaps 20 years of brilliant recommendation was at last unendurable.' That was publishing all right. And it is publishing still in some firms.

But then, outside Henrietta Street, who larked with Anthony Powell as dawn hardened toward the cold midday, and in the afternoon of the long day itself (since this short volume of only 119 pages shifts about in time)? Really that should be my last question. Anticipating it, let's consider what we might reasonably expect from the memoirs (memoirs are not, or are not altogether autobiography) of a novelist whom some judges and many readers hold in much respect. I may be feeling a little priggish about this, having just lapped up Professor Christian's wonderfully satisfying selection from the letters of Tolstoy. But I should reply, first, that we might expect more than the amusing. Henry Lamb, painter of that portrait in the Tate of drooping trees and drooping Lytton Strachey, lies in a military hospital in World War I. The doctor who comes round is the pop novelist Warwick Deeping; he looks over Henry Lamb's shoulder, he sees that he is reading Milton, and remarks: 'Strange old-fashioned stuff.'

That is amusing – but at rather a low intensity. Better is required, since we don't need illuminating, do we, in the tastes of a Warwick Deeping or a Harold Robbins?

Mightn't we expect plenty from the eye of quizzicality and humanity and wisdom? A child in one chapter regards the blowing of smoke rings, and says: 'Blow square ones.' That is better, but not enough of that kind is remembered and recorded. And shouldn't wisdom and human concern

be combined in comments on literature above the level of Warwick Deeping, above, for instance, suggesting a parallel, as on one page, between Elinor Glyn and Nancy Mitford? Literature is mentioned. But are we pleased to know that Anthony Powell on a second and a third reading found that *A Hero of Our Time* was a very good novel after all? Are we illuminated, given a sudden insight, when Anthony Powell remarks, '*Dead Souls* is, of course, a far richer work than *Oblomov*, though both tail off disappointingly towards their close'?

Then we may expect style. Unquestionably there is a marked style, or manner as a remnant of a style, in these memoirs. It is a bit of a stiff manner, not unusefully so at least in slowing our reading down and not permitting us to skip or gallop. Yet its tricks or slips are not agreeable. 'Said to be haunted, Carrington House is . . .' That journalistic sleight recurs. So does an awkwardness or sloppiness or contradiction of grammar at a low level. 'Something of a classical scholar in his youth, other literary tastes were less easy to define . . .' I reflect – not being able to call myself an expert in Mr Powell's style or manner over the years – that he may be faltering, as we all do sooner or later; but then I come – and with scepticism – to that question of larking-with-whom, in the arts, in the morning of his day and on into the afternoon, all as indicated by Anthony Powell himself.

He was born in 1905. What writers, painters and so on does he talk about among those who reigned when he came to a literary consciousness, in the late Twenties and early Thirties? Joyce, Lawrence, Eliot, Yeats, Lewis, Forster, Picasso, Braque, Léger, Klee, Chirico, Moore, Nicholson? No, the Sitwells and Augustus John. Then I think of Sainte-Beuve on what may be hinted or confirmed by the first milieu of a writer, by the

Christopher Reid

A Holiday from Strict Reality

Here we are at the bay
of intoxicating discoveries,
where mathematicians
in bathing-trunks and bikinis
sit behind the wheels
of frisky little speedboats
and try out new angles
to the given water.

Everything that we see
in this gilded paradise
is ours to make use of:
palm-trees on the marine drive,
nature's swizzlesticks,
stir the afternoon air
to a sky-blue cocktail
of ozone and dead fish.

All day long
the punctilious white yachts
place their set-squares
against our horizon,

as we lie around on mats
and soak up the heat,
cultivating a sun-peel
that grows like lichen.

A restless volleyball
skips between four figures
like a decimal point,
but the ornamental beach-bum,
who lives under an old boat,
picks at his guitar
and contemplates the plangent
hollow of its navel.

In the hotel bar,
alcoholic maracas
and, on a high glass balcony,
a pompous royal family
of apéritif bottles . . .
Ernesto the barman
tots up a long bill,
castanetting with his tongue.